



han @ losing it over bllk

@ushisakuism

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09:14

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nsfw/18+

here lies miya atsumu.

cause of death: suna rintarou.

well, actually, suna rintarou's mouth, suna rintarou's completely absent gag reflex and suna rintarou's golden gaze, angled upward and tearing right through him.

suna's eyes brim with tears. atsumu has half a mind to reach down and wipe them away. but he knows better than to disrupt this image. suna's lips, pretty and pink, stretched around the girth of atsumu's cock, pre-come dribbling down his chin and smeared across his cheek.

fingers press into the back of atsumu's thighs, coaxing him forward. atsumu feels the head of his dick meet the back of suna's mouth, but suna keeps taking him in. the tight heat of his throat welcomes atsumu's length and it feels so foreign and good, atsumu wants to cry.

"suh...sun—suna," he stammers, then hears gulping. something squeezes around his dick — warm, wet, /perfect/.

atsumu's knees shake. they're at the side of the bed. suna is seated on the mattress, so atsumu steadies himself by grabbing suna's shoulders.

he was already worked up from all of the tongue work and jerking off suna did beforehand. he thought suna's mastery would end there.

but this. /this/. it's a whole new level.

if atsumu finds the strength to move on his own, he could be /fucking/ suna's /throat/.

where did suna learn how to do this?

something angry and hungry burns inside him at the thought of all the cocks suna's had to get this good. for atsumu, jealousy has always been the greatest aphrodisiac.

he wants to fuck away any memory of another's dick in this mouth, down this throat, let his come fill it up and wash away every trace.

from below, suna's eyes crinkle with a smile and atsumu watches as suna's jaw relaxes even further.

he gives atsumu's thighs a firm squeeze and that's all the permission atsumu needs to do his worst.

atsumu's hips buck forward at a brutal pace, chasing the clench of suna's throat with suna's eyes watching his every desperate move.

and suna takes it. let's his throat be just another hole for atsumu to fuck.

atsumu moans, swears, ascends to heaven and comes back down to earth. suna's an angel no matter where atsumu goes. he's also the fucking devil.

"fuck. /rin,/" atsumu pants, heat and static in his crotch.

the sensation climbs up his stomach, trickles down his legs. he doesn't stop fucking. even when his orgasm rips through his body.

atsumu cums, biting back a shout and an inopportune confession that'll have to wait.

suna then pulls off of atsumu's dick, lips finally able to form around a smile.

he speaks, voice raspy and gone and wrecked, (and oh, atsumu would love to fuck every word out of his mouth) and says, "don't tell me i just awoke another kink in you."

atsumu replies, chuckling, "you absolutely did. we are totally doing that again."

suna playfully pokes atsumu's dick, hanging flaccid and spent between his legs.

"anything for you."

THE END.

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