



breedable itto

@halfpolaris_

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04:35

miyacest • atsuosa

atsumu kisses like he plays, like he fucks—like he wants to devour all of you, take you and remake you with his own hands. stealing moves and stealing kisses, anything at all.

and the person he likes to take things from most has always been osamu.

setting, friends, kisses; osamu's never stopped him, always surrendered them to him. he'll punch his brother until the cows come home, but he's never really said no. never tried to stop him, never wanted anything to be his enough to stop atsumu taking it away.

so maybe it's osamu's fault that they're like this now, with atsumu holding a hand over osamu's mouth as he fucks his way into him. he didn't stretch him out enough, and it hurts more than it should; it's probably fucked up that it makes osamu harder.

"see?" atsumu murmurs, kissing down osamu's neck, grabbing osamu's leaking dick with a sharp bark of laughter. "look at you," he crows. "it's where you're meant to be, all pretty beneath me."

osamu doesn't argue. probably wouldn't even if his mouth was uncovered.

partially because there's no point, but also... he's not sure he even disagrees. he's the one who protects atsumu, the one who sticks up for him in fights, who glares at people if they talk shit about him unfairly even as he smacks his brother when he's being a bastard.

in day-to-day life, he's the protector.

maybe indulgence was always a necessary side effect.

"sometimes i wish you had a cunt, samu," atsumu says conversationally, squeezing osamu's dick. too hard, but osamu likes it anyway. "then everyone could see you with me inside you, watch you get all big and swollen. fuck, you'd be hot like that."

osamu swallows. everything he can smell is atsumu; his hands over his mouth, like sweat and volleyball, and the smell of sex. atsumu is the most familiar scent in the world to him, but the way he smells when he fucks, it's- everything is dialled up to eleven.

“but then we wouldn’t be the same,” atsumu says, sounding regretful. “and i wouldn’t like that. you’re mine and i’m yours, because we’re the /same/, samu. people say the only person who owns you is you, which means i own you and you own me.”

osamu knows that doesn’t make sense, that atsumu’s math is wrong, but- it feels right. it is right. the logic is wrong but the words are right. he belongs here, underneath atsumu, his body moulded around his twin’s cock. he’s only half of a whole. but with atsumu, he’s complete.

“so i’ll just have to fuck you hard enough that you look pregnant,” atsumu says, casual as anything. “and then we can pretend. sound good?” he releases osamu’s dick then, only to slap it hard on the tip.

osamu screams out against atsumu’s hand, shocked into orgasm, coming all over atsumu’s fingers. he shakes around atsumu’s dick while atsumu laughs, pressing a soft kiss to osamu’s neck even as he strokes osamu’s over-sensitive dick with cum-slicked fingers.

“knew you would,” he murmurs, before he starts fucking osamu faster. his hand is still on osamu’s mouth, so osamu can’t even protest that he’s sensitive. it wouldn’t matter anyway. atsumu wouldn’t stop until he came.

and... atsumu is right.

osamu does like it.

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