We Feast til I'm Starving

by LikeSatellites

Summary

“Hyungwon, I’m not quite sure how to say this to you, but the person in the video streaming on your channel is not you. And they are...not eating.”

aka Hyungwon is a famous mukbang BJ and Wonho is a famous camboy. They accidentally trade laptops and broadcast on one another's channels. Things snowball from there.

Notes

A/N: weLL I'm sliding myself into the MX fic fandom because I've wanted to write this fic for so long now, and I've loved MX since No Mercy so!! And here it is!!! If you know my VIXX fics, hello friends!! If you don't, then, I'm sorry. Here is my contribution to the hyungwonho fic conversation. I hope you enjoy!!
Hyungwon’s ddeokbokki is sizzling softly in the pan atop his desk when his phone buzzes and his mom’s picture flashes on the screen.

“Oh, shoot, everyone, hold up,” he says to his laptop screen, holding up his hand and offering an apologetic smile at his webcam. He steps away from the desk chair, and a flood of messages starts streaming down his screen. “Uh, Mom, sorry. I’m...working.”

“You’re going to pick up the cake for your father’s birthday, right?” her voice is quiet, gentle, and it sends a pang of something deep into Hyungwon’s core.

“Yeah, Mom, I’m going after I finish work. It’s right around the corner,” he says, eyeing his screen, and his rapidly condensing ddeokbokki sauce in the pan. “I’m gonna finish work now, and then I’ll head over and drop it off.”

“You’re not staying?”

“No, Mom,” Hyungwon sighs, itching to end the call. “I’ll bring the cake in an hour or so.”

“Okay, dear. You sound stressed. Is work stressing you out?”

“No, Mom,” Hyungwon laughs, still watching the bubbling magma of red sauce on his desk. A little bubble pops and sends a little glop of hot sauce into his open laptop, luckily missing the keyboard and trackpad. “Work is far from stressful. Just wait a little, and I’ll have the cake. I love you, Mom, okay?”

“I love you too. Be safe driving over. Don’t go too fast. Don’t--”

“I know, mom. I know. I’ll be very careful. The most careful, yeah? I love you. I have to go finish work. See you soon.”

“See you so--”

Hyungwon rushes over to his desk, shuts the hot plate burner off, and huffs, “I’m sorry, everyone. Family, am I right?” He rolls his eyes as a chorus of “U LOOK LIKE A MEME LOL!” rolls down the screen, and he grabs his chopsticks, rubbing them together in his hands. “Okay, so this is, what? Third pan? Man, I lost count. I think my lips are numb.” He leans over the hot steaming pan and inhales the spicy scent of gochujang and honey and fish cakes.

He lifts his eyes to the screen, sees a series of messages now exclaiming, “BJ H.ONE YOU ARE SO SKINNY HOW DO U EAT SO MUCH?” and Hyungwon laughs and stirs his rice cakes with his chopsticks. “One day it’ll catch up with me, I’m sure. But for now, I’m gonna eat all these rice cakes and tell you a story about how one time my friend--I’ve been calling him Honey, right?--one time he and I ate three servings (each) of seafood udon, and the lady at the restaurant banned us from coming back because we paid all in 10 won coins. I mean, we were, like, twelve, so what did she expect, right?”

He barks a laugh and starts shoveling hot rice cakes into his mouth, watching the messages scroll down his screen, and feeling pretty blessed at all the heart emojis popping up. There is nothing like being loved in abundance for simply doing what he does best. Well, second best. Sleep is obviously his number one skill, but eating...
Eating is what pays the bills.

At the end of the broadcast, Hyungwon checks his bank account and winces. Not nearly as much as he’d been hoping to make today. But he couldn’t blame the people who left the broadcast while he grumbled on the phone with his mom.

He’d make it up next broadcast. Maybe crab legs? Or, inspired by his mom’s request, cakes?

He drops his laptop into his backpack, a flimsy old black canvas thing, and treks down to the street to unlock his car.

Now, Hyungwon may make a decent enough living with his broadcast channel, but there is no amount of money in the world that could make him give up his car. It’s a 2000 Hyundai Santa Fe, the first year the car was released, and Hyungwon has wanted one since he was a kid, after seeing it on the street for the first time. He’d never seen a car larger than a compact car before, and it looked so...powerful.

And of course he had to have the one he saw then. The model, obviously, not the exact car. Though he wishes he could track that car down.

This one is far from as shiny and sleek as the one he’d seen. It’s got dents on the bumpers, two of the four doors, and one of the tail lights is out. He’s been pulled over more times than should be legally allowed for the tail light thing, but all the cops have recognized him from his channel and given him a forgiving smile each time.

It pays to be a mukbang celebrity sometimes.

The car is, admittedly, a piece of garbage. It may have once been great, and Hyungwon wishes he didn’t hold onto desires like he holds onto grudges because he should really have gotten a good car when he could finally afford one, but he can’t let it go. It seeped into his pores, and now the car is like family.

At the cafe, Hyungwon eyes the cakes in the display with long fingers pressed to the glass, and the guy behind the counter glares at him until he lifts his head and points to the plain sponge cake with strawberries interspersed throughout the whipped cream.

“Even after all that?” the guy behind the counter scoffs. “All the browsing?”

Hyungwon bristles, standing up taller behind the counter. “It’s for my dad. He’s boring.”

The guy behind the counter laughs, and Hyungwon clears his throat and drops his backpack on the counter to pull out his wallet. In his distraction, his eyes never leaving the sharp and unusual planes of the guy behind the counter’s face, his backpack slips over the counter and lands on the other side.

“Oh shit, sorry,” Hyungwon cries, leaning over the counter to grab at the bag.

“It’s totally fine.” A large warm hand presses on Hyungwon’s shoulder to ease him off of where he’s tried to climb over the counter. “I got it. You have the crown jewels in here or something?”

Hyungwon grabs at his backpack when the guy holds it out over the counter, along with his dad’s nicely packaged cake.

“Just my laptop. Kind of my lifeline.”
“That’s how I feel too,” the guy replies, taking Hyungwon’s card and swiping it. “Kinda sad, isn’t it? This is why my grandparents think our generation is all robots.”

“At least we are well-informed robots. Plus, people who say technology makes us less social have clearly never really explored technology at all. I’m social in ways my damn grandparents never thought possible. They can’t even fathom it,” Hyungwon replies, slipping his card back into his wallet and tucking it into his backpack. “Not to proselytize or whatever. I just think that claim is stupid. So we don’t stand in the rain with newspapers, waiting for the bus anymore and checking up on the stocks. Whatever. Now we can communicate with people in Europe, America, Africa. I could care less that my neighbor doesn’t chat with me about the weather at the bus stop everyday. I’ve got people in France who know my name.”

The guy presses his lips together, clearly trying not to laugh again, and Hyungwon feels dumb.

“Ugh, I did it again.”

“I love that you said ‘not to proselytize’ and then proceeded to do just that. Priceless,” the guy answers, handing Hyungwon a coupon. “Sorry for igniting your soapbox flames, friend. Have a free coffee on me sometime.”

Hyungwon stares dumbly at the coupon before feeling the flush of embarrassment spreading over his neck. He snatches the coupon from the guy’s hand and nods in thanks.

“Oh, see you then,” he mutters, quickly shrugging his backpack onto his shoulders and lumbering to the door.

He can hear the soft sounds of laughter at his back.

And only when he’s in the car, halfway to his parent’s house, does Hyungwon realize the guy was kind of really fucking hot.

Hoseok drops his bag next to his desk and drops into his desk chair. His back aches, his shins are on fire, and his temples are throbbing, but the day is over, and he has the day off tomorrow. He supposes he should do a broadcast, despite the muscles drawing themselves into knots on either side of his spine.

He pulls out his laptop from his bag and starts typing in the url for his broadcast channel when he notices the internet isn’t logged on.

Huh.

He quickly types in the passcode and unbuckles his belt as he waits. When he turns back around, he notices a splotch of red beside his trackpad. Red like...sauce? Hoseok doesn’t remember the last time he ate near his computer. It’s fucking unsanitary. He grabs a wet wipe (the pack he keeps on his desk to sanitize his toys wipe off his skin) and and scrubs at the splotch until it flakes off.

Gross.

The camera page reloads, and it doesn’t really look like it normally does, but Hoseok doesn’t question it. The webcam section of the site is always changing, expanding, as more guy like him get channels. His face looks blinding and white in the light of his desk lamp. He reaches over and clicks the dimmer.
Yeah, his lamp has a dimmer.

Kinda necessary for this part of the job. It casts his body in a faint glowing light, the shadows of the dips of his abdominal muscles are more prominent, the light not really bright enough to accentuate the features of his face.

The screen blinks with notifications, but Hoseok ignores them, knowing they don’t expect him to respond to them, not always. Sometimes it’s fun to lean in to read them while sucking on his fingers and teasing his cock, waiting for the demands, the voices begging him to fuck himself for them. They tell him what they want to see. He already knows what they want to see, and today he is too tired to do too much, so they’ll have to deal. He shimmies out of his jeans, the denim sticking to his thighs with sweat from standing all day in the cafe.

He doesn’t take his shirt off, knows they like it when it’s hiked up under his chin, his stomach curled up in his desk chair, abs slightly flexed as he spreads his legs up on the desk. He tips his head back on the headrest of his leather desk chair and bends his knees, shifting forward in the chair to bring his cock into the light more.

His screen is blinking rapidly with notifications, more than he thinks he’s ever noticed. Maybe they like it when he looks exhausted? Unshowered? He wouldn’t be surprised. They’ve asked him for some insane shit. Socks on, everything else off. Film from underneath his stomach while he’s on all fours on the bed, rutting against his pillow. Sing along to old Fin.K.L. songs while he fucks himself on three fingers. He remembers having the lyrics open on his phone and then blushing with shame at not even needing them at all.

Hoseok sometimes hates how easy this is for him. How easy it is to picture all those eyes, all those hands. He remembers the first time, criminally young at sixteen, stumbling upon a chatroom where someone asked him A/S/L, and he lied and said 18/M/Seoul, instead of 16/M/Anyang. He remembers opening an attachment and finding a poorly loaded, poorly photographed image of a man’s dick, shot at an upward angle, with a thick fist coiled around the base. He remembers quickly exiting the chatroom as the men began typing: What’s your name? Do you like cock? Do you want my co--

He remembers lying in his bed wondering what the fuck was wrong with him. Why his totally straight, totally underage cock was so hard at the idea of those men being turned on by him. He didn’t know them. He had no idea who they were, what they looked like, where they lived.

He just knew that they were behind their screens, stroking their fucking dicks to the idea of Hoseok. And, God, the power in that. The fucking exhilaration. It could be the fucking president behind one of those usernames, watching under his presidential fucking desk, whipping out his presidential cock, cumming into a presidential tissue with ‘Wonho’ on his lips.

Because that’s who he is. Wonho.

It was the name he gave those years back, when he first discovered chatrooms. I’m Wonho. 18/M/Seoul. Wonho. 19/M/Gangnam. Wonho.

And the shame has mostly disappeared since then. Sure, he can’t tell his family about where he gets a lot of his income from, but that doesn’t matter. And, sure, he doesn’t particularly want to show his face, just in case. But he’s met with so many other camboys now, two years after starting his channel, and they’re all so sweet, so professional, and he feels like he has a family here. More than he has at the cafe.

And his patrons take care of him. They like him. There’s no shame in that.
And if there is, the shame only makes it better for him now.

Hoseok licks his palm, slowly, letting the camera focus on the glide of his tongue over his skin, before he slips his hand down over the planes of his chest, the curve of his stomach, eventually landing on his cock. Sometimes he could tease this out. He’s cammed sessions for four hours before. Teasing himself. Teasing them. Crying out brokenly, hips lifted off the bed, thrusting back onto his fingers, listening to the delicate dinging of the notification bells.

But tonight he’s too fucking exhausted. He honestly doesn’t need to shoot tonight. But there’s that ache in his gut that compels him to do it. That craving of release, that need for all those anonymous eyes, anonymous voices, anonymous hands to surround him and tell him he’s perfect, he’s gorgeous: the way he curls his wrists over the head of his cock, the way his lips part as he gasps, the way he leaks desperately onto his pale stomach as he teases out his orgasm, the way he flashes a pleased and contented smile at the camera as he brings his fingers, coated in his release, to his lips.

Tonight he doesn’t tease it out. He strokes hard, fast, head tipped back, the long line of his throat and jaw exposed to the light, and he doesn’t even look at the praise on the screen, doesn’t need to. Just the thought of it, the thought of them all seeing how desperate and easy he is tonight, God, it just gets right into his blood. Like pulling the brake wires of his car and letting himself careen off a bridge and burst into flame in front of the whole world.

And he’s coming fast, almost embarrassingly fast, but he knows they like that too. They like it when he seems rushed, only giving soft groans, letting them hear the slick sound of his hand against the warm skin of his cock. They like it when he seems desperate for them, desperate to let them see just how desperate he is.

He feels the heat coiling low in his gut, and he gives in. He thumbs the slit at the head of his cock for a moment before dragging his hand hard and tight up the shaft, and then he’s coming with just a rasped out, heavy breath.

He stands on tired, unsteady legs to hover above the laptop, not letting them see his face as he switches off the broadcast. The light goes out beside his webcam, and he pulls his laptop with him into bed, using his shirt to wipe the cum from his stomach and tossing it down beside his bed as he burrows under the covers.

The first notification makes something in Hoseok’s chest catch fire. And not in the way he likes. In the way that perhaps implies he majorly, majorly fucked up.

Because his first notification isn’t: WONHO SHOW US UR PRTY FACE U COCKSLUT.

It’s: BJ H.ONE WHO IS THIS?

BJ H.ONE STOP

BJ H.ONE SOMEONE IS ON YOUR CHANNEL.

Hoseok minimizes the browser screen and sees the desktop is an image of a cartoon frog.

This, Hoseok realizes with a sharp pang of oh fuck, is not Hoseok’s laptop.

And that broadcast, he concludes with yet another even sharper pang of Dear fucking God above, was not on Wonho’s camboy porn channel.
Hyungwon is in the middle of his broadcast when his phone rings again.

He really isn’t going to answer it. He has a bowl the size of his whole torso on his desk, bubbling with tofu and squash and chili paste and broth, and he really would like to be able to complete a broadcast and eat his fucking food without interruption, but the phone picks up ringing again when he ignores it a third time.

“Jooheon, you know this is when I do my Friday night broadcast,” he hisses, swiveling away from his laptop.

Jooheon is shouting, his voice searing into Hyungwon’s graymatter as he bellows, “CHAE HYUNGWON HOLY SHIT DID YOU GET HACKED?”

Hyungwon glances over at his screen and sees only his face peering back at him. “What are you talking about? I’m literally broadcasting right now.” He waves at the screen with his long silver spoon.

“Uh, bro, you aren’t broadcasting right now,” Jooheon replies.

Hyungwon sighs and rubs at his temples. “I’m waving right now. Hello? I have a giant fucking bowl of soondubu that is gonna get cold while I’m arguing with you about an incontestable fact.”

“Hyungwon, I’m not quite sure how to say this to you, but the person in the video streaming on your channel is not you. And they are...not eating.”

Hyungwon leans in towards his laptop and drops his spoon in the bowl with a soft *plop*, and it sinks to the bottom of the steaming broth.

“I--” he chokes out, seeing the stream of comments along the side of his screen. So many...eggplant emojis.

**WONHO WHO DIS?**

**WONHO SHOW US UR PRETTY COCK PLZ**

**WONHO IS THIS UR BF OR SOMETHING Y ISNT HE NAKED**

Hyungwon rapidly shuts the browser, not even ending the broadcast properly, as he types in the correct url for his own channel.

And there, in the *recent uploads* is a dark, grainy video that is most certainly not BJ H.One eating soondubu. He clicks, and as the page loads, he knows, he *knows* he’s completely and totally fucked.

The shoulders. The tapered waist. The hard line of the jaw. The hair that glows pale blond in the dim light.

His room fills with the sounds of heated, hard panting breaths, and Hyungwon is about to turn it off--really, he is--when the page goes black. A pop-up appears on his screen in bright bold letters: BJ H.ONE YOUR CHANNEL HAS BEEN FLAGGED AND SUSPENDED FOR INAPPROPRIATE CONTENT. PLEASE CONTACT OUR CUSTOMER SERVICE LINE TO CONTEST THE SUSPENSION.

Jooheon, still on the line, gives a weak, croaking laugh. “Uh, Hyungwon, if this camboy dude jerked off on your channel, what, uh, what channel have you been broadcasting on?”
Hyungwon drops his head with a thunk to the hard wood of his desk, hand clutching at his phone desperately. “Jooheon, why is the Universe punishing me?”

“I’m, uh, guessing that means you really did broadcast something, huh?”

Hyungwon’s hands start shaking, and he releases a long, shuddering exhale.

“I just cooked soondubu on a fucking porn blog.”

It’s two in the morning when Hyungwon gets an email notification.

LHoseok@email.com

Hello!! and sorry!!

So I’m guessing you’re the owner of this laptop. I’m pretty sure I actually know who you are, too. Man, this is shitty as hell. You’re the tall guy from the cafe, right? Black backpack? I have the same bag, and it was really stupid of me to not check when I was picking it up. I even thought to myself like wow this bag that landed right next to my bag behind the counter looks exactly like mine in every way I should really check its contents first, but we even have the same laptop. It’s all kind of karmic in a way, don’t you think? Well, probably not. I’m not sure what kind of karma this would be. Maybe I was too distracted by how tall and kind of pretty you were? Wait, ignore that, I’m rambling because it is late, and I’m nervous. Please don’t hate me. I swear I don’t steal laptops and broadcast porn on them all the time. This is just a sick twist of fate, eh?

Anyhow, I’m Hoseok, and I would like to return this to you at your earliest convenience? I have off tomorrow, so we can meet up somewhere and trade back. I deleted the video from your channel, but then when I checked, your account was suspended, so I feel really awful. I emailed the blog service guys and apologized and told them it was a random fluke and will never happen again, so I hope they reinstate your channel.

I’ll buy you some bbq or something? There’s a place near my cafe you’ve probably seen. Meet there at like noon?

I’ve never used this many question marks or exclamation points in my life, honestly. I hate this!!!!

Well, sorry again!!!!!!

Hoseok

H.Chae@email.com

12 is fine. See you there.

He shuts Hoseok’s laptop and piles all his pillows over his body until it feels like the world is descending gently upon his body to squash it into oblivion.

It’s a comforting thought.
Hoseok is waiting for Hyungwon outside the barbeque place leaning against the wall beside the door, eyes on his phone.

He lifts his gaze when he hears the scuff of Hyungwon’s heavy boots on the sidewalk as he approaches tentatively.

“Ah, you really came, huh?”

Hyungwon holds the backpack out wordlessly.

Hoseok chuckles, clearly nervous, and holds Hyungwon’s out as well. They grab at the bags in unison and then shuffle further apart awkwardly.

Hoseok thumbs at the door. “I’m buying?”

Hyungwon has never turned down food before, but this time he is tempted. His life is over because of this guy. Not only is his channel suspended, thereby implying his income is also suspended, but he showed his face. To a bunch of furiously masturbating porn viewers.

He isn’t sure he feels like eating.

But then Hoseok holds open the door and offers this kind of demure, embarrassed smile, and Hyungwon feels his feet moving through the doorway.

The air is scented with fatty oils and charcoal, and Hyungwon feels his stomach reacting needily. He hasn’t had meat in a while. It’s too hard to grill on the tiny hot plate in his bedroom, and he doesn’t have a real kitchen in his little studio apartment.

Hoseok grabs a table in the back, pouring Hyungwon a cup of barley tea before pouring himself a cup. It’s the kind of little polite gesture that Hyungwon hates because it means he can’t resent every aspect of Hoseok’s existence. He’s not the scum of the earth, set out to ruin Hyungwon’s life.

Though it certainly feels that way.

“So, uh, I guess you figured out my second job,” Hoseok says, sipping at his tea and peering at Hyungwon over the rim of the cup.

Hyungwon, cup raised to his lips, nearly splutters. He puts the cup down, wiping his clammy palms on the denim coating his thighs.

“I’m, uh, not sure if this helps you at all, but my channel is pretty obscure. If you’re worried about anyone recognizing you. It’s kind of an unspoken rule of our community that we don’t approach workers if we see them on the streets, you know? Not that you’re a sex worker, but you know what I mean. No one is gonna harass you for being on my channel. And you only went live for a few minutes anyhow. Though,” Hoseok says, tilting his head to the side, his tongue slipping out over his bottom lip casually, as if it is nothing, “you do have a pretty unique face. It’s the, ah--”

“The lips, right?” Hyungwon pulls them inside his mouth to hide them from Hoseok’s wandering gaze.

Hoseok nods, still grinning this slow lazy smile. “Definitely the lips. You have the kind of face that people profit off of on a channel like mine, honestly. Not to make you uncomfortable. It’s a compliment. I wish I had features like yours.”

“You have cute ears,” Hyungwon blurs, quickly grabbing his tea and hiding behind the cup as he
chokes on an ice cube.

Hoseok reaches up to the finger the shell of his right ear, fiddling with the little silver stud in the lobe, and his smile spreads until the tiniest hint of dimple appears in his cheek.

Shit.

He’s cute.

It seems absurd. Hoseok has these massive shoulders, and arms that make the material of his black t-shirt strain over the muscles, and this little waist, and thick thighs (god, so fucking thick Hyungwon could die), and yet Hyungwon can’t help but think the word cute.

“They’re huge, right?” Hoseok mumbles, dropping his hand away from his ear and into his lap. And then Hyungwon hears the word huge and forgets Hoseok means his ears, and he’s flushing. But then he remembers. Ears. Right, ears.

“So are my lips, though,” Hyungwon replies quickly, fingering the puff of his upper lip under his cupid’s bow.

“Lips are sexy.”

“Ears can be sexy.”

They stare at one another for a moment before an old woman hobbles over to take their order.

“One samgyeopsal, one galbi, please,” Hoseok says, giving the old woman his casually polite yet brilliantly dazzling smile.

She rolls her eyes at him, scribbling in her pad, hobbling off to the kitchen.

“I see she’s impervious to my charm,” Hoseok says, laughing to himself with this kind of goofy rumbling laugh.

“You know my channel was my job,” Hyungwon blurs, suddenly furious, and he has no idea why. Something about how easily Hoseok can alter the mood in the air with his smile, with his giant, hulking, but leanly graceful body makes Hyungwon’s stomach muscles twitch with a familiar yet altogether different kind of hunger. “My full-time job. I paid my bills with that channel.”

Hoseok’s smile slips away, and Hyungwon feels guilty but pushes that feeling down into his gut, burning it up in his stomach acids because he’s all kinds of hungry and angry and it’s fusing together into this fury.

“If they don’t reinstate my channel, what am I supposed to do, huh?”

Hoseok stares down at his hands, and Hyungwon wants him to look back up at him. Wants him to see the rage in his eyes and understand. His life is over because some pretty boy stroked his damn cock off on his mukbang channel.

“I can give you the money. I can pay you back--”

“Every month? For the rest of my life?”

“I mean, don’t be silly, you can get another channel or--”

“I was famous. I was one of the top ten BJs in Seoul.”
“I’m sorry, but I--”

The old woman returns from the kitchen with two plates of meat, and Hoseok quickly starts laying them on the grill, letting the sizzling sounds of charring meat fill the silence between them. Hoseok taps at the strips of pork, pushing them into the heat with his tongs, and sighs.

“It doesn’t really help, but my channel is pretty popular too. I mean, I understand what you’re saying, you know?”

“Yeah? How much you make a month?”

Hoseok clearly doesn’t like the question, refusing to answer, so Hyungwon says, “I make 6 million won a month doing this.”

Hoseok lets that chummy confident smile appear on his lips again as he says, “I’ve made 3 million won in one session before.”

Hyungwon is flipping over a strip of pork when he drops his chopsticks with a clatter to the table top. “You what?”

Hoseok sits back in his chair, arms folded over his broad chest.

“Camming is an okay living too, you know? For the most part it’s safe, pretty reliable, and my audience is usually genuinely respectful. There are some jerks and creeps, but my admin board tries hard to keep us all safe. I’ve had viewers buy me a pet hair vacuum before because they noticed cat hair on my sheets. They bought me a better wifi router so I could broadcast more reliably. My top tippers are rewarded, and I’m rewarded in turn. It works out.”

“So, you have the cafe job, and the webcam job,” Hyungwon repeats, mentally tabulating Hoseok’s potential income in his brain.

“Correct,” Hoseok says, dropping chunks of meat onto Hyungwon’s plate.

Hyungwon watches the oils drip out onto his plate and remembers the sweet sounds of Hoseok’s hand gliding with precum over his cock.

“You don’t even need the cam job, do you?”

“I don’t need the cafe job,” Hoseok replies. “I like the cam job.”

“But it’s…”

“What? Dirty?” Something flashes in Hoseok’s eyes, and Hyungwon backs down, stomach muscles twitching apprehensively.

“Questionable?” Hyungwon ventures.

Hoseok laughs and shakes his head in disbelief. “And shoveling massive amounts of tofu into your mouth for an hour isn’t questionable?”

Hyungwon shovels pork into his mouth and chews bitterly. He supposes Hoseok has a point. Sort of.

“They don’t...see your face?” Hyungwon finds himself asking, the juice of crisp grilled meat trickling out over his tongue as he speaks.

Hoseok tips his head to the side as he gently wraps his beef with a crinkled piece of lettuce. “They
don’t have to. It’s preferred though. Why, you considering a new profession?” He says the words teasingly, but Hyungwon hears the challenge in them.

He feels the pork sliding down his throat, and before he knows it, the fury and resentment are back, and he’s hissing, “You know what? Yeah. You fucked up my channel, so now you owe me, right? You--you owe me. So, here’s the thing: I’m gonna go on your channel, and I’m--”

“You already went on my channel,” Hoseok cuts in, still smirking.

“I’m gonna go on your channel and do...what you do. I’m gonna make you so much money. I’m gonna make me so much money. And you’re gonna hand that money over to me to pay me back for losing my channel for God knows how long. And...and we’re gonna go on your channel and get all the vacuums and money and--”

“We?”

Hyungwon lets out this shaky, excited breath that he realizes he’s been holding like a lump in his throat since the moment he opened his browser and saw Hoseok’s pale, strong hand between his thick thighs. “You killed my channel, so, until I get it back, I’m taking over yours.”


“As a...yeah, as a camboy.”
Chapter 2

Hyungwon has never been self-conscious about his tiny studio apartment before. It’s sparsely decorated, sure, and, yeah, he has a poster of 2008 Bonjour Paris DBSK still taped above his bed, but it is neat and tidy and perfectly fine.

“Oh, uh,” Hoseok says, flickering his gaze around the less than 400 square feet of white wall and not much else. “It’s very…” he seems to search for an adjective for a while before he just gives up and shrugs.

Hyungwon has no defence, so he just flips open his laptop and sets up the webcam. “Okay, here we g--”

Hoseok slams the laptop shut. “Whoa there, string bean. You gotta learn the basics first.”

“Basics? You mean...get naked? Touch dick?” Hyungwon challenges, dropping down onto the edge of his bed.

Hoseok stands in front of him, hands on his narrow waist. God he’s a monster. Like real Godzilla level monstrosity.

It’s so fucking hot.

“The basics, my gigantic worm friend, are these: Don’t insult your viewers. Don’t insult other cam models. Don’t give away any personal information. Don’t have anyone in your videos who hasn’t been approved by the site.” He casts a dark and weary look over at Hyungwon’s laptop. “Since you already appeared on my channel, but it thank-the-Lord was just you eating some fuckin’ tofu stew, we are okay. I still had to get approval from my channel managers to allow you on.”

“Do they...have my personal information?”

“They’re your bosses now, so yes. They do.”

Hyungwon feels a lump rising up in his throat like a buoy. “Right. This is my job.”

Hoseok rolls his eyes and drops down onto the bed beside Hyungwon. “Look, you don’t have to do anything. I dunno if this is some matter of pride for you, but this is my job. And if you’re just doing it to get revenge or to--”

“No,” Hyungwon interrupts, grabbing onto Hoseok’s knees. They feel so strong and sturdy like heavy brass doorknobs under Hyungwon’s palms. “I want to try.”
Hoseok rubs at the bridge of his nose and nods. “You aren’t performing on the channel today, all right? My bosses still have to approve your application.”

“My...application?”

“Which we are gonna send them right now,” Hoseok says, lips curling at the corners in a way that Hyungwon thinks is one part comforting and one part absolutely maniacal. “So strip.”

Hyungwon looks down at his massively oversized white button down and ripped jeans. “Like...into nudity?”

Hoseok lifts his phone camera, and Hyungwon stares at the dark little circle in disbelief. “Mhm. Along with your resume, which we will send in a moment, we also have to show them that you are a worthwhile investment, as far as aesthetics and potential profit are concerned.”

Hyungwon feels the need to put on every article of clothing he owns. Just bury himself in sweaters and denim and socks. Socks on his feet, on his hands, over his head. So many socks. “Right.”

Hoseok waves an encouraging hand in Hyungwon’s direction. “Right.”

Hyungwon reaches for his belt. His hands are shaking. He looks up, and Hoseok has his lips pressed tightly together to trap his amusement under his hard palate.

“Slowly, right?”

“Do it any way you feel comfortable. People don’t want an act. They want someone that feels real. Like you could be in their bedrooms with them, smiling at them, spreading yourself open for them.”

Hyungwon feels a burp in his chest. “Right.”

“Right,” Hoseok repeats again, with somehow more amusement.

Hyungwon tries to think of the porn he has seen. He remembers a lot of those couch casting videos, with girls in tight denim skirts and soft cotton t-shirts. He remembers they smiled a lot. He remembers someone was always behind the camera urging them on with gruff praise. He wants that. He wants to hear the man behind the camera pleading for him to C’mon, show us your pretty little ass, baby.

A shiver escapes through his parted lips as he begins unbuttoning his shirt. He lets the thin fabric slip down over his collarbones, his narrow shoulders, until it’s pooling at his elbows, his chest and stomach bare. He flicks his gaze up.

Hoseok has the phone in front of his face, but Hyungwon can see his tongue slide out over his bottom lip.

Hyungwon touches his fingertips to his own bare skin, feeling over the gentle ridges of his ribs and the patch of pale downy hairs under his navel. His hands, fully splayed out, cover pretty much the entire span of his abdomen. He wonders want Hoseok’s hands would feel like on his narrow waist, on his sharp hips.

He looks up again. Hoseok has the phone pulled in closer to his face.

Hyungwon clips his belt open and slides it out of the loops. With his fingers poised over the button of his jeans, he looks up again. “Tell me to take it off,” he says.

Hoseok doesn’t respond, assuming, he imagines, the request is rhetorical.
Hyungwon brings his hands back up the planes of his pale chest and circles his thumbs over his nipples. “Tell me to take it off, like they would.”

Hoseok moves the phone away from his face and stares down at Hyungwon like he’s trying to figure out what to do with him. “Take it off.”

Hyungwon shakes his head and pinches at one of his nipples with a soft sweet gasp. “Tell me like you really want it.”

“I told you to take it off,” Hoseok replies, tilting his head, clearly entertained, like he’s watching one of those videos of a kitten getting stuck inside a piece of tupperware. Hyungwon wants him squirming and breathless.

Hyungwon slips his hands down to splay over his crotch, lifting his hips up slightly into the pressure of his palms. “It doesn’t sound like you really want it.”

“Oh, your majesty, please take it off,” Hoseok scoffs.

Hyungwon moves a hand through his hair, pushing it away from his forehead as he tilts his head back with a little laugh. “Ah, and here I thought you wanted to fuck me.”

Hoseok makes this choked wheezing sound.

Hyungwon shifts himself back into the middle of the bed and tips his hips up to tear his jeans off and toss them away. He looks back at Hoseok with the pads of his thumbs tracing the line of his briefs under his hip bones. “I said,” Hyungwon repeats, pouting, “I thought you wanted to fuck me.”

His fingers ghost under the band of his tight black briefs, tracing it around, but he doesn’t tug them down, instead watching Hoseok’s face for any hint of a reaction.

Hoseok runs a hand through his hair and breathes out a shaky laugh. “You want me to fuck you?”

Hyungwon feels the words like hot breath against his throat, and he nods weakly as he tugs more at his briefs until they’re sitting just over his cock.

“Tell me what you wanna see,” he says, feeling the arousal bleeding out of his pores and spreading over his skin like a blanket of heat.

“Show us your pretty cock then,” Hoseok replies, his gaze heavy on Hyungwon’s face, and Hyungwon wishes he would just stare at his fucking balls instead because his eyes are so sharp and focused and lovely.

“You wanna see my cock?” Hyungwon repeats, stretching his briefs down to his knees and then ankles and kicking them aside.

God he really should have thought this through more. Hyungwon has never been one to find cocks pretty, just functional and floppy and kind of awkward, especially when riding a bicycle. And now he’s just bared, half-hard, and he can tell his chest is flushed pink and blotchy.

Well, I’m naked, he wants to say, now what?

“Touch yourself,” Hoseok urges, and Hyungwon can’t help but notice the reddened shells of Hoseok’s ears, the nervous way he adjusts his fingers on his phone.

“Here?” Hyungwon teases, fingers moving back to his nipples, rolling them between his thumbs and
forefingers with a pleased smile.

“You like having your cute little nipples played with, don’t you?” Hoseok taunts, but his voice is shaking slightly like he can’t get enough air or like he’s taken in too much air.

“I like when you watch me playing with my cute little nipples,” Hyungwon retorts, smirking.

“You want me to watch you play with your cock then? You want that?”

Hyungwon knows his dick is twitching, and he hates how easy it is for him to slide his hand down between his thighs and feel his cock get hard in his fist.

“That’s right,” Hoseok urges, moving closer to the bed to aim the camera down. Hyungwon swears he can feel the gaze of the lens over his cock, his abdomen, his throat, his face. Hoseok lingers it over his face. “Keep going then.”

“You don’t want to focus on my cock?”

“I wanna see your face,” Hoseok says, and Hyungwon feels precome beading between his fingers as pats at the slit at the head of his cock. “Everyone wants to see your pretty pink cheeks and those fucking lips. Imagine those lips wrapped around your cock, God, that’ll look so fucking hot.”

It feels like Hoseok is trying to sell Hyungwon like a big tub of kimchi on his mom’s home shopping network. But Hyungwon is so fucking turned on by it.

“Turn over,” Hoseok says, and Hyungwon can’t scramble onto his hands and knees fast enough. “Chest down on the sheets.”

Hyungwon lets his upper body drop to the mattress, hips lifted high, and, man, that is not at all comfortable like it always seems in porn.

“Show us your cute little hole,” Hoseok says, voice thick with want.

Hyungwon reaches back to spread himself open, and, God, yeah, this hurts his shoulders and back, and shame is churning in his gut like thick spoiled butter.

“Good boy,” Hoseok breathes, and Hyungwon can almost feel the heat of his words on his skin.

“What do you want now?” Hyungwon groans, fingers teasing in towards his entrance. His cock hangs hard and heavy between his thighs, the tip grazing the sheets.

Hoseok steps away from the bed, and Hyungwon hears him walking away, back toward his desk along the far wall.

“Email me your resume. I’m gonna upload this and send everything so you can be ready for broadcast. Your interview is tonight, so put some nice clothes on,” Hoseok says, dropping into Hyungwon’s desk chair, opening his laptop, and curling his fingers over the keys. “What’s your password?”

Hyungwon forces himself to fight through the embarrassment, grab for his fleece extra blanket at the foot of his bed, wrap it around himself and pad over to Hoseok. “Lemme type it in. I don’t trust anyone with my password.”

Hoseok waves at the screen and turns his head away. He can watch Hyungwon grow hard in his own palm, but he can’t watch him type in a password. Hyungwon’s priorities leave something to be
Hyungwon quickly types in: SALTEDFRIEDSHRIMP

The screen lights up, and Hoseok turns back around.

“When you say interview…” Hyungwon starts, pulling the lime green fleece tighter around his body.

