



tammy flop arc

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prof!atsumu // college student! omi #sakuatsu nsfw (i'm back bitches)

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“You wanted to see me, Professor?”

Kiyoomi walks into Professor Miya’s office and gently closes the door behind him.

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His favorite professor (for many reasons) had sent him a cryptic e-mail a few days earlier: “Please come to my office Tuesday, at the end of the day. I need to discuss something with you.”

It sounded serious, so Kiyoomi was fretting a little the whole way there.

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As he stepped in, Professor Miya took off his glasses and swept his hair back. It was no wonder he was the faculty heartthrob - Kiyoomi was sure that his muscles were literally trying to escape that tight-ass shirt.

“Kiyoomi-kun, thanks for comin’! Take a seat,” he said.

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Kiyoomi sat down in front of him, a little tense. Professor Miya must have noticed, because a little frown marred his perfect face and his brow furrowed.

“Are ya worried about somethin’? What’s got that cute little face all scrunched up?”

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“I just wondered...if I was in trouble,” Kiyoomi said, not letting Professor Miya’s flirtation escape his notice. “Your e-mail sounded a bit serious.”

Besides worrying about disappointing his favorite professor [crush], he didn't want to disrupt his perfect academic record.

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"Don't worry, Kiyoomi-kun, yer not in any trouble! Yer my favorite student, after all," Professor Miya said with a wink. Kiyoomi could feel his blush traveling down to his toes. "I was just a bit worried about ya. Yer past few test scores have been...unlike ya."

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Professor Miya held up three tests, each with a big fat C on the top corner. It was true. He was usually a straight-A student, but recently, he'd been too distracted by the professor to concentrate in class. It was almost a disease!

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Every single time the professor sat on a desk, Kiyoomi imagined what it'd be like to be on his knees in front of him.

When he leaned over Kiyoomi's seat, he wondered if Prof. Miya would reciprocate if he leaned forward and pressed his lips against his.

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But the worst thing was what the professor was doing right now. He was leaning back in his chair, obviously manspreading, so that Kiyoomi was able to see the outline of something \*big\* through his tight, tight pants.

What was a guy to do except fail his tests?

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"Kiyoomi-kun," Prof. Miya said, snapping his fingers. "Are ya listening? This is serious, I don't want to see my best student not meeting his potential."

There it was again, that little bit of praise that had Kiyoomi overheating. Would he call Kiyoomi his best in bed?

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"I'm sorry, Professor, I've just been...a little distracted," Kiyoomi said, choosing his words carefully. "I promise I'll do better in the future."

Prof. Miya frowned, which confused him. What had he said wrong?

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"Ya think I haven't been 'distracted', Kiyoomi? Have my lectures dropped in quality?"

What? Prof. Miya, distracted? He was known in the faculty for being the most dedicated to his job, always putting 100% of his focus into his teaching. What did he mean?

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"No, Professor," Kiyoomi said slowly. "Forgive me, I don't know what you mean."

Prof. Miya huffed, and then got up from his seat. He rounded his desk, then stooped down to Kiyoomi's level. His face was barely an inch away. Kiyoomi could feel the heat from his breath.

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"I mean, it's a little hard to focus when yer favorite student can't stop eye-fucking ya every single day," Prof. Miya drawled.

Kiyoomi's blood froze. Had he seriously been that obvious? How could he fix this?

"I- I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable, Professor."

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Prof. Miya scoffs. "In what world do ya think I was uncomfortable?"

Kiyoomi's brain literally just stops. This can't be real. He *\*has\** to be in one of his sex dreams.

Prof. Miya continues, "Who do ya think I was wearin' those uncomfy, tight clothes for?"

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"Why do ya think I'd spend time helping ya personally even though yer the best student I've ever had? I don't waste my time playin' around, Kiyoomi."

Kiyoomi was speechless. "I'm...I'm sorry for letting the quality of my work drop, then. Distraction isn't an excuse."

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Prof. Miya hummed. "It's okay, Kiyoomi. Would ya like to make it up to me?"

Professor Miya leaned back onto his desk, displaying his (oh god) huge hard-on. Kiyoomi looked with wide eyes, but he didn't know where to let his eyes stay.

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Prof. Miya was licking his full lips sinfully, pupils blown wide with lust as his eyes roved Kiyoomi's entire body. His glorious thighs were straining the material of his pants, making Kiyoomi think about how it would feel to rut against them like a bitch in heat.

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Reverently, Kiyoomi placed a hand on the professor's bulge, running it up and down once. The professor moaned loudly, his hips bucking up to chase his touch. It flooded Kiyoomi with a sense of power, and a greater feeling of desire.

"Fuck, baby. Do that again."

