The Taste of Your Lips (I'm On a Ride)

by creepy_crawly

Summary

Jinki, an incubus, needs to feed. Conveniently, gumiho!Daesung is bored. And available.

Part of the TWO MOONS universe.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Jinki’s usually pretty good about keeping track of when the last time he’s gotten in a good “meal” is; it’s part good manners, part good survival habit. After all, growing up, his parents had been very strict about him keeping to a normal schedule, even if it was a lot easier when what he fed on was simple friendship. Plenty of that to go around when you’re nine, after all. As he got older it, it got harder, of course; younger children are a lot freer with their emotions than their adolescent companions, and where his nine-year-old companions would (unknowingly) shower him in friend-love, his thirteen-fourteen-fifteen year-old friends played things a lot closer to the chest. Still, that let him practice the other side of his abilities. He’d been known as the friendly kid, because Jinki always knew when someone could use a smile, a hug, a joke, a laugh. It was hard not to feel yourself warmed by his easygoing friendship, and to return a little in his direction.

Not nearly so easy was turning sixteen and having his own supernatural version of puberty hit with a vengeance. Though it didn’t coincide with human puberty—that had been hell enough on its own—the version that made him an adult incubus was just as bad, in its own way. There was inopportun...
erections, on the one hand, but the other (clawed and marked) had inopportune orgasms, often shared within anyone in the vicinity. Then there was his sex drive, which had gone from “meh, okay” to “download 70 gigs of porn in a single night” in the space of, like, two days.

And porn hadn’t even begun to fill the emptiness.

He had learned, though, like thousands before him. Though he was suddenly sleeping a lot less, instead finding and feeding on the sexual energy of others, the new source of “food” kept him healthy, hale, and just as outgoing as ever. It wasn’t as potent as actual sex had been, or would be, in the future, but, at sixteen, his options were more limited. Unlike his parents, and the other incubi and succubae he knew, he was still too young to just go pick up in a club somewhere and get his fix that way. No, for high school, at least, he had to rely on the untamed hormones of those around him.

That was also the year he joined SM.

Now, Jinki, generally speaking, has no complaints with the way SM Entertainment maintains its idols. Sure, they’re all at least a month behind on sleep, and, okay, he’s ninety percent certain that most of them have eating disorders of some fashion or another, and, really, let’s not start on the mental issues they all have. But they do get to sleep, sometimes, and there is food, usually, even if it kind of sucks and isn’t nearly so tasty as his mother’s chicken. And Lee Soo Man, despite being as human as they come, knows about supernaturals and not only doesn’t discriminate against them, but kind of goes out of his way to get them in the company.

So there’s that. Jinki knows that he was picked out of the crowd at the audition because the CEO has several managers and producers and talent scouts whose singular job is identifying and coping with supernaturals like himself; he’s okay with that being the impetus behind his getting this opportunity. He’s an incubus, alright? He lives in a moral grey space to begin with. It’s not being taken advantage of if both parties know and are profiting.

Part of his contract, though, hinges on his feeding schedule. Jinki’s the first incubus to work for SM as an actual performer and not as a makeup artist or a coordi or any other kind of side role; he’s the first that Lee Soo Man has had who’s determined to put his face out there in addition to the more standard sucking-of-fangirl-energy. And because Lee Soo Man’s not stupid, not usually, he works out with every other incubus and succubus and what-have-you he has that feeds on human energy—including Jinki’s parents—just what Jinki needs, and how much, and how frequently.

And then he draws up a schedule.

So, yes, Jinki has sex schedule, and he sticks to it, thank you very much.
It gets a little weird, sometimes, because performing and promoting and practicing don’t really allow for the standard nine-to-five, and sometimes he’s just not in a country where he speaks the language, or he’s surrounded by too many people who will know his name, or, awkward enough, he’s surrounded by the members. They’re not super-awkward about it, thankfully, but it’s one thing to accept that your leader being drunk will end in boners and orgasms all around, and still kind of an okay thing to know, in theory, that he’s basically getting high off that naughty dream you had about Yoona, and another entirely to have him eyeing you like a nine-course meal served on top of a pair of naked twins who also happen to be contortionists.

