Fetishplay

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Fetishplay

by Camelabrakedabra

Summary

Compilation of different kinks and fetishes for different pairings
Algolagnia - Jihoon/Soonyoung

Chapter Notes

Algolagnia: a fetish for pain inflicted on an individuals erogenous zones, particularly the genitals.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jihoon was quite frankly embarrassed about his fetish. He was absolutely disgusted in himself and wished that he'd never found out that he was into what he was into, but he guessed that it was something that he would have to deal with from that point on. He'd tried his hardest to push it to the back of his mind and ignore it completely, but after a while it became hard to get off without having any reference to the kink that he'd developed. He needed it to be included a little bit, even if it wasn't the focus of the session, as much as he'd hoped that it would never, ever get to that point.

The worst part about it was that it came about as a result of a little accident. He'd been having a rather arousing dream - although obviously he'd not realised that he was asleep at the time - but then when he was getting close to finishing up, he felt a sharp pain radiating through his body. He jolted, waking up instantly, and was faced with the surprised expression of Soonyoung. Soonyoung promptly moved back as a flurry of apologies spilt from his lips. He hadn't intended on slamming his knee down directly on Jihoon's crotch, especially not with his full body weight on that one leg. He'd realised immediately when Jihoon let out a low hiss of pain and doubled forward in instant, and he'd never felt so awful about screwing up like that in his life. He'd only gone to wake him up, after all, and he'd ended up leaving him in crippling pain. The next few minutes were spent with Soonyoung bowing low as he apologised for hurting him, having not realised that he would cause that much pain, until Jihoon eventually grumbled that it was okay and he just needed a minute.

The issue, though, was the fact that it came at the exact moment that Jihoon finished in his boxers. He didn't think that it was a result of the knee to his crotch - rather, they were two very separate events - but having them so closely timed worked as a form of instant conditioning. His shitty body had paired up the two events, as if the slam of Soonyoung's knee against his erection was what caused him to finish. It was absolutely ridiculous and it didn't make sense whatsoever, but it ended up playing through Jihoon's head the next time his hand slithered into his boxers. He couldn't help it; he didn't know what it was about that isolated event, but he figured that it was something to do with the vulnerability that came alongside being hurt when he was so aroused and in need of attention. Perhaps it was to do with a lack of sensitivity in the areas that were supposed to respond well to the littlest of touches, or it was a desire for other people to have control of the sensations that tingled through his spine. He didn't really know and didn't think that he'd be finding out anytime soon.

Then there was the issue of watching pornography. He had his usual tastes in that sort of thing - usually involving a short guy being able to score particularly attractive men and women who were around the same height and didn't really care for the fact that the top was very small in build - but he'd never really been into anything hardcore up until that point. It'd come as a bit of a surprise, as a result, when his curiosity had ended up taking over and he found himself thumbing an unusual search into the bar at the top of the screen. Dominatrix. It didn't really fit exactly what he was searching for, but he guessed that it was a start to be able to word it better if he ever searched again. He didn't really like the implication of someone having complete control or humiliating their partner, but he much preferred the idea of them being able to cause pain in a controlled, trusting environment.
Perhaps if he saw it on screen, it would either be sufficient enough for him to simply get off and not need to include it in his sex life, or it would completely put him off.

Of course, it was always going to be the former when he'd ended up getting so deep into the fetish so quickly. It had taken a good few videos for him to find anything that was good enough for his tastes, but then there was one video that completely caught his attention. He watched as a woman strapped a man to a table with a gag in his mouth and then proceeded to drag her long nails over his genitals. She maintained eye contact the entire time, not which instantly gave her all of the power. She could see in his eyes whether he wanted her to be rougher with his nails or whether it was causing too much pain. As much as he couldn't really stand the parts where she was making the guy focus on her pleasure, he was instantly hooked on the fact that she was monitoring him so carefully and bumping up both the pain and the pleasure as time went on. She'd put tight clamps on his chest until his nipples were red and swollen, and had told him straight out that she was going to cause him pain if he finished before she told him that he could; that was probably the hottest part of the entire thing.

Jihoon couldn't keep his eyes off the screen. He was anticipating the climax that would inevitably result in the man being punished, and it was absolutely perfect when it hit. His partner seemed disgusted as she dug her nails into his balls, squeezing until they were purple and holding for thirty seconds as he screamed in pain underneath her. When she pulled away, the deep crescent nail marks showed that she'd genuinely pressed in deep enough to cause him pain. It had Jihoon finishing in an instant, and he was left slumped against the pillows on his bed as he completely reconsidered the fact that he'd masturbated to that sort of thing. He felt filthy and disgusting, but also desperate to give it a shot as soon as he was able to. He wouldn't be able to buy any bondage gear to be able to help him out - not in a house full of boys who went through each other's things and told the rest of the group if they found anything unusual around - so he would just have to be subtle and work with what he could find.

It quickly became part of his regular masturbation routine. He'd sunk low enough to 'borrow' two of Jisoo's forks so that he could squeeze his nipples using the gaps between the tines, and he'd even grown his nails enough to be able to dig them into his skin whenever he felt that it was appropriate to do so. It wasn't ideal, but he guessed that it was what he had to do for the moment. He could hardly ask someone to come along and press their knee into his crotch as Soonyoung had done that one time, and he doubted that any of them would be happy to come in and bite him hard either. If he did manage to convince someone to come in and help him out a bit, he was sure that they would end up being gentle with him or holding back if he did ask them to be rougher, and that was probably the last thing that he wanted to happen. The thought of disappointing sex, in which his fetish wasn't fulfilled completely in the process, was worse than not having anyone who was willing to help him out in the first place.

And so he continued to do it where possible. His eyes would close, he'd tug himself roughly and develop a rhythm as soon as he was able to do so, and then he would start to hurt himself. He'd bit his free arm, pinch himself until he was sure that his milky skin was starting to bruise, drag his nails across the skin of his stomach or thighs, and then would gradually start to get more intense with the pain. He could pinch right at the tip of his length between the nails of his thumb and forefinger, trying desperately to choke back a groan as he did so, and would then move down to pull and twist his balls until they felt as if they were going to rip straight from his body. Each time, his entire body would spark with a mix of pain and pleasure, sending tingles through his spine and every single nerve in the localised area that he was toying with, until it would end up fueling his arousal further. It would eventually bring him close to the edge, to the point where he could feel the painfully red length throbbing with the desperate need to release, and then he would eventually do one last drastic act - something like pulling his hair almost hard enough to rip it from his scalp - so that his body would give into desire.
Every orgasm felt magical when it happened, since he was always able to do something that he really enjoyed the sensation of to get there, but the aftermath was messy. At that point, he would feel incredibly guilty about everything that he’d done and would end up reflecting on absolutely everything. He would hate the fact that he’d needed to finish so badly, that his body had reacted to the pain so much, that he’d spent the entire time biting into his shirt or pillow or a stuffed animal so that he could stop the lewd moans of desire from escaping his throat and outing him as some sort of sexual sadist who needed to feel pain to get off.

As time went on, though, he found that touching himself in the dorm was getting to be incredibly difficult whilst keeping the risk of being caught relatively low. Whilst he wouldn't really care if he wasn't exercising his fetish, seeing as he was sure that they'd all walked in each other masturbating at some point or another, the last thing he wanted was for someone else to find him ripping at his skin or with bruises all over his body. There was already some concern about the fact that he’d been seen to have bruises on his arms whenever he wore a t-shirt, and the last thing he wanted to do was show everyone that it was a result of a kink. He was hypervigilant about it for the most part, but it became increasingly hard to keep his arousal going strong when he was so worried that someone would find him in that state.

So he ended up taking it to the practice room instead. It was actually timed well; they were preparing for a comeback and so he was on tight deadlines to get the compositions finished. He ended up staying in his own studio late so that he could get it finished, even when the only other person left in the building was Soonyoung himself, and so it gave him the space to drop his guard. Jihoon fully trusted that Soonyoung wouldn't disturb him because he was working on the performance of every single one of their songs, and so he didn't really have time to come in and bother him. As a result, he was free to pull himself out of his trousers whenever he found that it was difficult to stay focused. It was something that would ground him for a while and allowed him to take his mind straight back to his work, and so he took full advantage of it.

It ended up taking a good three weeks for him to be caught doing it, in the end. It had come as a huge surprise for both of them, but a frustrated Soonyoung had gone into his studio to tell him that he was getting sick of the dance that he was working on. It wasn't going as he planned and part of it didn't look right, but he was struggling to figure out what exactly the problem was. Of course, instead of instinctively covering himself up when his friend walked into the room, Jihoon was left frozen on the spot with one hand around a still-hard dick, the other wrapped tightly around his balls so that any flash of skin that was visible between his fingers was swollen and red, and a good amount of his pre-release dribbling down the side of his hand.

Soonyoung gasped when he noticed, and that told Jihoon that it was too late to try to cover it up. He winced and slowly moved his hands away, making sure to tuck himself back into his jeans as he tried to find some sanitiser gel on his desk. He didn't really know how to recover from that, especially when he finally made eye contact with his friend again and naturally scowled in his direction. His friend stammered out an apology for walking in without knocking, and although Jihoon tried to act as if it didn't bother him, it was quite obvious that he was bothered by it. He figured that he had the right to be bothered by it, given the situation that he was in, but instead of being faced with scorn, Soonyoung muttered something about helping him if he needed it. They were close enough, he said, and it would be the least he could do to make it up to him.

It was rather strange hearing that from one of his friends, especially when they weren't really the sort of guys to touch each other like that and generally just left each other to get on with it if they caught other people in compromising situations. Jihoon couldn't even begin to count the number of times that he'd walked into Chan's room to see his junior's hand stuffed into his boxers, and although some of the other members teased and suggested that maybe he should help, Jihoon had never felt the urge to help. Likewise, he knew that Soonyoung had seen some of the other members doing that sort of
thing before but had never confessed to helping them out with their issues.

Yet, this time it was personal. Whilst Jihoon would usually reject and ask him to get out whilst he finished up, he could feel a tingle in his spine telling him to take Soonyoung up on the offer. After all, he'd been the one to cause his problems with causing pain to get off. It was essentially his fault that Jihoon ended up searching for that sort of thing online, and his fault that he could only have a good climax if he felt the burn of pain prickling through some part of his body or another. His friend told him that he needed something to take away the stress of the dance practice anyway, and perhaps they would be able to help each other out in that sense if Jihoon would allow him to do so. Of course, if he was so insistent on it, Jihoon was hardly going to reject him.

He was sure that a part of it was wanting to feel the pain that Soonyoung's hands could inflict on him. He wasn't sure whether Soonyoung would do well when it came to dominating him, but he guessed that it was always worth a shot. If he could do what he did with his knee accidentally, any intentional hurting would feel like heaven, Jihoon figured.

He wasted absolutely no time in pulling Soonyoung closer to his chair and tugging his sweatpants straight down to his knees. The gaze that they exchanged showed that Jihoon knew exactly what he wanted, and he was going to get exactly what he wanted straight away. He didn't want to have to say it out loud, and he fully expected that his friend would catch on to what to do rather quickly. Boxers were pulled down enough to reveal his still-soft length, then Jihoon promptly adjusted the position of his chair so that the back was pressed firmly against the door. At that point, he tugged Soonyoung closer again and moved one of his friend's hands to his hair so that he could control the thrusts perfectly. He sucked as roughly as he could right from the start, not even caring if it was sloppy or didn't focus on his friend's pleasure as directly as he would usually do in that sort of situation.

Thankfully, Soonyoung understood what he wanted. Between the hand in soft locks of hair and the way that Jihoon was swallowing him greedily, he knew that he wanted it rough. It was a huge relief when he parted his fingers and slid them deeper into Jihoon's hair, before gripping hard and hooking his fingers to the side. Jihoon could feel his scalp hurting straight away but still proceeded to move his head encouragingly between his friend's thighs until he felt the hand moving him instead. Suddenly, his throat became soft and complying, and the thrusts began. That was the absolute highlight of it all; he could feel himself gagging every time the length slammed into the back of his throat, but it was a sensation that went straight to his length.

"Do you want me to get you off at the same time?" Soonyoung asked between soft grunts as he continued to slam mercilessly into Jihoon's throat. The smaller boy gave a quick nod around the length, making sure to punctuate it with another piercing stare in hopes that it would show his friend that he needed him right away. Soonyoung was quick to pull out as soon as he got the nod of approval, leaving Jihoon panting hard as a thick string of drool started on its way down his chin.

"What do you want?" There was no holding back the fire now that he'd asked. Whilst Jihoon could have left it and just allowed his friend to get him off normally, he needed to get that bit of extra contact from him. He needed to feel the sensation of Soonyoung hurting him until he was crying out around his length.

Initially, when he mentioned it, he was faced with a surprised expression. "You want me to do what?" Soonyoung asked as he tried to figure out how to approach the situation properly. Jihoon simply gave a sigh before repeating what he'd said. "I want you to hurt me. Slap me around, choke me, pinch me, bruise me. I'll stroke myself as you do it."

"But I couldn't possibly..."
"Soonyoung, I'm really turned on by pain. You don't have to do it if you're uncomfortable, but I want you to know that I'll have to hurt myself in front of you otherwise so that I can get off."
He considered it for a moment, clearly feeling torn between going ahead with it and refraining from hurting him. He didn't know how to approach it and it was incredibly obvious. Eventually he just gave a little nod, and Jihoon felt his stomach flip as the grip tightened on his hair again. "I'm not going to ask you about it because it's your business, but I'll do it if it gets you off. Double tap me if I'm hurting you too much." That was good enough for Jihoon. His friend got straight to work without giving himself the chance to overthink it and end up backing out on what he was planning to do, and that was what he needed.

The first thing Jihoon noticed was that Soonyoung was good at treating him roughly. He probably didn't realise just how much pain he sent through the smaller boy's body as he pinched and scratched him, but Jihoon was hardly complaining. He figured that it was a bonus of having a much larger guy toying with him. Soonyoung pinched his nipple hard between two fingers to the point where he felt a wave of nausea hit his stomach, and then the tweaking sent instant pleasure straight to his length. The process started again on the other nipple just a minute later, and then Soonyoung proceeded to move his hand up so that he could dig his nails into his collarbone. Jihoon couldn't help but moan around him in response, and that only spurred his friend on further.

It was a bit of a shame that he couldn't feel Soonyoung's pretty nails pressing firmly into his length, balls or ass, but it was a bit hard for him to lean down to do, Jihoon figured. He wasn't prepared to ask for what he wanted when it meant that Soonyoung would end up sacrificing his own pleasure, but he guessed that it was something that he could always ask for in the future. After all, whilst it took a lot to get himself off when he was both hurting himself and jerking off, this was a different story. He could relax under the sensation of him digging his nails in, even though he could feel the pain radiating throughout his body, and completely focused on the sensation of the thrusts into his mouth and the rough tugs that he were getting him closer and closer to the edge.

As expected, it didn't take all that long for them to finish. Soonyoung pulled out right at the last minute and finished on Jihoon's cheek, whilst Jihoon dribbled out over his hand. For a moment, they just sat there in silence. Neither particularly wanted to comment on what they'd done, and they guessed that that was the best. In the end, Soonyoung simply offered his friend a tissue before suggesting that perhaps they could get back to their work and go home together in around an hour. They could pick up some dinner at a fast food place and spend a while discussing their days if that would make it easier to deal with everything that was happening around them. They ended up picking out a place to eat on the spot and promptly parted so that they could finish up as soon as possible, and that was that.

Jihoon supposed, as he got back to work, that perhaps his fetish wasn't as bad or embarrassing as he thought. He'd expected that it would've been a lot worse, with him having to explain himself and being shamed for it, but he guessed that it was the best case scenario that Soonyoung was there to encourage him to accept his feelings and simply get on with it. Of course, he didn't think that it was going to develop for them between then, but he guessed at least it left him feeling arguably more satisfied than he would've been if he was having to pleasure himself.

Chapter End Notes

I wanted to start the new year with a bang (literally) but it's been 2018 here for over an hour and I just got distracted, but here it is finally!! It's going to end up being a huge compilation of different unrelated kinks and fetishes and different pairings.

I'm not sure when it's going to be updated now, but I'll post the regular day when I have
the chance to do it.

Thank you for reading!! <3
Junhui wished that he could say that he wasn't really embarrassed by his fetish, but that would be a filthy lie. It was something that had filled him with shame since he was a teenager, and it only grew to be more of a problem as time went on.

Then he became an idol and everything was instantly screwed for him. Whilst he was relieved that no one fit his criteria to start with, that wasn't really going to stay the case for the duration of his career. He knew that right from the start, and that was what made things worse for him. There were two slightly chubbier boys in the group, and both had had suggestions right from the start that they should try to cut down the calories. They were doing a lot of dance practice - a lot of moving about and jumping and singing and really getting into the choreography - so of course they were eventually going to start losing weight. He swore it was his biggest nightmare, and that nightmare was soon thrust at him with full force when Seungkwan noticed a recurring theme in the comments that he received from fans.

"You would look cute if you lost a bit of weight," they told him. "Drop a few pounds and you'll be a real cutie." It was a shitty comment and everyone in the group knew it. To start with, he was reluctant to try to lose weight. He didn't want to feel pressured into doing that sort of thing when he was healthy and happy. Then he changed it to not wanting to lose too much weight. After all, they were doing a lot of exercise as it was, and the managers made sure to stress the importance of taking in enough calories to them. They didn't want the trainees to start passing out from not eating enough. It eventually got to be too much for Seungkwan to see the messages, though, and so he soon decided that he was going to start eating cleaner in order to lose weight a bit faster.

It gave Junhui a bit of hope, that his friend would end up dropping the weight incredibly fast and would miss the "optimal weight" stage, instead shooting straight for the slim, well-toned idol stage. It was only natural that he wasn't going to be so lucky when he wished for something so extreme, and so it ended up coming back to hit him very shortly after he'd found himself begging for a successful weight loss regime for the other idol. Seungkwan hit that awkward phase in which his body wasn't handling having dropped so many inches in such a short space of time, and so he ended up having a brief period in which his stomach had a slight curve.

Junhui tried to keep his eyes to himself. He tried so hard that he was certain that it would end up working out for him and his luck would finally be in. Then Seungkwan stretched and he swore the mental image of his stomach curve was sent straight to the wank bank, ready for as soon as they got home from training that evening. He couldn't keep his eyes off Seungkwan's body. Every time he thought about it, he would look back over at the younger boy, and whenever there was a flash of torso he found himself unable to drag his eyes away. By the end of the dance practice, he'd seen it from all angles; sometimes stretched and elongated, and other times soft and hanging ever so slightly over the edge of the too-loose trousers that were always slipping off his hips.
He was embarrassed about it, frankly, plus relatively disgusted in the way that he had such little self-control. He could hardly even pretend that he wasn't jerking off to the thought of his friend's shirt coming up around four inches. He was literally touching himself to about four inches of skin. Junhui was so disappointed in himself, but he couldn't even stop. He tried. He really, really tried. But there was something about the slight pudge that really got Junhui's blood boiling. Every time he thought about it, he was left imagining how it would feel to rub his face against the soft skin of Seungkwan's torso. He wanted to rub himself against the curve of his stomach, maybe give little nips to his navel and perhaps even trace the shape of his stomach with his mouth.

It was absolutely ridiculous. He couldn't even begin to describe the number of times in which he ended up touching himself to that same image. It didn't end up happening again for quite some time after that, which Junhui was thankful for, but it meant that with every passing day, the image of Seungkwan's stomach was slowly starting to become fuzzy in his mind. Eventually, he ended up having to go back to the exact videos that he used to watch beforehand - ones that he'd picked out especially because of that exact body shape being visible on screen - and so the younger boy was finally free from the grasp of the Chinese member's horrible, terrible mind once again.

Of course, it wasn't something that was going to last long at all. It was as if whatever deity was out there wanted to test every bit of patience that Junhui had. It was like it was determined to make his life a living hell. Soon after Seungkwan managed to drop his weight, Soonyoung followed similarly. He'd received comments about his weight as well, and whilst it didn't affect him too much at the start of his time as an idol, it soon started to grate on him until he was left considering whether he wanted to lose weight or not. He didn't want to be the only chubby one in the group, especially not when the effect of having loose shirts to wear was that his navel was on display more than anyone else's ever was. It was a more gradual process for him in the end, since he didn't want to drop it too fast in case he ended up being stuck for a while, but that ultimately meant that he would make it drag out for Junhui.

From that exchange, he got a lot of different images to work from. Soonyoung had a habit of simply wrapping a towel around his waist when he got out of the shower. He preferred to get dry and dressed in his bedroom instead. It meant that Junhui was frequently faced with not only the sight of Soonyoung's soft stomach but also the slight mounds underneath his nipples and the curve of his hips, too. His hips were quite possibly the best part. Junhui would have given absolutely anything to just grab the slight chub around Soonyoung's hips as he guided him down onto his length. Or anyone else who had those slight love-handles, for that matter. He wasn't really fussy about whose body it was on exactly.

Likewise, despite the fact that he started to wear more fitted clothes once he'd lost a decent amount of weight, he still enjoyed wearing hoodies with shirts underneath for dance practice. When he was hot and sweaty, he would remove the jumper in front of them all. His stomach would show, the image would be saved for later. Junhui was incredibly thankful for all of the imagery that Soonyoung gave him; it meant that he would be able to keep himself going with the fresh content for quite a long time before the images started to fade in his mind again.

By that point, there was another. Chan's baby fat started to fade, which left him with that damn curve to his stomach. Junhui didn't really want to think of the group's maknae in that sort of way, but he figured that by that point, Chan was an adult so it wasn't as creepy as it could be. He watched more pornography than the rest of the dorm combined, and he'd even confessed to touching himself over other idols in the past, whenever they were away from home and he had no other material to work with. Junhui knew that it was probably rather weird for him to be imagining Chan's stomach here and there, even though it was confined more to his daydreams rather than his bedroom habits. It was more about how he'd wasted his teenage years on trying to suppress his primal urges to act his fetish out because he would've certainly had a great time exploring his sexuality when he and his peers
were all hitting puberty, as opposed to being miserable the entire time and only embracing it as he got older.

In the end, they decided to start dating. It was something that had been decided in the spur of the moment. It started with a gentle kiss in the practice room after a rather intensive dance practice session. They were working towards a duet piece together and there was a significant amount of passion between them. They finished their first successful run through and the stare that they shared let them both know that they wanted each other more than anything. Junhui kissed him, Minghao kissed back. Junhui asked him whether he wanted to make something of it, and Minghao agreed that it was a good time to start a relationship of sorts. Granted, it did lead to them making out heavily against one of the walls, but it had at least started out as being something gentle and loving.

That was when he realised that it was maybe something that he could suppress for the most part. Perhaps he would be able to convince Minghao to put on a tiny bit of weight here and there, but he wasn't all that bothered about it now that his new relationship came above an attraction to a very particular body shape. After all, he could always seek out some pornographic videos and watch them if he felt like he really had to immerse himself in it, and then perhaps they would be able to embrace it in the future when they didn't have the pressure of adhering to idol beauty standards.

And so it was pushed to the back of his mind for a while. He loved Minghao's body anyway. It didn't really fit exactly, but he was soft and had a cute body shape. Despite the fact that he was slim and not all that muscular, he had cute little pecs, which instantly earned bonus points in Junhui’s mind. He loved being able to see them and give them little bites and nips and just take them into his mouth whenever they were available for him to do so. In fact, Minghao even encouraged him to do so. For a guy, he had incredibly sensitive nipples and rather liked it when his boyfriend played with them. It wasn't something that he was going to shy away from when he liked it so much, even if it wasn't typically seen as being a masculine thing to enjoy.

All was well and good for the longest time, until Minghao ended up travelling back to China to spend time with his parents for a few weeks. Whilst it was something that shouldn't have bothered Junhui all too much, it was a given that when he returned from their house, he'd put on a bit of weight. His grandma had insisted on filling him to the brim with homemade sweets and cakes, and his mom had given him a lot of tasty foods. It was things that they didn't usually have in the dorm; usually calorie-filled carbs and sweet soups. Whilst for the most part, Minghao was easily able to metabolise whatever food he ate during the day and had very few issues when he did so much exercise, it was a completely different story when he was away from home and didn't manage to keep up the dancing quite as well. As a result, he ended up with a swollen bump for a stomach when he arrived back, and it immediately caught Junhui's attention when he met him at the airport.

"I've put on so much weight since you last saw me," Minghao grumbled as they made their way out towards the car that was supposed to be escorting them home, "I hope you don't find my food baby ugly." Junhui kept his mouth shut to start with, figuring that the last thing their security team needed was to hear about how he wanted to rub himself over the thought of seeing Minghao's bare stomach, but he figured that it was something that would eventually have to come out into the open now that he was given the opportunity to see that side of Minghao. It was new territory for him to be in a relationship with someone who had now managed to cross the boundary and have the perfect body shape, and so he figured that it was best to mention it before it got too late to do so.

It was a struggle to get it out in the end, much worse than Junhui actually thought it would be. In the end, he had to turn away from Minghao when they were sitting alone in his bedroom and say it out loud. "Minghao, I think you look a lot sexier with a slight bit of chub." It sounded a lot more simple than he had imagined, but it obviously raised a lot of questions from his boyfriend as a result. Was he into bigger guys? Was he a feeder or something? Was it something that was always there, or did
Minghao suddenly flip a switch in his head? "I think I have a fetish for very certain body shapes. Obviously I'm still into you whether you're how you were before you left, whether you're this size, or whether you're bigger than this, but I'm just really sexually attracted to you right now."

The words barely made it out of his mouth. Junhui could feel his heart rising into his throat as he waited for a reaction, but thankfully Minghao simply gave a gently - but not critical-sounding - sigh before shuffling forward to hug his back. "You could be into weirder things, and I guess at least I don't have to worry about putting on a bit of weight when I go home. How do you wanna do this? You rub against it or something? Dip into my navel or something? I can get shirtless if you want, and we can always just let things happen naturally."

Junhui swore that he couldn't have been happier when he realised that Minghao was actually rather supportive and was even willing to help him out with it. Whilst he didn't really see the appeal as such, he guessed that there were a lot worse things to be sexually interested in. After all, he didn't really think that he could deal with Junhui having a bloodplay kink, and scat was an absolute hard limit for him. Having his boyfriend rubbing against his stomach was a bit unusual, in his opinion, especially when he didn't have an extreme body type or anything, but he guessed that it wouldn't really affect him all that much whether Junhui just looked at him or whether he actually touched the slight curve of his stomach. It could even be intimate, he mused, and that was something he was always supportive of.

Junhui had never been so happy in his life. He turned to face Minghao as he took off his shirt, watching how inch by inch of flesh was slowly becoming visible before his eyes, until finally the younger boy let his arms drop down by his side and the slight pouch dropped down slightly too. It was beautiful. It was just like he'd imagined; not too extreme, since Minghao hadn't gone too overboard with his eating whilst he was away from home, but still poking out over the waistband of his trousers ever so slightly. He moved a hand forward to cup the curve of his stomach and then gently stroked from one side to the other with his fingertips. The skin was soft under his touch, and so he gave a gentle squeeze, just to test it.

That was all he needed. Junhui was ready to go in a matter of seconds. He could feel himself stiffening at the thought of rubbing up against Minghao's torso, especially when his boyfriend laid back against the pillow to give him full access to his body. In the end, Junhui ended up leaning down to press a litter of gentle kisses against his boyfriend's stomach before getting to the main event. His belt was unbuckled, trousers kicked off with almost enough speed for his kneecaps to break, and then he was straight over to start grinding himself against his boyfriend.

Minghao jumped when they first made contact. It was followed by a nervous laugh, although Junhui didn't know whether it was a good sign or not. "I didn't expect you to be completely stiff already," he confessed as he moved his hands to cover his embarrassed face. It was clear that he was a bit worried about how it would go down and whether he would enjoy what they were about to do, and Junhui could hardly tell him that it was stupid to feel scared. It was something new and he didn't know what to expect when he allowed his fetish to surface in the bedroom. He leaned down to press a kiss to Minghao's forehead before pointing out that he would always stop if he was asked to do so and as much as he was really into what he was about to do, he wasn't prepared to let it happen if it was going to leave his boyfriend feeling uncomfortable. He was stiff because he was honestly and truly attracted to the sight of Minghao, and he hoped that that wouldn't make him feel weird about the entire situation.

The younger boy shook his head a little. "Please go ahead with it." That was where it started to get serious again. Junhui slowly began to rub the clothed organ against his boyfriend's stomach, making sure to drag it across the curves so that he could feel himself really starting to tingle with desire. It took a while for him to eventually decide to seek out some lubricant and rub it all over the skin with
his hands, making sure to massage it in as best as possible to show that he really cared for his boyfriend and it wasn't all about the sex, and that seemingly calmed Minghao down a good deal. He wasn't really objecting as it was, but he did seem a little tense here and there. Again, it was probably from the experience of trying a new thing and not anything to worry about, but it was certainly going to be something that Junhui was going to monitor very closely throughout the session.

Once the skin was sufficiently coated with enough lubricant to reduce the drag, he got to work. It started with slow movements, with his length rubbing over the skin until his balls were resting against the underside of Minghao's stomach, and then he would gradually pull back until it was just the tip against his skin again. It stayed like that for a good few minutes, with Junhui teasing himself as much as he could manage by being so unbelievably slow with his thrusts until finally he decided that self-control wasn't worth it any longer. At that point, he began to pick up the pace, making sure to monitor his boyfriend's expression as he did so until eventually, he started to feel the pleasure building up deep inside of him. It didn't take all too long, if he was being honest, but he guessed that it was his first time playing out his fetish in person with someone who he loved and admired a lot, so it was fair enough for him to be able to finish rather quickly. Minghao didn't seem to mind either, so he wasn't really going to try to hold his climax back for too long.

From the moment that he started to feel the warmth of an oncoming orgasm building in the pit of his stomach, Junhui's thrusts grew to be more desperate and erratic. He positioned himself so that his tip would catch on Minghao's navel with each thrust; he would be pushing up against it but not dipping too far into it, since it was rather shallow and he would end up hurting his boyfriend if he tried to fit inside of him, but it was good enough for him to be able to feel as if he was truly experiencing everything that Minghao's torso had to offer for him. The warmth continued to build, with his climax gradually coming closer until he finally hit the edge and forced himself to pull back slightly so that he could paint Minghao's stomach with white stripes.

It took a moment for him to ground himself again, but then it was absolutely worth it to be able to look at Minghao from a slight distance. The sight was even better than he could have imagined. There were shiny wet streaks across his body from where the lubricant had been rubbed into his skin, streaks from where his length had left trails in the lubricant, and then thick patches of his release all over Minghao's lower stomach. He could see some of it starting to dribble down toward the bed and leaned down to guide it back towards the centre of his stomach again with the side of his finger, then proceeded to rub it in a bit. It was like he was making his mark on his boyfriend, and it was the best finish to intimacy that he'd had in a long time. He wanted more than anything to take a photo of the mess that he'd made, just so that he would be able to keep it with him at all times, but he figured that it would probably be pushing it a bit too far when Minghao had been kind enough to let him touch him like that.

"You seemed to enjoy that," the younger boy mused as he shifted to sit up. "Did you like as much as you thought you would? Is there anything else that I can do to make it feel just that little bit better for you?"

"It was perfect," Junhui insisted with a smile. He was glowing with pride and he knew it without even having to look at himself. And it was the absolute truth; he didn't think that his boyfriend could even do anything else to make the experience any better for him.

"Now, I'm guessing that we can do other stuff as well, since you've never really mentioned your fetish to me before, but I think we can do it again sometime, if you'd really like that. I'll try not to lose too much weight over the next few weeks."

That was all Junhui asked for. The occasional chance to let the deep, dark side of him free for a couple of hours.
Chapter End Notes

It's been a while because of exams and such, but here's the second chapter!! Despite the fact that both of the chapters so far have included clear things going on between the pairings, it won't always be the case, plus it won't always include them as idols because it's sort of hard to write that with certain kinks, fetishes and paraphilias that will be coming up!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Asphyxiophilia: a fetish for the thought and/or act of strangulation, mostly inflicted by another person.

"Do you want to die?" Minghao hissed as he playfully pushed his friend. It wasn't hard enough for it to knock him over, but it was enough to make Wonwoo jolt. "Do I need to choke you out or something?"

He'd been teasing the younger boy quite a lot, so he admittedly deserved it. Yet, Minghao had a strange way of sensing things about the other members of the group, and that was coming into play right away. It was something that Wonwoo had never really noticed until he was in that sort of situation, but it seemed as if Minghao had a sixth sense. Not with ghosts or anything - rather, an ability to figure out what would hit a person's sore spots right away. It was never anything that really, truly hurt, but he always managed to get what would make them twitch. It was an ability that even he didn't seem to know he had, though. There was an intuitive side to him, in which he would be able to accurately guess how the other group members felt and would blurt it out, but then when he took a step back from the situation, he was confused by his own words.

That was exactly what had happened right there.

The usual wit that Wonwoo snapped back with completely melted away for a moment; he faulted, and that moment of hesitation served as confirmation. He could feel heat prickling up from the base of his spine, all the way up to the back of his neck. He instantly felt himself starting to perspire with nervousness now that Minghao had hit the mark yet again, although he quickly tried to brush it off by forcing a smirk to meet his lips. "Is that the best you can do?" he asked, hoping more than anything that his pause would suggest expectancy over an agreement. And, of course, he had to take it just a step further. He knew some of Minghao's darker thoughts and feelings, so he searched in his mind for something that would add fuel to the fire that was sparking between them. "In return, perhaps I should sit on your face or something, then. I heard you beg some of the older boys to mount you like you're Pinnochio or something."

Thank goodness, it seemed to work well. Minghao's entire body tensed as he stared at his senior with a mix of horror and admiration on his face. He hadn't expected that comeback whatsoever, which was great for Wonwoo. It meant that he was quiet again; not really knowing how to respond to what he'd heard. He hesitated for a lot longer than Wonwoo had done before finally, his lips broke into a grin and he playfully shoved his senior harder. "I think you're telling me now that you definitely want to die! I'm going to take you down, you asshole. I can't believe you had the nerve--"

It was just the usual sort of interaction between them. Wonwoo usually kept to himself, but he had a bit of a soft spot for Minghao. He could be playfully cruel with him at times, and the younger boy would simply deliver it back harder. It often ended up with them playfighting when there was no one else around - just playfighting, though - and frankly, it brought out the childishness in Wonwoo that was rarely even shown. He felt like he could be a lot more open with Minghao, since they both had that bit of an edge to them and he wasn't even afraid of hurting him. If anything, the Chinese boy
would do a flip and kick him straight in the side of the head, if he ended up getting injured. He wasn't afraid to do so, either; a particularly hard shove from Mingyu that had left him on the floor resulted in Minghao kicking him hard enough in the shoulder to leave a bruise. That had meant getting a lot of scolding from the producer for being so immature and causing bodily harm, but Mingyu had confessed that it was his fault and he probably bruised Minghao too.

Yet, there was something about this one situation that stirred something in Wonwoo. For starters, Minghao had never really picked up on his sore spots before. They weren't sure what it was, but usually he mentioned weird things that Wonwoo did during the day instead. He was half asleep when he was making his breakfast and accidentally poured milk into the rice steamer instead of water. He'd borrowed Junhui's comb and accidentally dropped it into the bin, then simply put it back on the bathroom side. He'd said "thank you" to a fan when they asked how he was feeling, since he was just running on coffee and half a sandwich that day. Those were the topics that Minghao had always picked up on; it was just strange Wonwoo things that were funny but harmless. For a guy with an IQ that was one standard deviation above average, plus a knack for consistently excellent school grades and an impressive memory, he sometimes did really ridiculous things. That was how he liked it. Being ripped on over those sorts of things served as a reminder that Wonwoo was human and occasionally screwed up, and that was great for him.

But then his friend had suddenly had the urge to mention choking. A quick question about it later went to prove that it had just slipped out and he'd not really considered that Wonwoo would actually want to be choked, but he guessed that it was something that could be arranged. Minghao gave a playful wink before getting back to his work, and so Wonwoo was simply left to dwell on his own thoughts for a while.

Interestingly, choking was something that he'd been introduced to through erotic literature. There was always at least one situation where the character on bottom had a man's hand around their throat as they were slammed into the wall or mattress. He'd been intrigued enough to give it a shot on his own, since he'd had no one else to really try it with, and had been amazed at how it felt. Obviously, the bonus was that his body had a survival instinct to stop him from accidentally choking himself to death, so he had no concerns about that sort of thing. Perhaps another person wouldn't be able to reflect that same bonus quite as well if they had done it for him but then again, perhaps it would've felt even better.

The sensation was hard to describe. He closed his eyes as he let his hand move to his neck and pressed on either side of his cervical vertebrae. He could feel the gentle throbbing of his pulse against his fingertips; it was a sure sign that he was alive and existing in the world, as unusual that sounded. He liked the feeling of the pads of his fingers touching the skin, even without the choking part. Wonwoo took pride in the fact that his fingertips were soft, even though his masculinity was typically thought to come alongside some toughness in his touches. It was a guilty little pleasure that he didn't really care to share with anyone. He did hope that it would eventually be someone else's guilty pleasure too, but it would take a while for him to get comfortable enough to let anyone else feel the softness of the pads of his fingers.

