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SakuAtsu - NSFW clothed sex

Kiyoomi is ready. He's been ready since he woke up. He's been ready since they started fooling around. He was ready when Bokuto hammered on their hotel room door. He's been sitting ready through breakfast. He was ready while they were

listening to coach on the bus as he was detailing the program of the day.

A fucking day off. They're supposed to visit Tokyo. A city Kiyoomi grew up in.

He's ready and open and the need won't go down because Atsumu hasn't left his side since they opened their eyes and when he's

not openly flirting, teasing, brushing... His sole presence is a tragic trigger. A reminder that Kiyoomi almost, /almost/ got to experience a mind blowing orgasm before even getting up.

Kiyoomi loves having sex in the morning. It's lazy, it's easy to clean, it's warm... Fuck.

It's everything he almost tasted after Atsumu removed his fingers and slipped just the tip in. It's everything he was robbed off when their teammate harassed them so they'd get to the cafeteria since they were the last ones missing.

It's a nightmare.

Kiyoomi doesn't want to

visit a gymnasium he's visited in Middle school, and high-school, played in, won in... He's been toured around the historic facility more times than he can count.

Atsumu doesn't make it any easier. He keeps leaning into his space, hot breath caressing Kiyoomi's jaw and neck

everytime he tells him, with an insufferable smirk, that /he/ didn't have the privilege to grow up in the big city and that he's more than happy to trail behind the group and listen to the guide so he can learn the many secrets of this place.

"It's yer turf. I wanna learn about

ya. I'm a good boyfriend. I wanna know everythin' about yer past."

"You have dinner with my mom everytime we play here, stop pretending," Kiyoomi hisses back, under his breath so the others won't hear.

They've been dating for two years. Known each other for seven. Atsumu knows everything, /everything/ about Kiyoomi already. And he knows more than anything just how desperate Kiyoomi can turn when he's frustrated.

And how reckless too.

Oh.

Oh. Kiyoomi gets it suddenly. Just as they're about to step in yet another corridor and Atsumu pretends to be

fascinated by what he's hearing... Kiyoomi gets it.

Atsumu is working him up. He's riling him up just so he can make Kiyoomi snap.

It's so evident that he stops in his tracks and has to resist the urge to kick him somehow.

Kiyoomi's ego is going to suffer. It's already

suffering just because he knows he fell right into this trap. But it's nothing compared to how bruised it will be after Atsumu brags he got him to sit on his dick because Kiyoomi was too eager.

He should have known something was up when Atsumu didn't even try to stay in bed and finish what they had stated even if he was hard as hell.

He saw an opportunity to torment Kiyoomi and took it.

Well, two can play at this game, Kiyoomi thinks.

And his despair and frustration... His built up desire... They're all going to play in his favor. Even the fact

that he's not going to be as loose as he was an hour ago.

Kiyoomi is not going down without a personal victory, he decides as he grabs Atsumu's wrist and yanks him to the side.

They disappear from the group in a few seconds, Kiyoomi leading Atsumu away effortlessly.

He knows

why it's easy. He knows there's a smirk on Atsumu's lips. He knows he's going because he's certain to win.

"Ya seem to know this place like the back of yer hand. Did ya come here before? Do I get a personal tour?" Atsumu teases relentlessly.

Kiyoomi finds one of the janitor

closets before he can tell him to shut up. It's one of the few that aren't locked from the outside because, as they find out when he opens the door, only brooms and buckets are stored there. Chemicals are stored in the next one. A bigger one, but it's locked.

He assess this

closet, not so surprised to find it smaller even than in his memories, and after a glance on each side of the corridor, Kiyoomi pushes Atsumu inside.

They barely fit if standing next to each other but if Kiyoomi slams Atsumu against a wall and turns his back to him immediately -

Exactly like he does before Atsumu can object to anything - there's a little more room for him to move.

And move... Kiyoomi does fast. He's efficient in the way he kicks a bucket in front of him and even quicker to work blindly on the fly of Atsumu's jeans behind him.

"Omi-kun-

Wait a second?" Atsumu dares to ask before he chokes on his spit, Kiyoomi's hand curling around his dick.

"I waited long enough," Kiyoomi explains, already working on his cock.

It's too dry. Kiyoomi can't mess this up. He lets go of Atsumu with a frustrated groan and turns

around to face him. His hand drops in one of Atsumu's pockets where Kiyoomi personally placed one of the one-use-only packets of lube they found in the bedside hotel drawer. They never use those, they're always prepared. But today... Kiyoomi had to work fast.

Atsumu scoffs but

isn't given the time to really taunt him. Kiyoomi rips the wrap open and lets the mix drip onto his palm without a second thought.

The place is dark, he's sure some dripped on the floor but they'll be fine with what he's got.

"Hold this," he says, and pushes the disgusting,

slippery wrap against Atsumu's lips.

Atsumu immediately tears it away with protests dying on his lips as Kiyoomi starts jerking him off.

Two years are enough to know exactly how to make his partner rock hard in seconds, especially since Atsumu has been frustrated in his own way

as well. And especially because they both know how turned on he is by Kiyoomi getting bossy and desperate for him.

"Kiss me," Atsumu asks after a minute, panting against Kiyoomi's neck.

"No. You have lube on your mouth," Kiyoomi denies him.

"Yer fuckin' fault," Atsumu whines

just as Kiyoomi takes his hand off his dick and turns around to face away again.

A hand comes to rest on Kiyoomi's hip, he hears the other one fumbling behind him.

