



Jen - semi IA
@spoonoomi

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19:44

#omigiri - NSFW / bottomomi / rimming

"You want to-?"

Osamu cut him off with a nod. "So bad but only if yer comfortable with it."

Kiyoomi bit his lip, and looked away from Osamu who was already between his legs. They'd been together a while, they'd fucked /a lot/ but this was different somehow, more intimate than sex. He couldn't deny he was intrigued, but it was dirty. Right?

A kiss on his inner thigh snapped his attention back to Osamu. "Hey, it's okay. We don't have to."

This sweet, sweet man. Kiyoomi didn't know what he's done to deserve him, but boy, did he want to please him. "I want to."

Osamu smirked. "I am gonna to make ya feel so good, sweetheart."

Strong hands gripped his waist and flipped him over, pulling a yelp out of him. Osamu pushed down on his upper back until his chest was against the sheets, he was so gentle as he pushed Kiyoomi's leg apart.

"Ya tell me to stop at any time and I stop."

Kiyoomi was shaking with need just from the way Osamu touched him, he fisted the sheets in anticipation as he felt Osamu getting closer.

The first touch of Osamu's tongue sent a shock through him, his body shudders and a lewd noise is ripped from him.

"We're just getting started," he didn't have to see Osamu to know there was a smug look on his face.

Hands dig into his ass and spread his cheeks apart, he's sure he'll have bruises from how hard Osamu is holding him, he can't bring himself to care.

Kiyoomi slaps a hand over his mouth, when he makes a noise so loud that he's worried the

neighbours will hear.

Osamu's licking stripes from his balls to his rim and he's worried that nothing will compare to this again. "Fuck- nghhh- Ah!"

"I wanna hear ya scream, baby."

The first suck of his rim, rips a moan out of him. The second has him shuddering in Osamu's hold. "Oh. Oh. /Oh!/"

When Osamu's tongue slips past his rim, Kiyoomi goes boneless, only held up by Osamu's hands on his ass. He's whimpering and drooling, he thinks he might even be crying but he can only lay there and take it as Osamu fucks him with his tongue.

He cries out Osamu's name when he cums, he barely feels the kiss Osamu places on his ass before he pulls away. He collapsed into the mess he's made on the bed, for once not bothered about the state of himself.

"Sweetheart?" Osamu turns him over, he reaches up and brushes his sweat drenched hair from his forehead. "Ya good?"

A hum is all Kiyoomi can manage, he peeps an eye open and is pleased to see that Osamu looks as debauched as he feels. "What about you?"

Osamu looks sheepish. "I'm good," he insists. "I came."

Kiyoomi looks down and sees the mess that is Osamu's boxers, and smirks. "Cumming in your pants like a teenager, huh?"

"Alright, alright. Let's get ya in the shower."

It was Kiyoomi's turn to look sheepish. "I don't think I can walk, my legs are like jelly."

Osamu picks him up, and goes to silence him with a kiss but Kiyoomi jerks his head away. "Don't even think about it."

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