With a deep breath in, he gave a squeeze. It wasn't hard enough to hurt, but was just enough to make it feel as if he couldn't breathe. He knew that his face was going red right away - his body was always quick to respond to the choking sensation - but he simply bit down on his lower lip as he moved another shaking hand down to stroke between his thighs. He hadn't managed to get completely stiff from the choking, sadly, but it had left him twitching with anticipation at the very least. Already, he could feel the dribble of pre-release on his inner thigh. It was something that he hadn't really noticed until his hand slipped into his trousers and he felt the dampness dribble down to the back of his thigh. It was something that he would have to remember to clean up, he told himself; the last thing he wanted to do was walk out into the main room with a damp mark on the back of his
thigh. That wouldn't even be subtle in the slightest.

So he simply went ahead with it. It took a moment to get himself warmed up, but then his hand soon began to move on its own; pumping him slowly but firmly until he reached full height. It didn't take too long for it to get to that point, as whatever blood was struggling around his throat was being sent straight down to accommodate his erection instead. He adjusted his hand so that the skin attaching his forefinger to his thumb pressed directly over his throat, whilst his fingers moved to rest just underneath his jaw. He could feel the slightest bob underneath his hand with every attempt to hold back noise. He sped up the rough tugs on his length, making sure to be as quiet as possible so that none of the other boys could hear him, but it proved to be a huge struggle as a low groan escaped his lips when he parted them to take a breath.

His punishment was a firmer grasp on his throat. *Did I tell you that noise was allowed?* he imagined a much larger man telling him as he pressed down, *I don't think I did. You need to learn to keep your mouth shut.* That moment of imagination was what got him to finish right away. He'd not really expected that his body would react in that sort of way - not so soon anyway - but then he ended up with a puddle just above his waistband before he could even register what had happened. For a moment, he just stayed there on the spot in complete silence. As his body began to recover, he dropped the hand from his neck and then eventually picked himself up into a sitting position, before reaching over to grab a tissue so that he could clean himself up.

Frankly, though, what had started out as a small kink eventually started to develop.

It was made worse by none other than Kim Mingyu. He was a bad influence, Wonwoo decided, and that was the only reason why it had started to evolve. Otherwise, he was certain that he would've simply allowed choking to be one of those things that would only come up here and there, when he felt as if he needed to get his orgasm over and done with, or needed that little bit extra to get him to finish.

He would hardly say that he was actively looking to explore the kink but from the moment Mingyu caught him trying to strangle himself in his bedroom, there was no going back at all. He watched as the younger boy stared at him in confusion for a moment before his eyes flickered to where Wonwoo's other hand was resting, and suddenly it all clicked. His lips curled into a grin and he knew right away that he was getting to see something that no one else had ever seen before. "Wonwoo," he said, his voice sounding triumphant, as if he'd made a discovery that would save lives. "Are you masturbating?" It was blatantly obvious that he was, so Wonwoo didn't bother to dignify the question with an answer. Instead, he tugged his hands straight out of his boxers and rolled to the side in order to avoid Mingyu's gaze.

There was a moment of silence before he continued again, although this time he seemed to be even more interested. "Sometimes the other guys in the house masturbate each other. You know, when they really want to feel another person but don't have a romantic partner." He wasn't even subtle with his hinting. Wonwoo could tell right away that he wanted to come over and help him out, and so he slowly turned back to face him with one eyebrow raised. "What if I don't want to feel another person's touch?" he asked, trying to make his voice sound more curious than threatening despite his irritation over the interruption.

Mingyu's smile grew goofy and sweet as he tilted his head to one side. "Well, I think you might want that from the way that you're asking. You don't seem upset by the suggestion." Wonwoo couldn't really give any answer against that; he simply sat there for a moment in silence as he waited for Mingyu to continue, and didn't even protest when the younger boy moved forward to sit on the edge of his bed.
It started off a huge period of exploration. He'd started with basic strangulation as he stroked Wonwoo's length but then soon followed it up by actually screwing him as he held down on his throat. Wonwoo found that whilst he'd never been able to finish from penetration alone in the past, the choking had brought him there with no problems at all. They then followed it up by testing different methods of choking. Gagging as Mingyu used his mouth as a sleeve was something that he loathed, and it was something that they definitely wouldn't be trying again; Wonwoo's gag reflex was incredibly poor, even when he tried pressing on his thumb to suppress it. He'd ended up coughing to the point where he vomited, leaving them in an awkward situation as Mingyu was left to clean up the mess.

Choking with other items, on the other hand, sometimes worked to their advantage. Wonwoo was rather fond of having a dog collar clipped tightly around his neck, provided that Mingyu took him from behind and pulled hard enough on the leash loop to put pressure on his throat. Although it wasn't his favourite method, it was one that he still enjoyed at the time. Another that he particularly enjoyed was using a scarf to apply pressure. It probably wasn't the best to use something like that, and it was a big enough risk for them to involve both a safe word and a double tap rule, just in case Wonwoo did feel as if he was about to pass out from the pressure, but it was something that had left him feeling light and dizzy in a good way.

Even so, his absolute favourite was still manual choking.

It was something that Mingyu gradually got better at over time, to the point where Wonwoo struggled to hit climax without his friend's hands around his neck. Mingyu's size meant that he could put more power behind his touch so that Wonwoo could feel the bones of his hands digging into the sensitive skin of his throat. It was only made better when he was taken from behind. The hand on his neck would draw him closer to Mingyu's body. He would be able to feel the smooth skin of Mingyu's chest against his shoulderblades; the warmth radiating from his body as soon as they were within a foot of each other.

Mingyu's spare hand would snake around his waist to hold him close - almost in a possessive, demanding way as if he was trying to tell the world that for the moment, Wonwoo was all his. For a moment, it made it feel that their relationship surpassed the point of good friends merely trying to snatch away the loneliness that came alongside the idol lifestyle. Mingyu's lips would be on him in an instant, hesitating over the space between his neck and shoulder. Until he made contact, Wonwoo would feel the tickle of his breath against his shoulder, and then it would quickly be followed up with the warmth of his mouth and tongue against the bare skin.

As soon as Mingyu's mouth made contact, his grip on Wonwoo's throat would tighten. That was the best part; he wasn't even conscious of the fact that he was keeping Wonwoo in a vice between his shoulder and hand, but it felt amazing to feel him adding that bit of pressure alongside the gentleness of the kisses. Wonwoo didn't dare bring it up, though, just in case it made his friend conscious of the fact that he would get rougher when his mouth was distracted. It was his little guilty pleasure and he wasn't willing to give it up that easily.

Eventually Mingyu's lips would move back up to his ear. The gentle rocks of his hips would completely stop for a moment as Mingyu deliberately pressed his length against Wonwoo's ass and wiggled his hips slightly to show that he was ready to get started properly. "Tell me what you want," he'd say, as if he didn't know that Wonwoo's body was melting underneath his grasp. The tanned body that clung to him would leave him hot in more than one way, especially when he spoke so directly into his ear.

"I-I want..." Wonwoo would breathe, trailing off when he realised that it was a struggle to get the words out. Mingyu would ask him again, this time slightly firmer, and Wonwoo would choke out something about him being inside.
Sometimes he would say it as it was - "I want you inside of me" - but other times he would add some flattery. "I want to feel the spread of eight thick inches inside of me," worked wonders, despite the fact that Mingyu was probably nowhere near that length. It was all about making him feel good about himself. The more excited Mingyu got about the fact that they were going to go all of the way, the less he would consider his hand. The pressure would vary drastically over the space of a few seconds, almost dragging Wonwoo to the edge in an instant, and then he would begin to pound into him with such enthusiasm that it sent electricity through Wonwoo's body. It all came hand in hand with his sexual inexperience, although frankly it came with absolutely no complaints whatsoever. It would be a struggle to stop himself from finishing on the spot when Mingyu was inside of him. Wonwoo's legs almost buckled as soon as he was stretched around his friend and it would knock the wind from him straight away. Although he wasn't as big as Wonwoo claimed when he was trying to butter him up, Mingyu was still relatively thick and that, alongside the lack of decent preparation, would always leave his body tightening. He would close his eyes, allowing his head and neck to be manipulated like that of a ragdoll along with Mingyu's hand movements, and he would try his hardest to relax under the ever-varying pressure of his friend's hand.

All in all, the actual sex wouldn't last that long at all. It never did. Again, Mingyu was relatively new to intimacy and his enthusiasm often betrayed him when he was trying to get them both to their climax. Again, Wonwoo didn't really mind that much. If anything, it made him feel a lot better about the fact that he was finishing too soon; that the sensation of being strangled as a bigger, taller man pressed his naked body against him was enough to reduce his orgasm time down to a matter of minutes. Mingyu would always pull out slowly so that he could revel at the sight of the white dribble down the inside of Wonwoo's thigh, and then that would be that until the next time.

Considering how much he'd gotten into the kink, to the point where it was edging dangerously close to "fetish" territory, he was surprised at how he'd managed to deflect Minghao's attack. A thousand thoughts had instantly flooded his mind about how he could've known - perhaps he'd found the collar that he sometimes used or saw the slightest hint of bruising on his neck, caused by the roughness of Mingyu's fingers pressed into the delicate skin - so it was a relief that he'd managed to brush it off as if it was nothing. Or maybe it had even confirmed it to him that Wonwoo was into that if he'd brought up one of Minghao's dark secrets in return.

Either way, he was going to continue faking it until he could confidently pretend that it wasn't as big of a deal as it actually was. It was definitely a sore spot but he wasn't going to let anyone know how his adrenaline spiked as soon as the topic had been brought up with his friend. No, he would instead just smile and act as if he needed to find somewhere else to be until he'd managed to calm himself down again, and then he would simply return as if nothing had happened at all.

Chapter End Notes

It's been a while since I last updated this one but I'm hoping to make it more regular soon enough, once my schedule has calmed down a bit. The next chapter is based on something that I'm really looking forward to writing too, so hopefully it shouldn't take a month to get it up!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Heterophilia: a fetish for straight-acting or straight-passing individuals, often by gay individuals.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Soonyoung was heterosexual, thank you very much.

Of course he didn't have a girlfriend - he was too busy with his adult responsibilities to worry about girls - but he certainly didn't have a boyfriend either. As much as his friends liked to play around and pretend that he was holding out for a male companion, it was far from the truth. It couldn't be any further from the truth.

It wasn't even as if he wanted a romantic partner. It wouldn't improve his life in any way, at least not for the moment. He was studying, and keeping his social life alive at the same time was proving to be incredibly difficult as it was. His current lack of time didn't exactly give room for him to get a girlfriend, and he wasn't prepared to drop his friends in favour of a girl. It was part of an unspoken code in which he wasn't supposed to pick a woman over his boys and they weren't supposed to pick a woman over him either. And he wasn't prepared to go against that code at any cost. Not if his parents complained about his lack of romantic interest, not if the love of his life walked past, and certainly not if someone asked him on a date.

Besides, he had Seokmin and Seokmin had him, and that was all they really needed.

They were both straight, funnily enough. Both completely, one-hundred percent heterosexual. Their friendship was often mistaken as being a homosexual one, in which they were both supposed to be in love with each other or something, but it wasn't at all like that. Neither of them was attracted to the other and they made sure to let everyone know that on a regular basis.

Yet, their friendship was still close. They were able to comfortably do anything and everything together. After classes, they could go home and take a nap together. They would curl up in each other's arms, laying there with synchronised breaths and shared warmth, and it wouldn't be awkward. They could compliment each other without feeling as if the other person was genuinely trying to hit on them. Those compliments were usually met with blown kisses and playful winks, especially when they started to go into detail. They got each other Valentine's cards - as a friendly gesture, of course - and they were more than happy to share food and drinks.

To a degree, both Seokmin and Soonyoung could see why they could be seen as a romantic couple. Their love for each other seemed to surpass that of many young couples, and they were so open and comfortable with each other that it could easily be misinterpreted. It was rather irritating, though, when other people were fixated on them being in a relationship. Sure, they'd gotten rid of girls in the past by claiming that they were in a relationship, and there had been the odd occasion in which girls had asked them to "prove" that they were boyfriends, which had led to them kissing heavily. Here and there, Soonyoung had even allowed his friend to feel his ass up as part of the proving process. But it didn't mean that they deserved the teasing from their other friends when they heard that they had comfortably kissed in public again.
That was a topic that Soonyoung expressed quite a lot to his friend. He didn't want to seem as if he was ungrateful for the love and support that he was receiving, but the last thing he wanted was for anyone to think that he was gay. That sort of thing would stay with him forever; their friends would surely tell any girlfriends that he did happen to have in the future about their relationship. That sort of thing would probably put women off completely; as much as a lot of women seemed to find gay men sweet, there was still something inherently weird about knowing that their boyfriend had had his tongue in another man's mouth with the guy's hand rubbing between his ass cheeks. None of it meant anything at all, and the last thing he wanted was for it to ruin his reputation as a result. No amount of kissing and touching and flirting had the power to change his sexuality. Heck, he could even sleep with Seokmin and it wouldn't mean a thing because that just wasn't how they saw themselves.

In fact, he had slept with Seokmin, and it hadn't had any effect whatsoever.

It had happened on a few occasions, actually. Sometimes they had needs and those needs couldn't be fulfilled by any of the women they knew. Sometimes they woke up from their naps and one of them would be completely stiff in his trousers. It was normal for young men to experience that. It was also normal for young men to help each other out once they'd determined that they were comfortable enough in their sexuality to do something like that. It wasn't uncommon and they knew of at least four other guys who did that sort of thing.

They had originally started out by just sucking each other. Seokmin had been the first to offer, showing Soonyoung that it was completely okay to do it as long as they were sure that they didn't have feelings for each other. Soonyoung had simply sat on the edge of the bed whilst his friend went down on him, and they both made sure to avoid eye contact altogether so that they didn't associate the other person with the act. Of course, Soonyoung offered the next time so that it didn't seem as if he wasn't willing to give back what he'd taken. This time, though, Seokmin's hands found his hair and moved his head along the shaft until he finished in his mouth. Seokmin hadn't had a mouthful of his release the first time he sucked him so it seemed a bit unfair at the time, but when he explained that it was easier to clean up that way, swallowing started to become a regular occurrence for both of them.

Eventually, it developed further. After a few months, Seokmin expressed his desire to get intimate with someone, then pointed out that it was too much effort to go out and search for someone. It would mean having to either download a dating app, which could quite easily be a complete waste of time, or he would have to pick someone up from a club. He didn't really want to do either of those things, and so he proceeded to whine about it for a good half hour or so. Soonyoung had known him for long enough to know that it was a hint that perhaps they should give it a shot for ease purposes. He promptly asked if he wanted to use his ass for that sort of thing and Seokmin's eyebrow shot up in surprise, as if he wasn't expecting the response. "You're not gonna tell me you're into guys or something, are you?" he asked almost accusingly, and Soonyoung couldn't help but get defensive in an instant.

"No, I just... I met this girl last week and she was really tall. Like, six foot three or something. And I was thinking, an Amazonian princess like her would probably be amazing at pegging. So I wouldn't mind bottoming if you need to offload."

That satisfied Seokmin right away. The rules were simple: no kissing, condoms were a necessity, and they both had to stay as quiet as possible. Soonyoung had been confused by the "no kissing" rule, seeing as they had already kissed each other a number of times and it hadn't made the slightest bit of difference, but Seokmin insisted that that rule needed to be in place. They didn't have to prove their relationship to someone when they were alone, so there was no kissing allowed.

And so it became a frequent occurrence. Whenever either of them was in the mood, the other would step up and allow him to get that little bit of satisfaction. It built up, just like the kisses had turned into...
blowjobs and the blowjobs had turned into sex. It was something that developed with their ever-grown desire to have someone, regardless of who that someone was. At least that way, they didn't have to worry about having to consider the feelings of a girl who would only want to sleep with them under the promise that they would connect on both a physical and emotional level, and there was no need to feel trapped by the constraints of a lasting relationship either. The added bonus was that there would be no need to worry about the use of contraceptives either, since there was no chance of Soonyoung getting pregnant; whilst they still used condoms anyway, it wouldn't be as big of a deal if it did end up splitting. There would be no need to rush out for an emergency contraceptive pill, and no panic about the chance that it wouldn't work.

It finally got to the point where almost every single evening started out with Seokmin pushing into Soonyoung. There were no rules about not touching each other, as long as they said, "No homo," before they began, and so Seokmin was almost always covered in nail marks as a result of their time together. It actually worked in their favour, though; whenever they got changed for gym, their friends would point out that Seokmin's back was covered in deep scratches. He had a different story each day about the amazing sex that he'd been having with Seulgi, Yeseul, Jisu, Chaewon, Soojung, Mijin. Each story would ring some truth, but it would be laced with the imaginary girl's personality. Eunji would call him "abeoji" as he destroyed her. Sunok enjoyed taking it from behind so that he could pull her hair to stop her from muffling the sound of her moans. Youngmi let him go bareback as long as he pulled out before he got her pregnant.

The biggest issue, however, was the pang of jealousy that instantly sparked in Soonyoung's chest when he heard his friend boasting about the girl's he'd been sleeping with. He knew that Seokmin was talking about him. He knew that he shouldn't feel so bad about it because they were only sleeping together to satisfy the urges that came alongside basic human desire. Yet, there was something about it that didn't sit right with him whatsoever. Perhaps it was something about hearing the story that he knew being twisted in such a way. Perhaps it was the fact that he had to ask questions and seem interested in Seokmin's affairs so that he didn't seem weird. Perhaps the thing that didn't sit well with him wasn't actually to do with Seokmin's claims but rather, the implications of what he was saying. Was he saying that Soonyoung was good in bed? That he saw him as a girl? That he wanted his friend to be his lover but felt like he had to mask his feelings with heterosexuality?

It was only made worse by the fact that the words stuck with him past everything. They would find their way back into his head late at night. It would start out with what they had done. Soonyoung, squeeze tight around it. Make it feel like I'm inside a virgin girl. It might even hit your prostate if you clamp around it. That's it - does it feel good?" And then it would move on to the following morning. "Sahee let me spread her and eat her ass before we got into it. I think she turned me into a monster," Seokmin's voice would laugh, "An absolute freak, too. I swear, she rode me so hard that I thought my dick was gonna break." They were the words that would taint him when he was alone; the words that would leave him feeling a strange sort of desire that he associated with romantic relationships. He wanted to be touched, but in a way that was more delicate; more loving and sensual. He wanted tiny kisses and mixed breaths and for Seokmin to tell him that he wanted him more than he wanted any other person in the world.

Then he would feel guilty about it when he woke up. Rinse and repeat.

Admittedly, he hadn't actually thought he was gay when they had first started out. He was certain that he was attracted to girls; that he would end up having a beautiful wife and a litter of children by the time he was in his thirties. He would be able to recognise when a girl was attractive, and he rarely ever thought like that when there were other men around. Soonyoung was positive that he was attracted to women as any other man was, and so he'd always labelled himself accordingly. It wasn't like he had any evidence to suggest otherwise anyway so he simply went along with it, assuming that
he would always feel that way.

It was as if Seokmin flicked a switch in him, though. For a while, he thought that Seokmin was the only one who he was attracted to; the only exception. He liked all girls, but he was also attracted to one man. It wasn't a big deal. Everyone had that one guy who they were into, even if they were straight. Wonwoo was teased mercilessly for his attraction to Stephen Fry. Seungcheol had a strange fixation on Super Junior's Yesung. Even Seokmin confessed to having a little soft spot for their biology teacher. It was just normal to have some attraction to other men. It was a sign of admiration and appreciation, and it didn't mean that they were suddenly ready to drop their trousers for them. But then he started to notice other men. Men around Seoul, in company cars and workplaces, public transport, school. They were all similar to Seokmin in some sort of way, although he couldn't figure out exactly what it was about them.

Alongside that, though, came a gradually reduced interest in girls. He didn't know what was wrong with him when that hit. Suddenly every girl just looked average and he found little pieces of every girl he saw that he didn't like. His friends would point out an attractive woman walking past but he would see everything bad about her. Her eyes were too far apart, making her look like Sid from Ice Age. The way she held her head up as she walked made her look like a snob; like she wouldn't choose any man without an expensive sports car to take her on a date. Her skirt barely reached her knuckles and she could barely walk in her high heels without wobbling from side to side every time she took a step. The little things built up and up until every woman seemed average. Many men seemed average too, but at least he had an attraction to a few of them.

It ended up taking him around three months to actually figure out what it was that attracted him to the men, though. It wasn't the fact that they were all like Seokmin because they all looked very different, but there was one tiny personality trait that was drawing him to them. He searched for weeks to determine what exactly it was until it finally hit him hard one night.

He had been thinking about his best friend at the time; reciting their most recent exchange in his head. It had been a lot different to what they usually did; Seokmin had made it a lot more direct this time. They still laid claim to the lack of gayness right at the start, but then Seokmin had addressed him directly right from the start. "I want you to call me 'oppa', Soonyoung," he told him firmly. It had caught Soonyoung off guard at the time, and he simply blinked at him in confusion. "I should be calling you 'namdongsaeng' instead." It earned a rough slap on his ass as he pushed for it again. Of course, Soonyoung didn't need to be asked a third time, and so he did exactly as he was asked.

It was probably the best time that they'd ever had. As much as he spanked his friend when he didn't get what he wanted, Seokmin was treating him particularly delicately that time. He held his hips as Soonyoung rode him. He leaned in close, as if he was going to kiss Soonyoung, but hesitated just an inch away as he allowed their breath to mingle. He focused all of his attention on hitting Soonyoung's sweet spots, didn't get angry at him when he started getting loud, and he even held him as his body twitched in response to the powerful climax that hit him. Whilst the clear displays of masculinity were attractive to an extent, there was something else that really got Soonyoung going more than anything else.

Seokmin was completely and undeniably heterosexual.

The other guys he'd been attracted to had been the same, only serving to confirm it in his mind. There were two parts to it that he identified, each providing him with a stronger and stronger desire for his friend. Firstly, there was the way that Seokmin bragged about the sex that they'd had, but in a way that made it sound as if he was sleeping with a girl. As much as it made Soonyoung feel painfully jealous, it also turned his stomach to mush. The way that he acted so straight in public but
then crammed his tongue into another man's ass or called him by his real name when they slept together, rather than the name of whichever made-up girl would take his place in the morning, was particularly attractive. It not only gave him the sense that they had a filthy secret that only they knew, but the fact that he always found something to brag about made it that bit better. It served as confirmation that he enjoyed what they were doing but wanted to keep up his image as the hypermasculine heterosexual Lee Seokmin.

Secondly, there was the way that Seokmin treated him in bed. He treated him how he probably would a girl. Of course, there were some points in time where he would be incredibly rough with Soonyoung, but the hair pulling and encouragement to scratch his back were the sorts of things that he would probably expect a girl to do - not a grown man who was servicing him in place of a girl. The gentleness also pointed fingers at his heterosexuality; he knew that Soonyoung could easily take it rough and wouldn't complain if Seokmin essentially bred him like an animal in heat, but he still chose to act as if he needed to be sweet and romantic. Maybe he was even reading Soonyoung as a girl whilst they slept together; it would explain the way in which they went from being bros to Seokmin holding him lovingly during sex in such a small amount of time.

Either way, though, it was infuriating.

By that point, it had essentially developed into a fetish. Soonyoung had checked online to see whether it counted and apparently, it did. When he was alone, he grew painfully aroused by the thoughts of Seokmin acting straight around him that wormed their way into his mind. He found himself looking up videos on 19+ websites - searching with the tags "straight", "college roommates" or "frat initiation". As awful as it was to admit it, he genuinely struggled to get off unless he was thinking about a straight man taking him and then bragging about it with his friends, as if he'd just slept with a girl. Those thoughts left him completely powerless, whether he was thinking about Seokmin in particular or just some random guy from a video.

It was the sort of thing that kept him up at night. Sure, he had Seokmin for now, but what would happen when his fuel was completely gone? Would he have to find another guy who would act straight with him? Another guy who would treat him like a girl and then brag about his heterosexuality in front of him? It seemed absolutely ridiculous and the last thing he wanted was to be dependent on that sort of thing to keep his thirst for straight men quenched. He didn't even know how he would go about getting another man to bend him over and treat him like that. It seemed so weird to imagine saying it out loud - "I'm only sexually attracted to straight men. Could you bend me over and either pretend that I'm a girl, or that you're so desperate for some action that you would take anyone?" No, it sounded pathetic.

But then, of course, it was something that he needed to do if that was what it took.

Seasons changed. Time moved on. Soonyoung still didn't have a girlfriend - or boyfriend, for that matter - but Seokmin was a lot luckier in their third year of university. There had been a dry patch in which they hadn't slept together, since Seokmin had been way too busy with his assignments to even consider sex, but then he came swaggering into the cafeteria with his chest puffed out with pride as he sat down. "So I've got this girlfriend now, Nari. Crazy girl - she did anal on the first date. Said that she was preserving her virginity for her wedding day. I'm gonna be the guy who marries her."

And within the space of a minute, Soonyoung's world came crashing down. He knew that he should be happy for his friend, but the dull ache in his chest was telling him that it was the worst news that he'd received in a long time. He felt selfish all of a sudden, unsure of how he was going to satisfy his own desires now that he didn't have Seokmin to help him out. He wanted to cling to every moment that they'd shared up until that point. He wanted to express his disapproval, dig up some dirt on her so that he would back away, or even tell everyone that they'd had their own little fling for a number
Nevertheless, he guessed that it was the sign to move on to someone else or try to train himself out of the fetish that had developed so quickly - maybe he could even embrace the knowledge that he'd developed about his sexuality whilst he was at it.

Chapter End Notes

So this one's a bit different to the previous chapters, but I feel like it fit the theme a bit more. I doubt that if Soonyoung was into straight-acting guys, a) he would notice it straight away and b) he would tell the guys he's into about it. It also seems like the sort of thing that he really wouldn't realise unless he sat down and thought about it; it's a bit of a subtle one really that he probably wouldn't think about unless he noticed a trend, and it's impossible to find a trend if there's only one person to work with!!

Anyway, thank you for reading!! <3
Masochism - Hansol/Seungkwan

Chapter Notes

Masochism - arousal from humiliation and/or abuse

Other topics in this chapter: peeing, brief mention of sickness, foot worship, slurs, double penetration, sub/dom relationship

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Whilst masochism didn't seem like a big or weird fetish at all, especially considering the number of people who claimed to be into it to an extent, it was painfully embarrassing for Hansol.

He didn't really know whether he wanted to be into it or not. He didn't know how it started, or how it developed to that point, but he guessed that it was something that he was going to have to live with at that point because he sure as hell struggled to get off without the humiliation that came alongside the act.

Strangely, his boyfriend didn't really seem like the sort who would be able to humiliate him. He wasn't all too fond of the acts that could easily go too far and leave Hansol in pain outside of the bedroom, but he was absolutely down for being controlling. He wasn't even that into the fetish at the start, though, but then gradually got into it to accommodate Hansol's needs and desires. It was strange, really; the last thing Hansol thought he would ever do was confess to Seungkwan that he liked it when he hurt him, and for it to them progress into a frequent occurrence.

The "hurting" actually started out with nipple toying. Seungkwan had a habit of grabbing his nipples through his shirt to make him squeal, as a form of punishment in a way. He would intentionally hit Seungkwan's car in Mario Kart so that he would lose his position in first place and would inevitably end up coming in fifth or sixth place overall. When he was in the mood for sex, he wouldn't actually mention it; rather, he would draw phallic images in their dinner that evening and try to go down on Seungkwan as soon as he'd finished eating. Sometimes he would leave his boxers in the bed - or worse, his toast crumbs if he ate his breakfast in bed that morning - which annoyed the hell out of his boyfriend. The punishment would always be the same; a firm pinch of his nipples until he cried out.

Which was all fine until he ended up getting hard from it. As he said, he genuinely didn't know what started the sudden interest in masochism, but then suddenly it hit him hard and left him needing more. It was a strange habit. Perhaps he'd ended up getting into it because his body associated the nipple pinches with Seungkwan's attention and then figured that it was simply best to start taking things further. It was like a drug in that sort of sense; to start with the nipple pinches were sufficient punishment to keep his desire sated, but then it gradually started to build until eventually his body decided that something so simple was going to get him in the mood but wasn't going to get him to the edge.

And so they began to explore it.

As much as Hansol was a relatively anxious person in relationships and didn't really like to vent his feelings and desires - quite the opposite of Seungkwan, who was open about absolutely everything and always made sure to let his boyfriend know if he wanted anything in particular - he found it surprisingly easy to talk about it. It was actually quite an enjoyable exchange, if he was being
completely honest. There was obviously no judgement between them, and when they'd made the decision that it could extend slightly outside of the bedroom, Seungkwan was straight on to his planning so that he would be able to introduce things gradually and make Hansol feel good whenever they were together. It was easy enough, he decided, so he wasn't going to hold back whatsoever.

Of course, it started out with a gentle introduction. Seungkwan wasn't going to throw him into the fetish right away, even though Hansol had been the one to propose it. He wanted to test the waters and make sure that everything was acceptable first. It was one of the things that Hansol really loved and respected about him; as much as he'd been given permission to go ahead with the acts, he was still very conscious about the implications of doing so and was always careful not to push it too far. Pain and humiliation was one thing but damaging his reputation, for example, was a completely different matter to deal with.

They started with the basics. Under Hansol's thick jumper, he had some nipple clamps to keep him pinched. They weren't moving or anything, so he didn't need to worry about them being noticeable once they had determined that the clamps didn't show through the fabric, but they would both know that they were there. Little brushes against the fabric of his clothes would leave the already sensitive nubs aching, and it would go straight down to his junk as soon as he felt it. Soon after, the clamps were joined by a urethral probe, which was slipped inside of him before they left the house, and then eventually a clip was added to the skin between his balls.

And then it developed gradually over time. Butt-plugs that were way too big. Vibrating butt-plugs used in public. Ice baths and stolen towels. Handcuffing for hours until he was begging to be set free. Spanking until his ass went from red to purple.

It was the little things that he enjoyed the most, actually. Of course, the bigger things were great for getting Hansol off, but the little things could be taken anywhere and everywhere so that he would always feel that little bit of humiliation. The humiliation was probably the biggest part for him, actually. Hansol was a bit of a wimp when it came to pain and although he could handle it, he knew that his body was trying to force him away from the situation, which took away from the mood a bit.

Actually, that was what Seungkwan was best at, too. He always had his little ways of incorporating it into their daily lives. "You're not allowed to pee this morning," he told him one day, in a way that showed that he wasn't all that bothered by his request. "And we're going to be out all day. You get to go to the bathroom at six o'clock this evening and you'll eat and drink exactly what I say you will, okay?"

It was a tough day in the end. Not only was he given courgette pancakes and sticky rice for breakfast, but he had orange juice to drink with it. His mid-morning snack was three slices of watermelon, and then lunch was soup, yoghurt and a glass of apple juice. Up until that point, he'd done rather well with holding his bladder. Constantly moving meant that he could ignore it pretty well and then he made sure to cross his legs when they sat down in order to make it easier for him to handle it. By around one-thirty, though, he found that his bladder was aching to the point where it genuinely hurt to move, but Seungkwan was insistent that they keep walking at the same pace. They had places they needed to be, he said, and there was no time for him to dawdle.

Of course, that time he'd ended up giving up early. His bladder wasn't going to hold out for another four hours when Seungkwan already had another bottle of water ready for him, followed by dinner in public too. It just wasn't going to happen. He ended up having to duck into an alleyway by two o'clock so that he could pee against the side of a building before he ended up wetting the pale brown trousers that he was wearing. Public urination was far less embarrassing than walking around all day with damp stains all over his trousers.
As always, he was scolded for it and called names under Seungkwan's breath as they walked together. His punishment included no longer being able to hold his boyfriend's hand, since he'd dirtied his own by touching his genitals, but as shameful as it felt, he absolutely loved it.

That sort of thing was a frequent occurrence. Seungkwan would test him in that sort of way whenever he could. Perhaps it was a way of seeing how far they could actually go without complaints or something, but Hansol hardly minded at all. It gave him targets to work towards but he also knew that if he was getting dangerously close to his target, he would end up being punished even harder for his success. If he wasn't allowed to pee, he would receive a fist to his kidneys in order to push him to wet himself. If he held back his climax when Seungkwan made him walk around with a vibrating butt-plug in, he would turn it to the top setting so that he would get closer and closer to his peak. If the challenge was to go all day without eating, he would purposely get jam doughnuts and eat them excruciatingly slowly in order to tease him. It was all part of the game.

Mind you, it didn't always have to extend outside of their house. In fact, most of it was within the four walls of their house. They'd had sex on every surface of the house; in every room and every position. Most of those occasions had involved some sort of bondage, and a lot had also involved humiliation. Hansol's favourite style was the sort of humiliation that made him feel like less of a man, and so Seungkwan frequently ran with it.

Yet, there was one particular day where it hit its absolute peak. He'd not really expected that his boyfriend would carefully plan a full masochistic experience for him, but he'd announced that they were going to have a lot of fun that afternoon once Hansol joined him at the breakfast table. "You're going to be a breeding mule today." Hansol wasn't sure if he'd heard him correctly.

"I'm going to be a what?

There was a moment of silence in which Seungkwan stared at him with one eyebrow slightly raised, and at that point Hansol realised that he wasn't going to get the answer that he'd asked for.

"What did you say to me?" he asked, giving Hansol the opportunity to explain himself, but instead he simply withdrew. He was met with a hard slap across his left cheek which seared with pain. He politely dipped his head without even letting out a noise in response to the contact; he knew by that point that he shouldn't speak back to Seungkwan like that, and absolutely expected to receive his punishment for it.

"I'm going to give you one chance to ask me three questions about this, okay? Just three questions. I'll count them out for you," he said calmly once his dominance was clear. Hansol simply gave a nod in response and took the time to consider what he was going to ask before delivering his queries.

"Will we be using condoms?" Seungkwan rolled his eyes.

"That's question one. No, you won't be using condoms. Do you think I'm going to pay for enough condoms for everyone to use?" It was a struggle to fight the urge to ask how many men were going to be there. He'd already picked his questions out and couldn't stray from them now that he'd taken the time to carefully consider his possibilities.

"Where will I be? In the house, I mean."

"That's question two. You'll be strapped to the kitchen table. You were going to be outside but you'll catch a cold if you're out there completely naked, so we're making do with what we have."

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The thought of being screwed by strangers in the garden made Hansol shiver. He didn't know whether he liked the idea or not, but it certainly caught his attention. Perhaps it would be something that he could request in the future when it was warmer outside. For now, he would simply have to deliver his third question. "Where will you be during this?" The devious smile that suddenly met Seungkwan's lips told him that the answer wasn't going to be as simple as he'd initially anticipated.

"Oh," Seungkwan said simply, "I'll be in front of you and you'll be pleasuring me. That's your final question, by the way."
It definitely wasn't going to be as simple as that. Hansol knew his boyfriend well enough to know that it wouldn't be as easy as simply sucking and stroking him as the other men in the room used him for their pleasure. Of course, when their guests arrived, that was how he initially made it out to seem. The table was long enough for them to both be on it, even with Hansol's knees strapped tightly to the underside of the table. He'd been put in a tiny dress with cotton panties to cover the cock ring that he was forced to use in order to keep his climax at bay, just to make things that little bit more humiliating, and then his hands were bound with cuffs so that he couldn't move them anywhere too quickly.

And then Seungkwan was naked in front of him.

To start with, it was just strangely similar to a threesome. One guy was taking him from behind, and he simply took Seungkwan into his mouth. He ran his tongue over the organ on the way down, then sucked hard on the way back up. Flash of tongue, vacuum suction. Drag of tongue, tug with his mouth. Rinse and repeat. Seungkwan didn't try to hide the fact that he was enjoying it whatsoever; he bucked his hips up to encourage him to keep going, and eventually his hand found Hansol's hair. That was the turning point, though. He promptly forced Hansol's mouth down hard so that he took the entire length down to the base. He'd not taken a big enough breath for it and ended up choking, only to be granted a moment to catch his breath before being forced back down. This time, he handled it a lot better. He took it all the way to the base and stayed there until he could feel himself starting to gag slightly. He forced his head back up, despite Seungkwan's insistence that he should stay down. Slap. "Did I say you could pull away?"
"No, but I was about to be sick, sir." Slap.
"Then be sick. Unless I tell you to move, you don't move. Do you understand?"

His voice was calm but forceful - something that Hansol had come to recognise well over their time together - and so Hansol immediately backed down. He allowed his boyfriend to force his head back down, took it as he started to gag slightly around the length, and then tried his hardest to keep his throat relaxed as Seungkwan impaled him on the last inch over and over. It was all going perfectly well until a particularly hard thrust from the guy at his ass forced Seungkwan's length to slam into the back of his throat with enough speed that he promptly coughed thick white fluid all over his boyfriend's lower half.

Hansol's head was promptly pulled up by his hair. It was at that point that he realised that his eyes were already streaming and that the salty taste at the back of his throat was threatening to make him gag again, but he forced the best smile he could in hopes that it would prevent punishment. Thankfully, Seungkwan simply gave a sigh of disappointment before reaching behind himself for a towel and then promptly wiped himself clean as he complained that he should really wipe it all over Hansol's face and leave him to wallow in his own self-pity for a while. "It's time to move on, though," he insisted before giving a nod to whoever was behind Hansol.

