



kam ♡

@kissfrthcamera

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19:55

#sakuatsu || mild nsfw, pre-relationship, getting together? idk but theres sm fluff

atsumu feels like his heart is pumping sparkling water instead of blood. kiyoomi places his hand under atsumu's head, lowering him down to the bed. on top of him, kiyoomi resumes their kiss. he -

snakes his hand out from under atsumu to cup one cheek and leans on the other, suspending himself above atsumu. the lights aren't on in atsumu's room, so kiyoomi is just a fuzzy, glowy angel to him. dipped in the dim light of the sunset seeping through the slats in the windows. -

"yer gorgeous, omi."

the man in question doesn't answer. he leans down again to join their lips. kiyoomi's hair tickles atsumu's cheeks and he finds himself smiling into the kiss. kiyoomi tilts his chin like he's trying to nibble atsumu's grin right off of his mouth.

maybe -

the wires in atsumu's brain are bumping into each other and fizzing out, but he's pretty sure he can feel kiyoomi's heart beating against his own chest. he thinks that if he bit down on kiyoomi's lips he would taste bubbles and electricity instead of blood.

kiyoomi sighs into -

atsumu's mouth. separating their lips just enough for a whiny moan to be pulled from atsumu's throat when kiyoomi grinds down. sparks fly between their clothed bodies, and kiyoomi grins. he dives back down to capture atsumu's kiss-ruined lips.

and it's just then, seeing -

kiyoomi's quiet smile above him, and feeling their bodies connected in more ways than not, that atsumu has to put a stop this.

"before we... y'know, do anythin', i need'ta get somethin' outta the way first. omi, i think yer gorgeous /all/ the time."

kiyoomi rolls his eyes a -

little too fondly. "flattery gets you nowhere, miya. are we doing this or not?" he accentuates the statement by trying to lean down and nip at atsumu's jaw. atsumu gently tugs him up and off of him by his dark, beautiful curls.

and because he just can't help himself, atsumu -

tucks a few strands of kiyoomi's hair behind his flushed ear. he's so, so warm to the touch.

"no, omi, listen, obviously i think yer hot when ya pose at events, but i also think yer pretty when ya hunch yer shoulders and get all pouty as soon as the camera goes away. ya act -

like it physically exhausts ya to smile. but i know that's not true. 'cause i think yer pretty when ya walk into the share kitchen and smile because everyone's usin' the dish separator dryer thingy ya bought! and i think yer pretty when ya yell at us for not usin' it! cause ya -

get this little pinch in the corner of yer mouth when ya really care about somethin'. like durin' a game, or when yer tellin' me all the ways i could be harbourin' disease without even knowin' it. oh an' right now! omi-omi, i think ya are so, so gorgeous righ' now. but i'm also -

gonna think the exact same thing after we both finish and yer probably gonna be shovin' me away to go shower. i'm still gonna want ya omi. so if ya wanna do this, please be okay with me wantin' ya. because that's not somethin' i can turn off. wouldn't, even if i could. okay? -

so, 'm sorry, but this is gonna be a whole big thing fer me if we do this. 'cause i like ya. i like ya too much to be a one night thing fer ya."

atsumu feels breathless. he rambles a lot, but this isn't that. he is heavily aware of every word that falls out of his mouth. -

kiyoomi comes down onto his elbows, head hung just above atsumu's collarbones, not quite touching. his hair touches though. it tickles. kiyoomi takes a deep breath.

"mi- atsumu, i can't do this."

atsumu might be imagining things, but he thinks he feels the words that kiyoomi -

speaks penetrate his skin and pop each individual bubble in his veins. there isn't enough air in atsumu's body.

"oh, okay omi. why not?" his voice wobbles.

"because, because i love you too."

at the speed of a hummingbird changing directions, atsumu's head begins to spin. -

'love'?! atsumu can't believe he confessed first but kiyoomi beat him to 'i love you'.

a laugh bubbles out of atsumu's mouth, and it feels pleasantly trapped between their bodies.

"wh- huh?! omi! whaddya mean?! why can't ya then?!"

"i... i thought i could do this if it -

were just physical and i could separate the atsumu i made love with and the atsumu i were /in/ love with. but, well, because of your stupid mouth, i can't."

a sparkling, carbonated giggle dances on atsumu's tongue. to be honest, if he were to imagine ever being confessed to by -

sakusa kiyoomi, he would imagine it going just like that. every word as dorky and stupid and blunt and insulting and sweet as it was.

"you're a menace, but i love you, atsumu. i need some time. i care for you so much, and this would be so much more to me a good fuck, i hope -

that's okay with you."

"of course its okay! jeez omi dont scare a guy like that!" atsumu laughs wetly. he feels kiyoomi's sigh of relief against his chest. kiyoomi turns his head to the side, and atsumu thinks he feels a tear drop onto his skin. kiyoomi's laughing though, so -

maybe it's okay.

"how about we start with just cuddling? that okay?"

"um, how about just lying with our arms pressed together or something like that? i'm aware it's... juvenile, but-"

"no! no 'but's! it sounds perfect omi! c'mere!"

some careful and laughter filled -

maneuvering leaves the two of them side by side on atsumu's bed. the back of atsumu's neck is still sweaty from the heat of a few minutes ago, and they're both probably still half hard, but the only places they touch are their arms. pressed shoulder to wrist, their fingers - don't even link.

"this okay?!"

kiyoomi looks at atsumu like he single handedly started his heart. a couple more clear, silent tears trail sideways down kiyoomi's face, with how he's turned to look atsumu in the eyes.

"it's perfect." he whispers. "i'll get there soon, -

i promise. but right now just lying here with you is literally making me cry. you can only imagine how bad it would have have been if we tried to have sex." kiyoomi tries for a joke.

"s'okay. i'll be waiting."

"thank you."

tears keep rolling in unflattering globs down -

kiyoomi's face. their arms stay pressed together like they are each other's honey trap.

"i love ya too, by the way, in case that wasn't clear."

atsumu traces his eyes along the lines of kiyoomi's face, cataloging yet another version of kiyoomi he thinks is beautiful.

|| end

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