Picture Perfect

by blehgah

Summary

Jihoon has a crush on his hot boss, Choi Seungcheol, and he doesn't know what to do about it. That is, at least, until he's given an idea that might be ridiculous enough to work.

Notes

ETA: this fic was based on this thread on twitter

ETA 2.0: this fic contains links to actual dick pics so beware!!
Set-up

Jihoon has been in cleaner washrooms, though he will give this place some credit, seeing as it’s not the worst place he’s even been in. His breath stutters in his chest as he leans forward to rest his forehead against the stall door. He can feel the faint rumble of bass through the floor, through the thin walls, and the sound acts as shitty background music to this horrifically cliche and ill-advised plan.

How’d he even end up here, anyway?

“You’re tense,” Soonyoung says, dropping his hands onto Jihoon’s shoulders. Normally, Jihoon doesn’t really appreciate unannounced physical contact, but he’s too tired to give a damn right now.

“Tell me something I don’t know,” Jihoon bites back.

Soonyoung presses his fingers into a knot in the back of Jihoon’s neck. Jihoon hisses and deflates a little.

“This is me inviting you to go out,” Soonyoung says.

“You know I’d rather stab myself in the eye with a rusty fork than go out with you, Soonyoung.”

“And I’d rather get run over by a bullet train! I’m not asking you out on a date, you piece of shit.”

As they talk, Soonyoung continues to massage Jihoon’s shoulders. Jihoon sinks into his desk chair centimetre by precious centimetre all the while.

“So what are you saying, then?” Jihoon asks.

“Drinks.”

“With who?”

“Work people,” Soonyoung replies vaguely.

Jihoon gives him a little look over his shoulder. Soonyoung sighs.

“You know—Seokmin, Seungkwan, Mingyu, Junhui—”

“You’re gonna be gross with Seokmin, aren’t you,” Jihoon mumbles into his forearms. He’s bent over his desk now, just narrowly avoiding smashing his keyboard with his face.

“I’m not—I am appalled by the suggestion! Hurt! Betrayed!”

“Shut up,” Jihoon mutters.

The massaging stops. The rest of the cricks in his back represent his disappointment, but it’s not worth complaining about. It’s not like he asked for the massage in the first place.
With a sigh, Jihoon spins around in his chair and looks up at Soonyoung. “So when?” he asks.

“Is tonight too last minute?” Soonyoung replies. “Or are you too busy with your dungeons and dragons group?”

Jihoon flushes. “You do know that Seokmin’s in the group, right?” he spits in reply.

Soonyoung shrugs. “Yeah, well, we can’t all be perfect.”

“He plays a bard, you know. He sings to attack people.”

“It’s cute if it’s him.”

Jihoon sighs again.

“No, it’s not too last minute,” Jihoon grumbles.

Soonyoung reaches out to squish Jihoon’s cheeks. The movement warps the grumble that rumbles up through Jihoon’s throat and traps it behind his teeth.

“Good,” Soonyoung coos. He doesn’t stop squishing Jihoon’s cheeks until he receives a solid kick to the shin.

“Are you even old enough to drink?” Mingyu asks Seungkwan. They’re seated thigh to thigh, basically on each other’s laps. The funny thing is Jihoon doesn’t think that they mean to get any friendlier than that—at least, not in the kind of “friendly” encouraged by copious amounts of alcohol.

Mingyu’s hands are on Seungkwan’s sides, tickling him when Seungkwan gets too rowdy. At first, Jihoon thought he was just being coy, but Mingyu has devolved into making little coos when he feels it’s appropriate, kind of like talking to a baby.

Jihoon supposes it’s not entirely misplaced. Seungkwan’s round cheeks give him an innocent look. It’s fine. It’s delaying whatever question Soonyoung has been dying to ask—the sharp looks he sends Jihoon’s way every other minute have been very, very conspicuous.

“Would I be here if I couldn’t drink?” Seungkwan whines. He squirms against Mingyu’s hold, but he does nothing else to break free. Instead, he turns to Soonyoung and huffs, “and what the hell is up with you? You’ve been holding your breath the entire time we’ve been here.”

Seokmin puts a hand over Soonyoung’s on the table. Jihoon tries not to vomit.

Heaving a heavy and exaggerated sigh, Soonyoung lets his head hang low. When he looks up, he aims a truly pitiful look in Jihoon’s direction.

“I’m just—” Soonyoung starts, but pauses to take in a deep, shaky breath. “I’m just—so concerned for my best friend!”

Both Jihoon and Seungkwan bristle.

“‘Best friend’?” they say at the same time in matching incredulous tones.
Jihoon and Seungkwan exchange glances. A moment of quiet passes before Jihoon makes a vague gesture with his chin.

“Can I ask why you’re so concerned?” Seungkwan asks. His eyes never leave Jihoon’s person.

“It’s just—it’s been so long since you’ve dated someone,” Soonyoung sighs.

Again, Jihoon bristles. He resists the urge to throw back the rest of his gin and tonic.

“Why’s that any of your business?” Jihoon grits out.

“I’ve seen the looks you’ve been giving our boss,” Soonyoung says.

Everyone at the table leans in.

“Oh?” Junhui asks. His eyebrows fly up and under his bangs.

Jihoon shoots him a look that’s not quite heated enough to be a glare. So this is why Soonyoung asked him to come along: he wanted to grill Jihoon in front of their friends so he couldn’t deflect as easily.

He’s gonna need a lot more alcohol for this. As he begins to prepare himself internally, he gets to his feet.

“I’m getting another drink,” Jihoon mutters.

“He’s so fucking hot,” Jihoon wails, slamming an open palm onto the table. His six empty gin and tonic glasses clatter as the rest of the group cracks up.

“He is,” Junhui agrees, “but, like, I wouldn’t—you can’t—he’s our boss!”

“I know!” Jihoon cries. “I know. I know! But like, God, do I want to.” With a huff of breath, Jihoon slouches in his seat and slides his current drink closer to his body. He traces the rim of the glass with his finger and mutters, “besides, it’s not like he’s even interested. I’m just gonna, like, fucking suffer looking at his incredible ass until I quit or get fired for ogling.”

Something glints in Soonyoung’s eye. Maybe it’s the shitty bar light getting knocked around by some rowdy, drunk asshole. Maybe Jihoon’s vision is finally giving up.

“I’ve got the perfect plan,” Soonyoung declares.


Pouting, Soonyoung turns to Seungkwan. “You don’t even know what I’m thinking!” he cries.

Seungkwan smirks. “Oh yeah? Do you wanna bet?”

Soonyoung hesitates.

“You do have a bad track record against him,” Seokmin points out.

The pout on Soonyoung’s face hardens into a real frown. He spares Seokmin a quick glance before
saying, “depends. What’s on the table?”

A wicked grin crosses Seungkwan’s face. He sits up straighter against Mingyu’s lax hold and replies, “if I can guess what you’re about to say, then you—”

“I’m gonna stop you right there,” Jihoon interrupts him. His arm shoots out in a halting gesture, but Jihoon miscalculates the trajectory and slaps Junhui a little.

“Hey,” Junhui complains.

“Sorry,” he replies sheepishly. It’s not long before he turns his gaze onto Soonyoung. “You guys and your weird rivalry thingy are gonna have to wait. I hate to say this, but I wanna know what you’re thinking, Soonyoung.”

Soonyoung grins brightly. “See?” he says, sneering in Seungkwan’s direction. “At least someone recognizes my genius.”

“Soonyoung,” Jihoon deadpans, “I’m drunk as hell and desperate to do anything. But never ever am I gonna call you a fucking genius. Over my drunk and dead body.”

Heaving an exaggerated sigh, Soonyoung flops onto Seokmin’s shoulder. “Then I guess I’m not telling you,” he grumbles.

Seokmin pats Soonyoung’s shoulder and shoots Jihoon a shrug.

Jihoon sighs. Then he lifts his drink and downs the rest of it in one go.

“Soonyoung-ah,” he presses, “tell me. Tell me your genius idea.”

Rolling his eyes, Seungkwan butts in with, “please don’t tell me you were swayed by that just now.”

There’s a sniffling noise. It takes Jihoon a few seconds to realize that the sound is coming from Soonyoung. He’s holding a napkin to his nose and fanning at his eyes.

“Jihoon!” he cries. The volume of his voice earns a few glances, but then again, it’s not much louder than any other guy who’s had four bottles of soju.

“Soonyoung,” Jihoon replies with a questioning intone tacked onto the last syllable.

“I’ve never heard something so beautiful in my life!” Soonyoung wails. He flops onto the table, reaching for Jihoon’s hands. When he manages to grab them, Jihoon is too stunned to respond. “Of course I’ll tell you my plan!”

Everyone leans in then. Jihoon has no choice, pulled in by Soonyoung’s hold.

It’s like flipping a switch: Soonyoung goes from teary to secretive in a second. He glances from side to side before leaning in even closer.

“My plan is…” he trails off, gauging everyone’s expressions. Mingyu is genuinely interested, and so are Seokmin and Junhui. Seungkwan looks unimpressed, but the way his head is angled in Soonyoung’s direction betrays his facial expression.

Jihoon, on the other hand, blinks drunkenly, unsure where this is all going.

“A dick pic,” he declares with a note of finality.
A few seconds of silence pass. Then the quiet is broken when Mingyu, Seokmin, and Junhui break into uproarious laughter.

Seungkwan’s face is bright red, but he’s shaking his head.

“Good thing you didn’t take the bet,” he mutters.

Mingyu squeezes Seungkwan’s sides, making him jump a little. The flush on his face deepens.

“Like you could’ve guessed that!” Mingyu laughs.

“Listen,” Seungkwan starts, “you don’t know this idiot like I do. Considering Jihoon’s, uh, situation, this seemed like a likely idea.”

“Bullshit!” Soonyoung accuses. He rises onto his feet.

Seungkwan looks an inch away from standing as well, but Mingyu holds him in place. As if taking Mingyu’s cue, Seokmin winds careful arms around Soonyoung’s waist and pulls him down into his lap. Soonyoung softens all at once and looks over at Seokmin with watery eyes.

“I’m gonna fuckin hurl,” Junhui groans.

“Same,” Jihoon grumbles. He pushes back his seat and gets to his feet. “Like, for real,” he clarifies. When the rest of the table looks up at him, Jihoon hooks a thumb over his shoulder. “I’m gonna, um, take a bathroom break.”

Again, Soonyoung’s eyes are sparkling. Jihoon wonders if he’s legitimately crying.

“You’re really gonna do it?” he asks, astonished.

Jihoon grimaces. “I’m gonna see if these fuckin gin and tonics want to come back up,” he replies. “Excuse me.”

The washroom is empty, thankfully. Someone shoulders past him on their way out, leaving Jihoon alone with a dripping faucet and his drunk, hazy thoughts.

A dick pic. A *dick pic*. It’s the least elegant method of persuasion he could have ever conjured up. But it would get the message across, plain and simple.

At this point, Jihoon has run out of options. Plus he’s drunk enough to pride himself in the size of his dick—although he is of small stature, looks can be deceiving. He’s never measured himself before, but he’d say it’s comparable to, like… a water bottle. A regular plastic water bottle. Not quite subway sandwich lengths, but still pretty sizable, in his opinion.

First he stops at the sink. The mirror before him is stained with fingerprints and other substances he’d rather not identify. Through the mess of grease, he picks out his reflection. He takes a deep breath—and tries not to regret breathing in the odour hanging in the air.

When he meets his reflection’s eyes, his face hardens. He can do this. He can prove himself to be an object of desire. He’s hot as hell and his boss won’t be able to resist.