(Taemin had said as much, once, and Jjong had just stared at him, horrified. He’d eventually muttered, “good God, the sangtae is contagious,” and fled.)

Which isn’t to say that he hasn’t Had Conversations with all of them, or that he doesn’t Have Understandings with equally all of them, even Minho, who is quite possibly the straightest man Jinki has ever met.

(“I’m okay with being a choice for you, hyung,” Minho had said, wincing, “but, like, last choice. Please.”)

And, to be fair, they’re all pretty low on his list of “People I Am Willing to Direct-Feed From” which is also known as his List of Suitable Donors and his At Least 5/10, Willing to Bang List (not to be confused with his 10/10, Yes Please List, which may or may not be securely in the hands of one entirely too judgmental Kim Kibum. He needs to stop letting them get him drunk on feelings. Honestly.) He respects the integrity and camaraderie and brotherhood of SHINee far too much to dick around with it, especially literally.

Besides, sex with Key feels like licking a battery, or maybe inhaling carbonated soda. It’s weird.

What it all boils down to, really, is that when Jonghyun hooks his hand into Jinki’s hip and hauls him aside, Jinki at least does him the courtesy of listening.

“Hyung,” Jonghyun says, cornering him into a wall and putting his hands on his hips, like he will be able to stare down Jinki. He tries this, constantly, and sometimes even succeeds. Not frequently, though.

“Jjong,” Jinki mocks, because, really. You can’t let him get too smug, or he’ll start terrorizing Jinki, too, not just Minho and Taemin.
Jonghyun’s not taking any of that, though. “Your eyes, hyung,” he says, waving a hand at Jinki’s pouting face. “And, if you take your makeup off, I’d bet your face marks are showing, too.”

Jinki yanks up the shirt he’s wearing, and, sure enough, there are dark lines carving up his torso. Which means that the glamour he usually wears has dropped, and that only happens when his energy is running low. Very low. Dangerously low.

“Hyung,” Key hisses, racing into the room where they are filming like there are dragons (or worse, haetae) on his heels. “There’s a vampire here. Bang Yongguk is two floors dow—oh, hell.”

Jinki smiles at him, the expression tight, because he’s intentionally holding back the instinct that would have him flirting with anyone and everyone within reach. He can only do so much to hold back the pheromones—he can see the way Jonghyun’s starting lean towards him already—but he can control his more overt actions a little.

A very little.

“Okay,” Key says, because he’s a little more resistant to Jinki’s…Jinkiness. He reaches out and grabs the back of Jonghyun’s jeans even as the other man leans in, face lax as he tilts himself towards his leader. “You… You just get somewhere. With someone. I’ll get this one sorted out. Have you effected anyone else?”

Jinki shakes his head. “It, uh, it only just started to get bad,” he says, because he can feel it now, can feel the pull and the want. The longer he’s here, the more Bang Yongguk is going to unconsciously pull from him, because Bang Yongguk is the kind of idiot who’s too twisted up in his group to risk pulling them all apart by admitting that he drinks blood to get by and so is stuck yanking what he can from other nonhumans who put out energy.

But maybe that’s uncharitable of him. Jinki grew up in a family that knew what he was and loved him and cared for him and prepared him to deal with all of this mess. Maybe Bang Yongguk did not. Jinki is in a group that was formed knowing what he was and what it meant for all of them, and they’ve spent enough time around him to know how he works. B.A.P is young, and vampires are secretive. They have to be. They’re a lot easier to kill than incubi, after all.

Key shoves Jonghyun back towards the set, already waving Jinki away. “I put a new number in your phone!” he calls.
Flush, Jinki takes the advice. Key only gives him new numbers when Key runs into someone who’s like them—supernatural, unhuman, up for a little energy-sucking fun.

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“So, we need to schedule your blow out into our plans again,” Jiyong is saying, his nose buried in the planner app on his phone. If it weren’t for Youngbae’s patient hand on his shoulder, guiding him, there’s every chance he’d trip over something and fall into the street and die.

