



revereri @ miyac3stober!!

@revereri

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nsfw miyacest (atsuosa) , 'bathroom reunion sex at like 3am' //

"a- tsumu," osamu gasps as he's shoved into the toilet cubicle. "fuck, tsumu, you're—"

atsumu wrestles him against the wall, manhandling him and turning him around. "fuckin' missed ya. fuckin' /need/ ya." +

his twin's eagerness would be welcomed in any other circumstance, but as it stands right now... "i came to pick you up at the ass crack of dawn like the good brother i am to help ya with yer luggage, +

not so you can—" atsumu tugs osamu's sweatpants down, "—accost me in a bathroom."

it doesn't help that he barely got any sleep last night either. there was some urgent business for his shop that he had to sort out, leaving him to only get a few hours of shuteye before +

he had to venture into the cold and go to the airport.

when he told atsumu he was going to pick him up atsumu said it wasn't necessary and that he'll see him later anyway, but sue osamu, he's missed his twin.

he brushed aside atsumu's concerns and told him +

he'll see him at the airport.

a decision he now regrets as atsumu continues to fondle him in the public restroom, squeezing his ass and running the tips of his fingers over osamu's hole.

"i missed yer juicy fat ass," atsumu sighs, to which osamu says, +

"well my juicy fat ass isn't open for business right now." he swats atsumu's hand away and tries to pull his pants up. "this can wait til we get home, tsumu."

atsumu grips osamu's wrist and holds him in place. +

he wraps his other hand around osamu's hardening cock and strokes it. "then why're you hard?"

and how the fuck is osamu meant to answer that?!

a silence passes over them as osamu tries to find a response, all the while atsumu continues jerking osamu off, +

pressing kisses to osamu's neck.

it's distracting as hell, and osamu's horny sleepy brain can only come up with, "well of course i'm hard."

he feels atsumu smirk against his skin. +

"you missed me too, didn't ya? you could use yer own fingers or toys all ya want, but it'll never be as good as—" atsumu drives himself inside osamu, "—my cock."

osamu hisses at the burn. it would've been worse though, if he hadn't had the foresight of + something like this happening and preparing himself beforehand.

that being said, however, he thought atsumu might want to fuck him the minute they stepped inside his apartment, /not/ before they even left the goddamned airport. +

osamu's pre-preparedness doesn't slip atsumu's notice either.

"you got yerself ready for me? course ya did, ya little slut." he pulls his cock out before slamming it back in. "well, thank you for the homecoming gift, /otouto/." +

he fucks osamu steadily after that, the rhythmic sounds filling the otherwise empty bathroom.

they occasionally hear footsteps outside, which always causes osamu to tense up but doesn't seem to affect atsumu at all. as if /he's/ not the one who has the most to lose here. +

osamu doesn't know what happens to world-class volleyball players who are found fucking their family members in airport bathrooms, and he sure as hell doesn't want to find out.

eventually, his anxiety gets the best of him, and he feels the need to point out, +

"shit, tsumu, someone's gonna come in."

but instead of stopping or even just reassuring osamu, all atsumu says is, "the only person that's gonna come is you on my cock."

it's so ridiculous that osamu almost laughs. "fucking hell," he mutters, +

and resigns himself to his and atsumu's months-awaited reunion sex occurring in an airport toilet cubicle.

but then someone actually does fucking come in.

and to his credit, atsumu stops the moment the door creaks open. they listen to the footsteps, +

walking across the bathroom before they eventually come to a stop. they sounded somewhat distant, so it must just be someone needing to use the urinals.

they hear the sound of zippers being undone, and osamu's face goes red. he's just realised how unsanitary and +

dirty all of this really is. somehow, his mind goes to the hygiene regulations he must comply with for his restaurant.

and then, as if osamu didn't know it was coming, everything just gets so much worse when they can hear the newcomer start to piss. +

osamu cringes at the sound, but atsumu seems to use it as an opportunity to start microthrusting into osamu, while also snaking his hands under osamu's shirt to play with his nipples.

osamu clamps his hand over his mouth and tries so hard to remain silent. +

he can feel his cock leak and feels hot pleasure throughout his body. he turns his head to glare at his twin, but atsumu only give him a cocksure grin.

osamu fucking hates his brother sometimes. +

eventually, /finally/, the person leaves.

and the moment they do, atsumu /pounds/ into osamu, causing him to cry out. atsumu presses him fully into the wall, smushing osamu's cheek against it. +

he fucks osamu even more roughly than before, as if wanting to bring them both to orgasm quickly before anyone else can interrupt them.

"fuck!" osamu swears. "fuck me harder, tsumu, make me come."

atsumu responds, "I'm glad to hear you're finally embracing it."

and that is how osamu's morning goes.

waking up incredibly early to head to the airport, and then being fucked by his twin in the bathroom. being filled with his brother's come, and needing to use toilet paper to clean himself up. +

said brother who's responsible for the mess laughing at him and the toilet paper bits stuck on his parts, before promising to clean him up in the bath once they get home. +

osamu saying, 'you're just gonna make another mess because inevitably, we're gonna fuck in there too.'

atsumu responding, 'which is why we then shower after. to clean up the mess of the mess.'

osamu shaking his head in disbelief, but hiding an affection smile. +

all in all, osamu wouldn't have asked for his morning to go any other way.

// happy ☺☺☺☺☺☺

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