“Don’t worry about it. It’s just with the rest of my cam association. We’re a small group, so my boss likes to make sure we all get along and are trustworthy. You’ll be fine,” Hoseok answers, plugging his phone into Hyungwon’s USB cord.

Hyungwon sees a flash of the video thumbnail appear, and he quickly spins away, flushed and anxious and annoyed at himself for getting so fucking turned on for nothing.

“What do I wear?”

Hoseok clicks on the video, and Hyungwon can hear the sheets moving under his body on the tape. Wow, that sound quality. He must have the new model. He squeaks and runs to his dresser.

“So like? Dressy? Casual? Flirty and thriving?” his tone breaches on hysterical as he rummages through his drawers.

Hoseok turns up the volume until Hyungwon can hear Hoseok’s heavy breath from the footage.

Hoseok is the fucking devil.

He’s really, truly the sexiest pile of refuse Hyungwon has ever known.

“Whatever you’ve got that’s tight and breathes well,” Hoseok replies. “Where’s your resume on here? You have a million files in your documents folder, like, don’t you ever clean out your computer? Get a hard drive, weirdo.”

Hyungwon grips the edge of his pants drawer and imagines himself splintering the wood with his fingers alone. And then grabbing a spike of it and driving it through Hoseok’s gigantic tank of a chest. If a spike of wood could even breach that rock hard flesh.

Instead, he pulls out a pair of tight black jeans, ripped at the knees. “It’s in the folder labeled ‘resume’, obviously.” In his haste to recover from Hoseok’s teasing, Hyungwon realizes he’s yanked his jeans on without any briefs under. His cock is squeezed between the tight denim and his thigh.

Well, fuck it.

“Where am I meeting them?”

“We are meeting them at Hyunwoo’s club. Well, his dad’s club. But it’ll be his eventually. He’s our boss. Hyunwoo, that is. His dad just thinks it is a temp agency that he runs. Gave him the money as an investment. Which, it sort of is?” Hoseok spins around after sending the email and gives Hyungwon the once over. “I see your first pseudo-shoot has made you quite confident in the cock-department.”

Hyungwon cups his hands around his dick and glares. “I’m out of briefs,” he lies. “So Hyunwoo is the boss. Anything else I should know?” He spins back around to the drawers to dig out a shirt, still feeling the heat of Hoseok’s eyes on his spine.

“You really do have such a lil teeny ass,” Hoseok says, but he sounds almost...fond?
“It comes with the territory of being a massive earthworm,” Hyungwon retorts, and when he cranes his neck, Hoseok has his chin in his hands, elbows on Hyungwon’s desk, just watching him. “Not all of us are as dedicated to leg day either.”

“I’m not entirely sure you’ve ever partaken in leg day,” Hoseok replies.

“You would be correct,” Hyungwon says, pulling out a simple black v-neck and searching it for stains or holes before slipping it on. “No leg day. No arm day. No bum day. I’ve never set foot in a gym in my life.”

“And you used to eat for a living,” Hoseok adds, sounding both astonished and envious.

“Before someone fucked that up,” Hyungwon sneers, turning around as he tucks the fabric of his shirt into the front of his jeans. “So who else am I meeting?”

Hoseok sweeps his eyes over Hyungwon’s frame (which takes a few seconds, during which Hyungwon can’t help but stare at Hoseok’s broad shoulders, the way his muscles push at the fabric of his shirt. Hyungwon has never been tempted to use the word rippling before now. But here he is: Hoseok’s muscles are rippling. GOD, Hyungwon hates himself.)

But he hates Hoseok more.

“I think Kihyun will be there, Changkyun probably, and Minhyuk. I’m not sure if anyone else will come. People usually drop by throughout the night. It’s on a long strip of other clubs and bars, so people come in for a bit and then move on. But Hyunwoo isn’t allowed to leave his own club, obviously, so we’ll most likely be there all night.”

Hyungwon finds his belt on the floor beside his bed and tries not to think about how just a few minutes ago, he was baring his fucking asshole to Hoseok’s camera.

“Oh, and just so you know,” Hoseok adds, standing up and brushing invisible dirt from his thighs (probably just wanting Hyungwon’s attention on them, which is absurd because those sturdy tree trunks don’t need any help getting noticed), “Minhyuk is going to put you in the cage.”

“The...cage.”

Hoseok gestures through Hyungwon’s open door, and Hyungwon wants to loudly assert that this is his goddamn home, and he should be gesturing Hoseok through his doorway!!! But instead he just walks out into the hall.

“Yeah,” Hoseok says, grinning with those straight pretty white teeth, “the cage.”

If Hoseok is honest, the anxiety simmering in his digestive tract feels a little like ‘introducing new lover to parents.’ Which is stupid. Hyungwon is not his lover, and his cam association friends are not his parents. He says this because, despite the amount of godawful dad jokes Hyunwoo makes, Hyunwoo is not his dad.

Hyunwoo’s family’s club SOJU WANNA DANCE is pretty empty when they arrive. It’s only 8 pm, so the only people usually here around this time are looking for a quiet drink before the DJ goes up and fills the space with techno nonsense.

Hyunwoo is behind the bar, polishing the bottles of expensive liquor so they look nice enough for people to oggle but not purchase. Hoseok thinks that one day he’d like to come back when he’s got
pockets of cash just so he can see Hyunwoo’s father’s face when he buys the whole row of bottles.

“Oh, they’re here,” Hyunwoo calls as Hoseok herds Hyungwon toward the bar. “We were just watching your audition tape.”

Hyungwon’s ears go red under his flop of messy hair. “Cool,” he blurts.

Kihyun and Minhyuk spin around on their bar stools, and Minhyuk offers Hyungwon a flimsy double thumbs up.

“We are fans of anyone who talks back to this walking refrigerator,” Kihyun says, waving at Hoseok.

Hoseok rubs at his eyes with his middle fingers, pretending to cry. Kihyun scoffs and reaches for his beer, quickly turning back around to sip at his middle finger like a straw in return.

Hyungwon shudders next to him, and Hoseok realizes he’s laughing.

It’s...kinda cute.

Hoseok looks at the empty stool beside Minhyuk. “Where the fucks the little one?”

Kihyun points up at the DJ booth, where Changkyun has his legs up over the ledge around it, his back pressed up against the DJ equipment, his face flushed, as he strokes himself off.

Hyungwon chokes and wheels back around, facing away.

“You’re letting him film here?” Hoseok asks, eyebrow quirked at Hyunwoo.

“More like he has to film here,” Kihyun replies, gaze locked on Changkyun as he tips his head back and bucks his hips up into his fist. “He lost a bet.”

Hyungwon leans closer to Hoseok, his hand cupped around his mouth. “There are people here.”

Minhyuk chuckles and punches Kihyun on the shoulder. “Oh, he’s gonna be so fun in the cage.”

Hyungwon swallows loudly enough for Hoseok to hear it beside him. “Can you make me a drink first?”

Hyunwoo waves his hand at Hyungwon and says, “Poof, now you’re a drink.”

Hyungwon blinks slowly before grimacing, his whole face contorting in a show of absolute horror.

“Oh,” Minhyuk says, moving off his stool to wrap his arms around Hyungwon’s middle, nuzzling at his chest. “He’s so cute. We have to keep him, Hyunwoo.”

He flashes Hyunwoo the sweet puppy eyes, the ones that nearly got the five of them arrested in Busan that one summer.

“Put those away, you,” Kihyun says, swatting at the back of Minhyuk’s head.

“Uh,” Hyungwon mutters softly, and everyone turns to look at him, which just makes him flush more, “can someone tell me what the cage is?”

Everyone simultaneously points up. Hyungwon’s eyes follow the motion, landing on the neon painted cage hanging from the ceiling above the dance floor.
“You want me to...go in there?”

“And dance. It’s simple. We usually hire dancers for it, but when we have a new cam recruit, we always have them go in the cage. If you can’t be comfortable for fifteen minutes in the cage, you’ll never be comfortable in front of the camera,” Hyunwoo answers.

“Though you did pretty well for a first timer in your audition tape,” Minhyuk adds, giving Hyungwon the ole Minhyuk wink.

Hyungwon blanches.

Kihyun just stands there and watches Changkyun, a pleased little smirk curling the corners of his lips. Changkyun’s eyes peek open and find Kihyun watching, and he gives a soft cry as he comes over his tan fingers. Kihyun smiles proudly.

“You guys get the new guy drunk. I’m going to go clean up the baby,” Kihyun says, waving dismissively as he heads for the stairs up to the DJ booth.

Hoseok gives Hyunwoo the shifty eyes, and Hyunwoo shrugs.

“They’ve filmed together a few times,” Hyunwoo says, pouring out a line of soju shots.

“Oh huh,” Hoseok replies, grabbing two of the shots and placing them in Hyungwon’s hands. “Drink. You’re gonna want it. Everyone watches the cage.”

Hyungwon tilts his head back, opens his giant gaping mouth, and dumps both shots in. He swallows obediently.

Hoseok feels a warm burst of pride in his chest that he pushes aside as he grabs himself a shot and tips it back.

“So, Hyungwon,” Hyunwoo says, pouring another line of shots, “tell us about yourself. Other than what Hoseok supplied, of course, by way of your introduction email and application.”


“He likes food. Did he mention he likes food?”

“I also like sleeping,” Hyungwon adds, wincing as he finally realizes he consumed two shots of soju in one swallow.

Minhyuk seems to find his hysterical as he places two more shots in Hyungwon’s hands. “Oh my God, he’s precious. He’s an angel baby. I need him.”

He looks back at Hyunwoo again with the eyes. Hyunwoo faces away and polishes some pint glasses. Minhyuk turns to pout at Hoseok.

“I call him on my channel first,” Minhyuk says, and Hoseok scoffs.

“You can’t dibs him,” Hoseok says.

“I can totally dibs him. Hyunwoo, tell Hoseok I can dibs him,” Minhyuk whines.

Hoseok sighs and tugs on Hyungwon’s shirt to pull him closer to his side. “He gets worse when he’s drunk.”
Hyungwon bristles and crosses his arms protectively over his chest. “I’m not sure how that’s possible.”

“You might prefer it in the cage, honestly,” Hoseok murmurs.

Hyungwon is six shots in when 10 o’clock hits and the club fills up.

Hoseok leads him up the steps to the entrance of the cage and waves him inside. Hyungwon is stumbling a bit, and there’s a sheen of perspiration at the back of his neck that curls the hair at the base of his skull.

Hoseok shuts the cage door behind Hyungwon and waves his arms at Kihyun and Changkyun in the DJ booth. “Play something sexy,” he yells over whatever shitty techno remix of an old Ciara song they have playing.

Kihyun pretends to be offended, but Changkyun shoos him away from the soundboard and fiddles around on his laptop.

Hoseok goes to hover by the DJ booth, leaning back on the ledge as he watches Hyungwon putz around the cage for a moment.

“Didn’t think he was your type,” Kihyun calls over the sounds of some new swanky Usher remix from Changkyun’s laptop.

“What? Tall?” Hoseok sips at his beer and watches Hyungwon attempting to move, his hands gripping the thick metal bars, clearly peering down between them at the gathering crowd on the dance floor below.

“I was going to say innocent,” Changkyun says.

“Oh, he’s not innocent,” Hoseok replies. “You saw the tape. He was ready to beg for my dick when I turned off the camera.”

“And? Did you give it to him?” Kihyun leans over the ledge of the booth and grips onto Hoseok’s shoulders. Hoseok flexes his deltoids under Kihyun’s grip, but he doesn’t move his hands.

“You smell like tequila,” Hoseok says, swatting at Kihyun’s face as it hovers next to his. “And no. I didn’t. He’s just doing this to get back at me for getting his mukbang channel suspended. He’s just fucking around until he gets the channel back. He’ll give it up soon.”

“Uh huh,” Kihyun laughs skeptically. “Definitely looked like he was having a real hard-on for revenge then.”

“So maybe he likes voyeurism,” Hoseok replies, watching Hyungwon awkwardly shimmying around the cage, lowering himself down, running hands over his lanky frame.

“He’s sweet. I like him. He’s like a...like a big frog. Or, like a lemur? Like a, uh, I dunno. He seems snuggly.” He looks over at Kihyun. “Can I?” Changkyun then asks, though he doesn’t wait for a reply as he steps out of the DJ booth.

“Oh, this’ll be good,” Kihyun says, wrapping his arms around Hoseok’s neck, chin on his shoulder, watching as Changkyun rushes into the cage behind Hyungwon. Hyungwon startles, freezing in place.
He can barely hear it over the music, but there’s the faint sound of Changkyun shouting, “DANCE WITH ME, YOU ADORABLE GIANT.”

Hoseok watches Changkyun coil himself around Hyungwon in the cage.

“That’s precious,” Kihyun coos, nuzzling against Hoseok’s cheek. “Can he shoot with us?”

“God, why does everyone keep asking that?”

“Why? You jealous?”

Hoseok watches Changkyun push Hyungwon against the bars of the cage, shimmying down his long frame.

“Why don’t you go in there, huh?”

“He’s cute; I know, okay? I see it. I saw him fucking strip and spread his fucking ass cheeks for me, remember? I’m not blind. But he’s just in this for the money. And to get back at me. I’m not going to read into anything, so if you guys wanna play with him, fine.”

“You scared of getting attached?”

“I’m not scared. I’m just cynical.”

Kihyun hums by way of reply. “Well, if you don’t mind, we’d love to film with him. He’s got a beautiful cock-sucking mouth.”

“No kidding,” Hoseok replies. “His lips were crafted for cock sucking.”

Changkyun eventually drags Hyungwon out of the cage and back over to the booth after several songs of Changkyun grinding his ass back into Hyungwon. Hyungwon’s shirt is plastered to his body with sweat, and his steps are unsteady, especially with Changkyun still clinging around his waist like a drunk koala.

“I’m keeping him,” Changkyun screams over the music.

Kihyun waggles his eyebrows at Hoseok.

Hyungwon gives Hoseok a pleased, slightly crooked smile, and his cheeks are pleasantly flushed, just like they had been when Hoseok filmed him with his hand coiled around his cute pink tinged cock.

Hoseok drops his head into his hands and sighs.

“I’m keeping him forever!” Changkyun screeches again.

Kihyun jabs his elbow into Hoseok’s hip.

“You know everyone is gonna scheme against you about this,” Kihyun adds.

“I hate this.”
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

A/N: I love Monsta X, I love Monbebes, I love you all. Please enjoy. That is all. (lol)
Also, just as a warning, the "couples" aren't gonna be monogamous in this fic (probably for most, if not all? of it), so if you don't like that kinda thing, I dunno what to tell ya. Everyone is gonna frickfrock in this fic.
Also, please come find me on twitter @likesatellitez to chat

Hyungwon is sitting on the edge of Kihyun’s bathtub when Kihyun tells him to spread his cheeks.

“I don’t know why this is necessary,” Hyungwon mutters, hugging one of Kihyun’s five kittens to his chest. The other four are squirming in a huddle on Kihyun’s fluffy sea green shower mat. The one in Hyungwon’s arms is a small docile Calico fuzzball with a shaved rat tail, and it squirms in his arms when it feels his grip tighten.

“Because it is the second part of your initiation,” Kihyun replies, stirring the bright purple wax with a tongue depressor.

“There seem to be a lot more steps to this initiation than I was told originally,” Hyungwon says, as Changkyun puts down his little orange fuzzball kitten and reaches for Hyungwon’s waistband. Hyungwon swats at him, and Changkyun pouts, looking more like one of the round-bellied floppy kittens than a twenty-one-year-old professional camboy. “Why do you have a million cats in your apartment?”

Kihyun points to the slightly crumpled, water-stained cardboard box outside the bathroom. “Found ’em on the side of the street. It was raining.”

“You literally picked up an entire litter of abandoned kittens,” Hyungwon says, gaping at the little balls of fur as they whine and slither around the tile floor at his feet.

“You want one?” Kihyun asks, even as he tugs at Hyungwon’s gym shorts to get him to bend over and spread his asscheeks.

A little gray and white kitten with a half-bitten left ear nips at Hyungwon’s socked big toe, and its tooth gets stuck in the fabric. It peeps pathetically and looks up at Hyungwon with these giant blue eyes.

“Fuck it, sure,” Hyungwon says, scooping the kitten up after dislodging its tooth from his toe. “I call this one. It’s all janky looking.”

“They’re all kinda janky looking,” Changkyun replies, as two of the kittens--all black ones, one with bright orange eyes, one with bright green--clamber up his chest and start biting his ears. He screeches.

“His ears are sensitive,” Kihyun supplies, once again snapping the waistband of Hyungwon’s shorts. “C’mon, bro, we’ve gotta meet the others in, like, an hour, and you’re gonna want that time to recover your bum.”
Hyungwon whines and the little gray kitten mimics him, bellowing its own sad caterwaul. They lock eyes and commiserate.

“Babyboy, if you could--” Kihyun says, and then Changkyun is grabbing the squirming gray kitten from Hyungwon’s arms, and Hyungwon suddenly feels a vast emptiness at the core of his being. Kihyun manhandles Hyungwon up to standing, bends him over at the waist, and tugs down his shorts. “Now let’s spread. And don’t act all shy. Not only have we seen this all before, but we will continue to see this for the rest of your career with us, so chop chop.”

Hyungwon presses his head against the cool wall tiles and sighs, reaching around to cup his ass cheeks and spread them.

“Are you a screamer?” Kihyun asks, and suddenly there is a hot thick paste-like substance being spread over his crack. It feels strange and almost pleasant for a moment.

“Why is that releva--”

Hyungwon screams.

Kihyun triumphantly wields a strip of dried, pulled wax, and Hyungwon lets a tear slip down his cheekbone.

“And now for the legs. Luckily you aren’t that hairy, so it won’t be that bad,” Kihyun says.

“Can’t my audience be dudes who like hair?” Hyungwon whimpers, dropping his burning asshole down to the cool porcelain side of the tub and hissing between his teeth.

“It could, but it won’t be,” Changkyun replies, stirring the wax with one hand, while the other pushes at the heads of the little black kittens to get them off his thighs, where they’ve latched on with claw hooks.

“What Babyboy here means by that is you are a pretty boy. A babyface. Your audience will primarily be looking for more typically ‘feminine traits.’”

“No humans are naturally hairless like this, though, that’s absurd,” Hyungwon yelps as Kihyun tears another strip of wax from below his knee down to his ankle.

“Of course they aren’t. We are selling illusions here, my lovely worm-like friend.” Kihyun replies, patting Hyungwon’s stinging bare skin. “That’s all pornography is, really. An illusion.”

“Don’t you find that unethical?”

Changkyun holds up the tiny Calico kitten with the ugly, bare rat tail. “She’s naked too. I think her tail got run over or something.”

“Maybe she just was born kinda wonky?” Hyungwon offers.

Changkyun pouts down at the kitten and pets its nose with his pointer finger. “I’m gonna name her Perfect.”

Kihyun doesn’t turn around, but Hyungwon can see the way his eyes are practically beaming out of his head like lighthouse beacons.

“Uh, Kihyun, I think--”

“Oh, shit, whoops,” Kihyun says, yanking at the far-too-dry wax, and then Hyungwon is really
Ten minutes later, Hyungwon is bald from the waist down, and every inch of his legs and ass-cack and ballsac is burning like a motherfucker. Changkyun starts rubbing lotion onto Hyungwon’s legs, and it stings before settling into a cool sort of numbness.

“Oh, that’s nice,” Hyungwon coos, reaching down to stroke his naked ankle. It’s so smooth. He wants to keep stroking his leg, but Changkyun swats him away to continue the lotioning.

“This helps prevent a rash. Turns out human skin doesn’t much like being exposed to hot wax and extreme yanking on hair follicles,” Kihyun chimes in, tossing the tongue depressor into the trash can and washing his hands.

“So if that was phase two of my initiation,” Hyungwon mutters, waving Changkyun’s hand away when he tries to reach up and rub aloe lotion onto Hyungwon’s ballsac, “what is phase three?”

Kihyun holds up a pair of skinny lightwash jeans ripped to utter and complete hell. “You ever seen Coyote Ugly?”

Hyungwon looks down at his soft, bare dick, and sighs. “I don’t suppose that question is irrelevant to this evening’s plans.”

“Afraid not, Worm, afraid not,” Kihyun says, elegantly draping the jeans over Hyungwon’s crotch. “Suit up. We’re heading out.”

Hyungwon’s little gray kitten with the gnarled ear drops down onto his foot and falls asleep, her precious fluffy head pillowed on his toes. “I don’t deserve this kind of love,” he whispers down at her.

She issues a soft puff of air, kind of like a snore. Hyungwon’s heart bursts.

Hoseok and Hyunwoo are seated at the bar with two glasses of Jack Daniels on the rocks. Hyunwoo is watching the soccer game on the screen behind the bar, his eyes following the path of the slightly blurry black and white ball.

“How’s Binnie?” Hoseok asks, tracing the condensation along the rim of his glass.

Hyunwoo doesn’t move his eyes from the screen, but Hoseok can see the smile stretching his lips from the side. “She’s great. Her new kindergarten teacher says she’s the most popular girl in class. She keeps coming home with fanmail from her classmates. It’s actually a bit alarming.”

Hoseok finds himself grinning and staring down at his rapidly melting ice cubes, the whiskey diluted to more of a pale amber. The bar has its air conditioning on, but the mass of bodies around them still makes the air moist and humid with sweat. “That’s great. I’m not surprised. She’s a killer.”

“Minhyuk’s been watching her for me the last couple days, since I’ve been swamped with work,” Hyunwoo adds, tipping his glass back and draining the last bit of dark liquid.

“I’m shocked you’d trust her with that spazzmaster,” Hoseok replies, finishing off his own glass.

“He’s learning responsibility,” Hyunwoo says, smiling fondly as the bartender comes over and refills their glasses. Hyunwoo tips him 200%. He always does. The bartender looks down at the wad of bills and shakes his head, even as he slips them into his apron.
“Binnie isn’t a hamster,” Hoseok laughs, stirring his lime wedge into his whiskey. 

“She may as well be. All she wants to do is sleep and eat and run in circles,” Hyunwoo says, reaching down into his pocket to pull his cell phone free. His phone background is Minhyuk holding Binnie upside down in Hyunwoo’s living room, her short mop of dark hair dusting the wood floors, Minhyuk’s pale hands wrapped around her thin ankles. 

“You aren’t afraid he’s going to drop her?”

“He breaks her, he buys her,” Hyunwoo replies, swiping his phone screen to bring up his texts. “Ki says they’re on their way. Hope you’re ready for a dance lesson, Magic Mike.”

Hoseok sighs and drops his face into his clammy palms. “Can’t I go a week without seeing that beanstalk?”

“You’re the one who fucked over his mukbang channel,” Hyunwoo replies, patting Hoseok on the shoulder without looking away from the screen.

“As I have been constantly reminded these last couple weeks, yeah, I get it,” Hoseok grits out, chugging his second glass of whiskey bitterly.

“He’s a sweet kid,” Hyunwoo says, flicking Hoseok’s jaw.

Hoseok winces and rubs at it, grumbling, “Did Kihyun and Changkyun tell you what they picked for phase two anyhow?”

Hyunwoo shrugs, but his expression reads amused, excited, in a way that makes Hoseok’s gut twist knowingly.

“Hyung,” Hoseok whines.

“Don’t play the ‘hyung’ card now, Hoseok,” Hyunwoo chuckles, “it ain’t gonna work.”

Hoseok crosses his arms over his chest, and the material stretches weakly over his muscles. Hyunwoo eyes it and aims a punch at Hoseok’s shoulder. “Don’t play the muscles card either. I could still wreck you. I have wrecked you, pretty recently, I might add.”

Hoseok huffs under his breath and taps the bar for another whiskey refill. The bar doors swing open, and Kihyun, Changkyun, and Hyungwon walk in.

Hyungwon is tugging at the crotch of a pair of obscenely tight and absurdly destroyed jeans, looking like he’s getting a rough handjob from the denim. Which he might be.

“Oh, fuck, they waxed him, didn’t they,” Hoseok gasps out.

“You’ll have to see to find out,” Hyunwoo answers, chuckling and spinning round on his stool to face the boys coming towards them.

Hyungwon continues to pull at the thin denim around his dick, and Hoseok makes a point to look only at Kihyun, focusing on the fade of his side-shaved red hair.

“Where’s Minhyuk?”

“Babysitting,” Hyunwoo says, showing them the picture of Minhyuk and Binnie on his screen.
“Is that your sister?” Hyungwon asks, and Hoseok had almost forgotten he was there for one sweet blissful moment.

“Daughter, actually,” Hyunwoo replies, and Hyungwon’s beautiful puffy pink lips fall open in shock. “She’s almost five.”

“Ah,” Hyungwon croaks, staring down at his feet.

Changkyun slings an arm around Hyungwon’s waist and nuzzles into him. “You smell like the kittens now,” he mutters. “I miss them.”

“Kittens?” Hyunwoo repeats, eyebrow raised.

Kihyun’s lips twitch at the corners. “We, uh, picked up some kittens.”

“Some?”

“Just a few.”

“A few.”

“Anyhow, how about some drinks before the stringbean has to get up there, huh?” Kihyun blurts, walking to lean over the bar and flag the bartender from where he’d stopped to watch the game and polish glasses.

Changkyun pulls out his phone. “This is Perfect,” he says, zooming in on the pink nose of a ratty Calico kitten.

Hoseok and Hyunwoo make eye contact out of the corners of their eyes. They nod in unison.

“Yepp, cute.”

“Super cute, Changkyunnie.”

Changkyun flushes and looks down at the picture, beaming. He pushes his nose into Hyungwon’s armpit and wriggles happily, still looking at the picture.

Hoseok looks up at finds Hyungwon looking down at Changkyun with a mixture of endearment, fondness, and discomfort. Hyungwon’s gaze flickers up and finds Hoseo’s. He offers a little smile with those strangely beautiful lips, and Hoseok swallows down something thick and uncomfortable on the back of his tongue.

“Shots,” Kihyun says, handing one to Hoseok, Hyunwoo, Changkyun, and bypassing Hyungwon. Hyungwon pouts and reaches out, confusion twisting his features.

“None for you, Worm,” Kihyun tuts. “That would make this too easy. You can’t be drunk during your shoots, you can’t be drunk performing here. It isn’t ethical.”

“You guys seem to be very heavily focussed on ethics,” Hyungwon huffs, staring wistfully at the very full shot of something blue in Kihyun’s hand. It smells like coconut.

“Would you rather us not?” Hyunwoo counters.

Hyungwon pouts and shakes his head.
Hoseok wants to reach out and touch the puff of his bottom lip, the sheen of it in the bar lighting looking oddly tempting.

“They aren’t gonna kick me out for getting up there, will they?” Hyungwon whines.

“Oh, don’t worry about that. They know us. We’ve done this before,” Kihyun replies, petting into Hyungwon’s mess of dark hair in a way that seems far too familiar.

“You’ve initiated others? How come they aren’t here?” Hyungwon casts a glance around the full bar, as if waiting for Hyunwoo to announce the entire room works for him.

“A lot of them didn’t make it through or we let them go later,” Hyunwoo says, sipping at his shot of tequila like it’s coffee. Sick fuck.

“We’re very particular,” Hoseok adds, giving Hyungwon an intense assessing glare.

“Good thing I’m perfect,” Hyungwon retorts, glaring back.

“We’ll see about that,” Hoseok says, smirking.

Changkyun glances between the two of them like a child watching parents amid a messy divorce, and holds up his picture of Perfect again, zoomed in on her twitchy crooked whiskers. “You are just like Perfect.”

Hyungwon blinks for a moment before releasing a sweet little giggle. He pats Changkyun on the cheek, swiping his thumb over Changkyun’s plush cheek. “Yeah, Changkyun. Just like her.”

Hoseok’s gut flips like a pancake turned too soon, soft uncooked insides spilling out the sides and sizzling.

The music in the bar suddenly shifts, a heady, heavy bass pounding from the speakers, covering the faint sounds of sports coming from the televisions.

“Why aren’t we at your club, Hyunwoo?” Hyungwon asks, eyeing the unfamiliar crowd again warily.

“I run a classy establishment,” Hyunwoo says, shrugging his broad shoulders.

Hyungwon seems to accept it. He yanks at his jeans once more, and Hoseok hears the distinct yet quiet sound of tearing denim.

He glances over at Kihyun, who only gives him a conspiratorial grin, though Hoseok isn’t even in on the joke.

“Alright, big boy,” Kihyun says, patting the bar top. “Almost time.”

“You sure I can’t get some of that?” Hyungwon whimpers, pointing at Hyunwoo’s tequila.

Changkyun holds out his new glass of something canary yellow, with a candied lemon wedge settled on the rim.

Kihyun slaps his arm, and Changkyun pulls it back, offering Hyungwon an apologetic smile.

Hyungwon draws in a sharp, shaky breath. “Okay,” he says, straightening his back and fisting his hands at his sides. “I can do it.”
“That’s the spirit,” Changkyun says, leaning in to nip at Hyungwon’s shoulder, bare, since Hyungwon came in just a thin black tank top. A little red mark appears under Changkyun’s mouth.

Now that Hoseok really looks, the material of Hyungwon’s shirt is absurdly thin, and there’s a little rip at the top, between his collarbones.

Kihyun gives Hyungwon a little pat on the butt, and the song switches over to something slower, with a firm but sensual beat. Sounds like an American artist, one of those highly sexually charged r&b songs. “Up and at ‘em, baby.”

Hoseok feels a twinge of something hot and uncomfortable all down his spine as Hyungwon flushes at the petname. Hyungwon clambers onto a bar stool, swiveling awkwardly as he tries to get up onto the polished wooden bar top.

No one seems to notice until Kihyun cups his palms around his mouth and shouts, “Attention, ladies and gentlemen and everyone in between or nowhere at all.”

And Changkyun, with his deep and soothing voice follows up with: “Please direct your attention to the massive green bean at the bar.”

Hoseok flicks his gaze around the bar; it’s one of the smaller ones on the strip, a lot of rusty barstools and rotting wood and sticky floors, though it is packed with bodies tonight, everyone huddled in corners and around the pool tables and television screens.

Hyungwon stands for a moment, eyes wide and swollen lips parted, and then he starts to move.

Hoseok had seen Hyungwon in the cage. He knew Hyungwon wasn’t the most graceful tree branch on the planet, but Hyungwon had also been rip-roaring drunk then, and had been partnered with the even-less-graceful Lim Changkyun.

Hoseok didn’t expect human praying mantis Chae Hyungwon to have moves.

But there they are. Hard to ignore.

Hyungwon’s legs spread, his body rolling, his back dipping and raising back up. He runs his hands over his body like he can’t believe how good his own skin feels beneath his palms. He flicks his head back, and his soft-looking fringe falls over his eyes so his face is just 90% lips, and Hoseok can’t believe how bizarrely hot that looks.

During his next body roll, Hyungwon grips his tank top by the rip and just tears it right down the middle.

The crowd erupts, as if having witnessed the game-winning goal of the match on screen, though no one is watching the game anymore.

A large man in a leather jacket bangs his fists on the bar top and yells, “GET IT, SHAWTY.”

Beside him, Hoseok hears Changkyun screaming at Kihyun: “BUT HE ISN’T SHORT AT ALL, HYUNG.”

Hyungwon takes all the screamed praise and scratches his nails over his own abdomen, leaving red lines over his ribs and gently ridged abdominal muscles. He drops to his knees and sways, rocking his ass down against the bar top like it’s his favorite place to be, like it’s the highest paying lapdance client he has ever had the pleasure of frotting.
He traces over his lips, showing the crowd how swollen and sweet they can look, all slick and spread around the skin of his fingers.

He rocks himself back up to standing in one smooth motion, a movement far too fluid for someone so lanky and long, and then he’s pulling at the tattered shreds of his jeans below the thighs, and they simply fall apart, as if he’d poured acid on them, as if they’d simply dissolved--

Leaving Hyungwon in the tiniest pair of ripped denim shorts Hoseok has ever seen, little frayed strings hanging like fringe at the bottoms. Hyungwon’s skin is so smooth, so pale, and there is so much of it. Everywhere Hoseok looks, there’s that gorgeous expanse of skin, and fuck, they really did wax him, those fuckers.

Hoseok can practically taste the sweat-slick hairless, bare skin under his tongue. 

Fuck.

Hyungwon drops back down onto the bar top and lifts his legs and spreads them wide, running his hands from his ankles down to his inner thighs, and Hoseok can barely hear the music over the sound of the screaming crowd now, over the pounding sound of his own heart, his own cock, in his ears. Under the hem of those shorts, Hoseok can see a little hint of Hyungwon’s ass, pale and soft and curved just slightly.

Fuuuuuuck.

Hyungwon rolls onto his front and crawls down the bar towards them, grabbing Hyunwoo by the shirt collar and rolling his hips in Hyunwoo’s face.

Hoseok grips the underside of his stool.

Hyungwon lays back on the bar, his soft belly exposed, and he grabs a bottle of tequila from behind him, pouring it down his stomach and into his belly button. His hands tangle into Hyunwoo’s hair.

Hoseok sees him mouth, “C’mon, hyung,” and then Hyunwoo is licking down Hyungwon’s chest and dipping his tongue into Hyungwon’s navel, sucking at his skin and pulling back with dilated pupils and wet lips, the taste of tequila and Hyungwon on his tongue.

The song ends, and Hyungwon sits up, panting, hair and eyes wild, cheeks flushed rosy, and everyone is screaming. Hyungwon looks at Hyunwoo, and they’re grinning, panting, both blushing so warmly.

Hoseok wants to scream.

Hyunwoo’s apartment is the nicest place Hyungwon has ever set foot inside.

“Damn, Hyunwoo,” he whistles low, eyeing the open concept three bedroom apartment with shiny stainless steel appliances and marble countertops, and, holy shit, there is actual artwork on the walls in fancy frames and shit.

“Impressed?” Hyunwoo smirks, winking.

“Jealous more like,” Hyungwon replies. “Where’s your, uh, daughter?”

“She’s at school,” Hyunwoo says, moving to his gigantic refrigerator--one with one of those LCD
screens on the front with temperature regulators and a crushed ice maker. Shit. Hyungwon didn’t think anyone actually made crushed ice. He thought it was a myth.

“Isn’t Minhyuk supposed to be coming?”

“I’m here,” Minhyuk says, voice hoarse, as one of the rooms opens and he steps out in just a long baggy t-shirt that definitely looks like it belongs to Hyunwoo.

Hyungwon looks at Hyunwoo, and Hyunwoo shrugs. Everyone in this group likes to shrug, and clearly dislikes answering any questions.

“You slept like thirteen hours,” Hyunwoo observes, looking at the clock on his refrigerator door.

“Pardon me for needing some beauty rest after having my ass annihilated,” Minhyuk replies, rubbing at his tailbone and grimacing.

Hyungwon looks at Hyunwoo again, and Hyunwoo once again offers him nothing by way of reply but a shrug.

This damn group and their strange romantic and sexual tree of relations.

“So, you said today was phase four of my initiation, right? It’s just gonna be us?”

Minhyuk nudges Hyunwoo out of the way of the fridge with his hip and pulls out a carton of orange juice, just opening the top and pouring it right into his open mouth. He swishes, gurgles, and swallows.

Hyungwon grimaces.

Minhyuk holds it out as an offering, and Hyungwon backs away, appalled.

Hyunwoo grabs the carton and takes a sip. “Just us today, yeah. Changkyun is in school today, and Kihyun is at his other job.”

“And...Hoseok?”

“Hoseok is part of it,” Hyunwoo says cryptically.

Hyungwon’s kidneys shrivel up.

“Though he doesn’t know quite yet,” Minhyuk adds, even more cryptically.

Hyungwon’s gall bladder melts.

“You’re on my channel today,” Minhyuk says. “We’ve got the fancy equipment too, since we’re at Hyunwoo’s.”

Hyungwon isn’t sure what he expected when Minhyuk said fancy equipment, but he shouldn’t have been that surprised to see a full studio with professional lighting and tripod cameras in Hyunwoo’s third bedroom space. There is even a heavy black drape over the window, keeping the light in.

