



mari ☆ space cowboy

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1k poll fic - nsfw, fluff, only one bed, ft. "i just wanted to hear your voice" (a little exes to lovers too) //

Kiyoomi stares at the bed in the center of the room maybe a hair too long. Mostly because Atsumu is laying on it, shirtless, prepared for to go to sleep.

About 45 minutes ago, a very nice concierge said there'd been a mix-up, that the rooms the team booked got shuffled around and there were a few rooms with only one bed. After claims of seniority, Barnes and Meian ended up with the only room with two beds. The rest are sharing.

Contrary to Kiyoomi's eccentricities, he doesn't mind sharing a bed. Growing up with Motoya their families would throw them in the same bed all the time. So he's had time to adjust.

Sharing is not a problem.

Sharing with Miya Atsumu is a problem. Mostly because they're exes.

It's nothing recent—they were in high school when they dated. For a young relationship, it was pretty mellow and sweet. Each memory warms Kiyoomi the same way a campfire does, reminding him of the fleeting nature of time. When he looks back, he yearns, for what he cannot tell.

Then Kiyoomi came to MSBY, and befriended Atsumu once more. The yearning never quite left, a silent desire for a different time and place with the same person. But it's not like they're the same people they were as high schoolers. They're older now, more mature.

And by the sight of Atsumu's almost naked body, they're developed a whole lot more too.

See the problem with dating someone in your youth and then seeing them as an adult is that weird nostalgia that clings to the other person.

Kiyoomi sees Atsumu through a slightly rosy haze—he wouldn't say it's exactly like rose-colored glasses, but it's something like it.

Sometimes he catches himself blushing from Atsumu's attention, his 16-year-old self coming back full force when he snaps about Atsumu's terrible flirting. He feels like he's back at the

youth training camp whenever Atsumu flutters around him, going on about his “freaky wrists.”

Frankly, he finds himself feeling like that flustered 16-year-old more and more these days.

“Ya just gonna stand there,” Atsumu’s voice startles him out of his thoughts, “or ya gonna come to bed?”

The phrasing has his heart racing just as it had when they were pressed up against each other in a supply room between practice matches as teenagers.

“Sorry.” He mumbles, dragging his feet to the bed.

They’ve shared a bed before, Kiyoomi remembers. When he was 17 and Atsumu was 18. Scratchy voices and muffled laughter followed them late into the night. When the call of sleep was too much, Atsumu still begged to hear Kiyoomi’s voice. And Kiyoomi was always helpless to oblige.

It felt like those nights would last forever.

Crawling into bed with Atsumu makes him feel 17 again, heart in his throat and sparks dancing on his fingertips. Warmth rolls off of Atsumu in waves, just as it had that chilly winter night they’d made the decision to share a bed.

Of course, he remembers other things from that night: the heat of Atsumu’s mouth on his, the clumsy clash of their tongues, the first exploratory attempts at getting the other off.

It was all very uncoordinated and unpracticed—both of them new to the prospect of touching someone that wasn’t themselves. But Kiyoomi remembers it with fondness all the same.

Part of him wonders how Atsumu’s changed in that way too.

“Ya gonna be okay sharin’?”

“Yes, Miya.”

“I don’t want ya grumpy on the ride back home tomorrow. Grumpy Omi is my least favorite Omi.”

“I wasn’t aware you were keeping tabs on my thousands of personalities.”

Even without looking, Kiyoomi can hear the way Atsumu smiles around his words, “Ya don’t got that many. ‘S like five, maybe.”

“You’re telling me you’ve reduced all my human complexity into five emotions?”

“What? Ya want me to give ‘em subcategories?”

And just like that, they’re back to being teenagers as they bicker with no heat and laugh through taunts. They talk and talk until hours have passed and their voices are begging for rest and their eyes keep falling shut.

But still, Atsumu cannot seem to let them drift off.

“Omi?” Kiyoomi hums, eyes shut, just toying the line of sleep. “Omiiii. Omi-Omi. Kiyoomiiii.”

“Yes?”

“Nothin’.”

“‘S not nothing if you keep saying my name.”

Atsumu’s laugh is more breath than anything else, weighed down by exhaustion.

“Just wanted to hear yer voice, Omi.” Atsumu says it just above a whisper. But the sentiment rings in Kiyoomi’s ears, louder than any other sound in the room—louder even than the constant whirring of the AC unit that’s doing little to cool the way his skin heats.

