



crocodile 🐊
@bardforhire

05-08-2022

16:07

cw nsfw | #sakuatsu | exes with benefits, angst with an open ending, thigh-fucking

little late submission for @bottomiweek (hate sex/free day!)

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"You were dreaming 'bout me again," Atsumu says, leaning in the doorway of the hotel bathroom, arms folded across his bare chest.

Kiyoomi doesn't look at him, but he can feel heat rise in the tips of his ears. He continues applying moisturizer at the sink. "You were bitching until midnight while I was trying to sleep. Of course I was going to dream about your loud mouth."

"Musta been dreaming 'bout what else my mouth can do based on your—" Atsumu pauses to wave a hand at him— "condition."

Kiyoomi sighs. This is the unfortunate thing about a secret relationship—when it ends, badly, because it definitely wasn't designed to last,

there's no professional way to explain to your coworkers why you shouldn't room together during travel anymore. It's not Kiyoomi's fault he has a Pavlovian response to being in a bedroom with Atsumu.

And it's also not Kiyoomi's fault that he was too disgusted to take care of himself in the shower, willing his morning wood away by sheer stubbornness. It hasn't fully worked yet.

Atsumu knows all of this. Kiyoomi rinses his hands and picks up his sunscreen.

"I could help, y'know," Atsumu drawls, pushing off of the doorway and stepping into the bathroom. His movements are slow, predatory, as he comes up behind Kiyoomi. "Wouldn't do to have ya suffering all day 'cause of little ol' me."

"Little is the right word for it," Kiyoomi says, refusing to meet Atsumu's eye in the mirror.

Atsumu scoffs and leans in, bracing his arms on either side of Kiyoomi. He's close enough that Kiyoomi can feel his body heat, suffocating. "It wouldn't even take long.

You're so pent up I'd have you coming in 5 minutes."

If Atsumu uses his tongue, Kiyoomi doesn't doubt it. The thought makes him nauseous, dizzy, heat pooling in his stomach. "I told you we're not fucking again," he says instead, rubbing the sunscreen in.

"It ain't really fucking," Atsumu argues, always one for semantics. "Just my hand and your dick. So you can stay on your moral fucking high horse."

"It's about mental health, not morals, Atsumu," Kiyoomi says. "Not that you care about either."

Atsumu presses even closer, still not touching him, face turned into Kiyoomi's neck. His breath is warm and damp when he speaks. "It's up to you. But I think we both know what you want, Kiyoomi."

Kiyoomi wants him to leave the room. He wants Atsumu to kiss him.

He wants Atsumu to never speak to him again. He wants Atsumu to get down on his knees and beg Kiyoomi to take him back, just so Kiyoomi can walk away. He wants Atsumu around him, on top of him, inside him, taking and taking until Kiyoomi has nothing left to give.

"Don't call me that," he finally says, pressing his ass back against Atsumu to find him already half-hard.

Atsumu presses an open-mouthed kiss to his neck, sloppy through his grin. One hand leaves the counter to find Kiyoomi's hip, fingers sliding beneath his towel still damp from his shower. He slowly loosens it, letting it fall to the floor between them.

"You always make a fuss, y'know," Atsumu says, hand brushing over Kiyoomi's stomach, scratching at the dark hair there. "But you're just desperate for it, ain'tcha?"

Kiyoomi grabs Atsumu's wrist and drags him lower, until his fingers bump his cock. "Shut the fuck up and get me off. It's all you're good for, anyway."

Atsumu bites him, hard, in the crook of his neck. Kiyoomi shoves his forehead back.

"No marks, asshole."

He can see Atsumu roll his eyes in the mirror, but then Atsumu is gripping his cock, palm blindingly hot. His first stroke is too slow, too dry, too teasing. Kiyoomi bucks into his hand, and Atsumu squeezes the base of his cock in retaliation.

"Patience, baby," Atsumu coos, the calluses on his palm dragging.

Kiyoomi's eyes sting. "Don't use fucking petnames."

"So demanding this morning." Atsumu reaches with his free hand to dig in his ziploc toiletry bag on the counter, pulling out a bottle of lube that Kiyoomi can't believe he had the nerve to bring. The lube clicks open, and Atsumu douses his palm with it.

His lube hand disappears, and Kiyoomi has just a moment to get mad before something cold and wet slips between his thighs. "Goddamnit, Atsumu," he hisses. "I just showered."

"Shower again," Atsumu says. There's a moment of stasis, Kiyoomi's breath bitter in his throat, before Atsumu's cock pushes between his legs and he wraps his hand back around Kiyoomi's dick. In the mirror, Atsumu grins, sharp and mean. "Sides, you like it when I get you messy."

"I hate it," Kiyoomi mumbles, breath hitching as Atsumu begins to thrust in time with his strokes. They both know he's lying.

Atsumu's lips find his neck again, the sensitive spot behind his ear, the line of his jaw. Not the mouth. Never the mouth, not like this.

He twists around Kiyoomi's head on the upstroke the way he knows Kiyoomi can't handle; Kiyoomi sighs every time the tip of Atsumu's cock catches his rim.

He doesn't last long. He never does, not with Atsumu whispering /squeeze, baby/, not with Atsumu's cock pressing against his balls, not with Atsumu's fingers tight and slick. When he comes, he comes silently, teeth dug so hard into his bottom lip it cracks.

Kiyoomi collapses onto his elbows on the sink, eyes shut tight as Atsumu slips out and comes in hot spurts all over his ass.

"I'll wipe you down," Atsumu says, softer now, maneuvering around Kiyoomi's hanging torso to wet a washcloth in the sink.

(twit limit hit, one moment)

He wipes Kiyoomi down slowly, methodically, until the fabric leaves red streaks on his skin. "All good now."

Kiyoomi turns, facing him for the first time this morning, leaning against the sink. Atsumu is still standing there, watching him, something vulnerable in his smirk.

“Can I get a kiss, Omi?”

Kiyoomi stares back. This is the worst part of it—that somewhere, beneath the screaming and crying, the broken dishes and slammed doors, the nights spent on the couch because the bed felt too empty, these moments felt worth it. Atsumu’s gentle hands,

his soft mouth, his head pillowed on Kiyoomi’s chest. Nothing in the room except their slowing breaths and the smell of Atsumu’s shampoo, Kiyoomi’s nose tucked in his hair.

“Last time,” Kiyoomi says, just like all the times before, and leans in to kiss him.

(done! 💕)

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