He steps into a stall and avoids looking at the toilet. He leans against the side wall and closes his
Choi Seungcheol. That’s his boss. He’s not tall like Mingyu, but Jihoon could spend days admiring his legs. He’s got thighs that Jihoon doubts he’d be able to wrap both hands around, they’re so thick and muscular. Jihoon thinks he could make a home between those thighs. He could spend the rest of his life there and live contentedly.

Up past those thighs rests the most incredible ass Jihoon has ever had the pleasure of laying eyes on. It is perfectly curved, perfectly firm, perfectly plush. At least, it sure looks like it. Jihoon imagines cupping that beautiful ass. He imagines kneading it, feeling the flesh yield to his greedy hands.

He’s already getting hard just thinking about it. Biting his lip, Jihoon pops the button of his jeans and slides a hand down the front of his underwear.

Seungcheol’s pants don’t leave much room for the imagination when it comes to the shape of his ass and thighs, and the rest of his work attire accentuate the hard lines of his body. From his sturdy waist to the expanse of his shoulders, Seungcheol is simply perfect. His big doe eyes, his full lips, his adorable dimples—all of it has grabbed Jihoon by the heart (and dick, apparently) and pulled him down to pining hell.

Honestly, an ass shot might send a clearer message: Jihoon would love to sit on Seungcheol’s cock all day. But he doesn’t know Seungcheol’s preferences, and it’s not like Jihoon wouldn’t love it if Seungcheol touched his dick, either. It’d be too much work to get a good shot of his ass, anyway.

Thinking about Seungcheol’s dick ramming into him has Jihoon swallowing down a moan. He thumbs the head of his cock, and just as he’s about to spread precum over his hand to make his movement smoother, he thinks better of it.

This would be the perfect time for him to snap a picture. His cock is swollen red and leaking, all nice and pretty if he says so himself.

He shuffles around to get the right angle and lighting. Just as he’s about to take the picture, someone walks into the washroom. The stall next to him bangs open, and the sound of a fly unzipping echoes in the room.

Jihoon tries his best to block out the noise and gather his composure before his picture-perfect erection wilts on him. It doesn’t take as much effort as he thought: all he needs to do is picture Seungcheol’s body hot and heavy over his, and then he’s able to pick up where he left off.

At least the sounds from the other cubicle mask the sound of his footsteps as he tries to find the best angle.

When he’s satisfied with how the picture turns out, he decides it’s time to satisfy himself. He’s already halfway to coming; he might as well finish the job. He pulls down his left sleeve and shoves it into his mouth to muffle his moans before he starts to pump fervently at his cock. The entire time he imagines it’s Seungcheol hand on him, Seungcheol’s body pressed up against him from behind, Seungcheol’s lips against his ear murmuring filthy things until he’s coming so hard he sees stars.

Jihoon almost falls over in his haste to clean up his hand. He’s still dizzyingly drunk, and the sensory overload doesn’t help his balance any.

At least the washroom is empty again when he exits. He spends a little longer than necessary
washing his hands, hoping to scrub off the shame starting to sprout inside him as well as the stench of the ill-kept bathroom.

When he returns to the table, Seungkwan is asleep against Mingyu’s side and Soonyoung has his face buried in Seokmin’s neck. Junhui has taken Jihoon’s old seat and is chatting animatedly with Mingyu. There are a few new glasses on the table; Jihoon hopes his absence wasn’t too noticeable.

As Jihoon takes Junhui’s old seat, Soonyoung shifts a bit, but he doesn’t lift his head. “Have fun jerking off in the bathroom?” he asks, voice muffled against Seokmin’s neck.

Jihoon flushes. “Excuse me?” he replies. His voice comes out evenly and he thanks whatever deity is watching over him.

Mingyu wrinkles his nose in Soonyoung’s direction.

“Don’t be extra gross when you’re already being gross with Seokmin,” Mingyu admonishes him.

All Seokmin can do is grin sheepishly in Jihoon’s direction. Jihoon gives an odd smile back, unable to retain his worry in the face of such a bright expression. Still, he feels weird with the knowledge that he has a picture of his fucking dick on his phone at the ready to send to his fucking boss.

Seungkwan hiccups and adjusts his weight against Mingyu’s side. Junhui follows Jihoon’s line of sight and smiles wryly.

“When you were gone, those two decided to go through with their bet anyway,” Junhui explains, “even though we have no proof that Seungkwan could have possibly guessed what Soonyoung was gonna say. So they decided to order two completely different drinks, mix them, and see who could last the longest without throwing up.”

“One of them had bacon,” Mingyu adds.


“Well, seeing as Soonyoung is out of commission, and he was the one who set this whole thing up just so he could get me to talk about Seungcheol—” Jihoon starts, but he’s interrupted by Junhui.

“Oh, so you’re on first name basis now, huh?” he asks slyly.

Jihoon smacks Junhui’s shoulder lightly. “Shut up,” he grumbles. “As I was saying,” he continues, “maybe we ought to put these idiots to bed.”

Mingyu rubs a hand down the length of Seungkwan’s back. He hiccups again and nods.

When they leave the building, Mingyu is carrying Seungkwan against his shoulder like a baby. He’d been the designated driver, and they all pile into his car quietly, too drunk and nauseous to make a fuss at this point.

Jihoon can feel his head starting to nod as the car moves down the road. Just as he’s about to pass out, however, he feels his phone vibrate in his pocket.

[Soonyoung]:
uttly took a pic didn’t u
[Jihoon]:
so wat if i did?

[Soonyoung]:
O O O O O O M M M M M M M M G G G G G G G G

[Soonyoung]:
OH
MY
GOD

[Soonyoung]:
i was legit jokign?? but u actually??,

[Jihoon]:
HOLY SHIT SHUT UPP

[Soonyoung]:
ok but did u sen dit

[Jihoon]:
not yet

[Soonyoung]:
DO IT NOW DUDE

Jihoon looks up from his phone. Soonyoung shoots him a thumbs up from the other side of the car.

Angling his body so that his phone can’t be seen over his shoulder, Jihoon double checks the picture. It’s the same as it was when he first took it; it hasn’t magically transformed into a terrible beast in the twenty minutes it took to get them all out of the bar.

He thinks of Seungcheol again. He thinks of how Seungcheol might react when he opens the text with this picture attached. Would he be mortified? Would he be impressed? There really isn’t any way for Jihoon to know.

[Soonyoung]:
SEND IT DUDE ICAN HEAR U SECODN GUESSING FROMO VER HERE

Jihoon takes a deep breath.

[To: Choi Seungcheol]
attachment.jpg
Buildup

Chapter Notes

ETA: gonna say this again - there are actual dick pics in the links, so beware!

At around 2:30AM on Friday night, Seungcheol’s phone buzzes on his desk. His hands still at his keyboard as he leans over to the other side of his desk.

[From: Lee Jihoon ]
attachment.jpg

A photo attachment? That’s odd. Seungcheol doesn’t remember asking for any documents over the weekend. This phone is strictly for work purposes, so the only reason someone would be texting that number would be work-related. Maybe he just forgot what it was he told Jihoon to send; maybe he’s getting old.

Speaking of—he rolls out a crick in his back. When the sound echoes in his study, he winces; damn, maybe he really is getting old.

He grabs the phone off his desk and opens the photo. He then proceeds to almost drop his phone.

Holy fucking shit. Holy fucking shit.

It’s a dick pic.

This is—this is—Seungcheol has no words. And maybe he doesn’t have to have any: the stirring in his pants seems to speak for him.

Maybe he ought to explain himself. While yes, it is a handsome dick pic, it’s not just any dick pic. This dick is attached to a very handsome man—in fact, it belongs to the very man Seungcheol has been harbouring a crush on for the past—well, however long Jihoon has been working with him.

Seungcheol doesn’t believe in love at first sight, but damn, Jihoon is a fine specimen of man. He’s a little cold, a little awkward, and sometimes they don’t agree, but none of that changes the fact that Seungcheol finds him incredibly attractive. When they do get along, it’s like talking with an old friend, warm and familiar under his skin, something that puts him at ease down to his very core. It’s a rare, inexplicable feeling, and Seungcheol finds it very close to craving, if such a sensation could be associated with another human being.

Seungcheol blinks. His eyes feel dry from staring at the picture for so long.

He doesn’t even know where to start. Should he take care of the situation in his pants? Should he reply to the text? Should he start filing a sexual harassment report?

The first issue is the most pressing. With a groan, Seungcheol reaches down and frees his growing
erection from his pants. He keeps the image open with one hand and works his cock with the other.

Jihoon’s skin is pristine, milky, even in the stark, artificial lighting. There are tiles in the background of the picture and if Seungcheol had to guess, he’d say Jihoon was in a bathroom when he took the picture. Nonetheless, Jihoon looks absolutely gorgeous. Seungcheol wants nothing more than to drag his fingers over that taut stomach, run his teeth over the ridge of that hip, lavish his tongue over that beautiful cock.

He imagines that cock bouncing against Jihoon’s stomach as he sits on Seungcheol’s lap. Another groan floats past Seungcheol’s lips as he settles more comfortably in his chair. He spreads his legs and grips his cock with a desperate squeeze. If only Jihoon were with him right now—if only Jihoon were with him in person rather than existing as a ghost, a spectre, haunting him through this photo.

As Seungcheol gets closer and closer to coming, a stray thought crosses his mind, an option C: rather than filing that sexual harassment report, maybe Seungcheol should reply. Maybe he should reply in kind.

His breath sounds harsh to his ears when he comes down enough to reach for his phone and unlock it. He adjusts his desk lamp to provide the perfect lighting for the perfect picture.

With his cock in one hand and this damning photo in the other, Seungcheol stops.

Should he really do this? Who knows why Jihoon sent this photo; there wasn’t any accompanying text, no context. Maybe it was an accident. Maybe Seungcheol shouldn’t rush into this.

Heaving a shaky breath, Seungcheol locks the phone and puts it down. He should wait. He’ll have to talk to Jihoon on Monday first, just to make sure he doesn’t step on any toes. Who knows, maybe Jihoon would file the sexual harassment report when Seungcheol won’t.

There’s a more urgent issue between his legs, anyway. Now if only that were Jihoon between his legs. Biting his lip, Seungcheol gets back to work.

Jihoon spends the entire weekend screaming his head off. Not literally, although part of him wishes it were possible; at least then he wouldn’t have to face the consequences of having sent a fucking dick pic to his fucking boss.

He hardly sleeps a wink on Sunday night. But when he gets up on Monday, bleary at 6AM, he manages to pull some resolve together. He stares himself down in the mirror: his gaze goes from his hard eyes to the bags under them to the lines in his forehead.

“So you sent a dick pic to Seungcheol,” he says to his reflection. “So you sent a photo of your fucking penis to your boss. So what? So what?”

He’s gonna get fucking fired.

He takes a deep breath and tries again.

“You sent your hot boss a dick pic,” Jihoon says, more slowly this time, more firmly this time, “and you’re going to be okay. You’re gonna keep your job and you’re gonna last the rest of the
week unscathed.”

He holds his reflection’s gaze for another minute. When he doesn’t crumble to dust, he takes a deep breath.

He can do this.

Jihoon strolls into the office radiating confidence. As he settles at his cubicle, his neighbour, Wonwoo, stares at him, eyebrows raised.

“Someone’s looking bright today,” he says. “What have you been eating and where can I get some of it?”

*Unfortunately, not Seungcheol’s ass,* Jihoon thinks to himself, then immediately regrets that thought. Holy shit, though. Wouldn’t that be an incredible experience. But that would also require that he face Seungcheol, and then he’d probably burst into flame and turn to ashes.

Jihoon aims a crooked grin in Wonwoo’s direction.

“It’s not anything that I ate,” he replies. “Guess I just got a good night’s sleep or something.”