“Your daughter doesn’t ask what this room is used for?”

Hyunwoo points to the lines of caution tape wrapped around the door. The tape reads: BEWARE THE GHOST. “I told her the room is haunted.”
“That’s evil but really brilliant, actually,” Hyungwon replies, dropping onto the edge of the gigantic fluffy mattress at the center of the room.

“One day she’ll probably be horrified to realize what was happening here, but hopefully I will have instilled in her a respect for professions of all kinds, this one included.”

“You’re a cool dad,” Minhyuk says, rubbing his cheek against Hyunwoo’s. Hyunwoo pats Minhyuk’s back awkwardly, and Hyungwon sees the true Dad essence in Hyunwoo at last.

“I wonder what I would be like if I grew up with a dad like you,” Hyungwon mutters, mostly to himself, but both guys turn to look at him quizzically. “My dad is...not the greatest, I guess.”

“Daddy Issues abound in this group, to be sure,” Minhyuk replies, dropping down onto the bed beside Hyungwon and cupping his knee with his warm palm. “Why do you think Hyunwoo works so hard to be Most Badass Dad of the Universe?”

Hyungwon chuckles and tries to picture his own dad striving for anything.

“So what is today’s shoot anyhow?”

Minhyuk climbs over Hyungwon, pressing his back down into the pillow-top mattress and purring into his ear. “Today I’m gonna suck you off, pretty boy.”

Hyungwon turns his head to look at Hyunwoo, now fiddling with the lights. “And Hoseok is relevant to this...how?”

Minhyuk holds up his cell phone, showing Hoseok’s contact page on the screen. He’s in the phone as HOSEOKKIE with three flexing bicep emojis.

Hyungwon feels all the blood in his body drain to his cock in both fear and arousal. “Oh fuck.”

“Usually when we do shoots like these, with people getting fucked while on the phone with someone else, they’re fake phone calls. You know, just mumbling incoherently into a phone while having your ass wrecked is all well and good too. But since this is an initiation phase, we figured we’d incorporate it. Get you more comfortable with the camera and also work it into the script. People love these shoots.”

Hyunwoo dims the lights and aims the less harsh professional lights at the bed, casting them in a faint whitish glow. Both he and Minhyuk are the palest of the group by far. Hyungwon wonders how their skin looks together in this light.

He wonders what his skin would look like next to Hyunwoo’s or Changkyun’s or Hoseok’s.

“How do you like it?” Minhyuk asks, settling in Hyungwon’s lap like he’s nesting, like he’s gonna make it his home.

“What do you mean?”


Hyungwon slides his hands up Minhyuk’s firm thighs and settles them on his thin hips under the hem of Hyunwoo’s loose, baggy t-shirt. “Yeah. You can...you can tease me,” he breathes.
A wide, pleased smile spreads over Minhyuk’s lips, and he nods. Without turning, he throws Hyunwoo an okay sign behind his back, and Hyunwoo says, “Okay, rolling.”

The look in Minhyuk’s eyes suddenly shifts, going from gentle and calm to hard and steely as Hyungwon blinks. The look in Minhyuk’s eyes could split the earth, rock the tectonic plates, wreck countries. Minhyuk leans down over Hyungwon and takes his lips, kissing him deep and yet far too soft, and Hyungwon arches up into it, aching for more already. There’s something magnetic in it, in the way Minhyuk gives just enough but far too little at the same time. Hyungwon feels needy after only a few minutes.

He cranes his neck, and Hyunwoo is watching with a look that says he understands.

Minhyuk latches onto Hyungwon’s shirt and yanks it up and over his head, fluffing up his hair as it moves away from his body. And then Minhyuk’s lips are trailing down Hyungwon’s bare skin, so gentle and feather light, and Hyungwon wants to grab into Minhyuk’s hair and guide him, but Minhyuk pins his wrists at his sides with a strength Hyungwon wouldn’t have expected from Minhyuk’s thin, wiry frame.

“Up against the headboard,” Hyunwoo calls out, and Minhyuk is maneuvering Hyungwon up against the fine wood at the head of Hyunwoo’s bed. It’s cold against the notches of his spine. “Good boy.”

Minhyuk practically purrs, pressing the heel of his palm against Hyungwon’s cock in his jeans. “Is that you, Hyungwon? Are you a good boy?”

Hyungwon’s spine tingles, and he breathes out a shaky, “God, yes.”

“Show us how good you can be,” Minhyuk whispers in his ear, yanking at Hyungwon’s jeans to pull them down to his ankles, and Hyungwon kicks them away. “Don’t move your hands until the phone rings. When it rings, you answer. Don’t say what is happening, got it?”

Hyungwon nods, nervous anticipation ringing in his blood, and Minhyuk drops his lips to mouth at Hyungwon’s half-hard cock through his thin black briefs.

Hyungwon gasps, fisting into the gorgeously silky sheets. “Oh, shit. Fuck, this bed is a goddamn cloud. This bed is God’s palms cupping my asscheeks. And your mouth, Min--”

“Call me Minnie. That’s my name here,” Minhyuk murmurs.

“Fuck that’s cute,” Hyungwon grits out, resisting the urge to fist his hands into Minhyuk’s silver hair.

“Mm, I’m very cute, aren’t I?” Minhyuk teases, walking his fingers up Hyungwon’s bare thigh and then up the line of Hyungwon’s shaft through his briefs.

“Please put your mouth back on me, Minnie,” Hyungwon says, his body already thrumming with want. “I want it.”

“Of course, baby,” Minhyuk coos, sucking a wet patch onto the front of Hyungwon’s briefs right over the head of his cock.

Hyungwon whines, a high nasal sound in his throat.

“Oh, I’m gonna like teasing you,” Minhyuk says, pulling the waistband of Hyungwon’s briefs down just enough to free the head, flushed pink and starting to leak precome. Minhyuk just stares at him, and Hyungwon feels the shame twisting up into hot knots of pleasure inside him. “So pretty, baby,
“Please just fucking do it,” Hyungwon whines again, lifting his hips up, but Minhyuk slaps his thigh.

“Good boys don’t move,” Minhyuk chastises, working his lips up Hyungwon’s inner thighs, lightly grazing over his cock before moving to the other thigh.

Hyungwon thinks he might die here today, teased into blissful oblivion, but then the cell phone buzzes on the sheets beside Hyungwon.

Minhyuk nods at the phone as he pulls Hyungwon’s briefs off completely.

“You’d better get that, baby,” he says.

Hyungwon sees Hoseok’s name flashing on the screen with all those fucking bicep emojis, and he whimpers, frantically fumbling to grab it and swipe to accept the call.

“You okay, Minhyuk? Hyunwoo told me I had to call you, and he said it had to be this exact time. 2:13 pm is a weird time to specify, right?” Hoseok laughs, and the sound is so warm and lovely in Hyungwon’s ear that he barely registers Minhyuk taking his cock into his hand and flicking his tongue into the slit.

“Fuck,” Hyungwon swears, hand almost slipping on the phone and dropping it.

“Sorry...Wonho...it’s me.”

“Hyungwon?”

Hoseok’s voice is so warm and gorgeous, somehow deeper on the phone than it is normally, and for some reason that tastes so sweet on his tongue.

“Minnie is...busy,” Hyungwon gasps out, fighting not to arch and shove more of his cock into Minhyuk’s hot wet mouth.

“You’re using our cam names,” Hoseok observes, and there’s something tight in his voice.

“Mmyeah,” Hyungwon breathes, as Minhyuk buries his cock deep in his throat and Hyungwon can feel the roughness of his hard palate against the head of his cock. “Fuck, sorry, Wonho, I…did you have something to say to me?”

“You taste so good, baby,” Minhyuk purrs, dragging the head of Hyungwon’s cock against the inside of his cheek, and it is so silky and wet and good.

“Can you put Minhyuk on, please?” Hoseok says, sighing, and suddenly Hyungwon is annoyed. There’s something bitter and jealous and greedy gnawing at his insides.

Minhyuk runs the flat of his tongue up the vein at the underside of his cock, and Hyungwon shudders, his breath shaking into the receiver of the phone at his ear. “He’s busy.”

“I’m sure he is,” Hoseok counters. “Just put him on, will you?”

“I can’t,” Hyungwon sneers into the phone, shaking again as Minhyuk takes him deep, and the pressure of his mouth is almost too tight. Hyungwon’s voice cracks as he moans, “His mouth is...occupied.”

“Uh huh.”
“With my...cock. He’s sucking my cock.”

Behind the camera, Hyunwoo purses his lips but Hyungwon can see the light laughter shaking his body anyhow.

Hoseok is quiet for a moment, and Hyungwon is about to speak again when Hoseok says quietly, “Is he now?”

Hyungwon is panting, his body fighting every urge to rut his hips up, to fist Minhyuk’s hair, to grab his shoulders and dig his nails in, to do anything to get the pressure more stable around his cock. Minhyuk appears to be masterful at the art of teasing. His mouth will leave Hyungwon’s cock for full beats of breath-heavy silence before he dives back down and takes his cock into his mouth hard, gagging himself.

“Feels so good, Wonho,” Hyungwon gasps, his cock pulsing on Minhyuk’s tongue as he teases the head against the slick wetness. “It’s so hot and tight and slick, and he takes it so well. My cock is so hard, I could die, I could really die. I’m trying to be a good boy, Wonho, but he keeps teasing me, and it feels so good, but I’m going to die.”

“Good boys wouldn’t tell me they’re having their cocks sucked,” Hoseok replies. “I have a sneaking suspicion that you broke script.”

“I did. I broke it because I wanted you to know, but I dunno why,” Hyungwon breathes, chest heaving and cock red and swollen in Minhyuk’s soft fingers, on his sweet lovely tongue. “Do I sound pretty, Wonho? Can you hear it...it in my voice? How good I feel?”

Hoseok draws in a loud breath, and it sends a jolt of something beautiful and electric into Hyungwon’s core. “Yeah, I can.”

“He’s making me feel so good, Wonho,” Hyungwon says, voice pleading, eyes moving down to meet Minhyuk’s as Minhyuk works faster and sloppier over his painfully hard cock, his lips spread wide and chapped from the effort. Hyungwon doesn’t think he’s ever been teased this long before. Doesn’t think he’s ever been hard for this long without coming. It feels like his whole body is pulled taut, seconds from snapping. Minhyuk’s jaw must be exhausted, aching, but he’s doing it so good.

“I wanna come, Wonho, but Minnie won’t let me,” Hyungwon whines, groaning deep in his chest. “He’s so cruel, isn’t he?”

Hoseok’s breath disappears for a moment, as if he’d covered the receiver of his phone, but then it comes back, deeper and shakier than before.

Hoseok is touching himself, Hyungwon realizes.

Oh fuck.

“I want to come,” Hyungwon whimpers again, body really shaking now, his thighs twitching on either side of Minhyuk’s head.

Minhyuk swirls his tongue around the head of Hyungwon’s cock and then takes it all deep into his throat again, holding it there for longer than Hyungwon thinks should be possible.

“Oh, tell me to come, tell me, please, tell me I can come, tell me, or I’ll die, you jerk, you awful jerk,” Hyungwon pleads brokenly, sweat dripping down his throat and chest and knees.

“Wait for me,” Hoseok says, deep and warm and wonderful.
“I can’t, I can’t, hurry,” Hyungwon babbles, but Minhyuk, somehow knowing, grips the base of Hyungwon’s cock hard to keep his orgasm from breaching. “No, no, no, please, please let me come.”

“I said wait,” Hoseok demands, voice like honey smoke, like rich flowing molten lava, like a wave of the most gorgeous lyrical water Hyungwon has ever felt cresting over his body. “Wait for me, baby.”

Hyungwon clenches his thighs around Minhyuk’s head and cries, “No, no, hurry, hurry, you bastard, hurry.”

Hoseok’s breath catches, and there’s the sound of slick skin under palms, and Hyungwon honestly might be dying. He might.

“Soon, baby,” Hoseok coos, and Hyungwon’s core feels like liquid gold, like pure molasses.

“Tell me,” Hyungwon begs again, “tell me I can come. You’re so cruel, so awful, please.”

Minhyuk picks up his pace again, the obscene sound of his throat gagging over Hyungwon’s skin filling the air as Hoseok pants into Hyungwon’s ear.

“Okay, baby, okay,” Hoseok says finally, after such a torturous moment of waiting.

“I can come?”

“Come, pretty baby, come,” Hoseok gasps, and his breath comes in short, heavy pants, washing over Hyungwon’s body and raising goosebumps down his arms and belly.

“I’m coming, I’m--” Hyungwon cries, whole body shaking as his muscles contract and clench for that amazing moment of pure sweet nothing and everything. He feels Minhyuk pull off and stroke him through his orgasm, his come splashing up just below his navel, hot and dripping down his sides and onto the sheets.

“Good boy,” Hoseok says, groaning softly, and then he’s gone.

Hyungwon drops the phone to the sheets and blinks up at the ceiling.

“And cut?” Hyunwoo says, amused and breathless as well.

“That was hot as fuck,” Minhyuk says, crawling up Hyungwon’s body and kissing him so he can taste the bitterness of his own precome. “You like being on display, don’t you?”

Hyungwon tips his chin up, and Minhyuk peppers kisses down his jawline. Hyungwon hums pleasantly, eyes shut.

“Oh, shit,” Hyungwon says, eyes shooting open again as he peers up at Minhyuk. “Should I? I mean. You need to--”

Minhyuk holds up his hand, spreading his fingers and showing Hyungwon the come painting his pale skin, sticking between his fingers. “I told you that was hot.”

Hyungwon grins and pulls Minhyuk down on top of him. “Anyone ever tell you that your mouth should be the eighth wonder of the world?”

Minhyuk giggles again. “That’s all practice. Not all of us have lips like yours. These were made for cock sucking,” he says, running his thumb over the dip of Hyungwon’s cupid’s bow.
Hyungwon smirks, pleased. “Maybe next time we can trade, then, and you can call Hyunwoo.”

“Good idea, my little mantis,” Minhyuk exclaims with wagging eyebrows. “While he’s at work, too. Get him all worked up.”

Hyunwoo shuts off the camera lighting and flicks the room lights back on overhead. Hyungwon doesn’t want to know the state of disarray he’s in.

“Don’t you dare. Don’t make me release that drunk tape of you dancing naked to Brown Eyed Girls, just swinging your cock around like a little helicopter--”

“Okay, hyung, nevermind, nevermind, maybe Kihyun, yeah?” Minhyuk cries, launching himself off the bed to tackle Hyunwoo, still completely nude, draping himself over Hyunwoo’s wide shoulders like a bare-assed koala.

Hyungwon looks over at the blank screen of the cell phone, nestled in the sheets, and feels the echo of Hoseok’s breath ringing in his skull.
Chapter Notes

A/n: I am actually doing an okay job updating my fics and I feel strange and proud of myself? Anyhow, thanks for all your love and support. Here's a chapter with no sex but feelings? Also: beach episode.
Ugh sorry the formatting is off, too. I'm on mobile because I'm away for the weekend and have no laptop but wanted to update. I will try to fix soon!!

Hyungwon is sat squished between Minhyuk and Jooheon in the back of a rental mini-van when Hyunwoo asks if they need more air.

Hyungwon can feel the sweat gathered in the strands of hair at the back of his skull, and he manages to croak out a weak, “Please, God.”

Hoseok turns around from the front seat, long arm stretched over the back of Hyunwoo’s headrest, and asks, “This better?” as he blasts the air conditioning right down onto Hyungwon’s face.

Hyungwon refuses to meet his eyes, but he nods solemnly at his lap.

Beside him, Jooheon is staring down at his Gameboy and pretending to be elsewhere. Hyungwon elbows him.

“You’re the one who begged to come. Don’t wimp out on me now.”

Jooheon bristles, rapidly tapping his thumb over the x on his controller, waving a tiny virtual sword around frantically. “I’m not wimping out. I’m just...flustered. Everyone is so--”

Minhyuk, eavesdropping like an overeager hunting dog waiting for the telltale whispered sound of wings, leans over Hyungwon to press his face close to Jooheon’s. Jooheon’s ears flush.

“So what?” Minhyuk coos, and Jooheon flushes more, the pink spreading down his throat like wildfire.

“Loud,” Hyungwon finishes for his friend, knowing that isn’t the answer Jooheon intended, but sparing him further embarrassment. Hyungwon presses a hand to Minhyuk’s chest, shoving him back against his seat. “Leave the guy alone, Minhyuk; he’s too pure for your antics.”

“I’m not pure,” Jooheon asserts, shutting his Gameboy with a brittle snap. He looks down at the device and grimaces, eyes nearly watering as he realizes he’d forgotten to save the game.

“Uh huh,” Hyungwon observes, tapping Jooheon’s pillowy cheek. “Wild as they come, Honey bunches of oats.”

Jooheon pouts, dimple popping into his cheek, and Minhyuk continues to stare, eyes wide, looking like he’s scented a mound of melted candy on the sidewalk, free for the licking.

Hyungwon slaps Minhyuk’s knee and narrows his eyes. “Don’t touch my Honey bunches of oats,” he hisses.
Minhyuk tips his chin up and huffs. “He’s an adult.”

Hyungwon grips Minhyuk’s knee, knowing he’s ticklish, and Minhyuk squeals, lifting off the seat until the crown of his head bonks the ceiling of the van.

Hyunwoo tilts the rearview mirror down, his Dad Face on. “Don’t make me turn this car around without ice cream.”

Changkyun suddenly awakens from where he’d had his head pillowed on Kihyun’s shoulder. “Ice cream?” He turns to the back row where Jooheon, Hyungwon, and Minhyuk are tangled in battle, his eyes bright with fury. “Donchu fuck this up for me, bozos, I’m getting me some ice cream.”

Minhyuk puffs out his bottom lip and wriggles in his seat. “You made the baby hate me,” he whines at Hyungwon.

Hyungwon rolls his eyes and looks up to find Hoseok watching him from the front seat again.

They haven’t really spoken about what happened during his filming with Minhyuk and Hyunwoo the week before. He’s done three solo shoots since then, though Hyunwoo hasn’t released any of them yet. He paid Hyungwon for his work, but he said he wanted to wait until Hyungwon had more of a following from the other videos. There’s nothing worse than opening a new channel and garnering zero attention. It could break a cam-er’s spirit.

Hoseok has this tight black muscle tee on, his arms absolutely, bafflingly gigantic, even next to Hyunwoo’s already abnormally large arm on the armrest between their seats. Hyungwon wants to gnaw on the protruding tricep, but he doesn’t want to have to climb over the seats.

Or face the shame of having given into his primal instinct. Hoseok may be the most brilliantly blinding creature for miles around, but Hyungwon has self-control.

And Hoseok is also the most annoying cretin Hyungwon has ever known. So there is that, too. He imagines biting into Hoseok’s beautiful firm bicep and finding mushy pulp like a fermented plum. It helps mollify the ache in his mouth.

They’re close to the beach now. Hyungwon can taste it in the air. Salty, murky, like the thick green water they’d be staying beside. Kihyun’s grandmother has a place on the shore in Busan, and it had been Minhyuk’s idea (obviously, because who else would choose to drive all the way to Busan in a rental van with six other people like a damn clown car). The place, Kihyun asserted, is huge, the kind of place you invest in when you’re old and have nothing else better to do with your money.

And, Minhyuk had added, Hyungwon still had one final test before they could release his videos and get him his own channel.

So Hoseok rolls his window down, and Hyunwoo follows suit because the unbearable highway wind pounds through the van otherwise, and the van fills with that foggy scent of salt and wet sand and moored boats with barnacles clamped onto the hulls.

Hyungwon hasn’t been to the beach in ages. Since he was a child, probably. Since his parents brought him after he'd learned to swim, after he'd begged them for weeks on end to let him swim somewhere other than the stagnant chlorinated waters of their local swim club. Somewhere where he’d have to use those skills he'd tried to garner over the last six weeks of swim camp.

He had long, unruly limbs (still does), the kinds that might be incredibly useful for swimming had they contained any strength whatsoever. He could tread water for hours, his instructor claimed to his parents, but God forbid the child try to cross the pool. By the halfway mark, Hyungwon was ready
to let the water pour over his head as he sank to the bottom to die a pitiful death.

"Smells like sweaty feet," Jooheon mutters, frantically jabbing at the buttons on his Gameboy to catch himself up to where he was before Minhyuk latched onto him like one of those sea barnacles.

"I think it smells great," Hyungwon replies, leaning closer to the window to let the breeze flow over his cheeks.

"Soon you'll be filming sweaty feet porn," Jooheon says.

Hyungwon grabs the Gameboy and holds it through the open window, fingers clutching it like a filthy rag, his body bent over Minhyuk's to get closer to the side of the van, waggling the little device around. Jooheon shrieks, arms waving like wriggly noodles, and Hyungwon yells over the wind, "Tell me you know I will not be filming sweaty feet porn, and you respect my line of work!"

Jooheon squeaks and nods like a man being asked to relinquish his life's funds to save his wife and children in a hostage situation. "Please! I respect your line of work, and I know you hate feet! Especially the sweaty kind! Please, Wonnie, don't hurt my baby!"

Hyungwon slips back from where he'd basically collapsed his enormous long limbs over Minhyuk and places the Gameboy gently across Jooheon's bare thigh. "There. That wasn't so bad."

Jooheon looks as if he may cry.

Hyunwoo veers off the highway and down a long gravel road, and Hyungwon feels his head bumping against the roof of the van as the wheels attempt to clear the uneven ground up to Kihyun's grandma's house.

They park on a long driveway that leads up to a small but well maintained house with pale green vinyl siding and a slated roof. There's a little white marble fountain out front, filled with tiny lilies and algae.

"Yo, Ki's grandma got cash," Minhyuk whistles, leaning through the open window to peer up at the house. "Marry him," he adds, climbing forward to hiss the words into Changkyun's ear in an absurdly loud stage whisper that carries through the entire van.

Changkyun turns around in his seat and climbs over it to crawl into Minhyuk's lap and strangle him. "I am an independent! Babyboy! Who don't need no! Rich grandma!"

Hyunwoo throws open his van door and then proceeds to yank open the back doors as well, his eyes narrowed and chest puffed up in that powerful sexy dad manner he possesses.

"Out."

Changkyun bites Minhyuk's cheek and then clambers out of the van with a hoity sway of his hips. Minhyuk chirps indignantly and rushes out after him.

Jooheon gives Hyungwon a nervous look. "I'm concerned."

"It's gonna be fine," Hyungwon replies, shoving Jooheon out the door to follow after the others as they unload the trunk and wheel everything up to the front entrance of the house.

"Are you gonna be, uh, you know, filming?" Jooheon mutters, latched onto Hyungwon with a hand fisted in the back of his shirt.
"I honestly have no idea what the plan is, but I haven't spent more than five minutes in the sun for months," Hyungwon says, turning to kick at Jooheon's shin until he releases Hyungwon's shirt from his grasp. “So as long as we are outside, I don’t care whose dick is in my bum, and I don’t care who is watching, got it?”

Minhyuk and Changkyun wheel around from the front of the pack heading in through the front door, crying in unison: “That’s the spirit!”

There are three large guest bedrooms and a single master in the house, and everyone decides to rock, paper, scissors for the master suite.

Hyungwon throws out a rock because he's a goddamn man, and unfortunately Changkyun and Minhyuk both throw out paper, alone among all the other rocks.

They both squeak like happy little birds and leap up the staircase to the master suite to drop their luggage.

Hyungwon ends up in a room with Kihyun, which isn't so bad. He likes Kihyun, even though sometimes Kihyun gets this snakelike look in his eyes, like he's memorized all of Hyungwon’s weaknesses and filed them away for a later date when they may be of use to him.

Hyungwon is in the little guest bathroom in the hall when his phone rings.

It's his mom.

“Uh, hey, Ma, sorry, my service is crap,” he lies, wriggling into a pair of orange swim trunks. “I'm in Busan with some friends.”

“Friends?” His mom repeats, and he doesn't blame her.

“Yeah, Jooheon and a few other kids from my work.”

“Work,” his mom repeats again, a sigh in her voice.

“Yeah, work,” he accentuates, “look, my channel was suspended because of an accident, and I'm going to get it back or whatever, but I need to work in the meantime.”

“But the thing on your channel...you didn't have to do with that, did you?”

“The thing?” Hyungwon doesn't want to have this fight. Not now. Maybe not ever, especially with his mom who always accepts so much from her family. “No, mom. It's fine. It'll be fine.”

There's a knock on the bathroom door. “I'll call you next week, okay? We can go to the noodle place by your old work, yeah?”

“That sounds nice,” his mom says, and her voice is so tired and so meek, and Hyungwon wonders when he let himself become as lonely and tired as her.

He hangs up and pulls on a loose white t-shirt before opening the door.

“We’re heading out,” Hoseok says, and his voice is rough, stilted, and Hyungwon doesn't get to reply because he's already down the hall.

It turns out that Hyunwoo and Minhyuk’s plan had been really rather simple: get everyone together, sit on the beach, absorb some vitamin d, and see where it goes.
“Listen, my kid is at her grandma’s, and I need a damn break,” Hyunwoo admits, hauling a massive cooler between him and Hoseok as they waddle down the sand towards the sea. “My whole wardrobe smells like strawberry milk and applesauce, and I can’t tell you how many times I’ve been yelled at for not being able to correctly tie a ponytail. I just need a sixpack of beer and some sun on my skin.”

Hyungwon doesn’t think he’s heard Hyunwoo speak so much ever at once.

“A six pack for everyone, right?”

Hyunwoo levels Jooheon with a steely yet blank glare. “What do you think?”

Jooheon trips and falls face first into the sand. Minhyuk sweeps down to his side and tugs on his arm like a rescue puppy amid fallen rubble. Jooheon looks up, sees Minhyuk, whines, and presses his face back into the hot sand.

Hyungwon moves between Changkyun and Kihyun as they trek through the uneven sand together.

“How’s your butthole recovering?” Changkyun asks, seeming genuinely concerned.

Hyungwon shrugs, hoists his beach bag higher on his shoulder. “Seems fine. The wax is holding up well. Well, the waxed skin. The...area.”

“It’s nice to feel all smooth, right? Though, just as a warning, it may itch when it starts to grow in,” Changkyun replies.

Kihyun kicks at an abandoned cola bottle, and Changkyun swats at him before racing off after it to drop it in the recycling bin.

“You better work on that poker face, Yoo,” Hyungwon murmurs, leaning in close to Kihyun’s face. “You look like you just watched the first successful moon landing in person and can’t believe what an honor it is to have f*cked it.”

Kihyun’s brows pull together, and he shoves at Hyungwon’s side. “Work on your metaphors.”

Changkyun races back and coils his arms around the both of them at their waists, hobbling between them at an uneven gait, avoiding sharp edges of shells in his bare feet. “Recycling is good.”

Kihyun’s eyes screw up as if he’s in excruciating pain.

Hyungwon smirks at him from over Changkyun’s head.

Hyunwoo rolls out a massive beach blanket and Hoseok adds another beside it, creating this giant pastel sheet over the sand, where they both drop the cooler and their shirts.

Hyungwon stops abruptly, feeling a deep, purely animal groan building in his solar plexus.

There is something about seeing Hoseok’s bare chest in the bright gleaming light of a summer day that just makes everything seem ten thousand times more unbelievable.

It’s those nipples.

Who allows Hoseok to possess the cutest dusty, rosy pink nipples in the whole goddamn world?

“Something about being in the sun,” Changkyun cries, throwing his shirt off and into the air like confetti, where it heavily drops back down into a heap on the sand, “makes me wanna sprawl out
and not move for hours.”

“That is exactly,” Hyunwoo mutters from his spot on the blanket, ballcap tipped over his eyes, arms crossed over his broad chest, “what I plan on doing.”

Changkyun and Kihyun drop down beside Hyunwoo on the blanket, Changkyun pressing his cheek into Hyunwoo’s warm stomach, looking every bit as comfortable as Hyungwon assumes one whose pillow is the squishy tan tummy of Son Hyunwoo should look.

Kihyun pulls out his phone and starts taking pictures.

Hoseok looks over at Hyungwon again, and Hyungwon can’t help but feel strangely uncomfortable as he fingers the hem of his own t-shirt to pull it over his head.

“Did you pack sunscreen?” Hoseok asks, and his tone is still different, off.

Hyungwon grabs his beach bag and tips it upside down. Out spills six different bottles of sunscreen. A spray, a face cream, a lip cream, 70 spf, 50 spf, 30 spf.

“Ohoh, do I have sunscreen,” Hyungwon crows triumphantly.

Hoseok picks up the spray and shakes it a little. “Seems almost empty.”

“What? No, I just bought that.” Hyungwon whips his t-shirt over his head and grabs the can, shaking it more vigorously and doing a test spray in the air. The can fizzes weakly, a few tiny spritzes of white puffing out the top. “Damnit.”

Hoseok picks up the 70 spf and twirls his finger in the air, signing for Hyungwon to turn around. Hyungwon obeys and then mentally smacks himself for being so easy.

And oh, Hoseok’s hands.

Right.

Even through the frigid sensation of sunscreen, Hoseok’s hands feel every bit as strong and firm as Hyungwon could have hoped. It strikes him, then, that he’s never actually felt Hoseok’s hands on his body. Not really. Not with intention. Not that spreading thick white paste over Hyungwon’s back is the intention Hyungwon craves. He clamps down on the unfortunate purr trying to claw its way out his larynx.

God, when had he let it get this bad? Hoseok had barely done anything. And he didn’t even have to! Hyungwon is weak. He is weak and pathetic, and all he wants to do is Inception the idea of filming with Hoseok into Hyunwoo’s mind so that he can finally dig his front teeth into those thick hot thighs and feel Hoseok twitch beneath him.

Hyungwon looks over at Jooheon, who is standing by the umbrella as Minhyuk holds up a bottle of sunscreen. “Skin cancer is a serious concern, Heonie.”

Jooheon is shaking his head, pulling his shirt hem down almost to his thighs like a minidress. “I don’t do abdominal exposure.”


Jooheon bites the inside of his cheek and shrugs. “Because my outsides never caught up to how hot my insides are.”
Minhyuk wrinkles his nose. “Are you being self-deprecating? Because you know I can’t stand when people are self-deprecating.”

“I’m just being honest,” Jooheon sighs, dropping his arms to his sides. “I just neve--”

Minhyuk dives in, grabs Jooheon’s shirt, whips it over his head, and runs off with it.

Jooheon wails and wraps his arms around his torso before sprinting after him, flying across the sand at an alarming speed for someone with their arms coiled around their midsection.

Hoseok looks over at Hyungwon, and there’s this confused but amused smile on his lips that makes Hyungwon’s ribs chime out like pipes clanging together.

“You wanna go in the water? I’m not much for laying out doing nothing,” Hoseok asks, and Hyungwon nods because he’s easy. He’s so easy.

They wade out together, a safe distance apart, a good five feet or so, and the water is cold but it feels like heaven on his bare skin. It’s been so long since he’s let himself out into nature like this. So many days hidden behind a webcam, seated at a desk in a dimly lit room. He’d forgotten how lovely it feels to release your body to the sun, to the water.

“I heard your shoot went well,” Hoseok says, when they’re up to their waists in water, and the waves don’t break as hard, just swell up like cats beneath carpets to rush against their bodies.

Hyungwon pretends to choke on water. “Uh, yeah, I guess? Minhyuk did all the work, really.”

“Sounded like you were putting on a good show,” Hoseok replies.

“You have a...nice voice,” Hyungwon admits.

“A nice voice, huh,” Hoseok repeats, and the two of them are up to their shoulders now, mostly just treading water in place, still a good foot or so apart.

“I want to,” Hyungwon calls over the sound of the waves, loud in his ears or maybe that’s the insistent pounding of his pulse, “I want to shoot with you.”

“I see hanging around with the others has made you bolder,” Hoseok replies, but there’s a pinkish tinge to his adorably wide ears, those sweet beautiful ears that look like those french pastries with the pretty sugar swirls.

“Just realizing that I have more power than I always thought or let myself think,” Hyungwon says. “I saw you watching me at the bar. When I was dancing.”

“Everyone was watching you. You were hard to miss. Take up a lot of space with that huge worm body.”

Hyungwon drifts closer, pretends it’s the force of the current beneath their feet. Hoseok looks away, looks afraid somehow.

“Hyungwon,” he says, “look: I think you’re gorgeous. I think you’re--”

“You think I’m gorgeous?”

Hoseok sucks his bottom lip into his mouth and releases it, reddened and slick with spit. Hyungwon wants to suck it too, make it swollen and redder. “Hard not to. Your body is so long and there’s so much skin and your mouth, fuck, Hyungwon, your mouth is unreal.”
Hyungwon’s stomach fills with lighter fluid. Drops a match. Catches fire.

“What about my mouth?” His arms are starting to burn from trying to keep his body in place despite the current.

Hoseok draws in a sharp breath and shakes his head. “Hyungwon, you don’t get it. This is my life. This is my job. This is what gives me joy.”

Hyungwon pulls his lips down at the corners. Narrows his eyes. “What do you mean? You think I’m just here for a little fun? Fuck around with the hoes a lil?”

Hoseok rubs wet hands over his cheeks, and the droplets of ocean cling to his pink cheeks. “That’s exactly what I think. Look, you’re...you’re a good kid.”

“You’re all good kids. Changkyun is some kind of angel or virally popular kitten video in human form.”

“You and I both know how far from the truth that is,” Hoseok replies, turning his head away towards his friends on their massive beach blanket. “These people are my family, Hyungwon, and if you’re just here to get revenge on me for the mess I accidentally cause, then that’s fine. That’s fine, okay? I get it.”

“But--”

“But if you think you can waltz in, make all of them, all of us, like you and welcome you in like family only to tell us later how shameful this all is, how dirty it made you feel, I don’t want any of it,” Hoseok says, eyes bright and red-rimmed from the salt. “Hyunwoo is a dad, Hyungwon. And he will take care of all of us the same way he takes care of his fucking kid, and he will protect you from a pack of wild boars with his bare fucking hands if he needs to, but if you say anything--do anything--to make him feel guilty for what he does, then I will personally--”

“Hoseok,” Hyungwon cries, interrupting. “God, fuck, stop. You think when Changkyun texts me to get coffee that I’m doing it to...what? Craft some kind of mental burn book for a future date when I assert that I’ve been playing you all along?”

“I don’t--”

“No. Fuck that. Oh, please. Jooheon is my only friend, Hoseok. You didn’t notice that? I’m a goddamn loser who eats macaroni and cheese on camera (three pounds of it, you know?) for a living. You think this is shameful? I started my mukbang channel to get--it doesn’t matter,” he says, shaking away the thought. “I love your friends. Your friends are the sweetest, most welcoming people I’ve ever met. And you.” Hyungwon releases an earth-shatteringly weary sigh. “You are some kind of golem crafted from the mud at the pits of my lust cave, you know that?”

“I’m not sure what that is supposed to mean, no.”

“It means that I am devastatingly attracted to you. It means that even if we never film together, I cannot die unless I know what your mouth feels like on my bare skin.”

“Hyungwon.”

“No, don’t worry. I'm not going to touch you,” he says, holding up his hands above the water like they used to make kids lift their hands for ‘hand check’ on the bus in middle school (worried they were canoodling behind the padded brown bus seats). “You think I’m using you and your friends, fine. I’m not. So I’m going to wait until you snap (and you will), and in that moment, when you’re
pulling me in, when you’re gripping my ass like you mean it and you’re sorry for that bullshit you thought about me, I want you to think about all the times we could’ve been balls deep in one another but you were too obstinate to believe the best about me.”

And Hyungwon makes for shore.

They head back to the beach for dinner, after everyone took showers and napped despite having done nothing but bake in the sun all day. Hyunwoo and Hoseok once again cart all the heavy items, like the grill and the cooler, and pretty much everything.

Hyungwon notices that Jooheon has left his shirt off in the humid ocean air.

“How’d he pull that one? I know how you feel about abdominal exposure,” Hyungwon asks, nodding at Minhyuk.

Jooheon shrugs, scratching at the bridge of his nose. “He told me he doesn’t like abs. He said they scare him.”

