



Marty7: a sucker for tattooed Sakusa  
Kiyoomi  
@VMKbiased

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NSFW

Kiyoomi has always wanted to humble Atsumu; to take his smugness down a notch.

When they hook up for the first time, Kiyoomi lets him stare at his tattooed naked body- fully aware that Atsumu is looking at the metal on his dick.

"What is it, Miya? Cat got your tongue?"

Kiyoomi revels at the sight of Atsumu's smirk falling from his lips- mouth agape and struggling to form a sentence.

"Since, uh-when?"

He is loving this embarrassed version of Atsumu.

"Does it matter?"

Atsumu shakes his head.

Kiyoomi makes his way towards him but Atsumu walks backwards till his knees meet the edge of Kiyoomi's bed, falling ass first on it.

Atsumu keeps his eyes fixated on his cock- and the closer Kiyoomi gets to him, the hungrier the spark in Atsumu's eyes gets.

Atsumu licks his lips with that wicked tongue of his, probably without even realizing.

Kiyoomi places two of his fingers under Atsumu's chin and lifts his face.

"Eyes are up here, Miya."

Atsumu looks at him and leans slightly back on the heels of his palms, spreading his legs to accommodate Kiyoomi's knees in between them.

He's sure that the hunger he saw in Atsumu's eyes is reflected in his own as he eyes Atsumu's naked figure below him.

Kiyoomi wants to keep prodding him and see that blush on his cheeks spread down to his neck.

"What were you saying earlier?" He murmurs, mouths close to each other, "What did you say about topping me?"

Atsumu's blush goes down his neck indeed.

Kiyoomi grips Atsumu's thighs– they're thick, so much so that his hands can't cover the entire expanses of them, and feel soft to the touch.

Still, he can feel the hard muscles under the thin layers of skin and fat.

"Not–"

Atsumu's voice breaks when Kiyoomi starts to kiss his neck, just below his jaw, and his thumbs start doing circles on his inner thighs.

"Nothing."

"You sure about that?"

Atsumu is like a puppet in his hands, and lets Kiyoomi maneuver his calves on his shoulders without saying a word.

"I remember something about getting a stick out of me and–"

"Omi!"

"Isn't that what you said?"

Atsumu gets a hold of his face and kisses him. Kiyoomi reciprocates with just as much fervor, and presses Atsumu fully against the mattress.

Atsumu moans when he grinds their cocks together– the prince Albert placed on the tip of his dick stimulates the underside of Atsumu's cock everytime he moves his hips back and forth.

"Omi," another thrust; another moan is dragged out of Atsumu, "Omi, forget what I said and just fuck me."

"Mh..." a smirk of his own makes its way on Kiyoomi's lips.

"Let me fuck your thighs first," he whispers in his ear, grinding their groins together yet another time, "and if you're good enough for me, I'll fuck you good."

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