Wonwoo snorts. “Sounds fake, but okay.”

It’s a typical Monday morning. Jihoon is putting a lot of energy into appearing composed, so it’s nice that work is slow. When his lunch break comes up, he pops into the kitchen just as someone’s stepping out.

“Oh, sorry,” Jihoon mutters, staring at the floor as he tries not to scuff this person’s shoes.

“Oh, don’t worry about—it…”

Jihoon looks up and finds Seungcheol standing in front of him, his huge doe eyes regarding him with an unreadable expression.

Silence falls upon them like wells and wells of concrete.

“Jihoon,” Seungcheol says.

“Sir,” Jihoon replies.

They stare at each other a little longer. Jihoon straightens his back.

Just as he’s about to speak, Seungcheol beats him to it, a smile spreading across his face.

“Nice work on the Daewoo case last week,” Seungcheol says, beaming.

Jihoon blinks. Then he smiles in return, just barely avoiding missing a beat.

“Thank you, sir.” Jihoon bows.

“Oh, any time!” Seungcheol waves a hand as Jihoon rises. “Keep up the good work. I’m looking forward to another great performance in the near future.”

And with that, Seungcheol steps out of the doorway and out of the conversation.

Jihoon takes a deep, deep breath and tries not to hyperventilate.
When he steps into the kitchen, he finds Soonyoung by the sink, holding a mug over his face.

"Wow," Soonyoung says from behind the mug, "colour me impressed."

"Don’t," Jihoon growls, a warning.

Soonyoung lowers his mug and reveals his huge, shit-eating grin. Jihoon resists the urge to deck him on the spot.

The rest of the week goes by without a hitch. Seungcheol and Jihoon run into each other as often as coworkers do—that is, every day. Seungcheol isn’t sure how he manages to stop himself from bursting into flame every time he sees Jihoon, but somehow, everything between them stays civil. In fact, it seems… warmer, somehow. Whenever they talk, Jihoon opens up, turning his shoulders towards Seungcheol, touching Seungcheol’s arm every now and then, holding Seungcheol’s gaze more. And as Jihoon opens up more and more, Seungcheol finds himself slipping further under, coming closer and closer to something soft and squishy in the centre of his chest.

It’s clear by now, at least, that the picture Jihoon had sent over the weekend had no ill intent.

Seungcheol toys with his phone, sliding it up and down between his thumb and forefinger. He still has his own picture, his own agenda—maybe it’s time for him to stop doubting himself and just go for it. If this were as simple as asking someone out on a date, he’d have done it by now—that situation requires either a yes or no answer. But he has no idea what the protocol is when receiving and sending *dick pics*.

Fuck it. Seungcheol opens up the phone and thumbs over to the picture.

[To: Lee Jihoon ]
[attachment.jpg]

Jihoon is just coming home from his weekly D&D session when his phone goes off. He leaves it on his kitchen counter as he grabs a late-night snack, the session’s events still swirling around his head. His party fought a beholder that night. His heart’s racing like he’d experienced the battle firsthand.

Just as he’s about to take a bite out of a muffin, some store-bought thing he got when he remembered to buy snacks for once in his life, he remembers to check his phone. The muffin tumbles out of his grip and onto the kitchen counter.

[From: Choi Seungcheol ]
[attachment.jpg]
There’s no message, just an image attachment. It’s exactly the same thing Jihoon sent last week—well, in appearances, anyway. But Jihoon is pretty damn sure he knows what this is and he’s pretty damn sure it’s not work related.

He settles an open palm against his kitchen counter and takes a few deep breaths. This is honestly a logical response, all things considered. What do you even say to a dick pic, anyway? *Hey, thanks for thinking of me?*

Jihoon’s a little worried he’s gonna pass out as soon as he opens the picture, so he relocates to a room where he won’t get a concussion if he hits the floor. Then he regrets his decision a little—here he is, getting all cozy in bed in preparation for what he *assumes* is an image of his boss’s dick.

Correction: his hot boss’s dick.

Still.

He takes another deep breath, *fuck it* coasting the surface of his brain.

He opens the attachment. All air leaves his body in one huff of breath, disbelieving and turned on all at once. It really *is* a dick pic and it really is probably the greatest thing he’s ever received in his entire life.

It’s huge. And Jihoon thought he had a big dick. What Jihoon would do to be sitting on that cock right now…

He indulges himself a little. Okay, he indulges himself a lot: Jihoon settles back against his pillows and pulls his pants down until his cock springs free, already hard and standing at attention. He gives himself a few tugs, still admiring the photo.

Jihoon wonders about what Seungcheol must have been thinking when he took that photo. Jihoon wonders if he took it right after opening Jihoon’s, and the thought sets Jihoon’s heart racing. Seungcheol turned on thanks to him? Seungcheol reciprocating his attraction?

Maybe he’s closer to having that dick in him than he thought. Maybe he can move on from the heated thoughts, the fantasies crafted with loving time and dedication, and to the real thing.

Jihoon shimmies his pants all the way off and lifts his legs into the air. It’s been a while since he’s indulged himself *this* much, but he’ll consider it a celebration of this dick-pic-shaped victory.

While he’s at it, he takes another photo. If this is how they’re doing things now, Jihoon will play to win.

[To: Choi Seungcheol ]

*attachment.jpg*

With a huff of exertion, Jihoon sets his phone down and reaches for the lube. By now, he’s already stamped the image of Seungcheol’s cock into his memory, where his mind has already hit the ground running, piecing together the ways that cock could absolutely wreck him.
Fuck. He hates admitting it, but he’ll probably have to thank Soonyoung at some point in his life. Hopefully not when he’s got three fingers in his ass and his other hand wrapped around his dick, pumping away like his life depended on it.

It goes on like that for a while, just a string of attachment.jpg s back and forth. There’s never any accompanying text.

One of the weirdest parts of the game they’re playing, or maybe it’s one of the more normal parts, is that they refuse to address it. At work, they exchange easy smiles—sometimes knowing looks edged with a bit of shamelessness and flirtation. But Seungcheol isn’t complaining.

The score is about four to five right now, with Jihoon in the lead. Seungcheol thinks today is a good day to respond, and he’s been considering his next pose on and off all day.

It’s what’s drifting through his head late one Tuesday morning as he steps into the elevator. He hits the button for his floor and is content to stare at the steel tiles comprising the tiny box he occupies. Just as the doors threaten to close, someone shouts, and Seungcheol sticks a hand out instinctively.

The person slips in, their harsh breath filling the elevator.

A single glance tells Seungcheol that it’s Jihoon who accompanies him now. Seungcheol has to bite back a smile. Jihoon is cute no matter what way you cut it, and the flush staining his cheeks makes him even cuter now.

“Thanks,” Jihoon pants at his knees, bent at the waist. He takes one last deep breath before righting his posture.

Seungcheol allows the smile to occupy his face once Jihoon looks up. Seungcheol hopes he doesn’t look predatory or something.

Jihoon manages to smile back. He uses the inside of his sleeve to wipe some sweat off the side of his face before he moves to push the button for his floor. As he reaches for the control panel, his back brushes Seungcheol’s chest, the first moment of physical contact that week. They don’t hug or anything—they’re just coworkers after all—but Seungcheol realizes, then, that he had been missing Jihoon’s touch.

It’s then that he starts to wonder if his imagination is starting to get the best of him.

“Late start?” Seungcheol asks.

Jihoon glances over at him as he returns his arms to his body. “No,” he replies hesitantly. A sheepish smile crosses his features and he averts his gaze to look at the elevator doors. “They, uh—I heard someone was giving out donuts at the front desk.”

“Oh?” Seungcheol asks. “And no one told me about it?”

Jihoon returns his eyes to Seungcheol. For a second, his face is blank, but then a sly smile curves his lips.

“I guess not, if this is your first time hearing about it,” he replies. “But—” he pauses to reach for
his bag. “If you’re interested in a chocolate or powdered-sugar donut, I’ve got you covered.”

Seungcheol grins. “So you grabbed some for a snack later?”

Although the flush in Jihoon’s face has yet to fade, he manages to look mischievous. “Do you want one or not?” he presses.

The elevator dings as it ascends. They’re not headed for the same floor, so Seungcheol needs to make the most out of this brief moment.

“I’ll take the sugar donut,” he says, holding out his hand.

Paper rustles and then Jihoon’s handing off the offered snack wrapped in a napkin.

Seungcheol holds it up to his face, but just as he’s about to take a bite, he stops. He adjusts it in his grip so he can poke a finger through the hole.

“Never noticed this before,” he comments, “but donut holes are pretty small, huh?”

He moves his finger in and out of the hole a few times. Out of the corner of his eye, he can see Jihoon staring at his hand. The redness in his cheeks has yet to dissipate.

“Maybe your fingers are just—thick,” Jihoon says lowly.

Seungcheol tries not to choke on air. He just shrugs and takes a bite, not willing to risk opening his mouth and letting words come out.

The elevator dings and the doors rumble open. Jihoon bows in Seungcheol’s direction.

“I’ll see you later, sir,” Jihoon says as he steps out. “Enjoy your hole—I mean, your donut.”

This time, Seungcheol chokes for real.

One Thursday night, Seungcheol is two and a half hours into a Stardew Valley session when his phone goes off. It’s difficult to tear him away from Stardew Valley—he always starts with good intentions, only two hours today, tops, but it always devolves into late nights and obsessive crop arrangement—but if there’s one thing that could thoroughly distract him, it’s a hot, fresh dick pic.

Some part of him can’t believe that this is a real thing now, that he’s been regularly sending his employee photos of his penis, but then again, it could be worse. It could be a drinking problem, or a gambling problem, or something along those lines.

He pulls up the menu in-game and turns to his phone.

[From: Lee Jihoon]
attachment.jpg
For a second, Seungcheol forgets to breathe. Is Jihoon trying to kill him? Panties and thigh high socks?

Fuck. In all of Seungcheol’s life, he’d have never thought the semantic extension of the word “fuck” could ever fail him, but for once, he’s absolutely floored: he doesn’t think “fuck” covers exactly how he’s feeling.

He forgets about Stardew Valley. He forgets about the world around him. In fact, he barely remembers how to push air in and out of his lungs. All he can focus on is the soft lines of Jihoon’s thighs encased in those socks, a shameless guide for his eyes to find their prize encased in white cotton. Seungcheol imagines peeling back those panties and running his tongue over the head of Jihoon’s thick cock. He imagines the kind of sounds Jihoon would make, the way Jihoon’s hips would buck, the weight of his socked heels braced against Seungcheol’s shoulders.

How the hell is Seungcheol going to top this? Minus the literal option, of course, the one where Seungcheol finally gives in and bends Jihoon over the nearest flat surface.

This is going to take some planning. But first, the tent in his pants. Then, hopefully, he’ll remember to come back to the game and save before he loses the day’s progress.

It’s not common that Jihoon stays after hours, but they’d been experiencing power problems all day and he fell behind with paperwork. Everyone in his team had been allowed to go home despite everything, even him, but he felt a little bad—oh, who’s he kidding. Seungcheol’s staying behind, too, and that’s really all the motivation Jihoon needs to hang around just a little longer.

The floor is quiet. He and someone from another team on the other side of the floor are the only ones left; Seungcheol is squirreled away in his office beyond Jihoon’s desk. From his position, however, he can see through the two windows flanking Seungcheol’s door and he can pick out Seungcheol from behind his desk, a slight blur holding his head in one hand.

It doesn’t take long for Jihoon to finish up the day’s work. Seungcheol still hasn’t moved an inch.

Jihoon looks down at his phone. He scrolls through their text history—it’s still just a string of photo attachments without text—and considers sending Seungcheol a little message. “Hang in there!” maybe. “You got this!” “I believe in you!” “Fuck me raw!”