Hyungwon looks over at Hyunwoo, striking a match beneath the coals in the grill, bent over to show his tiny fold of fat at the bottom of his stomach.

“He does like his men soft and thick,” Hyungwon observes.

“Unlike someone I know,” Jooheon says, nodding over at Hoseok, who has a zip-up hoodie open around his torso, abs on full display, cast even deeper in his skin under the shadow of the moon.

“I don’t have a type. I just like pretty people,” Hyungwon retorts.

Jooheon scoffs. “Sure. And hey, you got some sun, pretty boy.”

Hyungwon looks down at his arms, at the pale line where his stomach meets his hips where his bathing suit shorts met his bare skin. “I used to tan a lot, honestly. Easily, at least. I forgot that skin does that.”

“Skin does really do that,” Jooheon says, snorting a laugh, before Minhyuk runs over with skewered sausages.

“You really couldn’t just put these on buns?” Hyungwon asks, gaping at the horrifically violent phallic image.

“We forgot buns.”

“You forgot buns!” Hyunwoo crows from the grill.

“You love my buns!” Minhyuk cries back, and no one questions the logic. “So, yeah, no buns, sorry.” And he prances away.

Hyungwon and Jooheon look down at their skewered sausages and gently peel them off their impalements.

“He’s lucky I’m starving,” Jooheon says.

“Eating a not-impaled dick-shaped object is much easier than an impaled one, amirite?”

Jooheon kicks sand up Hyungwon’s legs, and Hyungwon sprints away.
Changkyun is waving his sausage at a stray seagull, and Kihyun is trying to get him to stop because the gull looks positively murderous.

“He’s murderous because he’s hungry. He reminds me of the kittens. I miss them. I hope they’re okay with Minghao and Jun.”

“Yes, I’m sure they’re fine, and you aren’t helping this poor not-kitten by waggling your meat stick at him.”

“Who is waggling their meat stick?” Hyunwoo calls out from the grill, his bare chest covered by a Grill Daddy apron, his spatula and tongs raised in both hands like weapons. “We’re on a public beach, everyone. No meat stick waggling until we get inside.”

“He’s so hot when he’s Grill Daddy,” Minhyuk coos, cupping his own face and staring longingly at Hyunwoo, who is now concentrating on the grilled vegetables with every ounce of focus in his massive body.

“Do you guys ever feel weird about…” Jooheon says, dropping down onto the beach blanket again (newly spread out and sand-free), waving his hands between all of them. “Having fucked all your friends?”

Minhyuk purses his lips, tips his head to the side, and shakes his head. “No, not really.”

“It doesn’t feel strange to have had your friend’s dick in your mouth?” Jooheon presses.

Minhyuk crams his last couple bites of sausage into his mouth and adamantly shakes his head, cheeks puffed up and full. “Not at all. I trust my friends with my dick more than I trust anyone else. You’d trust a stranger with your dick more than you’d trust your best friends?”

“It just seems all very incestual?” Jooheon replies, watching Minhyuk’s mouth intently.

“We aren’t related, Heonie,” Minhyuk says, swatting at Jooheon’s shoulder. “You watch too much Game of Thrones.”

Jooheon looks to Hyungwon for backup, but Hyungwon ignores him. “I like having friends who will suck my dick,” Hyungwon says.

“Don’t look at me for that,” Jooheon huffs, dropping back onto the blanket to look up at the sky. There aren’t any stars--it’s too cloudy--but there are some bright satellites passing over them, blinking every couple seconds from a new point in the dark.

“Who said I even want your dick?” Hyungwon scoffs, toeing at Jooheon’s stomach from where he’s standing over him.

Minhyuk collapses on top of Jooheon and nuzzles into his neck. “Stop rubbing your foot juices on him. He’s too cute.”

Hyungwon glares at Jooheon, who is just a whole ass tomato beneath the warm weight of Minhyuk’s body.

Hyungwon stalks away, pretending to be miffed, but honestly he’s happy for Jooheon. His precious soft friend who never leaves his apartment except to find a new Pokemon gym or buy a new Nicki Minaj cd because he never got the memo that people don’t buy cds anymore.

Hoseok is sitting on the long pile of boulders leading out into the water, knees pulled to his chest,
chin resting atop his kneecaps. Hyungwon decides to throw caution and pride to the wind and walks out to climb up next to him. The rocks are slick with algae and salt, and Hyungwon wipes the residue off on his shorts with a grimace.

“Hey,” he says, because he’s thirteen and doesn’t have any other way to start a conversation.

“Hi,” is Hoseok’s equally verbose reply.

“You good?”

Hoseok picks up a small pebble from between two of the boulders and chucks it into the water. “Yeah. I’m a dick. I’m sorry.”

“I didn’t think it would be that easy, to be honest,” Hyungwon says, scooting closer so their thighs are brushing. “To get you to feel bad, I mean.”

“I always feel bad,” Hoseok replies.

“Yikes,” Hyungwon coughs, “that’s dark, man.”

“Sorry, I mean when I’m mean. I hate being mean.”

“You’re just protective. Like a big dog. Or like a bear,” Hyungwon says, nudging Hoseok’s thigh with his own. Hyungwon loves to look at his narrow but soft thigh beside Hoseok’s massive, tree trunk of a leg. He wants Hoseok to wrap his thighs around his head and crack it like a walnut.

“It’s hard. We’ve had other people try to come into our group before, and they all just took off after a while. It’s stressful. I know Hyunwoo always sees the best in people, and the others will follow whatever rules Hyunwoo sets. But I know some of the people who left took a bit of my friends with them, and I hate that.”

Hyungwon drops his head to Hoseok’s shoulder and feels him stiffen beneath his cheek. “I have no plans to leave,” he says.

“But your channel,” Hoseok says, kicking at a pile of stones and watching them roll into the waves.

“I’m going to get a new one. It isn’t like mukbang was my dream or anything. I did it because I never had a dream,” Hyungwon admits, sliding his tongue over his bottom lip in the chapped summer air. “Mostly I did it to spite my dad.”

“He a bad guy or something?”

“No. Not at all, really. He just didn’t care. I would have been fine having a dad like my friends’ dads, you know, the pushy hardasses who ground you when they find cigs in your sock drawer? I would have loved that. But he could have been just a guy living in our house for all he contributed emotionally. And my mom and I tried so hard to get him to snap out of it, pay attention to us, and man, that really fucked with me. No matter what I did, he just didn’t budge. He didn’t give a fuck.”

Hoseok shifts a little, and Hyungwon lifts his cheek from Hoseok’s shoulder. They make eye contact, and Hoseok has that look in his eyes like he’s really trying to memorize everything around him, everything in Hyungwon’s face, every miniscule movement of his facial muscles beneath his skin.

“I hate when you look at me like that,” Hyungwon says. “It’s extremely disconcerting.”
“Like what? Like I’m actually looking?”

“Yeah, exactly. Did you miss the part where I admitted I am used to people ignoring my existence? You’re so intense all the time, Hoseok.”

“You’re the one who wanted me to look at you, wanted me to want you, remember?”

Hyungwon sighs and tips his chin up, palms on the rocks behind his back, eyes on the two satellites crossing over their heads.

“I talk a lot.”

“I wouldn’t say a lot, but when you do talk, you really make people listen,” Hoseok says, and he grabs Hyungwon by the chin, tilting his face down. “I don’t know what you want from me.” His voice is pitched low, that sweet rasping sound that Hyungwon heard ringing in his skull after their on-air phone call.

“I have zero expectations,” Hyungwon says, lifting up to climb over Hoseok’s lap, straddling those impossibly thick thighs. “I want to film with you. I think we have chemistry, and I think you know that too. I want you to hold me down and fuck me slow and deep with those amazing hips. I want you to ride me with your big hands on the headboard. I want you to bend me in half and put your mouth places I swear to God I never thought anyone’s mouth should go before all this. I want—”

Hoseok leans in.

Hyungwon quickly learns that Hoseok hadn’t been lying when he said he liked Hyungwon’s mouth. He’s attentive. He’s focussed.

He’s fucking delicious.

Hoseok tastes like charcoal grill-marks and pepper and a hint of beer and salt. He doesn’t go straight for the tongue, just takes his time pressing his lips to every millimeter of Hyungwon’s lips before Hyungwon gives in, gasps into Hoseok’s mouth, and lets him in.

He kisses like he wants to disassemble Hyungwon bit by bit. Like Hyungwon is an abandoned Lego fortress, and Hoseok is the class genius who needs to know why every brick was placed where it was. He kisses like he knows everything about Hyungwon or like he really wants to learn.

Hyungwon wraps his arms around Hoseok’s neck and rides through it, through the sweet touches of just lip, through the little nips at Hyungwon’s cupid’s bow, through the way Hoseok waits for Hyungwon to tilt his head just so and part his lips just so to allow his tongue in.

And it’s like that time at university when the milk machine at the cereal station broke, and Hyungwon was standing there with his bowl overflowing and milk just pouring out over and over, spilling over the side of the countertop and onto the linoleum floor, and for a while no one did anything but watch. This mental metaphor is so wrong, but Hyungwon is so lost in it, lost in Hoseok and his lips and tongue and teeth and beautiful warm body, that he doesn’t even feel the water.

The tide crests up over the rocks, breaking loudly and powerfully against their stone fronts, lifting up and dropping back down.

And then he and Hoseok are both drenched.

And Hyungwon is irritated that nature has let him down like this. Truly let him down. After all the
good times they shared when he was a youth.

“I feel so betrayed,” Hyungwon mutters.

Hoseok is shaking with laughter beneath him, and Hyungwon bitterly glances down and slaps Hoseok’s chest.

“What? It’s kind of funny. Cockblocked by the sea.”

“Ah, my first mixtape,” Hyungwon says, laughing now, their chests shaking against one another.

“I want to film with you too,” Hoseok says, sliding his hands down Hyungwon’s spine to grip the flesh of his ass through his shorts. Hyungwon groans with his lips pressed behind Hoseok’s ear. “I’ll talk to Hyunwoo.”

“You really trust him, don’t you?”

“I would trust that man with my very soul in a pickle jar.”

“I’m not sure I understand the metaphor, but I’ve also been told my metaphors require work,” Hyungwon says, climbing unsteadily from Hoseok’s lap, feeling the sea water dripping down from his drenched shirt and shorts and hair.

“Can you tell me you won’t leave?”

Hyungwon hates to make promises. He hates more than anything to make promises, but he nods. “As long as I’m happy here, with you all, I’m not going anywhere.”

Hoseok’s face lights up, and Hyungwon hopes like hell that the chill down his spine is from the cold water and not from some cosmic foreshadowing. Because fuck if Hoseok isn’t the most beautiful thing Hyungwon could have ever conjured from the depths of his lust garden.

And Hyungwon is in so deep.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

A/N: sorry for the delay on this chapter, everyone. I was traveling for my anniversary 'A' but here it is!! Update!! I hope you all enjoy. As always, thank you all so much for your kind words and kudos. They sustain me. I am a mere plant and you my sunshine. @ me on twitter @likesatellitez <3

The next morning at the ass crack of dawn, Hyunwoo is standing over the stove shirtless with a new apron, this one screaming the words BACON DADDY on the front. Hoseok pads into the kitchen, rubbing blearily at his eyes, and Hyunwoo prods at the bacon with a pair of chopsticks.

"You're up early," he says, nodding over to the coffee maker gurgling with fresh dark roast. It smells like goddamn bliss.

Hoseok grabs a mug from the counter and pours himself a coffee before perching on the counter beside Hyunwoo to watch him fiddle with the bacon.

"Am I the only one up?"

Hoseok nods, stepping over to grab a plate and a bunch of paper towels to lay down over it for the bacon grease. He starts piling the shriveled cooked bacon onto the napkins, and Hoseok's mouth waters pitifully. It is only 6 am, and Hoseok could eat an entire pig. An entire herd of pigs. Whatever you call a pig herd.

"Couldn't sleep?"

"Minhyuk woke me up at 5:30 with his mouth on my cock," Hyunwoo replies, grabbing a carton of eggs from the fridge. "He, of course, fell back asleep after, but I was up."

"There are worse alarm clocks than a morning blowie from Minhyuk," Hoseok says, letting the hot steam from the coffee rise up into his face, hoping the caffeine will sink into his pores and quicken the process of becoming more human and less a muscle-filled flesh bag.

"Please," Hyunwoo hisses, waving his chopsticks with a dramatic flourish, "we've talked about the word blowie."

"I'm sorry! Your boyfriend started it, you know," Hoseok snips, burning his tongue on the coffee but hiding it behind a confident scowl.

"Minhyuk and I aren't dating," Hyunwoo says, stirring at the eggs with the end of his chopsticks until they start stiffening in a little spiral.

"He practically lives at your house."

"He helps out. He's good with kids," Hyunwoo replies, shrugging.

"You are fulla shit," Hoseok scoffs, dropping his coffee mug to the counter to give Hoseok the intense eagle eyes. "You look at him like you've discovered a new species. Like he's the most
"fucking special, interesting, beautiful thing you've ever fucking seen."

"Maybe he is, but that doesn't mean we're together," Hyunwoo says, stirring the eggs again, with all that fatherly patience he has, and they look so fluffy and perfect.

"For now."

Hyunwoo narrows his eyes, and Hoseok lifts his hands up in surrender. "Fine, fine! I won't press the issue. Just know that if I'm not the best man at your wedding, I'm going to make sure I sabotage the entire shindig by jumping out of the cake and doing a strip tease for your mother."

"She would love that," Hyunwoo mutters, "and so would Minhyuk. Hand me another big plate and stop blathering. Aren't people with muscles that big supposed to be silent and brooding?"

Hoseok ignores the last part of Hyunwoo’s statement and hops down from the counter to grab one of the serving trays that Kihyun's grandmother probably got ages ago and never touches. The house doesn't look like it does much entertaining.

"Do you think Kihyun would ask his grandma if we could just have this place all the time? We could just all live here, you know? Like a commune. Like a buncha hippies."

Hyunwoo just holds his hands out for the plate. Hoseok sighs and passes it over.

"That doesn't sound nice, dude? All of us together. We could film all the time and just combine our incomes and--"

"I have a kid, Hoseok."

Hoseok presses his lips together and stares down at his feet, suddenly embarrassed but mostly confused. "Yeah, and? You never cared about that before. She's a child. She doesn't know. We've worked hard to be able to--"

"Her mom called," Hyunwoo says, nearly dropping the pan as he tries to pour the eggs out onto the plate. His hands are shaking. Hoseok grabs the pan from him before he burns himself.

"What the fuck? I thought she wasn't allowed to...you know...be involved."

"She can't see Binnie, but she still has to talk to me. You know, child support and whatever. She said she found one of my videos."

"So? What’s she gonna do? She can't ask for custody now. She gave that up when she--"

"She doesn't want custody. She wants to threaten me. She wants..." Hyunwoo drops onto a kitchen stool and rubs at his eyes with the heels of his palms.

"We won't let her threaten you," Hoseok says, grabbing Hyunwoo by the shoulders and shaking him. "You're the strongest hunk of beef I've ever known."

Hyunwoo sighs and drops his forehead to Hoseok's chest. "From one hunk of beef to another, I really appreciate it."

Hoseok pats Hyunwoo's back lightly. "By the way, I want to film with Hyungwon."

Hyunwoo's head jerks up, and their skulls knock together. Hoseok whimpers and rubs at his forehead with the tips of his fingers. Hyunwoo doesn't seem phased because he's made of stone.
"You want to...film. With Hyungwon. Who, until yesterday, I assume, you thought was using you slash us for money slash revenge."

"You can't just say the word 'slash' and pretend it is a thing people do," Hoseok grumbles. "But, yes, to answer your question. That same Hyungwon. We, uh, we worked things out?"

"You worked things out or you realized you've got a hard-on for his lengthy bag’a bones?"

"Did you just call his body a bag’a bones?"

"You gonna come to his defense?"

Hoseok snatches a piece of bacon from the plate and munches it hard and bitterly.

"We're gonna be friends," Hoseok says, around a mouthful of burnt pig.

"That's good. Friendship is great. Very important."

"You're being patronizing. What are you insinuating?"

Hyunwoo taps Hoseok's nose with the end of a chopstick. "I'm not insinuating anything. You want to film? That's fine with me."

Hoseok mentally celebrates, imagining all the ways he could bend Hyungwon into place beneath him. He looks bendy. Like Gumby. Like a human (is Gumby human?), sexy Gumby.

“But I'm gonna make him top."

Hoseok blinks slowly, letting that alternate image settle over his gray matter like a blanket of snow. He gives a full body shudder.

"Hello? Hoseok? Hello?" Hyunwoo waves a napkin in front of Hoseok’s face.

"Fuck, I'm sorry. I think I just lost consciousness for a second."

“There’s some...you got a little spit on your chin, bro,” Hyunwoo observes, snickering.

Hoseok wipes at his chin with the back of his hand. “Top, yeah. That's chill. That’s food. I mean gine. I mean fine. Good. Good fine.”

Hyunwoo finishes scooping everything out onto all the plates before moving to the base of the stairs and screaming, “WAKE UP IF YOU WANNA EAT.”

Hoseok doesn’t remember the last time Hyunwoo was so loud. He must really be worked up about this mother-of-his-child-slash-swamp-monster thing. Ugh, Hoseok just thought the word slash.

There’s a sudden stampede down the stairs, with Hyungwon at the back of the pack, his eyelids heavy with sleep. Hoseok tries not to let himself think about how sweet and endearing the way Hyungwon’s hair sticking straight up at the cowlick is. Tries not to think about how Hyungwon’s lips are even more puffy and swollen from mouth-breathing in his sleep. Tries very hard not to think about all Hyungwon’s bare skin above him, sinking into him--

“WHO WANTS BACON,” Hoseok cries suddenly, hoisting the plate into the air as a distraction. The group flocks to him, plates held out needily like baby birds waiting for him to regurgitate.

They’re seated at Kihyun’s grandmother’s nice mahogany dining table when Hyunwoo announces,
“Hyungwon’s final test is today.”

Hyungwon rubs at his eyes as he jabs at a piece of bacon with his chopsticks. “Whazzih?” he slurs. Hoseok’s heart clenches.

“You’re going to film with Hoseok,” Hyunwoo says, wiping at his lips with a floral-printed napkin.

“That’s not a test,” Kihyun scoffs, breaking the burnt bits off Changkyun’s bacon.

“And Hyungwon is gonna top,” Hyunwoo adds.

Hoseok nervously checks Hyungwon’s expression, which doesn’t shift much at all, still just a thick mask of exhaustion.

“And we’re all gonna watch,” Hyunwoo finishes.

The words must’ve suddenly reached Hyungwon because he falls back in his chair, choking on a shred of bacon.

Minhyuk crawls over him to check his breathing, gives Hyunwoo the okay, and pats Hyungwon’s cheeks adoringly.

Hoseok slides a glare over at Hyunwoo. “You didn’t tell me this was gonna be a test. Or that everyone was gonna watch. You fiend.”

“Well, I was gonna be there regardless. I don’t trust you to remain professional by yourself.”

“I resent that,” Hoseok snips, arms crossed over his chest as he watches Hyungwon crawl back into his upright chair, pounding on his chest with his fist and clearing his throat.

“Everyone?” Hyungwon repeats, voice gruff with sleep and choking.

“Gotta get used to an audience, my dear,” Minhyuk says.

“I’m gonna pass,” Jooheon says, raising a tentative hand in the air and waving it a bit. “I’ll be at the beach or something. No offence, buddy, but that’s just not...uh...”

“You wouldn’t have been invited anyhow,” Minhyuk whispers, and Jooheon breathes a sigh of relief.

Hyungwon nervously swallows, and Hoseok watches his adam’s apple dip and rise back up. “Just so we’re clear, though--I don’t, uh, top very much?”

“How much is ‘not very much’?” Hyunwoo asks.

“Like...maybe since university?”

Hoseok tries very hard not to react, but both his heart and his dick are soaring into the great beyond at how precious this little insect creature is.

“Please stop smirking; I know it’s pathetic,” Hyungwon hisses at Hoseok.

Hoseok shakes his head vehemently. “I’m not smirking.”

“You have a very smarmy look right now for someone that isn’t smirking.”
“I’m not smirking! I’m excited. Can’t a guy be excited for another guy who doesn’t top guys very often to put his inexperienced dick inside the guy?”

“I didn’t follow that at all, and you still look smarmy,” Hyungwon grumbles.

“You should probably eat more,” Kihyun whispers at Hyungwon from across the table while munching on the extra burnt bits of bacon that he’s peeled off from Changkyun’s pieces.

“Good idea,” Changkyun adds, sniffing gratefully at his slightly undercooked, limp pieces of bacon with a soft smile, “Hoseok is very tight. You will need the protein.”

Hyungwon drops his head onto the table.

Hoseok glares at Kihyun, who replies, “What? It’s true. You’re gonna use up all the damn lube again.”

To say Hyungwon is nervous isn’t really fair.

Nervous is that ticklish, squeamish sensation in your stomach that makes you think maybe you need to poop or maybe just sit down for a while.

Hyungwon is shaking. Hyungwon has goosebumps all up and down his bare arms and legs. Hyungwon’s mouth is dry. His tongue feels like sandpaper and not in the cute way that kitten tongues do but in the way that makes Hyungwon feel like it might crack and fall to bits in his mouth. And then he’ll have to swallow his own brittle tongue bits, and that just sounds awful.

Hoseok is sitting on the bed, talking camera angles with Hyunwoo and Kihyun. He’s already naked, which isn’t helping Hyungwon’s anxiety lessen at all. Under all these flattering lights, Hoseok looks like he’s made of marble or maybe ivory. Like the most expensive piano keys. The kinds Hyungwon’s grandfather warned him were stolen from elephants because they were so widely coveted for their beauty. The kinds Hyungwon would trail his fingers over in his grandparents’ house while wondering how something so lovely could be so cruel.

But Hoseok isn’t cruel. But maybe the extent of how absolutely stunning he is could be considered cruel in its own way.

Hoseok looks up right as Hyungwon finishes that thought, and he smiles and offers his hand.

Minhyuk leans in at the last moment to whisper, “Just let him guide you, Wormy. He’s good at that. You’ll be fine.”

Hyungwon wonders what that’s supposed to mean. He’s topping, so shouldn’t he have everything under control? He should be all take charge. All HOO, TAKE THAT DICK BABY.

Hyunwoo moves behind the camera, and everyone shuffles back behind the lights, so Hyungwon can’t even see them anymore beyond the glare. That helps lessen the anxiety just slightly.

“Hey,” Hoseok says, sitting in the middle of the bed.

“Hh,” Hyungwon gurgles, crawling up onto the bed with him.

Hoseok’s brows pull together, and he chuckles, reaching out to pull Hyungwon on top of him as he lays back against the mattress. Hyungwon scrambles until he’s got his hands on Hoseok’s broad,
smooth chest, his knees bracketing Hoseok’s narrow waist over the sharp V of his hips.

“How are you so hot,” Hyungwon mutters, trailing his hands down over Hoseok’s torso, over the dips and valleys of his abdomen, all that beautiful soft skin, and he leans in to press his lips to the gentle dip between Hoseok’s pecs. “You’re so fucking hot?”

Hoseok lifts his hands to brush over Hyungwon’s belly, up to his ribs, and his nipples. Hyungwon shudders.

“So you don’t top very often, huh?”

Hyungwon groans and nips at Hoseok’s nipple to distract himself. He’s been eyeing these gorgeous nips for months, and they feel so right on his tongue. Hoseok jerks a little beneath him.

“Sensitive?” Hyungwon laughs.

“The first time I fucked with Kihyun, he found out my nipples are sensitive and tried to get me off just from playing with them. It was the most frustrating thirty minutes of my life,” Hoseok confides.

“I’m trying to concentrate on the message of that story, but now I’m thinking about getting you off just from playing with your nipples, and my brain isn’t quite working right,” Hyungwon admits, circling Hoseok’s other nipple (the one not blissfully under his tongue) with his thumb.

“Please don’t,” Hoseok whines, trailing his hands down Hyungwon’s back, and Hyungwon shakes at how warm and pleasant that simple touch feels. “Another time, maybe? For now, I think it’s time you started prepping me. It might take a while.”

“Are you really that tight?”

Hoseok smirks a little. “Nearly made Hyunwoo cry once.”

“Jesus,” Hyungwon whimpers.

“Lube’s under the pillow.”

Hyungwon reaches up under the pillow to grab the bottle, his hands quaking with nerves, and he nearly spills it all over Hoseok’s dick in his desperation to uncap it.

“Hey,” Hoseok says, rising up on his elbows and spreading his legs.

Hyungwon chokes.

“Hey,” Hoseok repeats, tapping against Hyungwon’s waist with his knee. “You want direction? I have no expectations, you know, this is supposed to be fun. Let’s just have fun with it, yeah?”

Hyungwon isn’t sure how he is going to get his whole body to stop quivering with anxiety long enough for him to register fun as a concept, but Hoseok nudges him again with his knee, and he nods.

Hoseok spreads his legs around Hyungwon’s waist and scoots up a little. “C’mon then. I’ve been eyeing those giant yaoi hands for months, and you’re not gonna show me what they do?”

Hyungwon snorts and waggles his fingers in front of Hoseok’s face. “These meaty paws, eh?”

“Fuck, I’m so turned on,” Hoseok moans, the sound breaking on a laugh. “I love those lengthy sex talons!”
Hyungwon dribbles lube over his fingers with a teasing wiggle of his brows, even as it slides down his wrists and onto Hoseok’s thighs.

In the background, Hyungwon vaguely hears Kihyun snorting with laughter.

“C’mon, Worm, let’s get going. You’re gonna take hours to warm me up enough for that cock at this pace,” Hoseok says, shifting his hips up to get Hyungwon’s attention back on his ass.

Hyungwon slides his fingers up Hoseok’s inner thighs and dips them down between his ass cheeks. “Can we not make Worm my cam name?”

“Too late, Worm,” Hoseok teases, and Hyungwon slips in his first finger, making Hoseok gasp on his (not)name.

“Shit, you’re like a fucking vacuum, Wonho,” Hyungwon mutters, circling his finger around, feeling Hoseok’s walls clenching around his skin.

“I can’t wait to see your face when you get your cock in me, bug boy. I hope you cry,” Hoseok says, smirking and rolling his hips down over Hyungwon’s finger.

“I’m not gonna be the one crying,” Hyungwon replies, slipping in a second finger and pressing against the impossibly tight ring of muscle around him. The sensation heads straight to Hyungwon’s dick.

“Who is then?” Hoseok taunts, practically fucking himself down on Hyungwon’s fingers for a good few minutes. “Shit, your fingers are so long. Gimme another. They’re so thin, you skinny stringbean.”

“I’m sorry I can’t gain weight in my fucking fingers for you, you size queen,” Hyungwon hisses, working a third finger into Hoseok as he rocks himself over them in a smooth rhythmic motion of hips and tensed thighs and slick lube sounds.

“God,” Hyungwon groans, watching Hoseok’s body sucking his fingers in easily, despite how tight everything feels around his skin. “You’re the eighth wonder of the world. This ass is the eighth wonder of the world.”

“Ninth, actually. The eighth is these fucking fingers, fuck,” Hoseok says, shuddering as Hyungwon brushes over his prostate. “Right there, Worm, c’mon. Give it to me.”

Hyungwon crooks his fingers a little, brushes them over that spot again, and Hoseok writhes against the sheets. Hyungwon has never seen anything so captivating in his life. And maybe it is for the cameras, for the audience (the audience in the room that Hyungwon has forgotten about until just now too, shit), but the way Hoseok reacts to everything is so raw and real and stunning that Hyungwon doesn’t care how much of it is an act.

“I wanna ride you,” Hoseok grits out, eyelids heavy, chest shining with sweat, “but Hyunwoo wants you on top this time.”

“Okay,” Hyungwon replies, working a fourth finger in, and Hoseok yelps, rolling his own nipples under his thumbs.

“That means now,” Hoseok barks. “For the love of all things good in this world, get that cock in me now, Worm.”

Hyungwon climbs over Hoseok, who wraps his thick thighs around Hyungwon’s thin waist, and
fuck if that doesn’t feel like the sweetest Heaven, and Hyungwon presses his lips to Hoseok’s throat. He whispers, “This is the part I’m nervous about, to be honest.”

Hoseok takes Hyungwon by the cheeks with his warm, somewhat sweaty palms, and he kisses him, licks right into his mouth, tasting like orange juice and bacon, and Hyungwon falls to pieces.

“You’re gorgeous, you stupid lima bean—”

“Lima beans aren’t really long or thin,” Hyungwon replies, sliding the condom down with slick fingers.

“You stupid stick of Pepero,” Hoseok chuckles, reaching down between Hyungwon’s legs, where he’s embarrassingly hard just from working Hoseok open for him. To be fair: Hoseok’s ass is a goddamn work of artistry, but still. Hoseok gives Hyungwon’s cock a few slow, tight strokes before he guides the head to his ass and just holds him there, waiting with a smile. “C’mon, baby. Show me what the legume family is capable of.”

“How can I be a worm and a bean,” Hyungwon sighs, and Hoseok parts his lips to reply when Hyungwon thrusts in.

Tears spring to Hyungwon’s eyes.

Good Lord.

Good Lord of buttholes, you really put in work on this one, didn’t you? Some asses are good, but this ass is great. This ass is sublime. Sublimely terrific: both the sweetest heaven and the cruelest hell.

Hyungwon’s dick feels like it’s been sealed in one of those food vacuum sealer bags along with a bunch of hand warmers.

It’s so hot, so tight, and Hyungwon can barely move.

“It’s time to move,” Hoseok says, and Hyungwon manages to listen. “Please.”

“Did you just say ‘please?’” Hyungwon gasps, gripping Hoseok’s gorgeously thick waist in his hands as he punches his hips forward, needing all his strength to sink all the way in.

“I have manners, you know,” Hoseok replies, head thrown back, throat bare and slick with sweat, and Hyungwon dives down to lick up the sweet column of skin to nip at Hoseok’s jaw.

“My cock is so confused right now,” Hyungwon admits with a whisper against Hoseok’s ear, nipping at the soft lobe as he speaks. “It hasn’t been inside anything this tight ever.”

“Has IM sucked you off yet?” Hoseok chuckles, and Hyungwon almost asks who that is before he hears Changkyun giggle in the background and remembers that’s his cam name.

“If his mouth feels like this, then I’m putting in a request immediately,” Hyungwon groans, dropping his head to Hoseok’s chest to tongue at his nipple as he works his hips into a rhythm, feeling the tight grip of Hoseok’s body each time he pulls out and thrusts back in.

Hoseok is panting deeply, his back arched off the mattress, hair swept off his forehead in a messy, matted tangle, his cheeks and neck and chest flushed pink, and Hyungwon wants to see him fall apart more than anything.
He wraps his fingers around Hoseok’s cock and strokes firmly, and Hoseok keens, twitching in Hyungwon’s grip.

“God, you really are sensitive, aren’t you?” Hyungwon marvels, thrusting in as he twists his wrist on the upstroke of Hoseok’s cock, and Hoseok cries out again.

“Just shut up and fuck me, you a-- ah ,” Hoseok cries, shaking, as Hyungwon pushes Hoseok’s knees up to his chest to get even deeper inside him.

“Like this, baby ?”

Hoseok lifts his hips up, trying to rock into Hyungwon’s rhythm, and Hyungwon couldn’t hold him steady even if he wanted to (he doesn’t) because Hoseok is just that fucking massive and strong.

“I’m not gonna last much longer,” Hyungwon admits, as the ticklish heat coils up his insides and burns at his blood.

“That’s fine,” Hoseok chokes out, pushing his cock up into Hyungwon’s hand, “just let it happen.”

“But you--”

“Just suck me off. I’ve been dreaming about your mouth on my cock since the first time I saw you anyhow,” Hoseok says, and Hyungwon wants to dissect that terribly, but his cock is aching with the need to cum, and he scrambles his hands onto Hoseok’s chest as he gives a few more arrhythmic thrusts into that slick heat before everything fizzles out at the edges of his vision, and everything burns up brightly in his gut, and everything is so everything all at once as he releases with a choked off cry.

Hoseok barely gives Hyungwon a moment’s respite before he grabs him around the middle with his thighs again and flips him onto his back. Hyungwon’s head is still spinning when Hoseok leans in to press his lips to Hyungwon’s ear and murmur, “Open that pretty mouth, baby.”

Hyungwon obeys, parting his lips, and Hoseok slides his cock into Hyungwon’s mouth, and it’s so hot and heavy on his tongue that Hyungwon moans needily.

“Good boy,” Hoseok coos, stroking his thumb over Hyungwon’s top lip, where it’s stretched around his cock, and Hyungwon tips his head back to relax his throat, letting Hoseok fuck into his mouth until Hyungwon feels him pulsing on his tongue. Hoseok cums with a sweet little gasp, and Hyungwon tries to commit the sound to memory.

Hyungwon swallows, and Hoseok gives him a fleeting kiss on the forehead before he pulls out of his mouth and scoots off the bed.

And Hyungwon just lays there, staring up at the ceiling, tasting Hoseok on his tongue and wondering why his chest feels tight.

Minhyuk and Changkyun come to grab the condom from Hyungwon’s dick and tie it off, Changkyun wiping down the spilled lube from Hyungwon’s thighs and balls, and Hyungwon just lets them.

“You did really well, Wormy,” Changkyun coos, patting Hyungwon on the chest. “It’s hard to get Hoseok to be so vocal.”

“It was for the camera,” Hyungwon replies wearily, arms shaking from having held himself over Hoseok for so long, thigh muscles tight and weak from balancing and thrusting.
“Hoseok doesn’t fake anything,” Minhyuk says, shaking his head. “He thinks faking is stupid. You shouldn’t do anything unless you’re doing it genuinely, even sex.”

“That’s so soft, what the fuck,” Hyungwon groans, swatting at Changkyun as he keeps wiping at his dick with a wet towel. “I think I’m really fucked, you guys.”

“I mean, not today, but we can change that if you want—”

“Oh, oh no, Minnie, he’s crying—”

“What, no I’m,” Hyungwon croaks, reaching up to touch his fingers to his cheeks, where he can feel the wetness of tears on his cheekbones. “Fuck.”

“It’s okay. I know Hoseok’s tightness can make anyone cry,” Changkyun whispers, and Minhyuk nods in agreement.

Hyungwon lifts his head to watch Hoseok talking with Hyunwoo and Kihyun about the footage, and Hoseok looks over for a brief second, as if sensing his gaze, and Hyungwon shrivels up like a snail on a bed of salt. Hoseok looks away.

“Would it help if I sucked your dick?” Changkyun whispers, and Hyungwon swats at him again.

“He’s quite good,” Minhyuk adds.

Hyungwon curls up. “Don’t you guys ever leave people alone in their misery?”

“What? No. That’s dumb,” Minhyuk replies, pulling Hyungwon into his lap and petting his hair. “Our pretty Stringbean, don’t be miserable.”

Changkyun crawls on top of Hyungwon and pillows his cheek on Hyungwon’s chest, and in the background, Kihyun snaps a picture.

“I want to die here.”

“You can’t die until Changkyun sucks your dick,” Minhyuk confides. “Trust me.”

“Trust,” Changkyun echoes, nodding against Hyungwon’s chest.

“But I want to die now.”

“Sorry. No dice.”

Hyungwon sighs and mutters almost inaudibly, “But I’ve got the feelings.”

Minhyuk peers down at him from above and smiles softly, “Oh we know, baby, don’t worry. You’ll be fine.”

“Fuck.”
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

A/N: ok this chapter features some brief and minor kink like bondage and breath play and spanking and edging and plugs and face sitting??????? Like...minor!! If you don’t like that kinda thing, maybe just read the first and last scenes?? Sorry I’m filth!!!!!!
Come yell at me on twitter @likesatellitez

It’s the Monday after he’s returned home from the beach. Hyungwon and his mother are sitting in the noodle place, the one by her old office, and Hyungwon is on his third bowl of jajangmyeon when his mother finally asks: “Are you okay?”