“Atsumu?”

Kiyoomi’s not sure what part of him is speaking, especially with Kiyoomi letting Atsumu’s given name slip out—his current desires mixing with the nostalgia of his teenage years to the point where he can’t tell which part is stronger, who’s in control.

“Yeah?”

“Do you ever think about us?”

“Us?”

“You know.” Kiyoomi rolls on his side to face Atsumu, to look him in the eyes. Hazel eyes swim with a familiar mix of nostalgia and curiosity, something he knows Atsumu can see

reflected in the tar-like depths of his eyes. “/Us/.”

Once upon a time, the silence daunted Kiyoomi. When they were young and unsure Kiyoomi thought silence was his enemy. Since then, he’s learned that silence holds more answers than he thinks.

“Yeah. I think about us.”

Does Atsumu feel 18 again—cheeks flushed and heart rabbit-quick?

“What do you think?”

“I think I miss holdin’ ya.”

A sharp intake of breath conveys more than Kiyoomi would like to admit, opening himself up quicker than he'd like.

But with the response out in the open, with nothing but the soft glow of the shitty lamp beside them, Kiyoomi lets himself admit what he barely wants to admit to himself.

“I think I miss that too. More than that.”

“Yeah?”

“I think I miss kissing you.”

“I know I miss that,” Atsumu’s eyes crinkle as he smiles, face partially smooshed into the pillow.

He looks silly, though Kiyoomi thinks he must look silly too, laid on his side with just the faintest hint of a smile on his face.

“So what are we doing then?”

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“What?” Naturally, Atsumu teases just like he always teases. “Ya wanna kiss me?”

“And if I do?”

“Well, then what’re we doin’ just talkin’ about it?”

Only Atsumu can have Kiyoomi rolling his eyes and reaching to pull him in for a kiss at the same time.

One hand cards through much softer strands than Kiyoomi remembers—the blond finally learning how to care for bleached hair. The other he uses to push himself up just a little, to hover above Atsumu and slot their lips together properly.

It's not like the kisses they shared in their youth. There's no hesitancy, not a shred of shyness between them. But Atsumu's mouth is still warm, his lips still soft. And they still kiss each other with a gentleness they aren't keen to show outside of moments like these.

For a while Atsumu lets Kiyoomi take control, and becomes pliant under Kiyoomi's hands, choosing to rest one hand on Kiyoomi's neck with the other skirting just across his lower back. Too close to the hem of his shorts yet too far to be considered anything other than a tease.

But Atsumu tires of lazy kisses, ever the impatient one, and takes matters into his own hands.

"Omi," he whispers as he pulls back, breath ghosting along Kiyoomi's jaw as he trails his lips along the bone, "yer teasin' me."

"Teasing?" Atsumu hums as he presses a series of kisses along the sensitive skin underneath his jawline. "I'm kissing you just like you asked."

"Yer kissin' me like we're still in high school."

Hot breath ghosts over Kiyoomi's ear, the heat of Atsumu's tongue just close enough to the lobe that his voice quivers when he speaks, "Well then maybe you should be more specific about what you want."

"Ya wanna know what I want?" Atsumu takes Kiyoomi's earlobe gently between his teeth, a stuttering breath and the involuntary jerk of his hips making Atsumu sound too smug, "I want ya to show me what ya learned all these years apart—want ya to show me what I've been missin'."

Something in Kiyoomi clicks into place, no longer colored by the nostalgia of it all and overcome with his very current desires.

Kiyoomi grips Atsumu's chin, not really directing him anywhere, but stopping him from continuing his journey. "Then come here."

With his chin between Kiyoomi's fingers, Atsumu can't hide his smile as he slips back into a place suitable for Kiyoomi to kiss him properly, the way Atsumu wants. Now Kiyoomi pulls down on Atsumu's chin, forcing his mouth open enough to accommodate Kiyoomi's tongue.

Neither of them is clumsy anymore.

The first slide of their tongues has Kiyoomi acting a little more urgently, slotting his leg between Atsumu's so he can hear the way Atsumu moans for him, can feel the way his tongue falters in its movement.

Sleep is the last thing on his mind when Atsumu grinds against his leg, telltale hardness exposing just how affected he is.

Maybe Kiyoomi is a tease as he huffs a laugh into Atsumu's mouth, sucking on Atsumu's tongue before he moves to kiss and bite the expanse of Atsumu's neck.

