



revereri @ miyac3stober!!

@revereri

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nsfw miyacest (osaatsu) , breathplay / asphyxiation //

atsumu says one day, casually over lunch, "can i choke ya?"

osamu looks up from his meal, but atsumu is still focused on his. "what," he asks, "like on yer cock?" +

atsumu's gaze remains focused on his plate. "no," he replies, "though now i definitely wanna try that some day too." now he puts down his chopsticks and holds his hands out. "like this."

"uh..." osamu doesn't know how to respond to that. +

"y'know, like a chocker. but with my hands," atsumu clarifies.

osamu rolls his eyes at him. "i know what ya fuckin' mean, dumbass."

"so?"

"i don't know. what even made ya think of this, anyway?" atsumu always comes up with new things for them to try out during sex. +

he gets so excited about it, and of course as always, osamu is the test subject.

"i was reading about it and it sounded fun."

"fun," osamu repeats, deadpan. and where the fuck has atsumu been reading about all this kinky sex, anyway?

"so... yes?" +

osamu supposes it can't hurt to try out. no matter how much he might pretend otherwise, he rather likes being atsumu's test subject. he likes it when they try out new things.

atsumu is always so determined to get it right, he's controlling, and when he's on the receiving end, +

osamu likes to watch as he eventually loses that control and gives in to pleasure.

"fine," he says, and then adds for good measure, "when have i ever said no to ya?"

he regrets the words almost as soon as the glint appears in atsumu's eyes. +

"nope!" he interjects, cutting off whatever atsumu might say. "we agreed to never talk about that again."

"but samu~" atsumu whines, "you were enjoyin' everything else!"

"yeah, but i wasn't gonna let ya do /that/," osamu argues. +

atsumu huffs. "well, i still think you missed out."

"sure, tsumu, sure."

they continue eating their meal and atsumu offers to wash up after, which is a bit strange but osamu doesn't think much of it. +

that is until atsumu is finished and comes to stand before osamu at the table where he had been waiting. he holds his hand out for osamu to take, then says, "let's fuck."

osamu laughs. it seems atsumu volunteered to clean up as a way of thanking osamu. +

he continues letting atsumu lead him to... "the couch?"

"yep. to give me better leverage. i'm gonna ride ya."

and osamu would definitely never say no to that.

it starts off pretty standard. atsumu preparing himself, and then sinking slowly onto osamu's cock. +

osamu watching him with stars in his eyes, as he starts to roll his hips.

the change comes a bit later, when atsumu's cock has well hardened, standing proud against his abs.

he rests his hands over osamu's neck and then tilts his head as if to ask permission. +

osamu nods, just slightly—knowing atsumu can feel the movement, to indicate yes.

atsumu starts off with a light press, as if unsure of himself. his hips come to a halt, so he can put all his focus into choking osamu.

and then he finds his confidence. +

wraps his hands around osamu's neck tighter, lifts himself up slightly and pressed harder.

when he's comfortable with it, he starts fucking himself on osamu's cock again. up and down, back and forth.

and osamu— there was some panic at first, but now his mind has gone hazy. +

his vision starts to blur, begins to darken, and it all just feels so tight. the tightness of atsumu's hands around his neck, the tightness of atsumu's ass around his cock.

just as he thinks he might actually pass out, atsumu releases his hold, +

and everything comes rushing back into osamu at once. his hands grip atsumu's waist tight, he takes a sharp, shaky intake of breath, and then he just— comes.

without thought, without control. as if his cock had been gripped in a vice too and just let go upon release. +

"oh fuck," he says, still catching his breath. his heart drums in his chest, he feels like his blood is rushing through his veins. his cock pumps out the last of his seed, and then he finally looks up at atsumu.

who is already watching him, wide-eyed with awe. +

and then, without saying another word, he starts to jack himself off furiously, working his cock and coming all over osamu's chest with a groan.

"oh fuck," he says after, echoing osamu's words. "that was— that was so fucking hot, samu, holy fuck." +

osamu gives him a lazy grin. he mind still doesn't feel completely clear. he runs a hand up and down the side of atsumu's torso.

"yer amazing," he tells atsumu, and delights in his blush.

“we gotta do me next time,” atsumu says in one rushed breath. +

“sure,” osamu tells him, still on a high. “sure. anything for you, tsumu.”

anything for his twin.

// later that night, after they've both recovered

osamu: i didn't think you'd wanna do it so soon.

atsumu: i'd been horny as soon as ya said yes, samu, i couldn't wait any longer.

osamu: bet you'd been horny for it since ya read about it, kinky bastard. +

atsumu: fuck you're right. i'd already been pent up, hyped up about it, and then ya said yes and i was actually choking ya, i could feel yer muscles tense and the way yer last breath left yer body, and the way you were just /looking/ at me, /fuck/. +

osamu: tsumu, yer cock is hard again.

atsumu: so it is. care to take care of it?

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