At that point, another guy moved forward and pressed into him as the first guy moved away. Or so he thought; someone else moved towards him just a moment later and both men pushed into him at the same time from either angle, leaving him squealing in surprise when he realised what was happening. It earned a hard spank on his ass for making noise out of turn, but then Seungkwan simply shuffled back onto the chair behind where he was initially sat before promptly extending his legs out towards Hansol. "You know what to do."

This was something that Hansol was always humiliated by. He paused for a moment, not really knowing whether he wanted to proceed, but when he noticed Seungkwan's hand raising ready to hit him again, he promptly got to work. He tried his hardest to focus his attention on the sensation of the guys at his rear as he wrapped his lips around the four smallest toes of Seungkwan's right foot and
dragged his tongue on the underside of the digits, and tried his hardest not to cringe as he felt them curl against his mouth. "Stupid halfer can't even do something this simple without getting squeamish, can you?" The phrase left Hansol's blood rushing to his head. He tried his best to ignore it, but it was something that came up several times during the humiliation process.

"It's obviously your American side making you incompetent." He gave a hard suck in hopes that it would show off some skill at least. "You'd think your Asian half would make you want to strive to be good at doing at least one thing." He took more into his mouth, taking the time to flash his tongue over the ball of Seungkwan's foot. "You probably got your oral skills from your mom too, didn't you?" The foot was withdrawn from his mouth completely again, and Seungkwan seemed completely unimpressed. "What are you gonna do? Tell your mommy and daddy that I bully you? Do it the old-fashioned American way and get them to sue me or something?"

At that point, Hansol simply dropped his head slightly. He was more embarrassed by the fact that he actually enjoyed the remarks to the point where his length was throbbing with desire, if he was being completely honest. It was something that he'd been particularly sensitive about when he was in school, but there was something different about a romantic partner putting him down in that sort of way in a controlled condition.

Admittedly, Seungkwan had been reluctant to say those sorts of things to start with. He'd cringed with discomfort when Hansol first asked to be called a 'halfer' in the bedroom, and he quickly pointed out that it was something that had been used to harass him in the past. Seungkwan wasn't all too fond of using slurs like that, but when Hansol swore that he was trying to come to peace with it by getting used to hearing the word, his boyfriend eventually got used to saying it in that context only.

Now it was being spat at him a second time as the men switched out again and Seunkwan took the opportunity to use Hansol's mouth as his own personal urinal. Their rules with that sort of play were that Seungkwan would drink at least two litres of water beforehand and that Hansol would never be forced to swallow. It was still something that made Hansol feel disgusting despite those rules, though. That sort of activity was rare between them. Hansol was still in the process of deciding whether he enjoyed the humiliation of being used like an inanimate object, or whether he hated it completely. He didn't really know which way his feelings fell just yet, even after around six or seven trials, and so they continued with it for the moment. He allowed the fluid to dribble back out of his mouth and down his chest without even trying to protest, and then promptly spat the remainder out once his boyfriend was done.

It earned an affectionate stroke to his cheek as Seungkwan called him a good boy - mixing the praise with the humiliation of being treated like a pet - and then promptly got to work with stroking him in time with the thrusts from the two guys behind him. The strokes were teasing in a way; he wasn't going to be able to finish from them, but it was enough to make him want to hit his peak more than anything. For the moment, it was just for show so that his body would find some sort of a positive out of being used, other than the pleasure that came alongside being degraded by his boyfriend.

The finale came shortly after. As much as they would usually drag that sort of play out longer, the number of men who had taken Hansol in the end - at least five - was enough to induce a good amount of fatigue. Hansol's knees were freed and he was immediately turned to lay in the already-cold puddle on the centre of the table so that each of the men could get off in turn. One by one, they made sure to cover his face with their release until it was dribbling towards his hair and neck, and then finally Seungkwan moved forward to finish the job. "I'm disappointed in the fact that you didn't get me to finish before this," he said calmly as he moved towards his boyfriend's face. Hansol began to apologise at exactly the wrong time as his boyfriend promptly sprayed against his lips, leaving him with a mouthful of his release.
And that was it. The men left without giving Hansol the time of day, and Seungkwan told him that he was to stay there on the table without moving for a moment. He made his way out of the room, leaving Hansol sprawled out on his back to tug off the ring and desperately touch himself.

Upon re-entering the room, though, Seungkwan's attitude was completely different. He helped Hansol to sit up and then quickly wrapped a towel around him so that he could clean the table and floor, before leading him towards the bathroom. "Was that okay for you?" he asked as he began to run a shower. When Hansol gave the nod of approval, he just gave a sigh of relief before helping him into the shower, and then got straight to work with cleaning his face. At that point, Hansol insisted that he could clean himself, and so Seungkwan got on with the usual task of helping him to finish properly. After all, he'd been denied his own climax the entire time and it had been left to build up and up until that point, so it was only fair to get him to finish properly and close their fun for the day in a more loving way.

The aftercare would continue for several hours. It usually involved pizza, movies and cuddling, along with promises that they loved and appreciated each other. Hansol couldn't say that it was the best part, but it definitely made everything worthwhile to have time to work on their relationship afterwards.

He guessed that even though his fetish took something relatively common and blasted it out of the water at full-force, at least he had support with it and could practice that sort of thing in a safe environment.

Chapter End Notes

So this was a bit of an exploratory chapter really; there were a few things that I've recently heard bits about but never really thought of writing them. It's relatively brief, as to avoid showing my blatant inexperience with writing this sort of thing too much, but honestly it was pretty interesting to write so it might come up again in the future??

We'll see

Thank you for reading <3
Yoon Jeonghan always remembered what his parents told him about smoking when he was growing up.

He remembered seeing a man out in public, smoking cigarette after cigarette on his break from a retail job, when he was around seven years old. They had taken a rest on a bench at that point in time so that they could eat their lunch and rest their legs, and had ended up watching him puff around four or five cigarettes back-on-back over the space of around twenty minutes. Jeonghan couldn't remember exactly how many it had been, but he knew that he'd been staring at the guy the entire time. He looked so on edge and anxious that he couldn't help himself. "That man is dirty," his mother told him as she motioned towards the cigarette. "You should never smoke cigarettes because they're nasty and bad for you." She made him promise that he would never stoop down to the level of the man - that he would always make sure to avoid smoking in the future, even if he was feeling stressed - and he quickly agreed in favour of her request.

Yet, there was something about it that stuck with him. He'd never touched a cigarette in his life. He didn't really want to, if he was being honest. There was a strange feeling in the pit of his stomach that made him think that perhaps it was more than simply finding smoking disgusting. Perhaps he thought that it was bad for more than just his health, or maybe it was just a fear that his mother would spank him if she ever found out. He wasn't quite sure what it was, and had never really managed to pinpoint why exactly he couldn't even bring himself to touch a cigarette. The issue, though, was the fact that despite the fear of touching them, Jeonghan still had a strange attraction to cigarettes. He enjoyed watching the entire process from afar. He didn't want one near his hand, but he enjoyed watching the tube role around between someone else's fingers. They would delicately balance it between their lips as they searched for a lighter, and then they would light it up. One deep drag was enough to show the difference between a stressed, craving individual, and a person who had finally managed to feed their desire for nicotine.

When he got a bit older, he started to figure it out a bit. He was probably around fourteen at the time; at that point where his emerging sexuality was a huge issue on his mind. It started when the other boys began to boast about how mature they were. Doyoon had started to go to the gym so that he would look more attractive. Minhyun had a girlfriend and she allowed him to touch her breasts sometimes. A number of them had also started to smoke heavily. It was something that they claimed to do in order to be more attractive to girls; it made them look as if they were rebellious and were happy to break the rules. Strong, unruly boys were what girls liked, as far as they were concerned. Whilst there were a lot of things about themselves that they would struggle to change without the school contacting their parents, smoking after school was something that they could do subtly in order to make themselves stand out from the crowds.

"Would you like one?" Donghyung asked Jeonghan one day after school as he extended a hand out to him. His fingers were curled around a cigarette so that anyone nearby would be unable to see what he was offering, but so that he still knew what he was signing up for.
"No thank you," he declined with a slight smile, "My parents check me every night for any signs of smoking or drugs. You know how they are; they still think I'm a child or something." It was only a bit of a lie. His parents didn't exactly check him, but he knew that they'd know if he went back home smelling like cigarettes. He could usually get away with it by telling them that all of his friends smoked so the scent clung to his clothes when he spent time with them, but he could hardly lie to them if his breath smelled of it.

"Ouch." Donghyung offered a sympathetic smile as he took it back and lit it up. He used two fingers to keep it perfectly steady as he drew the smoke into his mouth, and then close his eyes as he let out the breath.

Seeing the look on his face was actually the first time that Jeonghan made the connection between smoking and sexuality. He hadn't really thought about it until that point, but the look of pure, intense pleasure on his friend's face as he exhaled was something that reminded Jeonghan a lot of sex. Mind, he couldn't really say that he was an expert on either topic. He'd only taken two sex education classes at that point in time, and the first one had been about sexually transmitted infections and the use of protection in the bedroom. But the second one had gone into more detail about sexual pleasure and the fact that babies came as a result of a man's orgasm inside of a woman, and then they had watched a video on the screen of an animated couple having sex, just to show what they meant by it. The look of pleasure on Donghyung's face when he took a drag from the cigarette - probably caused by the fact that he was finally fixing a craving that had been developing over many hours whilst they were in classes - seemed very similar to the pleasure on the face of the man in the animation.

That image stuck with Jeonghan as time went on. He always kept it somewhere in the back of his mind. The connection between smoking and sexual pleasure seemed to stick out for him, to the point where his teenage mind had been convinced that smoking gave the same sort of satisfaction as an orgasm. Then he was faced with media productions - in particular, American films - which had showed the link in a similar light. When it was clear that two characters had been having sex, they would be seen in bed together with the bedsheets arranged in an L shape, and the man would be smoking. One of his hands would be resting on his bare, chiselled chest as he took in a drag. His female partner would simply watch him lovingly as she kept the bedsheets tucked securely around her breasts, as if he hadn't already seen her completely naked by that point in time.

When he finally started to have sexual relationships as an adult, it started to become something that he would come to expect. He couldn't really ask anyone directly whether they would be smoking after sex, but he could just watch and wait, in hopes that they would go ahead with it. The first few men that he ended up sleeping with didn't go ahead. They were either non-smokers or they didn't like smoking in the house. And no, opening the window in order to smoke wasn't something that they were going to do. It would still be in the house, in a way, and they didn't really want to get in the habit of doing that.

It was a huge disappointment, but he tried his best to keep it hidden. The last thing he wanted to do was make someone uncomfortable because of some stupid desire that was based more on a poor schema. He didn't even know why exactly he wanted to see someone smoking in front of him after sex. It wasn't like he even liked smoking or anything. His parents still drummed into him that smoking was dirty and a huge turn-off, and he still maintained those thoughts despite his insistence on watching a person with a cigarette in their mouth.

To make matters worse, he was soon recruited as an idol, which meant that there was an even lower chance of him finding a smoker to fulfil his desire. Those in the industry were pressured to avoid taking up the habit, since it was known to affect their lungs and vocal capacity. The last thing any agency wanted was to find a great idol with huge potential, only to have him flop because they'd taken up smoking. In addition to that, most young fans were being conditioned to think that smoking was a bad choice and that their idol would never date them if they took it up. "No one wants to date
a person who smells like smoke and tastes like an ashtray," online forums would tell young fans, "You know your idol would be really upset if they fell in love with you and found out that you're actually a smoker, so don't do it!

It was a bit of an exaggeration. Jeonghan was fairly certain that most idols wouldn't be all that bothered in reality, and that the individual's personality meant more than whether or not they smoked. Yet, it was becoming wider-spread as time went on. He even met a number of fans who had told him directly that they'd started smoking at a young age but had given up because they didn't want to disappoint him. He couldn't exactly tell them that he preferred smokers, since it would get out and he would potentially face legal issues as a result of encouraging that sort of behaviour in teenagers, but he couldn't help feeling his heart sinking in response. "Oh, I'm so proud of you for quitting," he would tell them, trying his best to sound happy and enthusiastic. "I bet it was a lot of hard work but you managed to do it, and I think that's really great."

The issue of smoking was something that he genuinely struggled with. It sucked. He didn't know how to approach it and he didn't even know how to bring it up with other people. He knew that he would end up being shunned over it. His best friend in his group, Jisoo, was heavily against smoking and thought that it had the power to destroy everything that a person had been working towards after just a few weeks. Jihoon grrouchily informed them, after it had been announced that an idol from a popular group had started smoking again, that anyone who thought they could take up smoking would have to prove that they weren't going to drag the group down because he wasn't having their music suffer as a result of negligence. Soonyoung that also agreed with that and added that if anyone's lungs were suffering as a result of smoking, he was simply going to pump up the physical levels of their dance parts so that they were forced to keep up to standards. There was no tolerance for smoking whatsoever and although Jeonghan wasn't planning on taking it up personally, he still felt disheartened over it.

So he tried to push it away. If he didn't mention being attracted to smokers, he wouldn't be shunned for it. Simple as that. Instead, he focused on his interactions with the rest of the group and kept his desire to watch someone smoking for his late night pornography sessions. A laptop facing away from the door was a secret kept hidden.

Aside from everything else, though, Jeonghan felt that his relationship with the group's leader, Seungcheol, was probably one of the strongest in the entire dorm. They clicked in many different ways, even getting to the point where they could comfortably share a bed in just boxers, and it was something that left him feeling tingly and warm inside. It had been a long time since he'd had a relationship, and so he readily gave himself to Seungcheol. The elder boy occasionally had a girlfriend, but they never usually lasted for more than a couple of weeks and he would always let Jeonghan fill in the gaps whenever he was single again. It wasn't as if he was replacing Seungcheol's girlfriends or anything; rather, he served as more of a friend with benefits than anything.

As much as he could pretend that they didn't have sex too, he would be absolutely lying. It had started out one evening as they were cuddling. Jeonghan had felt the brush of an erection against his thigh and had encouraged Seungcheol just to put it in him. There was no point in trying to hide the obvious sexual chemistry between them, especially when they both knew that it was only going to develop further. It was sex without emotions or any particular desire, other than the push for closeness with another person.

At least to start with.

Seungcheol had always been awkward when it came to kisses. Jeonghan was certain that he could feel the tension between them - the tension that demanded that they crush their lips together for a moment - but he still insisted that it wasn't right for them to do it. He didn't believe that kisses were
right for friends with benefits, since it meant a lot more to him personally. Whilst Jeonghan would believe that and would be completely understanding to his situation, though, there was a slight issue with it. Something about Seungcheol's mannerisms said that he was dying to go ahead with it. He couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was, but he could see a few little things that were suggesting otherwise. For starters, he stared at Jeonghan's lips with the intensity of a person who was fighting back the urge to dip in. He wanted to kiss him; if he wasn't all that interested, he wouldn't be staring Jeonghan down so intensely.

In the end, Jeonghan had to tell him how it was. They were in the middle of a particularly rough round, having not had sex in around three weeks whilst Seungcheol pushed through yet another failed relationship. Jeonghan's arms were around his neck, drawing Seungcheol down against his body as the group's leader moved against him with the desperation of a man who hadn't held another person against his body in too long. Jeonghan could tell that he needed it more than he'd needed any other time they'd shared together; his hands were all over his body, and his eyes were glued to his mouth. As expected, it didn't take all that long for Jeonghan to catch where his eyes were resting, and so he did his best to draw Seungcheol closer to his body as he voiced his desires. "Cheol, I know you want to kiss me so you should just go ahead and do it." He hesitated but didn't reject the suggestion. Jeonghan waited for just a moment before pulling him down into a kiss, making sure to take it slowly so that the group leader could always move away and tell him to stop.

The first thing that he could taste when they kissed was the slight taste of burnt popcorn. Seungcheol's lips and tongue carried a slightly ashy, metallic taste. It suddenly hit Jeonghan that he had been trying to hold off kissing him in order to mask his smoking habit. Granted, it had worked up until that point - the scent of nicotine had yet to cling to his clothes and skin, and Jeonghan hadn't noticed the signature sweet stench on his breath before - but he wished that he could've known about it weeks earlier.

Seungcheol quickly retracted from the kiss as soon as he realised that Jeonghan had definitely caught onto the taste. The younger boy couldn't help but let out a childish whine in response as he tried to pull the leader back towards him. "Kiss me again. That was hardly a proper kiss."
"Your tongue was in my mouth; it was definitely a proper kiss."
"Come on, Seungcheol, I know you smoke now so you might as well just go for it."
"But smoking is disgusting and it's like you're kissing an ash t--"

Jeonghan wasn't having it. He flipped the group leader straight onto his back and adjusted himself so that he was sat directly over his hips with Seungcheol buried inside of him. Jeonghan's eyes rolled as he rocked his hips a few times, just to test the depth, but then promptly leaned over to search through Seungcheol's bedside table. "Smoke in front of me now. Just open the window so that no one else can tell. We were burning incense, if anyone asks."

There was no room for debating about it. Jeonghan had already made up his mind and was quick to force the cigarettes into his friend's hand. Seungcheol simply adjusted himself to sit up with his back against the wall next to the window, without even questioning anything that had been demanded of him. He lit the cigarette as Jeonghan lifted himself up to the tip of the length, and took the first drag as he slammed his hips down again. And so the rhythm began. Seungcheol's chest would puff out as he inhaled, and then slowly deflate as he let out a puff of smoke. Jeonghan would bring himself up with each drag and slam straight down to the base each time the smoke filled the air between them. His attention was fixed on the way that Seungcheol's fingers pressed lightly to either side of the tube, keeping it balanced ready for the next drag, and the way that the paper stuck ever so slightly to the inside of his lower lip.

The sight left him with a sense of euphoria. Seungcheol had distanced himself from Jeonghan as he burnt the cigarette to the base, in an attempt to curb the lasting embarrassment of having been caught
out and asked to smoke in front of him. As much as Jeonghan would have usually disliked the way that he was avoiding eye contact, it just made him seem sexier. It took him back to his days in school where his friends avoided looking at each other whilst they smoked, as if it suddenly made it into a secret. It was their secret now; Jeonghan wasn't prepared to tell anyone about it, just in case it encouraged Seungcheol to quit before he'd had the opportunity to enjoy it.

There was no way that he could risk losing it now, at least not for the moment. He could feel himself getting more and more aroused every time he watched his friend take in a mouthful of smoke, and it was painfully difficult to refrain from staring. In the end, he caught Seungcheol right after an exhale; capturing his lips in a desperate kiss. He slammed his hips down harder out of pure desperation, hoping more than anything that Seungcheol would make the connection. He hoped that his arousal would be clear and his friend would realise that smoking meant rougher, longer sex. The pleasure that came alongside smoking was one that was shared between them.

The next drag of smoke was shared between them, too. Jeonghan's eyes glazed with lust as he insisted that he wanted to be kissed when Seungcheol inhaled the smoke. He wanted to taste how it tasted, and he wanted to feel Seungcheol's tongue against his when he did so. Technically, he wasn't breaking his promise if someone else actually smoked the cigarette and he simply took the smoke into his mouth. It tasted the same as how Seungcheol's mouth had tasted when he first kissed him; the ashy taste swamped his mouth, along with the slight taste of burnt-up paper, and he was forced to pull away within seconds so that he could cough. Perhaps he'd been a bit too forward and his body wasn't quite ready to start inhaling the smoke too, but it was an experience that brought him right to the edge nevertheless. Seungcheol took one more drag from the cigarette before stubbing it out in the ashtray that was hidden in his drawer, and then promptly turned all of his attention to Jeonghan again.

The way he pounded into him left the younger boy seeing stars. Not only had he had his fantasy fulfilled and his mind taken over by the nicotine, but he was also in a position where his friend could use him like a sex doll. Seungcheol slammed him down over and over until his throat felt raw - a mix of the attempts to suppress sound and the lingering tobacco - and the Jeonghan's nails promptly found the sensitive skin on his friend's back as his orgasm hit. It was probably the strongest one he'd ever experienced; the tremors began to rack through his entire body, leaving his thighs spasming hard and his other muscles clenching in an attempt to control the twitches. As he rode it out as best as he could manage, given the circumstances, he felt Seungcheol begin to twinge inside of him, signifying his own climax.

For a moment, they simply sat there. Seungcheol's arms wrapped around his friend's figure. Jeonghan rested his cheek against the leader's shoulder. Neither really had the words to say. Neither particularly wanted to say anything to start with, at least not until they'd calmed down from their high.

Jeonghan started. "I didn't think you'd be the sort of guy to smoke," he said with a sigh before realising that it could've easily come across as being patronising. "It's sexy, I swear. I've never been so attracted to a guy in my life." The raised eyebrow suggested that perhaps he'd gone too far with it, but Seungcheol refrained from scolding him over it.
"Are you attracted to watching guys smoke or something then?"

Admittedly, he'd never really thought about it like that. Jeonghan was drawn towards the thought of watching guys smoking, and he was still somewhat aroused even though he'd just hit his climax. He had a strange craving to watch Seungcheol smoking another cigarette, especially if it meant that he was going to get to taste it on his friend's lips again afterwards. He'd never had such an intense reaction to anything sexual before in his life, so he guessed perhaps he was attracted to it. Of course, though, he wasn't going to admit it openly.
"Why? Did you want to smoke in front of me or something? Are you scared that I'll start riding you again?" His lips twitched into a devious smile, and Seungcheol simply rolled his eyes. "No, I was just going to point out that it'd be an additional benefit for both of us if you did. You get off when I smoke, I get to smoke in front of someone else instead of hiding away to do it. It's win-win."

Chapter End Notes

This one is more of a kink than a fetish in this sort of situation, but I can imagine it being more the case that it's like a never-ending quest to see a guy smoking, rather than an inability to get off completely without seeing it

Anyhoo, thank you for reading and if you do have any particular chapter requests for when the planned ones are done (even if it's the same theme with a different pair) please feel free to let me know!! <3
Lactophilia: an attraction to lactation/breast milk

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chan wasn't aroused by *breast milk* exactly. Just the thought of it.

In fact, he could even argue that it wasn't even *that* after all, he didn't really care so much for the milk, but the act of suckling from anyone - male or female - was what he liked. It was similar to the bond between a child and their main parental carer, and he liked that. Mind you, he didn't have a mommy or daddy kink either, thank you very much. He liked the innocence of parental love towards their infant; the love that could never really be matched by a partner. It was something unconditional and life-long, and it was something that would only ever grow as the child developed. It was something that he longed to feel more than anything, but he could hardly ask his own parents for anything like that.

His parents were generally good people. Caring, always took an interest in Chan's hobbies and achievements. He had a good bond with them. It wasn't as if he didn't get on with them or found that they had a weak relationship, or anything like that really. He still visited them a lot; always made sure to send them gifts for birthdays and holidays, and they would always send things back. In fact, his parents would even send him gifts for the holidays that his *friends* celebrated. Since becoming an idol, he'd made friends with people who celebrated a variety of different holidays. Christmas and Easter, Lent, Eid, Hannukah, Ramadan, Samhain, Beltane; there were so many different holidays that he'd previously known absolutely nothing about. His parents were more than happy to read up about his friends' religious holidays and even made sure to send them gifts too. They were always forward and proactive in that way, going out of their way to make absolutely certain that everyone felt comfortable and well-loved. It was their thing.

So, in theory, he should feel as if he had that sort of bond with them. Chan knew that he should be able to feel the bond that he desired, but there was something about it that didn't quite fit with their family dynamics. He didn't know what it was and had struggled for years to pinpoint it. It wasn't a lack of non-romantic, non-sexual intimacy - his parents were more than happy to embrace and cuddle and share time with him. It wasn't a lack of emotional closeness either - they always ensured that he had the opportunity to discuss his problems, and it was always relatively equal. They would all have the opportunity to speak with no one trying to interrupt or push their own feelings or opinions forward. It didn't really make sense, as a result. The confusion that he was feeling seemed completely justified, seeing as there was no reason for him to feel so disconnected that he sought the bond elsewhere, but it was something that he simply had to deal with.

The initial attraction came during his adult film sprees, as many cases like that did. Chan was known to be one of the big lovers of that sort of video in the dorm, even when he was under the age of majority. He'd tried - and failed - to hide his habits but the other boys were hardly bothered by it. After all, they were all developing and it had the potential to lead to a healthy adult experience of sexuality, so long as he didn't find himself obsessing over it. Seungcheol had given him a talk about it, since he'd essentially claimed the role of group dad within minutes of meeting everyone, and he'd ensured that Chan knew the implications of that sort of media right from the start. It was generally
unrealistic and gave poor expectations for sexual relationships, but it also provided a quick fix for the times where he couldn't find someone to help him and his imagination wasn't doing anything for it. As long as he didn't find himself viewing that sort of content multiple times a day and constantly thinking about his next time on those sites, it wasn't a big deal.

He couldn't exactly promise that he only limited himself to once a day at the start, honestly. He was in the midst of puberty; a gust of wind over the front of his trousers was enough to stir up his attention. His hormones were raging - as was evident from the acne that was starting to form on the apples of his cheeks - but even if he could find someone to help him out with it, he didn't think that he'd have the confidence to go ahead with it. Plus there was the matter of maturity. He'd essentially been forced to grow up, thanks to his job, but a lot of the girls in his year at school were a lot less mature than him. He couldn't find them attractive when they were messing around and acting like children.

Contrarily - or perhaps, likewise - he found that he was more attracted to boys who were a little bit older than himself. He'd never really expected that he would be into guys in the slightest, but he wasn't really the sort of person to pretend that he wasn't interested whatsoever. He lived with twelve other men, for crying out loud. He'd seen the way that some of them looked at each other's bodies, and the way that there was obvious sexual tension in the dorm at some points in time. He'd even heard one or two of them - not naming any names or anything - telling other people in the dorm that they wanted to go down on them. It wasn't necessarily that they were attracted to each other, although Chan was certain that there would be at least the odd person in the dorm who was genuinely attracted to other guys. Rather, it was the mix of bodies around the place all the time. The smell of sweat and pheromones. The hormones of boys who were still in the process of puberty. The various shampoos and colognes and sprays and detergents. The tingling scent of sex in the air when they had very clearly been masturbating and pretended it hadn't happened.

It was addictive. And so Chan had tried to fight it to start with.

He didn't fight his attraction to men but rather, his sexual urges. It was the one thing that kept him sane in a house filled with attractive men who were constantly without some item of clothing. Shirts, trousers, sometimes both, sometimes completely ass naked. He would only watch heterosexual videos to combat it. If he saw images of girls and guys getting busy, he wouldn't be able to psychologically associate the guys on screen with anyone in the house. He wouldn't search for guys who looked similar to his seniors, and wouldn't imagine them taking him, instead of the men in the video taking someone who had a similar body shape to him. Group relationships always ended badly, and he couldn't risk it.

He tried every sort of video in every genre. Ones with big guys and small girls. Ones of weedy guys and curvy girls. Interracial. Huge height differences. Age differences. Heck, even videos of girls who weren't the typical model, but were instead just the average girl that he would see on the street. Homemade and professional. Relationships and hook-ups and working relationships. Regular missionary and the heaviest bondage he could find. Even the weird ones where they would try something really different, but it would be strangely erotic still. He would focus his attention on it more than anything. He needed that bit of diversity so that he could keep his mind off the boys who were around him. He needed to feel as if he had some sort of control to combat the obvious lack of control whenever he was around half-naked boys every day.

The big issue, however, was that Chan couldn't help but link what he saw with the boys around him. Seungcheol, for example, seemed to be the sort of guy who preferred his partners unshaven and natural. Mingyu had mentioned edging before and Soonyoung was almost certainly into going public. And then there was Jihoon--
That one wasn't quite linked in the same way that the others were linked. Whilst Chan had associated each of the videos with the boys in their group based on what they'd mentioned in the past - be it, an explicit comment about what they were attracted to, or just little hints here and there - it wasn't anything like that with Jihoon.

Admittedly, he was the biggest problem for Chan. He was a few years older than him, but still had the appearance of a guy who was around Chan's age. He was just over 160cm and it gave him an eternal look of youth. It was something that actually held Chan's attention rather well, since he had the best of both worlds in that sense. He had someone who was more mature, both physically and mentally, but also someone who he could comfortably declare as his partner without getting uncomfortable looks from people who had caught on within seconds that there was a three year age gap between them. If he was a bit older, it wouldn't really make a difference. Three years was hardly a big deal. No, it was the fact that Chan was still under the age of majority when he started thinking about Jihoon in that sort of sense, but Jihoon was a grown adult who could do anything he wanted. He could book hotels, smoke, drink, fly to other countries, have a full-time job, buy a pet, get married; anything at all that he could possibly want, he would be able to go ahead and get it. And then even when Chan hit the age of majority, there was still that obvious gap between them. He was fresh and new into the adult world, and Jihoon was well-accustomed to that sort of life.

The worst part, though, was that a lot of Chan's fixation was on Jihoon's body. He had a small figure; not too muscular or too manly. His stomach was soft and squishy, and he didn't have visible abs. His arms weren't built as much as Seungcheol's or Mingyu's, for example, and he still had a babyface to top it all off. Then there were his nipples. Damn, Chan was obsessed from the moment he saw them. He'd seen a lot of bare chests in his time, but they didn't look anything like Jihoon's chest. Most guys had a particular build that Chan wasn't fazed by. Strong pecs, nipples on the outer thirds of the chest. Generally larger than their hips, and well-formed. Jihoon, on the other hand, had a completely flat chest that was the exact same size as his hips and his nipples were like two tiny pink bee stings against his milky skin.

It was the most attractive thing Chan had ever seen. He'd become unfazed by everyone else's chests by that point in time, but Jihoon's chest posed particular issues for him. The moment he saw his senior shirtless for the first time, fresh out of the shower and in just a towel, Chan had to back up against the wall so that his legs didn't give out. He didn't know exactly what it was, but he wanted nothing more than to touch his chest and run his fingertips over the silky skin of Jihoon's areolas. He wanted to drown in the sensation of warmth radiating off the nude flesh and press his face against the barely visible curve of his ribs, right in the centre. He wanted more than anything to feel the slight tickle of hair against his cheeks - the soft, delicate baby hairs that still hadn't darkened after puberty - and more than anything, he wanted to let go and tell Jihoon how much he wanted him.

It began as a far-off fantasy. Something that Chan wanted but would never get. Something that he would never get because he would never ask for it. There was no way in hell that he could go to his senior and say to him, "Jihoon, I want to see you naked." He knew exactly which look he would receive for it. Jihoon was expressive when it came to irritation and disapproval. Chan could picture the exact face in his mind; Jihoon would squint ever so slightly and his jaw would hang open by around an inch or two. His eyebrows would twitch towards a furrow and his eyes would burn into Chan's face. It would be a very slight, very subtle change to his face, but it would tell a thousand words about how Jihoon was hoping that it was a joke. Chan couldn't have that. It was embarrassing enough to still be in puberty at nineteen years old without having to confess that he was getting sexual urges to touch his senior too.

But it was hardly something that he could stop. He wasn't even sure whether he wanted it to stop or not, instead figuring that even if Jihoon never knew about the feelings, there was no issue. He didn't need to know anything about it and it wouldn't hurt anyone. Simple as. Chan could continue to
imagine how it would feel to touch his body, and that would be that. No, the main issue was that
even if he did want it to stop, his body had associated Jihoon with the videos of breastfeeding
and lactation.

Chan didn't even know how it happened. In theory, it shouldn't have happened at all. He should've
been able to leave that fetish to one side, completely separate from everyone in the dorm. No one had
breasts. Not a single one of the boys in the dorm. Even the ones with well-built chests were
obviously masculine in that sense and it didn't look anything close to having breasts. It didn't really
make sense for him to associate that sort of thing with anyone.

Then there was one particular video that changed everything. It was of a woman with small breasts -
probably around an A cup at most, from what Chan had seen - who was breastfeeding a teenage
boy. Her areolas were rather large, as were those of most lactating women, but the difference was
that they were incredibly pale. Chan had hardly seen any Korean women with pink such pale pink
nipples before; they were generally either dark pink or brown, but always contrasted their skin
especially well. It was rare for him to find someone whose nipples looked so similar to Jihoon's, and
so he made the immediate association. His mind fixated on it and he was stuck in an instant.

Whilst he wasn't usually all that attracted to lactation beforehand, he found that that was the trigger
for it. With a particular person in mind, he found that he was able to branch out more. The mix of
wanting to touch Jihoon's chest, the erotic nature of such an act, and the closeness of a parent-child
bond between two consenting adults was something that left a pit of warmth starting to spread across
Chan's lower stomach. He let himself go just once - giving himself a quick stroke in time with the
videos - and that was the end of the innocence he'd been fighting so hard to keep since he started to
notice his emerging sexuality. It was there, he couldn't fight it, and he was forced to admit that he'd
developed an unbearably strong fetish over the space of around a week.

It was frustrating. Other videos were fine for getting him in the mood, but he couldn't finish until he'd
at least thought about suckling. It usually involved him trying to pretend that he didn't need that sort
of stimulation by not even bringing the video up. Instead, Chan would use his imagination so that it
felt as if he had some control over it. He could pretend that he was actually getting off from the video
that was already on the screen, showing some other kink. Hair-pulling, anal, fisting, spooning,
scratching, biting; anything else that he could find that was as far from suckling as he could get.

But the images were always in his mind. He would nervously go to Jihoon's room late at night to
find him wearing his glasses as he read some book that he'd just bought. It never really mattered what
the book was - Chan hardly ever paid attention to it when he thought about what he was planning on
doing with Jihoon. He would give a gentle knock to the door as he peeked inside and his senior
would drop the book into his lap. Chan would swallow the build-up of saliva in his mouth before
moving inside the room. They would both know exactly why he was there without needing to
explain it. He would've been there enough times for Jihoon to simply submit to him without even
trying to pretend that it was an inconvenience, as it probably would be at the start.

Chan would glide through the room until he was at Jihoon's bed. The book would be placed on the
bedside table and Chan would replace it on Jihoon's lap. He would start by trying to warm his senior
up; kissing his neck, running a hand down his arm. He occasionally dared to press a kiss to Jihoon's
lips, although he rarely considered that since he'd still not had his first kiss and had no idea of how it
would feel to have their lips pressed together like that. It was purely down to his imagination at the
moment, and so he often just left it at that.

A hand would slip under the collar of Jihoon's shirt. He would usually wear one that was oversized
when he knew that Chan would be visiting him. It would often have two or three buttons that could
be easily popped to give full access to his chest, and Chan would always pull it down enough to stare
at his nipples for a moment before getting started. It was as if he needed the proof that they were still there. At that point, he would give one last glance to his senior's face, as if asking him for permission to get started, and then slowly moved closer. Much like an infant, he would give a gentle nuzzle to the skin as he sought out the nipple in the low lighting, and then he would slowly wrap his lips around the nub as he began to suckle.

It was always gentle and loving to start with, but then Chan couldn't help but get possessive. Thoughts of someone else wanting to touch Jihoon like that left him with the need to make his mark and so he would suck harder, faster, flash his tongue over the nub, and sometimes even nibble a little. Unlike a parent, Jihoon would allow himself to let out a satisfied sigh. He would arch his chest up against Chan's mouth to encourage him to continue, and Chan would simply get rougher with him. One hand would move up to where his mouth was and he would give slow, rhythmic squeezes to the flesh in hopes of stimulating lactation. The other would move to the other nipple and would gently flick it back and forth to prepare it for when he swapped sides. Jihoon would let out an indignant moan as he felt Chan toying with the other side; as much as it was similar to how a baby might do, Jihoon was never really used to that and would always find it erotic how Chan would play with him like that.

Sometimes he would start to lactate, other times he wouldn't. It all depended on Chan's mood and whether he could imagine it. Sometimes he would even get some of the milk from the fridge, warm it up in the microwave, and then dribble it onto his tongue in order to make the fantasy a reality for just a moment. He would imagine that Jihoon's body would completely submit to him and fill his mouth with the warm fluid - a reward for his efforts. On those occasions, Chan would get greedy; he would desperately squeeze and suck hard until he'd milked Jihoon completely dry, and would then move to the other side to gulp down the milk that he produced. Other times, he would lazily drag his tongue across Jihoon's nipples and rub circles as his senior slowly rubbed a hand over the front of his bed shorts. Either way, he would be completely stiff over it and in desperate need to be touched.

The fantasy would get Chan off easily. He loved the thought of Jihoon letting him do something so intimate - so loving - to him when no one else was around. He loved the thought of it being their little secret, and the thought that Jihoon would let him touch his bare skin without question. He especially loved it when his fantasies took him to a place where Jihoon gently stroked him in time with the suckles; a mutual transaction of pleasure alongside their bonding.

Chan couldn't get it out of his head. He couldn't begin to describe how much he wanted to ask for Jihoon to do that sort of thing with him. He wanted to be greedy and desperate, and he wanted Jihoon's nipples brushing against his lips and tongue. He wanted the bond and the love and the warmth of skin against his own. As much as he could pretend that he was getting off over the videos that he found online and tried to boast that he didn't have a problem, he knew deep down that it was the thoughts of touching his senior in that sort of way that left him twitching with a need to climax.

