



moss (□□□□)□□♥ loves ash

20-06-2022

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16:05

nsfw // #sakuatsu, spit kink, masturbation, college roommates

atsumu always found that the most surprising thing about living with kiyoomi is how filthy he can be.

on first appearances he's this neat and tidy guy — super hygienic, keeps hand sanitiser in his pocket +

and practically bathes in washing detergent. however, it's not the dust on the counter that rouses atsumu's attention, nor the mildew on the window pane that's made him come to this assumption...

it's the slick wet noises and gasping moans that come from kiyoomi's side of + the room late at night when he thinks that atsumu's asleep.

atsumu knows how dirty kiyoomi can be, but knowing is not enough. atsumu wants to /see/.

it's sick, it's perverted, it's a tad fucked up. but, like they say, curiosity killed the cat. and atsumu never feared death. +

"i wanna watch ya touch yerself."

"what?" kiyoomi sits up straight.

"i said what i said. wanna see how ya do it," atsumu says honestly.

kiyoomi squints his eyes. "you know most roommates have movie nights or play video games together; they don't watch each other jerk off." +

atsumu, who was previously scrolling aimlessly through his phone proposing voyeurism without blinking an eye, puts his phone down and stares down kiyoomi.

it's threatening, enough for kiyoomi to audibly gulp. atsumu's being serious. +

"what's so fun about watching a guy get himself off anyways?" kiyoomi asks.

he hasn't said no yet, atsumu thinks.

"dunno," atsumu replies casually. he scoots to the edge of his bed so both of them are sitting facing each other on their respective mattresses, +

let's dangling off the edge. atsumu thinks about it a bit harder. "it's like... it's different for everyone, yenno? different strokes for different folks."

"i don't think that's what it means," kiyoomi deadpans.

"no like... some guys just go at it. internet browser open, +

hands in pants, just stroking 'til they come. then they close their laptop and carry on with their day."

kiyoomi raises an eyebrow.

atsumu continues. "but other guys... they run their hands down their chest, pretend it's someone else when they pinch their nipples, +

back arching off the bed 'cause the thought of someone touching them drives them insane. they circle a finger around their rim, teasing, gasping slightly when they push one digit in. they bite down onto their pillow, moan names when they come." atsumu lowers his eyes. +

"maybe even their roommate's name," atsumu adds.

kiyoomi throws his own phone down onto the sheets.

"okay atsumu, what is it that you want?" kiyoomi seethes between gritted teeth.

"i told ya already. wanna watch ya—"

"god, just shut up," kiyoomi shoots back, +

but he's already halfway to taking off his pants.

and fuck, kiyoomi's hard.

it's not rare to see a dick when you're two guys living together, especially in a shared dorm room. but a hard one? particularly a /nice/ hard one? that's a gift from god.

atsumu tries not +

to make it too obvious that he's staring (he's the one that suggested it so casually in the first place, and also the one who tried to rile kiyoomi up) but fuck, the slight curve, the way it slaps against his stomach when he pulls his underwear down, atsumu's already +

addicted to the mere sight of it.

"fine," kiyoomi finally says.

atsumu smiles on the side of condescending, but the first thing kiyoomi does as soon as his clothes are on the floor catches atsumu completely off guard.

kiyoomi spits onto his own dick. +

this long thin trail of saliva drips off his outstretched tongue, wet and sticky, dropping onto the head of his cock. some of it misses and coats his thighs with a glistening sheen. kiyoomi spits again, and at this point atsumu can't even tell what's precum and what's saliva. +

(it might be because of all the fluids or the fact that he's already slightly lightheaded and painfully hard at the sight).

kiyoomi breathes shakily at the wet sensations before moving his hand down to cup his balls, bringing one finger back up and running it along +

the underside of his cock. he does it slowly, teasingly, making a show of it for atsumu who's watching with intent.

then, when he wraps his fingers firmly around the base, he bites down on his lip groaning. kiyoomi moves at a slow pace, pumping the shaft before +

moving upwards. a swipe of his thumb along the slit makes him throw his head back, mouth open and moaning loud.

atsumu wants to touch himself but he can't bring himself to look away from the sight. kiyoomi's gorgeous — a thought he probably shouldn't have because, god, +

does he hate catching feelings. kiyoomi's going to be the downfall of him someday. but it's not the bouncing curls or the slick cock or the curved spine that atsumu can't tear himself away from, it's the drool pooling at the corner of kiyoomi's mouth. +

when he bites down on his lip, saliva threatens to slip from his mouth. when he moans unabashed and loud, spit drips from the side. when his voice raises in pitch, he licks his lips to wet them, trying to steady his breathing. +

atsumu is obsessed with the wetness of kiyoomi's mouth, and he wants nothing more than to add to it.

"can i move over to ya bed?" atsumu asks quietly.

"huh?" kiyoomi's out of it. "oh." he nods.

ignoring the obscene bulge in his own pants, atsumu walks over to kiyoomi's bed. +

with a flat palm, he pushes kiyoomi onto the bed until his back hits the mattress. kiyoomi never stops moving his own hand, so lost in the pleasure that his body is weak to atsumu's touch.

atsumu runs a thumb over kiyoomi's slick lips, collecting the saliva that pools +

before sucking it back into his own mouth.

"open up," atsumu orders.

kiyoomi complies with the help of atsumu's thumb that pushes its way between kiyoomi's pink lips, fingers latched onto his jaw. he doesn't know what kiyoomi's expecting; maybe he thinks that atsumu's +

about to unzip his pants and push his cock between puckered lips. but what he gets, in both their personal opinions, is so much better.

atsumu spits into kiyoomi's open mouth, tainting him like he's something dirty and unkempt. the hot glob of saliva rolls straight into +

kiyoomi's mouth, kiyoomi's eyes watering at the sensation.

"close your mouth."

kiyoomi obliges.

"now swallow."

kiyoomi looks up at atsumu with wide eyes.

"i said swallow."

slowly, the bulge in his throat moves as he swallows atsumu's spit, hands stuttering in their +
movement. he opens his mouth back up expectantly, and atsumu smiles.

"good boy."

the moan that rips out of kiyoomi's throat is loud and animalistic as ropes of cum shoot over
both their chests. his back arches off the bed, his forehead glistens with sweat, +
his eyes practically roll into his skull.

atsumu's lips come crashing down onto him in a haze; it's the first time they've ever kissed.
it's warm and inviting, kiyoomi looping his arms around atsumu to pull him in. +

"for your knowledge, i've never moaned your name while getting off," kiyoomi mumbles
softly against atsumu's lips.

"sure ya haven't, sweetheart," atsumu chuckles. "doesn't mean i won't try to make ya."

"that sounds like a challenge. and you know i never back down."

// end

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