Shit. Well, it sure didn’t take long for his thoughts to go there. Then again, he does have a slew of dick pics in front of him. And maybe that’s what he ought to go with, something tried and true.

As he’s mulling it over, the person on the other side of the room gets up. They head over to the elevator without even sparing Jihoon a glance or a wave. Typical.

The sudden movement drew Jihoon’s attention away from Seungcheol’s office just long enough that he doesn’t notice when Seungcheol exits. Jihoon’s about to resume admiring his phone when he realizes that Seungcheol is sitting on his desk next to his computer.

“Holy shit,” Jihoon gasps in surprise.

“Language?” Seungcheol says in uncertain admonishment. There’s a smile rounding his lips, and it’s enough to make Jihoon relax in his seat.
A quiet exhale whistles between Jihoon’s teeth. “Sorry,” he mutters.

“I’m joking,” Seungcheol replies. He extends his leg and knocks Jihoon’s knee with it. “You’ve stayed late, haven’t you?”

Jihoon takes his time raising his gaze to meet Seungcheol’s. His eyes trail up the lines of Seungcheol’s legs, along the length of his loosened tie, and finally up to Seungcheol’s face. In the dim office light, his features are stark and soft all at once. Jihoon wants to trace the slope of Seungcheol’s nose with his fingertip; he wants to press kisses over the apples of Seungcheol’s cheeks; he wants to slide his lips along the length of Seungcheol’s jaw.

He has to settle for giving a small nod and a smile.

“I couldn’t really leave things unfinished,” Jihoon says.

Seungcheol snorts a little. “Yeah,” he agrees, “it’s a little unsatisfying when you leave things undone, right?”

Quiet settles between them. It pushes against Jihoon’s chest, leaving him breathless. Somehow, he manages to find his tongue just in time to respond: “Yeah.”

A wry grin breaks over Seungcheol’s features. His eyes glint in the low light, his gaze smouldering at the edges and heavy with the weighty patience of a predator. Jihoon definitely wouldn’t mind being his prey.

Seungcheol leans forward. Jihoon can feel Seungcheol’s breath against his neck.

Just as Seungcheol opens his mouth to speak, the elevator dings behind them. The slide of metal against metal hangs in the air, followed by clipped footsteps.

Seungcheol gets to his feet in an instant. His posture is perfectly composed, however, when he sets his eyes on the newcomer.

“Jihoon, what the hell, it’s eight o’clock, we were supposed to—sir!”

It’s Soonyoung. Jihoon takes back anything good he said about that guy. And he can forget about any words of gratitude while he’s at it.

“Soonyoung,” Seungcheol calls, his voice smooth like honey—or molten lava, hot to the touch and dangerous. Harsh, almost angry undercurrents rumble through the two syllables out of his mouth, and Jihoon thinks he could come just from the sound of it. And he’s not even saying Jihoon’s name.

“…Sir,” Soonyoung repeats.

Jihoon turns his seat around. When Soonyoung meets his eye, he raises an eyebrow.

“Forget something?” Seungcheol asks.

Soonyoung looks up at Seungcheol. He schools his expression into something neutral; the only thing that betrays his face is the way he crosses his arms over his chest, tense and defensive.

“Just my friend over there,” Soonyoung grumbles, gesturing at Jihoon with his chin. “Jihoon-ah, we were supposed to be on our way to Ikea by now!”

“Oh, shit,” Jihoon groans. He rubs a hand over his face; he completely forgot. Could you blame
him? In the face of a velvet-voiced Choi Seungcheol, he could barely keep his head on straight. Not that anything about their situation is straight, but.

Seungcheol chuckles. He drops a hand over Jihoon’s back and rubs it.

“Seems I’ve distracted you long enough, huh?” Seungcheol says. He pats Jihoon’s back for emphasis. Jihoon’s surprised his heart doesn’t fall right out of his mouth just then.

“Y-Yeah,” Jihoon stutters. He gets onto shaky feet and turns to look at Soonyoung again.

Before their eyes meet, Soonyoung’s gaze lingers on Seungcheol’s hand on Jihoon’s shoulder. His tension melts and he waves a lax hand in Jihoon’s direction.

“Come on, they’re open until eleven,” Soonyoung says. “You can make it up to me by buying me dinner.”

“Fine,” Jihoon gripes. He turns again to take his jacket from the back of his chair, but it’s not there. He spins in place a few times until he’s stopped by Seungcheol’s voice.

“Here, Jihoon,” Seungcheol murmurs, his voice low and susurrant, “I’ve got it.”

Jihoon tries not to blush as he slips his arms into his coat. Once it’s secure over his body, Seungcheol gives Jihoon’s shoulders a squeeze.

“Have fun, boys,” Seungcheol calls.

“Sure thing, boss,” Soonyoung replies with a wave and a bow.

When Jihoon shuffles over to the elevator, Soonyoung takes a swipe at him but without any intent to make contact.

“Getting shmoozy with the boss when we have a date, huh?” Soonyoung snarks.

“Shut the fuck up,” Jihoon spits. “The only reason I’m not decking you right now is that you’re the one who kinda, you know, helped put this thing into motion in the first place.”

Soonyoung barks a dry laugh as the elevator doors slide closed.

“And you’re perfectly fine with blowing me off?” he asks. He doesn’t bother to mask the irritation in his voice.

“Not the best choice of words in my opinion, but yeah, honestly.”

This time, Soonyoung really hits Jihoon. It’s just a light cuff to the head, but it’s enough to get his message across.

“You’re such a horny brat,” Soonyoung mutters.

“Yeah, but who’s buying you dinner, huh?” Jihoon reminds him.


“Well, I guess I won’t argue with you then.”

It is true, after all. He is a pretty horny brat. But he can hardly feel sorry about it when Choi Seungcheol is the kind of man that he is.
Jihoon’s job isn’t particularly glamorous, but most days, he prefers it that way. Today, however, he’s bored out of his mind, tired of running numbers through spreadsheets and chatting with anonymous voices over the phone.

A team meeting breaks the monotony of the day, though honestly that’s not saying much. Beside him, Soonyoung reaches over and doodles a chicken onto Jihoon’s notepad. Jihoon sighs and ignores him.

When Seungcheol steps into the room, Jihoon sits up straighter. Soonyoung kicks his heel, but Jihoon can’t find it in himself to care. The lack of response makes Soonyoung snort, but, again, not caring.

Well, okay, that’s a lie. Jihoon turns just slightly before sliding his chair back abruptly, forcing the curved support over Soonyoung’s foot. Sputtering, Soonyoung backs off, unwilling to start a scene right before a meeting.

Things are starting to look up.

Seungcheol meets his eye across the room and smiles. Jihoon smiles back.

He then proceeds to tune out of the meeting entirely, focusing instead on Seungcheol’s movements rather than his words. He’s not missing out on anything: this meeting is meant to update them all on the state of things and reinforce the idea that they’re doing a good job. Morale or whatever. Seungcheol standing on the other side of the room dressed in that impeccable suit is enough morale for Jihoon.

It’s different now, knowing what Seungcheol’s packing under there. And it’s not just his dick—Jihoon has seen glimpses of his stomach, his thighs, the lines and planes and edges of which have made Jihoon hot under the collar. In fact, that’s a great way to describe how he’s currently feeling: hot and bothered, and all he’s done is stare at Seungcheol walk back in forth in front of a projector screen.

Seungcheol stops talking and silence is quick to replace the volume of his voice in the room. Jihoon blinks fast before glancing at Soonyoung. When their gazes meet, Soonyoung rolls his eyes before leaning forward.

“I think we should have the results by next Monday,” Soonyoung says. Jihoon has no idea what he’s talking about.

Seungcheol nods like he’s satisfied by whatever the hell that’s supposed to mean.

“Alright, sounds good,” Seungcheol says. He claps his hands together, drawing Jihoon’s eyes back up to his face. “Okay, team, how does a fifteen minute break sound? Stretch your legs, use the bathroom, whatever. Then I’ll try to wrap this up as soon as possible.”

Yeah, he better. Jihoon can’t imagine spending another hour and a half staring at the object of his affections without exploding. It’s a miracle he managed it in the first place.

Jihoon exits the conference room without another glance behind him. As he walks with his best resting bitch face on, no one even bothers to make eye contact.
The nearest bathroom is one of those tiny boxes with a toilet, a sink, and some paper towels. There’s a mirror above the sink, and Jihoon approaches it with a sigh.

He needs to stop having these pep talks with himself. Then again, it’s not like he can really tell anyone about what’s been going on. At least, not while he’s sober, but he’d rather see how this goes before spilling his guts to his friends and a collection of gin and tonic glasses.

Frowning, Jihoon looks up at his reflection. He can already feel a chub coming on and Seungcheol has been out of his sight for a couple of minutes now. At this point, he’s surprised he doesn’t spring a boner just looking at Seungcheol, be it his shoulder, his wrist, his knee, anything. Just Seungcheol’s mere existence turns him on, that’s how badly Jihoon wants him.

This… is going to end somehow, right? Or is Jihoon doomed to an eternity of dick pics and empty bottles of lube? He’s getting tired of cleaning his dildo collection so often.

It might be time to up the ante. The thigh highs pic had been Jihoon’s first step, but maybe this is his next opportunity: a dick pic at work. Surely Seungcheol will recognize this shitty bathroom.

Settling down with a heavy sigh, Jihoon takes a seat on the toilet and pulls out his dick. At first, he traces teasing fingers up and down his length, picturing Seungcheol’s broad hands handling him with gentle awe. Seungcheol seems like the soft type on the outside, all kind words and reassuring smiles, but he also has the capacity for firmness, power and strength woven into his every move.

Jihoon cycles through his mental gallery of Seungcheol dick pics. There’s been more skin lately, and more of his body included. The guy is pretty buff for an office dweller. Jihoon’s sure Seungcheol can snap him in half, and honestly, it wouldn’t be a bad way to go.

Seungcheol’s face has also snuck into a few of the pics. It’s mostly the bottom half, his plush lips caught in a moan or between his teeth. Jihoon can’t decide which expression he likes more.

There is one pic, however, that sticks out amongst the others: it features Seungcheol’s entire face, eyes hooded but aimed straight at the camera. Jihoon feels as if Seungcheol is staring right into his soul with that expression fitted over his features, but it also holds a surprising amount of warmth. It’s caught in the lines of his lips, the corners of his eyes, the curve of his brow.

Jihoon’s probably just imagining things. But it makes his heart flutter nonetheless, beyond the accelerated heart rate that comes with jerking off.

There’s nothing comfortable about masturbating on a public toilet, but it’s for the sake of revenge — revenge for making him sit through that pointless meeting while Seungcheol paraded his glorious body right in front of him.

There is one thing Jihoon hasn’t sent yet. It’s probably as far as his shamelessness can take him. Plus, it’s kind of a difficult picture to take, considering the angle.

Jihoon rests one foot on the toilet paper dispense and scoots forward until his ass is high enough to reach. He spits into his hand before dropping it between his legs, down and under his balls. Both relief and tension flood his veins at once, but it’s not long before the frustration rises and wins out.

With some maneuvering, Jihoon fishes his phone out from his pants, lying in a heap on the floor, and tries to angle it best he can. There are three fingers snug in his hole and his cock lies draped over his stomach, flushed, swollen, leaking.

It’s a pretty good picture. Well, at least, it’ll have to do, since at this point, Jihoon is a little more concerned with getting off than getting a good shot.
He manages to get four fingers in before he comes with Seungcheol’s name hidden in the folds of his mouth.