In theory, he could mention it. He could go to Jihoon and ask for that, hoping desperately that his senior would give in to the sensation of sexual tension that often tingled in the dorm. Jihoon didn't know any females that well and his pride would stop him from ever asking another guy for sex, so he would probably be down for it without question. Chan wouldn't be able to help himself; he would be all over his senior from the moment he had permission; hands stroking over clothes before dipping down to touch bare skin, lips on any exposed flesh, rubbing Jihoon's most intimate areas, and then finally daring to suggest that he suckle from his chest. In his mind, he was a lot more confident and could suggest that sort of thing without fear of rejection or teasing. In reality, he wasn't so sure.

For now, though, it was going to have to be his dirty little secret. He could safely imagine it from the safety of his room, and he could pretend that he was just checking Jihoon out in general whenever he saw his bare skin after a shower. Perhaps if the sexual tension did get strong enough for Jihoon to
confess to wanting him back, Chan could go ahead and make it a reality, but for now it was just something that was going to have to stay hidden inside of him.

Chapter End Notes

I tried to keep this one a little tamer and come away from the fetish itself a little bit, since I'm still not sure how I feel about putting detail in for Chan, but I think that plan flopped a little bit. Hopefully it's still a bit delicate though?

Anyway, I'm probably going to have to slow down the chapters for a while because I have deadlines and exams coming up, but I'll try to update when I can! Thank you for reading! <3
The first time Minghao was on stage as an idol, he felt his body react instantly. The lights were in his eyes, leaving them burning instantly. They almost blinded him; leaving little white spots in his vision when they were finally moved away from his face. The openness of the room was something that he enjoyed too; he'd never really had the experience of being on a stage so big in his life. Of course, there were the ones in his assemblies at school, but it wasn't quite the same. Those stages were barely ten foot long and there was barely enough room for three people. This stage was completely different; they could fit several groups on it if they wanted to, and there would still be enough space for them to dance and move about without crashing into each other. Then there was the acoustics of the room. He called out to the empty seats, telling them that he was there finally, living his dream. The room amplified his voice without swallowing it up. It made him sound bold, brave, confident, and just like a real idol.

His heart started racing; a direct result of the adrenaline rush that hit him. He'd never had that sort of experience before. Every space he'd performed in had been relatively enclosed beforehand. In their idol days, they'd performed on a tiny stage that looked a lot like a Shakespearean stage; one that required everyone present to be as careful with their steps as possible. They could easily trip over each other if they didn't, and there was always the chance that a wrong move would completely destroy the performance. No, this one was completely different. They could spread out. Everyone would have their own space. They were able to interact but also keep to themselves. He didn't need to worry about anything, other than showing himself off in the best possible light. Everyone's eyes would be on him and his group. The thought of that alone was thrilling for him; he couldn't even suppress the grin that immediately found a home on his face. This was exactly where he wanted to be.

It was what he'd been fighting for his entire life. He wanted to be an idol. He'd gone through the auditions, he'd had the pain and struggles of trying to get through their trainee period. He saw friendships breaking up; members of their group breaking down in tears and yelling at other people around them. He saw one or two of them raise a hand to other members of the group as their frustration grew, and he saw people leaving. The final few hours as their ex-members packed up their bags and left were the hardest hours of the entire process. If they were going to be a group, they were supposed to be a group together. It wasn't supposed to be the case that some people left that dream behind. It was absolutely crushing, but it was something that they had to push through together. Minghao wasn't prepared to drop his dream in order to mourn the loss of people who obviously weren't that invested in the first place.

And now here they were. They were on a real stage, performing properly. Their music would be booming through the hall, their fans would be chanting the lyrics back at them. He would hear his name passing their lips in a high-pitched breath. "Xu Ming Hao." The moment he heard that for the first time, his breath caught in his throat. He could barely stay in the swing of the song. It was the most amazing feeling in the world. There were people in the audience who liked him; who would
call out for him. Once he was at the front of the stage, he made sure to take a peek at the various signs in the audience. That only made him feel even better about what he was doing.

"The8."
"Xu Ming Hao"
"China Line <3"

Perfection.

He was left absolutely exhilarated when they got off the stage. They had finished for the night, much quicker than he'd expected. He was certain that not even an hour had passed, but they'd actually gone over their allotted time by quite a bit. He'd made sure to check his phone once they were out, figuring that perhaps they'd rushed it and they were going to be sent back out there to make it worth their fans' while being there. After all, if they'd paid for a certain amount of time at a concert, they needed to give their fans that amount of time there. It was only fair; he wouldn't be happy if he went to see his favourite group and they only stayed for an hour. Yet, as he checked, he realised that it was time to go home. And his heart instantly shattered in his chest. That was the last thing he wanted right now, and he could have given anything to go back out there.

"We'll do a quick V-live on the way to the hotel," group leader, Choi Seungcheol, announced as they started to pack up ready to leave. "Something to thank everyone for coming here today, and to thank everyone else for the online support they gave, even though they couldn't be here today." It was only polite, Minghao guessed, although frankly he didn't really want to let himself miss the stage this soon after they'd made their departure. It felt as if it was too soon; as if it was rubbing in the fact that they were gone for the night and that they wouldn't be on the stage again for another few weeks. They needed to build up their reputation a lot more before they could be on stage on a nightly basis.

But if he was being completely honest, it was the last thing he really wanted to do.

If he was being honest, he was completely stiff. He'd noticed it starting to develop when he walked out on stage, with every song leaving his spine tingling with excitement. It only developed with time until he eventually had to tuck it underneath his belt so that eagle-eyed fans didn't catch onto the fact that he was left painfully aroused by his time on stage. It was something that he didn't really want to become obvious whilst they were on the way to the hotel, either. Just thinking about their time on stage was fueling it, stopping it from going down and allowing him peace. The V-live would only make things worse by reminding him of the fact that they had just been performing.

Somehow, he managed to pull through though. It was a huge struggle. He'd tried his hardest to stay in the background, trying his hardest to appear as if he was tired out from the show. It had been his first proper performance, after all; his eyes were tired from the contact lenses that he'd been wearing, and his body was worn out from hours of dancing. It was acceptable this time, although he wouldn't be able to make a habit of it. Junhui made sure to 'wake' him when they finally arrived, and Minghao made sure to put on his sleepiest face as he clambered out of the car and made his way towards the hotel.

Once there, though, he made a point of telling Junhui that he needed to take the first shower and he'd try to stay awake until he was out before going in himself. He knew right away that he was going to be much longer in the shower, and so he needed to give his temporary roommate the opportunity to get washed up first. As always, Junhui only took around ten minutes to get himself washed. In that time, Minghao tried to get himself finished, but the last thing he wanted was for it to be obvious what he'd been doing. He tried to make it as subtle as possible so that Junhui wouldn't catch the scent of masturbation in the air, and promptly stuffed his length back into his trousers as he heard the shower turn off. The sleepy face returned, and then he dragged himself through to the shower to continue
Unsurprisingly, it became a recurring theme. Once he got into the habit of masturbating after every show, it had to happen. There was no question about it; his body quickly came to expect it. He needed to feel the release of all of the built-up adrenaline and desire and arousal that had been stirring around his body from the moment that they stepped foot on stage. He needed to feel how it felt to let his attraction to the stage out. No matter how many times they went out there, Minghao could feel his body begging for some sort of release. It knew right away that being on stage meant being faced with the lights and the space and the feeling of being exposed and the people who were calling out his name, and it knew that that was something he longed for. The mix of it all never failed to get him going. Not once.

But then again, he soon figured that he might as well utilise his resources and take advantage of the fact that the group were open with sexuality.

After all, it would make it easy enough. It was essentially one big friends-with-benefits affair between them all. Of course, there were certain pairs who liked each other a lot, to the point where no one else in the group would be able to get close to what they had, but that wasn't something that would really cause any issues. He would simply target someone who didn't have that sort of relationship with someone else in the group. His usual hotel partner, for example.

It took a lot of strength to build up to that point after one of their performances. As if the adrenaline rush from being on the stage wasn't enough to get him in the mood, the spike that came as a result of his plan to get Junhui into bed with him took it one step further. He tried his hardest to keep it hidden as best as possible on their way back to the hotel, but then made sure to let loose as soon as they were alone. His hand wrapped around his friend's wrist and pulled him down the hallway; he was walking so fast that Junhui was stumbling after him, trying to regain his composure.

"Rip my clothes off," Minghao breathed as he tugged Junhui back into the hotel room, "I mean it, Jun, I need you." His tone was tainted with a desperation that was alien to them both. Minghao never showed that sort of desire, but he was willing to take anyone by that point. They hadn't even discussed it beforehand, which was something completely new. He just wanted to feel another body pressed against his own; a release for the hormonal surge that was still flowing through his bloodstream now that they were back in the hotel. He wanted to feel lips against his neck; fingers against his skin, and the cold air of the hotel room engulfing him.

When Junhui didn't move fast enough, he grabbed his friend's hands and moved them to his shirt. He helped him to unbutton the first two buttons before leaving him to continue, watching how a sudden vibe of pure concentration swallowed up Junhui's features. He wanted to help Minghao to feel good right away. The last thing he wanted to do was have his friend leaving the room to go and find someone else who would drop their trousers for him in an instant. He pressed Minghao to the wall, dipping in to litter kisses all over his neck and chest, before moving back out again to double-check that the door was really locked. The last thing that they needed was for one of the other boys to barge their way in with the camera, allowing their fans to see the fact that they were screwing like animals on the bed. It would have ruined the mood, for starters, but would have also landed them in serious trouble. Not only the two of them but also whoever showed their fans that sort of thing. And they wouldn't have known; after all, it wasn't necessarily something that Junhui and Minghao advertised, and the expectation was that they would be so tired-out after the performance that they would simply take a shower and jump straight into bed. There was no reason why anyone would suspect differently.

That was when he lifted Minghao onto his waist. The smaller boy wrapped his legs around his friend, pressing his nails into his shoulders hard enough to make himself feel secure. Junhui allowed
one firm kiss between them as he started on his way towards the bed and then promptly tossed Minghao down carelessly, as if he didn't care whether he hurt himself or not. It just made the exchange that bit sexier. "You always get like this after shows," he pointed out as he crawled up the bed to where Minghao was laid sprawled out. His fingers pulled at the fabric of his shirt. "Is it a way of getting yourself tired out enough to go to sleep?" Minghao couldn't help but raise his eyebrows in response. He'd never really thought that it was that obvious, but Junhui was probably one of the more oblivious members of the group when it came to that sort of thing. Or rather, he rarely paid attention. Either way, though, he was the last person Minghao expected to realise that he got aroused straight after their time on stage.

"What would make you say that?" he asked, trying his hardest to make it seem as if it wasn't the case, "We've never done this before, so I don't know where you're getting that from."

And then Junhui smirked. He rolled his eyes as he started to attack his friend's trousers, getting them off after a painfully long time. They got tangled around his calves, leaving him flailing slightly in an attempt to help his friend get them past his heels, but as soon as they were off, Junhui tossed them to one side before moving back in to press kisses to Minghao's thighs. "Are you kidding me? There's only gonna be one reason why you always take so long in the shower after performances. Even after dance practice, when you're sweaty and gross, you only usually take ten-minute showers. And after shows, you take forty minute showers? You must be masturbating; I'm not stupid, Minghao."

Maybe Junhui had clocked him. He snapped his head away to hide the immediate blush that threatened to foil his attempts at disguising his embarrassment, and he immediately noted how Junhui let out an amused noise in response. "You do masturbate in the shower after every show, don't you?"

Minghao couldn't help himself. He simply grabbed his friend's hair and pulled it up, smashing his face straight into his crotch. He could feel Junhui's breath trickling through the loose-knit garment, leaving his skin tingling. The look he gave as he gazed up at him was devious, and Minghao wanted nothing more than to crush his stupid face on the spot for being such a pain in the ass. Junhui himself was almost as embarrassing as his kink for being on stage. That was seemingly his aim or something; he seemed proud of himself as a result of his discovery, and the smugness was even evident when he began to suck Minghao.

It drew out a groan right away, though, which was good. It served as a distraction from the fact that part of Minghao's kink had been found out. Of course, it was going to take a genius to figure out why exactly he liked to touch himself for as long as possible after their performances. It was a kink that no one really thought of unless they had it, so he was probably safe in that sort of sense. He didn't need to worry about anyone catching on to that; not his friends or their fans or even the managers. Instead, he could refer to just the hormonal changes. His adrenaline spike made him want to mess around with someone. Nothing else. That way, it was emphasised that it wasn't something that came as a choice; rather his body reacted to the environment in a way that other people tended not to experience.

Within minutes, he had mounted his friend. Taken him right to the base without hesitation. He needed that bit of control. The last thing that Minghao was feeling at that point in time was submission; he wanted nothing more than to let out every feeling that had built up inside of him as they were performing. A slam down until his pelvis was pressed against Junhui's pelvis. He imagined the initial feeling of going out onto the stage with the lights illuminating his features; stopping him from seeing the crowds that were waiting for them until his eyes had the opportunity to adjust to the room. Lifting up. His ears were filled with the screams of their fans; he could barely hear the music over the cheers.

Back down again, and his mind was flooded with the sight of the signs. Each one had something different on, written in slightly different handwriting. There was an equal mix of names in the crowd;
everyone would be able to find their own name at least twice if they looked around. There were also ones aimed at the group in general, the various units, their favourite pairings... Up again. He inhaled deeply, taking in the sudden chemistry between the group's members. That was one thing that really got him going. He could see it every time a pair had to interact. The light touches to each other's skin. The glances that they would give each other. The way that they couldn't help but stare at each other's lips, take in the scent of bodies, touch each other here and there. They could pretend that it was for the audience, but it was for them too.

Sure, they could pretend that they were trying to give their fans that sort of service. They could pretend that they were acting like that with each other to get them excited. They knew that a lot of them had a thing for boys who acted like that with each other; the pairing videos and fanfiction proved that, and they had already been littered with a number of questions from fans about whether they'd kissed each other. Yet, there was something more than that too, obviously. Sometimes it did happen. Just like on this occasion, where Minghao was on top of Junhui, slamming their hips together in a forceful rut, they sometimes wanted to have that sort of experience with each other. It was just natural.

He closed his eyes so that he could focus on the sensations of being on stage, bringing them to the front of his mind. The light was off, so it wasn't really going to cause any issues. Junhui wouldn't be able to tell that his mind was in other places, and that was exactly how he liked it. It was something that he could keep to himself and not have to worry about. Junhui's hands were on his hips, guiding him on his length as if he couldn't do it himself. Minghao moved his body in long, fluid motions, rolling his hips each time. With every bonus thrust up from his friend, he found himself getting closer to his release already; he knew that he was going to finish relatively quickly anyway, since his hormone levels were at their absolute peak - a definite mix of testosterone and oxytocin in with the regular post-performance spike - and he only knew that he needed to hit his climax as quickly as possible.

Nails dug into bare flesh. Calves tightened around a slim waist. Muscles clenched; heads snapped back, lips met skin. Cotton bedsheets brushed against bare legs, and the slightest tickle of cold from a poorly-insulated window met hot bodies. The air was filled with the softest of gasps as Minghao tried to mask the noises that needed to escape, and Junhui simply tensed his jaw in order to stay quiet. It wasn't anything that was going to make him particularly loud; Minghao knew that he had a toy that had helped him to learn to stay quiet, and he was very well-trained by that point. There was no way that Junhui was going to be the one to foil their game at this point.

And then they finished. Minghao's entire body was on fire. He could feel it starting behind his ears and spreading down his neck; engulfing the rest of his body as it went. His friend's torso was painted with white streaks, and so were his walls. They'd forgotten to use protection this time, in the heat of the passion that came from Minghao's insistent need to be taken on the spot. It wasn't as if it was a big deal, though; he would simply go through to the shower and wash it out of his body. Well, he would clean it out of his body in a little while.

For now, he simply collapsed forward until his stomach smeared his release across Junhui's navel. He stayed there, unmoving. There was no need to talk for the moment; he knew that Junhui wasn't expecting him to say anything, and speaking would simply ruin the scene that was already threatening to leave until the next time they were on stage as a group. It would be in a few days, at which point Minghao would probably try to convince someone to sleep with him again. Maybe it would be Junhui, maybe it would be someone else. The key was that it wasn't anyone who was good at deduction, though, since he knew that they would eventually end up making that association if they were given the chance to do so. It was unlikely that it would end up happening right away, but carelessness would make it evident. It completely ruled Wonwoo out of it, for example; not that his
senior would be up for that sort of thing straight after a show anyway. He was usually the sort to want to relax quietly once they were back at the hotel room. Fruity snacks and a long novel were his way of coming down from the high.

It would forever be something unspoken, though. Minghao wasn't going to announce that his desire to be touched had come as a result of the surge that hit him as soon as he was on stage. That was his secret to keep in the back of his mind, where no one could judge the fact that his kink coincided so perfectly with his career choice.

Chapter End Notes

It's been a little while since I last posted but here we go!! In a few weeks I'll be finished uni so there'll be more time to update. I might even be able to post several per week but no promises on that one just yet!!

If you do have any suggestions for chapters to add at the end, though, please don't hesitate to send them over!! I'm basically willing to do anything other than genuine non-consensual abuse stuff (although consensual roleplay version is fine for that, which isn't a huge difference but there'll be comments at some point about how it was granted beforehand)

Thank you for reading!! <3
Kim Mingyu was absolutely, one-hundred percent unapologetic for his fetish.

It was nothing to be embarrassed about, as far as he was concerned. Okay, a lot of people seemed to be uncomfortable with the thought of it, but that was hardly his fault. It was a normal part of life to be into something, and his something just happened to be a deviation from what people considered to be normal. An intense attraction to breasts was seen to be normal, even if it got to the point where a guy could only get off if he was interacting with a woman’s breasts in some way. Bondage was seen as something that was normal nowadays, and it was something that a lot of people really enjoyed. Then there were a few kinks that were a little bit more out there and made people squirm, but were generally not seen as something too bad. Foot fetishes, feeders, and the sorts.

His thing wasn’t all that weird, as far as he was concerned, though. He'd researched it intensely, and it had great theoretical background. Frankly, he wasn't all that attracted to the thought of body fluids in the slightest, even though this was a bit of a stem off of that. He'd always said that he would give anything a try, but those sorts of things were his hard limits. He panicked the first time he bit his boyfriend hard enough to draw blood. He'd tried to convince himself that pee was just water, but the bitter, slightly metallic taste really left him cringing for weeks. He'd seen videos with vomit, in which a person was formed to drink enough milk that a rough blowjob would force them to bring it back up - it wasn't real vomit, per se, but it was certainly real enough to make his stomach churn. In fact, he wasn't even that fond of semen, either. The taste of it made him retract, and he'd had to force himself to stop pulling away before his boyfriend finished for the past few years because it quite simply didn't come naturally to him. If it touched his tongue, he would have to spit it out at the first possible opportunity. If it was anywhere else on his body, he had to avoid looking at the snot-like fluid as not to end up vomiting over the sight of it.

It was often seen to be a bit weird that he was attracted to bodily functions as a result. He liked watching boys eating, for example. There was one particular boy in his friendship group who would never stop eating and frankly, it was really attractive to watch him doing so. Minghao wouldn't even notice him staring in anticipation for the next bite - Mingyu had gotten particularly good at hiding that sort of thing - and so he would happily eat six meals a day in front of him without the self-consciousness that a partner would probably feel. Likewise, Mingyu found excitement stirring in his chest whenever he had a night out with his friends and they needed to stop to urinate somewhere in public. Whilst he found the actual body fluid itself unappealing, the fact that they were unable to reach a bathroom and so let one of their most primal needs surface in a public area left Mingyu's stomach in knots right away. And then there was the main kink; the one that was his automatic go-to area.

Wait for it.

Flatulence.

Growing up, he'd never really expected that it would reach the top of his list. He was one of the
immature boys who would find that sort of thing funny. The squeak of a chair would leave him erupting into laughter and accusing the other person of passing wind. They would often end up embarrassed as they tried to explain themselves, sometimes even trying their hardest to cause the sound to happen again so that they would be able to prove that it wasn't them. It was the sort of humour that would tickle him if he saw it in movies, and it was something that he used to tell a lot of jokes about when he was in high school. At that point in his life, it was probably as far from being a fetish as possible.

The worst part? There was no real reason for it occurring. No big backstory surrounding it. It wasn't something that had been started by viewing adult films, and it wasn't something that he'd realised he was drawn to as he grew older. Quite simply, his first boyfriend had an intolerance for lactose and had unknowingly consumed it before they got busy. The motion of it caused the effects of the intolerance to hit sooner than it would have done, and so Mingyu was faced with a sudden tightness as his boyfriend squeezed around him, and then a rippling sensation as his muscles finally gave in to the desire to release the gas build-up. That was it; one little incident in which he decided that it wasn't as bad as he thought. Of course, though, his boyfriend had been incredibly embarrassed about it and had gotten him to pull out, but it had turned out to be just as rewarding as Mingyu watched him pressing on his stomach in an attempt to relieve the pain in his abdomen.

Mingyu only really started to explore it properly once they had broken up, though. Up until that point, he wasn't denied the chance to touch his boyfriend if a reaction occurred, so long as he pulled out in good time if it got to be painful. There was no need to explore it when he got what he wanted out of the exchange; a new experience in which he had the opportunity to broaden his horizons. Only when he was free to his own devices did he realise that he missed the sensation of screwing a guy with trapped wind, and so he started to find substitutes online instead. More often than not, it involved someone bending over and spreading themselves as their asshole twitched and eventually they would start letting the flatulence surface. It was great but it wasn't really sufficient for him, and so Mingyu eventually started his hunt for another romantic partner to share his fascination with.

It wasn't something that many people were into, he found pretty quickly. He was confident enough to tell potential romantic partners early on that he was attracted to that, but very few were willing to give it a shot. To start with, he tried to limit himself so that he would only date people who would try it for him, but that proved to be a bit of a difficult task and so he eventually decided that he would be open about it, but would restrict it back to his pornography viewing instead of necessarily expecting that his partners would be willing to help him out with that sort of thing.

It turned out to be the right decision because Jeon Wonwoo came along shortly after, and he turned out to be the best mistake that Mingyu had ever made.

They'd met in a bookstore during their final year of university. Wonwoo needed to pick up a specific book for class but the copy wasn't on the shelf where it was supposed to be. He'd started to have a meltdown in the middle of the store - although he's tried to keep it as subtle as possible - until eventually Mingyu noticed that someone had left it on the chair next to where he was sitting. The seat had been empty for a while, and so he could safely assume that they weren't going to be coming back for it any time soon. He took it over, their hands brushed, and Mingyu immediately knew that he was going to spend his life with Wonwoo. Between the shy glances that Wonwoo kept flashing to him from that point onwards and the fact that he stayed there for longer than necessary when he finally got the book, Mingyu knew that Wonwoo was interested in him in return and so decided to offer a date to him. Their relationship developed as many did, with a gradual build-up until they were essentially living together. They would be at either of their houses almost every night, and so there was no real point in them having separate places to live. Nevertheless, though, Wonwoo liked his private space and so Mingyu had to accept that.
As many relationships did, they eventually worked up until their relationship was more mature. They gradually moved from heavy petting to more direct contact, and then finally shared their first time after around four months of dating. It was a lot sooner than Mingyu would have expected from his boyfriend, but he was frankly pretty glad about it. After all, sexuality was something that was gradually starting to change in society in a way that meant it didn't necessarily hold the connotations of a firm, serious relationship. Wonwoo seemed like the sort of person who would prefer to keep to that sort of tradition to start with, but then it soon became clear that he was just as onboard with the idea of them simply getting on with it as Mingyu was.

Of course, the topic of fetishes didn't come up right at the start. With this relationship, Mingyu had never really found the time to mention it. To start with, he'd struggled to figure out whether his boyfriend would get offended by talks about sexuality. Then, when it emerged that it wasn't exactly the case, he worried that perhaps springing fetishes onto him too soon in a relationship would scare him off. Then they eventually discussed Wonwoo's kinks - including light humiliation and rough impact play - before Mingyu finally let his own surface. He wasn't embarrassed, he swore; he just needed to find a way to put it out there in a way that wouldn't put Wonwoo off him.

To start with, Wonwoo's eyebrow gradually raised. He didn't really say any words but rather, just sat there for a moment. And then his response finally came. "That sounds..." he started, and then he was left lost for words.
"You seem like you're looking for the word 'disgusting'," Mingyu responded simply. It didn't take a knock out of his confidence or anything; he was pretty much expecting that sort of response. "I wouldn't go that far," Wonwoo told him quietly, "I wouldn't say that it's disgusting because that word seems to connote horror. I don't think that that captures it, although I'm honestly not that attracted to the thought of doing that. Does that make sense?"

It was probably one of the lighter rejections that Mingyu had ever had. It was soon followed by an apology for his immediate reaction too, which Mingyu really appreciated a lot. But it was something that they wouldn't talk about for a long time, until eventually they decided to get particularly kinky in the bedroom. Mingyu's mouth had touched areas of Wonwoo's body that it hadn't really done that often, and then he began to tease by dipping in and then pulling out to rub against his boyfriend. It immediately started to drive Wonwoo wild; he was being teased so well that he was left letting out the delicious noises that Mingyu lived for. Usually, Wonwoo wasn't all that loud in the bedroom, so it was great to be able to hear him this time. His whines left Mingyu craving him more than ever, and so eventually he started to simply slam into him with the speed and force that represented his desire to have him. All was well for the moment, with Wonwoo gradually getting louder, until eventually he let out a pained-sounding groan and then stopped completely with absolutely no warning whatsoever.

"Is something wrong?" Mingyu asked as he paused briefly. "It's, uh..." Wonwoo trailed off. Mingyu noted how he bit his lip and tried to hide his face in his pillow. There was a moment of silence, in which neither of them moved, until eventually Wonwoo turned his head to look directly towards his boyfriend. "Are you still into flatulence?"
"Oh, I... yeah?" Mingyu hadn't really intended on it coming out like a question. Then again, he hadn't really expected Wonwoo to bring up his kink. It was something he always imagined to get himself off, using the little bits of overlap that he caught - the twitching of Wonwoo's asshole, the clenching of his ass muscles in general, and the way that he was spread in preparation for the main event. Until that point, it was something that he kept to himself and he expected that that would always be the case, and so having his boyfriend bringing it up was something completely new.

"You've pushed air into me whilst you were dipping in and out, and I think I might need to..." Again, he drifted off. In general, Wonwoo seemed to be relatively uncomfortable with discussing any sorts of body functions and this one was the same.
"Do you want me to pull out for a bit so you can get it out?"
"How do you like it? Would you prefer it if I just... did it like this? Or do you prefer to watch instead?"

Mingyu thought about it for a moment. Whilst he liked the thought of Wonwoo rippling around him and making him feel every single vibration of his body, it was something that he couldn't really force him to do. Both psychologically and physically, actually. The issue was that his boyfriend was almost certainly going to get nervous as it was and having something inside of him at that point would make it even harder for him to let it out. Instead, he simply pulled out and encouraged Wonwoo to bend forwards. He could tell from the way that he hid his face in the pillow that he was embarrassed, and it was only made worse when he began to spread himself for him.

It was a beautiful sight, though, Mingyu decided. He could see that Wonwoo's body was trying to expel the build-up of gas from the way that his hole pushed outwards slightly. It clenched for a moment, showing off how nervous he was, and then finally he let out a long breath as he tried again. Admittedly, it was just as cute seeing him try and fail to meet the conditions of his kink. The bonus was that Mingyu actually rather liked watching the process of trying to force the air out more than the actual flatulence itself. It was usually made up of a series of twitches, muscles pushing outwards, clenching, spreading - and that was the most attractive thing that Mingyu had ever seen. Of course, the final bit of relief was always great too, especially if the build-up had been causing pain for his partner, and the sensation of it around him whilst he screwed them was something that was indescribably exciting, but the act of trying to expel it gave Mingyu free rein to see the way that Wonwoo's body conformed to meet demands.

In particular, he got to see the parts of Wonwoo that he'd never really looked at up close before. It was intimate, in a way. He could see the way that the carob tones of his nether regions contrasted greatly with the honey beige tones of the rest of his body. He could see every dip and groove of his ass, and the very fine hairs that peppered his skin; ones that were probably hard for him to reach. He could see the creases of Wonwoo's hole and the way that it parted slightly as he tried to spread himself as much as possible. Mingyu reached forward to gently dip his thumb inside of his boyfriend as the other hand moved to Wonwoo's stomach. He began to rub slow, deep circles in hopes of encouraging him to relax, and then finally the results started to come.

The first was the slightest little puff of air. His ass parted ever so slightly to allow it to reach the surface and then, after just a moment, the full storm came. Mingyu immediately felt a rush of excitement run through his body as he felt his boyfriend trying to simultaneously push it out and hide the fact that he did, in fact, have normal body functions. He was halfway between being embarrassed about it and wanting to give Mingyu that little bit of satisfaction, and so it made for an interesting result. After a minute or so of little spurts, he was left in a position where he was obviously feeling a lot more comfortable again. It was the end; his body was free of the excess air, and the need to push it out was finally gone. His body relaxed against the pillows, although Mingyu felt the slight clenching of stomach muscles under his hand once more as Wonwoo checked that he'd finished the job. At that point, he took some time to recompose himself before turning his head back to Mingyu.

"Was that okay for you, or was it not what you were looking for exactly?" There were no real words to describe how much Mingyu loved it. Although it was indirect and he didn't really get to feel how it felt around him, it was a starting point for their relationship. Wonwoo had to admit that although he wasn't exactly interested in it, he felt a lot more comfortable knowing that it wasn't quite as bad as he thought. It wasn't as if Mingyu was trying to control his body functions, for example, and he wasn't being forced to consume things that would increase the chances of gas build-up, just so that Mingyu would be able to get off.

No, this was something that was completely voluntary. If it happened, it happened. If not, Mingyu
wasn't going to intentionally try to hurt him so that he could snatch a glimpse of pleasure. It made for a positive first experience, and so Wonwoo admitted that he was more than happy to try it again in the future.

His reward for his hard work came shortly after. He hadn't really been expecting it and Mingyu hadn't really been planning on giving it, but it seemed appropriate to do so seeing as he tried so hard to make the best of the situation. It started off with gentle kisses to his ass, which left Wonwoo relaxing a lot more underneath the touches, and then finally, Mingyu started on his way towards a more focused point in the centre. He lifted his boyfriend's hips again and spread him, taking in the sight of his entrance again before peppering the carob flesh with firmer kisses. It was his way of making an entrance and showing that he was there to stay, and so the kisses developed into little licks before moving in even closer.

"What are you doing?" Wonwoo breathed at that point, "Are you seriously going to eat my ass after that?"
"Hm? It's not like there were any fluids involved. It was just air, really; it didn't even have a smell."
Mingyu started again, although he noticed his boyfriend instantly starting to clench again. He paused for a moment, trying to weigh up whether it was nervousness or anything else, but then quickly figured that pushing it any further would probably just make him uncomfortable. "Do you want me to stop?"
"I'm..." Wonwoo started again, although he obviously didn't know how to finish the sentence.
Mingyu made sure to move away again, although he still continued to give gentle strokes to his boyfriend's ass with the side of his thumb.

That was when he heard the slight gurgle of Wonwoo's stomach. It left Mingyu confused for a moment as he tried to figure out what exactly he was faced with, but then the embarrassed noise that escaped his boyfriend's throat gave him a hint. "I think the nerves over playing your kink out is starting to affect my stomach," he admitted quietly. "I don't think it's best that you go down right now because you're probably going to get a mouthful of it."

As far as he was concerned, it wasn't a sign that Wonwoo was uncomfortable with it as such, but rather that he was concerned. It wasn't something that Mingyu minded at all, though. He'd hit gold this time; he'd gone from having to imagine his kink playing out all the way up to that particular day, and now he was faced with a situation in which his boyfriend had not only suggested letting him indulge but also given him more than he'd originally anticipated. Of course, he needed to dip straight in. Going down on Wonwoo whilst it happened wasn't usually what he'd be into, but he guessed that this time he might as well man up and go straight for it. The sooner he did that, the less nervous his boyfriend would be. It would potentially mean getting more in the future, and that was exactly what Mingyu needed. He was finally given the chance to be selfish and this time, he was going to snatch up the chance.

He dipped straight in, cramming his tongue inside Wonwoo almost effortlessly. One hand kept him spread open, whilst the other moved down to grip his own length. The quick but rhythmic thrusts of his tongue were matched in pace by his hand, and he immediately let his mind travel to the place that it always did when he imagined this sort of thing. The slightest twitch of Wonwoo's muscles against his mouth and he was left thinking about how it would look to see his boyfriend's muscles forcing outwards. A clench and he could see it tightening again in his mind's eye. His body was waiting - anticipating - and he wanted nothing more than to feel Wonwoo letting it out finally; the first authentic bit of flatulence that he'd experience in the bedroom.

When it came, Mingyu couldn't help but feel the warmth of pride in his stomach, closely followed by the slightly different warmth of his climax. It had only been the slightest bit of flatulence, but it was exactly what he'd needed. The first experience was always the best in that sense because it would
always serve as confirmation. Confirmation to Wonwoo that it wasn't that bad, and confirmation to Mingyu that he did, in fact, like it. He continued to abuse Wonwoo's entrance until his climax hit too, and then gradually slowed until he was left pressing a couple of kisses to his skin again.

"Was it better than you thought? Can it stay?"
"It can stay."

Chapter End Notes

So it's been a little while since I last posted but hopefully it's a way to get back into it!! Just two more exams and I'll be free to get back on track for a few months!!

Thank you for staying with me on this one!! <3
Feederism - Seokmin/Soonyoung

Chapter Notes

Feederism: an attraction to eating and weight gain.

Seokmin wouldn't exactly say that his habit of feeding his partners was a fetish as such, at least not at the beginning. Rather, it was a habit that he had developed as a result of his boyfriend's insistent dieting, and it was one that had come about specifically because he was losing too much weight. It wasn't about finding him sexier when he was putting on weight or eating; that just came as a bonus later down the line.

He'd noticed the hard way. It had probably been going on for a long time by that point, but he hadn't really thought about it. He had no need to think about it, really. He trusted that as an adult, Soonyoung would be sensible when it came to food. If he was hungry, he would eat. If he wasn't hungry, he wouldn't eat. If he was craving snacks or thought he deserved to have some sort of treat, he would be sensible about it. If he was okay with putting on weight, that would be fine, but if he wanted to lose weight, that was up to him as well. He didn't feel as if he needed to dictate the life and diet of a grown man, and he genuinely wasn't prepared to do that.

But rather, other people did start to dictate that, and it's where the problems started to arise. It started with cutting down on food when they were out together. He would stare longingly at the menu, clearly wanting the fries more than anything, but would then settle on a salad. He didn't seem to be enjoying it so much, but Seokmin wasn't exactly going to criticise him for it. If anything, it would probably make things worse, and the last thing he wanted was to put his boyfriend in a position in which he felt uncomfortable whatever he did. Following that, though, he started to miss breakfast. "I'm running late for work," he would say, "I'll get something in the office." Of course, Seokmin completely trusted that he would do that if he had the time to do so. Sometimes he forgot to eat breakfast, though, but he wasn't afraid to mention it when he got home. Seokmin would end up bringing up breakfast and Soonyoung would visibly remember that he'd not eaten breakfast that morning when it was mentioned. If it wasn't genuine, he wouldn't be responding in that sort of way, Seokmin figured.

Then there was the issue of going to bed without dinner. "I'm not hungry tonight," he started to claim at least once a week. The worst part was that he seemed to be genuine about it; there was no searching for snacks or gazing at Seokmin's plate as he ate. He would even pair it by stating that he would get something to eat later in the evening if he did feel hungry, and so Seokmin could hardly force food down his throat. It was then followed by excessive exercise, and then eventually it hit the point where he started to get dizzy spells and started to faint.

The first mention of the poor eating habits was at the hospital after Soonyoung passed out at work. "His blood sugar is incredibly low. Do you know when he last ate?" a nurse asked Seokmin when he finally arrived there. He went to give a time, figuring that he could give a rough estimate, but then the more he thought back, the more it appeared that his boyfriend hadn't actually eaten since dinner two night ago. Even then, he picked at the food a bit, and he didn't seem to enjoy it all too much. "I don't know," Seokmin admitted as he let his head drop towards the ground in shame, "I don't know when he last ate. He hasn't eaten breakfast with me for months and he didn't eat dinner last night, so unless he ate lunch at work yesterday, I don't think he's eaten in almost forty-eight hours."
He could feel the discomfort starting to build in his chest as the nurse seemed to be disappointed in the answer, and so they made their way out of the room to inform the doctor that they likely knew the cause for Soonyoung's sudden episode.

He was let out of the hospital once he'd convinced the staff that his disordered eating was a result of stress, but it soon came out at home that it was a direct result of someone calling him fat. They had been very firm and insistent, he said, and so it had made everything uncomfortable. He didn't really want to eat around them at work, but then if he proceeded to binge-eat at home, he wouldn't be able to escape the label that he'd been given. It was something that he needed to get rid of as quickly as possible, and so he decided to drop weight the only way he knew how; skipping meals and exercising more. Of course, he was planning to stop when he'd reached his desired weight, but that would probably take time that he didn't really have.