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What could he do but submit? This time, he acted a bit braver and kneeled, licking a long stripe up the professor's zipper. This earned him a frustrated groan - exactly what he wanted. On the way down, he used his teeth to pull the zipper, exposing pre-cum stained boxers.

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Kiyoomi heard a chuckle and looked up. Prof. Miya was looking darkly down at him, a smirk on his face.

"The fantasies don't match up to the real thing," he said breathily. "I always imagined a prim little virgin. Now I know that I'm dealin' with a slut."

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And if that didn't send a pulse of arousal straight to his dick - just that bit of appraising degradation made Kiyoomi run his tongue around the head of Prof. Miya's tip while rubbing himself as discreetly as possible on the seam of his skinny jeans.

"Gettin' excited?"

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Well, maybe he wasn't as discreet as he thought he was.

Kiyoomi licked a stripe from tip to base, gave Prof. Miya's cock a kiss, then pulled off to say breathily, "I can't help it, Professor. I've been waiting for this forever."

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"I guess ya better make it worth yer while then," Prof. Miya said softly. He nodded towards Kiyoomi's obvious hard-on, leading him to quickly shimmy out of his pants and get back to work.

"And while yer at it, I'd think that suckin' me off warrants callin' me Atsumu."

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Professor - Atsumu - tossed him a bottle of lubricant as he said that. Kiyoomi preened in appreciation, satisfied that the other knew exactly what he needed.

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As he slicked up his fingers and plunged the first one in, he gave a hard suck right near Atsumu's tip. He immediately felt a hard tug in his curls, and heard a drawn out moan.

"Holy shit, baby, where the fuck did ya learn how to do this?"

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Kiyoomi pulled off to scatter kisses on Atsumu's exposed hipbone, giving him that fucked out gaze he knew by now would drive him crazy.

"Just because I've been dreaming about you doesn't mean I haven't lived my life. I have needs, you know."

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"Is that so?" Atsumu grabbed Kiyoomi's chin and pulled him closer, shifting him so that his fingers put pressure directly on his prostate. He moaned loudly, but not loud enough to drown out Atsumu's next words.

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"No more of that. From now on, yer mine and mine only. The only cock yer suckin' is mine. The only hands that will touch ya are mine. And the only one that'll fuck ya the way ya want and deserve is me. Understand?"

"Yes, Professor," Kiyoomi whispered.

"Good."

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Atsumu pulled Kiyoomi back onto his dick, this time not showing any mercy. He roughly fucked his mouth open until Kiyoomi felt as if the corners were stretching to mold perfectly to Atsumu's girth. Because of the change in pace, he couldn't focus on fingering himself.

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"Who told ya to stop fuckin' yerself?" Atsumu panted. "Office hours are almost over. When I fuck ya for real, I'll stretch ya until yer desperate for more. But for now, we have to move quick unless ya want the cleaning staff to see ya bent over this desk."

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Kiyoomi didn't let the "when" instead of "if" escape his notice. But would Atsumu really let this happen again? Or was Kiyoomi just another stereotype that had a quickie with his professor, one and done?

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It was a problem for later, he realized. Right now, he was drunk on pleasure as Atsumu grabbed his hips and threw him onto the desk. The way he was positioned, his chest was flat on Atsumu's papers, sensitive nipples bursting with pinpricks of ecstasy from their roughness.

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When Atsumu finally breached him, they both let out resounding sighs of relief, as if they both couldn't wait any longer to be connected.

And they couldn't.

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As Atsumu pounded into Kiyoomi fast and hard, he realized that three fingers most definitely wasn't enough to prep him. Atsumu was too big, too thick - it felt like the man was in him, around him, just enveloping him completely. The thought made him shiver and smile.

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"What was that?" Atsumu whispered into his ear, his hips not stopping their quick pace. "Am I fucking ya so good yer shiverin'?"

"Fuck yes," Kiyoomi moaned. "Can feel you everywhere."

It spurred Atsumu on so that those were the last coherent words he said for awhile.

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The man laid kisses down Kiyoomi's spine, eliciting some giggles in between his gasps. At the small of his back, he felt Atsumu smile.

"What are you -"

Kiyoomi let out a yelp as Atsumu slid out, flipped him over, and thrust back in in one brutal, smooth motion.

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In that moment, seeing Atsumu's sex-flushed face, his tussled hair, his glistening muscles, Kiyoomi could only say, "'Tsumu, god, make me come, gonna come so hard!"

Atsumu licked his lips, leaned forward, and finally, *\*finally\**, kissed him.

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Kiyoomi was getting fucked from both ends, the way his tongue swirled in his mouth and his cock pounded his hole sloppy. Three more thrusts and Kiyoomi was gone, seeing stars as he came the hardest he'd ever done in his life. He could feel Atsumu spill into him, groaning.

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