When Jihoon returns to his seat, he’s got an awful crick in his back. He supposes it’s what he gets for trying to bend into a pretzel in a public washroom. It’s worth it, however, when he looks up and finds Seungcheol picking up his phone. Jihoon holds his breath.

Several things unfold as a result: first, Seungcheol’s eyes widen; next, his face flushes to the perfect shade of pink; and last, he bites into his bottom lip so hard Jihoon can see the tension in his jaw.

Seungcheol looks up. Jihoon wiggles his fingers at him. Seungcheol’s eyes move to those fingers, stares at them for a good thirty seconds, before returning to Jihoon’s face.

By now, everyone has returned from their break. They’re all staring at Seungcheol expectantly.

“Listen—” Seungcheol starts. He locks his phone and shoves it into his pocket with admirable force. “Something just came up. I—”

Jihoon tries to hide his snort and fails. Seungcheol’s cuts himself off and the sudden silence feels like cotton over Jihoon’s ears.

Worth it, still.

“I—I need to—”

Seungcheol looks at Jihoon again. Jihoon can’t gauge his expression at all.

“I need to leave,” Seungcheol finally grits out. His neck is stiff as he turns to his vice president. “Jisoo,” he calls.

Jisoo sits up a little straighter. “Yes, sir?”

“Take care of the rest of the meeting for me, will you?” Seungcheol asks. The rigidity of his voice bears down on the room like a metal rod. Jihoon wiggles in his seat.

“Yes, sir. Of course.”

“Thank you.”

Seungcheol chances one last glance at Jihoon before turning on his heel and exiting.

Soonyoung leans in and whispers, “what the hell did you do?”

Jihoon grins. He says, “you don’t wanna know.”

Payback’s a bitch. At least, that’s what Jihoon tells himself as he stares at his phone’s newly cracked screen. This is what he gets for subjecting it to his ass and cock so often, he supposes.
Wonwoo looks at him from over the little barrier between their cubicles. “What the hell happened?” he asks.

Jihoon sighs. He puts down the useless device and replies, “I dropped it as I was running to catch the elevator, and then I kicked it into the elevator."

“Holy shit.”

“Yeah.” Jihoon manages a wry grin. “But at least the elevator didn’t close on me. Imagine my phone wedged between the doors as it left without me.”

“Truly would’ve been a tragedy,” Wonwoo deadpans.

Jihoon can get the screen replaced. It’ll be fine. But it’ll have to wait until he gets out of work. Until then, he’ll have to risk the company internet browser when he gets bored.

Somehow, the worst part of it is that he can’t steal a quick glance at his image gallery. It’s become a part of his daily routine, checking up on those photos. They’ve gone beyond wank material—they’re kinda like keepsakes now, despite how fucked up that sounds.

During his lunch break, Jihoon finds himself doodling on a napkin out of sheer boredom. Usually he spends his free time getting lost in Buzzfeed or pretending to listen to Soonyoung’s anecdotes. Without his phone and with Soonyoung out for lunch, Jihoon doesn’t have much else to do.

As Jihoon moves on from swirls and bubble letters to figures, Seungcheol crosses his mind, as he’s wont to do. It would be really difficult to draw Seungcheol, Jihoon thinks. His features are too unique, too handsome to capture on paper. It’s a cheesy thought, but Jihoon is slowly coming to terms with the fact that his crush goes beyond Seungcheol’s perfect ass and dick. Although, at this point, Jihoon thinks he might have memorized the shape of Seungcheol’s cock considering how much time he’s spent with his eyes glued to his screen.

Why doesn’t he test that knowledge? It’ll be his burial shroud for his cracked phone screen.

Grinning, Jihoon leans over his napkin and gets to work.

Sometime in the late afternoon, someone knocks on Seungcheol’s door. Seungcheol calls out to let them know that the door is open, but instead of answer, the person slides something under the door.

Curious, Seungcheol immediately gets to his feet to check it out.

It’s a napkin. Seungcheol’s about to open his door and call out for the idiot who did this, but then he realizes that it’s not just a napkin.
“Oh my god,” Seungcheol murmurs to himself. He turns it over in his hands a few times, disbelieving. On the back he finds a message:

‘Sorry, phone’s broken. Give me a raise!’ with a little smiley face tacked onto the end.

Seungcheol unfolds it just to make sure he doesn’t miss anything. His heart hammers in his chest, electric with mirth and fondness and want, pure want. It finally, finally hits him then, as he stands
by his office door holding a napkin with a dick drawn on it—he’s done waiting. He’s tired of this strange dance enabled by the avoidant nature of this whole dick pic exchange. Jihoon is on the other side of that door, just as hungry for Seungcheol as Seungcheol is for him, and Seungcheol is tired of playing this game.

With Jihoon’s phone out of service, Seungcheol can’t just text him to come over to his office. Oh, but there is that other guy on Jihoon’s team that Jihoon is friends with. Kwon Soonyoung, if Seungcheol’s memory serves him right.

Seungcheol picks up his phone with a renewed sense of resolve. His skin hums with the barely contained excitement bubbling in his blood. There are so many things Seungcheol wants to do he doesn’t know where to start—but getting Jihoon in his office is a good first step.

Soonyoung walks over from his desk wearing a severe pout.

“Jihoon-ah,” he calls. He leans his hip against Jihoon’s chair and slumps over, crossing his arms over his chest.

Concern pulls Jihoon’s brow into a furrow. “What’s up?” he asks.

“I can’t believe I’m stuck playing messenger,” he whines. “Like, this is gonna be great news for you, but the fact that I’m even privy to this is so fucking gross.”

Jihoon frowns. “What the hell are you talking about? Can you just spit it out already?”

Soonyoung heaves a great sigh. “The boss wants to see you in his office.”

“He—what?”

“Yeah,” Soonyoung mumbles, “I know your phone’s dead, and he must’ve found out somehow. And now I’m here to tell you to get your ass into his office so he can probably, like, wreck it on his desk or whatever.”

“E-Excuse me?” Jihoon squeaks. His blood roars in his ears as his heart sets off at a deadly quick pace, thumping so hard in his chest he worries it’ll break free.

“Do you think his walls are soundproof?” Soonyoung casts a dark glance in the direction of Seungcheol’s office. “They’ve gotta be if he’s planning this.”

Jihoon snaps his head up to point a heated look at Soonyoung. “What the hell are you talking about!” he hisses. “How do you know that’s what he’s even—what the hell did he even say to you?”

Soonyoung pulls out his phone and reads, “Hey Soonyoung, could you pass along a message to Jihoon for me? Can you tell him to come to my office whenever he’s free?”

“…That’s it?” Jihoon squawks. “And here you are, making all this fucking racket about us—in his fucking office for fuck’s sake?!”

Sighing again, Soonyoung puts a hand on one of Jihoon’s shoulders. Jihoon tenses.

“Listen, Jihoon—when am I ever wrong about these kinds of things?” he asks.

“You say that like this is a daily occurrence or something.” Jihoon rolls his eyes, but it does
nothing to mask the heat in his face or the nervous energy urging him to tap his foot restlessly. “You’re assuming too much.”

“Whatever,” Soonyoung dismisses him. “We’ve been arguing for too long. Just get your butt in there, and then I can say ‘I told you so’ when you get back.” Soonyoung looks at his phone again. “I’m giving it an hour. If it takes longer than that, I don’t know if I’ll be completely disgusted or, like, impressed.”

“You’re feeling way too many things for something that doesn’t concern you,” Jihoon mutters, standing.

Soonyoung takes both of Jihoon’s shoulders now that they’re level with each other. “Somehow, I got myself involved in all this,” Soonyoung tells him, his eyes dark and serious. Jihoon swats at one of the arms linking their bodies together. “All I can say to you now is ‘godspeed.’” He spins Jihoon around so he can pat Jihoon’s bum. “And to you, brave soldier, I say ‘be strong.’”

“You’re a fucking asshole, you know that?”

“There sure will be the fucking of an asshole—”

“Okay!” Jihoon exclaims. He earns a few looks, so when he speaks again, he takes a lower tone: “okay, Soonyoung. That’s enough. I’m leaving.”

Jihoon rounds his desk. He spares one quick glance in Soonyoung’s direction and earns a wink for his efforts.

He’s really gonna kill that guy one day. But right now, he has more important things to worry about, though honestly, the state of his asshole is on the bottom of that list. That thing can take a lot.

Jihoon takes a deep breath before he raps at Seungcheol’s door. It swings open immediately, like Seungcheol was waiting right behind it this entire time.

Jihoon doesn’t know how to feel about that, so he ignores that thought in favour of meeting Seungcheol’s eyes.

“Hi,” Jihoon says, his voice more timid than he’d like.

Seungcheol smiles at him. The expression is warm, soft sunlight, but it’s not long before it catches fire as it transforms into a smirk, something hot and predatory.

Jihoon tries to swallow and finds that his throat is dry.

“Come inside,” Seungcheol murmurs, and Jihoon thinks the word ‘come’ is really too loaded to be thrown around so casually like this. Seungcheol rests a hand on the small of Jihoon’s back and ushers him in.

Shit. Soonyoung was totally right.
When Seungcheol closes the door behind Jihoon, the buzz of office activity beyond cuts out abruptly. Seungcheol has always known that the room is soundproof; he’s never asked about it, and he really doesn’t plan to do so any time soon. If he had to guess, he’d say it probably has to do with either murder, drugs, or sex, and really, of these three things, Seungcheol thinks he’s doing the least dangerous one.

Seungcheol guides Jihoon into the office with a hand on the small of Jihoon’s back. He can feel Jihoon’s body heat under his fingers and it’s enough to get his blood pumping. Together, they walk over to Seungcheol’s desk. It’s by no means a small affair—much like Jihoon’s dick, unlike he initially thought—and he’s certain it will support their combined weight.

But that’s not what he has in mind. Not for today, anyway.

Seungcheol drops his hand and rounds his desk. He takes a moment to stare out the window overlooking downtown. Now that’s also a large affair, his window: it makes up the entire back wall of the room, spanning from wall to wall and from ceiling to floor. Seungcheol hopes Jihoon doesn’t have a fear of heights. Damn, he didn’t even think about that. At least the desk is there for plan B.

This is as composed as Seungcheol is going to get—which is to say, not very. His breath is already shaking, already a little too short, his brain and heart running two different tracks a mile a minute.

This is it, isn’t it?

Seungcheol turns. Jihoon meets his eye immediately. They hold each other’s gazes for a few seconds.

Seungcheol opens his mouth to speak, but Jihoon beats him to it.

“I was gonna apologize about the dick pic,” Jihoon starts, a twisted smile occupying his face, “but I think I want to do the opposite of that. Without it, I wouldn’t be here, would I?”

Seungcheol chuckles. “Well, not for the reason I brought you in for, no.”

They stare at each other for a moment longer.

“It was a pretty good picture,” Seungcheol states.

Jihoon laughs. The sound vibrates down the knobs of Seungcheol’s spine, skipping across his skeleton in a pleasant tickle.

“I was drunk as hell when I took it,” Jihoon explains. “Liquid courage, as they say.”

“Well,” Seungcheol murmurs, his lowered tone pulling Jihoon closer, “I’m glad you did it.”

Jihoon drifts across the room until only the desk separates them.

“Me too,” Jihoon whispers in response.

This is it. This is really it. This is what weeks of pining has led to; this is what so many attachment.jpgs has evolved into; this is what Seungcheol has been dreaming of, what’s been clogging his thoughts, what his body has been craving for so long.
Jihoon plants both hands on Seungcheol’s desk. As soon as he moves, Seungcheol’s already leaning forward to reach for Jihoon’s neck, pulling him in for a kiss.