Or so Daesung thinks. He’s not really paying attention to his leader, not right now. He’s been trapped in a small studio with Jiyong for, like, weeks now, and it’s nice to get a fresh breeze into his nose. Which isn’t to say that Jiyong smells bad; no, even when he’s gone three days without a shower or a change of clothes, Jiyong doesn’t actually smell humanly bad. Not unless he’s focusing on his glamour, which, Kwon Jiyong, so, no.

Daesung had actually tried messing with Jiyong’s glamour, once, when they were younger and blending in as plain humans had been more important. As a gumiho, he should be well-set for messing with other people’s magic, especially when they’re set-and-forget spells like Jiyong likes to use. And, for all that his human shape is thirty years younger than Jiyong’s, Jiyong is also only fifty-something, and Daesung is two hundred and twenty eight.

Even looking back, he’s not sure who was more surprised that his fiddling hadn’t taken, him or Jiyong.

The point is, Daesung can’t play with Jiyong’s glamour, for whatever reason, not even to make it more interesting when they’re spending endless days locked in a small room focusing on the same exact thing. And, as much as Daesung loves music—and he does, he really, really does—he’s a being built for chaos and change; he just can’t stand the static nature of unending repetition. So being outside, surrounded by other people, even random passersby on the street, headed to a new location?

Oh, he’s not passing up this chance!

So he’s totally not listening to a word Jiyong says, though he’s not dumb enough to make this too obvious, so he’s hmmming and uhhuing every once in a while, like a good little gumiho. His mind, though, his mind is stuck on cataloguing all the wonderful smells, and inventing the stories behind them, and figuring out the fun little plots that will pep up his day, and maybe the days of those attached to the smells.
He can smell a hamburger someone is holding, and he kind of wants to eat it; being trapped in the YG building has meant pretending to stick to a proper YG diet, which does not include raw liver, or even rare liver, and rarely includes liver at all. Or heart. Daesung can smell heart—not human heart; though that would be a treat, it would be a treat that could drive him mad, and he’s no fool, so he sticks to lesser mammal hearts, like cows and pigs, and occasionally chicken hearts. He likes chicken hearts.

He also likes that smell, whatever it is. It’s just this side of sweet, with a hint of spice, and an overlaying tinge of the metallic scent he’s learnt to associate with vampires. He can smell magic, too, woven around the other smells.

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“Daesu—AH!” Jiyong shrieks, stamping his foot, but Daesung’s not listening.

He’s drifting, instead, drifting down into the alley where the scent is pouring out from. His claws are sliding out and he can feel his ears tightening up into little points. He draws up the corners of his mouth, letting the smell wash in over his oh-so-sensitive palate, and, ah.

Incubus.

A familiar one, at that. Daesung takes another hissing breath, and then grins. He knows the expression is revealing bright, sharp canines, but who cares? An incubus who smells the way Onew does—he knows that scent!—is an incubus on the prowl. He’s a safer target than most humans.

More fun, too.

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Youngbae eeps and yanks his head out of the alleyway, so Seunghyun has to actually take a look. He cracks a grin and turns to their fearless leader. “Yah, Jiyong-ah? You might want to put off actually having Daesungie around for a bit.”

Jiyong scowls. “If he’s rolling in something dead—!”

A bright, unbridled laugh interrupts them. It shivers down their spines and quickens their hearts.
Goosepimplies break out across Jiyong’s pale flesh, and Seungri’s cheeks flush up quickly.
Seunghyun relaxes into the heady roil of emotional energy, familiar with it after having shared a
room with Daesung. Youngbae’s eyes widen, and he quickly darts behind Jiyong, doubtless hiding
an inopportune erection.

“How not rolling in something dead,” Seunghyun deadpans, enjoying it a little too much. “But pretty
close to rolling in something’s bed.”

