



Chlo Threads

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Sakuatsu // NSFW / Vampire Kiyoomi x Human Atsumu / Reincarnation / Blood / Mention of death

The drumming of the bass is loud in the club and makes Atsumu's heartbeat thump loudly in his chest. Or maybe it's the sight of the tall dark haired man that's making his body react this way. He can't tear his eyes away from him, even if he tries. His soul is drawn to him.

His silhouette is the only one he notices, he's wearing a mask and yet, Atsumu can practically see what he looks like underneath.

Atsumu can't focus on anything else, his friends are drinking and laughing at their booth but he doesn't partake in their banter. Who is this man? He wonders. The atmosphere is eerie, something is off.

"Did you find a new target, Atsu-chan?" Oikawa laughs when he notices his friend's fixated gaze.

"I don't know... he seems familiar doesn't he?" he asks, tearing his eyes away from the broody raven is almost painful.

"Nah, I could never forget a frown that deep," Suna supplies.

Atsumu believes so too, and yet there's something about him, like they have met before.

The stranger is standing at the bar, talking to who seemed to be a friend. They are insanely tall, both pale and deadpanned.

"His date is pissing me off," Oikawa sneers, staring at the brown-haired man.

/date/ just the word annoys Atsumu. He was startling himself.

It doesn't sound like him to obsess about men. Work? sure. People? not so much. He dates, he has one-night stands. But he never met anyone who fascinates him as much as this strange man. He always thought he was chasing the thrill but maybe he was looking for someone?

His blood does sing like he's done searching.

The raven doesn't even turn his curly haired head towards Atsumu once. The blond is lost as

to what he would do if he was to be acknowledged.

Atsumu feels a shiver run down his spine, like cold liquid being poured on his bones. He's having the strongest sense of déjà vu, in a dream maybe ?

He blinks and the man is on the dance floor, cocking in head to the side while staring at him. His dark gaze feels like a punch to the guts and a breath of fresh air at the same time. Alarms bells go off in his head but his soul yearns to join the man.

He doesn't feel in danger, but he knows this man isn't who he appears to be.

Atsumu needs confirmation, he cannot not go. He stands up from his seat before glancing at his friends.

"Don't wait fer me," he says as he leaves.

He walks slowly toward the man. Atsumu's heart is pounding. His sole focus remains on dark eyes and a curly mop of hair. The man's body looks strong and lean, exactly Atsumu's type. He hopes they'll dance, but silently prays for more.

His feet work faster than he would like, betraying his eagerness. Atsumu and the man are paying no mind to the bodies swaying around them, it's as if they're suspended in time.

"I've been waiting," a deliciously deep voice says as soon as Atsumu stands in front of him.

"Waiting ? I've been starin' at ya since ya arrived. I was the one waitin' !" Atsumu replies mildly offended.

The nerves of him, he thinks.

The man shakes his head, clearly disagreeing.

"I wasn't sure."

"Sure of what ?"

Atsumu is frustrated, this man talks in riddles. But the twin moles above his brow fascinates him, so he lets it slide for now.

"Not sure I should. Not sure it was you," the man steps forward, their bodies now a breath away.

"So we've met before ? Ya looked familiar. What's yer name ?" Atsumu is dying to know why

he feels this way. Maybe the stranger has the answers.

The raven's expression is pinched, torn, Atsumu senses his hesitation.

The floor is somewhat crowded and people are sweating as they dance. But all Atsumu can smell is the man. He racks his brain, trying to pinpoint the scent and where he smelled it. It draws him in, it feels cold, fresh and yet comforting like...

"A fresh dip in the river," Atsumu surprises himself by saying out loud.

Kiyoomi's eyes are wide with shock, or maybe it's relief. Does it sound weird? Atsumu wonders, because it is to him. He never swam in a river, how would he know what it feels like? His confusion must show on his face because the man sobers up.

He looks resolute now. With a grave tone he finally replies "My name is Sakusa Kiyoomi."

Oh

/oh/

The club fades away as Atsumu's brain supplies vivid images, smells and feelings supposed to be long gone.

Atsumu frowns, tears almost spilling out of his eyes. He's overwhelmed, he remembers so much.

"Omi?"

All of a sudden he is engulfed in Kiyoomi's arms. The feeling is new and familiar at the same time.

This body has never been held by him but Atsumu's soul has.

"You're really here," Kiyoomi whispers in his ear.

Atsumu chokes back a sob as he nods against Kiyoomi's neck.

"Did I make you wait?" he jokes.

"You little... always the same," Kiyoomi huffs.

He takes a step back and holds out his hand.

"Spend the night with me?"

Atsumu takes it, just like he did many times before. The details are still fuzzy but Atsumu knows this is similar to most of their “first” meetings.