Hyungwon slides his chopsticks through the thick paste of sauce and potatoes and avoids looking into his mother’s tan, weathered face.

“I’m fine. Just tired,” Hyungwon says.

“From...work,” his mother says, not a question.

Hyungwon lifts the noodles to his lips and then slowly lowers them back into the bowl. “Mom, I have to tell you something.”

His mother straightens in her chair. “You’re pregnant.”

Hyungwon splutters, tasting chunjang in his laughter. “Mom.”

“Isn’t that what children always say when they start with ‘Mom, I have something to tell you?’” his mom says, laughing with a raspy brightness behind her mug of tea.

“I’m afraid I’ve got no uterus and there’s no grandbaby in your future just yet,” Hyungwon sighs. “Actually--”

“What’s his name?”

Hyungwon once again splutters, slamming his chopsticks down onto the table. “Mom .”

“It’s a perfectly reasonable question, son. What’s his name?”

Hyungwon wants to drop his whole head into the bowl of noodles and wiggle his face back and forth until he’s coated in sauce and can hide his shame. “Hoseok.”

Hyungwon’s mother nods, contemplating the name as she stares into her tea. “Good name. Did you meet him at...work?”

Hyungwon presses his lips into a tight seam.

“Is he nice?”

Hyungwon groans between his tightly sealed lips, wanting to sink into the molten core of the earth and burn up into smithereens.
“Is he sexy?”

“Mom, please. I don’t think any child deserves this level of embarrassment this early in the day. Or ever,” Hyungwon groans, shoving noodles suddenly into his mouth. He garbles around them, “He’s amazing and cute and so hot, Mom. He’s so hot. But the most unfair thing is that he’s so sweet and kind and caring and protective.”

“Well that’s just completely unfair, my child. No one should be hot and good,” his mom teases, blowing on the steam over her mug.

“Other than me,” Hyungwon snips, and she nods, giggling behind her hand.

“Of course. That’s what I meant. Other than my son. The only perfect human to exist.”

Hyungwon groans and rubs at his face with the heels of his palms. “Mom, I’m totally fricked. I want to date this boy, Mom. I want to date him. I want to go to the movies and hold his hand. I want to sit on the couch with him on Sunday afternoon and watch daytime dramas with contrived plots and horrific acting. I want to wear his varsity jacket.”

“Did he play sports?”

“I don’t even know! I barely know anything about him!” Hyungwon cries, and the table of college students beside them glances over worriedly.

“Well take him on a date, you dingus,” his mom scoffs, grabbing a piece of pickled radish and dropping it onto his plate. “Now finish eating. I’ve gotta go get your dad’s dry cleaning.”

“Mom,” Hyungwon sighs around a mouthful of radish, tasting vinegar and feeling vinegar in his veins.

“It’s fine,” she asserts.

“He can get his own dry cleaning,” Hyungwon argues, crunching on radish, turning it to pickled goop in his mouth.

“Of course he can. But I want to do it for him.”

Hyungwon sighs again.

She pats his hand from across the table. “You’re a good boy. Go get your man.”

“Mom.”

“Son.”

“I’m paying for this.”

She snorts and waves dismissively. “I already paid while you were in the bathroom earlier.”

Hyungwon groans. “Mom.”

“Go use this money to take that Hoseok boy out on a nice date,” she says, smiling with a cracked lipstick smile and a dorky thumbs up.
This is not quite what Hyungwon imagined when his mother told him to take Hoseok on a date.

Instead, he’s sitting in Kihyun’s kitchen with Changkyun and Hoseok, watching Kihyun stir a giant pot of kimchi jjigae. Changkyun is sitting on the counter beside the stove in just a pair of loose pink fuzzy pajama bottoms, watching the red sauce bubbling up, his knees bouncing up and down in excitement.

“So Hyunwoo said we’re all together today, right?” Changkyun says, as Kihyun whacks his fingers with the chopsticks to keep them away from the hot steaming pot. Changkyun pouts and puts his hands back in his lap.

“Yeah,” Hoseok replies, sipping at a mug of coffee. He apparently slept over last night because he’s only wearing a pair of navy basketball shorts and slippers. Hyungwon is trying very hard to stare down at his own mug of tea instead of at the beautiful fold of Hoseok’s abs as he sits on the bar stool waiting for food.

“You’ve never watched Changkyun’s channel or my channel have you, Hyungwon?” Kihyun asks, ladling bowls of jjigae and sliding them across the counter to him and Hoseok. He moves to the rice cooker and scoops steaming metal bowls of soft white rice, sprinkling some nori flakes on top before doling them out to everyone.

Hyungwon shakes his head, dipping his spoon into the soup to watch it diffuse the pools of delicious oil at the top. He didn’t peg Kihyun as the domestic type, but the soup looks and smells better than even Hyungwon’s mom’s soup.

Hyungwon mentally apologizes to his mother. She doesn’t deserve this betrayal.

“So I’m not sure what you know about the ‘kink scene,’” Kihyun makes air quotes, “but Changkyun and I do videos together where we safely and consensually explore one another’s kinks.” As he says this, he’s blowing on a giant chunk of tofu, and there’s steam majestically billowing around his sharp fox-like handsome face, and Hyungwon finds himself oddly captivated.

“I’ve been on the internet, Kihyun, I know what kink is,” Hyungwon eventually replies.

“Hyunwoo figured as much,” Kihyun says, grabbing Changkyun down from the counter with hands under his armpits and pushing him towards a real stool at the island. Changkyun winces and wriggles in the chair, unable to find a comfortable spot.

“Anyhow,” Kihyun snorts, “obviously no one is going to force you to film anything beyond what you’re comfortable with, but Hyunwoo wanted you to see what other types of videos we broadcast. And for you to see if it’s something you’d be interested in filming.”

Changkyun puts soup that’s clearly too hot into his mouth and begins squeaking, fanning his face, and trying to speak around it while burning his tongue.

“It’ll be fun,” he eventually warbles miserably.

Kihyun watches Changkyun grimace and swallow the burning soup, continuing to fan at his mouth, and he sighs. “Basically you’re here today to see if you want to stick to the more casual cam videos
that Hoseok does or if you want to explore the golden realm of opportunity.”

Hoseok barks a laugh. “Casual cam videos, sure,” he replies, blowing on his soup with raised eyebrows. “I do film videos with you guys too. I literally just did one last night.”

Hyungwon gut flips like a flapjack.

He wants to look that video up.

Wants to know how Hoseok fits between Kihyun and Changkyun.

Did he let Kihyun bend him over this fake marble countertop? Was it cold against his nipples, and did he like it? Did he splay Changkyun over his lap and lay his broad warm hands over Changkyun’s soft little ass?

Changkyun knocks him out of his reverie by trying again with the soup, loudly blowing on his spoon this time, and Kihyun watches proudly as he successfully swallows it without burning himself.

“So you guys, what?” Hyungwon ventures, “tie each other up? Spank each other?” The words feel like jello in his mouth, wiggling miserably and trying to dissipate into sugary pools of nothingness.

Kihyun and Hoseok both burst into amused laughter at Hyungwon’s expense.

Changkyun turns on his stool to face Hyungwon and very cheerfully declares: “I’m the baby!”

Hyungwon arches an eyebrow. “Like...a baby? Or like...a baby?”

Changkyun blinks. “Like, Kihyun tells me what to do, and when I do a good job, he rewards me.”

Hyungwon feels something stir in his core. Something hot and bubbly like this soup.

God this soup is good. What the fuck Yoo Kihyun. How does a man craft a masterful stew of kimchi and tofu and fishcakes and then turn around and become Daddy?

“You can just watch for a bit,” Hoseok says, reaching out to put a hand on Hyungwon’s knee. It feels both comforting and alarmingly sexual.

“Okay,” Hyungwon breathes out, and they all finish their soup in companionable silence.

Hyungwon has no idea what to expect when he takes a seat on Kihyun’s pale green armchair in the corner of his room, facing the bed. There’s a large four post bed against the far wall, with heavy gray blankets folded up at the bottom to keep them out of the way. The sheets look soft, a darker gray, and Hyungwon finds himself wondering what they smell like.

The room smells like Kihyun. Like something woody but fresh. But also a little like Changkyun. Like citrus and cream. Hyungwon wonders how often Changkyun is over. How long they’ve been working on this dynamic, this exchange of power.

Changkyun is shucking his shorts off as Kihyun and Hoseok stand by the camera to set it up for the scene. The lights are dim but focussed, giving Changkyun’s soft smooth skin a kind of ethereal golden glow.

Changkyun climbs up onto the bed with his back to Hyungwon, and Hyungwon chokes on cedar-scented air. There’s a little gemstone-studded plug gleaming from Changkyun’s hole.
“Has that been in there the entire time I’ve been here?” Hyungwon burbles.

Changkyun wiggles happily on the sheets, clearly feeling the plug shifting inside himself, and he nods. “I pretty much always have a plug in. Kihyun likes me to be ready for him. It takes up too much time to prep me.”

Kihyun walks to the bed, and Changkyun kneels obediently in the center of the mattress, hands on his knees, waiting for him. Kihyun holds out his hand, and Changkyun crawls forward, leaning his head into Kihyun’s hand.

Kihyun brushes back Changkyun’s fringe and coos, “Have you been good today, baby?”

His tone is completely different from anything Hyungwon has heard from him before. It’s strong, secure, and comforting.

Changkyun nods.

“Your words, baby,” Kihyun replies, cupping Changkyun’s pillowy cheek in his palm.

“Yes, Sir, I was very good today,” Changkyun says, voice deep and gentle and demure.

“What’s your safeword?”

“Pineapple.”

“You’re prepped?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Show me,” Kihyun says, and Changkyun turns around, drops his upper body to the mattress, and lifts up his hips for Kihyun’s inspection.

Kihyun slides his hands down Changkyun’s spine to his ass, gripping the skin in his hands and pulling it apart to inspect more closely. He circles his finger gently around the rim of the plug, and Changkyun purrs eagerly beneath him.

“Good boy,” Kihyun says, pulling the plug out to hear Changkyun gasp and watch him grip the sheets, before he shoves it back inside. “Did you touch yourself today, baby?”

“No, Sir,” Changkyun breathes, holding still as Kihyun pulls the plug back out and circles the tip around his rim before pressing it back in again.

“You’re not lying to me, are you, baby?”

Changkyun shakes his head against the sheets.

Kihyun slaps his thigh sharply, and Changkyun cries out and ruts down against the sheets. “Words, baby.”

“I’m not lying, Sir. I didn’t touch myself. I was very, very good,” Changkyun says, voice getting progressively higher and less steady.

Hyungwon can see the little splotch of red on Changkyun’s thigh from the slap. Changkyun is already half hard, and Hyungwon finds himself shifting in his chair. There’s something about how Kihyun stands, how he speaks, that makes Hyungwon feel like dropping to his knees and asserting he is also a Good Boy.
It is really fucking with him.

“How long has he been doing this?” Hyungwon whispers to Hoseok.

“Kihyun’s been in the kink scene since we were in college,” Hoseok replies. “He’s the best dom I know. He doesn’t make up rules, and he doesn’t ever let anyone get hurt. Well, more hurt than they asked for.”

“Does he dom you?”

“Sometimes,” Hoseok replies, and Hyungwon finds himself fighting off that visual. He’s already bizarrely aroused from just the sight of how obedient Changkyun is for Kihyun, how sweet and lovely and needy. Hyungwon doesn’t know if he wants to see Changkyun like that for him or if he wants to be Changkyun.

When Hyungwon doesn’t reply for a moment, Hoseok laughs throatily under his breath. “You okay? Zone out thinking about Kihyun domming me?”

“Kinda, yeah,” Hyungwon whispers, shifting in his seat again.

“You want to try it? It’s okay if you don’t. This scene isn’t too hardcore, though. I think they just set up some minor bondage, minor breathplay.”

“You mean like choking?”

Hoseok sighs. “Why don’t you go out there and let Kihyun show you?”

Kihyun has Changkyun in the center of the mattress on his back, with Kihyun running his hands over Changkyun’s skin from his ankles up to his shoulders and throat and back down. Changkyun squirms under him, panting just from the teasing touches. Kihyun thumbs over Changkyun’s nipples, and Changkyun keens, arching up under the touch.

“He’s, uh, sensitive too, eh?”

“Just go out there, you putz,” Hoseok hisses, kicking at Hyungwon’s shin.

Hyungwon hobbles over, rubbing bitterly at his shin. Kihyun looks up, and Changkyun whimpers as Kihyun stops moving his hands over his body.

“You wanna touch him?” Kihyun asks, nodding at Changkyun, and Hyungwon finds himself nodding. “Strip.”

Hyungwon wants to fight it, feels the urge bubbling up in his pharynx, but he complies. Kihyun smirks as Hyungwon quickly pulls off his t-shirt and jeans and stands there waiting for another order.

“Come here,” Kihyun beckons, holding out his hand, and Hyungwon takes it and moves onto the bed on the other side of Changkyun. “You wanna help me tie his wrists up?”

Hyungwon nods, swallowing down his embarrassment, his unsurety.

Kihyun’s eyes narrow. “We use our words here.”

“Yes,” Hyungwon says, clearing his throat awkwardly and adding, “Sir.”

Kihyun smiles and pats Hyungwon’s cheek, and the gesture should feel demeaning but Hyungwon leans into it happily.
Kihyun has a length of soft nylon rope in a deep forest green color. He holds it over Changkyun’s body, letting him see it, and says, “Wrists together, baby,” and Changkyun obeys, clutching his hands into fists and bringing his forearms together, wrists over his chest.

“The key here is to make sure the circulation doesn’t get cut off. I also leave the knot on top because he’s a good boy and I trust him not to try to escape. It’s an extra test for him. Fighting that urge to free himself. Most doms will put the knot on the bottom of the bind to keep their subs from trying to escape.”

Hyungwon nods, watching Changkyun’s hips rut up eagerly as if he enjoys Kihyun and Hyungwon talking about him like he isn’t there. His cock is hard and flushed against his soft stomach as Kihyun winds the rope around his wrists a few times and tests his fingers underneath to make sure there is room before he ties the knot securely.

Changkyun writhes, and Kihyun slaps his thigh again. “Stay still.”

Changkyun stops shifting his hips, panting with heavily hooded eyes as he watches Kihyun bind his wrist knot to a length of rope tied to the headboard.

“Test it, baby,” Kihyun says, and Changkyun tugs at the rope. “Feel good?”

“Yes, Sir,” Changkyun gasps, brows pulled together, clearly fighting the urge to kick his hips up for friction.

“Touch him,” Kihyun says, and Hyungwon remembers he’s supposed to be participating. Kihyun takes Hyungwon by the wrist and guides his hand up Changkyun’s soft belly to his nipples, and Changkyun gasps and pushes into the touch. “He’s got nice hands, right, baby?”

“Yes, Sir, they’re so big,” Changkyun replies, and Hyungwon feels his cock twitching at how desperate Changkyun sounds.

“Wouldn’t you love to feel his big hands on your cock, baby?”

Changkyun whines and nods, “Yes, Sir, please.”

Kihyun just laughs.

“Here,” Kihyun guides, placing Hyungwon’s hand over Changkyun’s throat.

“I thought choking was banned from kink?” Hyungwon asks, swallowing thickly when Changkyun’s eyes go wide and he stares needily up at him, waiting.

“You can’t put pressure on the windpipe. Don’t block the airway. You press on the arteries. Did you ever do a martial art? It’s like a strangle. Affect the blood flow, not the oxygen. It’s still...let’s say, frowned upon? But this little slut,” he teases, lightly tapping Changkyun’s cock with his palm, and Changkyun cries and jerks his hips, “loves it. So we are very, very safe, right, baby?”

Changkyun looks miserable as he nods, fighting to hold still beneath them. Hyungwon thumbs at his little brown nipple with the hand not on Changkyun’s throat and watches Changkyun twitch, breath catching in his throat.

He’s so goddamn cute.

Kihyun places Hyungwon’s hand over the carotid arteries on Changkyun’s throat and presses Hyungwon’s fingers down. “Like this,” he instructs. “Try it.”
Hyungwon grips the gorgeous column of Changkyun’s throat and presses his fingers in. Changkyun moans, and Hyungwon watches Kihyun wrap his fingers around Changkyun’s cock and stroke it quickly in his fist as Hyungwon holds his fingers down.

“Release,” Kihyun says, moments later, and Hyungwon lets go.

Changkyun draws in a deep, shuddering breath, then whines as Kihyun releases his cock.

“Please, Sir, longer. Longer, please,” Changkyun begs, pressing his thighs together and squirming.

“Go ahead,” Kihyun says, nodding at Hyungwon, who slides his hand from Changkyun’s chest up to his throat and grips again.

Kihyun strokes Changkyun slower this time, teasing over the slit and under the ridge of the head, sliding Changkyun’s precome all down the shaft.

Changkyun is writhing, head thrown back, hips pumping up into Kihyun’s touch as his skin flushes deep red under Hyungwon’s hold. Hyungwon can see the pleasure in his eyes, even as his cheeks turn a deep, desperate shade of red.

“Release,” Kihyun says again.

Changkyun’s breathing is more shallow, and he groans in frustration when Kihyun releases his cock again too.

“Sir, please,” he begs, tugging weakly at the restraints on his wrists.

“What’s it feel like, baby?”

Changkyun whimpers, not wanting to respond, hips kicking up over and over. Kihyun grips his hip bones and shoves him down hard against the sheets.

“What’s it feel like, baby?” he asks again, more sternly.

“Like…” Changkyun whines, “Like the birds in my chest are all flapping their wings at once. Like I’m a waterfall. A big bodiless waterfall.”

“He’s a poetic little slut,” Kihyun says proudly, tapping the head of Changkyun’s cock and making him twitch and cry out. “You want Hyungwon to sit on your face, baby?”

Changkyun draws in a sharp breath and nods. “Yes, please.”

Kihyun maneuvers Hyungwon so he’s straddling Changkyun’s head, Changkyun licking his lips and eagerly arching up towards his dick. Kihyun grabs Changkyun’s leg and hoists it up so he can land a spank hard on one exposed cheek of Changkyun’s ass.

Changkyun cries out, pouts, and falls still when Kihyun drops his leg back down.

“Good boy,” Hyungwon finds himself murmuring.

Changkyun looks up at him with a beaming, pleased smile.

It should feel wrong, defiling this ‘good boy’ by sliding his cock between his parted pink lips, but Changkyun hums happily and takes it in so well that Hyungwon’s vision blurs.

“Start slow,” Kihyun says, gripping Hyungwon’s hips and urging him forward, pushing his cock
Further into the slick heat of Changkyun’s mouth. “Good. You’re doing so good.”

Hyungwon tries to bite it back, but he ends up blurting, “Well. I’m doing well.”

Kihyun laughs and shoves Hyungwon forward again, his cock brushing the back of Changkyun’s throat. Hyungwon gasps and grips the headboard as Changkyun gags once and then easily relaxes around him.

“Fuck his throat, Worm,” Kihyun hisses at Hyungwon’s back, giving him a brief spank, which makes Hyungwon rut forward again.

Changkyun moans, practically drooling around Hyungwon’s cock, and Hyungwon begins thrusting his hips. There are tears brimming in and spilling over Changkyun’s eyelids, but he looks so pleased at the same time. Hyungwon wonders what that feels like. What it’s like to be so freely aroused.

“Tell me I’m good again,” Hyungwon groans, and Kihyun bites the skin at the back of his neck.

“Good boys don’t give demands,” Kihyun says, running his tongue over the spot he’d nipped at the base of Hyungwon’s neck. “They ask permission.”

“Can you...can you please tell me I’m good?” Hyungwon pants, eyes shut as he fucks himself into Changkyun’s warm, easy mouth.

“If you come for me into his pretty mouth, I’ll tell you you’re good,” Kihyun says. “You have to do something to earn the praise.”

“Well that shouldn’t,” Hyungwon gasps, “be that difficult. His mouth is like a fucking luxurious jacuzzi.”

“Hear that baby?” Kihyun coos, uttering a brief laugh. “A luxurious jacuzzi. That’s a new one.”

Changkyun hollows his cheeks and somehow makes the heat of his mouth even tighter around Hyungwon’s cock, and Hyungwon feels that thick coil of heat in his belly rising up.

“I’m allowed to come?” he asks, shakily gripping the headboard as his hips buck forward over and over.

“Of course. Only the little slut isn’t allowed to come,” Kihyun asserts. “Another time I can edge you for a while if you’d like.”

Hyungwon whines deep in his throat. “Can H--can Wonho do it too?”

Kihyun turns towards the camera. “Wonho, you want to edge this brat?” he asks, landing another hard spank on Hyungwon’s ass.

Hoseok, from behind the camera, calls back, “I’d love to edge that brat.”

Hyungwon nearly blacks out as his orgasm rips through him, and he braces himself weakly against the headboard as his hips rut forward a few more times and he spills his release down Changkyun’s throat.

Changkyun swallows around him, and Kihyun holds Hyungwon’s hips firmly in place to keep him in Changkyun’s mouth until he’s hissing from the sensitivity. Kihyun helps him sit back on the mattress as his limbs stop shaking.

“What do you say, baby?”
“Thank you,” Changkyun says, literally as he’s swallowing Hyungwon’s come.

“Fuck,” Hyungwon mutters, collapsing onto his back.

“Can I please come now, Sir?” Changkyun asks, voice hoarse from getting his throat fucked.

Kihyun turns Changkyun onto his hands and knees, with his wrists still bound, and he pulls the plug from his ass. Changkyun yelps as Kihyun thrusts three fingers into his still-slick hole, and they go in so easily. Changkyun cries and shakes as he tries to hold himself up, but his chest collapses to the sheets. Kihyun stops moving his fingers, leaving them still inside him.

“Good boys stay up.”

Changkyun groans and moves his arms under himself again, his muscles visibly shaking under his skin. Kihyun starts fucking his fingers back into Changkyun and reaches between his legs to tug his cock at the same time.

Changkyun wobbles on his weak arms like a baby fawn trying to stand for the first time, and it’s so cute and endearing even as he’s crying out, tears on his cheeks as Kihyun viciously teases his orgasm out of him.

“Can I please--Can I--Can--Please--Sir?” Changkyun is whining, shuddering, looking like he’s about to collapse.

“One more minute, baby. You can do it,” Kihyun coos, pressing a kiss to Changkyun’s tailbone as he slips in a fourth finger.

Changkyun keens.

Hyungwon finds himself looking over at Hoseok behind the camera. He’s got his hand down under the waistband of his gym shorts, and something in Hyungwon snaps.

He whines and reaches out.

Hoseok looks to Kihyun for permission, and Kihyun just shrugs and says, “Why not? Come on his face.”

Hyungwon squirms and makes grabby hands at Hoseok, who steps up to the side of the bed. Hyungwon greedily tears his gym shorts down to his knees and reaches for Hoseok’s cock, but Hoseok swats him away.

“You just watch. Sit there like a good boy, like I.M.,” he says, stern, and Hyungwon drops his hands to the sheets, waiting.

Watching Hoseok jerking off over him should make Hyungwon recoil in shame.

It really should.

Shouldn’t it?

But Hyungwon just stares. WATCHES the way Hoseok’s beautiful fingers find all his own sensitive spots, the way he grips himself so tight that the head is flushed such a deep red color, the way he looks down with dark hooded eyes at Hyungwon waiting with thick parted lips for Hoseok to give him what he wants.

The moment is bizarrely intimate.
Everything is quiet save for the sound of Changkyun gasping for breath and fighting to stave off his own orgasm and the sound of Hoseok’s slick palm gliding over his own skin.

“You want it?” Hoseok grits out, eyes locked on Hyungwon’s.

“Yes,” Hyungwon begs, arching up for it needily.

“That’s not what good boys say,” Hoseok replies, gripping the base of his cock to keep himself from coming.

“You’re only keeping yourself from orgasming this way,” Hyungwon bites out bitterly, feeling petulant about not getting jizzed on fast enough.

“I think you want this enough to do it the right way,” Hoseok says calmly.

Hyungwon looks at the little beads of precome at the tip of Hoseok’s cock and shivers. “I...want it. Please.”

“Good boy,” Hoseok groans, resuming his quick, tight strokes for a few seconds before he’s coming, head tipped back slightly, chest heaving for breath.

Hyungwon feels the warm wetness on his chest, his throat, his chin.

Hoseok blinks down at him with a haziness in his eyes, slowing down his strokes and just observing as his release drips down Hyungwon’s skin. Hyungwon runs his fingers through the mess on his chin and brings it to his lips.

Hoseok watches for a split second before diving down and crashing their lips together. He can probably taste himself on Hyungwon’s tongue, and Hyungwon hates so much how he wishes they were alone.

Wishes Hoseok would just pull Hyungwon’s legs around his waist and fuck into him slowly as if they have all the time in the world and no schedule and no cameras.

Changkyun screams beside them, pulling them away from their kiss, and Hyungwon and Hoseok both turn their heads in unison to watch Changkyun come with Kihyun four fingers deep inside him. Changkyun collapses, boneless, and Kihyun paints his own come over Changkyun’s back just moments after.

“Well that was nice,” Kihyun says, licking dry lips and reaching up to undo the knots holding Changkyun’s wrists to the bedpost. “Who’s, uh, who’s hungry again? I want a pizza.”

“I could use a pizza. Can I use your shower?” Hoseok asks, pulling his shorts back up and moving to shut off the camera.

Kihyun scoops Changkyun up off the bed, Changkyun limp in his arms, limbs dripping down towards the floor like vines. “I’m gonna clean him up first, and then you both are free to shower,” Kihyun says, walking Changkyun into the bathroom.

Hoseok grabs a handful of tissues from the bedside table and starts patting at the come on Hyungwon’s chest. “So?”

“Was fun,” Hyungwon says, mouth feeling like it’s constructed entirely of sand and knowing how
stupid he sounds. “I, uh, would enjoy doing that again.”

“For Kiheun?”

“Sure. And also you,” Hyungwon says, feeling the anxiety swelling up against his ribs. “You should be there.”

“I was here,” Hoseok teases, tossing the tissues towards the garbage. They hit the rim and land on the floor beside it. “I’m leaving that for Kiheun.”

“I mean more actively here,” Hyungwon replies, grimacing. “On me. In me. Around me.”

“Sure. Next time I’ll be on, in, and around you,” Hoseok laughs, patting Hyungwon’s thigh.

Hyungwon clears his throat. “Speaking of, uh, being around me?” Hyungwon says, before he can stop himself. “Would you want to, like, get food? And eat it? Together?”

“Yes. Right now?”

“Oh, um, no. Like, another day. Where I’m not sweaty and covered in sperm, perhaps?”

“You mean like a date,” Hoseok says, smirking and poking a finger into Hyungwon’s sternum.

“I mean like two guys hanging out without sperm on them and eating food,” Hyungwon asserts.

“That sounds like a date.”

“I can’t help it if you take it that way, but I never said the word date,” Hyungwon says.

“You just did,” Hoseok taunts, flicking Hyungwon’s nipple just to watch him twitch. “Saturday? Pick me up at eight.”

“I don’t have a car.”

“Then find one. I’m a very expensive date.”

“Remember how you lost me my job.”

“Always with the losing you your job thing, eh?”
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

A/N: hi everyone! Just letting you know my updates might not be as regular coming up because of Nanowrimo, but I'll try to keep them as consistent as I possibly can! Thank you to everyone following this silly story and leaving me wonderful, wonderful comments. And thank you to you guys who read and don't leave any comments or kudos too! Thank you for just giving my story a chance! Love you!!

It’s four a.m. when Hyungwon wakes up to the sensation of his phone aggressively vibrating under his pillow. He snags it from beneath his head and holds it to his ear, slurring an almost incoherent: “Wassit?” into the receiver.

“Wonnie,” Jooheon says, and he sounds like he’s running. Or like he’s being chased. Hyungwon wonders if he’s still dreaming. Jooheon never runs.

If he is dreaming, this is a horribly depressing dream. Dreaming about your best friend going for a run and calling.

Tragic.

But then, this probably isn’t a dream. Because Jooheon is really panting nervously into his ear, and it’s really four a.m.

Hyungwon shoots up in bed, clutching his cell phone to his cheek. “Jooheon? Are you okay? It’s four a.m.!” As if Jooheon doesn’t know. “Where are you? Do you need me to call the cops? Are you running from the cops? Are you secretly a cop?!”

Jooheon pants into the phone, “Hyungwon, I did something.”

Hyungwon feels his heart begin to kick erratically in his chest. “Whahdidyou?”

Jooheon doesn’t say anything for a moment, and Hyungwon wants to screech like a prehistoric creature and take to the skies to unleash fury on whatever is causing Jooheon this agony.

“Hyungwon, I had sex with Minhyuk.”

It’s so quiet, so tentative, that Hyungwon almost misses it. He waits a moment for the words to process in his brain, like a video game lag, just moments behind where it should be.

And then he screams: “YOU WHAT.”

At six-thirty a.m., Hyungwon is sitting with Jooheon at the only open cafe between their apartments. Jooheon is flushed, hair a reddish rumpled mess atop his head.

“Do I even want to ask more about this?” Hyungwon asks his iced americano.

“I’m sorry, Hyungwon. I really can’t tell you how it happened--”
“Jooheon...he...did he know you were a virgin?” Hyungwon hisses, and Jooheon throws a crumpled napkin at his face.

“Please,” Jooheon hisses back. “I’m not entirely a virgin.”

“Not anymore!”

Jooheon dribbles frappuccino down his chin and wipes at it bitterly with the back of his hand.

“Hyungwon, I’m really freaking out.”

His soft doughy face is drawn tight, eyes glassy, and Hyungwon really hates seeing his Honey Bunches of Oats looking this way, so he asks, “Do you like him?”

Jooheon drops his head to the surface of the table and whines high in his throat. They’re the only two people in the cafe, so Hyungwon is aware of the cashier and barista openly staring at them in bewilderment, but he ignores it.

“It’s okay if you do,” Hyungwon adds, reaching out to try to brush Jooheon’s nest of hair into a more manageable state.

“He’s so gorgeous, and he makes me feel good, and I’ve never cum so hard in my li—”

“Yepp! Got it! Good to know!” Hyungwon shouts, shoving Jooheon’s frappuccino straw between his little kitty lips. “Shush now and drink.”

Jooheon sips at the chocolate icicles and sighs through his nostrils.

“Listen, I know this is a big deal for you. But Minhyuk is a casual guy. Sex for him isn’t what it is for you.”

Jooheon nods, still sadly sipping his drink.

“But if you really like him, you should tell him.”

Jooheon pulls off the straw and whimpers, “He kissed my tummy and said it’s cute, Hyungwon.”

“He likes soft guys,” Hyungwon says, shrugging. “Shownu is a soft water buffalo.”

“I’m not a water buffalo. I’m just a damn cotton ball,” Jooheon gripes, swiping at the whipped cream at the bottom of his straw with his tongue.

“Well he obviously liked you enough to fuck you,” Hyungwon says, knowing that doesn’t mean too much. But it might, actually. “Minhyuk and Hyunwoo have had a thing for a while, Jooheon. So if he made the exception to sleep with you, not for work or anything, it must mean something.”

Jooheon looks up, wide-eyed and frantic, “I can’t compete with Hyunwoo!”

“Maybe it isn’t a competition,” Hyungwon comments, reaching out to pat Jooheon’s cheek. “Maybe he wants both of you. You just have to figure out if that’s something you’re okay with.”

Jooheon stares down at his whipped cream and sighs. “I didn’t think about my body at all with him, Hyungwon. Not once. He was so sweet and...God, he’s the most beautiful person I’ve ever seen.”

“Hyunwoo is also really hot, you know,” Hyungwon teases.

“You said I wouldn’t have to compete,” Jooheon gargles, flailing his arms.
“I’m not saying that. I’m saying...you know...maybe you could get jiggy with both of them,” Hyungwon says, wagging his brows. “I’m going to shoot with Hyunwoo soon, so I’ll let you know if the rumors about his big fat d--”

“OKAY, I got it,” Jooheon screeches, rising up from his chair. “I’m gonna go shower and sleep for the rest of my life and pretend this conversation never happened.”

“I’m just saying,” Hyungwon cries after him as Jooheon retreats for the door, “what’s better than one hot boy who wants to stuff you with dick?”

Jooheon is almost out the door when Hyungwon screams, “TWO HOT BOYS!”

Hyungwon must be deliriously tired because he doesn’t even care that the cashier and barista have filmed this entire interaction and are giggling relentlessly at him, probably about to edit the video and post it to their SNS. He just stands and walks home and falls back into bed.

It’s four a.m. when Hoseok wakes up to his phone blaring “Crying in the Club.”

He fumbles for it on his bedside table as it rattles against the wood, and slides the screen on to accept the call. “This better be important, Lee Minhyuk.”

“I made a mistake,” Minhyuk says between an awkward fit of giggles.

Hoseok rubs at his face and sighs. “Did you let Binnie play with condoms again?”

“No!” Minhyuk cries defensively. “And I didn’t let her that time either! She found them in my jacket pocket.”

“Why did you bring condoms to babysit anyhow?” Hoseok grumbles, trying to sit up but just letting himself collapse back to his pillow when it proves fruitless, his body protesting and demanding access to the kind softness of his bed.

“I bring them everywhere, obviously,” Minhyuk explains, sounding affronted that Hoseok would even question such a thing. “But, listen, don’t tell anyone, okay, but I fucked Hyungwon’s friend. Jooheon.”

Hoseok grabs his second pillow from beside him, brings it to his face, and screams for a long minute. Then he slams the pillow back to the mattress and picks the phone back up to his ear. “Lee Minhyuk, you better be fucking with me.”

“Fucking is what, alas, has brought me here,” Minhyuk deadpans, pausing to chug a bottle of water, which Hoseok can tell by sound because of the crinkled plastic bottle and the loud sound of gulping.

“Well, I hope you’re proud of yourself. And willing to deal with the consequences,” Hoseok replies, imagining Hyungwon yelling at him for allowing this to happen, allowing Hoseok’s sex-crazed friends to seduce his sweet honeyed best friend.

“He’s so cute, Hoseok,” Minhyuk whines around a mouthful of liquid. He swallows loudly into the receiver. “And he let me kiss him all over, and it’s so soft and cute, and he was so tigh--”

“These are things I don’t ever need to know about, Minhyuk,” Hoseok groans. “You need to talk to Hyunwoo.”
“What? Why?” Minhyuk squeaks, the sound grating at Hoseok’s still-mostly-asleep brain.

“Because Jooheon isn’t a camboy, Minhyuk. He’s a friend. You didn’t fuck him for show. You fucked him because you wanted to, and we both know that you and Hyunwoo are more than just cambuddies.”

Minhyuk squeaks again, a raspy burble of sound over the line. “What if he’s upset?”

“Then that’s better. He should be upset. You need to talk to him.”

“Because he’s my boss, right? I wore a condom, though, and Jooheon was kind of…”

“Kind of what, Minhyuk?” Though Hoseok already anticipates the answer.

“A virgin?”

Hoseok drops the phone again, picks up his pillow to his mouth again, and screams himself hoarse.

When he lifts the phone again, Minhyuk is already begging for forgiveness, but Hoseok just grits out, “Call Hyunwoo. At a normal hour. And go and talk to him. Goodbye, Lee Minhyuk. May God and Hyunwoo have mercy on your damned soul.”

Click.

It’s seven p.m., Saturday, and Hyungwon is outside Hoseok’s dark gray stucco apartment, wearing a crisp black button-down shirt and black skinny jeans. His only un-ripped pair. He’s checked his BB cream in his cell phone reflection and found everything acceptable. Pores managed.
Eyebags...somewhat managed.

He knocks.

There’s the soft sound of slipper-clad footsteps and then the door creaks open.

Hyungwon drags in a deep breath and smiles.

Hoseok smiles back.

So far so good.

Hoseok brushes his hair back from his forehead, and it cascades back down elegantly to frame his face.

Hyungwon fights urge #1 to shove Hoseok back into his apartment and fuck the daylights outta him.