"You're far less demanding than you used to be." Atsumu loses the opportunity to respond when Kiyoomi nips at the juncture of his jaw, a breathless noise replacing whatever retort he had. "No less needy though."

Kiyoomi rocks down, putting pressure on Atsumu's fast hardening cock and brushing his own against Atsumu's hip, as if to say Atsumu's not alone in how affected he is. The motion brings a sigh out of Atsumu, eyes rolling back at the momentary relief.

It's followed shortly by a whine, Atsumu's hands clinging to Kiyoomi's hips, trying and failing to urge them back down.

"I forgot how much I love those little noises," Kiyoomi noses at the spot behind Atsumu's ear that he knows is sensitive. "How much I love your hands on me."

"Kiyoomi, please."

His breathless begging has Kiyoomi diving in for another kiss, still soft but tinged with hunger. Teeth meeting Atsumu's lip and pulling another tiny moan out of him, his hips seeking out friction against Kiyoomi's thigh.

Kiyoomi pulls back, letting their hot breaths mix as Atsumu pants beneath him. "Please what?"

Silence is a telling thing—as are the little jerks of Atsumu's hips, the furrow in his brow, the way he sighs as he stares at Kiyoomi dead on.

But Kiyoomi refuses to read Atsumu's mind, his body language even. He wants to hear Atsumu say it himself, to admit what they both want after all those years of not knowing.

"I want ya to fuck me."

Kiyoomi smiles before kissing Atsumu, lazy and chaste again.

"Such a pretty mouth," he whispers before kneeling above Atsumu, admiring the way the soft glow of the lamp makes Atsumu's blush all the more endearing. "I'll give you exactly what you want."

For reasons he refuses to explain, Kiyoomi always keeps a bottle of lube and a pack of condoms in his overnight bags. Better to be prepared than caught unawares, he'll insist. Not because he has ever fantasized about something like this in the slightest.

Atsumu's already kicking off his underwear by the time Kiyoomi's returning to bed, eager as ever with those hungry hazel eyes.

Kiyoomi can't help but smile as he strips himself and catches the way Atsumu's eyes rove over him, a little smirk on Atsumu's face when Kiyoomi's cock is released, bouncing against his stomach as he makes his way back on the bed.

Skin to skin, Kiyoomi can't help but take his time when he leans down to kiss Atsumu again, fingers tracing the skin of Atsumu's inner thigh. Each kiss makes Atsumu a little more insistent, begging for Kiyoomi to hurry without ever breathing a word.

But Kiyoomi doesn't budge, just keeps languidly reacquainting himself with the feel of Atsumu's mouth. Learning what he can do with his tongue to make Atsumu fall apart.

Whenever he runs his tongue along Atsumu's bottom lip, Kiyoomi can feel the shudder that goes through him.

If he traces the grooves of the roof of Atsumu's mouth, Atsumu's jaw relaxes, hot breath indicating his sigh at the feeling. And when he rolls their tongues together, Atsumu's nails bite into Kiyoomi's skin.

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Relearning what makes Atsumu tick couldn't be more fun.

As Kiyoomi starts to dip his mouth a little lower, his hands tracing a little higher, Atsumu honest to god whines.

“Omi, please, wanna feel ya.”

“Don’t worry,” Atsumu’s hips buck, yearning for any kind of touch that isn’t as faint as what Kiyoomi’s providing, “you will. I just want to take my time.”

A breathy curse falls from Atsumu’s lips.

“Will you let me do that, baby?”

The sound Atsumu makes has Kiyoomi smiling against his neck. “Will you let me take it slow so I can show you what you’ve been missing?”

Even through his groan of complaint, Atsumu nods.

“Words, baby. Talk to me.”

“Fuck, anythin’, Omi. Ya can do whatever ya want.”

“So sweet for me, Atsumu.”

The exhale from Atsumu as he hears his names on Kiyoomi’s lips like silk has Kiyoomi itching to move a little quicker, to see if he can pull a true moan out instead of the half breathless sounds he’s making now.

With renewed purpose, Kiyoomi lets his mouth trail down to Atsumu’s chest, swirling his tongue around Atsumu’s nipple just to get a reaction. A firm grip on Kiyoomi’s curls keeps him there while his free hand abandons Atsumu’s thigh in favor of playing with the neglected bud.