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Jinki buries his nose in the other creature’s neck, not concerned with gender or species at the
moment, just soaking up the so-easily offered energy. It’s not enough to get him back to an even
keel, not when he’s as deeply drained as he is, but the feeling of someone else’s arousal curling and
twining against his own—feeding in against his own in that wonderful, wonderful way—is enough
to make him weak in the knees and hungry.

“How mm,” the other person—male, by the speaking voice, and familiar, by the scent—purr. “Think
we should let someone know you’re not going to start hitting on the ahjummas?”

Jinki huffs a laugh into the crook of the other’s neck. “I have some control,” he says, snide. He takes
another deep breath, drawing in that heady want while he’s at it. “Though clearly not enough to not
molest a mostly-stranger.”

“Kang Daesung,” the other says. He lets his fingers curl tighter against Jinki’s hips, lets the incubus
feel the easy slide and sharp prickle of claws. “Gumiho.”

“Oh,” Jinki says. A warmth is slowly trickling down his spine—chaos energy twinned with sexual
energy in a way it never is with Key, but still, there’s that little fizzly feeling. “Never fed on one of
you before.”

Daesung laughs, and it’s bright and beautiful and Jinki can’t help but flush the whole area with his
delight (both sexual and emotional) in response. Daesung laughs again, and he cuts loose with the
emotions, too, and also his tails—holy shit, his tails.

“You tails,” Jinki says stupidly, pulling back out of the embrace, watching as long coils of sunny
blond fur trash at the air for a moment before curling around his arms and his hips. One yanks him
in, close, and he can feel Daesung’s erection against his hip.
“My tails,” Daesung agrees, grinning in a way that should probably strike Jinki as dangerous.

It just makes him want to bite him.

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“So, I’m just going to let Key know that hyung’s molesting his hyung in a dark alleyway,” Seungri announces, whipping a phone out of his pocket. “Also, did you know Lee Jinki wasn’t human? I didn’t know Lee Jinki wasn’t human.”

“Are we sure Lee Jinki isn’t human?” Youngbae asks.

Seunghyun and Seungri nod in unison.

“Daesung doesn’t cut loose like that with humans,” Seungri says, bored, his fingers flying over his phone’s screen.

Seunghyun shrugs. “True, and Daesung’s usually a little slower off the bat with humans. Especially ones he’s only really just met.”


Seungri cocks an eyebrow. “Hyung?”

“Incubus,” Jiyong repeats. “Lee Jinki is an incubus. Usually he’s got more control than molesting my members.” His eyes are narrowed, but flashing.

Youngbae puts a hand on his shoulder, pre-emptively pinning him to the ground. Strong emotions are usually enough to make Jiyong forget himself, and the last thing they need right now is some fangirl getting a picture of Kwon Jiyong hovering six inches off the ground. If her camera is good, it might even pick up the shimmer of colorful light that holds him up. The bones of Jiyong’s shoulder feel thin and delicate beneath his hand. Youngbae tries not to think about how easy it would be to
force Jiyong to his knees, to grab the back of his head and tangle his fingers in all that pretty hair and force those red, fat lips down over his aching dick, and instead focuses on how much he is going to kill Daesung for leaking these sorts of things all over the place. One sexual identity crisis per lifetime, thank you.

“I’m going to go tell Daesung to—jesus—keep it together,” Seunghyun says, biting his lip and visibly pulling himself together. “And get him to take it elsewhere. I think…ahh…I think…it’s not him losing control.” He forces himself to keep his hands away from his crotch. It’s hard. In more ways than the obvious. Which. Damn. Very obvious.

Not nearly as obvious as Seungri, who’s got his hand working steadily at the apex of his thighs. It’s like the only thing keeping him from popping the button and just going for it is the fact that they’re in public. Or that Jiyong looks pissed. Turned on, but pissed.

It’s a good look on Jiyong. Then again, most things are.

“It’s not,” Jiyong confirms. He licks his lips. His cheeks are bright, warm. He licks his lips again. “This…this is a hungry incubus.” He rolls his shoulders. He’s got enough self-control to not touch himself, but he’s also got a hell of a tight hand on his glamour, keeping things looking exactly as they should. “Ah, Seunghyun? Faster would be…mmm. Better.”