They’re walking to the restaurant Hoseok picked, and Hyungwon is trying to keep his eyes on the cracked sidewalk pavement but Hoseok’s firm fucking thighs in that dark wash denim are calling to him, and oh no, oh no he’s looked up and Hoseok’s ass is right there all perfectly packaged and plush and tight --

“So, I heard you like meat,” Hoseok says, and Hyungwon is thinking I’ve been exposed, he knows I’ve been staring at his ass --
“Uh, I can explain,” Hyungwon replies frantically.

But then Hoseok is grabbing his hand and tugging him through the doorway of that one really popular BBQ restaurant that Hyungwon has never been able to get into or afford.

“Don’t worry,” Hoseok says, as Hyungwon opens his mouth to gurgle a protest, “I know a guy.”

The host runs over and drapes himself over Hoseok like a little--very little--curtain. Hoseok pats him on the top of his mop of bleached blond hair and coos, “Hello my lil Woozi.”

The little creature with soft cheeks and angry eyes looks up at Hoseok and kicks him right in the shins. “I said to start calling me Jihoon again. I’m a goddamn adult.”

Hyungwon glances between the two of them. Massive brick wall, Hoseok, and miniscule, furious bunny creature, Jihoon.

“You, uh, know each other?”

Hoseok pokes Jihoon in the plump little pale cheek and smirks. “He was my neighbor when we were kids. Our moms played Go Stop together.”

“Your mom owes my mom like...sixteen pounds of pickled plums,” Jihoon laughs, and the sound is so sweet and precious that Hyungwon wants to coo at him but somewhere deep down in his core he knows that is the wrong choice.

“At least our moms recognize they have no money to bet and only bet in pickled items,” Hoseok replies, though he doesn’t seem amused by the fact. “Our house was filled with your moms pickled red onions.”

Jihoon’s expression sobers too, and Hyungwon feels oddly guilty for witnessing this uncomfortably personal exchange. Hoseok shrugs a moment later and follows Jihoon back to a table, past the mob of people waiting and anxiously tapping at their phones, and Hyungwon feels like he’s being genuinely spoiled right now.

Like this is a real date.

Hoseok sits across from him in a little booth, and Jihoon sets up the coals in their personal grill. He gives Hoseok a little pat on the cheek, as if he’s the condescendingly larger, older member of their friendship, and then he leaves.

“You really did know a guy, huh?”

Hoseok grins, and in the bright lights above their booth, Hyungwon can see that he also put on BB cream. There’s that faint line of blurred white at his neck that tells of hasty application, like he’d been fighting the urge to put it on but then caved and pounded it into his skin hastily.

“I know how passionate you are about marinated pork,” Hoseok says, grabbing Hyungwon’s menu from him when he tries to look at their prices. “I ordered ahead. Prepare yourself for pounds of meat.”

Hyungwon fights urge #whatever it is now to drop to his knees beneath the table and suck desperately at the crotch of Hoseok’s jeans until they’re wet with spit and precome.

Hoseok leans his elbows onto the table and watches the coals beneath the grates of the grill. “Do you like camming, Hyungwon?”
Hyungwon mirrors his pose on the table and watches the edges of the coals light up red and crackle. “Yeah. I feel oddly comfortable? I feel like I’m taken care of, and my boss wants me to do well and succeed, and all my coworkers are my friends.”

“Friends who give you orgasms,” Hoseok adds.

Hyungwon’s lips split into a grin. “Yeah, exactly. It’s like...kind of the best job imaginable? I mean, I thought my mukbang channel was the best job ever because I just sat at my desk and ate a lot of food for money, but this is something else.”

“I wish we got benefits--I mean, aside from the orgasms and friendship--but yeah, it’s great,” Hoseok agrees.

They sit in silence for a moment before Hyungwon realizes once again that he knows next to nothing about Hoseok.

“Did you play sports?” Hyungwon blurts, thinking of that oddly specific daydream he’s been having about wearing Hoseok’s varsity jacket.

Hoseok lifts his soft gaze from where it had been trained on the charred coals, and he shakes his head. “Oh, no, I’m fucking trash at sports. I mean, I did taekwondo, but anything team based was a major no for me.”

Hyungwon appraises Hoseok’s arms as he crosses them over his chest, and they flex, rippling under his gaze. “I find that hard to believe.”

Hoseok coughs out a weak laugh. “I mean it! I only started exercising seriously in my early twenties. I was a fucking twink in my youth. I did a lot of cardio to stay thin, but I had no strength.”

Hyungwon looks hard at Hoseok and tries to see the twink beneath all the pounds of muscle, and he struggles. His brows pull together, and he squints, like looking at an optical illusion with two possible images and only seeing one. Is it a horse or is it a frog? Is it a twink or is it a hunk?

“I don’t see it at all.”

Hoseok pulls his phone from his pocket and starts scrolling through his pictures. He pulls up a photo a minute later and holds his screen up towards Hyungwon across the table. Hyungwon leans in closer.

And then he looks from the pale, twiggy boy in Abercrombie back to Hoseok in his heathered gray flannel looking like a whole ass snack.

“Did you eat your past self or something?” Hyungwon croaks.

Hoseok laughs, head tipped back, Adam’s apple prominent in his gorgeous vampirically pale throat. “Nope. I was a tiny gay baby, and I didn’t know how to be anything but a twink. I thought that was the form I needed to take to get attention.”

“Well, damn, god bless whatever education you got. I mean, you were cute as fuck before, but,” Hyungwon trails off, eyes glazing over as he traces the lines of Hoseok’s arms beneath his shirt.

Hoseok laughs again, and Hyungwon wants to reach out and grab the sound in his fists and shove them into his mouth and swallow. He wants to contain that sound. Wants to whip it out again and hold it like a bubble in his palm when he’s having a bad day.
“What about you?” Hoseok asks after a moment, “Sports?”

Hyungwon shakes his head adamantly. “Lord, no. I can play guitar, and that’s about as much movement these arms had in high school.”

“I doubt that,” Hoseok teases, and Hyungwon flushes hot and embarrassed.

For no reason.

Because not only has Hoseok seen him naked, but Hyungwon has been buried deep in Hoseok’s beautifully tight pink asshole.

“Favorite color,” Hyungwon spit-fires.

“Red. You?”

Hyungwon glances down at his clothing. “Uh, black?”

“I’ll save you asking me the boring questions from here, then, since your answers are equally boring. My favorite food is ramen. My favorite seasons are Summer and Winter because I like the black and whiteness of it. I like how straightforward they are with their emotions. It’s hot or it’s cold. None of this wishy washiness.”

Hyungwon huffs. “Fall and Spring are far superior. Sweater weather and the melting of the snow into flowers, I mean, c’mon.”

Hoseok shakes his head. “Nope. You never know what the weather will be. And I hate the rain.”

“Rain is the best.”

Hyungwon and Hoseok stare at one another, and there’s a spark of sexual tension that sinks into Hyungwon’s core and simmers.

“I’m gonna take you out into the rain and hold you there under the Lord’s merciful spray.”

“I don’t do watersports. Hard limits, Hyungwon.”

Hyungwon glares.

Purses his lips.

A laugh bursts through his lips, and it sounds a bit like a fart or maybe a snort.

Hoseok slaps his palms over his mouth and cackles wickedly.

Hyungwon sinks into his vinyl seat and groans. “You’re the worst date ever.”

“Okay, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. Here’s my first date spiel: Hi, I’m Hoseok. I’m 25. I have a mom, a dad, a younger brother (he’s married)—”

“No, please,” Hyungwon pleads, groaning and collapsing back against his booth seat, “don’t give me your stats. I don’t want your stats. Tell me something you don’t tell other people,” Hyungwon says, as Jihoon rounds the corner with a giant platter of meats soaking in their own juices.

Hyungwon’s mouth waters, and he feels like some kind of beast.

“Something you may not know,” Jihoon answers snidely before Hoseok gets a chance to reply, “is
that Hoseokkie here is terribly afraid of heights.”

Hyungwon looks up to find Hoseok gaping at Jihoon, and if Hyungwon were Jihoon—if he were, let’s say, one third of Hoseok’s size—Hyungwon would shriek and run for cover.

Instead, Jihoon holds his ground (his teeny tiny bit of ground) and smirks. He tosses some of the meats out onto the grill, and Hoseok grips his chopsticks so tightly his knuckles blanche.

“Heights, eh?” Hyungwon repeats.

Hoseok moans in annoyance and taps his chopsticks anxiously on the tabletop. “It’s irrational. I can’t explain it. I’ve just always hated them.”

“His class went on a trip to Namsan Tower in tenth year, and he blubbered when they reached the top floor. Just absolutely wailed. Asked for his mom, apologized for his past sins, all that jazz,” Jihoon adds, placing the tongs for the meat down onto the table and then waltzing away.

Hoseok has his forehead down on the table, avoiding Hyungwon’s gaze.

“Yah, yah, get up from there,” Hyungwon says, kicking off his shoe and lifting his foot under the table to kick at Hoseok’s leg, but he instead finds Hoseok’s inner thigh.

Hoseok’s crotch. Damn his inhuman, bird-like crane legs.

Hoseok jolts in his seat, gasping against the tabletop, and Hyungwon freezes, foot still in place against the zipper of Hoseok’s jeans.

“I hate spiders,” Hyungwon says, trying to break the tension but refusing to move his foot.

Hoseok shifts, and his lips part on a soft puff of surprised air as Hyungwon puts just a teeny bit more pressure down against him.

“This is my friend’s barbeque place, can I not--” Hoseok pleads, casting nervous glances around, even as his ears flush red, and he shifts again.

Oh, Hyungwon likes this.

Hoseok reaches for the meat tongs to flip the meat, and Hyungwon simply watches him, laughing under his breath as Hoseok squirms in his vinyl booth seat.

“Something the matter, Hoseokkie?”

Hoseok glares under heavy, hooded eyelids and huffs as he puts the first bit of cooked pork onto his own plate. “This is what you get...doing what you’re doing.”

“You could easily move my foot, you know,” Hyungwon points out, but Hoseok doesn’t respond.

Hyungwon flexes his foot down, heel tight against the base of what can only be Hoseok’s cock under his jeans, and Hoseok chokes on his first bite of pork, hand coming up to cup his lips as he coughs.

Hyungwon smirks.

Hoseok chucks his straw wrapper at him, wadded up into a little paper ball. Hyungwon dodges it and presses his foot harder against Hoseok’s crotch.
Hoseok groans, hands coming to grip the edges of the table, and he finally shoves Hyungwon’s foot away. “Please--can we at least make it through dinner? Maybe a movie?”

Hyungwon pouts, but his smile returns when Hoseok dumps a heap of cooked pork onto his plate. “Eat. I’ve got plans for you.”

Hyungwon shivers and shovels pork into his mouth with abandon.

Hoseok shakes his head and laughs in disbelief.

“I don’t understand you at all.”

Hyungwon grins around a mouthful of meat, his cheeks stuffed, and he garbles, “Sorry, daddy. I’ll be good.”

Hoseok collapses against the tabletop and heaves a weary sigh.

So Hyungwon isn’t doing so well at fighting the urges to fuck Hoseok silly, but it’s just too much fun at this point he can’t seem to care.

After dinner, Hyungwon and Hoseok both agree they are too meat-sweaty and exhausted to get jiggy, so they stop off for ice cream on the way to the movies.

Hoseok: vanilla cone with rainbow sprinkles.

Hyungwon: chocolate cone with mini chocolate chips.

They look at one another over their cones and scoff.

“Vanilla.”

“Chocolate.”

They huff in unison and go at their ice creams like they’re both trying to prove something.

Hoseok runs the flat of his tongue along the sides, lapping up the droplets that threaten to drip over his pale fingers.

Hyungwon sucks at the tip of his ice cream and swirls the chocolate chips around, letting them melt on his tongue with a soft moan.

They sit on a park bench wordlessly and eat. Eat?

They’re still watching one another closely, eyes on deft, dark pink tongues and lips and God, Hoseok has fucking delicious lips. They’re a bit swollen from the cold of the ice cream, and Hyungwon wants nothing more than to lean over, knock the cone from his hand, climb into his lap, and nibble on his pouty, red bottom lip.

“You’re such a capricorn,” Hoseok snorts, tossing the base of his ice cream cone into the trash. Hyungwon whimpers and reaches for it, but it’s too late. He crunches loudly on his own cake cone until the last morsel, mourning the loss of a possible second cone.

“You’re such a pisces,” Hyungwon replies, rolling his eyes as he polishes off his cone.
“We’re gonna miss the movie,” Hoseok says, grabbing Hyungwon’s hand again and yanking him away from the graveyard of Hoseok’s lost ice cream cone.

To be fair, they make it through a good twenty minutes of previews and then another thirty-five or so minutes of the zombie outbreak, but then things start getting really bloody and tense, and Hyungwon’s adrenaline is spiking high in his blood, and it feels like he has one of two options: 1) get up and run circles around the theater or 2) drop to his knees and suck the life outta Lee Hoseok through his dick.

They’re in the back of the theater, having made it just as the theater attendants were shutting the doors for the showing. The next group is at least five rows ahead of them, and there’s no one on either of their sides.

Hoseok has his eyes glued to the screen, nervously gripping at his armrest, eyes shining with wetness as he watches Gong Yoo onscreen being terrible-dad-with-a-redemption-arc, and fuck that’s hot. Hoseok, not Gong Yoo. He cries at zombie movies. Though, maybe Gong Yoo also cries at zombie movies.

Hyungwon bows forward, as if he’s searching for something on the floor, and then he drops to his knees completely. The floor is sticky and smells like melted lolipops and butter.

Fight the urge to gag. Save that for later.

“Drop your phone?” Hoseok hisses quietly, and Hyungwon nods but doesn’t reply.

He crawls forward a bit, as if he’s going to search under Hoseok’s seat, and he skims his palms up the casing of denim on Hoseok’s legs to his thighs, gripping tight.

Hoseok jolts in his seat, looking down at Hyungwon in confused dismay, but Hyungwon is on a mission.

“Tell me to stop,” Hyungwon whispers, fiddling with Hoseok’s zipper in the dim lighting from the screen.

Hoseok squirms, eyes shifting away to the movie onscreen and then wildly sweeping the room. When he looks back down at Hyungwon, his eyes are dark, half-lidded, and his voice is tight as he says, “You’ve been hanging out with Minhyuk and Changkyun too much.”

Hyungwon smirks proudly, taking that as a compliment, and he slips his hand through the hole in Hoseok’s boxers, pulling just his cock out, and Hyungwon can see where it’s thickly pressed up against the zipper on either side.

Hoseok’s hands tighten on the armrests, and Hyungwon dips his head down to taste him, still mostly soft but hardening nicely beneath Hyungwon’s fingertips.

Hoseok shudders, head tipping back against the wall behind their seats as he exhales shakily. He slides his hand into Hyungwon’s hair, and his nails scratch gently against Hyungwon’s scalp. It feels so good, so intimate. Like praise whispered across his skin in soft trails down to the back of his neck.

Hyungwon takes his time. Savors it. Savors the way Hoseok leaks out onto his tongue. The way his thighs clench when Hyungwon traces the ridge under the head of his cock with his tongue. The helpless way his skin throbs against Hyungwon’s tongue when Hyungwon pulls him in as deep as he can manage. Hyungwon just wants Hoseok to grip his hair tight and fuck into his mouth.
But Hoseok just pets Hyungwon’s hair gently and lets him do what he wants.

It’s frustrating.

And sweet.

Hyungwon is lapping at the slit of Hoseok’s cock, eyes trained on Hoseok’s face, when Hoseok looks away from the screen and meets his gaze. It’s sudden when he shudders, arching off the seat slightly.

And he comes all over Hyungwon’s face.

Hyungwon feels the warm wetness on his cheeks, his lips, his chin, and his eyelashes when he blinks.

“Oh fuck,” Hoseok hisses, grabbing the wet napkin that had been wrapped around their shared cola to absorb its condensation, and wiping apologetically at Hyungwon’s face. “Fuck I’m so sorry, Hyungwon. I didn’t know I was that close and--”

Hyungwon bursts out into a fit of deep, throaty giggles.

Hoseok has the napkin pressed to Hyungwon’s nose, wiping at some dribbles of come like a mother cleansing her child’s face of errant spaghetti sauce, when he snorts and begins laughing too.

The family five rows ahead turns around all at once, eyes narrowed in annoyance. They see only Hoseok in his seat, napkin raised in his fist, and the tippy-top of Hyungwon’s head where he’s perched on his knees.

Frantically, Hoseok tucks himself back into his jeans, once again reaches for Hyungwon’s hand, fingers warm and just a little sweaty from gripping the seat, and he pulls Hyungwon out into the light of the city.

And there, pressed against the brick wall at the side of the cinemas, Hoseok cups Hyungwon’s face in his beautiful strong hands and kisses him. No cameras. No stage direction. No friends around to watch.

Just Hoseok.

Tasting like chapstick and cola and barbeque pork and just a little bit like his own come and everything else good in the world.

And Hyungwon, the tragic, tragic fool that he is, gasps desperately into the kiss: “Fucking date me.”

And Hoseok digests that for a split second before he’s stepping back under the lights of the cinema side alley.

“Hyungwon,” he says, in that voice he uses when Changkyun is making a ruckus during a drama viewing or when Hyunwoo is being self-deprecating about his parenting skills.

Hyungwon reaches for Hoseok’s leather jacket lapels, needing to hold onto him, needing something to grip to make sure things aren’t spiraling out of control. That isn’t what he meant.

“That isn’t what I meant,” Hyungwon says, but then seconds later, after brief deliberating in his skull, “Wait, yes it is.”

“Hyungwon,” Hoseok says, sounding afraid, sounding apprehensive and a little irritated but mostly
terrified.

“Please just...let’s just go fuck at my apartment, and it’ll be fine,” Hyungwon says, tugging at Hoseok’s jacket, trying to bring him closer as if physical space is what really separates them.

“It can’t be like that,” Hoseok says. “I mean, like what you said before.’’

“Okay, that’s fine. I don’t need that. I don’t care. It’s fine. Really,’” Hyungwon pleads, fingers shaking as they fiddle with the button decorations on Hoseok’s coat. “Just go home and finger me in the shower.’’

“If you want something serious, Hyungwon, I’m just not--’’

“Please shut up,’’ Hyungwon begs, feeling his heart threatening to burp up into his mouth, thumping like a ticking time bomb. “Shut up and kiss me. I don’t care.’’

Hoseok sighs, and Hyungwon crashes their lips together. Hoseok falls into it easily, and Hyungwon revels in that power. The power to pull this strong, gorgeous boy into his orbit from where he’d tried to break free.

Hyungwon won’t let him slip away.

He can’t.

Hoseok comes home with him. And they fall together into bed like two objects yanked by the same gravitational pull. Towards one another. Towards the sheets. Towards skin and lips and teeth and tongues.

Hyungwon coils his legs around Hoseok’s waist and holds him as close to his body as possible. The physical space between their bodies is almost nonexistent, save for the reality of their electrons repelling at a subatomic level, but beneath that subatomic repulsion, there’s a distance that Hyungwon can’t breach. Something in Hoseok’s eyes that reads unreadable.

Hoseok’s hands are on Hyungwon’s waist, and the smooth drag inside Hyungwon’s body is so hot and so fucking good, and everything is burning up around them the way Hyungwon always knew they would with Hoseok fucking into him, and Hyungwon can’t seem to care about emotional distance because he’s here and there are no cameras, and Hoseok smells like smoky citrus, like SummerWinter, like vanilla and expensive barbecue, and Hyungwon can’t let him go.

So they ride it out together until the exhaustion pulls them both under, and when Hyungwon wakes, there’s a wet washcloth beside the bed from where Hoseok had apparently wiped him down in his sleep so he didn’t get sperm on the sheets. There’s a glass of water and a slice of toast on his bedside table.

There’s a note that just says I’m sorry.
Interlude: alone we may fight; so, just let us be three

Chapter Notes

A/N: I know I left hyungwonho at a cliffhanger, but I just needed to write this Hyunjoohyuk chapter first, so don't hate me. I'm gonna be doingnanowrimo, so my posts will be less regular (though maybe not, who knows?), but I'll do my best to finish this story soon. Thanks, as always, for the comments and kudos and love.

“This toy is like 500 years old, Hyunwoo, I don’t think you’re gonna resurrect it just by--Hyunwoo--hello? --Hyunwoo, stop-- stop just for a fu...I mean a second, please, Hyunwoo--”

Minhyuk reaches out and grabs Hyunwoo’s thick, hairy ankle with both his hands as Hyunwoo goes to kick the little plastic contraption again.

“Please, Hyunwoo, just leave it to its peaceful eternal slumber,” Minhyuk pleads, looking warily over at Binnie sat cross-legged on the carpet, watching her father pelting the small plastic elephant with short jabbing slipper-clad kicks.

“This was my favorite toy as a kid, and I’m just really bummed right now,” Hyunwoo admits, dropping down onto his butt on the carpet beside Binnie.

Binnie looks over at Minhyuk, eyes wide and confused, and Minhyuk pats the top of the elephant’s little gray head. “It’s all right, Binnie my girl. The elephant is just too sleepy to blow butterflies out his hose-nose today.”

“Sleepy? He’s sleepy?” Binnie mimicks, tipping her chubby face to the side and fingering the lace hem of her pajama shirt. “Why his eyes are still open?”

“Some elephants sleep with their eyes open, my dear,” Minhyuk says, cocking his head to the side in the same way she did, and she giggles.

Hyunwoo hasn’t moved, the exhaustion and frustration clear in the deep bags under his deep-set eyes, so Minhyuk leaves him to his silence and reaches down to scoop Binnie up into his arms.

“Do you want to nap like Mr. Elephant, Binnie?” he coos, cradling her little bum in his hands and carting her off to her room. She waves bye-bye to her dad, though Minhyuk isn’t sure Hyunwoo is even capable of listening considering his current mental state.

Binnie’s whole room is swathed in shades of green--her favorite color. She says it’s like the cool stuff that grows on top of the pond outside her school.

So she loves algae.

And frogs.

There’s a little frog stuffed toy tucked under the blankets beside her when Minhyuk gets her tucked into bed.

“This is just like my friend, Hyungwon, Binnie,” he says, doing his best Hyungwon impression
(talking like he’s speaking around a mouthful of marbles (or just obscenely huge lips)). “Goodnight Frog Princess Binnie,” he crows in Hyungwon’s voice.

“G’night Froggie Prince,” she mumbles back sleepily, giggling when her frog leans in to give her a goodnight kiss.

Hyunwoo hasn’t moved since Minhyuk left to put her down for her nap. He’s still sat on the carpet, staring into space, eyelids fluttering.

“Hyung,” Minhyuk sighs, grabbing Hyunwoo’s arms and trying to heave him up onto the couch. When that doesn’t work, he just pouts and wiggles Hyunwoo’s arms like underbaked doughy breadsticks until Hyunwoo stands. After a few seconds of wobbling unsteadily, Hyunwoo slouches forward into Minhyuk’s arms.

“I’m sorry, Min,” Hyunwoo groans, tucking his head into Minhyuk’s warm throat. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me.”

“I do. It’s called being overworked,” Minhyuk replies, running his fingers through the slightly greasy strands of Hyunwoo’s hair. Grimacing, he wipes the grease onto the back of Hyunwoo’s sweaty t-shirt. “Okay, that’s enough of this. C’mon. We’re getting you cleaned up.”

“I’m perfectly capable of--”

Minhyuk shoves him through the bathroom door with his slipper pressed to the middle of Hyunwoo’s back, and he locks the door behind them.

“I can just turn the knob and escape,” Hyunwoo says, eyeing the lock with an amused but clearly tired smile.

“It’s not for you. It’s for if Binnie decides to wake up early and barge in like she did that other time I showered and she dumped a whole bucket of bouncy balls into the shower stall,” Minhyuk replies, turning the knob on the faucet to get the hot water running. “Your daughter is an evil genius, and I don’t want to dissuade her from following her heart, but my own heart can’t take never knowing when I’m going to be bombarded with balls from all angles.”

Hyunwoo snorts loudly through his nose. “I think your heart loves being bombarded with balls from all angles, actually.”

“Bad phrasing, but my point still stands,” Minhyuk huffs, watching the mirror fogging up with steam behind them. He tugs at Hyunwoo’s t-shirt, hiking it up to his armpits until Hyunwoo lifts his arms and allows him to pull it the rest of the way off.

Minhyuk presses his palms to the cushiony swell of Hyunwoo’s tan stomach, to the swatch of dark hair below his navel that he’d once unsuccessfully tried to wax for a shoot (it was a patchy, burnt mess). He squats down a bit and presses his lips to Hyunwoo’s belly button, tasting the salt of his sweat through the seam of his lips.

Hyunwoo threads his fingers through Minhyuk’s hair and breathes out something between a sigh and a moan. “I’m gross.”

“Yeah, I know,” Minhyuk laughs, scooting Hyunwoo’s shorts down to his ankles to fully undress him. “That’s what the shower is for.”

“I’m a grown man, Minhyuk, I don’t need you to--” Hyunwoo burbles under the incoming spray of hot water as Minhyuk shoves him into the shower stall.
“I know you’re a grown man, Hyunwoo. That’s why it’s so pitiful that you clearly haven’t showered in days, and your sweat has crusted into your eyebrows,” Minhyuk scoffs, shucking off his own clothing and stepping in behind Hyunwoo into the stall. The glass door shuts behind him and encloses the two of them in the cube of steam. Minhyuk presses as close to Hyunwoo under the water, shivering until the heat sinks into his skin.

“We all go days without showering sometimes,” Hyunwoo counters defensively, as Minhyuk lathers shampoo between his palms and reaches up to scrub the lime verbena-scented suds into Hyunwoo’s hair (and eyebrows--the poor little things, so crusty and sad).

“Mhm,” Minhyuk agrees, “but then you need me here to remind you it’s been three days, and you are looking very, very crusty.”

“That’s why I keep you around,” Hyunwoo hums, tipping his head back under the spray to wash out the shampoo in his hair (and eyebrows) and then tipping it forward again for the conditioner.

“That, and my miraculous orgasm skills,” Minhyuk adds, massaging the conditioner over Hyunwoo’s short dark hair that tickles under his fingertips and into his scalp. “Also to be a babysitter.”

Hyunwoo peeks his eyes open under the spray of water as he rinses the conditioner out. “That isn’t really what you think, right? You know I keep you around for more than your orgasm-providing and ability to tame the toddler-beast.”

Minhyuk pauses with soapy hands pressed to Hyunwoo’s chest, where he’d been rubbing soft circles around Hyunwoo’s dark nipples. “Huh? I mean, sure, yeah. Friendship. Business. Etc,” he says, flapping a dismissive, sudsy hand in the air, and bubbles fly off to latch onto the wall and dissolve.

“Minhyuk,” Hyunwoo sighs, wrapping his fingers around Minhyuk’s wrist where his hand is still pressed with soap to Hyunwoo’s abdomen.

“What? I know, Hyunwoo. I know you care about me. Don’t get all weird and sappy; I was planning on sucking your dick in here, but not if you keep being all awkward,” Minhyuk says, forcing laughter up his larynx, though it feels heavy like plaque on the way up out of his mouth.

“Minhyuk,” Hyunwoo repeats, scrubbing his wet palms over his face and sighing again. It seems Minhyuk is on a roll with these sigh-inducing statements, though he isn’t sure why.

Minhyuk drops to his knees, and it’s slippery, so he braces himself against the tiled wall for a second before finding his balance. Grabs Hyunwoo at the base of his soft cock. Wraps his lips around the head and--

Hyunwoo grabs him under the armpits and heaves him back up to standing.

“Min,” Hyunwoo groans, wrapping his arms tightly around Minhyuk’s shoulders and holding him with their slick hot skin pressed together under the steadily-cooling shower spray.

Minhyuk wishes Hyunwoo had just let him finish his probably super sloppy shower blow job. Shower blow jobs always kinda feel like drowning. Lots of liquid and not nearly enough breathing.

He wishes there was a big ole dick in his mouth and no ability to talk--or even hear.

*Can’t talk, hyung, dick in my mouth.*

*Can’t hear you, hyung, dick in my mouth.*
“Min, you know I--”

“I fucked Jooheon,” Minhyuk blurts, lips brushing Hyunwoo’s shoulder as he speaks, feeling like burning hot hands are pressing to the backs of his eyelids as he rocks in Hyunwoo’s embrace. “God, fuck, hyung, I can’t...I slept with Jooheon, and I--”

Hyunwoo steps back, drops his arms from around Minhyuk, and rubs water from his eyes. “Okay,” he says, slowly forming each word, “so you slept with Jooheon.”

“And I,” Minhyuk whines throatily, now feeling the hot wetness of tears mixing with the hot wetness of shower water on his face, “I think I like him.”

Hyunwoo draws in a deep, shaky breath and reaches behind his back to shut off the spray of water. It’s suddenly so cold.

And Hyunwoo is suddenly so far away from him in the stall.

Minhyuk wraps his arms around his own bare torso and shivers violently, skin breaking out in endless goosebumps.

Hyunwoo steps out of the stall, and Minhyuk drops into a squat, fearing Hyunwoo is leaving him, Hyunwoo is giving up on him, Hyunwoo is--

Returning with a big towel wrapped around his waist and another held out to Minhyuk. When Minhyuk refuses to move, face burning with shame and trepidation, Hyunwoo drops the towel on Minhyuk’s head and starts rubbing it through his hair.

“C’mon, you baby,” he mutters, pulling Minhyuk up, winding the big bath sheet around his whole torso, and throwing Minhyuk’s whole body over his left shoulder. He carts him out of the bathroom this way, like a big sack of oats or something, and he carries him all the way to his bedroom at the end of the short hall, dumping him onto the bed.

Minhyuk curls up like an armadillo in the middle of the mattress, covering his face with his palms, and whimpering pathetically. “Hyung.”

Hyunwoo sits down beside him, warm wrinkled fingers brushing through the wet strands of Minhyuk’s hair. “It’s okay, Min. I don’t care that you slept with Jooheon. It’s good if you like him. It’s good. I want you to be happy.”

“But, hyung,” Minhyuk whines, moving his hands away from his face to peer up at Hyunwoo, “I like you too. I like you so much. I’ve liked you for so long.”

Hyunwoo’s hand stalls where it’s playing with Minhyuk’s hair. “I know you do,” he says. “I was wondering when you’d realize it.”

Minhyuk gurgles weakly and tries to bring his hands up to shield his face again, but Hyunwoo takes his hands and twines their pruney wet fingers together.

“I like you too, Minhyuk. If that wasn’t already clear,” Hyunwoo adds, clearing his throat.

Minhyuk’s chin quivers, and his eyes brim up with tears again. “I’m a big doof,” he gurgles.

“I know, Minnie, but you give great head.”
“I do, don’t I?”

“And you always get Binnie to sleep when she needs to, and you can get her to finish all her Cheerios too,” Hyunwoo adds.

“I do that too, yeah.”

“And you always call me to see if I’ve eaten. Everyday. Even when you aren’t even in the city. Remember that time you ordered me a pizza while you were on vacation in Jeju? Just showed up outta nowhere, and the delivery guy said some guy named Lee Minhyuk ordered it for me. And you remembered to make half with mushrooms and half with sweet potato because Binnie likes to eat the soft potatoes off the tops of the slices while I eat the pizza parts.”

Minhyuk feels warmth blooming behind his ribs, spreading over his bones and muscles in a thick lovely paste and seeping into his marrow. “You guys are my family.”

“And you’re ours, too,” Hyunwoo replies, voice deep and comforting and sugary sweet.

“But Jooheon--”

“Obviously our...whatever we are...has never been conventional, Min. I don’t plan to impose any rules on you. I don’t own your body. You do. And I know you want to be here, with me and Binnie and our weird stupid whatever we are,” Hyunwoo interjects, leaning in to press kisses to Minhyuk’s wet cheekbones and jawline. “If you want to see Jooheon, I don’t see a problem with it. He’s a good kid. Good enough that he tried to slip me a few thousand won for letting him come along to the beach with us, and when I refused, he tried to sneak the bills into Kihyun’s wallet when we were at a rest stop.”

Minhyuk giggles, raspy like smoky bubbles. “He is. He’s good. He’s too good.”

“Psh,” Hyunwoo scoffs. “Too good for the Frog Prince Lee Minhyuk?” He scoops Minhyuk up into his lap for a moment to move the comforter out from under them, before sliding the two of them beneath the silky comforting cotton. Hyunwoo’s long limbs coil around Minhyuk from behind, his breath hot against Minhyuk’s ear and neck.

Minhyuk grabs Hyunwoo’s hands and pulls them around to his front, where Hyunwoo begins stroking smooth palms over Minhyuk’s bare skin: his stomach, his chest, his thighs. Minhyuk’s breath hitched when Hyunwoo presses those plush lips to the nape of his neck and wraps his thick fingers around his cock.

“You’re like bottled sunshine,” Hyunwoo murmurs, teeth grazing the shell of Minhyuk’s ear as he strokes softly up the heated skin of Minhyuk’s twitching cock. “Except nothing can keep you bottled. You’re like bubbles filled with sunshine. No, nevermind, you’re just the literal sun.”

“If I were the literal sun, your hand would be obliterated right now. Your whole body. This whole room. This whole earth,” Minhyuk counters gruffly, panting in short breaths and kicking his hips out into Hyunwoo’s grasp.

“I’d be okay with that, I guess. But can Binnie wear a spacesuit or something? She deserves more than to burn up into the sun at her age,” Hyunwoo replies, kissing down the column of Minhyuk’s throat and mouthing openly at his shoulder and collarbones. His thumb strokes over the beading precome at the tip of Minhyuk’s cock and spreads it down the length so his hand moves easier, faster, tighter. The friction feels somehow comforting and familiar and loving.

“Fuck,” Minhyuk groans, as Hyunwoo grinds up against him from behind, his own cock hard.
against the bare skin of Minhyuk’s ass. It’s weirdly intimate, this off-camera, frantic frotting, and Minhyuk can’t get enough of it. He spins around to face Hyunwoo and watches as he takes both their cocks into his tight grip and drags his fist over their skin together.

“I want you around,” Hyunwoo says, and Minhyuk writhes at how deep and open and raw Hyunwoo’s voice sounds, gaze so steady and fond. His thumb taps against the slit of Minhyuk’s cock, teasing, and Minhyuk tries to focus on that sharp quiver of pleasure instead of the ache ringing in his chest. “I always want you around.”

Minhyuk curves in closer, grabs hold of Hyunwoo’s jaw and pulls him in to lick into his mouth needily. There are no words forming in his mouth, so he just holds on tight as Hyunwoo strokes him to the breaking point and even after, when Minhyuk is shuddering and squeaking with oversensitivity and Hyunwoo is just beginning to pulse against him. Their come mixes together as it spills over the sides of Hyunwoo’s hand.

He pulls back, and Hyunwoo is just gazing at him in that open, endearing, almost stoic way he does. If you didn’t know him, you’d think Hyunwoo had pebbles for brains or maybe a circuit board along his spine.

But Minhyuk knows the way Hyunwoo’s eyes curve--the right one just a bit squintier than the left when he grins genuinely--and he knows the way Hyunwoo’s hands find the things he adores versus the things he despises. Minhyuk knows that Hyunwoo would take a billion bullets for anyone he loves. He’d let them desecrate his burial ground if it kept Binnie safe.

If it kept Minhyuk safe.

Minhyuk feels that ringing pang in his chest again. “What do I do about Jooheon, Hyunwoo?”

“Talk to him,” Hyunwoo says, reaching up to cup Minhyuk’s damp cheek in his palm.

“And say what? Hey Jooheon, I really like you and think we should keep sleeping together but also is it cool if I’m also dating Hyunwoo?”

Hyunwoo shrugs. “Seems fine to me.”

Minhyuk huffs out a disbelieving groan and curls into Hyunwoo’s chest, eyelids already drooping with exhaustion. Hyunwoo holds him close to his chest, breath puffing against Minhyuk’s wet hair until they fall asleep.

Only to be woken up to the sounds of Binnie screeches an hour later.

Jooheon has the strawberry ice cream raised to his lips when Minhyuk’s words finally register in his brain. His tongue slips back into his mouth for a moment of perplexed silence.