It's always a gathering, a celebration, a party; their pull is irresistible, the banter instant and their night unforgettable. Kiyoomi fell in love with every version of Atsumu, holding his body with the same reverence.

And Atsumu accepted him in every lifetime.

The car ride is short and silent. Both men are pondering about their reunion, Atsumu feels guilty for leaving Kiyoomi alone. While Kiyoomi is in shock, always looking sideways to check that Atsumu is indeed here, in his car.

“Look at the road Omi. We did not find each other to lose it all in the same night,” Atsumu chastises him.

“I wouldn't let that happen,” Kiyoomi pouts behind his mask.

Atsumu let his hand rest on the driver's thigh, squeezing him lightly.

After that, Atsumu finds that he can't keep his mouth shut. He starts to tell his life story to Kiyoomi. How he grew up, his career, what Osamu is up to in his lifetime. The man listens attentively, but his eyes burn with desire.

Atsumu knows what is about to happen, he wants it too. But what if Kiyoomi isn't fond of this version of him ?

But as soon as the front door of Kiyoomi's apartment closes behind them, the man cages Atsumu against it.

He tears off his mask to reveal his fangs, Atsumu gulps. When they met for the first time, vampires and humans lived alongside each other. It wasn't extraordinary back then. Now Kiyoomi has to hide, if Atsumu hadn't remembered he would be scared shitless right now.

“As sharp as ever I see,” Atsumu teases. But Kiyoomi continues to stare, he looks conflicted again. Somewhere behind the relief and affection, Atsumu could discern anger, and hurt.

“How long was I gone, Omi ?” Atsumu asks fearfully. He caresses the man's cheek, Kiyoomi closes his eyes and hisses lightly. As if the touch is too much to bear.

Kiyoomi isn't radiating any heat but his body is so close, and it has been so long that Atsumu feels like burning all the same. The vampire slots his leg between Atsumu's thighs and closes

the distance.

Kiyoomi pauses for a second, as if to let Atsumu time to protest. Like he's expecting to be rejected. Atsumu drags him by the collar and kisses him.

Immediately, tears are rolling down his face and Kiyoomi holds him tighter.

It's passionate and desperate, the two men can't get enough of each other. Atsumu lets his hands wander but drops them when Kiyoomi takes off his jacket. Their tongues meet and Atsumu wants to melt against the vampire, he sighs against his lips.

"130 years," Kiyoomi starts, voice strained.

He kisses Atsumu on the cheek, surely tasting the salt of his tears.

"10 months." He moves down his throat.

"20 days." Atsumu is panting, Kiyoomi's lips are right on his jugular. They've been in this position many times before, Atsumu can feel the ghost of the vampire's teeth sinking in.

"And 6 hours," Kiyoomi rasps out.

Atsumu's skin is tingling but his chest hurts. He never left Kiyoomi alone this long.

"M'sorry Omi..." Atsumu snuffles. Atsumu's hands are on his shoulders while Kiyoomi's are on his waist. He tightens his hold but remains there, above Atsumu's neck.

Kiyoomi has never been a man of many words, he prefers Atsumu to lead the conversation, rolling his eyes half of the time. Atsumu wonders how the vampire managed for over a century. Worry and remorse floods him, feelings he knows all too well when it comes to Kiyoomi.

"Atsumu..." Kiyoomi whispers, he's at his breaking point, the blonde can sense it.

"Go on Omi, drink yer fill."

Kiyoomi doesn't need to be told twice, with a small growl he bites Atsumu and sucks around the wound greedily.

Atsumu's eyes roll back, he feels the suction down his groin, making his cock rock hard instantly.

"Fuck...Hgn.." Atsumu moans. His hand finds dark curls and holds on.

Kiyoomi's body is completely covering his, trapped against the door Atsumu has no choice

but to stay still.

He distantly remembers a life where his neck had been marred with bite scars. It was probably the first, they did not need to be careful then. Atsumu had worn the marks proudly even as he had grown old, with Kiyoomi by his side. Always.

It lasts only a minute but by that time, Atsumu's legs are like jelly and he feels feverish from arousal.

"Still delicious." Kiyoomi licks the wound clean, it will fade in the next few days now. Atsumu already misses the rush of feeding his lover.

"I'm a premium meal after all."

Kiyoomi draws back and looks at him predatorily. "Mine."

They kiss again, and Atsumu needs Kiyoomi inside of him urgently. Up until tonight he didn't remember him, but now that the memories are coming back he can't bear to not have his naked body against his for a minute longer

Tearing each other's shirts, they become frantic. Kiyoomi tweaks a nipple, making Atsumu cry out against his mouth. Metal lingers on Atsumu's tongue, he moans at the taste.