“Yeah,” Seunghyun says, voice tight.

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When Daesung tangles long, clawed fingers with Jinki’s sweaty, shaking hands and pulls, Jinki follows him. He notes, distantly, that Daesung has retracted his tails once more, hidden them from view. He thinks he can maybe see their shimmer out of the corner of his eye from time to time, but he isn’t sure. It doesn’t really matter, anyway. His attention is locked onto Daesung in all the ways it can be, hormones and pheromones and wild magic tangled into what promises to be a very tasty meal.

It’s not long before Daesung’s letting them into a small backdoor in a large, ugly building. He punches in the code and pushes the door open when the lock beeps. Behind it, a long, dim hallway stretches. It’s grey and plain, and smells of sweat and time. There’s the muffled sound of music, somewhere.

Jinki follows Daesung down the hall, towards the end. The rooms here are smaller; at least, their
doors are closer together. He’s starting to feel a little more normal, a little more pulled together. That first rush of the other man’s energy is doing its job. He could probably go pull in a normal bar, now, and not have to worry about exposing himself or overdrawing his partner.

Or he could just stay with Daesung, Jinki tells himself. More in control or not, he’s still an incubus, and one wanting feeding, at that. Daesung has a nice ass. Round and muscular. And his thighs are nice, too, all wide and muscular and Jinki can’t help but imagine what it might feel like to have them wrapped around his hips, crushing against him. Or crushing his head, ooh, that would be nice. He wonders what Daesung’s cock tastes like. Key doesn’t always taste human. Would a gumiho?

He stumbles a little when Daesung yanks him into the small room, but grins. He recognizes a vocal practice room when he sees one, and yeah. Private spaces with padded walls and soundproofing? Great for sex. The large mirror on one wall just promises to make this even more fun.

Daesung sees where he is looking, and grins. “With me? Good. This is much better with a partner who knows where they are.”

Jinki grins back. He walks forward, slowly, leaving Daesung enough time to move if he wants to. It would seem that he doesn’t want to; he just keeps backing up, further and further as Jinki approaches, but with his arms open and his hips tilted toward the other man. Soon, Daesung is pressed against the mirror, his lips curled in a smirk as he hooks his hands under Jinki’s shirt.

Jinki shivers. Daesung’s hands are hot on his skin, in a way that is undeniably inhuman. He can control himself, he thinks vaguely, it’s just that he doesn’t want to. Leaning forward, he catches the other man’s lips in a hungry kiss.

Daesung does not taste human.

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If there is one thing that Jinki might thank evolution for, it is the fact that, for him, preparation is an indulgence and not a necessity. His body is designed for sex, in all the ways and variations, so a little conscious thought and some flexing of internal muscles goes a long way.

Which isn’t to say that he doesn’t appreciate the fine stretch of Daesung’s long fingers. Because he does appreciate it. Enjoys it, in fact. He just doesn’t need it the way a human partner might.
And Daesung is good at this, even taking into account the slightly different anatomy. His fingers are long, and strong, and surprisingly talented at finding just the right place. He works at a slow, steady pace without letting it become boring, and he intersperses the scissoring and shallow thrusting with licks and nips to Jinki’s exposed skin.

Jinki moans, pushing back into the other man’s fingers.

Daesung grins at him in the mirror, his expression sharp and feral over Jinki’s shoulder. “Feel good?” he asks.

“So good,” Jinki says, thrusting back again. “Just…just fuck me, okay?” He tries not to whine, but it’s there, a high, thready sound under his words.

“Shh,” Daesung whispers, still grinning as he presses another kiss to the incubus’s shoulder. His fingers curl, and Jinki howls. “How many times do you think you can go?”

Jinki can only respond with a scream, muffled in his forearm, as Daesung presses against his prostate again. The marks on his skin glow brilliantly, lighting the small room like center stage at a concert. And, with all of Daesung’s energy bearing down on him, Jinki feels just as at home.