“You--wait--hold on--you what?”

“I’m dating Hyunwoo. But I can also date you,” Minhyuk repeats, thumbs fidgeting nervously in his lap at the ice cream parlor. “If that’s what you want.”

“I’m--” Jooheon can’t think of any responses that quite express his gut reaction to these words, so he just shuts his mouth again.

“If it’s too weird, I get it. I do. It’s...unconventional?”
Jooheon snorts loudly, and a table of six year olds next to them stares over at him, giggling behind their ice cream cones.

“But I think you knew that this,” he gestures between their bodies with a waggling pale hand, “whatever this was gonna be, was gonna be weird.”

Jooheon sighs and scratches the back of his neck, slouching in his neon green plastic chair. “I guess you got a point there.”

“Plus, I mean, I don’t wanna toot my own horn or anything, but I’d say our sex was pretty damn good, right?”

Jooheon’s skin flames from the inside, and he hides behind his cupped palms. “Fuck, I mean yeah.”

“Not to be weird, but your body is amazing, Jooheon.”

Jooheon scoffs, tummy flipping and wriggling in his abdomen.

“I mean it. I’ve thought about you so many times since that, and it was only a few days ago. So will you try it? Dating me? If it’s weird, it’s weird. We can stop. I just,” Minhyuk sighs and pouts, the cutest little pop of puffy bottom lip, “really wanna keep seeing you.”

And how can Jooheon resist when Minhyuk looks like that and sounds like a cross between an excited teenager on Xbox Live and a granny that’s smoked for sixty years?

“Yeah,” Jooheon mutters, all of his good reasoning flying out the window and shrieking at him from behind the glass, “okay.”

Minhyuk leaps up and grabs Jooheon by the squishy cheeks, pulling him in for a kiss, and he tastes like mango frozen yogurt and chapstick and Minhyuk.

Jooheon’s good reasoning sinks down to the asphalt outside the shop and melts up into the earth, forgotten.
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

A/N: sorry to everyone who thinks I can write angst. I cannot. Enjoy some sappy garbage. Come find me on twitter. @likesatellitez
HAPPY FIRST WIN TO THE BEST BOYS IN THE WORLD! #MonstaXFirstWin
:3 11/14/2017 <3

[Hoseok 10:47 a.m.]: i’m outside your apartment can you come out for a bit

Hyungwon stares blearily down at his phone, slapping his cheek lightly with his free hand.

[Hoseok 10:49 a.m.]: sorry if i woke you, you hermit, now come outside

Hyungwon bolts from his bed to his closet, jumping into a pair of jeans and a big navy blue sweater and charging out the door, holding his sneakers in his hands. The elevator takes too long, so Hyungwon trips down the five flights of stairs in his crew socks. The bottoms are coated in dust and dirt and pet hair by the time he makes it to the lobby of his apartment building, and he just barely manages to slip the sneakers on when he rips the door open and falls through the doorway into the cold.

Hoseok’s car is idling out front. It’s a little silver Hyundai with one of the side windows duct taped in place.

Hyungwon pulls the passenger door open, and Hoseok looks up from he’s hunched over his phone in shock for a quick second, as if remembering where he is and why Hyungwon is getting into his car.

“Sorry I’m late,” Hyungwon apologizes, even though Hoseok texted him just four minutes ago, and they hadn’t agreed to meet at all.

It’s also been five days since they slept together, and also, consequently, five days since Hoseok has even looked at him or spoken to him.

“Don’t apologize,” Hoseok says, pulling back out onto the street with a glance into his duct-taped side mirror.

“Where are we going?”

“My favorite cafe,” Hoseok replies, turning on the radio, and neither of them speaks again until Hoseok pulls into the parking lot of a small coffee shop with tall glass windows. He steps out of the car, and Hyungwon follows, trailing behind Hoseok and feeling utterly lost. The exterior is lined with umbrella-topped tables on a dark wooden deck, and Hoseok weaves between them to get to the main entrance.

Hoseok hasn’t spoken to him.

Hoseok apologized for fucking him. Or was it for not loving him?
Whichever reason: it stings.

They get up to the counter, and there’s a young girl standing at the register who squeals excitedly when Hoseok approaches. She still has braces, lime green and pink bands stretching over her front teeth as she grins.

“Oppa!” she squeaks, attempting to climb over the counter to grab at him. Her apron snags on the corner of the register, and she halts in place, one knee up on the counter, the other hovering awkwardly behind her.

“Is she here?” Hoseok asks, instead of acknowledging her sad attempt at parkour.

The girl pouts and drops back to standing behind the register, fixing her apron. “Yeah, she’s baking in the back.”

“Okay. We’ll have two banana lattes, and don’t tell her I’m here unless she comes out. She always tires herself out when I visit,” Hoseok says, handing over his card, which the girl adamantly waves away. He insists, firmly, and Hyungwon wonders why he never noticed this side of Hoseok before.

He wonders who this girl is that makes Hoseok so fiercely protective.

He wonders if she knows that Hoseok fucked him. Is that why he apologized? Is Hyungwon the mistress?

Hoseok grabs their drinks and walks over to a table by the windows, the light bright but comforting as it comes through the tinted glass. Hyungwon brings his mug to his lips and sips.

“It’s good,” he sighs, somehow irritated by that fact. He wants to be irritated by all of this, but Hoseok hasn’t really done anything wrong. Neither has the delicious banana latte, tasting almost nothing like coffee, blessedly.

“We need to talk,” Hoseok says, stirring his little coffee spoon around to smear the foam design atop his latte into a big ole blob.

“You’ve had five days to rehearse, so sure. Go ahead,” Hyungwon snips, looking out the window and sipping his latte snidely.


“Oh,” Hyungwon replies dumbly, blinking down at the runny heart design on his latte. “Yeah. With Minhyuk.”

“Okay, good, you do know,” Hoseok breathes out in relief.

“Yeah, I know. I mean, it’s whatever. I’m happy for them. He seems really happy.” Hyungwon looks up at the wall and sees a giant framed photo of Hoseok. He spits latte down onto his sweater. “You--” he chokes, pointing a long waggling finger at the wall. “That’s?”

“Oh God,” Hoseok whines, covering his face behind translucently pale hands. His veins are thick and blue beneath his skin. Hyungwon traces them with his eyes, thinks of the way those hands had held his hips so firmly and spread his thighs apart to press kisses to the sharp jut of his hipbone. “I told her to take that shit down. It’s so embarrassing.”
“Is this why you’ve been ignoring me?”

“What? I–huh? I mean, the Jooheon and Minhyuk thing was stressing me out. You don’t know Minhyuk like I do. He’s going to panic about this. He doesn’t do relationships. You know, he...he just isn’t the type. I’m sure he likes Jooheon a lot, but he’s not gonna be able to handle it.”

Hyungwon’s brow furrows, and Hyungwon snorts, crossing his arms over his chest. “Who are we talking about here? Minhyuk or you?”

Hoseok inhales latte up his nose and chokes as it starts dribbling out his nostrils.

Hyungwon watches eagerly, enjoying with pleasant satisfaction the discomfort on Hoseok’s face, before a loud shriek echoes from behind him.

“Oh no, my baby!”

A short, pillowy-soft woman charges to their table, heels clattering on the tile, a wad of napkins held in her hand. She presses the wad nervously to Hoseok’s face as he coughs and splutters. Hyungwon watches in bewilderment as the woman wipes at Hoseok’s face with the paper napkins, one of which she spit into to wet it. It’s almost as if she’s--

“Your mom,” Hyungwon gasps, pointing between the two of them like it’s some major revelation.

She looks over at him, and their cute upturned noses are identical. “Who’s this friend, Hoseokkie?”

Hoseok pulls her hands down away from his face, balling up the wet napkins on the table. He doesn’t look up from where he’s clutching the napkins in his fist. “This is Hyungwon, Mom. He’s a new member of our crew.”

Hyungwon shoots Hoseok a sharp look.

“Oh, well, it’s nice to meet you, dear.” She wipes her hands on the front of her apron and steps to his side of the table. “Goodness, this one is so pretty. I hope Minhyuk isn’t jealous,” she giggles, patting Hyungwon on the cheek with hands as warm as Hoseok’s.

“Minhyuk still gets plenty of attention, Mom,” Hoseok replies, rolling his eyes.

“You, uh,” Hyungwon says weakly, gesturing between Hoseok and himself and Hoseok’s mother, “know what we do?”

“Of course, dear,” Hoseok’s mom cries, and her voice has that same nasal sweetness to it that Hoseok’s has. “Hoseok doesn’t have any secrets from me.”

“And you’re...cool with everything? With, the uh,” Hyungwon gurgles, truly lost for words.

“I’m not entirely too fond of it,” she says, tucking Hyungwon’s fringe back from his face to expose his forehead. “You look much better like this, by the way, dear. Your face is so small, you have to show what you’ve got. Otherwise you’re just a head of nice hair.”

Hyungwon looks nervously over to Hoseok, who is ignoring them both, cheeks flushed, staring out the window at the parking lot.

“Hoseok bought me this cafe, you know,” she declares proudly, hands resting on her wide hips. “I don’t love the idea of my son doing those things you all do, obviously (what mother does?), but I know he’s a good boy, and I trust him, and he loves me. I wouldn’t be standing here without him or
that job.”

Hyungwon nods unsurely, still entirely perplexed by the situation. “Your cafe is very, um, lovely.”

Hoseok’s mom beams, her probably barely five-foot stature seeming somehow larger in her pride. “Don’t tell anyone I told you this,” she whispers conspiratorially, “but the day Hoseok bought me this place was the happiest day of my life.”

“Mom,” Hoseok hisses, clearly flustered. “What about your son’s wedding day? The birth of your first born? The day you married Dad?”

She scoffs and flaps her hand dismissively. “Nothing tops cafe day.”

“Being self-sufficient feels good,” Hyungwon says in agreement, and she pets the top of his head, nodding and cooing. Hyungwon wonders how well his mother and Hoseok’s mother would get along. Probably very well. Though they may fight over who has the best son.

“Right you are, dear. Right you are. There’s nothing like it. You know Hoseok had it rough growing up, what with the house foreclosure and them coming to repossess all our stuff and Lord how he cried when they tried to take our television—”

Hoseok stands, grabs his mom by the cheeks, squishing them together comically, and he laughs loudly in her face. As he’s walking her away from the table, Hyungwon hears him muttering, “Mom, please. This isn’t first-meeting conversation. Most people don’t just—”

Hoseok walks back a few moments later, cheekbones tinted rosy pink (tops of his adorable ears too—God, he’s too cute), and he drops down into his seat with a groan. His forehead falls to the table as he heaves a huge sigh.

“I’m sorry,” he says.

“For what? Your mom is awesome. I mean, my mom is the best—obviously—but your mom is badass as fuck,” Hyungwon replies, sipping his latte to find it’s gone cold. Still tastes good, though. Pretty much just banana milk now.

“She is very…”

“Vibrant?”

Hoseok lifts his head, chin still resting on the table, and with the whites of his eyes all exposed as he glances up he looks like a goddamn puppy. Hyungwon’s heart aches.

“Yeah,” Hoseok chuckles, a deep, warm sound, “vibrant for sure.”

“So you brought me here to talk about Joohyuk?”

“Who?”

“Joohyuk. You know,” Hyungwon explains, gesturing with his hands (left hand: Jooheon, right hand: Minhyuk) and mashing them together. “Our friends who are happily fucking, supposedly.”

“I don’t trust it,” Hoseok grumbles, pouting down at the glossy surface of the table. His lips are so pink and plush, and Hyungwon can’t help thinking of how eagerly they’d pressed to every inch of his skin, how they’d mapped the breadth of his chest like Hoseok could read his goosebumps like braille with his tongue. “Mostly I don’t trust Minhyuk.”
“Why? Because of Hyunwoo? Because I asked Jooheon to talk to Minhyuk about that shit already, and I’m assuming since I haven’t heard from him that no news is good news,” Hyungwon replies. “I know Jooheon well. I know you know Minhyuk better than me, but Jooheon is my territory. I’ve known him since before his balls dropped. He’s got a good heart, and he trusts Minhyuk. If Jooheon could make the whole world laugh at once and cure the universe’s sadness at his own peril, you know, like if his making the world laugh at once made his internal organs melt to useless goo, he would. He really would.”

Hoseok nips at his bottom lip, and Hyungwon averts his gaze nervously. Those teeth. On his shoulder. Biting into his collarbone but somehow leaving no marks. Hyungwon remembers looking into the mirror the next day and scowling. Hoseok left him with perfect bruise-free skin and a goddamned apology.

“As for you,” Hyungwon adds, moments later, and Hoseok jerks nervously in his seat.

“Not here,” Hoseok whimpers, glancing around and sinking lower in his seat.

“Where then, huh? Cause I’ve got some choice words. I generally consider myself emotionally constipated, but my emotional bowels are open , Lee Hoseok, I’ve fucking prolapsed emotions, so you better--oh, fuck, that was really gross, wasn’t it? I’m sorry, but also...an apt metaphor. Anyhow. I think on a grand scale of emotional vulnerability, I’m usually around a 1.5 out of 100. Two on a good day. But something about you makes me feel especially...fucking ...” Hyungwon trails off and rubs at his eyes, wishing away the sharp prickle of bitter heat behind his eyelids that feels like someone is creme brulee-ing his eye goop.

“Hyungwon,” Hoseok murmurs, “I’m sorry.”

“I don’t want your stupid apology,” Hyungwon croaks, rubbing exasperatedly at his face, willing the sadness into anger. “You already left me an apology. Where did you even find paper and a pen in my apartment? Did you go through my drawers?”

“Uh, yeah, sorry,” Hoseok replies, tugging at his earlobe and flushing as he stares at the tabletop. “I didn’t see anything weird. I mean, I found your vibrator--nice model, by the way. Mine only has three settings. I need to invest in a better one--but other than that, I didn’t see anything weird.”

“Jesus,” Hyungwon coughs, burying his face in his cold palms.

“I’m so--”

“Apologize one more time, Lee Hoseok, and I swear to God I will not be held responsible for the commotion I cause at your beautiful mother’s establishment,” Hyungwon warns. “If you don’t want me to start speaking in belligerent tongues and flipping tables over, I would keep your gorgeous mouth shut.”

“The tables are nailed to the floor.”

Hyungwon tests that, grabbing the corner of the table, trying to jiggle it even a little. It doesn’t budge.

“Well, the chairs aren’t,” Hyungwon retorts, scooting his chair back and scraping it on the tile loudly to prove his point. Hoseok winces. “So listen. You’re my fucking--you’re my fucking friend, okay? And if you’re gonna ignore me for this dumb shit, then you must not consider me as good a friend as I consider you. And if that’s true, just tell me. Don’t pull this stoic garbage. It isn’t who you are. You’re one of the most emotionally honest people I’ve ever met. So don’t be weird. Please don’t be weird.”
Hoseok blinks slowly, dark eyes open and rimmed with an amber-colored shadow. “I’ve always
given myself to everyone as much as I could.” He draws in a sharp breath, and it shudders audibly
through his lips. “You know, I use most of my paychecks on the rent for this place,” Hoseok says.

“I figured when I saw how beat up your shit-ass car is.”

“Shut up. That car is my baby.”

“You need some proper Dad lessons from Hyunwoo then because your baby is a whole-ass mess,”
Hyungwon laughs.

A soft returning laugh bubbles out from between Hoseok’s lips, and it sounds so good. So good.

“Yeah, whatever. Looks aren’t everything. But what was I saying?”

“Giving yourself to everyone.”

way. I’m an intense person, Hyungwon. If I don’t do this, I know I’ll go hard. Or, you know, I’ll
give everything. And that is terrifying. This cafe is a good sign of that. My mom is the person I love
most in the world, and I literally give her almost everything I have. Imagine me loving someone else,
you know? I like you, Hyungwon. And I’m scared shitless. Because I will...I will give you
everything if you ask.”

Hyungwon’s lips part with a surprised little pop.

“You like me?”

“Hyungwon,” Hoseok sighs. “Is that all you got from that speech?”

“I mean, kinda,” Hyungwon replies sheepishly.

“I spread myself thin over everything so I don’t pour my entire soul into one person,” Hoseok says,
confession coming easily in a way Hyungwon envies.

“What do you mean?” Hoseok’s lips twist into a perplexed pout.

Hyungwon sits back in his chair and shrugs. “I mean, have you ever actually tried to pour your entire
soul into one person?”

“You mean aside from my mom?”

“Yes, Hoseok. Aside from your fucking mother.”

“Don’t say ‘fucking mother,’ please,” Hoseok begs.

“Apologies.”

“But no I haven’t,” Hoseok answers, cracking his knuckles in his fists, elbows resting on the
tabletop.

“What if I were to tell you that you don’t have to pour your entire soul anywhere? That you could be
in love and continue being your oh-so-emotionally-generous self?”

Hoseok blinks, eyes open and bright. “Go on. Explain.”
“I’m saying that I don’t want your entire soul, you weirdo. I have my own soul. I like my soul just fine. And I like that you give yours to everyone. Do I think it is a bit much that you give all your money to your mom? Sorta. But, hey, it’s your life and your money. I want to keep fucking our friends. I want you to keep fucking our friends. I want us to fuck our friends together.”

“But I can’t help --”

“Oh, come on, Hoseok. Our lives are far from some romantic dramedy. I don’t want your eternal devotion. I just want you to come to my apartment after work sometimes and hold my hand while we watch game shows and eat leftovers. I want you to wake up in the morning after we have awesome unfilmed sex and kiss me in a way that’s different from the way you kiss Changkyun on screen.”

Hoseok’s ears are bright red, and he’s anxiously swallowing and scanning the room for prying eyes and ears. “Can we go somewhere else for this talk?”

Hyungwon stands and brushes at the coffee stain on his sweater casually. “You wanna come to my apartment and make out?”

“Hyungwon,” Hoseok mutters wearily. “Please.”

“Apolologies again, Mr. Sensitivity. Would you care to travel to my abode and embrace tenderly? Mayhaps with some twining of oral appendages?” He pauses. “I don’t think appendage is the right word.”

Hoseok snorts and coughs on a laugh, shaking his head. “I hate you.”

“No you don’t. You’re already afraid you like me too much,” Hyungwon protests, grabbing Hoseok’s wrist and pulling him to the door.

Hoseok’s mother stands behind the counter, and she waves a wet rag in the air as she watches them go. “Goodbye, boys! Be safe!”

“Thank you, Hoseok’s Mom! We’ll be back soon! I promise I’ll be gentle with your son!”

Hoseok sits nervously on Hyungwon’s bed, fidgeting his thumbs.

Hyungwon walks over with a cup of ramen, chopsticks balanced on top to keep the lid closed and the hot air inside. Hoseok takes the cup reverently.

“You made me ramen,” he says.

“Yeah, dummy. I can tell all you’ve had today is that latte. You haven’t stopped fidgeting your hands and your knee is jerking all around. You’re gonna jackhammer my floor down into the apartment below, and I’m gonna lose my security deposit for sure,” Hyungwon replies, dropping down next to him on the edge of the bed to stir his own cup of ramen. Hoseok has a knot of noodles lifted to his lips when Hyungwon asks, “So you’ve never dated before, huh?”

Hoseok splutters, bits of noodles going flying into the shag carpet at the foot of Hyungwon’s bed. “I’ve been a camboy since I was 18,” he garbles around masticated noodles. “Not many people have wanted to date me.”

“Bullshit,” Hyungwon says, blowing on his own bundle of lifted spicy noodles. “I’m sure all your viewers would love to date you.”
“They want to date Wonho,” Hoseok amends, “not Hoseok.”

“You never fake any of that,” Hyungwon says.

“Orgasms are different from romance.” Hoseok chews his noodles and stirs around the now-vacant broth. Hyungwon doesn’t remember when Hoseok managed to shovel all those noodles into his mouth. Was it while he was blinking? “I enjoy orgasming.”

“I’m aware,” Hyungwon laughs throatily. “I’ve seen you in action.”

Hoseok stands to put his empty ramen cup onto Hyungwon’s bedside table. “Listen, Hyungwon.”

“I’ve been listening,” Hyungwon groans tiredly. “I feel like we’re just looping back around in this conversation. Just--you like me, right? Different from how you like Hyunwoo and our friends?”

Hoseok surprises Hyungwon by climbing into his lap on the bed, knees bracketing Hyungwon’s thighs, hands resting on Hyungwon’s shoulders. “Of course I do,” he says quietly, leaning in to touch their cheeks together. “The same way I know that bungee jumping won’t actually kill me. Most likely. It’s still terrifying.”

“I scare you,” Hyungwon repeats, arms winding around Hoseok’s waist to keep him in place in his lap. His thighs are firm and warm where they brush against Hyungwon’s body. Hyungwon slides his hands down to Hoseok’s ass, gripping and pulling their bodies flush. “I kind of like that. So much power.”

Hoseok pulls back and brushes their noses together. It’s oddly intimate, and Hyungwon’s stomach swoops down to the center of the Earth and back up in a whoosh, now definitely on fire. “I might be terrible at this.”

“That’s what most people say about the sex part, you know,” Hyungwon laughs, kissing Hoseok’s cupid’s bow gently, as if scared to spook him. Which he is.

Spooked, that is. And it’s adorable.

“I’m not asking for anything,” Hyungwon adds, laughing when he pulls back and sees Hoseok’s furrowed brows and worried pout. “We’re just best friends. Who fuck. And get dinner. And you tell me your hopes and dreams and problems, and I tell you mine, and we kiss a lot.”

“Well that doesn’t sound so bad,” Hoseok replies, but his hands are shaking where his fingers are wrapped over Hyungwon’s shoulders.

“Just say no if you want to say no,” Hyungwon murmurs, pulling Hoseok back with him as he drops his body to the mattress, Hoseok curled up against his chest. Hyungwon is obviously much thinner than Hoseok, but his height advantage makes Hyungwon feel like he can cradle Hoseok in his arms. Like Hoseok is this tiny fragile bunny Hyungwon has to cup gingerly in his palms to make sure he doesn’t break it.

The two of them lay in warm, comfortable silence for what feels like hours, Hyungwon stroking Hoseok’s hair as their breaths steadily align in rhythm. At once, both Hyungwon and Hoseok twitch in place and look down at where their phones are tucked into their pockets.

“This can’t be good,” Hoseok groans, pulling his phone out at the same time Hyungwon does.

[Honey Bunches 12:56 p.m.]: remember what you said about what is better than one hot dick
Hyungwon gapes down at his phone. He looks up and Hoseok is doing the same. They lift their screens to face one another.

"Well," Hyungwon croaks, "I guess they worked everything out on their end."

"It’s barely lunchtime, and they’re out there having double-penetrative threesomes."

"We should all be so lucky."
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

A/N: I’m sorry this chapter took me a M O N T H. I’m terrible. I hope you guys are following my other hyungwonho fic, though, because I’m super pumped for it. Anyhow, this chapter is kinda shitty, but I had a few scenes I couldn’t get out of my head. There will be one more chapter to wrap everything up here. I hope everyone has enjoyed this dumb story of gross poly sex friends with lots of feelings. I love you all. (Please find my twitter and maybe also find the link to my maybe $coffee receiving website—don’t ban me, ao3).

Binnie is sat between the seven of them on the rug in the middle of Hyunwoo’s family room. She’s got her stumpy legs spread out in front of her, her hands on the carpet between her chubby thighs.

Minhyuk is showing her how to stretch because she’s decided she wants to become a gymnast when she grows up.

“Like in the Olympics?” Minhyuk coos adoringly.

Binnie blinks slowly and pinches her big toes between her thumbs and forefingers. “No. A gymnast. Not a limpix.”

“Right,” Minhyuk replies, nodding sagely. “Not a limpix.”

“You’re lucky this child is here,” Kihyun declares, braiding a little tuft of Changkyun’s cowlick as Changkyun sits on the floor between his legs. “Otherwise I would be interrogating the three of you about that rumor I heard recently.”

“Rumor?” Jooheon chokes out, glaring at Hyungwon. Hyungwon raises his hands in surrender.

“Menage à trois,” Changkyun trills in his best french accent.

“Can we not,” Hyunwoo says, reaching out from his spot on the couch to cup his hands around Binnie’s little tan ears.

“How do you say double penetration in french?” Kihyun asks, leaning in close to Changkyun’s ear but saying it loud enough for the room to hear.

“I’m twice your size, Yoo Kihyun,” Hyunwoo croaks. “I will not hesitate to toss you right out the door onto your flat bum.”

“I think the direct translation is just double pénétration,” Changkyun adds, moments later. Kihyun rewards him with a little pinch on the thigh. Changkyun giggles and squirms on the floor between his legs.

“Lord,” Hyunwoo huffs, standing up and grabbing Binnie in his arms. “I’m putting her to bed with a Little Einstein video on the iPad since you heathens can’t carry on a single respectable conversation.”

“Bye-bye BinBin!” Minhyuk sings, waving as Binnie stares blankly in confusion over Hyunwoo’s
shoulder.

Hyunwoo returns a few minutes later looking frazzled.

“I’m going to court,” he says, eyes tight, jaw clenched as he draws in a sharp, shaky exhale. “Custody court.”

Hoseok sits up straighter. “What? But she already--”

“She’s trying to give away any potential custody to her parents.” Hyunwoo drops back down onto the couch and massages his temples with his knuckles.

“What?”

The room sits in awkward silence as Hyunwoo stares down at his own thighs. “Her parents miss Binnie, and she thinks they’ve been ‘punished unfairly’ for her decision to give up custody.”

“So she’s making you go back to court to affirm that she wants nothing to do with her own kid. Chill,” Kihyun spits.

“I’m not gonna tell Binnie, obviously. I’m going to try to settle this with her grandparents without having to go to court, honestly. I’ll just tell them they can come see her sometimes. Holidays or whatever.”

“Hyung,” Kihyun sighs.

“She deserves to have family, Ki,” Hyunwoo mutters.

“She’s got family,” Minhyuk affirms, gesturing frantically around the room. “What the hell do you call this?”

“Uh, a circlejerk of heathens?”

“Babe,” Minhyuk murmurs, and Hyunwoo’s cheeks flush red. “That girl has so much family she won’t know what to do with us.”

“She’s going to ask why she doesn’t have a mother. One day. She’s going to ask why she wasn’t good enough for a mother.”

Jooheon surprises the room by standing and striding over to cup his pale, soft hands around Hyunwoo’s jaw. The room watches in awed silence. Hyunwoo tilts his head up and lets his lips part to Jooheon’s kiss.

The room then erupts in wolf whistles.

“Hyung,” Jooheon says, just as pink and shell-shocked as Hyunwoo sitting in front of him. “Just tell her she’s not the one who’s not good enough. She was never the one.”

Hyunwoo’s eyes clamp down shut. His chin quivers.

“Oh fuck,” Hoseok wails, as everyone jumps to their feet. “He’s gonna cry. He’s gonna--someone get the super pack of Kleenex. Someone get a super absorbent bath towel. Someone get--”

“Shut the fuck up, Hoseok,” Hyunwoo manages to croak through his sobs. “Can’t a grown man have a good cry from time to time?”
“I mean,” Hoseok replies, standing in front of Hyunwoo with a box of tissues extended, “Obviously. I do believe that I’ve been responsible for a good cry of yours before.”

Hyunwoo lifts his foot and shoves it into Hoseok’s stomach. Hoseok, being made of perfectly caulked bricks, barely stumbles, but he does pout pitifully.

“This is why you can’t be my daughter’s god parent, Lee Hoseok.”

“Because my ass once made you cry?”

“Because you won’t stop talking about it.”

“To be fair, hyung,” Changkyun adds, “it was an iconic moment.”

“You’re all banned from my house forever,” Hyunwoo chokes out, palms pressed to his eyeballs as he cries. “Don’t ever come near me or my daughter again.”

“I told you it wouldn’t work,” Hyungwon is saying, eyes at balls-level with Hoseok.

Hoseok, conversely staring at Hyungwon’s navel in resentment, grumbles out a weak, “In porn they make this look so easy.”

“We are in porn,” Hyungwon counters. Just to stop whatever bitter remark Hoseok is about to make, Hyungwon sucks the head of Hoseok’s cock into his mouth and rolls his tongue around the warm skin. Hoseok reaches out to grab Hyungwon’s stomach to steady himself at the sudden sensation of hot, wet heat wrapped around him, and Hyungwon spits Hoseok’s dick out of his mouth with a surprised yelp and a horrible popping sound like someone flicking their finger over their bottom lip. “I’m ticklish.”

Hoseok sighs and presses his head to Hyungwon’s bare abdomen. “We’re still rolling, you know.”

“Oh, I know. Hopefully they like a little hilarity with their smut,” Hyungwon says, eyeing the open laptop, webcam affixed on top, scrolling text running down the side of the screen.

Hoseok sighs again and scrambles out of position to grab Hyungwon’s thighs and hoist them up so his knees are hanging over Hoseok’s shoulders. Hyungwon grabs the sheets as he’s man-handled, eventually settling in place with his dick practically in Hoseok’s face, legs spread open. He looks up, hair mussed and hanging sweatily in his face, and Hoseok doesn’t think he’s ever seen anything so lovely in his life as Hyungwon laid open like this.

“You’re staring at my chins,” Hyungwon croaks, trying to angle his chin differently, so his neck fat isn’t crammed up against his chin fat, folding what conglomerate fat is there in two sweet little rolls.

“No, I’m admiring the goods,” Hoseok counters, searching for and eventually uncapping the lube that had been tossed carelessly into the pile of messy blankets before they started filming.

“Two for one special.”

“What?” Hoseok slicks up his fingers and then tips the bottle over onto Hyungwon’s ass, allowing the cool liquid to drip down into him and all around his hole.

“My chins. Two for one special.”

“Shut the fuck up about your chins,” Hoseok scoffs, pressing two fingers into Hyungwon and
reaching up to stroke all along his walls. Hyungwon jerks beneath him, unable to move much in his current position, and Hoseok holds him tighter with a hand braced across his stomach. Looking down, Hyungwon is just laid out so beautifully for him he could paint this in acryllics.

“God yeah, Wonho, God,” Hyungwon keens, wriggling weakly in Hoseok’s hold as Hoseok fingers him open with messy yet somehow incredibly precise strokes.

“Do you want to try it? What you tried with Ki?”

“Are you asking to choke me?”

“I’m asking to press my fingers to your jugular, actually, but essentially, yes.”

Hyungwon writhes as Hoseok slips in a third finger and slows his strokes until he’s just leisurely brushing Hyungwon’s prostate every couple seconds. Hyungwon feels wound so tightly he could scream, but his neighbor is having her piano lesson with a ten-year-old piano prodigy next door, so he refrains.

Somehow.

“Yeah,” he manages to get out, grabbing Hoseok’s wrist and pulling his hand into place over his throat. “Press your fingers to my jugular, daddy.”

Hoseok lightly taps Hyungwon’s cheek with his palm, and Hyungwon smirks. His fingers resettle over Hyungwon’s throat, and Hyungwon doesn’t know quite how to explain the feeling that comes over him. Like when he was a child, hanging his head upside down from the bed, blood rushing, sound fizzling out, vision clouding.

Like his heart is beating its wings rapidly in Hyungwon’s esophagus. Like there’s a flock of them. Of birds. Wings. Fluttering.

Everything is hazy and yet sharp. Everything narrows down to Hoseok’s fingers inside him, Hoseok’s voice breaking through the mist to say, “Touch yourself for me, baby.”

Hyungwon manages to wrap his fingers around his dick even after having to wade through the thick miasma that Hoseok created with a tight grip on Hyungwon’s bloodstream. The light pressure from his fingertips is amplified, like a bellowed echo in an empty train tunnel. It swims through him on a slight delay, eventually reaching his brain and sounding so loud, so gorgeously, gorgeously loud that he finds himself screaming. Hoseok drops his hand from Hyungwon’s throat, and it’s as he’s gasping in air that he feels the rush of orgasm crest up and over him.

Hoseok fingers him through it, slow and steady, and Hyungwon feels dizzy and elated and high. He eventually sags in Hoseok’s hold and his breath evens out. “Oh,” he says.

“Good?” Hoseok helps lower Hyungwon’s legs to the bed and crawls over him to press kisses to his cheeks and nose and forehead. He brushes sweaty bangs out of Hyungwon’s face. “Hello? Earth to Worm?”

“Why must you vex me so soon after such an amazing orgasm?”

“Because you’re so cute when you’re vexed.”

“You want sit on my face? I don’t think I can move much right now.”
Hoseok glances at the open laptop screen. “We have forty minutes until Ki’s dinner thing.”

“Better saddle up, cowboy,” Hyungwon croaks hoarsely, tipping his head back and parting his lips.

“Wow, nothing makes me wanna fuck your face like ‘saddle up, cowboy.’”

“Thirty-nine minutes.”

“Okay, okay, I’d say to shut your mouth, but I’mma need you to keep that nice and wide for me.”

Kihyun’s reserved the back room of a seafood place that Hyungwon has definitely seen being raved about on Instagram. He’s pretty sure the mussels cost more than his month’s rent.

“I think the mussels here cost more than my rent,” he observes to Hoseok as they drop their coats into the waiting arms of the overly-helpful staff. “What are we doing here?”

“Your guess is as good as mine.”

“You know Kihyun better than I do,” Hyungwon whispers, looking over at where Kihyun is talking to Hyunwoo about why there are four forks on the table. “We didn’t all collectively forget his birthday, did we?”

“Kihyun would not allow us to forget his birthday,” Hoseok whispers back. “Plus, Changkyun has been throwing him celebratory birthday ragers since we were in college. He’d never forget, even if the rest of us did.”

“This doesn’t seem like a Changkyun celebratory rager?”

At the sound of his name, Changkyun pops up behind Hyungwon and slithers his arms around his waist, knotting his fingers together to hold Hyungwon in place. His cheek nuzzles against Hyungwon’s back.

“I love when we’re all together,” he chirps, words muffled against Hyungwon’s maroon sweater.

Hoseok reaches out to ruffle Changkyun’s hair. “You know why Ki threw this together? He’s been stressing for weeks. He’s still stressed. Look at him. He’s wiped off his palms on his pants like fifteen times. It’s freaking me out. Are his palms always so slimy?”

Changkyun pulls back to squint at Kihyun. Kihyun must sense him looking because he stops talking to turn his head and meet Changkyun’s gaze. They smile. Kihyun momentarily looks less stressed.

Changkyun pokes his nose into Hoseok’s shoulder. “I dunno. I think he just saved up some money and wanted to treat everyone. We’ve had a good year.”

“Huh,” Hoseok says, and Hyungwon notes the tone of suspicion.

Changkyun must’ve not sensed the same. He skips away and throws himself into Minhyuk’s lap where he sits at the table, stroking his fingers over the backs of Jooheon’s hands.

“Feel how soft his hands are,” Minhyuk blurts, waggling Jooheon’s hand in front of Changkyun. “He’s a baby. A baby!”

Changkyun pouts, eyes narrowing. “There can only be one.”
Minhyuk grabs for Changkyun’s hand and strokes both his and Jooheon’s hands in tandem, lips pursed in thought. “I dunno, Kyunnie--”

“Don’t--” Changkyun hisses, yanking his hand back petulantly. “I don’t want to hear it. You’re biased! He’s assisted you in the act of shoving two huge dicks up your bum. I can’t compete. I call shenanigans.”

Minhyuk cackles, and Jooheon turns pink and hides behind his menu. “Is that the only thing I’ll be remembered for?”

“Shhh,” Minhyuk coos. “No, no, baby, no.”

“We also know you have very cute nipples,” Kihyun says, coming over to drop a hand onto Changkyun’s shoulder. Changkyun curves into him like kinetic sand collapsing in upon itself. It’s so gradual, so natural.

Jooheon drops his menu to the table with a clatter. “Lee Minhyuk,” he cries.

A waiter comes in, pauses in the doorway to their special back room. He rings a little gold bell. “Uh, would you care to take your seats?”

Everyone slinks into place, dropping down into the most luxurious restaurant dining chairs Hyungwon’s ass has ever graced. Has ever graced Hyungwon’s ass. Red crushed velvet and cushions so soft they mold to your every curve.