Seokmin honestly felt awful when he found out. Surely it should have been obvious to him, yet he'd completely overlooked it. Soonyoung could look after himself, he'd reassured himself at the time; he's an adult. It was more likely that he'd been calling out for help, though, and he hadn't even realised. It was the one thing that Seokmin couldn't really forgive himself for.

So he'd told his boyfriend the truth. He didn't care about weight, and those who treated him differently because of his weight weren't worth his time. In fact, he much preferred how he looked when he was a little bit chubbier. Soonyoung initially pointed out that he was probably trying to make it seem as if he wanted him to be chubbier when it was a desperate attempt to get him to put on weight again, but Seokmin had assured him that he really liked seeing his boyfriend underneath him with the slight bounce of his thighs and stomach whenever they messed around together. It was something that he made sure to go into detail about, despite having never really considered it before he was made to confess that sort of thing, and so he didn't really know whether it sounded genuine, but it was already to the point where he didn't care. Even that bit of detail would suggest greater authenticity than simply stating that he liked it without showing his observance, and so Soonyoung had soon grown shy as he admitted that he could try to get back to eating better again.

It had sparked the early fazes of the fetish; the ones that were non-sexual. Feeding had been something romantic between them, which involved Seokmin hand-feeding his boyfriend whenever they had meals. He began by giving him spoonfuls of rice and telling him that he was good for eating them. It continued with him giving Soonyoung some of the food from his own plate, and then eventually he was in a position where he would feed his boyfriend snacks by hand too. That was something that he particularly enjoyed; it would almost always end up all over Soonyoung's face, and his chewing was much like how a small animal would eat, and frankly Seokmin thought that it was the most adorable sight he'd ever seen. He would have given anything to be able to watch his boyfriend eating like that again and again, and so eventually it got to the point where he was feeding him in that manner as often as possible.

As expected, though, it didn't take long for him to start to develop a fetish for that sort of thing. He'd never really considered how much he liked Soonyoung's stomach and thighs to start with, since he'd certainly taken them for granted, but it was something he didn't even bother to overlook once he had it back. He made sure to touch every bit of exposed flesh whenever they had sex, just to show how much he liked it. He developed a new love for the feeling of Soonyoung's skin underneath his hands, especially the rolls on his lower stomach and around his hips, and honestly he couldn't think of anything hotter than the fact that Soonyoung's ass grew by an extra few inches as soon as he started to put on weight. It was the most beautiful sight; he had more to grab and more to caress, and as soon as they started to get intimate in front of mirrors, he could indulge in the beautiful sight of Soonyoung's ass rippling every single time their bodies came together.

He'd not really thought about it all that much until they were in a position in which they were apart
for some time. Seokmin had to spend some time on the other side of the country for work, and there was hardly enough time to even call each other. He anticipated that it would be three weeks of pure hell, especially since they'd not gone that long without sex in the four years that they had been in a relationship. It was something he would have to work with, though, since there was no other way around it. He could hardly tell his managers that he wasn't going to attend the training sessions because he hadn't spent that long without sex in years. If anything, he would probably lose his job for being so ridiculous, and that was something that he couldn't really afford. No, instead he simply had to resort to using his hand again, and allowing his imagination to take over.

During the first few days, he'd been so tired that it wasn't really possible to take the time to masturbate. He would return to his hotel room and would find that he was even too tired to get dinner. Instead, he simply went to sleep and then ate a larger breakfast in the morning. The extra sleep was more important, especially since he was struggling to stay awake during the meetings anyway, and so he simply had to brush the thought of touching himself to the side as much as possible. Of course, though, his body wasn't all too happy with that, and the result was excessively raunchy dreams. The first few were about normal sex with Soonyoung, in which they would simply bring out the kinks that often surfaced during special occasions. Following that, his dreams gradually got worse and worse. Some involved him rubbing his unclothed erection between Soonyoung's thighs and through the rolls of his stomach when he was sat down. Other times, it would directly involve him feeding his boyfriend whilst he was being ridden. On those mornings, he would remember exactly what he'd been dreaming about, and his body would even make sure to remind him by leaving a damp patch in the front of his boxers. It wasn't exactly ideal, but it meant that the thoughts would continue to play on his mind. The moment it turned into a wet dream, instead of simply staying as a sexy dream, it would play in his mind over and over until he knew that he needed to talk to Soonyoung about it.

Except he couldn't really discuss that sort of thing with him. Seokmin really didn't want it to be taken the wrong way. Finding his own boyfriend attractive wasn't an issue at all, and it was actually something that was necessary in a relationship. Having sexual dreams about feeding him and ejaculating over his stomach rolls was a different story. That had passed the point of what was normal, and it had thrust him right into fetishism. He couldn't even deny it in the slightest; there was no other word that could describe it, and so he simply had to accept that he was aroused by feederism. And so it had to start off as a secret, as if Soonyoung would really care that much. A huge part of Seokmin figured that Soonyoung would actually be flattered, especially since he'd been so concerned about his weight lately, but another part figured that it would come across as creepy. After all, their bedroom activities primarily involved vanilla romance with very little kinkiness included. And saying that, their kinks involved very light bondage and roleplay, so it wasn't as if they could add it to a list of weird kinks that sometimes came to surface. No, it was something that didn't really fit in, and so it wasn't going to come out.

Instead, he fantasised about it. Sometimes he would dare to brush his erection across Soonyoung's bare skin, and he immediately felt a rush of adrenaline through his body as a result. Occasionally, he would tell him that he didn't want to finish inside a condom, and so he would pull out and finish on his boyfriend's body. The food fantasies, however, stayed as far away from the bedroom as he could manage, right up until Soonyoung found out about his fetish.

Seokmin didn't even know how he could have possibly found out. He didn't text or message his friends about it. He didn't mention it to anyone in private; in fact, he didn't even think he'd mentioned it to any person. It was something that had a home in the darkest parts of his mind, and it was something that he was too embarrassed to discuss casually. He wasn't part of any feeder groups, and he didn't really think that it was all that obvious. Everyone ejaculated on their partners here and there, and any rubbing was accidental. Sure, he would grab for Soonyoung's love handles here and there, but that didn't really indicate the fetish in the slightest. But Soonyoung had initiated it by asking if he
would suck whipped cream off Seokmin's genitals, and he'd struggled to fight back the stiffness that started to develop as soon as it was suggested. "Is this a new kink you wanted to try?" he asked nervously as he tried to adjust himself on his chair.

"I know you think it's sexy when I eat, and so I want to let you associate sex and food that little bit more," Soonyoung replied, before making his way to the kitchen to get the cream.

It was an experience that he never thought he would experience in his life. Soonyoung's mouth travelled over his skin, and then every time the cream was gone, he would add a bit more in order to ensure that he was absolutely stuffed by it. The cream left Seokmin's skin feeling sticky with every lick, but Soonyoung was so thorough that it didn't even matter. Once he'd eventually gotten to the point where he was full of cream, he made sure to simply suck Seokmin until he finished in his mouth - though it was hardly as if it was going to take long at all when he'd just watched his boyfriend incorporating food into intimacy. He had barely been able to drag his eyes away from Soonyoung's face, and it had only gotten worse when he insisted that Seokmin relax against the chair and allow him to take charge.

They had ended up with Soonyoung riding him, and Seokmin was encouraged to touch him all over. That was, until the cake was introduced and he was given the opportunity to stuff chocolate cake into Soonyoung's mouth. He made sure to eat each bite as delicately as possible, despite the fact that it was easily getting all over his face, and then he made sure to clean off his boyfriend's fingers by taking them into his mouth. His tongue swirled around each finger and Seokmin moaned. It wasn't a noise that he could possibly hide when his boyfriend was being so seductive, and so he was left to simply spread him and bounce him harder in his lap once the cake was gone. It was a mix of a punishment for drawing the noise out of Seokmin's mouth, and a way of thanking him for incorporating something that they hadn't even discussed into their bedroom activities.

"Where do you want to finish?" Soonyoung eventually asked once they were at the point where their climaxes were quickly approaching. He'd moved his hands to Seokmin's shoulders so that he could press their bodies that little bit closer, allowing him to feel every ripple of his skin every time their hips met again. Seokmin stayed quiet for a little while, not even knowing what answer to give in response, and so Soonyoung took the liberty of offering some suggestions. "Would you like to do it over my face? Or on my thighs or stomach? Maybe on my ass, or..." He paused for a moment as he visibly considered their options, and then his face reflected a sort of devilish attitude that was instantly masked with an angelic smile. "How about you take that condom off and pump me full?"

Done. Seokmin almost finished on the spot when it was suggested, and it took every bit of strength not to start slamming into his boyfriend. It was something that he wanted more than anything; to feel Soonyoung's body against his without any sort of barrier. Especially with what they were doing; it seemed perfect to be able to finish somewhere that showed the evidence of his fetish and only helped it to develop further.

And so he ended up finishing inside of him. The sensation of doing so as his hands grabbed for Soonyoung's ass felt absolutely amazing. It was like nothing he'd ever experienced before, and it was definitely something that he needed to feel again in the future. Of course, Soonyoung seemed absolutely on board with that idea and promised that he would try to incorporate the fetish into other aspects of their relationship where possible. There was still no idea of where he figured it out from, but Seokmin soon accepted that it was probably something that he was never going to find out. After all, if his boyfriend was going to tell him where he found it from, surely he would have already caved and told him soon enough.

But then it started to become an issue, all in one go and uncomfortably soon after their first experience with it. It wasn't all that big of a deal to start with, but when Soonyoung started to reject food, Seokmin found that he was feeling disproportionately hurt. He didn't know how to take it
when his boyfriend said that he was full, and it was a huge struggle not to force-feed him sometimes. The pleasure of seeing him with his cheeks stuff was equivalent to the pleasure of the actual sex, and it was something that quickly ended up putting a lot of strain on their relationship. "I know you don't want me to lose weight, but I don't want to get sick from eating too much," Soonyoung pointed out one day when Seokmin tried to give him more bulgogi. He seemed apologetic about it, but Seokmin still couldn't help but feel his heart sinking in his chest when he was put in that position. He felt embarrassed and uncomfortable, and his response was to simply mumble an apology and move on.

The tension proceeded to build every time it happened, too. It wasn't just a one-off; Soonyoung gradually started to get to the point where he couldn't stomach more food, and so he ended up simply having to reject the advances. Whilst it shouldn't have done so, Seokmin found that every time Soonyoung said that he wasn't in the mood to eat, he genuinely struggled sexually. He couldn't get stiff when he had difficulty conjuring up a solid image of Soonyoung eating in his mind, and as much as he was attracted to the effects that the overeating had on Soonyoung's body, he really couldn't get in the mood from just seeing him naked alone. It was necessary but not sufficient to see how beautiful Soonyoung's figure looked when he ate more than he needed to, and it was quite honestly frustrating.

In the end, he deciding that they needed time away from each other. Between the pressure to perform sexually and the fact that the fetish was still very strong in his mind, he knew that he wasn't going to be able to get anywhere. He knew that he needed some time to train himself out of it, at which point he would probably end up having to ask Soonyoung to eat how he wanted to eat again, just so that he wouldn't feel himself slipping back into a sexual relapse as soon as he saw his boyfriend eating snacks. It was something that he wasn't exactly ready to part with, but something that he needed to separate himself from. It was something that was going to ruin his relationship if he let it develop any further - after all, it had led to them needing a break after just a few months of the fetish being on the table - and so he knew that his frustration was simply going to continue growing otherwise.

Seokmin needed it over as soon as possible. He actually loathed what he'd accidentally developed, and he would have given anything to have never developed a fetish that felt so good.
Seungkwan's fetish was a fact of life. Something he'd had to deal with for a long time. It wasn't going away, and it was only really developing further as time went on.

It had started when he had his first boyfriend. It continued when he became an idol, and it only developed further as time went on. He accepted and embraced it as soon as he realised that it was there. After all, even though it was unusual, it was something that didn't hurt anyone. It wasn't gross or creepy; it was literally just arousal from words, and that wasn't anything different to people who were aroused by dirty talk.

His issue, though, was that his newest relationship had also started as a result of it but his new boyfriend didn't really associate the cursing with the fact that they were in a relationship. No, he'd actually thought that it was the fact that they were in close proximity and were turned on by the nature of their time together. They had been helping each other with the dances, which they'd not been able to get right up until that point. It was the same part over and over again, but then it obviously developed over time until they were performing the entire song together. Which would have been fine if it wasn't for the fact that Hansol had spent a good portion of the last half of the song rapping. The rap had included a good amount of curse words and every single one went straight through Seungkwan's body like tiny knives. They pierced his soul and left him breathless, and so he ended up bumping up the intensity of the dance. They ended up pressed against each other, grinding within a much closer range than they were originally supposed to grind. In fact, they weren't supposed to make contact whatsoever, but had somehow ended maintaining close proximity for the rest of the song until finally the final note hit.

The intimacy that had come as a result was hardly intentional. It just happened once they got to the end of the piece. No one was around anyway, so it was hardly a big issue. Seungkwan just happened to kiss Hansol, and Hansol kissed him back right away. They had ended up sloppily making out right there in the middle of the room, and then Seungkwan led Hansol to the sofa in the corner of the practice room. They had ended up getting each other naked right away, in a fumble of legs and arms and lips, until they were left completely exposed in front of each other.

The first thing that Hansol did was breathe a curse word. Seungkwan grew pink. He knew the tingle of arousal starting to run through his nether regions right away; it was a familiar feeling and there was no way in hell that he'd mistake that sort of sensation. Hansol ran a hand over his naked body, and Seungkwan couldn't help but let out the long breath that he'd been holding. And then the younger boy simply pulled him closer and encouraged him to sit on his lap. There, he got on with what he needed to get on with. He gripped Hansol's knees and rode him until they were both in a sweaty mess, and then Hansol promptly shifted him from the sofa to the cool wood floor. It provided that bit of relief from the heat, and it was exactly what they needed to be able to continue what they were doing without excessive fatigue. It meant that they could continue loving on each other for a further few hours, with Seungkwan getting more and more aroused as time went on as Hansol breathed out curses into the empty air of the room.
And then eventually they finished. They took a step back and took in the sight of the mess they'd made. They knew that they were going to have to clean it up at some point, but it was ultimately the aftermath of their love. For a moment, they simply gazed at each other, trying their hardest to ignore the body fluids that were all over the other person's body. Seungkwan had painted off-white streaks all over Hansol's chest and stomach, and his own face had taken a hit here and there. They were both absolutely drowned in sweat. Hansol had slicked his hair back, but Seungkwan's was still plastered to his forehead in wet strings. But it was perfect. They both looked perfect. They felt perfect. It was exactly what they needed to feel at that point in time, and they were exactly where they wanted to be. It was the romance that they had been craving with each other for the longest time.

But then it was soon over. They cleaned up the mess as best as possible with the limited cleaning resources that they had, and then they promptly got redressed and started with their dance again. They ran through it a few times to make sure that they knew exactly what they were doing, and then they finished up. Seungkwan had been concerned that he would end up getting stiff from hearing the cursing again when they performed the song again, although thankfully it turned out that he was completely sated and wasn't quite as affected by it on the subsequent practices, as he had been in the first. It saved him from the embarrassment of having to explain himself to Hansol, and so his soon-to-be boyfriend was blissfully unaware of everything that was happening around him. He obviously didn't seem to catch on in the slightest and probably guessed that they had ended up getting intimate as a result of the underlying sexuality of the song.

Besides, it wasn't like it was really going to affect him all that much in the long-run. It was something that Hansol had been working on independently, and it wasn't exactly related to their other works. They weren't going to be performing it in front of other people, and they probably wouldn't end up releasing the song for some time either. It was just their way of practicing different styles of dance and music, and it was something that they would end up keeping private. There was no need to worry about it in the slightest. Although honestly, that came hand-in-hand with the fact that he wouldn't have an excuse to come out to his new boyfriend as having that sort of fetish in that case, as a result of his natural reactions to the songs, but that was sort of a blessing and a curse anyway. On one hand, it would be easier to tell him that sort of thing if he had some sort of crutch to make things seem normal. If Hansol noticed that he was consistently aroused after those sorts of songs, it would be easier to tell him about it. On the other hand, it meant that he was able to tell him in his own time and didn't need to worry about arousal at an uncomfortable time.

It ended up staying as a secret for the longest time until the topic of kinks came up one day. It wasn't as much a passing comment as it was a direct question, and it meant that Seungkwan either needed to get it out there or pretend that he didn't have any fetishes at all. It was the only one he really had, but it was probably the most awkward one to explain. If a partner found his sexual interests unusual, they would probably turn their nose up at the idea of it right away, and that was something he couldn't really deal with. So he ended up simply coming out with it as soon as Hansol announced his own little kink - blindly feeling the sensation of things touching his skin - in a way that sounded as confident as possible. Although he was absolutely terrified to admit that it was something he was into, he wasn't really going to make it sound as if he was scared to talk about it. That just made it seem even more alien, and it would cause further problems in the long-term. His heart was pounding, his throat was dry, and the awkward laugh that came out sounded a lot more awkward than he'd initially anticipated. "I'm actually really turned on when you curse and say inappropriate things," he said, trying his hardest to force eye contact as he said it in hopes that it would make him seem that little bit more confident.

Time stopped. Hansol stared at him in complete silence before puffing his cheeks out and letting out a long breath. He moved a hand to rub at the back of his neck, and then finally opened his mouth to speak. "Well, that's not one that I've ever heard before. How do you like it?"
Relief flooded Seungkwan's body in an instant. He didn't really know how to reply. He'd never really thought about how he liked it exactly; it wasn't as obvious as he'd like to think, but it was something that he expected would be easier to explain as time went on. And so he offered to show Hansol. As soon as the dorm was free, they would have an intimate few hours in each other's arms - and each other's trousers, for that matter - and they would simply see where it took them. They would start out how they usually would, and then Hansol would try to incorporate what he could into the contact. In fact, Seungkwan was even more than happy to try out his boyfriend's kink at the same time, as part of the foreplay, so that they would both end up satisfied as a result. They anticipated it with a rare thrill that neither boy had really considered, and then promptly got on with it as soon as they had the dorm to themselves for the day.

It started out with little kisses and touches until they were both starting to get into the mood for something more. Hansol gently pushed Seungkwan to lay on the sofa as he kissed his neck, but although it seemed as if he was trying to get the obscene words out, he was clearly struggling with it when he was put on the spot. He didn't know how to start and whether he would sound stupid saying such things, but Seungkwan couldn't help but smile in response. He pressed a kiss to his boyfriend's shoulder before informing him that they would be going to their bedroom, where there were a number of fetish items waiting in the bedside drawer.

He immediately grabbed for Hansol's hands and moved them above his head as he encouraged him to lay down. His wrists were tied with a piece of rope, and then his eyes were covered by a strip of fabric. And then Suengkwan got onto what he knew his boyfriend enjoyed. He lifted his shirt out of the way and gently tickled up his chest until he was squirming underneath him. He kissed the bare skin, and then soon switched to stroking his skin with a feather. He ran a small ball over Hansol's skin; an ice cube, a toy car, a fruit peel, a cold spoon, and then some water. With each object that touched his skin, Hansol's squirming only grew more intense, until eventually the first word passed by his beautiful lips. It was music to Seungkwan's lips and he couldn't help but let out a sharp exhale as he heard it.

"Fucking shit, Seungkwan."

Seungkwan couldn't help but groan in response. He could feel his arousal instantly starting to stir when he realised how desperate his boyfriend sounded; it wasn't just the fact that he'd cursed in his ear, but also the fact that he obviously wanted more. He began to ravage every inch of Hansol's body as his confidence grew, and the curses only developed from that point on. With every touch to his skin - every nip and suck and lick and pinch and kiss - Hansol was growing louder and louder. It was a relief that no one else was in the house in the end, since he knew that they would come running if they heard the state that Hansol was in already. Every touch left him screaming out in desperation; a flurry of curses that rarely ever spilt from his lips outside of his raps. It was an unspoken rule of the dorm that no one cursed as much as they did on mixtapes, and so it was strange but arousing to hear him gasping out those words as his chest heaved with breathless arousal. Seungkwan had never seen something so beautiful in his entire life.

But then it peaked. He felt Seungkwan's arousal brushing against his thigh and he instinctively recoiled for a fraction of a second before finally relaxing back against the bed again. He started to perspire with a need to take things further and Seungkwan could see that. It was absolutely perfect, and it was absolutely everything he needed at that exact moment in time. Although, before Seungkwan could get on with it, Hansol made the demand that left him wanting to absolutely destroy him. "Seungkwan, I want to feel you slick and warm around me, riding my cock until I'm filling you to the brim."

It had come out so suddenly that Seungkwan didn't know what to do with himself. He was completely paralysed for a few seconds. The words that wanted to surface stayed in his throat. He
wanted to cry and laugh at the same time; wanted to kiss his boyfriend gently and absolutely destroy him at the same time. In the end, his movements were sloppy; he prepared himself right away in just a matter of seconds and mounted Hansol right away, digging his nails straight into his chest as he did so.

"Oh shit," Hansol breathed as he started to buck his hips up against Seungkwan's ass. "Oh, shit, Seungkwan, you're squeezing so tight." It was the most amazing sensation in the world, feeling Hansol reacting like that underneath him. He didn't know how it could possibly get any better; the sensation of being filled was good enough as it was without the added bonus of Hansol's cursing. Of course, though, he had to encourage him to bump it that bit further. He figured that it would make Hansol feel good at the same time to hear himself describing the sensations that he was feeling. It would mean that he would need to tone into the feelings that little bit more, and then he could even feel better about dirty talking Seungkwan too. That way, it would be mutually beneficial for both boys.

"Tell me exactly how it feels. Every little sensation that you can feel." To start with, Hansol was shy. He didn't know how to put it in a way that didn't sound awkward, and Seungkwan could tell right away. So he decided to give an example in hopes that it would make it that little bit easier for him. "I can feel you pushing up so far into my body that I can hardly breathe. It's touching my stomach and it feels as if it's starting to work its way up into my throat," he explained. Hansol visibly shivered, and then promptly got into what Seungkwan had been craving.

"Well, I can feel it in my stomach too, but I think it's because I'm gonna paint your walls white soon," he told him, instantly earning a soft groan. "I don't think we used enough lube because I can feel your walls dragging my foreskin over the tip and back again. But I don't really mind that much; it still feels just as good and I wouldn't even mind fucking you harder when you're making me feel so warm inside already."

It was perfect. Seungkwan loved the way that his boyfriend explained it. Every other word was some sort of curse or a highly graphic term to describe a part of his body. He started to go into immense detail, highlighting exactly how it felt to have Seungkwan enveloping him so amazingly well. The result was that neither of them ended up lasting all too long. Between the descriptions and the blind sensations and the motion of Seungkwan riding his boyfriend, neither boy could really stand to hold back for too long. But they already knew that it was going to happen. They knew that they were going to end up finishing early from the moment that they introduced new-found fetishes into the mix. It was just a natural truth of that sort of sex; the novelty of making their fantasy become a reality was enough for them to be able to finish twice as fast as they would usually finish.

And so they were left in a heaving heap by the end of that affair. They had finished so hard that another round was out of the question right away, and so they simply curled up together and tried to rest up before they needed to straighten up again, in preparation for all of their friends coming home. As much as they probably wouldn't be judged for doing that sort of thing, they still didn't want to have to explain why they were found naked with Hansol still inside of Seungkwan, his wrists tied up, and his eyes covered. It was something that would go without saying but was still awkward in that sort of sense because they would almost certainly end up still being asked about that sort of thing.

It was a turning point for their relationship. Once they were cleaned up and dressed again, the change felt very obvious. Neither boy could really look at each other right away; Hansol was naturally shy but Seungkwan didn't really know how to approach the fact that his boyfriend had not only accepted his kink but also embraced it. It was the best feeling in the world to feel accepted and loved, but it was still something that left him feeling nervous. Thankfully, though, that nervousness trickled away shortly afterwards and they were left able to discuss that sort of thing for the most part without worry.
"So, how did you find that?" Seungkwan asked to start the conversation off. Hansol gave a little hum as he mulled his answer over, but then promptly moved to rest his head on Seungkwan's shoulder. "I have to admit right away that I was worried about it to start with. I might seem like I like cursing but I'm not quite as fond as the mixtapes make it seem. But it was actually pretty fun when we got into it." In response, Seungkwan couldn't help but smile. He knew that he'd done well and that his boyfriend would be more than happy to do that sort of thing again in the future. It was great that he'd been able to convince him that it was fun too, which ultimately meant that it would be easier to get him to engage in the fetish later down the line. That way, he also didn't have to worry about the fact that it was a huge contributing factor towards his arousal too.

"So would you say that you like it, then?" he asked, just to make sure.

"I think I do. It's not the sort of thing that I'd usually consider, it but it's the sort of thing that I'll definitely consider again in the future. Especially if you're gonna react in that sort of way again."

This time, Seungkwan could feel the embarrassment penetrating his grin. He couldn't stop the happiness from radiating through his body but at the same time, it seemed so weird to know that he'd reacted in a completely different way upon hearing the curse words and other obscenities leaving his boyfriend's lips. Yet, thankfully, Hansol didn't appear to be all that bothered by it. Sure, he was teasing a little bit when they were discussing it, but he still genuinely seemed to be interested in what they had done. He didn't seem to be mocking him maliciously or trying to make him feel bad about what they'd done; instead, he honestly seemed as if he was excited to give it another shot again in the future. Seungkwan was sure that that sort of thing would end up finding a home in their intimacy sessions, and he was happy to know that that was the case.

And so that was that, pretty much. They moved on with everything, and the use of the obscenities was good but not overdone to the point where Seungkwan grew insensitive to them. Here and there, Hansol would throw in a little curse word or start to describe how it felt to be mixing bodies with him. The dirtier the words, the better, as far as Seungkwan was concerned. Having that little bit of extra support was something that Seungkwan absolutely loved, and he was going to absolutely lap it up as long as he had Hansol around.
Frotteurism: a kink for rubbing against a stranger, particularly in enclosed spaces and with one's own genitals.

Actually, Choi Seungcheol's fetish wasn't that big of a deal until he thought about it.

He'd never really acted it out with anyone until that particular day. After all, he knew that technically counted as sexual assault, even if he had no intention of it happening. He couldn't really help that he was attracted to the thought of doing that sort of thing with a complete and utter stranger, but that didn't really count as a defence. What could he really say? "Sorry that I got a huge erection as I bumped into you. It's just my fetish but I have no intention of taking it any further with you"? No, it wouldn't work. He would almost certainly end up getting in trouble for that sort of thing. It required someone who was very into it as well.

Just like the guy on the train with him, for that matter.

Seungcheol hadn't really intended on his commute from work going in that direction on that day, either. He'd had a long day and was hoping to get home as quickly as possible so that he could make himself some comfort food, whack one out for an hour or so, and then make his way straight to bed. He hadn't really thought about what would happen when he was on the train back. It was usually quiet, since he made sure to leave work a lot later than his colleagues for a number of reasons, but on that particular day it was still very busy. He figured that there was probably a sports event in the city or something. That was one of the only reasons why there would be so many people on the train. So he was forced to simply grin and bear it as he was crammed into the waiting area near to the doors, pressed against a few other people.

He hadn't intended on his crotch bumping against the ass of the person in front of him, but it happened and his junk somehow managed to get directly between their ass cheeks. The person in front of him instantly jolted to stand up taller, but didn't dare to turn around. Seungcheol held his breath for a moment before glancing down. Their trousers were tight, showing off the exact shape of their body. Slim thighs. A slightly plump ass. Small hips and waist. They were wearing a shirt, and had a jacket in their spare hand, which was suggesting that they were male, but their dyed copper hair was making Seungcheol question whether it was right to make that assumption or not. He figured that it was best to simply drop it and get back to his own thoughts about when he got home, as to avoid putting himself in a position where he was left overthinking how he'd brushed against a stranger.

Then the train jolted and he slammed straight back into the stranger again. This time, the person took in a sharp breath as they were pressed against the glass, and Seungcheol instantly felt himself starting to stiffen a little in his trousers as he realised that their bodies had pressed so firmly together that he could feel the heat radiating from the other person's skin. They turned around as Seungcheol pulled himself away, and he made sure to apologise profusely. Staring back at him was the face of androgyny; an attractive young man who was definitely a man but overall relatively neutral in his dress and appearance. He had a soft face and nice eyes, and pretty lips which left Seungcheol's
words lingering in his throat for longer than he'd hoped. He had to force out an apology, although he knew right away that he was hardly subtle when he stared at the man's lips. He mumbled back a comment about how it was fine before turning back around.

For a short while, Seungcheol was certain that they were in the clear. Well, as much as possible anyway. He could feel his heart starting to race as he clung onto the bar near the door. His heart was thudding hard in his chest. He knew that his breath was short too, although he tried his hardest to keep it as quiet as possible. He knew that it was uncomfortable enough as it was to know that they were in a metal tube of other people's skin cells and mouth bacteria without him panting for breath like a dog in heat at the same time. Then, when they stopped at the next station, he launched into the man again. He cursed under his breath, guessing that he was about to receive a firm scolding as a result of the fact that he should be able to stop himself from knocking into another person. Instead, though, the man simply pushed his hips back in response to the sensation of Seungcheol's erection touching his clothed ass again, and Seungcheol swore he heard the slightest grunt coming from him.

He was left completely paralysed as some of the people got off the train and more crammed on. They were still pressed as close together as they had been before the train stopped. However, the man had had the chance to move away from him but chose to stay what was essentially crotch to ass with him, and at that point Seungcheol figured that perhaps his fetish was about to start coming into play. He couldn't really think of any other reason why a person would respond to accidental touches in that sort of way, but he was hardly going to start asking questions.

Instead, he guessed that it was best just to get on with it. The beauty of this fetish was that it was supposed to involve strangers. There was no small talk or telling each other what their names were. There were no kisses to any patch of skin, and they certainly wouldn't be going home to take it further. No, it was something that was going to happen once only, and the fact that the man didn't shy away was telling him that it was consensual, without him even needing to say so out loud.

And so he simply pressed up against the man again. He made sure to show him that he knew that there was mutual consent by rubbing his crotch against the man's ass again in long, slow movements. He felt as the man's ass clenched, but he continued to press back against Seungcheol and encourage the behaviour. Seungcheol slowly moved his spare hand forward a few inches so that he could touch the outside of the man's thigh and show him that he was there, and then he promptly started to grind against him. It was a subtle little movement and he tried to keep his eyes elsewhere the entire time. Sometimes on his phone, sometimes on the other commuters, sometimes on the window. He would make sure to act as he usually would on the commute home, although he was simultaneously rubbing his clothed erection against another person as he did so. It was strange; all of a sudden, he didn't know how to act as he usually did, and it felt bizarre. He'd been on the same train every evening for several years, but only now was he realising that it was hard to act how he usually did when the act was supposed to be manual. Yet, it didn't seem as if anyone else on the train noticed what he was doing, so he felt safe for the moment.

He simply rested his eyes on one of the posters on the wall of the train and kept his mind focused on that as he continued to rub against the man. It was clear that he was trying his hardest to keep the noises hidden, although Seungcheol could hardly blame him for that, but it made for what was probably the most awkward sexual encounter that Seungcheol had ever experienced. He usually relied on his partner to tell him whether they enjoyed it or not, but this man was staying as quiet as he could be, spare for the occasional grunt. His ass would sometimes twitch or clench around him, but in a way that was rhythmic when paired with the slow rubs against his body.

It was just a pain that they were the same height. As in, exactly the same height. It meant that in order to rub against the man properly, he was forced to lower himself slightly to that his bulge was underneath his ass instead of pressing directly against it. Going underneath ever so slightly meant that
he would be able to engage the other man's genitals too, so that it wasn't just a one-sided situation in which a complete stranger helped him to get off and got nothing in return. He dipped as low as his knees allowed him to without drawing too much attention to himself, and then proceeded to rub his bulge right under the man's ass. He jolted slightly again, just as he had done when they first made contact, but his hips quickly snapped back to that Seungcheol had better access to his body. It was just a subtle little shift in his posture, but the slight curve of his back meant that Seungcheol could essentially slip his clothed erection between the man's thighs without getting it out of his trousers. Exposing himself was way too risky and he wasn't prepared to land himself in prison because of some awkward fetish that had happened to come to surface, and so he simply rubbed himself back and forth against the man's crotch and ass until the train stopped again.

At that point, they quickly regained their posture and acted as if there was nothing going on again. Seungcheol's bag was moved in front of his crotch, and the other man kept a safe distance away without making it all that obvious that something was going on between them. The issue was, though, that whilst a lot of people got off the train at that stop, not a lot got back on to replace the passengers who were lost. It meant that there was a lot more room to breathe and it would have looked suspicious if they were pressed against each other still. Especially as strangers. It meant that they had to wait through that stop, and Seungcheol simply prayed that there were as many people at the next stop as possible, just so that they would have a bit of cover again and he would be able to rub against the man without the fear of being caught.

The wait was excruciatingly difficult. Seungcheol's eyes were glued on the man's ass the entire time. He could hardly stop himself from licking his lips as he gazed at the shape of the man's ass again. He mentally planned exactly what he was going to do as soon as they were able to touch each other again and honestly, it got him more worked up than the actual rubbing did. And that was a pretty tough job, considering that he felt a wave of heat wash over him as soon as they made contact, which signified to him that his body wanted to orgasm already. He'd tried to hold it back as much as possible, but the wanted the stranger to be his for a few minutes, and some dumb train stops and a lack of passengers wasn't going to stop him for much longer. He wanted nothing more than to bury himself in the man's ass; perhaps thrust his hands into his trousers and push a finger into him to hear him make noise. He wanted to be greedy and absolutely destroy him; rip his trousers open along the seam and then thrust his virile erection straight up into him with no warning whatsoever. He wanted to claim him, whether people saw them or not.

Thankfully, they were faced with a good sixty or seventy more people waiting when they got to the next station. There wasn't enough room for everyone, obviously, but the staff had insisted on everyone using as much space as possible in order to ensure that people were getting where they needed to be. It worked perfectly fine for Seungcheol and the other man, though. A lot of the people who got onto the train were a lot taller than both of them, which meant that they were able to get straight back into the swing of it. Seungcheol wasted no time in grabbing the man's hips and grinding against him, as little as he could manage without tiptoeing around the outercourse that they were essentially having. His nails gripped the man tightly, and he proceeded to rub back and forth with the gentle swaying of the train as best as he could manage, in hopes that no one had noticed so far. He didn't end up tearing off the man's clothes or slipping his hands under the layers of fabric, but it was just as good to be able to rub up against him over and over again without as many constraints as they had had when the train was emptier. The man rubbed back against him the entire time, and Seungcheol honestly felt as if his entire dream world was starting to merge with his reality.

The train stopped again for a moment. They stopped rubbing against each other for a moment so that they wouldn't be noticed when other people got off the train. More people got on, just as they had done the last time. The man's right hand moved back to stroke Seungcheol through his trousers, although the man didn't even bother to lift his eyes up from his book as he did so. It was such a smooth move that Seungcheol didn't know what to do with himself. He simply stood there,
completely paralysed, as the man proceeded to fondle him a bit, and then eventually turned to face him so that he could continue with what he was doing without the awkwardness of trying to turn his wrist in ways in which it didn't want to conform. The hand moved straight back down to his crotch again, and proceeded to rub him in slow but deliberate movements. Circular to start with, but then eventually up and down. He grabbed for Seungcheol's balls through his trousers and gave a gentle squeeze, and then he promptly moved the hand back up to turn the page of his book again.

Seungcheol anticipated that the hand was going to move back down and continue stroking him soon enough but when it didn't, he quickly took the lead and proceeded to grab the man's ass directly. It pulled him a lot closer, which he didn't seem to mind in the slightest. Seungcheol proceeded to grope him as best as he could without anyone noticing, which proved to be a difficult job as he could hardly take a whole handful of another person's body without someone else catching on soon enough. Little touches and subtle grinding was one thing, but grabbing whole hands full of ass was hardly subtle. Anyone who happened to look in their direction would be able to see his spread fingers pressing against the man's ass, and his ass spilling out from between said fingers. So he made sure to only grab fully when there were people pressed so close to them that no one could possibly see. Other than that, his touches were gently and subtle, slowly making their way between his ass cheeks until he could trace the line between them.

The man let out a breathless noise in his ear. Seungcheol felt accomplished. He felt the hand move back down to his crotch again, and it proceeded to rub him again for a little while longer until the train stopped again. At that point, the man's hand retracted at record speed and his eyes turned towards the map on the wall. They lingered there for a moment, and then he quickly moved closer to Seungcheol again as soon as more people started to cram onto the train. "This one is a long one. Five minutes between the stops, and then two minutes at the red lights before we get there." Nothing else. No other context. Seungcheol felt his stomach turning to mush as he watched the man get straight to work. One hand stayed on his book and the other skilfully popped the button on Seungcheol's trousers. His fly was eased down halfway, and then the man's hand was thrust straight into his boxers.