When their lips touch, Seungcheol can’t help but whimper, overwhelmed by it all. It’s pretty embarrassing, and he feels Jihoon smile against his mouth, so he surges forward to break that hint of smugness. His tongue breaches the seal of Jihoon’s lips and now it’s Jihoon’s turn to make a strangled noise.

They part. They stare at each other, breathing hard.

“So, is this the part where you sweep everything off your desk?” Jihoon asks. His voice is rough already, clashing with the amused grin on his face.

Seungcheol leans his hip against the desk. “I have a lot of expensive items on here, you know,” he replies.

Jihoon laughs. “Fair.”

“However,” Seungcheol starts, leaning forward with his hands poised over the desk, “I already planned ahead and took off all the important stuff.”

“Oh?”

They exchange grins before Seungcheol goes for it, clearing the surface of his desk in one swift motion.

“Wow,” Jihoon breathes, nodding his head slightly, “I’m impressed.”

“This is just the beginning,” Seungcheol responds, grinning.

Jihoon wastes no time in clambering onto the desk. Although he’s kneeling on top of it, he’s only slightly taller than Seungcheol. As he shifts closer, Seungcheol reaches out to pull Jihoon in by the tie.

It pops off.

“Um,” Seungcheol says.

“Oh,” Jihoon replies articulately.

Jihoon has shifted to brace his weight by planting his hands on his desk, but even the provocative pose can’t stop Seungcheol from bursting into laughter.

Seungcheol holds up the offending article between two fingers. “What the hell is this?” he asks.

Jihoon’s cheeks light up. “Um,” he stammers, “it’s a, uh, clip-on tie, sir.”

Smirking, Seungcheol leans over and drops it into a garbage bin on the side of his desk.

“Yeah, no,” Seungcheol says. He claps his hands together as if to dust them off, then he crosses his arms over his chest. “Anything else you’re hiding from me?”

Jihoon sits back on his heels and wrings his hands together. “Well, I mean, I wasn’t hiding that, per se—”

Seungcheol chuckles. The sound is deep and rich like chocolate, and despite his embarrassment,
Jihoon visibly melts. “Anything else I shouldn’t grab for fear of falling off, then?” Seungcheol asks instead.

Jihoon finds his composure and raises both eyebrows. “No, sir,” he replies, “grab away.”

With that, Seungcheol reaches forward again and yanks Jihoon closer by the belt buckle. He slides forward easily, propelled by Seungcheol’s sheer strength and the smooth glide of his slacks over polished wood.

Seungcheol tips his head up to meet Jihoon and their lips slide together at a leisurely pace. Seungcheol is intent on memorizing the topography of Jihoon’s mouth much like he’s memorized the shape of his cock and ass shown to him through those pictures.

Speaking of, Seungcheol drops his hands over Jihoon’s ass. He squeezes none too gently and Jihoon whimpers into his mouth. Soon enough Jihoon’s body is molded completely against Seungcheol’s, brought closer by his eager, greedy hands, their hips flush together with not even a hair’s breadth between them. Seungcheol can feel the shape of Jihoon’s erection against his hip and he sighs appreciatively.

When they break apart to breathe, Seungcheol leans forward and rests his chin in the dip of Jihoon’s shoulder. He hasn’t stopped groping Jihoon’s ass.

“You have no idea how much I’ve wanted this,” Seungcheol murmurs, his words barely kept aloft on his soft breath. “How much I’ve thought about this, what I’ve dreamed about.”

Jihoon manages a hoarse moan in response.

“This perfect ass of yours,” Seungcheol continues. He gives it another harsh squeeze for emphasis. “It always looked so good in those photos, Jihoon. Good enough to eat.”

“Oh?” Jihoon intones. “By all means, sir,” he urges him, arching his back to press his ass into Seungcheol’s hands.

Seungcheol reels him back in immediately, rolling his hips up to grind their crotches together.


Seungcheol releases Jihoon. Jihoon is slow to react, as if in a daze, but eventually he sits back on his heels as Seungcheol lowers himself onto his desk chair.

“Strip,” he commands.

Jihoon’s hands fly up to his collar, but when he finds nothing there, he grins.

“Sorry about the clip-on tie,” he says. “Did I ruin any of your fantasies?”

Seungcheol snorts. “I have ways to compensate,” he replies vaguely.

Jihoon raises an eyebrow, but he doesn’t comment further. Instead, he focuses on unbuttoning his shirt. Inch by inch, he reveals his milky skin that glows in the mid-afternoon sunlight streaming in through the huge window before him. He takes his time, arching his back as he slides the shirt off his shoulders.

“I’m sorry if this is kind of awkward,” Jihoon apologizes, the shirt pooled around his waist and
wrists, “I don’t really do this kind of thing often.”

“What, the stripping in broad daylight thing?” Seungcheol asks. His voice is breathy despite the smile on his face.

“Well, that,” Jihoon agrees, “but I mean—the stripping thing at all.”

“Is now really the time to be shy?” Seungcheol questions, leaning forward. He rests his hands on Jihoon’s sides. “Considering those pictures, you seemed like you knew what you were doing.”

“There’s a difference between knowing what you want, and…” Jihoon trails off and swallows thickly. “And actually taking it.”

His words hang in the air. Meanwhile, Jihoon pulls his shirt all the way off and dumps it on the side of the desk.

“I guess I’m—worried,” Jihoon murmurs. “I don’t know—I can still hardly believe this is real.”

Seungcheol moves closer. He secures his hands around Jihoon’s middle and brings him in until Seungcheol’s stomach rests gently on his thighs.

“Don’t doubt it, Jihoon,” Seungcheol says softly. “I want you. It’s as simple as that.”

With some hesitation, Jihoon nods. Seungcheol slides a hand to the back of his neck and pulls him in for another kiss, slick and heated and heady, something that steals the breath clean out of his lungs.

“Now finish up,” Seungcheol tells him, backing off once more.

Jihoon pulls his belt out of his pants slowly. The slide of leather through his belt loops echoes through the air. It’s followed by the metal click of his zipper. Here, Jihoon pauses, one hand at the top of his waistband and the other braced on his thigh.

“You know,” Jihoon starts, “I thought this might be a little anticlimactic, considering you’ve seen this already. But it looks like you’re on the edge of your seat.”

“Can you blame me?” Seungcheol asks, an impish grin on his face, dimples popped. “Pictures don’t compare to the real thing.” He drops his gaze to follow the lines of Jihoon’s throat, the planes of his chest and stomach, down to the bulge in his pants. “Like I said, I’ve been spending my days dreaming of this, thinking of all the ways I’d take you—this really is just the beginning.”

Jihoon tries to swallow away the dryness in his throat, wets his lips with his tongue. Seungcheol’s eyes flicker upwards to follow the movement.

“Then I ought to get things moving,” Jihoon murmurs.

He sets his belt aside before rising onto his knees. He hooks both thumbs into the waistband of his pants and shimmies out of them. It’s a little awkward to slip them off while he’s kneeling, but he manages it.

Just as he goes for his underwear, Seungcheol moves in again. He grabs Jihoon by the hips and says, “let me.”

Jihoon nods mutely. He bows his head to watch as Seungcheol handles him with a lot less patience than Jihoon had set as precedent, using one hand to tug off the garment with speed and using the
other to support Jihoon’s weight as needed. As soon as the piece of clothing is discarded, Seungcheol goes down on him without warning, almost swallowing him in one go, wrenching a cry from the pit of Jihoon’s stomach.

“Seungcheol!” Jihoon calls. His weight is balanced on his spread legs, though Seungcheol has both hands on either ass cheek supporting him. Jihoon flounders, unsure where to put his hands, and opts to plant them behind him.

“Fuck,” Jihoon groans. His laboured breath echoes in Seungcheol’s ears, a wordless request, and Seungcheol obliges him. Seungcheol manhandles Jihoon onto his back and wraps his arms around the base of Jihoon’s thighs, holding him firmly in place. He’s never sucked a cock this thick, but the weight of it on his tongue and in the back of his throat spurs a hunger in him that allows him to ignore the strain in his jaw. The way Jihoon writhes and folds his legs over Seungcheol’s shoulders, the surprised and unrestrained moans falling from Jihoon’s lips, the heat of him surrounding Seungcheol’s senses—all of it encourages Seungcheol to move with fervor, desperate, hungry, needy.

“I’m—Seungcheol, please—Seungcheol—” Jihoon can barely string syllables together to form a coherent thought. He digs his heels into Seungcheol’s shoulders and whimpers, “not like this—Seungcheol, I’m gonna—please, sir—”

That last word catches Seungcheol’s attention and he stops. He lifts his head and Jihoon’s erection comes out of his mouth with a pop, slapping wetly against his stomach.

“What’s wrong?” Seungcheol asks. His jaw feels funny, trying to fit around the words pushed out of his throat. “I’m not gonna stop just because you’ve come once.”

Jihoon’s eyes widen. Seungcheol takes his silence as permission to continue: he presses Jihoon back against the desk, urging him to relax, before bringing his hands around to the back of his thighs. He holds Jihoon’s legs up as he wraps his lips around Jihoon’s dick once more.

As he works his mouth up and down Jihoon’s length, he drops a hand down to Jihoon’s asshole. He prods two fingers against that entrance and delights when Jihoon jerks, another moan ripping from his throat, Seungcheol is prepared for it, and he continues to tease his entrance with just those two fingers.

When he slides a finger in a little deeper, Jihoon curls upward.

“I’m really gonna fucking—” Jihoon gasps. He bends forward and grasps at the back of Seungcheol’s shirt, and while he pants for air, he manages words: “Seungcheol, fuck, yes!”

Seungcheol swallows everything down when Jihoon comes in hot spurts down his throat, still working that single finger in and out of him. Seungcheol keeps it in there, teasing, even when he pulls off to level a grin in Jihoon’s direction.

“You’re such a pretty little thing,” he says, soft and sweet despite the lascivious smile spread across his lips, “so tight and loud for me. Is this what you were like when you were sending me
those pictures? A writhing mess on your back with my name on your lips?”

Jihoon doesn’t seem to have the capacity for words at the moment. He nods, swallowing down air at a desperate speed.

Seungcheol pulls out his finger and Jihoon whines. He flops onto his back, spread out like a starfish on the desk. Seungcheol gets to his feet.

“Tired already?” Seungcheol asks. He leans onto his elbows and lays a trail of kisses up Jihoon’s chest, up the column of his throat, and to his lips. They exchange a few lazy kisses that heat up as Jihoon starts to suck on Seungcheol’s tongue.

“Not at all,” Jihoon replies, sitting up. He fits his hands into the lapels of Seungcheol’s jacket and moves so that they’re eye-level.

There’s something to be said about being fully clothed while Jihoon sits there completely naked on his desk. The thought flutters from his mind when Jihoon drops a hand to cup roughly at his cock through his pants.

“How can I be when I have this waiting for me?” Jihoon adds, grinning.

“You flatter me,” Seungcheol replies. He leans forward to press a chaste kiss against Jihoon’s lips, then his cheeks, and ends off with a smooch to the tip of his nose.

Jihoon makes a low noise of complaint. “So sappy,” he mutters.

“Can’t help it: you’re too cute.”

“I was hoping for sexy, but I’ll take the compliment.”

Jihoon fingers Seungcheol’s belt buckle. Seungcheol chuckles and presses close enough for Jihoon to undo it.

“Eager, aren’t we?” Seungcheol asks. He turns his head and drops a kiss right under Jihoon’s ear.

“I can’t let you have all the fun,” Jihoon murmurs in reply.