Two other waiters come in bearing wine, and Hyungwon keeps staring at Hoseok with the wide terrified eyes of a toddler discovering he’s shat himself at his sibling’s soccer game (definitely not a true story).

“This is weird,” he hisses.

“I know. Shut up and order.” Hoseok nods behind Hyungwon at the waiter standing patiently with his notepad in hand, thin-framed glasses perched on the edge of his nose.

“Oh, the, uh, do you have a salad? What do you have that isn’t a bajillion won? Nothing? That was a joke. Ehem, uh, fuck it--I mean, shit, just...just gimme what this guy next to me is having.”

“Right,” the waiter replies, jaw tight with a fake smile.

All three waiters leave, and the room falls silent.

“Right then,” Kihyun says, adam’s apple dipping as he swallows thickly. “I’m glad you’re all here because I--”

“Your rolls, sir,” another waiter says, popping up out of nowhere with five baskets of bread somehow balanced along his two arms.

Kihyun’s lips snap closed, and he nods, left eye twitching. Hyungwon doesn’t think he’s ever seen Kihyun so frazzled. Kihyun maintains the air of composure no matter what, even when snapping his hips erratically into Hoseok’s frighteningly tight asshole, even when Binnie is tossing macaroni at his face. Kihyun is always composed. It’s his thing.

“Are you going to tell us you’re dying?” Minhyuk whimpers, clearly just as unnerved as Hyungwon by Kihyun’s appearance. “Because so far none of us have died or are dying, so it was bound to happen sooner or later but please don’t be dying.”
Kihyun rakes his hand through his gelled-back hair, un-slicking it so pieces drip forward onto his forehead. “No, fuck, Jesus, no I’m not--”

“Your salads, sir,” another waiter says, returning with the other two waiters, all carrying platters of crisp greens and intricately carved carrots shaped like roses.

“Ah, thank—thank you, but if we could get a few min--”

“Your entrees will be out shortly.”

“Maybe just gimme ten minutes? Ten to fifteen, if you could?”

The waiter blinks slowly and then nods, waving for the other two waiters to exit the room again.

Kihyun heaves out a heavy breath and stands.

“You promise you aren’t dying?” Minhyuk whines, tracing the rim of his salad plate nervously.

“I promise I’m not dying. This isn’t about me. This. I mean, ok. It is sort of about me. But it’s, um, fuck, I really had this all worked out before. But the bread came, and then the salad, and everyone is here, so give me a second.” He spins around to face the wall, does a weird breathing exercise (“heehoo, heehoo” like he’s having contractions), and then wheels back around.

“Daddy, what is--” Changkyun makes to stand, to go to him, but Kihyun drops down in front of his chair before he can really move. Changkyun looks down at him as Kihyun places a hand on Changkyun’s knee.

“Hey, baby boy,” Kihyun says, fighting to smile naturally through his nerves.

“What’s happening, Daddy?”

Kihyun reaches into his coat.

“KIHYUN’S GONE ROGUE. HE’S GOT A GUN--” Minhyuk shrieks, bursting out of his chair to head for Kihyun to tackle him, but Hyunwoo grabs him by the back of his suit jacket like a dog on a short leash.

Kihyun, wide-eyed in terror, lifts a little blue box from his coat pocket and holds it in the air, shaking it around. “Not a gun, but thanks for believing I’m capable of something so shitty, Minnie.”

“Ki,” Changkyun breathes, reaching to frame Kihyun’s jaw with one little palm.

“You’re really a freak, you know that?” Kihyun is saying, with the most love anyone could imagine somehow woven into his voice. “God, you’re. I remember when I first met you. You were infuriating. You seemed so selfish, just inserting yourself into our group like it was nothing. But...but thank fucking God, you know? I can’t imagine us without you. I can’t imagine me without you.”

“Is this--” Hyungwon gasps against Hoseok’s side, gripping his beefy arm with two tight, anxious claws. “A?”

“Shh,” Hoseok hisses, slapping a hand over Hyungwon’s lips. Hyungwon licks at the seam of his fingers, but Hoseok doesn’t flinch.

That trick worked better in middle school. Hyungwon’s cooties are long dead.

“And I was so stupid because you’re not. Selfish, I mean. Not at all. You’re the least selfish person
I’ve ever met. If you and our kittens were trapped in the apartment, you’d let them eat you alive before letting them starve.”

“I would.”

“And you really weaseled your way in. Into my life and...and I remember the first time I woke up and you were the first thing I thought about. I thought I wonder if he’s awake. I wonder if he’s remembered to remove the plastic from his microwave muffin this time. I wonder if he’s waited for it to cool. I thought about you constantly. Constantly. I had no idea what it was until recently. When I talked to Hyunwoo about how you know. It seems like it should be obvious. From all the, uh, the movies and the songs and the bullshit. It seems so easy to know that you love someone.”

“Did you know they were dating?” Jooheon whispers into Minhyuk’s neck.

Minhyuk shrugs. “It’s always been complicated?”

“Kihyun,” Changkyun says, reaching for Kihyun, but Kihyun holds his spot on the floor, kneeling with his blue box.

“This really seems like a—” Hyungwon muffles weakly against Hoseok’s hand.

“I figured it out. Took me a while. I want you to be mine. I don’t want to own you because I’m not a fuckin prick, but I want you to be mine. I want my scent to be the first thing that your brain senses in the morning. Even before you fully wake up, I want you to know you’re in our bed, and you’re mine. I want you to go out and fuck with all these losers and then come home to me and laugh about how you had a nose whistle every time you tried to breathe while Hoseok fucked your face. I want all of it. I want to make sure you eat every meal at the correct temperature and with all the right food groups. I want to get matching pajamas. I want—”

“Me too, Ki,” Changkyun says, stroking his thumb over Kihyun’s bottom lip to get him to stop talking a moment. “I want that too.”

“You mean?” Kihyun flicks the box open with his thumb, and the cool white lights glint off a thin band of rose gold.

Changkyun falls out of the chair and onto Kihyun like he’s full of metal and Kihyun is a giant magnet, plastering his narrow, pale face with loud smacking kisses. “Yes, you doof. I’ll fuckin’ marry you.”

“What” is the collective cry around the room.

“I told you,” Hyungwon croaks, tugging Hoseok’s hand away from his face finally. “I knew they were dating this whole time.”

“Wait,” Minhyuk says, slowly piecing everything together, eyes crossed wildly. “You two are getting married. Like a real wedding. Like ‘blah blah blah sickness and health blah I do?’”

“Well,” Kihyun says, still lying beneath Changkyun on the floor, still receiving his gratuitous kisses with a deliriously happy shit-eating grin. “Not legally. But yes. Something like that.”

“That’s,” Hyunwoo replies, rubbing at his eyes like he’s willing away proud Dad Tears.

“That’s gay,” Minhyuk cries, furiously wiping at his eyes with a napkin.

“I suppose. Yes.”
“Yes?”

“Can I be the flower girl?” Changkyun coos down at Kihyun, tapping his fingers against his cheeks cutely.

“Baby boy, you’re kinda the groom,” Kihyun reminds him. “Well, a groom.”

“Oh. Oh, you’re right. Whoopsie.” Changkyun pulls his sweetest baby face, and Kihyun pulls him back down into a deeper kiss. Their bodies rock together, and Changkyun releases a high-pitched squeak of arousal that echoes in the heavily wallpapered room.

The waiters pause in the doorway with their entrees, plates clattering in their hands as they halt suddenly. “A bad time?”

“No, this is normal, so please proceed,” Hoseok sighs, moving his napkin aside to allow them to put his plate down.

“How are you not affected by this?” Hyungwon hisses. “Heartless. Cold.”

“I was with him when he bought the ring.”

Hyungwon gasps, whipping at Hoseok’s face with his napkin. “A secret. You kept a secret from me. From me. Your boyfriend.”

“Oh shut up and eat your scallops.”

“Fuck,” Hyungwon says, peering down at his plate. “I’m allergic to scallops.”

“Are we just gonna leave them down there?” Jooheon pipes up, flickering his gaze nervously to Kihyun, now pinning Changkyun’s wrists against the floor as he bucks down against him. They moan in tandem.

Hoseok scrapes Hyungwon’s scallops onto his plate. “Enjoy your salad.”

“Let’s let them celebrate. They’ll be ok,” Minhyuk says, cutting into his steak. “Salt anyone?”
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

A/N: this is the last chapter of this absolute garbage bin of a fic, and I can't believe you all stuck with me to this point.

Anyhow, warning: this chapter is the most filthy thing ever. It's utter and complete....you know what? I'm just gonna let you all get into it. It's a surprise. It's...something.

Thanks again for all your support kudos and comments, and I can't wait to see what response this chapter gets. I love you all! Please come visit my new hyungwonho fic for more of me if you like me!!

Binnie grips a little pink plastic teapot between her two tiny, chubby hands, and holds it out to Changkyun.

“Listen, Kyunnie, I’m not saying this is the worst bachelor party ever,” Minhyuk starts, holding his own baby blue teacup out to Binnie for when she’s done pouring Changkyun’s imaginary tea. She holds the teapot over his cup for a few solid minutes. Changkyun doesn’t move--just let’s her keep going. “Binnie, honey, can I get some tea? I think Changkyun’s hands will be burnt by now.” Binnie shakes her head. Minhyuk huffs and turns back to Changkyun. “But, I mean, where’s the debauchery?”

Changkyun grabs a cucumber and mascarpone finger sandwich from the little silver tray. “That’s the point! Most bachelor parties are filled with debauchery because those men never get to live it, and will never get to live it again afterwards. I, meanwhile, am constantly surrounded by debauchery.” He raises his plastic teacup to his lips and pretends to wash down the cucumber sandwich. “I’m doing something I don’t normally do. I’m having good, clean fun.”

Binnie giggles at something the fluffy purple bunny beside her said. Hyungwon and Jooheon are posing hand puppets shaped like a frog and a bumble bee, respectively, behind a wooden puppet stage.

“You know Hoseok took Kihyun’s party to a dance club karaoke bar, right?”

Changkyun shrugs. “Just wait till you hear what I’ve got on our wedding registry.”

“We need to talk about your registry,” Hoseok says, weaving through the crowd to the front of the karaoke bar. There’s a girl up front belting “Ugly” by 2NE1 like it’s the last song she’ll ever sing.

“What registry?” Kihyun yells back, one hand clutching Hoseok’s beefy bicep and the other clutching Hyunwoo’s beefy bicep as they push to the front of the bar.

Hyunwoo holds his phone out, and Kihyun grabs it and brings it close to his face so he won’t drop it as he’s jostled in the crowd. “This is just an email.”

Hyunwoo gestures for him to click the link in the email body. It brings up a very shoddily made
Kihyun sighs, but he’s somehow still smiling.

Hoseok and Hyunwoo make eye contact over his shoulder. “I’m guessing,” Hoseok says, “that you aren’t gonna tell him no?”

Kihyun stops in front of the karaoke machine sign up sheet. “Listen, boys, if you’re ever gonna get married, you’re gonna need to learn a very important thing.”

“Happy wife, happy life?” Hoseok guesses, rolling his eyes.

“When you’re wrong, admit it; when you’re right, shut up?”

“No,” Kihyun says, scribbling down his name on the sheet. “Marriage is give and take. If I don’t give it to him, he’s gonna take it anyway.” He grabs the microphone from the girl, who had begun crying during her powerful 2NE1 ballad performance. “Now someone film me, because I’m about to make karaoke bar history.”

Hyunwoo diligently lifts his cell phone, ever the cameraman.

Hoseok sighs and texts Hyungwon.

[Bunny Baby]: did you see the registry

[Frog Prince <3]: Changkyun hasn’t stopped talking about it. You should hear what he wants Jooheon to do. Jooheon is catatonic behind the puppet stage

[Bunny Baby]: listen I’m just saying it could be fu

[Bunny Baby]: oh fuck Kihyun is singing Hyeya

[Bunny Baby]: he’s never gonna get off this stage

[Frog Prince <3]: no strippers? Changkyun thought you guys were gonna get rowdy

[Bunny Baby]: so far we’ve taken tequila shots to the power of love and now kihyun is dramatically performing while hobbling a little bc someone stepped on him in the crowd

[Frog Prince <3]: plz get him more drunk so he’ll perform Bad Girl Good Girl

[Bunny Baby]: Hyunwoo is gonna put him down for adult ceremony and we’re gonna do backup dance

[Frog Prince <3]: you better find someone TO FILM THIS LEE HOSEOK I STG

[Bunny Baby]: i miss u

[Frog Prince <3]: see you at the wedding tomorrow plz don’t kill the groom

[Bunny Baby]: tell me you miss me damnit

[Frog Prince <3} you miss me damnit

[Bunny Baby]: i have to go dance to park jiyoon now but i stg when i see you next i’m gonna
The ceremony is small. If you could even call it that. A few of Kihyun and Changkyun’s friends from college show up, and they just rent a little pavilion by the water. Changkyun wears a white suit jacket and Kihyun wears black. Binnie tosses a basket of wrinkled white rose petals on the path up to the pavilion and down the pseudo aisle.

One of Kihyun’s best friends from college, Yoongi, turns to Hyungwon at the start of the ceremony and says, “And this fucker said he’d never get married.”

Hyungwon watches as Changkyun skips down the aisle toward Kihyun, wearing a flower crown dusted with tiny white baby’s breath flowers. Hyungwon’s gaze flickers away from Changkyun and up to Kihyun’s face, and it’s there.

That softness. The way Kihyun’s features relax in a way they almost never do when he’s looking at anything else in the world but Lim Changkyun. Kihyun could be looking at a pack of cuddly, snuggly, sleepy puppies, and he wouldn’t look this way.

And it’s odd, knowing how effortlessly the two of them just drifted together throughout everything. No one even could pinpoint when it was they fell together.

Hoseok is up front, beside Kihyun, and he’s looking at Hyungwon with the same shocked sort of wonder at the whole event.

Life is fucking strange.

Hyunwoo marries them. Says something quietly to the two of them that no one else is meant to hear, but Changkyun’s chin wibbles, and Kihyun tips his head up to the roof of the pavilion, blinking rapidly.

It feels like what Hyungwon assumes a wedding realistically should feel like. Like they’re all there to witness, not really partake. The words said are only for the two of them. They’re voyeurs to
something extremely personal, and Hyungwon’s skin feels too tight over his body.

Changkyun grabs for Kihyun’s hands at one point and clutches them so tightly Hyungwon thinks he
sees Kihyun wince, but he doesn’t do anything about it.

In the end, Hyunwoo grins and raises his voice to say, “Just kiss, you weirdos.”

Kihyun cups Changkyun’s jaw in his hands and pulls him close. Changkyun stares at him for a few
short moments, and then he leaps up to wrap his legs around Kihyun’s waist.

Kihyun topples into the wooden arch of flowers behind them as he tries to steady himself, and it
collapses with a loud crash. Changkyun ignores it, kissing Kihyun languidly, like it’s the start of
something.

Hyunwoo sighs and runs a hand over his face. “There’s pizza and burgers by the picnic tables,
everyone, please help yourselves.”

Minhyuk and Jooheon try to lift the wooden arch back up, but Jooheon gets a splinter and Minhyuk
vengefully kicks the arch until it snaps.

“Hurt my baby,” he hisses at the thing.

Eventually Changkyun and Kihyun stop kissing, and Changkyun lifts his little bouquet in the air
triumphantly. “MARRIED!”

Kihyun squeezes his ass as he holds him up. Changkyun giggles and bends down to kiss the top of
Kihyun’s head.

“This is awful,” Yoongi says, turning around. “I’m stealing a box of pizza.”

Kihyun spots him walking away and shouts, “Yah, Min Yoongi! You’re next!”

To prove his point, Changkyun throws his bouquet right at Yoongi’s head. Yoongi snatches at it the
way someone would grab a lit-fuse bomb and then stares down at the flowers in his hands.

“Jesus,” he hisses, striding away with the bouquet.

“I like him,” Changkyun says.

“You know you don’t have to be here,” Hyungwon says, patting Jooheon on the bare shoulder.
Jooheon shivers a little.

“How many other times in my life am I gonna get to do this?” Jooheon replies, tugging his
sweatpants off and kicking them to the massive pile of everyone’s clothing in the corner of the room.

“To be honest, with these guys, I’d guess at least four,” Hyungwon answers, and Jooheon shoots
him a glare.

“Nope. Just this one. Just once. One orgy is enough orgies.”

Minhyuk comes up behind Jooheon and slaps his ass just to watch it jiggle. He sighs, satisfied. “I
can’t wait to watch this ass get wrecked.”

Jooheon gives a full-body shudder and flushes down to his chest.
“Are we picking names out of a hat?” Hoseok asks, padding out of the bathroom in all his pale naked glory, abs tight and waist narrow and shoulders massive.

They’re in Kihyun and Changkyun’s apartment. The living room furniture has all been shoved against the wall, and the floor is piled with pillows and blankets and couch cushions.

Changkyun is sitting in the middle of the nest, tan skin smooth and bare, with his legs crossed under him. Kihyun is in the kitchen, calling out to offer anyone some refreshments before they start.

“I got a 7-sided die,” Changkyun says. “I put all our names on the sides.”

“But how do we pick who does what?”

Changkyun tips his head to the side. “What? I’m not gonna tell you what to do. This is an experiment to see if we can end up filming it eventually or if it’ll just be too messy.”

“We all know you get messy as fuck,” Kihyun says, coming into the room from the kitchen, shaking water from his hands. He flicks some at Minhyuk.

“I wanna see them go at it, honestly,” Jooheon whispers, nodding at Kihyun and Minhyuk.

“They’d murder each other,” Hyungwon hisses back, but finds himself oddly curious as well.

Everyone moves to sit around Changkyun in a circle like some weird naked class reading circle.

“This is a very organized orgy,” Hyunwoo says as Minhyuk lays his head on Hyunwoo’s soft, naked thigh and nuzzles into the light downy hair there.

Changkyun rolls the die around in his pink cupped palm. “I figured we should leave it up to fate. If it were up to me, though,” he says, smirking in Jooheon’s direction.

Jooheon chokes and crawls behind Hyunwoo, dropping his chin onto Hyunwoo’s tan shoulder and curling pale arms around him like a liferaft.

“Anyhow,” Kihyun says, dropping a kiss onto Changkyun’s cheek. “Go on and roll, baby.”

“I’m gonna roll to see who fucks me,” Changkyun says, as simple as he’d say what he wants for breakfast. Cereal or massive orgy with friends?

He drops the die to a bare spot of wood floor between blankets and everyone holds their breath. Changkyun cups his hands over the die so he’s the only one to see, and he lifts his head with a little smile as it comes to a stop. “Minnie.”

Minhyuk squeaks excitedly and trips over a pile of pillows to press a sloppy kiss to Changkyun’s throat, trying to knock him onto his back. Changkyun swats at him and sits back up. “Lemme roll the rest of the pairs, first, Minnie.”

“But I love fingering you,” Minhyuk gasps, lips pressed to Changkyun’s back. “You’re so receptive.”

Changkyun huffs out a little hitched breath and tries to focus back on rolling the die. “Now let’s see who you’re with, Daddy,” he says, swallowing thickly as he tosses the die with shaky hands.

Kihyun crawls to kneel closer so he can see. He laughs and throws a pillow at Hoseok.

“Me?” Hoseok says, catching the pillow before it slaps him in the face.
Kihyun nods, cracking his knuckles a little. “You wanna go hard or soft?”

Hoseok shrugs. “I could get outta my head a little.”

Kihyun smirks, eyebrow quirked in Hoseok’s direction.

Hoseok rolls his eyes. “I could get outta my head a little, Sir.”

Kihyun sits back, appeased.

Jooheon lifts a hand. Changkyun laughs at the quiet politeness amid everything and says, “Yes, Honey?”

Jooheon taps the top of Hyunwoo’s head. “Can I start here? With him? And work myself up from there?”

Changkyun ponders this and nods. “Seems fair. Plus, I was hoping Hyunwoo’d show me how hard he reams you someday.”

Hyunwoo covers his face and breathes deeply. Jooheon gulps loudly.

“Right then. Just Hyungwon. Froggy, you wanna pick a group or roll?”

“Gimme a roll,” Hyungwon says.

Changkyun thinks for a moment before he just chucks the die across the room. It hits a standing floor lamp and knocks it back against the wall. The bulb shatters quietly, and a chunk of drywall peels off onto the floor. Kihyun groans and takes a deep, calming breath.

“What the fuck, Changkyun? I don’t get a roll?” Hyungwon whines.

Changkyun clammers across the circle like a tiny predator, shoulder blades shifting beneath his skin, and he climbs into Hyungwon’s lap. He grinds down, thighs and stomach smooth, body all warm tan skin, with his soft hands in Hyungwon’s hair as he grips and tugs it back, baring Hyungwon’s throat.

“I want you to ride my face,” he says throatily. “And it’s my wedding present, so you should do what I want, right?”

Hyungwon grabs Changkyun’s little plush ass and pulls him in closer.

“Of course, baby,” Hyungwon murmurs against Changkyun’s lips. Their breath mingles hot and heady between their mouths, and Changkyun licks kittenish and teasing along Hyungwon’s plush cupid’s bow. He spanks Changkyun’s ass and says, “Get on your back so Minnie can finger you while I sit on your pretty little face.”

Changkyun leans in and nips at Hyungwon’s lower lip before falling back onto a cushion and spreading his legs wide. He’s so smooth and pink and needy. “C’mere. It’s my present.”

Hyungwon watches as Kihyun tips Hoseok’s chin up with a finger, and Hoseok obediently parts his lips for Kihyun’s thumb to slide in. He hears Kihyun say good boy before he guides the head of his dick to Hoseok’s lips instead. Hoseok remains passive as Kihyun slides the tip over his lower lip, smearing his precum there. Kihyun strokes Hoseok’s beautiful high cheekbone with the thumb of his free hand, and Hoseok shivers.

“Open,” Kihyun says, and Hoseok obeys.
Minhyuk meanwhile has moved between Changkyun’s legs with a massive industrial sized bottle of lubricant. Changkyun has his knees pulled to his chest, hands keeping them spread wide and high for him.

Minhyuk aims a slap to the sensitive skin of Changkyun’s left thigh, and Changkyun squirms but holds steady.

“He’s a good boy today,” Minhyuk says, turning his head to look at Kihyun.

“He got to have leftover wedding cake for breakfast, so that’s probably why,” Kihyun says, gasping as Hoseok hollows his cheeks and sucks him in deep. “Oh, fuck, that’s good.”

Hoseok hums and keeps his hands folded neatly in his lap. Kihyun grabs the longer hair at the back of his skull and grips it tight in his fist. Hoseok relaxes his throat and allows Kihyun to rut his hips forward.

Changkyun turns his head to watch. “Who is a better boy, Daddy? Me or Hoseok?”

Kihyun pants, fucking Hoseok’s parted lips until tears prick at Hoseok’s eyes, drool pooling over his lower lip.

“Would a good boy turn away from Minnie to ask me that?” Kihyun counters, and Changkyun quickly returns his gaze up to Minhyuk between his spread legs.

Minhyuk slaps his inner thighs a few times until the skin blooms deep rose pink under his palms. Changkyun writhes and cries out, gripping his own thighs tightly, hole bared and twitching, cock weeping out against his soft flat belly.

“Hyungwon,” Minhyuk instructs, nodding at Changkyun’s face. “Go on. Shut him up.”

Hyungwon moves to straddle Changkyun’s head, thighs on either side of his sweet plush cheeks, and Changkyun arches up to suck at whatever skin he can get in his mouth, making needy little sounds.

“Fuck me,” he begs, tongue catching the slit of Hyungwon’s cock to taste him.

Hyungwon grips into Changkyun’s hair and slides himself between Changkyun’s pretty pink lips. It’s hot and tight and wet over Changkyun’s warm tongue, and Changkyun keeps making these sweet humming sounds like he’s never been happier.

Hyungwon’s facing the others now too. Hyunwoo has Jooheon in his lap, Jooheon’s back pressed tight to his broad chest, one arm braced over Jooheon’s soft tummy, the other gripping Jooheon’s cock, gliding over it quickly on the upstroke and slowly and tightly on the way back to the base. Jooheon is shaking, head tipped back against Hyunwoo’s shoulder as he pants up toward the ceiling.

Hyungwon’s dick twitches against Changkyun’s tongue, and Changkyun moans. Between his legs, Minhyuk works a finger inside Changkyun.

“Did you...did you guys fuck before we got here?” Minhyuk croaks, working in a second finger, Changkyun taking him in, easy and slick. “Who fucks before the orgy?”

Kihyun pulls his cock out of Hoseok’s mouth and presses the sole of his foot to Hoseok’s chest, kicking him onto his back. Hoseok sprawls out, gasping for air, tears shining on his cheeks, thick chest rising and falling heavily.
“I told you. He had cake for breakfast. He was in a mood,” Kihyun says, stroking himself hard and fast until he spills his release over the gorgeous expanse of Hoseok’s abdomen. “Clean it,” he hisses, watching as Hoseok runs his fingers through the mess and brings them to his mouth, sucking calmly.

“Jesus,” Minhyuk breathes, pushing Changkyun’s knees tight to his chest and pushing a third finger in to watch Changkyun’s hole swallow them in. He quirks his fingers up and pumps them deep and steady until Changkyun gives a high-pitched squeak around Hyungwon’s cock. “Found ya,” Minhyuk laughs, rough and wanting, as he pumps his fingers right into that spot over and over.

Changkyun starts shaking all over, nails digging into his own thighs to keep from dropping them because he knows he’ll get punished if he does.

Hyungwon pulls himself out of Changkyun’s mouth, and Changkyun draws in a sharp, ragged breath before crying out, “Please, please, I’m good, I’ve been good, Minnie, please--”

Hyungwon fucks back into Changkyun’s mouth, cutting his words off. Changkyun gurgles and chokes but relaxes his throat again to let him in.

Behind them, Jooheon is bouncing in Hyunwoo’s lap, Hyunwoo loosely fisting his dick so it just barely grazes his palm as he lifts up and down. Hyunwoo has his lips pressed to Jooheon’s ear, murmuring things, and Jooheon can’t seem to form any coherent words in response, just keeps working himself up and down.

Minhyuk watches eagerly, hand fisting his own cock as he fingers Changkyun faster. Changkyun is crying now, hitching sobs that constrict his throat around the head of Hyungwon’s dick when he fucks himself in deep.

“I want you to fuck him,” Kihyun says, watching Changkyun as he’s fingered, tugging at Hoseok’s hair. Hoseok goes easily, crawling at Kihyun’s side on his hands and knees. Kihyun flicks at Minhyuk’s cheek. “Fuck this one instead,” he says, nodding at Hyungwon. “I want Hoseok to plow him into the floor.”

Changkyun whimpers as Hyungwon’s cock slips from between his lips. His chin is slick with spit, his eyes red-rimmed with tears, and he curls his toes to stretch them, thighs probably aching from being held in one place for so long.

“Please, Daddy,” Changkyun begs, skin red where he’d been digging his nails into it. “I wanna come.”

“You’re gonna be last to come, baby boy,” Kihyun says, as Hoseok moves between Changkyun’s legs. Kihyun pinches the head of Changkyun’s cock and hisses, “You won’t come yet, right baby boy? Promise? Be a good boy.”

Changkyun shivers and arches his back off the floor. “N-No, Daddy, no, please--”

Hoseok thrusts in, and Changkyun throws his head back, nearly screaming. He rocks his hips up to meet Hoseok’s movements, but it isn’t enough leverage with just the blanket beneath his hips. Hoseok seems to realize this, pulls out, grabs Changkyun by the hips, and flips him onto his hands and knees.

“Yes,” Changkyun gasps, as Hoseok fucks back into him, deep and hard and powerful. Changkyun fists the blankets beneath his hands and drops his head onto his forearms, spine bowed, ass raised high. “Fuck me, fuck me, god, hyung, yes.”

“Hyungwon,” Minhyuk says watching for a minute before nodding at Jooheon, who is holding his
arms out wordlessly as he’s fucked. “You wanna?”

Hyungwon looks at Jooheon, and Jooheon is so fucked out, so calm and nearly in a daze. “Honey bunches, you want me to?”

“Oh shut up and jerk me off,” Jooheon coughs, thighs straining as he holds himself over Hyunwoo’s lap, Hyunwoo bucking up into him in tight, quick strokes.

Hyungwon moves to kneel in front of Jooheon, and Jooheon pulls him in for a kiss.

Sure they’d kissed as kids. When they didn’t know if it was okay, if it was weird or gross or forbidden. When they played ten hours of Mario Party without stopping and were delirious and exhilarated. When their tongues were inexpert, sloppy things that forced themselves into each other’s mouths before they realized that wasn’t how it was done. Not when you wanted it to feel good.

Jooheon is pliant now, easy as anything as Hyungwon controls the kiss the way Jooheon would never let him when they were younger. Hyungwon licks into Jooheon’s little plush mouth, and Jooheon whines.

Hyungwon aligns their hips, grips both their cocks in his large hands, and Jooheon is thick and pulsing against his palm. “Who knew you were such a needy bottom, Honey bunches.”

Jooheon chokes on a scoff. “Wait till the next orgy, you fucker.”

“So much for only one, huh,” Hyungwon laughs and presses their skin tighter together. Hyunwoo does most of the work for him, his punching strokes pushing Jooheon’s cock up against Hyungwon’s inside his fist. The head of Jooheon’s cock catches over Hyungwon’s, and Hyungwon feels the coiling heat between his hips.

“I’m gonna come,” Hyungwon says, and Jooheon wordlessly nods over and over until his own release spills over Hyungwon’s fingers. Hyungwon strokes him through it, his come making everything slick and easy, and his own orgasm crashes into him right as Jooheon starts shuddering with oversensitivity.

Jooheon collapses onto Hyungwon, and the two of them sprawl out onto a pile of cushions. Hyungwon feels lube dripping down onto him from Jooheon’s hole. Just another step in their friendship, he supposes.

Minhyuk crawls into Hyunwoo’s lap and there’s lube dripping down from his ass now. He must’ve fingered himself while watching Hyungwon jerking Jooheon off. Hyunwoo falls onto his back as Minhyuk straddles him and takes what he wants, riding Hyunwoo like it’s urgent.

Hyunwoo’s fingers wrap tight around Minhyuk’s sharp hip bones, letting Minhyuk do the work. Minhyuk braces a hand on Hyunwoo’s thigh and another on Hyunwoo’s chest, fucking himself down deep over Hyunwoo’s cock until Hyunwoo gasps out a deep groan.

“Minnie, angel, fuck you’re so gorgeous, I’m gonna--”

“Do it,” Minhyuk whines, grabbing Hyunwoo’s wrist and moving his hand to his cock. “Touch me first. Then come.”

Hyunwoo wraps his fingers around Minhyuk just the way he likes it, and Minhyuk tips his head back, hair matted and sweaty and cheeks flushed high along the cheekbones. “Yes, yes, don’t stop, hyung, I love you, don’t--”
Hyunwoo comes first, hips stuttering up against Minhyuk’s ass and spilling his release inside him. At the sensation of Hyunwoo’s come dripping out of him, Minhyuk comes, shouting up to the ceiling and collapsing forward to brace himself on Hyunwoo’s chest. Hyunwoo strokes him until Minhyuk is writhing to get away, Hyunwoo whispering “don’t run away, baby, you can handle it.” Minhyuk eventually settles, Hyunwoo lifting his slick fingers to Minhyuk’s lips, and he sucks them diligently.

Hyungwon turns back to watch Hoseok, and finds that Kihyun is there too. Hoseok is on his back now, Changkyun bent over his chest, trying to hold still but shaking as he’s spread by Hoseok’s cock.

“Guys,” Kihyun says, fingers pressed in beside Hoseok’s dick inside Changkyun. Changkyun is making keening sounds like he’s lost the ability to think or speak, and there’s a little puddle of precome on Hoseok’s stomach from Changkyun’s little deep red-flushed cock. “Come hold him.”

They make their way over slowly, as Kihyun starts pressing in behind Changkyun.

Changkyun sobs and holds himself steady until Kihyun is seated inside him beside Hoseok. Kihyun, Hoseok, and Changkyun all shudder and pant loudly in the quiet air.

Hyungwon brushes a hand through Changkyun’s hair. Changkyun looks up at him, cheeks pink and eyes puffy. He’s drooling a little, but it’s so ... sweet? Hyungwon pets him again, and Changkyun leans into the touch like it’s his only connection to reality.

Minhyuk reaches between their bodies to feel where Hoseok and Kihyun’s cocks meet at Changkyun’s entrance. “From the outside, this is appalling.”

“You did it. You should know,” Hyungwon counters.

“I didn’t watch myself,” Minhyuk scoffs.

There are six sets of hands on Changkyun as he holds himself over Hoseok and Kihyun on wobbly thighs and arms. They press into him together, dilating him beyond what a normal human is meant to take.

Changkyun shakes, lifts himself up, drops himself back down once, twice, three times. He whines, tightening up as the pleasure wracks through his little body, and Kihyun and Hoseok spill inside him in near unison at the feeling of being squeezed so tightly.

Kihyun pulls out slowly and carefully, helping Changkyun off Hoseok and onto his back on the blankets. Kihyun fucks four fingers into Changkyun again and strokes him fast and hard and just right, and Changkyun writhes and cries out.

“C’mon, baby boy. Come for us. It’s your party. Time to come for us,” Kihyun says, kissing Changkyun’s eyelids, his nose, his cute lips, and Changkyun pants against Kihyun’s mouth, making nearly inhuman sounds of utter and complete pleasure.

Changkyun comes like the sun setting. Bright, vivid, impossible to look away from, and then calm and dark and quiet.

Kihyun pulls Changkyun’s head onto his lap and strokes his hair away from his face.

“Good wedding present, baby?”

Changkyun nods, rubbing at his runny nose with his wrist. His voice is a harsh rasp as he mutters, “Thank you, everyone.”
Hyungwon falls into Hoseok on a pile of pillows. Minhyuk, Jooheon, and Hyunwoo curl together beside them, and everything goes quiet with the sounds of sleepy breaths.

“I can’t believe you asked for a fucking orgy as a wedding present,” Kihyun coos down at Changkyun as he drifts off.

“If I wasn’t the type to ask for an orgy as my wedding present, you wouldn’t have married me,” Changkyun slurs.

Kihyun kisses his forehead. “Damn right.”

Hyungwon sits in front of his new desk, a beautiful piece of natural white oak that he bought with camming money. He faces his laptop, holds up a pair of tongs.

“And, as you know, we have a lovely guest star today, folks.” He gestures to Hoseok beside him with the tongs, snapping at Hoseok’s face with the metal. “Korea’s most handsome brick of beef!” Hoseok swats at him. “Unfortunately, beef boy, today is all about pork. Pork galore.”

“Everyone sure does love seeing you get stuffed with meat, eh?” Hoseok chimes in.

Hyungwon jabs his elbow into Hoseok’s stomach. “Wrong channel, you fuckwit.”

“I know what channel it is.”

“Oh, now, you know what channel it is,” Hyungwon teases, laying strips of samgyupsal out onto a little portable grill.

“If I had known the first time, we might have never gotten together,” Hoseok says, leaning in to whisper in Hyungwon’s ear.

“Good thing you’re an imbecile then,” Hyungwon replies, bumping their shoulders together.

“Don’t get too full, Frog boy. We’re filming for my channel next. We’ll see which meat-stuffing makes us more money.”

“You’re a freak,” Hyungwon says, shaking his head and flipping the pork over on the grill.

“And you love me,” Hoseok says, like it’s a question.

Hyungwon shoves a cooked slice of pork into his mouth and fans cool air onto his tongue as it burns him. Around the chewed meat he sighs and says, “Fine, I fucking love you or whatever.”

Hoseok squeezes his hand under the desk.

“But I’m still eating all this pork. You can do all the work later while I starfish out on the bed like a useless loaf.”

“My, how rare for you,” Hoseok taunts.

“And you love me for it.”

Hoseok nods and squeezes his hand again. “Yeah. Or whatever.”
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