It was an absolute dream. Seungcheol swore he must have been dreaming. He'd never really thought that his fantasy of an affair with a stranger would come to this, but he was unbelievably glad that he was able to have that experience. The man's hand was soft but firm; he proceeded to grip at the base and then gently tug a few inches of his length, leaving the tip untouched to start with. The movements were very subtle, in order to keep them hidden on the train, and he was particularly skilled at keeping his eyes moving on his book at the same time. It threw any suspicion off right away, so long as Seungcheol managed to keep a neutral expression. And he was very well practised in keeping his expression completely neutral, after being caught masturbating on a handful of occasions, so it was hardly an issue. To the people around them, they were just two people who were on the same train at the same time. There was nothing obvious to suggest that they were sharing any sort of intimacy, and so they both simply kept doing as they were doing with as few reactions as physically possible.

It took every bit of strength not to thrust up against his hand and make it too obvious. Seungcheol already knew that he was sweating badly, and so he didn't really need any other sign to show off that he was messing around with someone in such a public place. It simultaneously felt right and wrong for them to be all over each other in such an enclosed space, in which any person around them could be an observer to what they were doing. In reality, people only "didn't notice" that sort of thing in pornography, so they were treading on thin ice the entire time. Admittedly, a lot of people wouldn't complain but would still silently judge, but they still had to make sure that they weren't going to irk the people who would have something to say about what they were going. At the very least, they would get a small fine for public indecency. At most, they could end up not being able to use public transport to get to and from work. It was something that neither of them could really afford to risk,
but something that they did anyway.

Of course, it didn't take all that long for Seungcheol to finish. He could feel it building up in his stomach as time went on, and he knew right away that it was a sign of his oncoming climax. His body clenched with a desperation that he'd never really felt before. It was similar to having a need to pee straight after an orgasm; his body was convinced that it wasn't the right place to do it there and then, and so it tried to force the climax back. He tried his hardest to relax as much as possible whilst still maintaining his composure, and so the man proceeded to increase his efforts by stroking him harder and faster. For a moment, he didn't seem to care whether anyone else caught them; his goal was to get Seungcheol off before they reached the next station and they were forced to stop.

Seungcheol gripped the pole a bit tighter, as not to lose his footing when he finally hit his peak, but made sure to stay completely silent whilst the other man continued to stroke him until he was milked completely dry.

When he was finally done, the man quickly wiped his hand on the inside of Seungcheol's boxers, pulled it free, and promptly started to search for wipes and sanitiser. Seungcheol quickly zipped and buttoned his trousers again, but he found that although he wanted to go ahead with the fantasy that they would never speak of it and part ways as strangers, he couldn't help but stare at the man. He found himself wanting more, even if it didn't quite fit with the fantasy. The man noticed his staring and gave a little smile before glancing back at the map on the wall. "I'm getting off the train in three stops. I suggest that if you want to say anything, it'd be best to get it out into the open as soon as possible."

Suddenly, all words left Seungcheol's mind. It completely fuzzed over, and it was far from subtle. The man playfully rolled his eyes before giving a much warmer smile. "Jeonghan, twenty-three years old. I work near the city hall, and I should've gotten off the train at Konkuk University and changed line, but I guessed that... well, this would be a fun way to finish off the day." The smile he gave left Seungcheol's chest tightening, as much as he swore that he wouldn't get attached. He replied as best as possible with his name and age, then apologised for keeping Jeonghan on the train for so long. If it was any consolation, he said, he was supposed to have gotten off the train at Seocho, so he had overshot his departure by six stops too. "Perhaps we should get off the train together and get coffee or something?" Jeonghan asked hopefully when he heard that. Seungcheol couldn't help but agree with him.

Sure enough, though, they never saw each other after that brief affair. Seungcheol went out of his way to ensure that they would never meet again after that affair. It was something that needed to stay as an affair that fulfilled his fantasy and nothing more.

Chapter End Notes

This is one of the chapters I've been waiting for for the longest time now, and I'm so so glad to have gotten it out there. As a heads up, the next one is going to be a little different because it won't quite be a pairing one, but it'll be a Jisoo solo chapter so hopefully it'll add a little more into the mix!!

Also, just as a heads up I'm keeping a list of all requests and will definitely be adding them to the end!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Auralism - Jisoo

Chapter Notes

Auralism; a fetish derived from specific sound, such as music or hearing others having sex.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The group held a number of stereotypes about Jisoo, based on his mannerisms and reputation as a church boy, despite his efforts to break away from that. In particular, those stereotypes came into play an awful lot in the bedroom and he was certain that if he rolled his eyes over them any harder, they would simply pop straight out of his skull.

The most annoying of those stereotypes was that he wasn't interested in sex until after marriage. It was a bit of an outdated rule by that point in time and it didn't really mean so much to him as he thought it would when he was a young teenager. It wasn't like he was going to straight up reject people who he was very much attracted to on that premise when virginity was simply a social construct. He wasn't uptight, he cursed sometimes, and he wasn't afraid to get busy with someone because of what other people expected of him. The second biggest stereotype, though, was that he was almost infantile, and that was almost as bad. Whenever someone discussed what they did in the bedroom with their partners, they immediately apologised to Jisoo and refrained from giving the details. It was as if he was a child and they were afraid of him knowing things that he was too young to know. All but two of the guys in the dorm were younger than him - and even that was based on an age distance of just a few months - so it wasn't as if he was too child-like and innocent to know what they would get up to in the bedroom.

And it wasn't as if he didn't know. He knew exactly what they were doing in the bedroom. He heard them through paper-thin walls when they thought that no one was awake. He heard the creaks of the bed under Mingyu and Wonwoo, who were hardly the most graceful of couples in the dorms. The worst part was that they thought that no one was aware of their relationship, but Jisoo knew everything. He could hear the silence as they kissed and the low sigh as Mingyu entered his boyfriend. He heard the way that they announced their love for each other before sleeping, and he was even aware of the fact that Mingyu would talk to Wonwoo about how much he adored him whenever he thought that he was asleep. Jisoo also heard the sounds that Junhui and Minghao made. Their kisses were loud, they were loud, and Minghao was definitely a moaner. Honestly, though, Jisoo would have been more surprised if he found out that someone hadn't heard those two going at it. It would be a bit of a weird one, seeing as they were hardly shy about it.

Then there was the situation with Soonyoung, Seokmin and Jihoon. Jisoo didn't know exactly what was happening between them, but he was sure that he heard a different combination of relationships between them every time. Sometimes he would hear the sounds of Seokmin topping either of the other two boys. It was always rough and loud as their skin slapped together. Jisoo could even tell who was on the receiving end based on the noise that left their throats. Soonyoung was a whiner in the bedroom, but Jihoon let out low grunts as Seokmin pummeled him. Then there were the occasions in which Jihoon and Soonyoung would end up in bed together. Those occasions were actually pretty interesting, though, since Jihoon would always top. Occasionally Soonyoung would say something that would make Jisoo laugh - like a comment on how he couldn't ride Jihoon because he would break his tiny pelvis under his fat ass - and it was a huge struggle to keep his laughter
hidden. In general, he let them get on with it whilst trying his hardest not to think about it too much and get himself fumbled with the dynamics of their relationship. And then there was Chan who thought he was subtle when he was touching himself, but would go so hard at it that Jisoo just knew exactly what he'd been doing right away. It was usually done in the middle of the day, and then he would slink out of his room and rejoin the group as if he didn't reek of semen as soon as he stepped outside of his room again. It wasn't even subtle in the slightest, even though Jisoo tried to spare him the embarrassment by not bringing it up.

The absolute best couple out of the group, though, was Jeonghan and Seungcheol. Admittedly, they were Jisoo's guilty pleasure. Whilst he just had to be awake at the right time to hear the others in the dorm doing their business and could sneakily touch himself to those sounds if he was in the mood, it was a completely different story with his best friend and his boyfriend. They led Jisoo to step into territories that he knew he shouldn't venture towards. He knew that he was going to end up getting into huge trouble if they ever found out that he heard them in the bedroom, and so it was a huge risk to be a part of that.

But he couldn't help himself.

It was ripping him from the image of being a church boy so hard that he didn't know how he kept that image up. It plucked him from the imaginary breast that his infantile image clung to, and it made him feel like the most sinful individual around. Jeonghan and Seungcheol were the most subtle couple in the dorm, even though Jeonghan was probably the loudest. He was a screamer and even though Jisoo knew that he shouldn't have ever found that out, it was something that he was glad to know. It was his guilty pleasure to hear his voice and although it had happened accidentally the first time, it quickly became a habit for Jisoo to specially seek out those sorts of noises from his best friend.

The first time it happened, he hadn't thought much of the fact that everyone had been sent out on errands. He thought that they just had things to do, and so he happily chirped that he would join them and spend a day with friends other than Jeonghan for once. Then, of course, they had forgotten him and he had taken too long getting ready in his room to be able to join them. But as he went to leave his room, he heard his best friend right outside his door quite audibly kissing Seungcheol. It seemed a bit awkward to go out into the hallway when they were clearly there, and so Jisoo stayed in his room with the intention of leaving as soon as he had the chance to do so. Then they obviously started to have loud sex in the hallway, within mere minutes, and so he was trapped in his room the entire time.

And as much as it probably should have made him uncomfortable to hear his best friend screaming for the group leader to take him deeper, he really couldn't help loving it. It was the sound of deceitful privacy, in which he was certain that there was no one else around but Jisoo knew better. It was the sound of the most primal, raw side of Jeonghan coming to the surface, and the unaltered desire radiating from Seungcheol. Although he certainly enjoyed touching himself to the sounds of everyone else thinking they were slick as they got busy in the middle of the night, it wasn't quite the same as hearing a couple who were certain that they had complete privacy and were taking each other like animals in heat. It was a sort of desire that no one else in the dorm had managed to match to date, and so it was a lot more of a treat for Jisoo to hear those two together.

So he ended up making a habit of sneaking back into the dorms after everyone had left, or spending so much time getting ready that they forgot about him and simply left. He waited in complete silence, making sure to be as quiet as possible, and then laid in waiting for Seungcheol and Jeonghan to get on with what they were doing. First it would involve them checking the social areas in the house to make sure that everyone was gone, and then they would wait for a few seconds to see if there was any noise around the dorm. Any music or typing or chatting. When none of that came, they would close enough to sprint towards their room and wouldn't even make it to the door before they were all
over each other. After all, their chances to get intimate with each other were very limited and for two men in their early twenties, having sex once a month didn't really cut it.

Jisoo closed his eyes as he waited for the sound of Seungcheol pushing his best friend into a wall. There was a moment of anticipation as he simply listened out for the sound of Jeonghan's back hitting the wall, and then suddenly it came. The dull thud of his body against the solid surface, and then the soft moan that followed. Jisoo could just imagine it; Jeonghan pressed up against the wall as his boyfriend pinned his hands above his head and started kissing up his neck. The spare hand would travel underneath his shirt and then one of his knees would slowly rise until it was rubbing between his thighs. That was what he thought was happening anyway. There was no way of proving it, but there were only a few reasons why Jeonghan would be continually moaning as he did. Jisoo imagined him being pulled up so that his legs were wrapped around Seungcheol's waist and then being dragged into their room to get started properly. He promptly heard the door swing open and smack against Seungcheol's bedside table, which confirmed that it was starting to head in that direction, and then the fun soon started.

For a moment, there was little noise at all. Just the occasional grunt from either one of them and the creak of the bed underneath them as they started to frantically undress each other. Jisoo bit down on his lower lip as he ran a hand down his front, imagining what they would be doing in the room together. He had a vivid image of his best friend completely naked, since they had shared a shower together on more than one occasion to make things quicker and full-body nudity was hardly something that they could cover, but his image of Seungcheol was a lot fuzzier. He'd had the misfortune of pulling the bedsheets off him once to find that the group leader slept completely naked, so he had a little bit of an idea, but he'd only managed to see him without clothes for a fraction of a second before Seungcheol snatched up the covers and pulled them over his body again. It was something that he could imagine if he really thought about it, but it didn't really add to the narrative that was developing in his head so there was no point in doing so.

Then came the deep grunts from Seungcheol; occasional but very much present. It was accompanied by a slight gagging noise, which was suggesting that Jeonghan was going down on him. At that point, Jisoo simply grabbed himself through his trousers and squeezed a few times. He could feel a gasp being drawn from his body right until it met his lips, but then he promptly swallowed it back before it could give him away. Surely his friends wouldn't be able to hear it as they were getting busy, but he still didn't want to risk it in case he was louder than he thought. He continued to press and squeeze his bulge in time with the low sighs from the group leader until eventually, he heard the words that he'd not heard for quite a few months. The words that made his entire body shiver with delight, and ones that would surely make Jeonghan feel the same way. "Baby, come and sit on my face. Spread your ass for Daddy. That's it - let me see how pretty your little velvet hole is."

God. Even though Seungcheol wasn't his to have, Jisoo could feel himself stiffening further at the thought. He loved the way that Seungcheol said it in such a husky voice; it left Jisoo wanting nothing more than to burst into the room and take a seat on his face instead. It was just so delicious and he craved the sensation of being touched like that. Although he would have usually waited until they got right to the main event to touch himself properly, he couldn't help but pop the button of his jeans free and then ease the fly down until he could comfortably pull himself free from the fabric constraints. By the time he heard Jeonghan's breathless moans filling the dorm - joined by the slick sound of a wet tongue harassing his entrance - Jisoo's length was completely swollen. He gripped as tightly as he could at the base and watched as it immediately engorged with blood, leaving him feeling light-headed in an instant, and then promptly began to stroke himself.

He couldn't help himself; he had to bite into one of his stuffed animals to stop the noise from coming out. This time, the poor victim was a stuffed fish that Mingyu had bought him as part of a weird inside joke that they had had many years ago. The fish was his saviour once again and successfully
helped him to choke back the noises that wanted to surface as his strokes started to get longer and rougher. He could hear every single word that left his best friend's mouth, and it was perfection. It was the sort of dirty talk that would make him cringe if he was experiencing it personally, but also the sort that would leave him ready to absolutely obliterate Jeonghan if he was Seungcheol.

"Baby, please. Please please please. God, I need you cramming your tongue-- ah-- so deep inside my ass. Make me all wet, Daddy. Tongue-fuck me, please please please. Hhhhhhhnnng, I need you to bend me over and breed me until your load is dribbling all down my thighs..."

Disgusting. Vile. Vulgar. Jisoo knew that he would cringe if he wasn't so deep in the moment. He could tell the exact second that Seungcheol pulled out of him, as Jeonghan let out a low sigh that suggested a mix of relief and disappointment, but then the noise restarted shortly afterwards as the group leader obviously pushed into him and started to get to work. That part, on the other hand, was beautiful to hear. Jisoo couldn't help but start to stroke himself harder as he heard the loud slaps of skin hitting skin, and the screams of pure delight from Jeonghan. They were the sorts of noises that were obviously not being forced in the slightest, but were rather a sign of how much he was enjoying the rough treatment.

It was a bit of a weird sensation because as soon as he had gotten to the point of genuine arousal, Jisoo had completely stopped letting his imagination do the hard work. It was always like that, admittedly. He wasn't imagining himself in that position, and he wasn't really thinking about himself watching the couple getting intimate with each other. His mind was focused on the fact that they were being loud, and that was what made him think that perhaps what he experienced was a sign of it being a paraphilia. He'd never really thought about it in great detail, but he didn't really know anyone else who genuinely got off from the sound of other people in bed with their partners. Especially not people they knew, and especially especially not their best friend. He supposed that it was wrong that he was so engrossed in the sounds of skin slapping and Jeonghan's ever-growing screams as time went on, but he couldn't really help himself. His length was in desperate need of attention and he wasn't prepared to deny it of contact when he had such good material to work from. Seungcheol rarely finished in less than half an hour, which was pretty damn impressive as it was but even better because it meant that Jisoo could finish getting off whilst his best friend was still being pounded into his boyfriend's mattress.

It meant that Jisoo probably didn't feel as guilty as he probably should have. He continued to quickly stroke himself as the warmth started to develop in the pit of his stomach, and then pushed through that final little hurdle in which his body tried to suppress the violent urge to climax before his urethra began to dilate and he spilt out on his stomach. It shot out so forcibly that a few droplets landed on his chest, and so he continued milking himself with slow tugs and firm squeezes until eventually he finished up and was able to release the pressure from his grip. It was probably the biggest load that he'd released in a long time, if he was being completely honest with himself, and it was a direct result of the fact that Seungcheol had resorted to eating ass. He would thank him for it later with a few little food-related gifts, although he would definitely make a point of making it seem incidental that he'd picked up more snacks than he'd intended. The last thing he really needed was for Seungcheol to catch on to the fact that he had been listening in on him and Jeonghan in bed and was thanking him for the fact that he'd managed to get off so easily from listening to them.

To start with, Jisoo simply laid in silence and listened to the continued slaps and screams. He started to consider the little things about it that he hadn't thought about when his mind was so clouded by the desperate need to hit his climax. He thought about how his best friend had the surprising lung power to be able to continue screaming quite some time after they had started messing around together. It was impressive; Jisoo knew that if he was in his place, he would probably start screaming for a little while but quickly give up a few minutes in. Yet, they had probably been going at it for a good ten or fifteen minutes and Jeonghan's screams were just as powerful. It was as if no time had passed at all.
Then there was the fact that Seungcheol was so dominant in the bedroom. Sure, he was a top and he was the group leader, so he naturally had the ability to take control with a good amount of ease, but it was a bit weird to think about just how dominant he could be. The fact that he got Jeonghan to call him "Daddy" in the bedroom was a pretty big thing in itself too, especially when he seemed to get so aroused by it but could also happily drop the word in conversation with their friends and not seem affected by it.

It took around five or so minutes of thinking for Jisoo to finally decide that it was time to leave. He snatched up a tissue, cleaned himself up with it, and then promptly rearranged his clothes before sneaking out of the dorm as best as he could. He made sure to close the door slowly so that the click wasn't audible over Jeonghan's screams, and then quickly made his way as far from the dorm as possible. It didn't matter so much that he probably smelled of sweat and semen at that point in time; he was planning on avoiding shops and such anyway, and he would simply meet up with everyone else and head home with them so it wasn't like there was going to be a massive amount of interaction in the rest of his day. Once he arrived home, he would simply go straight for a shower, under the premise that it was warm outside with a hoodie and a coat on, and then he would be in safe territory once again.

All in all, it was Jisoo's dirty little secret. As much as the thoughts of his group treating him like a perfect, innocent little church boy or some sort of child did annoy him, at least he knew himself that they would end up being shocked if they found out what he did late at night. They would surely end up freaking if they knew that his nights were spent in darkness with one hand wrapped firmly around a throbbing length as he listened to them being bred by other members of the group. It was a rather intimidating piece of information, and he could honestly understand why that sort of thing would bother them if they ever knew. So they would never know. He would put in place all possible measures to ensure that they weren't going to ever find out what was happening, and so his secret would remain safe for as long as he wanted to maintain it.

Chapter End Notes

This feels like a bit of a weird chapter but I actually quite enjoyed writing it for some reason!! I'm hoping that the other two Jisoo chapters will be as easy to write, even though they'll be solos too, but either way it's mixing things up a little bit.

I know I've mentioned requests for other pairings before, but you're also welcome to request solos and plot ideas for those solos if you want!! If you're in the mood to have Mingyu watching the entire group taking Wonwoo as he's forced to watch, sure! If you want Jihoon to have a huge fetish for being dressed in pretty dresses but only when he's in private, that's cool! If you'd like to see Jeonghan being sexually attracted to trees, hit me up! Literally anything you want and it's here!!!!

Thank you for reading <3
Dacryphilia - Jihoon/Chan

Chapter Notes

Dacryphilia; arousal from tears or watching people crying.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The dynamic of Jihoon and Chan's relationship was very different from any of Jihoon's other relationships in the past.

He had always told himself that he would be gentle with Chan if they ever started dating, since he was so easily flustered the first time they had met. They had bumped into each other at university when Chan was in his first year and Jihoon was in his final year, and Chan had barged Jihoon's shoulder so hard that he'd spilt his coffee all over himself and all of his brand new textbooks. Jihoon had obviously been very upset about it, but he hadn't expected Chan to be so worked up over it that he almost threw up from the anxiety. He didn't really seem to be the sort of guy who would get that worked up over something when Jihoon later saw him with his friends, but he supposed that it might have been the worry of starting a new university, living away from home, and then promptly getting into a bad position with one of the senior students that did it. Plus he was hardly the most gentle-looking men in the entire world, so he probably ended up leaving the boy feeling absolutely terrified.

So he'd decided, when they finally reached the point in their friendship where they felt that dating was only natural, that he would make sure that they both knew the rules of their relationship before they bothered to commit to anything at all. He'd intended on keeping it very limited when it came to physical contact, since Chan had only just turned nineteen by that point in time and he anticipated a maturity gap as well as an age gap. But Chan had boasted his lack of virginity and the fact that he wanted to explore his sexuality more, instead of committing to a very adult relationship that soon into his university experience, and so Jihoon had reluctantly ended up accepting the proposal to let loose a little bit more.

They decided on something without hard limits - until, of course, they found something that one or both of them genuinely didn't enjoy - but it was primarily led by Chan. He was the one to introduce the vast majority of the kinks and fetishes that he wanted to try, and so they ended up exploring in ways that Jihoon hadn't really considered up until that point. They tried the standard things, like light bondage, spanking, choking, and the use of toys. They tried some things that were a little bit more out there, like more extreme temperature play, incorporating body fluids into the bedroom more, and riskier roleplays. Whatever Chan wanted, he got right away. That was the dynamic of their relationship, all in all, and Jihoon found that he was surprisingly more into that sort of free relationship style than he originally anticipated.

In fact, Chan even had control over Jihoon's fetishes. Of course, it was consensual and all, but it was something that Jihoon had never really thought possible. He didn't really ask for much in general; after all, he'd explored a lot more than Chan had explored, so it wasn't really his place to decide what he'd like to try. He enjoyed pretty much everything that he'd tried with people in the past, from erotic shaving through to being suspended from the ceiling and used like a toy by several men at once. His first year at university had been surprisingly wild, and so he wanted Chan to have that same experience. The only thing he'd mentioned was his attraction to Chan crying.
He'd anticipated that it would have been a lot harder to talk to him about that sort of thing than it actually was. The exchange was quite simply as follows:
"Jihoon, are there any fetishes that you really like more than anything?"
"I find it sexy when boys cry in front of me."
"Oh, that's cool. I'll see what I can do."

And that was it. No arguments or hesitance; he just said it when asked and Chan accepted it. Considering that he had struggled to tell so many partners about it in the past, especially as the fetish was starting to develop, he found that it wasn't all that difficult to tell Chan about it. In fact, Chan even made sure that it didn't come across as being all that difficult either. Their policy to stay open-minded certainly helped a lot. In the early days, Chan asked a lot of questions so that they were on the same page, but then it gradually started to worm its way into their sex life as soon as the parameters of his interest were mapped out.

So it soon got to the point where Jihoon couldn't help himself when Chan cried in front of him.

Whilst he would have liked to pretend that he was only interested when his boyfriend was crying in a sexual situation, his fetish was probably the exact opposite of that by the time he'd really settled into it properly. In fact, he was way more aroused by the sight of him crying outside of sexual situations than he was when Chan cried in the bedroom. In the bedroom, his emotions were a result of his building climax; his emotion control was particularly poor and his eyes were left streaming as soon as Jihoon was rough with him. It was all consensual, as with every other aspect of their relationship, but it didn't take all that much to make him cry when he was being handled roughly, moved into positions, and slammed into with so much speed and force that they needed to wait until they were alone in the house to do anything intimate. Not only would he cry in bed, but his face would turn red and he would become louder. It wasn't nearly as sexy as Jihoon imagined it would be, and so he wasn't all that fond of it in comparison to crying outside of the bedroom.

Now, that was a complete other experience. Chan wasn't the sort to cry in front of other people but equally, he could turn on the tears if he wanted something. And damn, if he started crying, he would definitely get anything he desired. Jihoon turned to mush whenever his boyfriend cried like that in front of him, and he honestly couldn't stop himself from giving in to every single command that Chan had.

Neither of them really knew how the link had been made between babying Chan and getting frisky with each other. It just happened to develop into that because it was seemingly the easiest way that Chan could turn on the tears and make it believable. Sometimes, the tears would start because of something as simple as buying him a video game, but other times he would demand to try out other kinks at mildly inconvenient points in time. If his demands weren't met right away or Jihoon straight-out told him that he wasn't getting what he asked for, Chan would start to cry and Jihoon would end up with an awkward erection starting to develop in his trousers.

The bonus was the fact that if Chan was crying before they got started, Jihoon was aroused by that crying in bed. It was difficult for him to explain, but the cause had to be something other than crying over arousal. Unless that arousal was causing frustration, and then it might still be good for Jihoon. He couldn't really be sure; after all, they had never been in that position before so he didn't really have the opportunity to check. He wasn't sure whether he wanted to check, though, since it would probably end up making it difficult for him to continue with the fantasy that he was trying to hold. And it was a big part of his fantasy, so he wanted nothing more than to keep that little bit all to himself.

But that was for a different day. The logistics of his fetish were too difficult to explain in full; there were a lot of variables, and very specific differences could really change the extent to which Jihoon
found it all attractive. They usually stuck to the same sorts of scenarios and although it didn't really add much variety to their sex life whenever they included that kink in the bedroom, it was a safe bet that never failed to get Jihoon worked up.

It usually started the same way when it happened, though. Chan would make his way into the room with an idea in his head. He would slowly make his way over, like a timid animal who was considering bothering their owner for a little while, and would then sit in front of him as cutely as he could manage with his legs tucked right underneath him, as tight to his body as he could manage. He would stare with a longing that made Jihoon stop what he was doing, and then his head would cock cutely to one side. "What do you want?" Jihoon would ask, already anticipating what he was due to face. That would only make Chan smile as sweetly as he possibly could, which would confirm Jihoon's suspicions right away.

"I'd like some chicken nuggets please," he might reply. Jihoon would shake his head; he was hard on Chan, especially when he was asking for the sorts of things that a child would ask from him. He wasn't going to go to the nearest European food store to buy him Happy Hippos, he wasn't prepared to drive over to McDonald's to get him chicken nuggets, and he certainly wasn't going to take him all the way into Gangnam to see the aquarium. Jihoon was his boyfriend, not his parent, and so even outside of the fantasy, he wasn't going to be Chan's parent.

"You're having dinner in an hour, Chan, and I'm not taking you all the way out to a fast food restaurant for you to not eat your dinner."

"What are we eating for dinner, then?"

"We're having bulgogi."

Chan's nose would scrunch up in distaste. He always did that, whether he actually liked the alternative suggestion or not. "Bulgogi again?" he would ask. "We always have bulgogi for dinner, and I'm really not in the mood to eat it again."

"The last time you had it was last month, Chan. I'm not changing the plan when I already have the ingredients laid out on the kitchen side." And so he would pout childishly in response. His lower lip would pop out and the corners of his lips would scrunch inwards to show that he was feeling a mix of hurt and anger. His eyebrows would furrow together, and he would almost be glaring at Jihoon by the time he'd found a resting face. "I said no," Jihoon would repeat before turning back to his book or phone. There would be no response. He would continue to do what he was doing until he eventually got tired of the fact that Chan's gaze was on him, and then he would look up once more to see the tears starting to well in the corners of his boyfriend's eyes.

Chan was probably the furthest from an ugly crier that Jihoon had ever seen. His eyes grew red and puffy, but he would try to be very calm and controlled as he cried. Even if he was pouting. There would be no loud sobs or sniffling - at least not in the early stages - and he would simply give a sad blink every time the tears started to grow too heavy on his waterline. Each blink would see the tears slowly dripping down his eyelashes and then dribbling down his cheeks. They followed a similar path each time, only straying once they had passed the apples of his cheeks. At that point, they would continue to his jawline, and would then disperse. He wouldn't bother to wipe them away at any point, since he knew that the sight of the tear stains on his cheeks made Jihoon feel his emotions building more when he had evidence of the crying on his boyfriend's face, and so they would simply settle and cry right there.

And Jihoon wouldn't be able to resist him. He would be fighting the urge to absolutely destroy him by that point, and he would want nothing more than to spank him for being a controlling little brat. He knew that Chan knew how he could manipulate him, and it was as infuriating as it was arousing. He would try to look away, but the sudden interest brewing in his crotch would make it almost impossible to deal with. His eyes would drift to the other side of the room as he tried to control himself, but it would eventually build to the point where he needed to be inside of him, and so he
would eventually end up caving and simply telling Chan to sit on his lap. His tone would be harsh and he would make sure to spank him hard for being a brat, but a quick round with him would almost always guarantee that Chan would receive his reward. Either they would arrange it for their first available free day if it was an outing, or they would go out and buy the snack, game or book that he wanted to buy. He had Jihoon wrapped around his little finger.

It would be rough all the way through. Jihoon's fingers would press hard into Chan's flesh until he was certain that he would be leaving purple fingerprints on his body. Chan bruised like a grape, so it was hardly a difficult task to cover him with marks anyway. Once they had reached a certain point, though, fingertips would be joined by fingernails until the curves of his hips were marked with two rows of crescent shapes too. Sometimes Jihoon would take it a step further by sinking his teeth into Chan's flesh, but other times he would simply bring a hand down on his ass until his cheeks were a stinging red, showing the world right away that he had received his punishment for being a brat. And to say that he would be a compassionate lover during those periods would be a complete and utter lie. He certainly wasn't the sort of partner to be sadistic whenever they introduced his dacryphilia right back into the bedroom like that, but he wasn't the sort to sit there and comfort Chan either. His boyfriend knew that he was being a brat, and so there was no point in letting him know that he could get away with it. That sort of attitude would only encourage Chan to act like that even more - as if the fact that he always got what he wanted didn't encourage the behaviour in the slightest.

Jihoon would make sure to be rough with him, even more than he usually would. Chan was a grown-ass man, even if he was still young; he wasn't a baby, and he was the sort of guy who would work out for an hour to relieve his stress after classes. He knew to prepare himself in advance if he was going to start crying in front of Jihoon, since it made everything a lot easier for both of them to get into it if he was ready for his punishment right away. Jihoon could simply push right into him and there would be no risk of tearing his walls or anything. He would bottom out right away, with his hips pressed so firmly against Chan's ass that he would be able to feel every little twitch of his boyfriend's muscles against his pelvis, and then he would pull out and slam back in without a care in the world. Chan would usually let out quiet grunts in response - in contrary to how he would groan loudly when he wasn't crying - and he would simply take it without complaining. That was the way they both liked it, and it genuinely made it feel as if it was more of a punishment that way.

Jihoon had to hand it to Chan, though; he was able to continue crying all the way through the exchange until they eventually finished. He didn't know how he managed to do it, but it really helped him to keep the fantasy going. It meant that he would happily be able to keep his arousal strong so that he would have no second guesses about punishing Chan for his behaviour. It made things a lot more fun too because each thrust would see tears being set free from the inner corners of Chan's eyes. They would occasionally glaze over the rest of his eye, leaving them glistening and looking absolutely adorable, but they would usually end up rolling down his face in a way that followed the curves of his features. Down and around the shape of his eye bags, around his plump little cheeks, and then towards his ears. Those tears left new shapes for Jihoon to enjoy, and it was as much of a treat to see them leaving new stains on his boyfriend's cheeks as it was to actually take him to the bedroom when he was in the mood for his fetish to surface.

Likewise, if Chan rode him, it would lead to other interesting differences. Each bounce would leave the tears either running down his face faster, or it would mean that they would disperse around the room. Sometimes they would end up on Jihoon's face or chest, and that was the best experience that he could imagine. It perfectly represented their interactions and the fact that they were so connected as Chan cried, and that was one of the things that Jihoon liked a lot. He supposed that although he didn't really like the kink as a form of comfort for someone who was upset, he still liked it in a comforting manner. He was holding his boyfriend, who was upset because he wasn't getting what he
wanted, and it provided a strange sense of protection to him. In that sense, he supposed that the act was sort of parent-like, even though he wouldn't dare to mention it to Chan. He didn't want it coming across in that sort of manner, even though it was certainly true that he felt an almost paternal instinct to make sure that Chan felt secure and supported whenever he told him "no" and he got upset. And whenever Chan was on top, it only emphasised that tiny bit of reasoning behind the kink that he was experiencing.

It always ended in the same way, though. Jihoon would finish on Chan's face. It was like one last punishment, mixed with a slight reward; Chan really liked it when boys finished on his face, so it was a hypothetical punishment more than it was a realistic one. When he was ready for the finale, he would give a few more hard thrusts into Chan so that he missed the lack of stimulation again when he pulled out, and then he would move Chan to kneel in front of him as he finished himself off on the spot. The way that he towered over him - even if temporarily - made Jihoon feel as if he had some sort of power over the situation. It was as if what he said was going to be the line drawn under the argument. If he said that they weren't going to get chicken nuggets, they weren't going to get chicken nuggets, and Chan would simply have to get over that and stop being a brat. As it happened, though, it would always mark the fact that Jihoon was about to be nice to him by giving him what he wanted. Several thick white streaks would paint Chan's face, usually directly over his tear streaks, and then he would receive a gentle pat to his thigh.

"Go and get yourself cleaned up. I'll get you nuggets this once, but it's not going to happen again."
"Thank you," Chan would respond right away. His tone would be happy but it would still have the slightly shaky undertone, which would serve as a lasting reminder of the fact that he was only just getting over his tears properly. He would hop up right away and make his way to the bathroom to clear his face up, and then he would end up making his way through to the main room again to show Jihoon that he was ready to get his treat.

Of course, they both knew right away that he would get what he wanted the next time too. And the time after that. And the time after that, too. It wasn't something that was ever limited to just one time.

Whilst their other fetishes didn't really follow a similar pattern to that one, dacryphilia was Jihoon's thing. They had established how it would play out very quickly, based on the ease of making tears fall and the sorts of healthy manipulation that would make it a great experience for both of them. If punishment and reward worked for this particular one, they weren't going to change it just to mix things up. That wasn't really their style, and it just took away from the base that they had built. And seeing as Jihoon never failed to blow his load all over Chan's face when they played out that same scenario week after week, he knew that it was something that he wanted to keep for himself. It was even enough for him to touch himself over when Chan wasn't around, and that was something that made it particularly special for him.

And so it stayed. Other fetishes may have ended up being swapped out each time, other than the few that Chan was particularly fond of - strangling, roleplay and orgasm denial - but dacryphilia seemed to gain an honourary place in their bedroom. It was one that wasn't going anywhere any time soon, and that was was how Jihoon liked it.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry, this one feels a tad weak because I couldn't really work out what I wanted to write and had written four different versions of this chapter, but I'm doing another one for this fetish at the end so hopefully that'll be better?? (Plus I also wanted to keep it
pretty tame and all with this pair so it made it a tad difficult)

Thank you for reading!! <3
Katoptronophilia; a fetish for having sex in front of mirrors.

Junhui and Mingyu were attractive people, and attractive people deserved to be together.

It worked in their favour, obviously. Mingyu wasn't ashamed of his body in the slightest, and Junhui found that absolutely, undeniably sexy. Likewise, he was more than happy to drop his clothes without warning and let his friend have his way with him. It was only natural that he did, because that was what the world expected.

It also made coming out about his fetish a hundred times easier than it would have been if he was dating someone much less attractive. Vanity played a huge part in it and when they both knew that they were incredibly attractive, it meant that there weren't any awkward silences or attempts to cover themselves up when it was brought up in conversation. "I want to have sex with you in front of a mirror," Junhui said one day when they were watching a vintage show together, in which a seller was getting rid of a number of mirrors in different sizes and shapes. "I want to ride you facing away so that we can watch ourselves going at it."

"It sounds fun. Should we go out mirror shopping this afternoon, then?" Mingyu replied immediately. No awkwardness, no disgust. He didn't even seem uncomfortable in the slightest. Junhui wasn't going to question it, though, because he knew that there was no issue of self-consciousness there and that was for the best. After all, he and Mingyu were definitely just friends who sometimes slept with each other, and the fact that they could do that without feeling self-conscious or worrying that their friendship would be affected by it was a big thing.

Junhui didn't have that much of a preference when it came to mirrors, though. He hadn't really thought it through; he was just attracted to the thought of watching them going at it. Sure, he could watch videos of other people having sex, or he could even bump it up and watch videos of people recording what they did in a mirror, but it was nothing like the real thing. And masturbating in front of a mirror was getting pretty damn old because it simply left him feeling distracted. His eyes would wander to various body parts and view them in an admiring but non-sexual manner, and that would kill his buzz. There was nothing like noticing how shapely his calves were as he sat on his bed stroking himself, but now he was unable to look at himself giving a solo show without thinking those sorts of things up. Dead annoying, seeing as it was once enough to make him feel satisfied for a while.

But Mingyu was good about it. Even when they went shopping together, he was so casual about it that it was almost unbelievable. "It's weird, isn't it?" he said at one point as they walked towards the nearest home store, "You know how all of these legends say to avoid having mirrors opposite to your bed because spirits will hurt you whilst you sleep and all that sort of stuff? Have they never considered how great it would be to wake up one morning with someone in bed next to you, and then you just watch yourselves having gentle morning sex? Like, how great would that be to experience?" He proceeded to make a number of similar comments as they wandered around, and Junhui had to admit that it relaxed him even more. He wouldn't really say that he was nervous as such in the first place, but he was a little bit worried that perhaps he was pushing his own desires a
little bit too much until Mingyu made sure to show him that they were on the same page. It meant
that he felt a lot better about the shopping and didn't feel like it was all about him. After all, he might
have been attractive and admittedly a little bit vain, but he certainly wasn't self-centred and he
wouldn't have ever wanted Mingyu to feel as if he was just doing it to get someone else off with
nothing in return.