Finally subtle groans begin to form in Atsumu’s chest, looking ready to start thrashing when Kiyoomi switches his mouth and hand. Kiyoomi tugs one nipple ever so gently with his teeth while pinching the other, an honest to god moan slipping out of Atsumu with ease.

“Pretty sounds from such a pretty mouth,” Kiyoomi mumbles as he detaches and moves to kneel above Atsumu once more. The blond glows with the praise, making him an even prettier sight.

Kiss swollen lips slick with spit shine in the glow of the light, sweat beading on his brows draw attention to just how blown his pupils are—barely a hint of hazel left in them. A pretty pink flush trails from his cheeks, up his ears, down his neck, and gets patchy on his chest.

He’s a vision beneath Kiyoomi and Kiyoomi cannot wait to see him come undone.

“Lift your leg up for me, baby.” Atsumu swallows as he obeys the command, lifting his right leg so Kiyoomi can hitch it over his shoulder. “So obedient—who knew you could be such a good boy.”

“F’r’ya,” Atsumu mumbles, too taken with the feeling of Kiyoomi’s fingers tracing his thighs once more. “Only f’r’ya.”

The admission makes Kiyoomi’s heart skip, tucking his smile into a kiss on Atsumu’s calf.

Atsumu is so pretty like this, halfway undone and completely up to Kiyoomi’s mercy. Hearing those words only makes Kiyoomi’s hunger to make Atsumu think of nothing but what Kiyoomi’s learned since they last laid together like this even stronger.

“Just mine,” Kiyoomi whispers as he uncaps the bottle of lube, “is that right?”

“Yers.”

As he hums his satisfaction, Kiyoomi slicks his fingers, doing what he can to warm it before tracing one finger around Atsumu’s tight hole.

At the faint pressure, Atsumu’s hips rock up, urging the tip of Kiyoomi’s finger to prod into the ring of muscle. Kiyoomi should admonish him for being so impatient, at the very least he should tease him for being so eager.

But all he can do is smile. “Then I’ll show you how I treat what belongs to me.”

With practiced ease, Kiyoomi slips one finger in at a turtle’s pace, watching as Atsumu’s mouth hangs open and he writhes just the tiniest bit, begging for a little more.

But Kiyoomi is a patient man, soaking up every little twitch of Atsumu’s hole around his finger as he finally reaches the base of his knuckle.

After two desperate little whines, Kiyoomi drags his finger out to the tip mesmerized by the heat of Atsumu, the way he relaxes like putty under his careful attention. Atsumu’s a whimpering mess by the time Kiyoomi decides to add a second finger.

He’s begging the first time Kiyoomi hooks his two fingers up at just the right spot, the nickname from ages past slurred together into near incoherence.

“PleaseOmiOmipleaseGodfuckOmiplease.”

"That feel good?" Atsumu nods, teeth digging into his bottom lip as he stifles a moan, hips rocking on Kiyoomi's fingers. "Think I could make you come like this? Without touching you? Without having you stretched on my cock?"

"No," Atsumu whines, "please, need yer cock, please."

"Since you asked so nicely," Kiyoomi leans forward for a sloppy, open-mouth kiss, reveling in the sound of Atsumu's keen whine when he slips a third finger in without warning, "I'll let you come on my cock."

Anticipating the feeling of Atsumu's tight heat around his cock, Kiyoomi lets Atsumu fuck back onto his fingers a little more quickly than he would normally allow. Perhaps he enjoys the sight of Atsumu's open mouth drooling a little too much to correct the behavior.

When Atsumu starts to sound a little more desperate with each thrust, Kiyoomi slips his fingers out, shushing Atsumu with placating kisses as he whines at the loss.

"Promised I'd let you come, but you have to wait for my cock, okay baby?"

"Mhm, wanna feel ya."

Atsumu's gorgeous when he's fucked out like this—not a singular thought running through his brain except the desire to feel Kiyoomi's cock splitting him in two. How vastly different they are from those first exploratory touches, the gentle gasps and grunts of days long passed.

Now Kiyoomi slips a condom on and pushes Atsumu's leg closer to his chest with confidence, a smirk on his face when he sees Atsumu's eyes screwed shut.

"Atsumu."

Half-lidded as it is, Atsumu's gaze meets Kiyoomi's and he watches as they widen when Kiyoomi pushes in, mouth falling open in tandem. "Want your eyes on me."

All he can manage is a nod and Kiyoomi doesn't press for more.