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The first orgasm, Jinki thinks, is always the best. It’s that first rush of energy, like sitting down to a huge meal, like the first kiss with the person you love, like the first time doing the impossible. It usually hits him like a brick to the face, pleasure breaking upon him like waves upon the shore, and just as sudden and expected.

He comes, for the first time, on Daesung’s quickly working fingers. The other man is still scissoring his fingers and spreading Jinki open, even though it’s clearly not necessary, and his fingertips never leave his prostate for long. It’s wonderful, it’s amazing, it’s too damn much.

Jinki keens, craning his neck upward and letting the high note slide forth, even as he spurts into Daesung’s cupped hand. He falls to the floor, limp, as if all his muscles have been cut. The energy fizzles in his nerves, like soda and fire and electricity all at once. He barely even feels Daesung reaching up and smearing his own come into his back, marking him in his own fluids.
When Daesung slides his fingers out and himself in, Jinki feels it. His fingers clench on the floor, scratching against the hardwood. He’s suddenly grateful that he doesn’t have claws.

Daesung does, though, and they’re prickling on his hips. It feels wicked and wonderful, a burn that’s at once stinging and sweet. That’s like the stretch of Daesung’s cock thrusting into him, which makes him want to sing, it’s so perfect. He feels full and powerful, the whole world in front of him and behind him, pressing in, pressing in.

Daesung laughs as they both come, and it ripples through where their bodies are joined.

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Daesung doesn’t bother waiting for Jinki to catch his breath, just waits long enough that he himself can breathe. Then, still snickering, he shoves the incubus flat on his back, tearing him out of his shoved-up shirt as he goes.

Jinki grins, sex-stupid and breathless. “Excited?” he asks, preening under the other man’s interested eyes. He’s pretty, and he knows it. Far easier to lure in dinner when you look good enough to eat. The mind-blowing sex will keep them coming back, that’s true, but his cut abs and his pretty face—and those naughty eyes—pull them in for that first taste.

He still loves it when people look at him like that, though. Jinki is an idol in addition to being an incubus, so looking good is his livelihood as well as his meal-ticket (literally). He’s also more than a little vain, not that anyone who’s ever felt the energy pouring off a stadium full of screaming, wailing, wanting fans could ever blame him. And the way Daesung, pretty Daesung with his sunshine smile and his arms like young trees, looks at him… Well.

Daesung slicks an open-mouth kiss to the naked curve of Jinki’s hip, licking up sweat and the scent of sex. “I’m gonna blow you,” he growls through a smirk, one hand curling around the other man’s cock.

It’s limp, but not for long. Incubus stamina and Daesung’s perfect hands make sure of that. Jinki just gives himself over into the heady rush of want and yes and the heat of Daesung’s mouth closing around him.

His fingers clench messily in Daesung’s hair, but it’s not like either of them really minds.
Daesung licks the sweet white stickiness of Jinki’s come from his lips, delighting in the swollen heat. He had been surprised at the taste, at first, but other concerns had quickly overwhelmed any concern there.

Because yeah, he had been peripherally aware that Jinki was, well, in a word, hung. With the coverage they all get, there’s no hiding that. And yeah, okay. A good coordi-team can work bloody miracles. So when they’ve actually got something to play with? Well, it’s not hard to make a mountain out of a molehill, in that case.

But apparently Jinki’s coordis have less work to do in terms of well-fitted pants than most; it looks like one-hundred percent of his performance bulge is honest-to-god his. Which is wonderful and awesome and Daesung can’t wait to see how he uses it, because yes, incubus.

Getting it all in his mouth, though. He couldn’t even begin to without swallowing him down, and you don’t just start the fun with tricks like that. You have to work up to that game, have to lick and suck and tease your way towards those high-pitched whimpers and pleas and moans.

So his jaw is aching like a mother and he kind of thinks that maybe he has split the corner of his lips; it stings and pulls in a familiar, if satisfying, way. The rest of his mouth is red, red and slick and swollen, the way the coordis are always trying to mimic when they think they can get away with it. He licks his lips again, just to feel them throb against his tongue.