It meant that he could happily spend a lot more time in the store with Mingyu so that they could find
the exact right mirrors. Bonus points went to the fact that the store was relatively quiet and it meant
that they could confidently and unapologetically try the mirrors out for size first. It was a sort of
foreplay, admittedly; Mingyu would find an excuse to touch Junhui from behind as they gazed into
the mirrors, and would then whisper the same question into his ear each time: "Could you see us
fucking in front of this one?" And each time he did, Junhui instantly felt a shiver run up his spine. It
was beautiful, and it was perfect. It made him feel alive right there and then. If it wasn't illegal, he
would have probably asked his friend to take him right there and then, so that they would be able to
see what they were doing regardless of what direction they looked towards.

All in all, though, they ended up taking home four mirrors. Two full-sized ones, and two smaller
ones. It simply added to the foreplay right away because Junhui got to see how Mingyu's biceps
flexed as he carried the larger mirrors. Although they had been in bed together at least a handful of
times so far, he hadn't really paid all that much attention to Mingyu's body as such up until that point.
It wasn't as if he didn't want to stare, nor that Mingyu was uncomfortable with it; rather, they had
both been so desperate to be touched that they simply threw themselves straight into it without taking
the time to get to know each other's bodies. They knew the basics - each other's sizes and how
perfectly Mingyu's length slotted inside Junhui's body, for example - but this would really give them
the opportunity to check each other out properly. It was a huge part of the fetish, actually, and so
Junhui's excitement only continued to build as they eventually made their way back to his place.

No time was wasted in setting it all up. What would be the point in that? They had already
established that they were both in the mood, following the vulgar foreplay in the home department of
the store. Whilst neither had managed to get stiff in public, it was only really going to be a matter of
time before they did start to get really worked up, and so they didn't really want to waste much time
when they actually got to it. One small mirror was balanced on the window ledge and the other
replaced a small portrait above the headboard of the bed. The longer but thinner full-length mirror
was moved to the foot of the bed, whilst the huge square one was placed against the only other
mirror-free wall in the room. Once it was all set up, they took a moment to admire how well they had
managed to ensure that they would always be able to see themselves in any position, and then
promptly turned to each other to give the sign that they were ready to go.

There was absolutely no hesitation whatsoever, although they did decide to take it a lot slower than
they usually would have done in this sort of situation. They needed to make full use of the mirrors,
and that meant slowly revealing themselves, kissing, touching, grinding, rubbing, and making any
other physical contact that they could manage. Mingyu made his way behind Junhui and positioned
them both so that they could see themselves in the longest mirror, and then he proceeded to kiss his
friend's neck and ears as his hands travelled over his torso. Junhui watched as the lips grazed his skin
gently, and he couldn't help but fixate on how the image and the sensation of being touched merged
into one until finally, he noticed Mingyu's hands starting to worm their way down towards his
trousers.

Considering that he wasn't really watching what his hands were doing, he was rather skilled at
unbuckling Junhui's belt and tugging his trousers down in one motion. He specifically chose those
trousers because they were massively big on the waist, which meant that they would fall down easily
without that bit of added support. They were Mingyu's favourite trousers on him too, which made it
that much better. He watched as a smile crept upon Mingyu's face, and then he promptly got to work
with groping Junhui until he could feel him starting to stiffen more. One hand pulled his boxers down as far as he could manage, then the other hand grabbed for his balls, which he squeezed and rolled gently in one hand. "Perfect size," he pointed out with a smirk, and Junhui couldn't help but snort at the comment. The flattery was only because they were doing what they were doing, and they both knew it. They didn't need to comment on each other's bodies to boost their already inflated egos.

He spent a minute or two fondling Junhui in the open before completely removing his clothes, leaving him completely exposed in the cool air of the bedroom. Junhui wasn't all that bothered about being the only naked one; he got to watch Mingyu's hands trailing over his body for a little while longer before the first request of the session came. It followed a long hum, which Mingyu often used to prepare him for the fact that he was about to make a request. "Could you suck me off?" he eventually said. He didn't need to explain it at all because Junhui was straight on his knees without having to be asked twice, and then he unbuttoned his trousers, popped the button, tugged down the fly, and then pulled him out of his boxers.

His usual method was to simply bob his head between Mingyu's thighs. It wasn't necessarily the best technique in the books, but it was something that was aesthetically pleasing. That was what got Mingyu off; the fact that Junhui looked pretty when he was sucking him without even trying to use any special technique. It was raw and simple, and that was what made it enjoyable. Junhui glanced up to see that his friend's eyes were fixated on the mirror, and he had to admit that he was thrilled to see that he was enjoying it just as much as Junhui had enjoyed the fetish for the past few years. Mingyu licked his lips in anticipation as he watched Junhui simply doing his job, and the erotic nature of the act had him finishing in Junhui's mouth within minutes. He swallowed before moving to stand up again, and then Mingyu's clothes joined his on the floor.

As much as they could have started off slow, it certainly wasn't going to end up lasting. Instead, they were more than likely going to end up trying to start out with foreplay, but it would be cut short as usual and then they would end up swapping it out for several rounds of animalistic rutting. It was how it always ended out. From the moment that Mingyu kissed him, Junhui knew that it was going to be impossible to tear their eyes off the mirrors for too long. They just looked so damn good together, and he would soon have Mingyu thrusting into him to add to the collection of moments in his life that were stored in his "masturbation memories". He needed that sooner rather than later, and being gentle or slow with each other wasn't going to get him where he wanted to be. Likewise, Mingyu was way too excitable to continue with their quest in a way that was primarily intimate, instead of raunchy. He was an enthusiastic lover, and that surprisingly worked in his favour a lot as it always showed that he was very much into what they were doing. It just didn't work when they were trying to drag it out.

So it was only a matter of time before Mingyu was grinding his groin against Junhui's ass, and Junhui simply leaned forward so that he could spread himself properly for his friend. The rubbing was followed by two fingers straight into his entrance in one go, without any hesitation or build-up whatsoever. Junhui turned his head to the side so that he could watch it in the bigger mirror; the sight of Mingyu thrusting his fingers in so roughly that he could have probably shoved the rest of his hand in there whilst he was at it, and the way that his length grazed against Junhui's thigh as he moved his hand. For a moment, it didn't feel as if he was experiencing it; he could see it happening to his body, but it seemed a lot different to how he imagined it would look. Of course, he could only really see a part of what was happening, but it was enough for him to make the decision that it looked strange, and so he simply stared in amazement as Mingyu continued to work him for all of three minutes before tugging his fingers out with a pop and searching for a condom.

"Wait," Junhui called out before he could get to that point. Mingyu froze on the spot and stared at him, and so Junhui simply took in a deep breath. "I want you to put anal beads inside of me and pull
them out so that I can see them." It was a first. He hadn't ever really used toys when he was with Mingyu before, so it was another new experience, but it wasn't as if he was all that shy about the use of toys in the bedroom. It was just a natural part of life, and so he was going to simply accept that sometimes he needed that little bit of varied stimulation. Of course, Mingyu put them straight into him, a bead at a time, and then proceeded to slowly stroke and kiss him until he was adjusted enough for them to come out. One long but firm pull out, and Junhui was left absolutely amazed. He watched as his own entrance slowly dilated around each bead, starting off large and then gradually working towards the smaller beads, until they were eventually all out. It left him breathless and aroused right away. It was a different experience to have someone else pulling them out as it was, without the added bonus of watching someone else pull them out in front of a mirror.

It left him undeniably exhilarated. He couldn't help but push Mingyu straight down at that point so that he could mount him right away. He was already lubed up and they were both clean, so there was no point in them bothering to use protection. Besides, it made it feel that little bit more raunchy to be going bareback for the first time. Junhui pushed his hips down slowly as he gripped onto the headboard, and instantly earned a low groan from his friend in response. Without any hesitation at all, he began to move himself on the length, making sure to take careful note of his own movements and rhythm in the mirror in front of him. Mingyu's hands gripped his hips and proceeded to move him at a steady pace, and so they quickly got into the rut easily enough.

It was the perfect way to start everything off. Not too much stimulation to leave Junhui getting too worked up in too short an amount of time, and not too little that they were left dissatisfied with the amount of physical contact that they were making. It wasn't going to last like that, obviously, because Junhui could only see from his shoulders and upwards, but it really allowed him to pace himself before the main event truly started. At that point, he knew that he would be finishing quickly. There was no way that he wouldn't be finishing quickly, if he was being completely honest. He was already getting worked up from simply seeing himself bouncing on Mingyu like that, so actually getting to experience his fetish properly for the first time was going to be an absolute dream. He continued to move himself as he imagined it, and held out for as long as possible until Mingyu eventually gave him a pat on the thigh. "You have to see how hot this looks," he told him, and so Junhui quickly dismounted and turned around before sitting straight back on his length.

Of course, Mingyu was absolutely right. First of all, Junhui got to see his friend sliding into his body. It was something he hadn't really thought about all that much until that point, but it was sort of a big deal when he saw it. And damn, did he love it. It hadn't really registered how big seven inches was until he was watching his body swallow it up, and he could have possibly finished from just watching that alone. He choked back a strangled moan as he watched it, instead choosing to focus his attention on other aspects of the exchange.

Their legs were tucked in a way that allowed him to see Mingyu's thighs, which were a treat too, and then his biceps were amazing when he reached around to grab Junhui's waist. For a moment, he was left paralysed as he stared at Mingyu's arms; they were a lot thicker than he imagined and when he tried to help Junhui to move on his length, he was moving him with such strength that he might as well have been bench-pressing him. He had the appearance of a gym bunny and whilst it wasn't usually the sort of thing that Junhui was attracted to, he certainly loved it when he watched Mingyu moving him like that. It added a new layer and made him feel like a doll the entire time. A doll who was being used for his body and who was there for Mingyu's pleasure. It was another little fantasy that he really enjoyed, although he tended to keep his mouth shut about that one. It was something that he could imagine better without people trying to put effort into making it come true.

They quickly got back into the rhythm, as if they hadn't stopped at all. Up and down, at a similar pace to Junhui's heartbeats. They even grew faster as his heart began to race, and that was a treat in itself. He could feel their hips coming together with a snap and got to watch his body meeting
Mingyu's body when he stared ahead of himself. He watched as lips found his skin again too, and then one hand moved to stroke him in time with the thrusts once he was more comfortable with moving himself to the pace that Mingyu had set for them. Slap, slap, slap, slap. The sounds of them meeting filled the air, often followed by soft grunts and groans from either of the two boys. They weren't all that loud in the bedroom, since they preferred to feel the sensation instead of making a show of it for a more authentic experience. It was also good for their neighbours because hell, they would have probably called the police with noise complaints if their pleasure was represented by how loud they were being.

Actually, that brought up the fact that Junhui was surprisingly turned on by Mingyu's breathing more than he was his moans. He could feel the shaking of his friend's breath against his shoulder as they quickly began to increase their tempo further. They both knew that they weren't going to last all that long now that a new kink had been introduced, and so they were just desperate to hit their inevitable climaxes. Mingyu began to abuse his entrance with enough force to leave his ass rippling, and it was obviously pretty taxing as his breaths were hot and heavy. When they pressed together, Junhui melted against his heaving chest. He couldn't help but stare at the image of them doing what they were doing, with Mingyu's face growing more flushed as time went on. His face, like Junhui's, was peppered with beads of sweat already, and his hair was a mess from where he kept pressing his forehead against Junhui's shoulder.

But it was beautiful. Perfect, even. They were beautiful people, after all, and they deserved to see each other in such a raw, passion-fueled position. They deserved to see each other in a sweaty mess, desperately bringing their bodies together in hard, rhythmic thrusts which were gradually taking their toll on their bodies. They deserved to enjoy the sights of each other's faces as their climaxes built faster and higher. Junhui's eyes were threatening to flicker closed, whilst Mingyu's face was screwed up, with his nose scrunched tightly. Fingertips bruised skin, nails clawed at any flesh they could reach. Mingyu finished first without even bothering to pull out, shooting hard and hot inside of Junhui until his walls were painted as white as his face had gone. A few quick strokes of his length and Junhui joined him in ecstasy.

For a second, they watched themselves. Panting, sticky, sweaty. They stared at the image in the mirror; the way that they looked represented what they had done and what they had been working up towards. It was the perfect sight, and Junhui couldn't help but feel a tingle of happiness in the pit of his stomach as he watched how their bodies slotted together so perfectly.

Then Mingyu collapsed back onto the bed, allowing Junhui to rest against his torso. They laid there for a while as both boys tried to catch their breath - a pretty hard task after how rough they had been with each other. Junhui could feel his heart pounding in his head, and so he simply closed his eyes for a few minutes until his body felt strong enough to allow him to turn onto his front. He could feel Mingyu's release dribbling out of his entrance as soon as they were separated, and he immediately let out a sigh of relief. Other than that, they were completely silent until eventually, Mingyu cleared his throat.

"Ready for round two? I'm thinking we could do it from behind this time."

Chapter End Notes

I don't really ship these two as such, but I feel that if any pair were to be cool with doing this sort of thing in front of a mirror, it would be Mr. "I'm the most attractive in Seventeen" and Mr. "I'm a model, an actor, and an international superstar". Over the
space of the chapter, it's warmed on me a bit though, strangely...

Thank you for reading!! <3
Metrophilia - Wonwoo/Mingyu

Chapter Notes

Metrophilia; a fetish for poetry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Mingyu always told him to stop writing poetry if it stressed him out as much as he said it did, but it simply wasn't that easy. How could he put it down when it stirred such emotions inside of his body? Wonwoo was highly sensitive to that, and he couldn't help but drown in his emotions every time he read poetry. Writing it, though, was a completely different experience in its entirety. Sure, it probably sounded pretty narcissistic to say it, but he was aware of his own words as much as he was aroused by the words of others. Having the opportunity to pick each word out made for an intense experience, and he loved every second of it.

There was something beautiful about putting pen to paper like that. Wonwoo even had special stationary for writing poems, since he needed to use something that properly portrayed his feelings. Heavy-duty paper and a black fountain pen. Black had a lot of symbolism, from grief and rebellion to confidence and sophistication. That covered pretty much all of the aspects of his writing. His favourite part, though, was the gentle scratch of the pen on the paper; a mark of quality materials. Each letter looked perfect on the page; smudge-free but drying to permanence. Once it was on the page, it was there for good.

But it didn't come as naturally as he would expect. He needed prompts and stimulation; something to leave his mind filled with ways to portray every emotion that he felt. Putting words to emotions was hard enough as it was without having to concern himself with the fact that he needed something to work with too. So he used his relationship most of the time. His relationship with Mingyu was far from perfect, in all honesty. It was rough around the edges and very physical, but it filled him with all of the sensations that his poetry sought. He simply let their relationship run its course, took the pen into his hand, then put it into words as best as possible.

My flesh remembers your touch
more than it remembers any other touch it has experienced.
Cuts, scratches, bites. The raised bumps and puncture marks;
they have no home here.

He gripped the pen tighter as he tried to imagine how he felt every time Mingyu touched him. It was an experience that was novel and beautiful; one that he couldn't describe perfectly if his lover wasn't by his side. No other person in his life could mimic that touch, and so he was forced to wait until the next time they met to continue with the poem. It had to be fresh in his mind as he wrote it. That served as both a beauty and a curse, all in all. On one hand, he got to see Mingyu again. It meant that they were caught up in their passionate love affair once again. Mingyu's lips touched him in places that no other man had touched for years, and his fingers found new crevices on his lover's body every time their bodies met.

On the other hand, he knew that he was getting too involved with Mingyu, and he needed to take a step back instead of returning to him for more writing material. As much as he needed that reminder, his body certainly didn't. It was like memory foam; when Mingyu touched him again, he would
conform. No time was wasted at all; his fingers would make contact and Wonwoo would be all his. There wasn't an inch of his body that didn't know his touch; Mingyu had made sure of that. The curve of his biceps, the slight plumpness of his ass, the point where his neck met his shoulder; the words to describe how he touched those places floated away from Wonwoo's mind like sticks on a current, but his body welcomed those touches back every time without any resistance whatsoever.

But your fingers press bruises that stay for days.
They squeeze the breath out of me, leave me giddy
like the inhalation of helium,
A swift kick to the gut, a kiss from death himself.

Wonwoo's heart started racing again as he pressed the final period to the page. His eyes closed as he reread what he had put together in his head. It was already ingrained, as if he had recited it a thousand times. His hand slowly moved up from his knee to his groin. Once there, he gave a gentle squeeze and tried his best to think about their chemistry. That, on the other hand, didn't go unmatched. He had experienced it a handful of times, but it was relatively exclusive to adultery. Yes, he was a paramour, but he was a paramour who was hopelessly in love with the man he had been seeing for the first time in his life.

Mingyu wasn't his to have. He was Wonwoo's cousin's boyfriend, whom he had met at a family party. They clicked instantly. "You guys should hang out some time," his cousin suggested. By "hanging out", they ultimately ended writhing on Wonwoo's bed together. His trousers were by his ankles and Mingyu's semi-nude body was thrusting up against him, rubbing their throbbing arousals together with such insistence that Wonwoo knew he had to have him. Screw a childish girl who tried to control who Mingyu was allowed to see. She had only let them be around each other because she knew that Wonwoo wouldn't take him out drinking or to watch sports. But little did she know, Mingyu had been drinking from the fountain of his love instead; gulping down the lust that had developed between them in three short hours.

Wonwoo gripped himself in the way that Mingyu grasped him; firmly and as if he was about to rip his dick straight off his body. There was always a slight manly aggression from Mingyu, but Wonwoo put it down to the fact that he had never touched another man before they met each other. He didn't know how to act, or what was too rough. It was massively different to touching himself, since he knew what was too rough and what felt good when he was stroking himself in time to whatever erotic film he was watching. Wonwoo, on the other hand, liked gentler touches for the most part. Actual sex was a different story, but his length preferred the teasing and toying more than it liked the attempts to get him off as quickly as possible.

Your love bites; packs a firm punch.
I unwind right away.
But I hope that you're thinking about her instead.
Thinking about how she makes you feel.

For I know you.
I know how to make your body cave and shatter.
Yet, she cannot even draw a smile from your bitter mouth.
She leaves you aching with a need for touch
whilst I fulfil every desire that you crave.

It came automatically and Wonwoo considered scrapping it, but he couldn't bring himself to crumple the paper once it was in his hand. He held it for almost half an hour as he tried to either like it or scrap it, but then he eventually gave a sigh and placed it back on his desk to finish what he had started. First, though, he needed to finish something else that he had started. The erotic side to the
poem was long gone and he was instead left with the image of her in his mind. The cousin who
wanted the world, but who let Mingyu feel neglected. He tried to push her out of his mind so that he
could find sweet release, but the image plagued him and he eventually had to take himself away for a
cold shower.

It was actually the theme of one of Wonwoo’s other pieces. She told him that she loved everything
about him whenever she wanted something, but would insult him if they argued. He was plump
around the middle and he was dumb. He didn't know much about pop culture, and she didn't know
whether he actually had a brain in his thick skull or some sort of nut in its place. His dick was
nowhere near as big as her ex's, she said, and he should feel bad because he was a whole five inches
taller than said ex-boyfriend. Proportionally speaking, he should have been eight inches instead of
five. It was pathetic.

The poems were from a bystander point of view. She didn't deserve him, they preached. She was just
a brat who thought that being horrible to her boyfriend was what was normal. She didn't even mean
the things she said; she just thought that it would make her appear cute. What she didn't know,
though, was that he was seeking comfort from someone else. He sought out the kisses and the way
that Wonwoo gazed into his eyes as he made love to him. He sought out the way that Wonwoo
wouldn't tell him that he loved him and demand it back. Most of all, he sought out the way that they
fit together so perfectly that none of his relationship troubles really mattered as soon as they were
together.

*But what we have,*

it's possibly just lust.

She still has you
and your heart.

It was one of his earliest poems, but it was always there in his top drawer. Mingyu had read it once,
but he had never put the pieces together and figured out that Wonwoo kept it for sexual pleasure. It
was reflective of the start of their relationship. Mingyu had been with someone else, and Wonwoo
was forced to deal with the fact that he was merely an affair. He had poured his emotions out into
that specific poem and so it still held a special place in his heart, even if it was relatively basic and
needed some tuning.

Ultimately, it had been a practice piece, though. It had been a new style; a new way of putting his
feelings out there. Okay, there had been other poems before that one and it wasn't even the first in
their relationship, but it was the poem that dug into his core. It was an attempt at unlocking his own
feelings to the point where he could make a decision as to how they moved forward. He distinctly
recalled how it made him hypersensitive to everything that was going on in their relationship from
that point onwards until he finally asked his now-boyfriend to choose between staying with his
girlfriend and continuing their relationship.

It had been a no-brainer, of course. He had split up with her on the spot, and was dating Wonwoo
within a week. Their relationship was raw and heavy right from the start. They wanted each other,
and nothing was going to change the primal desire that ripped them from the inside. Wonwoo loved
the payoff between erratic and erotic; Mingyu's body made him ache with desire and so he wrote
about it. Whenever pen met paper, it was something to do with their sexuality and how it made them
cave every time. Every milestone was met with another poem until he had a collection of over forty
poems. The moment that Mingyu said he would leave his girlfriend for him, the day they officially
started dating, their first kiss, their first time in bed together, the first time they shared a shower
together. Each poem improved with more and more implicit themes, and so they ended up being
stored in a little folder under the bed. It was like a sign of their developing relationship.
The issue, though, was that the poetry was usually what got him in the mood to mess around with Mingyu. In itself, it wasn't a huge deal; after all, most people had a weird kink that they often exercised in bed. Some people liked temperature play, some people liked sniffing underwear, he liked thinking about poetry. If he wanted to make love to Mingyu, it was usually done either because he had been reading poetry or because he was trying to come up with a prompt for his poetry which would, in turn, arouse him further.

Still not that much of an issue? It wouldn't have been if it wasn't for the fact that the poetry swamped his mind each time too. It was aggressive and demanding, and it shouldn't have really had a place in the bedroom. To start with, he figured that he was just distracted by his work to be able to fully focus on romance and sexuality. It seemed like the more likely answer, since he was a bit of a workaholic, even when it came to his hobbies and interests. But then he started to notice that it was becoming more and more related to what they were doing.

On a particular occasion, for example, Mingyu had offered to eat his ass. Simple enough, and pretty generous considering that he rarely offered to do that sort of thing. He flipped Wonwoo on to his front and placed three pillows under his hips to prop them up for better access. He spread Wonwoo with ease and leaned down to kiss the base of his spine, then slowly moved his way downwards. Wonwoo let out a gentle hum in response.

"Your lips graze my skin, working their way to my core."

As he thought it, Mingyu started to make his way down further. His mouth touched over the freshly-shaved skin before working over the velvety heat of his entrance.

"You snatch your prize, engulfing me in my entirety, Until I'm breathless and worked out of my knot."

Then his tongue dipped inside and Wonwoo jolted. His entire body was on fire and his mind was in a haze; for a second, he couldn't think of anything besides a single word that he wanted to write in this poem: amycheisis. He didn't know how to fit the word in, considering that he wasn't facing Mingyu and could hardly claw at his back in the heat of passion, but it was what he was doing to the bed as soon as he felt himself spreading around the tongue, and so he knew that it needed to be there. A dozen other words slipped into his mind. Euphoria, erotic, animalistic, bawdy, earthy, ribald, carnal, temporal, fervid, fierce, agog, spent. The sensations were a vicious blur in his mind, leaving him desperate to be ripped apart. The experience was far from being gentle and romantic; he wanted nothing more than for Mingyu to ravage him.

The poetic words that were insistent on staying only served to make things harder for him. Mingyu had barely gotten started when a phrase clung to his thoughts and dragged them down.

"His lips burn scars into my skin, leaving traces of the path he took."

Animalistic, carnal; he has no regard for how he makes my body ache with a need for both release from the cage he has me in and for him to, trophy in hand, leave his mark inside of me.

That was all it took. Wonwoo's body began to quake as his climax hit hard. His hips bucked against the pillows, drawing his foreskin back each time until the section of bed just south of his navel was painted white. Mingyu slowly dragged himself away, giving just a few more licks here and there for good measure, before touching a heated kiss between his shoulder blades. "Did you enjoy that?" he asked hopefully. It was something that Wonwoo really loved about him. They had been involved in an affair for almost a year and had been in a relationship for just over two years by that point, but Mingyu was still concerned that he wasn't enough to satisfy him. And whilst sure, he had been thinking about his poetry too, it was simply putting what Mingyu was doing to him into words.

"Wonwoo?" he called out, figuring that he hadn't been heard. Wonwoo's head snapped up. "I want a vigorous romp in the garden, right against the shed. Can you do that for me?" Mingyu stared at him in surprise, but he never said no.
"Gimme a second to wash my mouth, then I'll be on it." As much as it could have been seen as a mood killer, Wonwoo was relieved. It meant that he would get everything he wanted right away. No need to worry about his boyfriend being unable to kiss him, out of fear that he would aggravate Wonwoo's dislike for contamination. They were going to go all the way, with kisses, bites and licks.

Then they were out in the garden. As soon as Mingyu was ready, he dragged Wonwoo out and pressed against him right away. It didn't matter whether the neighbours saw them; that was all part of the fantasy. The more vulgar the experience, the better Wonwoo would be able to write about it. And oh god, did he need to write about it. Most of the poems he'd written up to that point had described their sex to have a number of animalistic qualities, but nothing compared to the raw, primal desire that came out as soon as they tried something new. Today, this was it.

I felt his breath over sensitive nubs as he tried to position us properly.
Leg up, nails pressing crescents into flesh already;
He guides himself into me, breaking the touch barrier that we craved to destroy.
All in the space of a minute - I mused about how much
his body must have wanted every piece of mine
and how his heat filled every crevice of my being without him even trying.

This was a new poem, actually. It had nothing to do with the one where Mingyu was eating his ass. Instead, it was something that he was thinking up on the spot as he let Mingyu fill him. It didn't quite sound right in his head for some reason - the words were a little bit rushed and it sounded more like a paragraph from a book instead of a stanza from a poem - but it would have to do. His mind was already starting to haze over again; he was intoxicated by the sensation of Mingyu's hot kisses leaving trails along his cooling skin. It felt perfect and he absolutely adored it; the poetry was simply aiding his arousal. And speaking of arousal--

He throbs. I mewl like a cat in heat.
I imagine how it would feel if we really were cats;
People always watching the amymphesis in front of them,
making jokes and taking photos of the unapologetic roughness.
A neighbour pokes his head out from his window.
We make eye contact and I can't help but smirk -
He wants to be where I am right now.

In reality, Wonwoo couldn't bring himself to look at the neighbour. He knew that he couldn't really get in trouble for making love to his boyfriend in their own back garden, but he was painfully self-conscious about what the neighbour would do. Would he take photos and post them online? Would he tell his friends about the fact that his gay neighbours were humping ferociously against the shed? Would he bring it up when he saw them out in public? Then again, those thoughts would be good for his poetry too. Not only would it take away from the anxiety that inevitably came alongside being seen, but it would also empower him to write more. He could already envision it:

Our neighbour saw us fucking.
Erratic and desperate; he thrusts his virile member
as deep as it will go,
Causing my body to tremble with desire
that was visible from the neighbour's window.

The evidence is there for everyone to see
alongside a caption about the disgust he feels.
We both know that he got off to the sounds,
that his own member was solid and thrusting just as erratically
into an empty palm, soon to be filled with the streaks that also fill my body.

Not his best work, but it was something that he would probably publish if the images of their steamy affair found their way onto the internet. It would be a counter-argument, he decided.

At that point, he could feel that Mingyu was almost as his peak. His thrusts were getting more and more desperate, and he lifted Wonwoo off the floor completely so that he could use his body as a sleeve. Wonwoo's nails only dug in deeper, raking aggressively at the caramel flesh of his lover's back. He knew that the poetry he'd been thinking about was enough to leave the fantasies playing vividly in his mind, as if he was watching what they were doing from the neighbour's point of view. He could see the rough thrusts as much as he could feel it; the way that his toes were no longer touching the grass and were instead left to curl against the air. He could see the way that Mingyu tried to keep his fingers gentle, but he was quickly losing control and was leaving the usual bruised prints in a perfect arched shape against his ass.

Then they finished, hard and fast and all at once. As Wonwoo's body gave in and let his orgasm rack through his body, he squeezed Mingyu's climax out. It was the first - and probably the last - time that they had finished together; a picture-perfect way to finish the poetic experience that they had shared. For a second, they stayed still. Mingyu's legs threatened to collapse if he moved before he was ready, and Wonwoo knew that he wouldn't be able to hold himself up either. It took a few minutes, but then Mingyu tested his weight and figured that he was okay to pull out. The vulgar trickle of semen found the curve of Wonwoo's skin just as easily as his boyfriend's fingers had done. He cringed initially, but then figured that it was easier to simply ignore the uncomfortable sensation in favour of making his way indoors.

When Mingyu asked him why he continued with poetry, this was the exact reason why. He loved the way that the words could move him and stir up emotions that mere sensation couldn't even begin to evoke. It was freedom, expression and sexual empowerment all in one place.

Chapter End Notes

Picture this: we met your parents today.
You took me home, drunk and oversexed
with throbbing between my thighs. They said, "Stay,"
and you said, "Sure." You knew what would come next.

We stumble into your childhood bedroom;
Formal greetings can wait til tomorrow
for I crave you. My flower comes to bloom.
Your caress draws it out and makes it grow.

My body groans under the glowing stars
and the moon nightlight, which you never tossed.
Innocence craves silence; the night is ours
but this bed was once yours. Innocence? Lost.

Your inner youth is back, though; back to play
But this time, it's in a more grown-up way.
I ended up writing a few little things to get the real feel for this chapter and that was one of them, so I didn't really want it to go to waste. See it as one of the milestones that were mentioned. As you can tell, I don't do poetry for a reason haha

But hopefully it's okay and there'll be one of your bog-standard kinks next (although I'm still not sure how I'm going to write it)

Thank you for reading!! <3
Podophilia - Soonyoung/Jihoon

Chapter Notes

Podophilia; foot fetishism

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Actually, Soonyoung's obsession with feet started out vastly different to how it ended up.

Believe it or not, his fixation started out like a little bit of anxiety. He would joke about it a bit, but the fear of dating someone with disgusting or weird feet really made him uncomfortable. There were a number of go-to specifications that he would keep in mind before thrusting himself into a relationship, and those things would always end up coming up at some point. He would make sure to check everyone as much as possible so he didn't find that he was incredibly uncomfortable with being around a barefoot partner in the future.

Thankfully, with the one girl he dated, it was easy enough. He took her out in summer and she was wearing open-toe sandals. It was easy, and then it was over with as soon as possible. Then he'd realised that he wasn't all that into girls and the fun began. He didn't really know many guys who would leave the house in sandals or open-toe shoes, so it made it a thousand times harder for him to determine whether they had suitable feet or not. And it wasn't even like it was going to be easy if he ended up going to their house and seeing them in just their socks. It was a lot more than that; the shape was merely one little aspect of his obsession and it wasn't even that much of a deal.

In fact, the shape didn't make up much of his obsession at all. It was the tiniest little bit. He didn't mind most foot shapes unless a person's toes were all crammed together, as if they were perfectly conforming to the shape of a pointed-toe shoe. Well, that and when someone's toes were dramatically skewed outwards, as if their bone alignment had drastically shifted from the ankle downwards. No, the more important part was their toenails, actually. Firstly, he was bothered about whether the trimmed their nails well. It didn't need to be absolutely perfect and he didn't even mind if they trimmed their nails incredibly short, but he was really put off when people let their nails grow past half a centimetre in length. He was also bothered by incredibly deep nailbeds, or really thin toenails that looked a bit like claws. They didn't need to be perfect in size, but they needed to be proportional. Finally, they needed to be clean, otherwise he was really put off.

Next, he had a little thing about toe shapes. Just like the overall shape, he wasn't that bothered for the most part. It didn't matter whether they were all the same length or the second one was longer than all of the others or they were in descending size order or anything. What bothered him, though, was when people had really long little toes or really small feet with disproportionately long toes. He had a few friends who met that criteria and it made him shudder every time he was faced with them. Finally, he had pretty strong feelings about callouses. On the ball of the foot and right on the heel were fair enough, especially in people who did martial arts or running. On the inside of the sole, he could handle a little bit of blistering or rub marks. What he couldn't handle, though, was calloused toes or thick hard lumps on the insides and outsides of the feet. He didn't know exactly what sparked the anxiety over that, but it was something that he really couldn't shake in the slightest.

As he said, though, it had started out as an anxiety and discomfort. At least, that was the case until he started dating Jihoon.
They were in the same group so it wasn't as if he'd never seen his feet before. A year into being friends and Jihoon - who was usually a little bit squeamish around bare feet - was no longer bothered by sitting on the sofa with his knees tucked to his chest and his toes curled delicately around the edge of the sofa cushion. Being around so many boys who didn't really care that much really did wonders and left him feeling a lot more comfortable around them, and so eventually Jihoon was more than happy to kick Soonyoung in the face when they were curled up on the sofa together, shortly after they started dating.

From Soonyoung's point of view, Jihoon's feet were perfect. They were proportional to his height - around a size 260 - and his toes were neither long nor stubby. The shape was very typical and his nails were always trimmed perfectly so that they were never too long nor cut back as far as possible. They were soft and pink with no bumps, callouses or even hair. His soles were defined - something that Soonyoung didn't really think about that often but found particularly cute - and they were usually pretty cold when he put them on Soonyoung's back. He wouldn't usually say that they were exactly what caused his fetish to develop, but if he was being completely honest, they were absolutely the reason why he developed an interest.

Don't get him wrong, though, it was dependent on context. He never did have a fetish that would arouse him instantly. He could find Jihoon's feet really attractive but wouldn't end up touching himself over them every time Jihoon was barefoot around him. In fact, he hid it pretty well; sometimes he thought about how much he loved them when he was alone and occasionally he would start their intimacy by kissing from his toes up to his crotch, but it was never really explicit enough for Jihoon to find out that he was actually getting into it pretty quickly. If he did end up finding out, Soonyoung figured that he would probably have to leave for good because it had such a bad reputation and was always portrayed as being creepy, and the last thing he really needed was for Jihoon to judge him over that sort of thing.

It was a huge struggle not to spend most of his time kissing and touching them, though. On the odd occasion that Jihoon did try to kick him, Soonyoung often managed to grab his foot and catch him off-guard. Jihoon would try again with the other foot to try to retaliate, and so Soonyoung would grab that one too. He would be left glancing between them with an arguably deviant expression on his face, and then Jihoon would end up staring at him in fear. He anticipated that his boyfriend would try to do something to him, although it was clear that he didn't exactly know what to expect.

But Soonyoung wouldn't dare it. At least, not until they had discussed that sort of thing with each other. The last thing he really wanted to do was start to press little kisses to his boyfriend's toes and then have him freak out over the gesture. He didn't really know what he would do if Jihoon spat out a harsh question about whether he had a foot fetish, in all honesty. He couldn't really lie about it because it would ultimately end up coming out eventually, but telling the truth could end up having bad results for them. Especially considering that Jihoon was still somewhat uncomfortable with touching feet anyway. Sure, he wasn't all that bothered when he kicked Soonyoung or sat there without shoes or socks, but Soonyoung could tell that it made him a little bit nervous when he wrapped a hand around his boyfriend's soles and stared at them.

It probably scared him but then again, it scared Soonyoung too. He started off hating his fetish and wanted nothing more than to conceal it completely. He didn't want to be weird or creepy, and the last thing he wanted was for tension in the dorm as a result of his interest. As time went on, though, he gradually came to the decision that definitely, genuinely wanted to explore it with Jihoon. Okay, he'd wanted to explore it a bit before and all, but it was something that he wasn't really prepared to talk about for the longest time. Not with his friends, not with his partners, not with anyone. He was frankly terrified of going down that route and didn't know how to even approach it. The topic seemed to be a relatively taboo one, and it simply raised his anxiety to maximum the more he considered the different reactions that could come from announcing that sort of thing to him.
But he had to do it. He researched it online and found a few blogs that insisted he tell Jihoon right away, but he knew that he couldn't do that and instead resorted to bringing it up with other friends first, just to test the waters. If his other friends thought it was okay, he would probably be able to bring it up with his boyfriend and not have to worry about it ruining their relationship. So he found some time where he, Seungkwan and Seokmin were the only ones in the kitchen one morning, and he made a point of sitting down with his knees tucked up to his chest and his coffee mug tucked close to his chest as he waited for the right moment to bring it up. The discussion around him was about the fact that they were supposed to be going to the practice room for a few hours to work on their own choreography for a while, but that soon died down when they ran out of things to say about it. Soonyoung took in a deep breath.

"Guys, there's something I need to talk to you both about," he announced, which immediately earned surprised glances from his friends. "It's really important and I'd appreciate it if you didn't freak out over me telling you this." It was a stupid comment. His friends were suddenly on edge as he announced it, as if they were expecting him to announce something particularly bad. So he took a deep breath and got it out there. The worst they could do was tease him mercilessly over it; after all, they wouldn't really be affected by it, so they were hardly going to stop being his best friends or anything.