Not when his thoughts are barely coherent too, engrossed by the tightness and heat of Atsumu. Just like he took his time opening Atsumu up, Kiyoomi takes his time thrusting into Atsumu.

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Even as Kiyoomi tries to control his own hips Atsumu seems to suck him in, making the

thought of pounding into him all the more appealing.

But he is nothing if not controlled, restraining himself from sliding out until he's at the tip and slamming back in once he's fully seated.

Instead, he leans forward, kissing Atsumu in that same unhurried pace, savoring each little whimper and moan as Atsumu shifts his hips begging for friction.

Kiyoomi tuts as he pulls away, lips brushing against Atsumu's, "Patience, baby."

Before Atsumu can lodge a complaint, Kiyoomi pulls out nice and slow, savoring the drag and the way Atsumu clenches around him as if he doesn't want Kiyoomi to leave.

"Fuck, you feel so good, Atsumu."

He presses a kiss below Atsumu's ear with the praise, basking in the moan he draws out as he sinks slowly back in. "So beautiful like this."

Each word of praise gets Atsumu more and more worked up, tears lining the rim of his eyes.

But Kiyoomi doesn't hold back, whispering sweet words as he fucks Atsumu slowly, intentionally avoiding the one spot that will have Atsumu a puddle beneath him.

It's only to watch him wordlessly beg, eyes pleading and mouth trying to formulate the words to get Kiyoomi to push him over the edge.

Eager to please, Kiyoomi shifts them ever so slightly, pushing both of Atsumu's thighs to his chest before he starts driving in a little harder.

Even though it's the same languid pace, the persistent pressure against Atsumu's prostate has him writhing, one hand buried in his own hair, yanking mindlessly, the other gripping at the sheets.

"You like this baby? Like when I drag this out for you? Make you feel so good?"

Atsumu's moans are reaching a fever pitch, mindless babble and nods all Kiyoomi needs to know that he's close, oh so close.

"Do you wanna come?" Another frantic nod accompanied with a groan that makes Kiyoomi's head go fuzzy. "Think you can come on my cock alone?"

Atsumu's eyes shut again, brows furrowing as though he's trying to determine if it's possible,

if anyone's ever been able to make him do that before—to come untouched.

"I think you can," Kiyoomi grunts as he thrusts particularly hard, thighs slapping against Atsumu's plush ass.

"You know why? Look at me, Atsumu. You know why?"

Glazed over and blown out, Atsumu's eyes don't carry much thought at all, but, god, he sure looks pretty.

"Because you're /my/ good boy."

Atsumu throws his head back, moan torn directly from his chest as Kiyoomi pumps in hard three more times. Even if it weren't for the ropes of come that start to shoot up to Atsumu's chest, Kiyoomi would be able to tell he's coming from the vice grip around his cock.

An already tight heat gets impossibly tighter, the burning coil in his gut sending sparks down, down, down until he too has his head thrown back, buried as deep as can be inside of Atsumu.

For a moment, he wishes he could paint Atsumu's walls white, watch it drip out of his hole, finger it back in so Atsumu knows that he's Kiyoomi's.

But Atsumu's insistent hands make that thought drift away like smoke, urging their mouths together for another unhurried kiss.

Sated now, Atsumu takes a little more control, lets Kiyoomi take a back seat as he bites and licks into Kiyoomi's mouth.

After they pull back and Kiyoomi slips out with a hiss, tying off the condom and tossing it aside, Kiyoomi lets himself lay for just a moment.

There's sweat on his skin and a mess on Atsumu's chest, but as they lay side by side, staring at one another, those same feelings from when they were younger creep back in.

They've entered uncharted territory, a little uncertainty in the air as Atsumu draws his fingertips up Kiyoomi's arms.

"Wanna be yers again," Atsumu says, clear but quiet. "However ya wanna have me."

There's an uncharacteristic shyness in Atsumu's voice like he isn't sure Kiyoomi wants the same, even after all he said.

Kiyoomi doesn't hide his smile as he leans in for a chaste kiss. "Of course I want you, Atsumu. Always, forever, right by my side, if that's what you want."

The dim light of the hotel room lamp makes Atsumu's blooming smile even softer, lips chasing Kiyoomi's for another kiss—something that feels a bit like a promise.

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two things:

1. all my love to @VivaLaBratLife for getting me out of a writing rut and @percymiiya for motivating me with gold stars—you both have been such gems and i thank you both sm💎
2. if u notice a pattern of promises or anything else in my writing... no u don't

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