



Mie
@ker_mie_

01-10-2021

15:34

Cw ~ AtsuOsa, incest, miyacest, rough oral, throat fucking.

Miya Atsumu is stressed

His body is tight and nothing seems to help. He's tried going to Iwaizumi for help, but even the rough hands that usually released the tension didn't do the trick.

He's tried talking to his best friend, but Kita had little advice for him. Its not because he didn't want to help-

But rather that Kita couldn't help. He didn't know what was wrong and talking about not knowing didn't clear anything up.

Atsumu feels like he's tried it all. He booked a massage, he took a day off from practice, he sat in the bath for about four hours... Nothing.

He thinks he knows what would help, but there in lies the problem.

He's currently on the outs with his on again off again partner Sakusa, who will likely ignore him for a few more days before entertaining the idea of being on again.

His other options were... meek

At this point in his life most of his friends were married or in serious relationships. If they weren't they were simply not interested in a little care free romp.

So between a rock and a hard place he was left with one option;

Miya Osamu.

"What brings ya in?" His brother asks, seeming less than happy to see him this afternoon.

"Come on Samu," he laughs, slipping into the stool at the counter, "aren't ya happy to see yer favorite brother?"

"Normally yes, but today has been... busy. I'm a little overwhelmed."

This bodes well for Atsumu, watching Osamu lift his cap to rake through his natural hair, Osamu being stressed too might make the begging a little easier.

“Been stressed lately?” He asks. Osamu gives him a glare, soft amber eyes rolling with annoyance.

“Yeah Tsum, been real fucking stressed. I’m running a business here all by m’self and maybe it’s hard.” Even though he should be listening, willing to comfort his brother, he’s not.

Instead he’s looking at the way he fills out that shirt, tight around his chest and tucked-

At the ever thickening waist. Osamu still accompanied him to the gym a few days a week, shamelessly showing off the way his body has grown so differently than Atsumu’s.

His pants are just as ridiculous, probably a size too small the way the seam down the ass looks like it might

bust given the chance.

Atsumu is praying for chance, it’s been almost a year since he’s been buried inside Osamu, the longest they’ve went since high school.

“What do ya need help with? I’ll help...” Atsumu hops off the stool and makes his way around the counter

Osamu puts him to work.

He scrubs beneath everything, lifting the build up from the floors and walls, he does all the dishes even though he swears most of them came right off the shelves.

He dumps the fryer oils and cleans them, a tedious process that involved way too much

He refills the fryers after many thorough rinses. He scrapes out the freezer to get rid of ice build up, he scrapes out the ovens.

The amount of chemicals he’s inhaled have done nothing but give him a headache and make the sweat on his face feel like petroleum.

“All done?”

He turns to see Osamu in the doorway, his shoulders cocked and bare as a grin spreads on

his lips.

He's only wearing that waist apron, giving Atsumu a good look at his heavy breast and soft belly. Atsumu could cry, His shoulders falling in relief

"I thought I'd have t'beg ya." He sets down the cleaning supplies, yanking the rubber gloves off his arms.

"Normally I'd like that," Osamu bends his finger to summon Atsumu closer, "but I think I need ya just as bad."

Atsumu's hands roam the plush body as their feet dance around each other through the dark storefront, finding the steps that lead up to Osamu's loft.

"Hey!" Osamu shouts when Atsumu pinches his ass a little too hard, "keep it up and you'll have to kiss it better."

"That's what I'm hoping," Atsumu groans, his erection pressed painfully against the tightness of his jeans, rubbing against Osamu's hip as they stand in front of his door.

"God I can't wait." Osamu frees the door and they continue their dance through his apartment.

Soon enough Osamu is spread along the bed, Atsumu licking and nipping down the heat of his inner thigh. Osamu's skin is the best, always soft and even in the spots covered in thick black hair, smooth.

Osamu moans as Atsumu nears the crease of his leg, his bite a little harder

"Pick one..." Atsumu grazes his finger along Osamu's tight hole up to his heavy balls, flicking them up just so they slap down

"Tsum..." he whines, "any, i don't care... please."

"Pick. One." Atsumu insists, a dry finger probing at his little brown entrance,

"Ah!" Osamu gasps

"My ass... Please Tsum eat my ass."

Gladly.

Atsumu complies, his tongue finding that ridges of his hole and making sure each one is covered, pulling back just to spit and watch it clench.

Atsumu is good at a few things; volleyball, matching his outfits, and eating ass.

Osamu is squirming on the bed, letting out his delicious moans with each pass of his tongue. He can feel how warm osamu is on his tongue, imagining that heat around his swollen cock only produces a low hum against the hole.

He wants to pull back, to trade moans for cries

If he ripped off his briefs and shoved his cock in Osamu now he would hear the scream, the cry as Osamu was stretched without warm up.

He would never do that...

"St-s-stop! Fuck... I need yer cock." Osamu folds himself to sit up, pushing Atsumu away by his shoulders

"Now?" Atsumu asks, a bit worried he and Osamu were sharing a brain cell in that moment.

"My mouth," he clarifies, "I want ya to fuck my mouth."

Atsumu scrambles out of his clothes, stepping off the bed to walk around to where Osamu's head hangs off the end

"Are ya sure?"

"So sure, come on." Osamu reaches out and braces Atsumu's thighs, lips parting to welcome his cock.

Every ounce of stress is relieved in what feels like an instant, Osamu's tongue swirling beneath his shaft as his head pushes down the back.

Tiny thrusts creating wet sounds-

As Osamu takes him deeper and deeper. Its getting so tight, looking down he can see why.

Osamu's throat is bent back enough, exposed to show the bobbing of Atsumu's cock. The skin stretching over the intrusion only amplifies the way his mouth feels

“Such a slut Samu...”

Osamu moans around the cock, a slight gag tightening around him. Atsumu grips Osamu's throat as he loses the restraint for tiny thrusts.

He can feel osamu gripping his thighs, but even as he forces himself down to the hilt and cums down his throat, he doesn't tap out.

~ATLHEA~

Tivitiko - The most beautiful shape of tweets!

Continue to read: <https://tivitiko.herokuapp.com/thread/mw4yIL.html>