“Of course, of course.” Seungcheol mouthes the words more than he says them, tracing them against Jihoon’s skin with his lips. His tongue and teeth lay a trail down Jihoon’s neck until Seungcheol stops to suck a bruise on Jihoon’s skin. It’s right about collar level—it should be hidden by Jihoon’s shirt, but at a spot where the fabric will chafe him with every move, reminding him of the mark even if it can’t be seen.

With a click, Seungcheol’s belt falls open. Jihoon manages to undo Seungcheol’s pants with one hand, his other hand clenched tight in Seungcheol’s hair.

“Here,” Seungcheol says. He leans back and pulls himself out of his pants, watching Jihoon’s expression with open mirth.

Jihoon licks his lips.

“Did you want a taste?” Seungcheol offers.

“Yes,” Jihoon replies immediately. He’s quick to reach out and tug Seungcheol forward by a belt loop, dropping onto his elbows and knees soon after. With another tug, Jihoon fits his hot, wet mouth over Seungcheol’s cock and swallows him down about halfway.
Seungcheol can’t help the choked noise that escapes his lungs. Before he knows it, he’s holding onto the edge of his desk with a white-knuckled grip.

Jihoon pulls back to run his tongue along the crown of Seungcheol’s erection. He gives it a sweet kiss right on the tip before pushing at Seungcheol’s hips.

“Sit,” Jihoon urges him, “gonna ride you now.”

A laugh bubbles up Seungcheol’s throat. “You’re telling me what to do now?” he asks, breathless and amused disbelief.

Still, he does what he’s told. He takes a heavy seat in his desk chair and watches with hawk eyes as Jihoon clambers over the desk and onto his lap.

“Hold on, hold on,” Seungcheol says. Laughter lingers on his tongue and shakes his words. He scoots closer to the desk and slides a drawer out. It takes only a bit of rummaging for him to produce a packet of lube.

“And you just have that on you?” Jihoon asks, raising an eyebrow.

“It’s good to be prepared!”

“I don’t wanna know,” Jihoon decides. He plucks the packet from Seungcheol’s grip and rips it open with his teeth.

“If I said you were eager earlier, I think that was an understatement,” Seungcheol comments. His tone wavers at the end of his sentence as Jihoon coats his dick with lube warmed by his hand.

“You’re not the only one who’s been thinking about this,” Jihoon replies. “I’ve been dying to sit on your cock since the moment I saw it. Hell, even before that.”

“Oh?” Seungcheol asks. The sound is more breath than question.

Jihoon smirks. “I’ll tell you all about it when we’re done here,” he promises.

“It’ll be a while, then,” Seungcheol responds around his shortened breaths.

“It can wait. I can’t, though.”

There’s no warning: Jihoon shifts closer on his knees and that’s all Seungcheol can wrap his head around before Jihoon is sinking down onto him, engulfing him slow inch by slow inch. Jihoon arches his back as his head lolls back. A low, low groan filters out of him, and Seungcheol thinks he can see it ripple up through Jihoon’s chest and along the line of his throat to fall from his parted pink lips.

“Fuck,” Seungcheol hisses.

When Jihoon bottoms out, he lets out a shaky breath. Both of his hands are claws in Seungcheol’s shoulders, though Seungcheol doesn’t mind one bit. Seungcheol reaches out to hold Jihoon by the ass—he means to support Jihoon, of course, but there’s no harm in indulging himself.

Jihoon seems to appreciate the gesture. He wiggles his hips, grinding downwards into Seungcheol’s hands and farther along Seungcheol’s erection.

“God,” Jihoon rasps. It’s barely a word, a sentiment passed between them on a gust of breath, and
it’s also the only warning Seungcheol gets before Jihoon starts to move. Jihoon’s tight heat is
dizzying to the point where Seungcheol is glad Jihoon’s the one setting the pace; Seungcheol isn’t
sure he’d be able to control himself if he were the one calling the shots just then.

Moaning, Jihoon leans forward and buries his face against Seungcheol’s shoulder. His face is
angled away from Seungcheol’s face but Seungcheol can hear Jihoon’s voice just fine: it echoes
obscenely through the office, accompanied by the slick slide of skin on skin.

It’s not long before Seungcheol joins him. “Fuck yes,” Seungcheol moans. He moves his hands up
to Jihoon’s hips to guide his movement. “Ride me just like that, Jihoonie—so fucking good for me,
yes.”

His voice trails off into a hiss as Jihon clenches around him. His pace is frantic now and his
reviving erection slaps against his stomach with every rise and fall of his hips. It’s a sight to behold
and Seungcheol contents himself to watch Jihoon bounce on his lap, flushed from the chest up,
eyes clenched shut, creamy thighs trembling with the strain of it all.

“Fuck,” Jihoon whines, the volume of his voice rising quickly, “fuck, fuck, fuck, yes—fuck! Yes!”

Seungcheol wants to hear more of it. He takes Jihoon by the hips none too gently and leans them
forward just enough to have leverage to thrust upwards. The new angle has them both groaning,
both breathless, seeing the same set of stars on the backs of their eyelids.

“Seungcheol! Fuck me! Yes!” Jihoon cries. His hands have found the edge of Seungcheol’s desk,
barely bracing his weight as his body shudders with every hard thrust into him. His legs dangle
over the armrests of Seungcheol’s chair as Seungcheol fucks up into him at a brutal pace.

When Jihoon ends up on his back on top of the desk, his breath is forced from his lungs in a hoarse
huff. Jihoon looks up and catches Seungcheol’s gaze. Seungcheol’s hips stutter in their movement,
losing some momentum—and he stops entirely when Jihoon grins at him, all wrecked and
breathless and somehow, some way, completely, entirely smug.

The expression softens as Jihoon brushes some of Seungcheol’s hair out of his eyes. It seems to
pull Seungcheol out of some sort of trance, and, smiling warmly, he relaxes his grip around
Jihoon’s thighs.

“Yes,” Seungcheol pants, agreeing with something unsaid, “I did… have something else in mind,
actually.”

Jihoon quirks a brow and speaks around his laboured breath: “I was… happy to ride you, but… if
you have other plans.” He swings his legs back and forth once. “I could come again, if that’s what
you’re thinking.”

“Oh, I know.”

Both Jihoon and Seungcheol hiss as he starts to pull out. However, before he pulls out entirely, he
Teases Jihoon with just the tip, a quick and shallow in-and-out. He relishes in the feeling of Jihoon
trying to wiggle closer, greedy despite his earlier orgasm.

“Okay, let’s not get distracted,” Seungcheol laughs. Just as he closes his mouth, he throws his
weight forward on his arms, filling Jihoon up to the hilt, dragging a filthy, delicious scream out of
him.

“Ahn, god!” Jihoon cries. “Fuck, Seungcheol…” his voice trails off into a gasp.
Seungcheol pulls out slowly. He watches as Jihoon cracks his eyes open to shoot him a pleading look.

“You’ll tease me to death,” Jihoon groans. By now, his words are a rough scrape of breath out of his throat, so hoarse and used.

“I’m just enjoying myself,” Seungcheol replies. He bends to press a kiss to the corner of Jihoon’s mouth, brief and sweet. “Wouldn’t be too bad a way to go, hmm? Death by cock?”

Jihoon shudders around him. He squeezes Seungcheol’s waist with his thighs and murmurs, “no, I suppose not.”

Seungcheol chuckles. “Alright, I’m done.”

“Somehow,” Jihoon pants, “I don’t think ‘done’ is quite the word you want to use.”

“No,” Seungcheol agrees, “it’s not.”

He pulls out entirely in one quick motion. The temptation to finish then and there is too strong with Jihoon on his back like that, but Seungcheol still has a few things left to cross off his list for today.

Jihoon struggles into a sitting position. He pushes his hair out of his face with one hand, and when he lowers it, some of his hair stands up in tufts. His eyes quickly find Seungcheol’s—and then a look of remembrance crosses his features.

“Hey, what time is it?” Jihoon asks out of the blue.

Seungcheol hesitates. “Why? Do you have an appointment? A hot date?”

Jihoon snorts. “As if there were something more important than this,” he retorts. “No, I’m just… curious how long I’ve been in here.”

“No one out there’s missing you,” Seungcheol dismisses. “Not any more than I would miss you if you left.”

Although Jihoon snorts again, there’s a small smile curling his lips. “You’re right, but it’s a simple question. Sir.”

Seungcheol perks up. He won’t lie: the whole “sir” thing is a weakness for him.

“It’s a bit past four,” he relents. “Probably about an hour since you came in. Maybe more.”

Jihoon grins. “Okay, cool.”

Rolling his eyes, Seungcheol plants a palm on the desk and turns to press his mouth to Jihoon’s. The way Jihoon kisses is patient, like he knows he’ll be rewarded if he takes his time, thorough, exploratory, smouldering hot. He’s not rough, but he tugs and pulls Seungcheol along; it’s not enough to be teasing, but it’s not enough to be satisfying either.

Jihoon has his teeth in Seungcheol’s bottom lip when Seungcheol tries to pull away.

“Come on,” Seungcheol murmurs. He pulls Jihoon to the edge of the desk by his waist. “On your feet now.”

Seungcheol holds his hands out. Jihoon takes them and leans his weight onto them as he hops off the desk, his legs wobbling just slightly. His stance straightens out as Seungcheol leads him over to
the window. There, Jihoon hesitates.

“You know I am naked, right?” Jihoon asks, sending him a sideways glance.

“It’s a good view. It’s worth it.” Seungcheol winds an arm around Jihoon’s waist and urges him forward. “Besides—what if I want to show you off a little?”

The tips of Jihoon’s ears turn pink. Seungcheol leans down to kiss along the shell of his ear. “Just lean forward for me,” he whispers.

Jihoon glances up over his shoulder and meets Seungcheol’s eye. He smiles and, after a breath, Jihoon smiles back.

“This is pretty high up,” Jihoon observes.

Beyond the window lies the heart of downtown. Skyscrapers shoot past them, glass panes reflecting the afternoon sunlight, white smudges of clouds painted across metal. The angular architecture seems cold at a first glance, but the constant bustle of people on the streets and in their little pockets of office serves as a juxtaposition to the hard steel and glass protruding from the ground.

While Jihoon is busy marvelling over the view, Seungcheol slowly sinks to his knees. On his way down, he noses and kisses along the planes of Jihoon’s back, running affectionate fingertips along his skin. Jihoon arches his spine and braces his weight on the glass in front of him.

“Gonna indulge in an afternoon snack, then?” Jihoon asks. His voice bounces off the window, amused syllables with an undercurrent of heat.

It’s not long before Seungcheol has his hands on either side of Jihoon’s ass. He kneads the flesh and Jihoon arches his back further.

“I did say I would, didn’t I?” Seungcheol rumbles, reflecting Jihoon’s mirth.

He spreads Jihoon’s cheeks. The leftover lube glints with the reflected afternoon light streaking past Jihoon’s body like a halo.

“Oh,” Jihoon says severely, his breath fogging up the glass in front of him, “Seungcheol…”

Seungcheol digs his fingers into the supple flesh of Jihoon’s ass as he drags his tongue around the rim of Jihoon’s hole, teasing. It takes no effort to push Jihoon forward until his cock is up against the cool, smooth glass of the window; Seungcheol can feel the full-body shiver that thrums through Jihoon from the contact, the strange and minimal friction.

With a tap to Jihoon’s knees, Seungcheol encourages him to spread his legs some more. A bit of Jihoon’s pre-cum dribbles against the window.

“S-Seungcheol!” Jihoon cries out.

Seungcheol’s face is buried in Jihoon’s ass as he fucks him with his tongue, no holds barred, not a trace of restraint. Around his tongue, Jihoon shakes all the way down to his toes, scrabbling for purchase on the window.

