



cali
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// kidnapping, alien sex, oviposition

whenever asked what's his biggest dream, atsumu answers "to be kidnapped by an alien."

he never knew how powerful words were until that day, when a bright light blinded him from above and next thing he knew, he was inside a ship.

he doesn't get the chance to explore around, not when the captain catches his attention right off the bat.

with curly tentacles for hair, pointed ears, green scaly skin, webbed feet with claws, tall and absolutely ripped with dark slitted eyes boring holes into his soul.

"what's your name, human?" it came as a shock to atsumu that this alien knew how to communicate.

"atsumu," he answers. "yours?"

"you can call me kiyoomi," kiyoomi says. "why are you looking at me like that?"

turns out atsumu isn't good at hiding how he's ogling him.

but then again, can he be blamed? kiyoomi was essentially naked, the hard plane of his stomach and his crotch in plain sight, although his cock is hidden, atsumu thinks sadly.

"how do ya guys mate?" he finds himself asking. there's little that humans know about them.

kiyoomi tilts his head, eyes shining with interest before he turns on his heels. atsumu follows him, noting similar looking creatures doing their own thing inside the ship.

"why do you want to know?" kiyoomi asks as they walk down the hall.

"so i can sell the information."

kiyoomi snorts, "i doubt anyone would believe you."

atsumu clicks his tongue, feigning disappointment. "there goes my shot to work for NASA."

they eventually reach what seems to be kiyoomi's room. atsumu immediately catches on the implication and he flushes.

he has no qualms though. what else is he to do in an alien ship as a captive?

"wait," epiphany hits atsumu. "why did ya even take me?"

kiyoomi leads him to the edge of the bed. "precious," he tugs on his golden locks. "someone else might get you."

atsumu supposes he must appear like a prized possession, for alien standards. kiyoomi, himself, is gorgeous though.

he brings up a hand to stroke his scaled cheek, smiling in relief when kiyoomi leans in closer to his touch, clawed hand resting above his.

they maintain eye contact for a while and everything passes by like a blur.

atsumu is no stranger to good sex, but kiyoomi really takes the cake, ribbed dick rubbing against his walls deliciously with every thrust.

"a-ah, fuck." atsumu pants with every slam of the hips.

"like it?" kiyoomi asks, hand pressing against atsumu's belly, where the tip of his dick peeks through the skin.

"so deep," atsumu's back arches as kiyoomi wraps a tentacle around his leaking cock, matching it with his pace. "what-" his mouth hangs open in shock.

turns out alien's bodies can do wonders, atsumu learns it firsthand as he begs kiyoomi to fill him with his cum.

kiyoomi only nods, holding atsumu still, grip tight that his claws dig against atsumu's hip, grazing the skin but atsumu liked a little pain to mix with the pleasure.

kiyoomi came in buckets, atsumu's hole barely able to keep it all in and atsumu's eyes roll back as he reaches his own orgasm.

"hold still." kiyoomi grunts out as atsumu whines, kiyoomi's dick seemingly changing shape

inside him.

“is that an egg?!”

atsumu can't be blamed for his shock. kiyoomi leans down to kiss him, distracting him as his cock continues to pump out more eggs, causing atsumu's belly to bulge.

“so.. f-full,” tears slide down atsumu's face. “omi..”

“you can take it.” kiyoomi encourages him.

he can only nod, exhaling in relief when kiyoomi finally pulls out.

atsumu looks down at his spread legs, one of the eggs a clench away from falling out.

kiyoomi strokes his inner thigh and tells him to push, which he complies with, complaining every now and then.

the final egg comes out and atsumu plops back down the bed, body glistening with sweat, while kiyoomi looks like he barely did anything, still composed.

“that's how we mate, atsumu.” kiyoomi reveals.

“so i'm yer mate now?”

kiyoomi nods. “and those are our babies.”

atsumu laughs, earning him a confused look from kiyoomi. he said it so casually, talking as if he didn't just rearrange his guts.

he looks down at the four eggs on his feet before smiling.

atsumu supposes he doesn't mind having an alien husband and hybrid babies.

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