"Leave the condom," he orders, and can't help but grin at the sharp intake of breath.

Oh, if Atsumu /knew/...

Kiyoomi finds himself hauled back against Atsumu's body, Atsumu inhaling deep where his nose is buried at Kiyoomi's nape.

"Ya drive me insane."

/And you haven't seen it all, yet./ Kiyoomi thinks, parting his basket ball shorts to the side.

They're loose and the fabric so sheer

that he has no problem yanking it up and to the side to reveal his boxers. /These/ are a little tighter but Kiyoomi succeeds in getting them out of the way enough to guide the head of Atsumu's cock against his hole.

Kiyoomi is about to explode. Not that he didn't know that, but

when he feels Atsumu, eager, press against him and the head of his dick catch at his rim, Kiyoomi just realizes how much he's ready to /get it/.

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath before moving. And he sinks back.

Slowly.

Breached in the most delicious, tormenting way.

"Tight, hella tight, so fucking tight," Atsumu spits and moans against his nape, whispers pitched high.

He /is/. Kiyoomi is almost tight enough to regret this but the way Atsumu loses it against him... Hearing him, feeling him, in this dangerous situation... Kiyoomi is both

awfully wired and just relaxed enough to make it work.

He doesn't even need much, actually. Which Atsumu doesn't know yet.

But he fucked around, so he's about to find out.

Kiyoomi bends forward slightly, bringing one of his sneakers on top of the bucket in front of him.

Atsumu feels him slip away and predictably rolls his hips forward... Kiyoomi's breath is punched out of his lungs while he rams directly onto his prostate.

But when Atsumu tries to sink deeper, Kiyoomi moves away again and ruts his hips back only enough for him to hit that same

shallow spot again. And again. And...

"Kiyoomi," Atsumu grunts, covering his back with his body, circling his chest with his arms, as if to prevent him from getting away... "Please."

As if to get deeper inside him.

Kiyoomi only indulges him enough to drive him insane. Just

like he told him earlier.

In the meantime he brings a hand down the front of his shorts, bringing his own cock out to jerk off in times with the slight thrusts off hips he deigns giving his lover.

It won't be long. It won't be. Not with the noises, amplified by the cramped space,

the urgency, the position that makes him see stars not matter how much Kiyoomi feels split open.

Not with Atsumu getting away with it and suddenly getting on the tip of his toes to slam all the way inside him.

Kiyoomi sees white. His fist painted the same color the next second.

He freezes, unable to breathe for a moment, barely able to enjoy the blissful ride seeing how sudden it was. But then Atsumu grinds into him desperately, filling him all too full, and Kiyoomi's entire body is seized with uncontrollable shivers before he slumps against the wall.

Kiyoomi does so with a torn moan and a few spasms that seem to turn Atsumu on even more but...

It's already over.

The adrenaline and the risk of the situation would be enough for Kiyoomi to recover from an orgasm fast, but... His terrible little plan are what seals Atsumu's

fate.

It's not like he can step away, with Atsumu seemingly ready to mount him and chase his own pleasure but Kiyoomi is able to writhe to the side and away from Atsumu who's too lost in his own pleasure to immediately act and try to prevent him from doing so.

There's an

horrified gasp that Kiyoomi cuts short by throwing a pack of tissue he just brought out of his shorts right in Atsumu's face.

"The /fuck/?" he yaps, his voice broken and strangled.

"Sorry. I thought I heard Bokuto knocking on the door," Kiyoomi explains. "You can use those to

finish yourself off. But make it quick. Wouldn't want to rob you from today's visits and the only opportunity ever to learn about me," Kiyoomi whispers, riding this high almost as much with this small cruel victory, than he did a few seconds ago while coming all over his hand.

Atsumu is frozen in place. Enough to not have retrieved the tissues. Kiyoomi bends over to retrieve them and get one for himself so he can clean his hand.

Atsumu still isn't moving when Kiyoomi slides the pack toward his fist and... Well it's too much, Kiyoomi starts giggling.

It's easier to do so, now that he's not frustrated out of his mind. Now that he feels light as a feather. Now that he's got the upper hand.

Atsumu, though, is on the verge of a breaking down. Silent and slumping back against the wall.

"Yer so fucking cruel," he whines. "I

wasn't that cruel. I'm sorry, okay? Holy shit—"

"Hey," Kiyoomi interrupts him. "It's fine," he cooes even.

Damn it's so easy to play now.

He leans against Atsumu to whisper against the shell of his ear: "It's fine. You don't actually have to finish yourself off."

And fuck,

the way Atsumu goes rigid with expectation is delicious. The cherry on top of the cake.

"Oh, I'm not gonna do shit right now, though," Kiyoomi cuts his hopes on the spot. "But if you actually wait... Well, I heard I also happen to know the next stop on our visit. If you wait until then... I can sneak us away again and let you fuck me mouth."

And with that, he spins around, ready to abandon Atsumu on the spot.

He should have known he's playing against a fierce adversary though and just like him, Atsumu never goes down without a fight.

Kiyoomi is

yanked back, colliding into Atsumu with brute force, and plastered against the wall he just left just so Atsumu can ravish him.

He fucks his mouth with his tongue the same way he visibly wished he had fucked Kiyoomi just a moment ago before letting go of him, breathless.

Atsumu

is panting, his own breath ragged when he warns Kiyoomi:

"Yer not getting out of the next closet until yer chokin' on me."

A warning or... A promise. And Kiyoomi will make sure Atsumu keeps it.

After all, a game is always played at least in three sets.

/♥ □ the end