



anna!! 🖐️

@rinpanna

10-08-2022

03:23

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[mild nsfw] when atsumu comes up with the adorable and romantic idea to kiss every mole and freckle on kiyoomi's body, kiyoomi lets him, uncharacteristically agreeable.

atsumu doesn't question it, though, starting with the ones on his forehead—the catalyst of his impulse.

he goes down the length of kiyoomi's body, slow and sweet. kiyoomi is sure to brutally point out every one that atsumu misses, apparently having made it his job to kill the mood. when atsumu asks why kiyoomi knows every damn spot on his body, kiyoomi snaps that he should pay

better attention to his own—you never know what could be cancerous. atsumu sighs, exasperated yet fond, before moving on.

when atsumu gets to kiyoomi's legs, his pace slows even further, adding in a couple playful nips and licks around the goldmine that is his thighs.

then he flips kiyoomi over, smattering kisses across his bum and back. he's sure to blow a raspberry on the one right on his lower sacrum. kiyoomi kicks him in retaliation.

atsumu turns him back around, getting the last of the spots on his calves. with an ankle on his shoulder,

atsumu looks up, devilish smile on his lips. "oh, wait. i think i forgot the most important one. how ungentlemanly of me. i guess i gotta give it some extra attention now."

so atsumu does just that, mouthing and licking and sucking around the spot until kiyoomi's breathing hard

and then going limp.

"i can't believe that was a ploy to suck my dick," kiyoomi says, still panting. "i mean, i /can/ believe it, i just can't believe i didn't work it out sooner."

atsumu swallows and smirks. "whaddya mean, omi? i was just tryna be romantic."

kiyoomi lifts the arm crossed over his face, dark eyes drilling into atsumu's own. he lifts an

eyebrow. it is devastatingly sexy. "you missed a spot, you know?"

and atsumu /doesn't/ know—the dick mole had been his planned final destination.

with a smirk to rival even atsumu's

most complacent, kiyoomi brings his knee to his chest.

and there, on the sole of his left foot, are three small freckles. they're even lined up like the moles on his forehead.

atsumu frowns instantly. "i fuckin' hate feet." it's probably why he hadn't known about these.

kiyoomi's grin stretches to flash a hint of teeth, his eyebrow lifting once more. combined with the sheen of sweat across his brow and the red in his cheeks, it is somehow more devastatingly sexy than the last. "i know."

and atsumu connects the dots—/that's/ why kiyoomi had been

so willing, so easy. fuck. /fuck./ atsumu's dating satan himself.

"come on, atsumu," kiyoomi taunts, wiggling his toes. "discrimination isn't very romantic, is it?"

atsumu's frown deepens. he hesitates only for a moment before pulling kiyoomi's leg closer by the ankle.

"fuck you," he says, leaning in. "you're lucky i love ya more than i hate feet."

and he kisses the goddamn foot freckles—all three of them in rapid succession.

kiyoomi's still evidently smug as a bug in a rug, but his tone gives him away when he says, too soft, "i know."

/fin

two fun facts:

1. the original idea wasn't nsfw. had to back edit the first tweet. why must I make everything Horny ☐
2. this idea came to me immediately after noticing the three freckles on my foot. why must I make everything about Sakuatsu ☐

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