“God,” Jinki breathes, and then he sweeps up and takes Daesung’s mouth with his own. It’s hot, and wicked, and sweet with more than just the taste of Jinki’s come. Jinki kisses like a starving man eats, wondering, amazed, devouring.

Daesung purrs and lets himself be consumed.

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Daesung’s claws carve actual furrows in the hardwood floors as Jinki fucks into him, slow and steady and not careful at all.
Jinki fucks Daesung fast and hard after the first (fourth) orgasm, which he shouts out into the sweat-humid air with a joyous “yes!” and an extra stutter of his hips. He’s suitably impressed that Daesung manages to hold off, clearly hanging on by his clawed fingernails, as the rush of energy floods him, too. For a brief moment, as his head thrashes against the floor, Daesung’s teeth go sharp and bright, and his eyes go golden-glowy.

It’s just for a moment, though, and Jinki can almost tell himself that he just imagined the flush of fur against his naked skin. So he stills and lets Daesung haul his mind back into a functioning place, lets him gather his wits and his control. The edge is off, now. His need is no longer a pressing, demanding thing that overrides his better sense and his self-control. He can take his time. He wants to.

So he does. When Daesung finally shudders out a sigh and a wobbly nod, licking his puffy lips, Jinki leans in and kisses his collarbone, then his throat, then his chin. His mouth he leaves for last, so that he can taste the *gumiho’s* moan as it reverberates through the air they share.

He fucks him slow and gentle, tender, even, the way a human might fuck someone they love. But they are neither of them human and this isn’t an act of love so much as an act of solidarity, of respect, of friendship. Jinki gets that, and he knows that Daesung does, too, and so he takes his time and makes this as sweet and lovely as he knows how.

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As it turns out, by orgasm five, Jinki’s kind of pushing the limits of his body. Sweating, limp-limbed, somehow sated and starving for more at once, he lies on the floor, panting for oxygen. He’s probably smearing himself in come and sweat, and he thinks that he should probably care about that, but…

But Daesung is lying on top of him, grinning breathlessly, his eyes gone golden and beautiful. Not all of the come slicking their bodies is Jinki’s; multiple orgasms are just one of the gifts an incubus extends to a partner. The places where their bodies meet are hot and uncomfortable, but the thought of separating is far more displeasing. If either of them even had the energy to move; that is a little debatable, to be honest. The air in the room is sticky and thick with sweat and sex, and the floor is slick with lube and sweat.

In short, the small practice room kind of looks like the aftermath of an orgy. Jinki is (reluctantly) impressed that just two of them managed to do this kind of damage; that one time with all of the members hadn’t made this sort of mess, even though Jinki had gotten each of them off, and himself at least once with each of them.
“Fuck,” Daesung says, groaning the word out into his belly. His eyes are closed, now, but the corners of his lips are pulled up in a broad smirk.

Jinki laughs despite his exhaustion and ruffles a hand through the gumiho’s hair. “Done that,” he says, feeling his own lips twitch.

Daesung laughs, the sound vibrating against Jinki’s stomach. “And then some,” he says agreeably. Rolling to his side, he lifts one hand and gently pets at Jinki’s cock where it rests against his thigh.

He has to close his eyes to fight off his instinctive response, which is to say *fuck it* to common sense and let himself get hard once more. But Daesung’s not going for another round, just saying thank you for a good time, so… He bites his lip and reminds himself that not only is he now well-fed enough for at least the week, but he’s actually *exhausted*. It takes a fair amount of work to have enough sex to wear him out, seeing as sex is where he gets energy.

Unless, of course, he’s sharing that energy with another being… Eyes narrowing, Jinki forces himself upright. He traces the lines of Daesung’s body, muscular and strong, with his eyes. Now, more aware of his surroundings, he focuses on things he’d let slide earlier.

Things like the sharpness of Daesung’s grin, the gold of his eyes, the angle and point of his ears, the soft down of hair against his neck…

“You’ve been feeding, too,” Jinki says, letting himself fall back against the floor.

