Summary

“Tsukki,” Bokuto mumbled as turned to face Tsukishima, “Can I suck your dick?”

Tsukishima coughed, sputtering up some of the water he had been trying to drink. They were innocently sitting in his room where they were supposed to be studying. Tsukishima was curled up at his desk, a calculus textbook open in front of him, Bokuto on his bed. He was completely ignoring anything that had to do with his own chemistry textbook. They didn’t hang out too often at Tsukishima’s place. His parents liked to barge in without announcing themselves, his mother away having some sort of snack to offer them. His father would just stare at anyone he brought over despite the fact that they didn’t even know their son was gay. Today, however, they were both away. Except...

“My brother’s downstairs.”

“I can be quiet,” Bokuto replied with a smile on his face. He slid off the bed, making his way towards Tsukishima who was sitting at his desk. He let the palms of his hands press against the arm rests of his chair, trailing down to the seat where he was able to get a good grip on Tsukishima’s ass. “Can you?”

He got a scoff in response. “Of course I can.”

Notes

All aboard the trash train! Next stop: hell.

See the end of the work for more notes.
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“That’s good,” Bokuto grinned as he quickly set to work. He sank down to his knees which proved to be a good height for this chair. He fingered Tsukishima’s belt before unbuckling it, tossing it off to the side. The button of his jeans popped open and he shimmied them down. A hand slipped Tsukishima’s briefs down just enough to expose his half-hard cock.

Bokuto licked his lips as he set to work.

“Ah, Kou,” Tsukishima moaned lowly, head tilting forward, body trembling. He panted heavily as his hands fist in silver hair, legs shaking under the pleasure of it all. Bokuto was sitting cross-legged on the floor, right in front of his chair, sucking on his cock like a fucking champion.

Bokuto’s big mouth was excellent when confronted with all you can eat sushi bars and karaoke. He used it to chat up their friends and relatives during social events so Tsukishima could relax and not worry about making conversation. That was great – it truly was. However, he was (in Tsukishima’s completely unbiased opinion) even more excellent at giving his boyfriend the most toe-curling blowjobs.
He pulled back, a thin line of saliva trailing from Tsukishima’s dick. He took but a moment to take a few panting breaths before diving back in.

Tsukishima had no idea why they felt so amazing. He had no real technique; he just went at it with enthusiasm, tongue and teeth licking and sucking on everything that he could reach. One of Bokuto’s hands snaked around Tsukishima’s thigh, rubbing circles into the skin, holding him steady. His tongue teased the slit of his cock before sliding down the length, twirling around the base as Bokuto swallowed around it.

Tsukishima was normally a pretty composed individual. He went to school, studied, came home. He studied during the evenings. He played volleyball. He lived a relatively normal existence.

With Bokuto wrapped around him, looking up at him through thick lashes, though? All that flew out the window. He was reduced to nothing more than a panting, writhing mess, moaning out his lover’s name quietly yet with fervor. He had to force his eyes closed to keep himself from moaning any louder.

Bokuto increased his pace, bobbing his head up and down to stimulate him. His hands worked like magic, sliding to all the right places, applying pressure and pleasuring him with everything he had. Tsukishima knew he was a lucky bastard.

Tsukishima finally couldn’t resist the temptation any longer and opened his eyes, looking down at the sinful sight of Bokuto. He looked absolutely filthy – spit dripped from the corner of his mouth as he sucked hard on Tsukishima’s dick, taking him deep enough that his nose brushed up against the golden curls above his cock. His eyes squeezed closed, one hand sliding underneath his thigh to get better leverage. Tsukishima noticed his shoulder shaking and followed the movement, eyes catching on his hand. He was jerking himself off quickly, body twitching and trembling and he looked so damn pleased.

Tsukishima opened his mouth to say something, that he would reciprocate after, he didn’t need to do that, but the words got lost in his throat and a moan replaced them instead. Bokuto moved faster now, tongue working diligently.

With a low groan, the blonde’s hand squeezed his boyfriend’s shoulder tightly. Tsukishima then tapped his fingers down twice which was their typical signal that they were getting close.

Bokuto pulled off his cock with a smile, his big hand replacing his mouth as he pumped
Tsukishima’s dick fast. He squeezed, slipping out his tongue to press the flat of it against the head of his boyfriend’s cock. Tsukishima inhaled sharply as he began to swirl his tongue around the head of his dick, licking him unrelentingly. His tongue worked wonders, enthusiastically licking and swirling around the tip like he was slurping up his favourite treat.

Letting his head fall back, Tsukishima screwed his eyes shut and came. He bit down on his lip to muffle his cries but could not hold back the soft moan of his boyfriend’s name. Bokuto lapped him up eagerly, sucking him dry.

At some point, Tsukishima had no idea when, Bokuto had come all over himself. He too was panting when he finally drew back, sitting on his knees. He wiped sweat from his face with the collar of his shirt which was now covered in his own cum.

Tsukishima stared down at him for a long moment before finally turning away. “Come on, let’s get cleaned up before someone decides to check on us.”

Bokuto nodded, pulling his shirt over his head. He crumpled it up, tossing it towards his bag. Tsukishima swallowed at the sudden overwhelming view of a shirtless Bokuto. “Okay, Tsukki.”

“God, please don’t call me that right after you’ve had my dick in your mouth.”

Bokuto laughed. “Okay, Kei.”

Tsukishima flushed. He pushed his chair back, rolling to the window to throw it open. He pulled up his pants as he stood and stuck his head out the open window. The cool autumn wind blew strong against his hot body as he tried to cool the blush that worked its way on his cheeks, blatantly ignoring Bokuto’s questioning looks.

Later that evening, if Akiteru noticed that Bokuto was wearing a new, clean shirt, he kept it to himself.

End Notes

I am actually working on a cute little multi-chapter getting together fic for Bokuto and Tsukishima, I swear! In the meantime... more porn?
If you have any ideas for these dorks please share! :

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!