“Fuck, fuck, f—ah, oh god, ahhn,” Jihoon moans. His back curls into a pretty arch, although Jihoon doesn’t seem sure if he should move to fuck himself onto Seungcheol’s mouth or seek friction from the glass before him.
Seungcheol dips both thumbs into Jihoon’s hole and wrenches a whimpering moan from the depths of Jihoon’s lungs.

“Seungcheol, please,” Jihoon begs, vague but desperate nonetheless, wanting nothing more than Seungcheol himself, “please. Sir—fuck me again, fuck me now, give me more, p-please—sir—”

With one last lick, Seungcheol backs away a little.

“And how much do you want me?” Seungcheol asks, a tiny laugh stretched over his words.

“More than anything,” Jihoon replies, still so hoarse, still so breathless. “Please. Please.”

There’s nothing left for Jihoon to say: his words trickle into simple pleas wrapped around Seungcheol’s name.

The heated desperation burns Seungcheol up from the inside, more so than he was anticipating, and his moves are hungry, predatory, as he snatches Jihoon up by the waist once he’s on his feet again. Jihoon catches his weight against the window, but he complies to Seungcheol’s unspoken request and bends forward for him. He balances himself on his toes to help compensate for the height difference, and with the newfound space between his body and the window, Seungcheol can see how much pre-cum has stained the glass.

“You’re so wet for me,” Seungcheol preens. His cock is snug between Jihoon’s ass cheeks, but he makes no move to penetrate. “So desperate. Does it turn you on, being displayed like this to the whole world?”

Jihoon’s shoulders tremble, but not in any sort of definitive way. It’s doesn’t matter; Seungcheol presses forward and noses along the shell of Jihoon’s ear anyway.

“If anyone chanced a glance in this direction, they’d see us... and they’d know that you’re mine.” Seungcheol turns his head and speaks against Jihoon’s neck: “You’re mine. Not just pictures, no more teasing... This is for my eyes and my eyes only now.”

He sinks his teeth into the junction of Jihoon’s shoulder, right at the base of his neck, and wraps firm fingers around Jihoon’s erection. A few ruthless pumps has Jihoon whining and pressing back into the cradle of Seungcheol’s hips.

With his free hand, Seungcheol lines up his cock to Jihoon’s entrance. The slide forward is smooth, natural, and steals the air from both their bodies in one clean motion.

Jihoon clamps a hand over Seungcheol’s wrist. “Fuck me,” Jihoon murmurs, “make me come.”

“Is that a request?” Seungcheol asks. He stills to the point where he can feel Jihoon’s chest expanding and contracting against his own.

“If I’m yours,” Jihoon pants out, “then it’s your responsibility—isn’t it?”

Seungcheol huffs a laugh. “You’re right,” he says, his words slow as they pass through his predatory smile. “You’re absolutely right.”

There is not a single trace of caution as Seungcheol thrusts forward. Jihoon scrambles to support his weight, but he’s moaning already, head thrown back along the curve of his shoulders. Seungcheol grabs Jihoon by the hair and pulls him up further, using that one point of contact to balance the seam of their bodies as he pushes in and out at a brutal, reckless pace.
“Fuck,” Jihoon chokes out. “Fuck, fuck, yeah—!”

His entire body jerks forward with every move Seungcheol makes, and the sight of him only spurs Seungcheol on. Jihoon is beautiful, perfect, and Seungcheol wonders if it’s wrong of him to delight in such an exquisite human being breaking under his fingertips.

“Harder!” Jihoon cries. By now, he’s completely at Seungcheol’s mercy, bouncing frantically against the window, a hand on his cock pumping at an erratic, urgent speed. “Fuck me! Harder, sir, please!”

A growl bursts from the depths of Seungcheol’s chest. He didn’t think he was holding back, but as soon as the plea drops from Jihoon’s lips, something unfolds within Seungcheol. Using a vice grip, Seungcheol holds Jihoon by the hips and yanks him closer. A stream of curses flow freely from his mouth and heat courses through him, an itching sensation under his skin, insatiable, driving him closer and closer to his peak.

“Jihoonie, fuck—” Seungcheol grits out. “Such a good boy—fuck—is this hard enough for you, baby?”

“Yes—fuck, don’t stop! Please!” Jihoon cries out in response.

Jihoon clenches around Seungcheol’s cock as he pushes back to meet Seungcheol thrust for thrust. They’re a mess, writhing against this window, but Seungcheol can think of nothing better—the heat and friction and sound and sight and smell of Jihoon is perfect, perfect, perfect. His thoughts veer off into endless praise and affection and hit a wall when Jihoon shouts his name.

A broken cry shudders through Jihoon’s throat when he comes all over the window. His orgasm has him spasming around Seungcheol, wresting him closer to his peak. It doesn’t take him long to follow Jihoon’s example and come. He keeps thrusting until he’s utterly spent and he can feel Jihoon shiver under him.

“Seungcheol, fuck,” Jihoon rasps, his voice a strange whisper layered with exhaustion and satisfaction and—fondness. His head hangs between the curve of his shoulders and his hands are pressed against the window to keep his weight steady; to top it all off, a fine tremble buzzes through him.

Seungcheol gathers up this small, amazing man and pulls him into a crushing embrace. He’s quick to find his chair and they settle onto it heavily. Jihoon fits snugly in his lap, a lax pile of bone and muscle.

The urge to smother Jihoon in affection, cover him in a thousand kisses, bubbles up and spills over in Seungcheol’s chest, frothing and hot to the touch. Jihoon manages a few breathy giggles as Seungcheol’s lips flutter all over his neck and shoulders.

“Sap,” Jihoon says, but something about the simple word is full and round. Seungcheol feels like he could scoop up the word with two hands and pop it into his mouth like a sugary treat.

“I’m just so—” Seungcheol starts to reply. He can’t find a suitable ending to that sentiment, but Jihoon solves his problem by turning and pressing a kiss to his lips.

“You can save it for later,” Jihoon tells him. He frowns and touches his throat. “Actually, maybe I should take a break from talking too.”

“You were screaming your little heart out,” Seungcheol replies, wearing an impish grin.
Jihoon rolls his eyes, but he returns the grin with a smile. “Yeah, and that’s all that needs to be said about the matter, right?”

“I dunno. I could stand for a bit more praise.”

Jihoon flicks Seungcheol in the middle of his forehead.

“It’s not my job to inflate your ego,” Jihoon mutters. A blush touches upon the edges of his face. “Besides, I think you’ll get your fill of praise in the future.”

“You say that as if I could ever get tired of hearing how great I am.” The grin on Seungcheol’s face stretches as he leans back to level a smug look in Jihoon’s direction. “So what you’re saying is I’m gonna fuck you senseless for weeks on end and you’ll be screaming my name the entire time?”

“What does it sound like?”

Seungcheol hums. Jihoon yelps when Seungcheol pinches the side of his thigh none too gently.

“I’m not quite sure it’s appropriate for you to talk back to me,” Seungcheol says lowly. “I was asking you a question.”

The flush in Jihoon’s skin darkens. “Yes,” Jihoon squeaks. “My answer is yes.”

“Yes…?”” Seungcheol prompts him.

“Yes—sir.”

Seungcheol’s face lights up and he goes in for a quick kiss. “Good boy,” he says once he pulls back.

Jihoon’s face crinkles in a half-hearted pout. “Don’t abuse that,” he mutters. At least he’s not denying that he likes it.

“I’ll try not to.” Seungcheol lifts a hand and cards it through Jihoon’s sweaty hair. It sticks up until Seungcheol pets it down, and he quickly falls into a soothing rhythm of petting and brushing. “You’re just so cute.”

“And sexy,” Jihoon insists.

“Kind of hard to call you that when you’re in my lap basically purring like a cat.”

Jihoon hums. His eyes are closed now, a perfect picture of relaxation. “I guess I can’t argue that,” he acquiesces.

Eventually, the sweat, among other fluids, cools off and Jihoon’s nakedness becomes especially apparent. Seungcheol pulls out some wipes from his desk and cleans them both off.

“Next time,” Jihoon starts as he tucks his shirt into his pants, “you’re getting naked. The whole boss-in-a-suit thing is pretty hot, but I want to touch you for real.”

Seungcheol smiles. He has his chin balanced on his open palm as he watches Jihoon pull his clothes on. “Anything you want, sweetheart,” he coos.

Jihoon looks up. His mouth pulls into a twisted expression, not quite heated enough to be a scowl, but he doesn’t argue. As he does up the last button on his shirt, he starts to search for something. Seungcheol continues to watch, amused.
When Jihoon accidentally kicks at the garbage bin next to Seungcheol’s desk, he stops.

“Oh,” Jihoon mutters. “Right.”

Chuckling, Seungcheol leans over and pulls something out of his desk.

“Come here,” Seungcheol beckons him. Jihoon closes the distance between them in few steps and touches Seungcheol’s knee once he’s within reach.

Seungcheol loops a simple black tie around Jihoon’s collar. For a brief moment, he stops to thumb the mark on Jihoon’s neck. Jihoon tilts his head back obligingly.

“I had other plans for this tie,” Seungcheol comments casually, “but I think this is probably a more appropriate use.”

“I don’t think you’re one to talk about appropriateness, sir,” Jihoon deadpans.

Seungcheol pulls the slipknot up as high as it will go up Jihoon’s collar. It’s a little tight, but Jihoon doesn’t move to adjust it.

“Did you mean inappropriate like…” Jihoon trails off, his voice low and breathy, and mimics tugging at the tie.

Seungcheol chuckles. “No, not quite, but if you’re into that, I can make arrangements.”

The tips of Jihoon’s ears go red. He slips a finger under the tie and loosens it a little.

“I’ll let you know,” he murmurs.

Seungcheol looks up and catches Jihoon’s gaze. A few seconds of quiet pass before they exchange grins. Soon enough, they burst into laughter, leaning onto Seungcheol’s desk for support.

“Here,” Seungcheol starts, grabbing a pad of post-it notes out of his desk. He scribbles something onto the top sheet before pulling it off and handing it to Jihoon. “My personal phone number.”

“O-Oh,” Jihoon stutters. He picks it up with both hands and stares at it for a while. “Thank you,” he says, tucking it into his pants pocket.

Seungcheol beams up at him. “It’ll make things easier, I think,” he says. “But I’ll have to get you a new phone first.”

“Ah,” Jihoon breathes, “no, it’s fine—I was just gonna go get the screen replaced after work—”

“After work? I can make that,” Seungcheol interrupts him, nodding to himself. He begins to replace his belongings onto his desk. “I’ll grab you when I’m done in here, then.”

“Oh…” Jihoon mumbles.

Jihoon stands there for a while, mute. Seungcheol resists the urge to whistle to himself as he tidies up his workspace; he opts to hum instead.

“Um—” Jihoon suddenly jerks to life. He backs up a step so he can give Seungcheol a quick bow. “Um, I’ll see you then, I guess.”

“Can’t wait,” Seungcheol replies easily. He smiles to himself as Jihoon shuffles over to the exit.
“What do you want for dinner?” he calls out just as Jihoon puts his hand on the doorknob.

“Um,” Jihoon says to the door. Slowly, he turns around. When he’s greeted with Seungcheol’s shit-eating grin, his shoulders slump.

“Think about it,” Seungcheol says. He waves a dismissive hand in Jihoon’s direction before returning to his work.

The door closes with a click. Seungcheol grins to himself and pumps his fist in the air. He clambers to his feet to indulge in a little victory dance—however, he’s stopped short when he turns and lays his eyes on the mess on the window.

Right. Clean-up first, victory dance later. As he gets to his knees to deal with the mess, his mind is flooded by images of Jihoon pressed up against the glass, a quivering, broken mess, and Seungcheol grins to himself.

That victory dance will certainly be well-deserved.

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