Daesung laughs, and there’s a frisson of energy before long blond tails are wrapping around the both of them. A soft prickle against Jinki’s hip lets him know that the claws are out, literally. “Sorry,” he says, sounding entirely unapologetic. “Sex is chaotic. You are, by your very nature, chaotic.”

“I thought you lot ate livers and hearts,” Jinki grunts. He doesn’t really care that Daesung was feeding, too; there was more than enough energy for the both of them, and he’s thinking that this sleepiness is how Jjong and Minho and Taeminnie must feel after a big meal. No wonder they like them.

Daesung’s awkward, prone shrug bounces against his hip. “ Mostly,” he says. “I need the iron. But chaos energy is like… ” he traces a swirl on Jinki’s hip, “like candy. I don’t need it, but I like it. It feels good. Makes life better.”
“Mmm,” Jinki agrees, not really too concerned. It is what it is. He pushes his fingers through Daesung’s hair, taking advantage, for the moment, of the two of them being able to relax the human image, if just for a little while. He likes the feel of Daesung’s hair—his fur—against his super-sensitive fingertips. It’s soothing.

“You have about a thousand years to stop doing that,” Daesung says, and he makes a sound that Jinki’s never heard before, a mix of a squeak and a purr and a hum. He pushes his head up into the other man’s touch, just so there’s no confusion about what it is that Jinki is doing so right.

“Are you trilling at me?” he asks, a little too amused at the thought.

Daesung pauses, nips at his hip. The strange sound returns, a little more musical this time around. “Maybe,” he says. “Now shut up and sleep.”

Jinki does.

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“Where the fuck even were you?” Key hisses, feathers erupting around the thin shield of his face. “I told you to call—”


Key makes a noise that is distinctly unhuman and also distinctly pissed. He opens his mouth, closes it, stomps his foot.

That makes Jinki wince. Key only pitches silent temper tantrums when he’s really, really angry. So angry he’s losing control of his shift kind of angry. Angry enough that he’s stuck without vocal cords that fit the rest of his current body. It’s not a good state for him to be in, not for anyone involved.

Luckily, Jonghyun steps in to defuse the situation. “Kibum,” he says, calm and serious in a way he so rarely is. He places a hand on the other man’s shoulder, careful of the bristling spines of his feathers, gentle because his bones go so thin and hollow like this. “You know how he is after he overfeeds. You’re both just going to end up upset if you do this now. Go ahead. You can pick this
When the skinny man (now more than half bird) has left, Jonghyun turns his attention to Jinki. Well, he actually slaps him across the face, but it’s the same thing.

“Ow!” Jinki yelps, clutching his cheek. “What the hell, Jjong?”

“Do you have any fucking clue how fucking worried we’ve all been?” Jonghyun asks. “We had no idea where you were, who you were with, or what you were doing. Outside of the basic. We’ve all been sitting here waiting to hear that our careers are ended because you fucked up. So congratulations on the sex, now go fucking apologise like you fucking mean it.”

He points a finger down the hall. Wisely, Jinki goes.

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“One,” Jiyong says, draping himself casually across Daesung’s legs, “you owe me for repairing the floors in the practice room. And for airing it out.”

“Fair,” Daesung agrees, because, yes. Fair indeed. He’d hate to have to come up with an explanation for the grooves in the floor left by his claws. Even if people know what he is, that still leaves the awkward “what were you doing?” thing to be explained, and that is a can of worms no one would like to have opened. Having Jiyong repair the floors is far easier on everyone involved, even if it does come with high penalties.

“Two,” Jiyong continues, “if it ever happens again? Do it in their dorm, not ours.” He grimaces. “Four of us all affected by one hungry incubus?”

Daesung can see where this is headed. He waits, anyway.

Jiyong treats him to a distinctly unamused look. “I had to air out our apartment, too.”
End Notes

MASSIVE thank yous to Aeryn28/Meredith-unnie for serving so faithfully as a beta-reader, cheerleader, and enabler. As usual, it's all her fault, especially the good parts.

Also, fuck yeah the title is Britney Spears. Don't even front like you don't know it.

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