



mari is lost in ☐☐

@lemontsumu

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14:33

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SakuAtsu

// nsfw

“You think I’m mad?” Kiyoomi asks as he prods a fourth finger into Atsumu’s tight heat, knuckles deep, his own cock throbbing in delight as it grinds along the dimples of Atsumu’s back.

Atsumu squirms in Kiyoomi’s hold, toes curling against the cold rim of the bathtub. “O-Omi. ‘m sorry... pl-please just...”

“Hmm, if you know it makes me angry, then why do you still do it, Atsu?” he thrusts deeper, quickening his pace then slowing down,

building up Atsumu’s release only to edge him on to another round. With ease, he manoeuvres his wrist to a delicious angle Atsumu likes, grazing Atsumu’s sweet spot just right; Atsumu goes cross-eyed, head back thrown back in abandon.

“Why do you still let him touch you like that, hmm?” he asks again, but doesn’t let Atsumu a chance to respond. Instead, he captures Atsumu’s lips in an open-mouthed kiss, wet and sloppy—all tongue and teeth and ragged breaths.

“I did- I can’t- He... He was my stretching partner, Omi!”

“Stretching partner? Well, he surely didn’t do a good job if you’re still this tight.”

“Na...No!” Atsumu flushes, his cheeks burning in shameful desire. “N-Not like /that/,” he garbles, tears pooling in the corner

of his honey eyes.

Atsumu looks like a fucking vision like this, Kiyoomi muses—eyes hazy, brows clinched, tongue lolled out. A beautiful mess straight out of Kiyoomi’s wet dreams, and only for Kiyoomi’s dark gaze to feast upon.

“Heh. Of course not,” Kiyoomi relents with his teasing, pressing a final kiss on the tip of Atsumu’s nose. “Only I can see you like /this/, can’t I?”

Atsumu nods profusely, arms flailing in the water, searching for purchase as Kiyoomi brings him closer to tipping over.

“You have to use your words, love.”

“Yes... yes! Only you, Omi. Only ya.”

Kiyoomi’s lips quirk to a devilish smirk. He ungraciously takes out his fingers, and before Atsumu could lament at the sudden emptiness, Kiyoomi impales him on his thick length, the sounds of skin slapping and water sloshing echoing through the tiled walls.

“Good. Then we better make sure he hears whose name you’ll be crying all night long.”

Without warning, Kiyoomi starts moving him wantonly on his cock, coaxing another lewd moan from his throat, hoping Atsumu’s high school crush is listening carefully in the hotel room next door.

(Happy sin Sunday ig, hehehe 😊)

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