



revereri
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nsfw miyacest (atsuosa) , age difference (older atsumu, younger osamu) , underage , car sex ish //

atsumu didn't want to be supervising his younger brother as he learned how to drive. he didn't see the point to it, why someone else couldn't do it instead. +

but then his parents told him, 'it'll be a good bonding experience! show him around to some places we wouldn't know, give him some tips,' and a lightbulb went off in atsumu's mind.

so when they got into the car today, once they were on the road and osamu asked, +

'where are we gonna go?' atsumu said, 'some place special.'

the thought of where atsumu wants to take osamu and what he wants to do to him when they get there is an arousing one, and as he continues directing osamu down the roads, so does his hands wander. +

the instance he puts his hand on osamu's thigh, fingers inching towards his crotch, the younger boy jolts exclaims, "what're you doing!"

atsumu keeps his eyes fixed on the road, making sure that at least /one/ of them is paying attention. "keep yer hands steady," +

he instructs, as if that's all he's doing—teaching his brother how to drive.

"but yer—" osamu shifts in his seat, brushing against the tips of atsumu's fingers. a little gasp escapes his mouth.

"do ya needta adjust the seat?" atsumu asks. he squeezes osamu's thigh +

and the boy jerks, abruptly turning the steering wheel and nearly veering them off the road.

"uh-uh," atsumu chastises, keeping his hand where it is. "ya gotta learn to deal with distractions, baby bro. no matter what might be happening, ya gotta +

keep yer full focus on the road."

osamu seems even tenser than before, so atsumu decides to cut him some slack. it's their first time driving together, after all. and the first time osamu has probably had an obstacle thrown his way while doing so. +

atsumu keeps a possessive hand on his brother, but doesn't tease him any further.

when they finally make it to atsumu's destination, a secluded clearing hidden in some trees, he directs osamu to pull over and park the car. +

"how's this special?" osamu asks, looking around them.

atsumu knows exactly what he sees—dirt, trees, emptiness. he can't blame osamu what he's thinking. but he smirks when he responds, "this right here, is where i got my first blowjob." +

it gets the exact reaction he was hoping for out of his younger brother. osamu sits up straight in his seat, whipping his head around to atsumu and asking, "first— from who— what—"

"you're cute when you're jealous," atsumu tells him, leaning in and cooing him patronisingly. +

while osamu is distracted, atsumu deftly undoes his belt buckle and pants.

"i'm not—" osamu nearly chokes when atsumu pulls his semi-hard cock out and puts his mouth on him. "/aah—/ nii-chan!"

"you deserve a reward for yer hard work today, dontcha think?"

... +

osamu's eyes roll back and he feels as though he might just explode.

it's the first time this has ever happened. right now, osamu is receiving his first ever blowjob. +

his older brother has jerked him off before, and has definitely shown osamu how to jerk /him/ off and suck him, and they'd rubbed cocks before too but this—

the wet heat of atsumu's mouth around his growing erection? the way atsumu can swallow him whole? +

osamu doesn't think he'll ever be able to get off now without thinking of this moment. he doesn't know what he's supposed to do with himself, isn't sure where to put his hands. he has them pressed into the leather seat, and then hovering above atsumu's head. +

usually when atsumu is teasing him he'll let osamu touch himself, but his mouth is on!! osamu right now!!! so he can't even do that.

he could maybe play with his nipples, but he worries that even a /brush/ against the nubs will set him off. +

in the end, he wraps his arms around his brother's shoulders, clinging onto him, wanting to hold him close. somehow, it lets osamu's cock reach even /further/ into atsumu's throat, and he thinks he might just cry from the pleasure. +

he very nearly does, when atsumu pulls back and starts bobbing his head on osamu's cock.

it's such a surreal sight for osamu to see—his brother's blond hair in his lap, when so often it's him in that position, with his brother's hand in his hair. +

"samu," he says, pulling off osamu's cock entirely. he lets out a whine, and atsumu's lips quirk. "how 'bout this. since you're bein' so good today, i'll letcha fuck my mouth, that sound good to ya?"

it sounds absolutely /heavenly/. +

atsumu hasn't fucked /him/ yet, no matter how much osamu begs and pleads for it, so just hearing the word 'fuck' from atsumu's mouth in this context gets him feeling like putty.

he nods overenthusiastically, not even thinking about /how/ one fucks a mouth, +

just knowing that he's too excited and wants to seize the opportunity before his brother takes it away.

"here, like this," atsumu says, taking osamu's arms and putting them around him again. "i will stay in place, and you can push your feet against the floor to +

rock yer cock into my throat, got it?"

osamu nods against, already rocking his hips, thrusting against nothing, cock bobbing in the air. atsumu chuckles, and osamu leaks precome at how /warm/ and affectionate it sounds, and then atsumu puts his mouth on him again. +

it's slow-going at first, clunky and awkward as osamu tries to figure out the pace. but with atsumu's encouragement and help, osamu is soon steadily fucking his cock into his older brother's mouth.

and it feels good, so /so/ good, osamu really thinks he might be crying, +

and he loves his older brother so much, loves that he's letting him do this, loves that he treats him like an adult, and loves that he shows him all the things that adults do.

his mouth falls open and he's just panting, moaning, +

as the heat in his core just gets tighter and tighter.

when atsumu adjusts them slightly so he can reach up and put his fingers in osamu's mouth he isn't even thinking when he takes them and starts sucking on them. it's honestly a subconscious response at this point. +

and when they leave his mouth, osamu isn't thinking about what atsumu might do with them, where they might go, so he's completely taken by surprise when they circle around his entrance and penetrate him all at once. +

osamu gasps and comes immediately, unloading into atsumu's throat. atsumu takes it all, and osamu watches with wonder as his throat bobs and he swallows.

he pulls off osamu, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand and says, "next time, give a little warning, 'kay?" +

osamu nods eagerly, like he does with all of atsumu's 'lessons'. now that he thinks about it, atsumu always tells /him/ when he's about to come. he guesses it's just courtesy.

now that they've finished, osamu isn't sure what to do next. he looks at his lap, at +

his older brother's red lips and tousled hair, and blushes.

atsumu seems to know exactly what he's thinking. "ya didn't think that'd be the end of it, didya?"

before osamu even knows where atsumu is going to take this, he perks up. +

he doesn't want to leave just yet. not when he feels like he's just had an awakening.

atsumu opens the glove compartment and rummages around for something as he says to osamu, "ya wanna know the best thing about having yer licence and owning a car?" +
he pulls out a bottle of lube and a packet of condoms.

"it's pretty much a portable sex room, you can do it wherever ya want."

// and then atsumu fucks him in the back seat of his car!!! makes osamu ride him, thighs trembling!!

he brought the condoms bc he still needs to teach osamu how to be responsible ☹️ but you bet your ass osamu was begging his big bro to forgo them!! i wanna feel you nii-chan!!

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