When Kiyoomi reaches for his cock, Atsumu hisses. The man strokes the clothed length slowly. It's good, but not enough.

"Omi.. I really can't wait.." he begs.

He doesn't need the bed, all he wants is Kiyoomi. Plastered against the door, Kiyoomi preps him with his long fingers.

They're cold but it only strokes the fire simmering under Atsumu's skin. When Kiyoomi deems him ready he turns him around and picks the blonde up. Atsumu holds on for dear life when the vampire's thick cock breaches his rim.

The stretch feels incredible, Atsumu could cum on the spot. But he refrains himself from doing so, he wants to see more of the crazy expression Kiyoomi is giving him.

Once settled, the man slid out almost completely before slamming back into Atsumu's hole.

"Ah ! Yes...yes like this," Atsumu howls.

"Atsumu...Atsumu..." Kiyoomi groans over and over.

The door is rattling behind Atsumu, they're half dressed, in the gekan but he doesn't care,

this is perfect. Kiyoomi pounds into him with abandon, as if he has something to prove. He's brushing Atsumu's sweet spot each time, bringing the blonde close to the edge dangerously fast.

"Omi I wanna..."

"Just a little more...please..." Atsumu can't deny his request and tries to hold on.

He revels in the feeling of his lover pulsing inside him, of being jolted around when his own body is strong and tall. He whimpers and lets Kiyoomi use him, his big hands and keeping his cheeks open, he can barely move his legs. There's nowhere to go, and nowhere he'd rather be.

Soon Kiyoomi nips at his neck and his hips stutter.

"Omi ?" he asks, voice broken.

"Let me see how good you look when I'm loving you," Kiyoomi replies, a twinkle in his eyes.

The familiarity of the sentence brings Atsumu to his climax. He clenches around Kiyoomi's cock, his own neglected but shooting white between them. Atsumu wails, uncaring of who might hear him. Kiyoomi follows him suit, his grip tight and his load seeping out of Atsumu.

How could he miss someone he just remembered existed ? Atsumu asks himself. He lets himself slide down the door and sits down while he tries to catch his breath. Kiyoomi looks down at him, a smirk on his face.

"You still can't last long," he teases as he puts his pants back on.

"Shut yer trap, I just... it's been a while s'all," Atsumu retorts, falsely offended.

"I like the accent."

Kiyoomi sits as well, scowling at the dirty floor before collecting Atsumu in his arms and bringing him on his lap.

"Hyogo this time, t'was nice," Atsumu says, snuggling against Kiyoomi.

He feels Kiyoomi swallow thickly and Atsumu looks back at him. The smile the man gives him is a pained one.

"I'm here Omi, s'alright," he tries to reassure the man but Kiyoomi won't meet his eyes.

"I waited so long, Atsumu. You always promise to come back but last time..." Kiyoomi trails off, unsure.

Last time Atsumu didn't. He couldn't, they only had a few months together before he passed away in an accident. He doesn't have the details but he remembers as much. It seems like it's getting longer and longer for him to come back.

They've always been confident but now... what would happen to Kiyoomi if Atsumu's soul was to rest elsewhere? Or not find a body at all? The thought of the man he loves wandering the earth, searching for him in vain physically hurts Atsumu. He can't bear it.

"M'sorry...so sorry Omi." Atsumu holds his lover's face in his hands and kisses every inch of skin slowly, adoringly.

Kiyoomi lets him, closing his eyes and trusting that Atsumu will still be here when he opens them again.

"Right, there's two now," Atsumu kisses the two moles above his eyebrow. There used to be none, but a new one appears whenever Atsumu leaves. One below his left ear, one on his jaw, and two above his eyebrow, the number of lifetimes Atsumu spent with Kiyoomi.

"You kissed the first one too often." Atsumu chuckles at that, and Kiyoomi seems appeased.

"D'ya mind them bein' the last? If I stay, there won't be new ones," he declares. Kiyoomi frowns and shakes his head.

"No. We said you'll stay human, I won't turn you," Kiyoomi replies, his tone final.

"When was that? 250 years ago? I don't wanna promise I'll come back no more, my place is with ya. I'll stay, that's another promise."

Kiyoomi sighs, his head resting against Atsumu's shoulder.

"We'll talk about it. For now I just want to hold you," he mumbles.

"Deal."

Atsumu hugs his lover tighter, vowing to never let go again.

"Thanks for waiting Omi. I love ya, back then and forever."

“Back then and forever.” Kiyoomi replies fervently as he had done hundreds of times before. But today feels lighter, laced with less worry. Because Atsumu is staying.

// END

Do you believe me if I say it was supposed to be PWP ?

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