"Jihoon's feet really get me hot," he told them, making sure to squeeze his eyes as tightly shut as he could manage to avoid seeing their reactions. There was a long silence, which honestly worried Soonyoung, but then Seokmin let out a loud laugh.

"Is that it? Just a foot fetish? I thought you were gonna tell us that you were going to leave the group or run away and get married or something, you dumbass." Soonyoung slowly peeled his eyes open to see that even Seungkwan was smiling ear to ear as he gazed at him.

"Soonyoung, why did you think that that was a huge deal? It's just sex, isn't it?"

Soonyoung wanted to die from the embarrassment, but he guessed at least his confession didn't go down badly. They even insisted that he go to his boyfriend right away and tell him so that he could get it over and done with. It wasn't a huge thing that would make many people freak out in the modern world, they insisted, and they couldn't really believe that he had been so worried about discussing that sort of thing with them. He simply gave a nod and took them up on the suggestion. Even though they would ultimately end up having to leave for their dance practice session soon enough, Soonyoung figured that at least that way, Jihoon would have some time to think about it. He didn't need to respond with his answer as to whether he was okay with giving it a shot right away, and they could even have some distance whilst he mulled it over.

He made his way over to his boyfriend's bedroom with such confidence, but it quickly trickled away as soon as he went to the bed and sat down next to him. He immediately felt his pulse start to grow faster, and so he was forced to try to calm it down before giving his confession. Thankfully, Jihoon seemed to think that he was simply there for cuddles and attention, and so he was quick to invite him into the bed to cuddle close to him as he tried to wake up. As always, he stayed up late the night before and was therefore pretty exhausted, but at least he actually had the chance to doze. He was supposed to have his day off, so his responsibilities were greatly reduced. Soonyoung took the time to gently stroke his hair for a while, but then he decided to simply get it over and done with before he could back out.

"Jihoon, I really think your feet are attractive," he whispered into his boyfriend's ear. "It's something I've wanted to bring up for a while but I never really had the confidence to tell you how I felt." Naturally, Jihoon's eyes snapped right open as soon as he heard it. To start with, he seemed to be disoriented and took the time to rub his eyes with a balled-up fist, but then he was left staring at Soonyoung in confusion for a moment. A bead of sweat rolled down the side of Soonyoung's face.

"You got a foot fetish?" he grumbled sleepily. His tone still carried an air of surprise, although it was
a lot less noticeable in comparison to when he was awake.
"Yeah."
"Oh, fair enough." With that, he tucked himself back against Soonyoung's chest.

Soonyoung couldn't believe the response. His heart only started beating faster as he held Jihoon close, and then Jihoon simply held him close for a few more minutes as he proceeded to doze lazily. After that time, though, he slowly lifted his head back up and gazed into Soonyoung's eyes. "Your heart is beating really fast. You were pretty scared about telling me that, huh?" Soonyoung gave a nod. Jihoon ran a hand through his own hair before moving to sit up properly. "And you know I really don't like feet that much, right?" Again, he nodded. It was hesitant this time, as if he was worried that the judging he thought he'd avoided was finally coming to the surface. "Can I make a proposal? I'm obviously down for making you feel happy and sexually satisfied but I'm really not sure how I feel about this one. Would you mind getting me drunk enough to not be nervous about this tonight, and then make sure that you show me absolutely everything you want to do with my feet?"

Admittedly, it seemed like the sort of plan that could go painfully wrong, but he figured that if he was getting permission to do that sort of thing, he had to take full advantage of it. Sure, he wasn't all that into drunk sex, but he guessed that it would mean that Jihoon would be more comfortable with exploring the sorts of things that he liked to get off to the thoughts of doing. The thoughts of what exactly he would introduce stayed in his mind throughout the dance practice and then he made sure to get several bottles of soju on the way back home to give to Jihoon. The smaller boy knocked them back without hesitation, not even caring all that much about the fact that he should probably take it slower. He wanted to get into it and he wasn't going to let Soonyoung second-guess himself by taking it slowly.

As soon as the bottles were down, he took a moment to relax. It was sipped through a straw, in hopes that it would go to his head that little bit faster, and it definitely seemed to work. Within around five or so minutes, Jihoon was insistent on getting on with the task. His socks were tossed to one side and he supported himself using the headboard of the bed as he stretched a leg out as far as he could and pressed his toes against Soonyoung's crotch. Soonyoung immediately shivered and allowed him to wiggle his toes against his bulge for a minute or so before snatching the foot right up and holding it where he could see it properly.

Jihoon's toes immediately curled around his hand, and so Soonyoung moved them closer to his mouth to kiss each one in turn. "I took a shower so that I'm more comfortable with you kissing them," Jihoon announced, although it was clear that it was a drunk thought. Even so, Soonyoung was quick to swipe a lick right underneath his toes and drag it across, which immediately left Jihoon's eyes widening in shock. His jaw dropped, and so Soonyoung wrapped his lips around one side before gently massaging the underside of his toes again with the flat of his tongue.

At that point, Jihoon let out a long breath and laid back on the bed as he pressed a hand to his face. He was paralysed on the spot, curling against the warmth of his boyfriend's mouth as he didn't even bother to try and pull away. In fact, if Soonyoung didn't know better, he would say that Jihoon probably enjoyed the sensation. He continued to slowly swirl his tongue around each digit, coaxing it gently towards his mouth, and then slipped a hand straight down to grip himself through his trousers. He was already stiff, naturally, and so it didn't take too long for him to get into the cycle of rhythmic strokes, firm and determined and in time with the sucks he delivered.

Jihoon soon lifted his head, noticed what Soonyoung was doing, then let his head drop back down with a groan. "You're really getting hot for this, huh?" he pointed out as he motioned towards the fact that Soonyoung was already out in the open. Soonyoung gave a nod, deciding against actually giving a proper answer to start with but then soon realising that it was time to move on anyway. The
whole point was to get Jihoon to see every aspect of his fetish. He slowly pulled away and began to press little kisses to the sensitive skin on the top of his foot before changing to the other one. That, of course, snatched up Jihoon's attention right away and so he sat right up to watch as Soonyoung started to work his mouth over his arch. It wasn't quite as sensitive as his toes had been, but the sensation of hot breath against bare skin obviously did something for Jihoon as he pressed against his mouth with as much enthusiasm as he had before.

It was relatively short-lived, though. Soonyoung could see him squirming slightly under the touches and quickly came to the conclusion that Jihoon was probably ticklish there. Contrary to popular belief, Jihoon was not the sort of guy to be cute and giggly when he was ticklish. Instead, he was much more likely to simply kick out on reflex, and he had definitely caught Soonyoung once or twice in the face when he had been tickling the back of his knees. It was only a matter of time, he figured, and so he decided to move on before he ended up with a bruised cheek. "Could you, uh," he started as he moved away slightly. Jihoon obviously seemed to understand where he was heading with the request, as he glanced between Soonyoung's face and crotch a few times, and so he began doing what would have been requested of him without it even needing to come out verbally.

He leant back so that his hands supported his body fully, then stretched his legs out together so that they would reach Soonyoung's crotch with a little bend still in his knees. He started by slowly running his toes over the length, as slowly as he could manage to do so, and then quickly glanced up to see if he was doing it right. Soonyoung let out a hum to show him that it was fine and he loved the sensation, which immediately relaxed him. Then he moved the other foot closer and began to rub against the length on both sides so that Soonyoung could feel him from every angle. It was awkward and clunky, but it definitely worked for Soonyoung.

Admittedly, he hadn't really expected to get to that point. Fascination and preference turned to infatuation and obsession. He had gone from imagining it to having his boyfriend's clammy toes grazing his skin in a way that left some of their most sensitive areas at attention. Although he really wasn't into it, Jihoon was still trying his hardest to make the experience as enjoyable as he could. He didn't complain once or call his boyfriend weird or creepy, but instead rubbed him in ways that made him feel loved as much as it made him feel aroused. Acceptance was the key, and that was what made it worth talking to him about it.

Considering that his kink was being toyed with for the first time, Soonyoung lasted pretty damn long. By that point, he could tell that Jihoon's ankles were starting to cramp and so he was trying his hardest to keep going by using other methods instead. He switched from rubbing between the curve of his toes to using his arches, and then eventually moved closer so that he could support the upper side of the length with one foot as the other rubbed against the more sensitive underside. The sight of Jihoon trying so hard would have been enough in itself but the added stimulation had left him shooting with some force. His stomach convulsed, he began throbbing, and his boyfriend's feet were painted with thick white globs.

For a minute, Jihoon didn't know what to do. He completely froze on the spot, trying his hardest to keep his feet off the bedsheets. He looked to Soonyoung with panic on his face, and so he was forced to search for something to clean him up with. In the end, a dirty t-shirt had to be sufficient and so he mopped it up as best as possible before grumbling something about taking him to the bathroom to continue. Soonyoung knew his boyfriend well enough to know that even the sticky remains would leave him too uncomfortable to continue otherwise, but he still needed to get him off too so he wasn't prepared to call for aftercare that early.

He scooped Jihoon up against his front and waddled to the shower before placing him very carefully in the tub. Once there, they were both stripped free from their clothes, then the shower began. Soonyoung offered a hand to Jihoon as he washed his feet with shower gel, and then pulled him
closer once his boyfriend was satisfied with how clean he was again. "Hey," he purred with a smile, "Before we get started again, can I ask how you found that?"

As much as Jihoon obviously didn't want to admit that he enjoyed it, that much was clear from the smile that he tried to force back. "I liked being able to see you that into something, so I guess we might be able to give it a shot sometime without the alcohol too." It was just a fancy way of saying that he was pleasantly surprised, and that came as a huge relief to Soonyoung. Perhaps he \textit{would} try it again soon.

\textbf{Chapter End Notes}

This one was really hard to write but idk sometimes I think about Jihoon's cute little feets in an absolutely 100\% non-sexual non-fetishism sort of way so I guess that helped a little bit?? Also I doubt that he would ever put a partner's kinks down so there's that too

Hopefully it's been done a fair bit of justice for this sort of chapter :))))}}}
Melolagnia - Hansol/Seungkwan

Chapter Notes

Melolagnia; a fetish derived from music.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The first bit of intimate information that Seungkwan ever found out about Hansol was that he had a really huge thing for music. A huge huge thing for music. Something that couldn't really be described as just enjoying the sound. They had only just become of age and they had essentially broken into their university's dance practice room to have some privacy. It was essentially the case because they did have a key in case they wanted to slip in some late night dance practice but they weren't exactly supposed to be there at that hour for that reason. They were drunk on something that had an embarrassingly low alcohol content, sat in the practice room at three in the morning, when Hansol just announced it out of the blue. "Man, hearing good music really gets me in the mood to fuck," he said shamelessly before erupting into laughs. Seungkwan didn't really think he was being serious, which was very obvious from the way that he reacted to the comment, but Hansol had made sure to push it a bit more. "You know, you hear a song and it's just composed so well and you just get a huge urge to just... I don't know... Like, rip your dance partner's clothes off and screw them on the spot. Do you not get that?"

"I've never thought about it really," Seungkwan admitted with a snort. "My focus has always been more on making music and not using it in the bedroom. But I guess that's the sort of chemistry that happens between two dancers in the end." He paused for a second to take another drink, and then promptly gave a shrug. "But that's not quite it, is it? That's not the music getting you off; it's the chemistry with other dancers. So I don't really know how it's supposed to work.

"Don't knock it until you try it, though," Hansol told him as he knocked back another long swig. He cringed at the taste, as he had been doing since he started drinking it, then adjusted his position against the wall.

"Maybe you should show me?" Seungkwan suggested. Hansol's cheeks grew red right away but his mouth also twitched towards a smile as he gave a nod. Seungkwan was a lot more confident than him when it came to flaunting his sexuality and that much had been obvious from the moment they met. Hansol hated to admit it, but he loved the way that Seungkwan was confident enough to make that sort of proposal.

So he hopped up and made his way over to the computer in the corner of the room so that he could start up the sound system. He stared at it in silence for a moment, temporarily forgetting how to switch it on in a moment of tipsiness, but then quickly found the controls that he needed and set to work with getting it all prepared for them. He searched through the playlist in silence, leaving Seungkwan anticipating the song that would start to echo through the room, until he finally found the perfect song. It was one that they had been listening to in classes a lot lately; one that would end up being a part of their final project for this semester. They only had a few more weeks to perfect it before they began to work on the other aspects of the showcase, and then they would have to perform it in front of a crowd. A sick, twisted part of Hansol wanted nothing more than to have his peer associate that song with the time where they ended up having aggressive sex in the middle of the practice room, just so that he would have to face his inevitable arousal in front of the group.

He turned to face Seungkwan as soon as the song began to play and made his way over. It was clear
that Seungkwan caught on to what he was doing right away, although he didn't complain at all. Perhaps he was concerned about the fact that it would suggest a reluctance to continue. That was something that would certainly bother Seungkwan, as far as Hansol could remember; they had only known each other for a short amount of time, but Seungkwan had always come across as the sort of guy who would commit to something fully or not at all. It worked in his favour a lot of the time, especially when it came to his university work, but it also had its disadvantages. In this case, though, his commitment was absolutely there, and so Hansol slowly made his way towards his friend, making sure to be as slow as possible as he did so. The way he walked was almost sultry in nature and that was exactly how he liked it. Slow, teasing, and demanding every single bit of Seungkwan's attention.

Yeah, he was definitely drunk at that point, Hansol figured. Absolutely smashed. He could hardly walk in a straight line towards Seungkwan and he was certain that it was going to end badly. A part of his consciousness knew that he was going to end up either forgetting or regretting it in the morning. He was messing around with someone who he had good chemistry with, but it was something that he didn't usually do at all. He had only really exposed himself to one other person in his lifetime and that had hardly gone well, so it was almost like throwing himself to the wolves as far as his mind was concerned. Nevertheless, he had Seungkwan's attention and he was going to keep it, and so he gradually made his way closer and closer until they were almost touching. At that point, he encouraged Seungkwan to stand, and then they were chest to chest with just millimetres keeping their bodies from touching directly. It sparked further chemistry, naturally; they both wanted to close that distance but the teasing was just too good to end it so soon.

So their lips moved closer too. Their lips rested so close together that it only felt natural to have their eyes lidded. Hansol's eyes were open just enough for him to stare at Seungkwan's lips and he could tell that Seungkwan was doing the exact same thing. They stayed there for a moment, waiting it out until Hansol finally built up the courage to talk again. "Just let the beat of the music move you and tell you where we need to take things, okay? You know this playlist well enough to know what to do and when to do it. If you need to move your body gently, do that. If you need us to come together, do that too. That's what's arousing about it." Seungkwan's breath caught in his throat. Seemingly, he had quickly caught on to the fact that the song contained a particularly intense part; one that would leave them grinding against each other like animals in heat. That was exactly what Hansol needed him to know, and he was more than relieved to find that he had figured it out so early, even when he was intoxicated.

And so they started. They began by gently swaying in time with the music, almost touching but not quite. Their clothes would graze, leaving electricity running through their bodies instantly, but their skin never quite made contact when they moved against each other. Hansol had to admit that he wanted nothing more than to take Seungkwan on the spot, seeing as he was already starting to get worked up, but then that wouldn't be half as fun as dragging it out and making him feel the desire that he had. They weren't in any rush, after all; it didn't matter if they took it incredibly slowly and he even figured that it would probably enhance the sensation of them messing around together. So he continued to push it, keeping to himself but still engaging Seungkwan to a degree. A brush here and there until the tempo of the music started to build up.

Now that was something that seemed to get Seungkwan in the mood to push it more. As it increased, he made sure to move closer. Their chests were pressed together properly - enough so that Hansol could feel the warmth radiating off Seungkwan's skin already. He couldn't quite feel his breathing, but that was something that would come later when they were both that little bit more worked up. It took time, frankly, and so Hansol was more than happy to be patient and let it come to him in time. Naturally, as they leant into each other and their chests started to come together, it created a rippling effect until they were dancing in even closer proximity. Their torsos were pressed together as closely as they could manage and then Hansol's already emerging erection grazed against Seungkwan's
Seungkwan jolted to start with. It was clear that he hadn’t expected his friend to get that worked up that quickly; sure, he had confessed to getting aroused over the sound of the music, but it didn’t quite click in his mind that it would be something this abrupt. Perhaps it would be something that would happen when they were grinding each other, but it wasn’t something that would just come about as a result of the music itself. But Hansol had already pointed that out. He had made it very clear that it wasn’t the act of getting intimate with someone that got him aroused, but rather the sound of the music radiating through his body. He thought that Seungkwan would have understood that after their short discussion about it but apparently, he had still misinterpreted it. Nevertheless, though, Seungkwan didn’t shy away. He quickly realised that it was his own misunderstanding that had caused him to interpret the situation incorrectly, and so he got right back into the swing of it. Pressing close again, allowing Hansol to rub against him even more, enjoying the sensation of another man’s erection on his body.

Then they kissed. They kissed hard and rough, making sure that they were both getting everything out of it that they needed. Teeth clashed here and there, hands found hair, tongues met forcibly between their mouths. It was rather sudden, seeing as they were just grinding each other before they started kissing, but they both knew that that was the next step forward. Neither really knew who the first person to invite the kiss was, but it just felt so right to do it that neither boy was prepared to back away. Seungkwan couldn’t help but moan into the kiss, especially as Hansol’s hands began to wonder over his body. That brought a smile to Hansol’s mouth right away, and so he was left exploring his friend for a little while as he continued to rub against his leg and crotch in time with the music. The baseline was still going strong, leaving them pressed touching each other with force still, but it wasn’t long before that piece started to slow down again. Quieter, softer, fading out. As much as Seungkwan was starting to get aroused by the heavy kissing and petting that they were exchanging, Hansol wasn’t prepared to break the style of the music for him. He gradually moved his touches away, parting from the kiss and moving his hands back, until they weren’t touching again.

Seungkwan stared at him in silence, almost expecting him to do something again, but Hansol kept his distance until the next song started. It meant that they had an incredible amount of sexual tension starting to arise after just four minutes and thirty-seven seconds, and so Hansol could easily get exactly what he wanted when he told Seungkwan what they were doing next. "Lie down on the floor and let me lead," he told him. His friend was on the floor right away, anticipating everything that was going to follow. He didn’t need to be asked a second time. So Hansol dropped to his knees. The song that had started playing in the background started off deep and sultry, but erotically slow. It was fitting. That was what Hansol liked the most about that playlist. His body knew that it was composed perfectly; that each song had been chosen specifically so that it would mimic growing arousal before the inevitable climax and come-down from it. It was how he knew exactly how to move; on all fours, gradually making his way towards Seungkwan who was now similarly aroused. He lowered himself down slowly so that they were touching but not moving, and then he kissed Seungkwan with a delicacy that heavily conflicted both their relationship as people and the way that they had been all over each other just a minute or two earlier. Seungkwan was eager to kiss back but Hansol was insistent on keeping it slow until the music began to pick up again.

On the first note, Hansol began to grind his body down. He moved himself so that he was primarily grinding against Seungkwan’s ass, seeing as his shorts were tight enough for him to be able to feel that sort of contact with no problem at all, and then he proceeded to push his friend’s legs apart that little bit more so that Seungkwan could anticipate the contact that their skin would be making in the end. Rubbing against his junk for a little while until they were both sufficiently aroused and the music allowed for it, and then Hansol would take him. He was mimicking it as best as possible, leaving Seungkwan gasping underneath him and trying his hardest to push his body up against Hansol’s body. But then the music slowed again. It was the beauty of that song. Hansol moved away
again, choosing to kiss Seungkwan's knees and whatever strips of skin on his thighs that were available until eventually the music evened out enough for him to start working Seungkwan's shirt up his torso.

Seungkwan's breath hitched. It was such a slow, sultry movement to match the music's seductive undertones, and Hansol could already feel that Seungkwan's body was on fire as a result of what they were doing. So he proceeded to undress him as slowly as possible, even making sure to pop each of the five buttons on Seungkwan's shorts as slowly as possible so that he was left anticipating more. It was a deliberate move that left him arching his hips up against Hansol's hands, but then the music quickly picked up again and it meant that Seungkwan had the opportunity to tear both of their clothes off completely. When the music was offering it to him so readily, he wasn't prepared to let the opportunity slip. He needed to have his way with Hansol. He needed to get that sweet contact that was taunting him and trying to get him even more worked up. Hansol couldn't help but smirk.

"Do you see how the music gets me turned on now?" he asked quietly in a way that was almost a matter-of-factly sort of way. It was showing Seungkwan that not only was it possible for people to get incredibly aroused by the music that was surrounding them, but it was also strangely erotic. Seungkwan couldn't help but roll his eyes in response and simply demanded that Hansol get on with what he was doing, and so he soon got to work with the task that he had laid out for himself. Naked grinding against Seungkwan's body until he was in need for more. A bit more grinding even when he needed more, since the new song had only just started to play at that point and he needed to build up into it some more. Then right at the moment that the song's first heavy beat hit, he pushed his erection straight into Seungkwan's body. There was electricity between them right away; Hansol could tell that he and his friend both felt that spark as soon as they were joined like that, and the sensation was only amplified by how perfect the timing was. In fact, it was the most perfect timing that Hansol had ever experienced. It was hard to get that sort of timing to spark such an intense response when he was just touching himself, and so it just made the experience that bit more exciting to have it happen like that instead.

And so Hansol began to pound into him. Hard and fast and rough. Leaving Seungkwan's body twitching with every single thrust. He needed Hansol and Hansol needed him in return. They were perfectly matched with the pace of the music - it was something that Hansol had practised so many times that he was incredibly accurate at keeping to the pace like that - and it naturally meant that the build-up was that bit more intense. Seungkwan was really getting into it, Hansol noted, and it was something that he was happy to share in this sort of sense. Fetishes had a weird knack for being seen as creepy or weird when it was just natural to experience attraction in different ways. And it was clear that he was winning his friend over for the most part. He kept doing what he needed to do until the music slowed again. At that point, his thrusts changed. Slow, gentle, intimate. He moved in a way that left his hips rolling against Seungkwan's body. It was a deliberate move, pushing their bodies together in a way that ensured not even a millimetre of Hansol's length was left outside of Seungkwan's body.

But Seungkwan was a little bit more irritable in response. He frowned once they slowed down and stared and Hansol expectantly until he realised that he wasn't going to pick up the pace. At that point, he just waited it out, squirming uncomfortably to show that he didn't like this arrangement, until the music eventually picked up again and the air was sucked right out of his body. Hansol snapped their hips together on the opening note for that rough part of the song, and Seungkwan hadn't really anticipated it. He was left trying to dig his nails into the floor, his entrance squeezing Hansol so tightly that he almost saw stars. It was the mark that they needed to get to the end together; that they both needed to finish as soon as possible. They weren't even three full songs in yet, but the exchange was just so erotic that neither boy cared. If they both finished within fifteen minutes of starting, it was completely fine. Neither of them would be left feeling dissatisfied and that was the main part.
Hansol could tell right away that that was what they both wanted, and so he proceeded to pound into Seungkwan with as much force as possible until he was left spraying against their chests. It was a shot like Hansol had never seen in his life; so much power behind it that Seungkwan must have been just as into this music fetish by the end. There was no way that a person could respond in that sort of way otherwise. His body spasmed so hard that it left tides washing over Hansol's body again, and so he ended up pushing in as far as physically possible before finishing inside of Seungkwan. He only let out a grunt in response but they both knew that he had really enjoyed finishing inside of him to such music. His fetish had come into play, after all, and the bonus was that his friend had genuinely enjoyed being a part of it. For a moment, they just laid there and took that information in - that they both found the experience sexually fulfilling - before eventually Seungkwan gave an awkward cough and shuffled underneath Hansol.

"We should probably clean this place up, shouldn't we? I don't think anyone would really appreciate it if the practice room smelled of sex and alcohol in the morning, and I'm pretty sure that there are security cameras in here so they would be able to tell that we were the ones doing that sort of thing." Hansol gave a little nod before moving off him, and so they quickly replaced their clothes before cleaning up as best as possible. Bottles? Binned outside of the room. Air? Sprayed with air freshener to disguise the stench of what they had been doing. Floor? Wiped to get rid of the sweat patches that had started to make a home on the wooden boards. And then they parted ways and started on their way back to their respective rooms in order to get some sleep before their morning classes. They had around four or five hours to rest, depending on whether they wanted to shower before their classes or risk smelling of their nighttime activities, and that was plenty of time for people who ultimately wouldn't get that much rest once they graduated and started working full-time.

Of course, it was a lot more awkward when they actually woke up the following morning. They met again in the practice room, along with the rest of their class, but the eye contact that they exchanged was something else entirely. It was something that left Seungkwan looking a little bit embarrassed but Hansol completely humiliated. That sort of act wasn't what two friends engaged in together, especially not in the place that they did most of their work. There was no excuse for it, as far as they were concerned, and so they had to simply face the fact that they had done something like that. Something that had started out as a friendly drink and had ended up with Seungkwan awkwardly waddling back to his room as he tried his hardest to avoid letting Hansol's semen trickle down the leg of his shorts.

It didn't mean that they didn't do it again, though. Not only when they had had a few too many to drink, but also when they were both feeling that they didn't have enough intimacy in their lives. Sure, it might be something that they regretted afterwards, since it was a bit of a taboo thing to mess around with friends like that, but it was fun whenever it happened and Hansol was frankly proud of the fact that he had managed to get Seungkwan to enjoy his fetish as much as he enjoyed it.

Chapter End Notes

This is one out of three to five chapters that I plan on posting tonight so that I can get back on track and treat you all a bit before I go away for work. Of course, I still intend on writing whenever possible but I distinctly recall the WiFi in the building not letting me have access to AO3 last year, so I can only really update either on one of my four days off over the next six weeks, or on the train on my way to a tiny break just a week in!! It's a huge pain but hopefully this next six weeks will run pretty quickly!!

Thank you for your patience and understanding!! <3
Forniphilia; arousal caused by using people as furniture.

Yoon Jeonghan was a damn prince.

Figuratively, that is. He was a figurative prince, living in a world that he had created. A world where his fetish took over completely. Everyone who lived with him knew exactly what they were getting into as soon as they arrived, and they knew all of the rules before they even officially signed up to live with him. It was a lengthy progress, which often took several months to complete. He would first require an application form, followed by a formal introduction video so that he could see what they were like. They would need to be dressed well, and they would have to prove to him that they were worthy of his time. Good smiles, good manners. It wasn't that difficult to catch his attention but then again, it wasn't that difficult to turn him off either. A lot of the men who contacted him were cocky. Their mannerisms screamed, "My aim is to be your main partner," and that was something that Jeonghan hated. Seungcheol had been his main partner from the start and whilst he certainly wasn't the prettiest boy he had living with him, he was Jeonghan's nonetheless. His life partner, if you will. The newest member to his arrangement could be six-foot-something and sporting a perfect eight inches, with chiselled features and the perfect amount of body hair, but he still wouldn't be his number one man.

The second stage was a formal interview. He would ask them to meet him at his home. The risk of them hurting him was relatively low, seeing as he had countless other boys around to protect him if anything went wrong. They would be taken through to his study, where they would see everything in play. They would sit on a chair, whilst Jeonghan would be seated on one of his boys. Usually Mingyu, actually; he had the strongest back out of them all and could take his weight for a long time without caving even slightly. He was perfect for the lengthy interviews and Jeonghan appreciated that. Of course, another boy would be nearby - usually Jihoon, who was physically weaker than Mingyu but matched his ability to stay still amazingly well - with a saucer of tea resting delicately on the small of his back. And whilst Seungcheol was usually there to fulfil whatever desires he had, this time he would be there to judge the boy with him. If he seemed as if he would be unsuitable to the job, one or both of them would pick it up right away. Anything from being too loud to having a poor posture; they would notice it right away.

Of course, there were some people who were a bit loud who were still fine to join their group. It just depended on what they could bring to the table. Jeonghan was particularly brutal when it came to that sort of thing, though. This was a household that was built around his fetish and he was the prince of the house. He didn't pay any of them with money, since he would always buy them what they wanted using money that was coming in from unexplained sources, so he had no reason to treat it as if he was going to give them such pleasures. In fact, he was unafraid to tell them what he needed from them right away. Mingyu was actually one of those boys. Jeonghan had noticed his muscles initially, which had shown some potential, but that wasn't exactly enough for Jeonghan. So he did what he needed to do. He stood and made his way towards Mingyu before summoning him to stand. They stared directly into each other's eyes for a moment before Jeonghan announced what he was looking for. "Drop your trousers."
Naturally, Mingyu did it without hesitation. He had absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about. He was a good size and Jeonghan had anticipated that right from the start. "Jisoo, come here," he called out softly. His second-favourite boy made his way over and curled himself up in the usual way in front of Mingyu. It was in a very deliberate, practised way, and it showed that he knew exactly what he was called over to do. And so Jeonghan knelt on his back before examining Mingyu's length. He took it into his mouth and sucked gently until it was completely stiff, and then he promptly moved back to admire his work. It was a good size, he decided, and so Jeonghan gave a nod of approval.

With that, he stood up again and Jisoo moved out of the way so that his prince could move closer to their new recruit. They were almost chest to chest, with Jeonghan's hand cupping him. "Do you think that you would be able to hold a crab position whilst I ride you?"

"Yes, sir." And the deal was done.

With everyone else, though, the process continued after the interview. If they passed until that point, they would have to demonstrate how good they were by joining him for a week. That week would probably be the hardest part of the entire experience. It would be the time in which Jeonghan would figure out their role. If they had a sturdy back, they might be a seat for him. If they could keep perfectly still for hours, they might be his table. Someone who could curl up small but easily adjust their height would be his stool and those who had good arms could serve as a multiuse hat stand-style furniture piece, holding everything from clothes to his cooking ingredients. And if any of them were injured and they couldn't be his furniture directly, he was happy just to have them as a sort of entertainment system; someone who sang to him or told him stories. They were welcome to leave at any point during that week, and they weren't granted a position by default if they were to make it to the end of the week. It all depended on their performance until that point. Up until that point, only eleven had made it that far - excluding Seungcheol, who had been his boyfriend at the time anyway - so it was sort of a big deal for Jeonghan to get them up to standard.

It also gave Jeonghan the chance to assess their dynamic in the group as a whole. If they didn't fit with everyone else, they wouldn't be allowed to join. He could want them more than anything in the world but at the end of the day, his current boys were his priority. There had been a few cases in the past where he had wanted boys but had ended up letting them go, actually. One had been amazing as furniture and as a lover, but their exchanges with Jihoon and Chan in particular had left a lot to be desired. The boy had called Chan a brat and had made jokes about Jihoon's height, and so he was asked to leave after just three days. It just wasn't going to work out when he didn't have respect for the men who would ultimately become his roommates and potentially his lovers. It was brutal, but it was something that really did have to be done.

But the rewards made it absolutely worth it in the end. Jeonghan wasn't the sort of person who would skimp on rewards when they were due. His favourite to buy for was Minghao, since he was happy to be his multiuse stand outside of the house too. He would join him on outings and would always make sure to hold anything that Jeonghan wanted. "Would you like a basket?" a member of staff would usually ask. Jeonghan would politely decline and would continue to hook the clothes on to Minghao's fingers. They would continue to walk around, with Jeonghan placing Minghao's clothes on one hand and his own on the other, and then they would make their way to the changing rooms. Naturally, they ended up having a quick round as soon as they got there so that Jeonghan could relieve the inevitable tightening in his trousers, but it would be over and done with pretty quickly and then they would continue with their day. It was all in good fun; Minghao knew that there was no obligation to sleep with him, but he was actually quite fond of doing that sort of thing with Jeonghan. Most of the other boys were bothered by doing things like that in public places, so neither of them really got any unless it was with each other.

Likewise, he always made sure that they had the most amazing meals and each had their own bedroom. He didn't mind it if some of his boys wanted to have their own relationships and it wasn't something that he needed to be involved in either. After all, he and Seungcheol were in a romantic
relationship as well, and that didn't need to involve everyone else. Seungcheol didn't feel the need to be a part of all of Jeonghan's relationships either, actually. There was no push for him to be there all the time, finding out what he was doing with everyone in the house. They trusted each other and whilst Jeonghan wasn't exactly polyamorous as such, he still just really liked to get attention from a lot of people. As long as his actual boyfriend had his heart still, it was all fine. And it wasn't even like something that was forced. Jeonghan hadn't threatened him when he announced that he wanted that sort of relationship. "You're welcome to say no," he had informed his boyfriend at the time. "I'm more than happy to just fantasise about it." But Seungcheol had figured that it would be mutually beneficial - not only would it provide sexual variety but also at least one of the boys would be into any new fetishes that happened to arise for either of them - so they began to gather those who wanted to take part in it all.

Day to day, it was all pretty interesting. The arrangement was hard for a lot of external people to get their heads around. Jeonghan's friends hadn't been impressed with the arrangement in the slightest, and Seungcheol's mother near enough fainted when she accidentally found out about it all. To most people, it just seemed as if Jeonghan was the head of the house and everyone else served him like slaves or Playboy bunnies. He would sleep with some of them on occasion, and that was that. But it was pretty far from reality. The thing was that Jeonghan was actually aroused by the whole furniture arrangement. That was why he had so many men around at all times. There would be plenty to run around after him and be anything he wanted. In fact, he could ask for anything and they would provide it for him. The showerhead was broken and he needed a new one? He could get Chan to stand on the step in the tub and hold the showerhead as he massaged Jeonghan's hair with the other hand. He struggled to reach the top cupboard in the kitchen? Either Mingyu or Wonwoo would become his step. He needed a table to rest his lunch on whilst he scrolled through his emails? Jihoon stayed perfectly still no matter how long Jeonghan spent on the task.

They were little things but they got him strangely worked up. He didn't even know why they got him so hot. Perhaps it was a mix of the fact that people were willing to do things for him and the fact that he had complete power over the situation. He could click and someone would be by his side. He could make a comment about needing someone and one of his boys would silently get into the desired position right away. He wouldn't even need to ask for help if he was struggling; the groans that signified his difficulties would always result in someone running into the room to help him out. Or perhaps it was something else, like the thought of bare skin against bare skin. In fact, he definitely enjoyed the thought of bare skin against bare skin. That was probably one of his biggest recurring thoughts when it came to that arrangement, if he was being completely honest. He had seen all of his boys naked before - seeing as he had been sexually involved with all of them to some degree - so it was hardly difficult to imagine it all. He could see himself perched delicately on the dip in Junhui's back, choosing to ignore the fact that he had bad posture this time just because his bare ass fit so perfectly against the curve. His legs would be crossed in a way that made him appear decent, but they would both be well aware of the fact that his balls were grazing Junhui's lowest ribs. He would have Soonyoung laid on his back, serving as a footstool of sorts. He wouldn't be of much use just laid on the floor, but it would allow Jeonghan to look at him and idly brush his toes against his boy's skin. He had a very soft spot for Soonyoung's tummy in particular; so soft and squishy and perfect. He had been insistent on losing weight when he got to the house, even though there was nothing wrong with him in the first place, but it quickly became apparent that his skin was very stretchy and that was half of the problem with his body issues. Jeonghan could curl his toes against the pale skin below his navel and if he plucked his prize from the skin, it would be like soft bread dough. That's what he loved to feel more than anything.

Maybe then he would get Hansol over. He had the prettiest eyes when he was sucking other guys. His mother was American, and it meant that when he gazed up mid-blowjob, his eyes looked adorably huge. On top of that, it was apparent that he wanted to please people, and there was
honestly nothing sexier than finding that little bit of information out. Jeonghan wanted to ravage him as soon as he found out that Hansol would suck him in front of a room full of people, and it only made it hotter when he could be simultaneously used to hold up Jeonghan's book. Jeonghan could just live like that with his three boys just letting him touch skin against skin but then again, he often imagined more. He might mix it up a bit and use Seokmin to replace his electric shoulder massager. Strictly speaking, that wasn't the sort of thing he meant when he described his fetish but if they were going to do it anyway, why waste the talent? Seokmin was incredible when it came to shoulder massages, and that wasn't an exaggeration in the slightest. In fact, he had considered being professionally trained before he moved in with Jeonghan, so it really worked out for the best.

Of course, the contact would soon get to be too much for him and he would end up getting aroused. Painfully, painfully aroused. Sure, getting sucked was bound to do that in the end, but this was a fantasy and it wasn't supposed to be that easy to get him worked up like that. He was supposed to be able to hold out until he was ready to be aroused and that should, in theory, take a lot longer to happen. At least another half hour or so, maybe longer if Seokmin's arms were up for rubbing his shoulders some more. Jeonghan would pout childishly when he realised that it had reached that point way too early for his liking, and then he would scrunch his toes against Soonyoung's stomach a few more times to make himself feel a bit better. "Cheol-ah!" he would call out, keeping his eyes on his feet the entire time. At some point, he would notice Soonyoung's stuttered breaths, although he wouldn't say anything in response to it. Seungcheol would make his way into the room and his boys would adjust themselves accordingly so that Seungcheol could spread his love all over his boyfriend. It would be rough and erratic, and it would leave his fluid leaking down Jeonghan's thighs for the rest of the day.

But it was a fantasy. Something that wasn't real and would probably never be real in the future either. Sure, he had seen his boys naked and he had known them in ways that he had never imagined he would know another man aside from Seungcheol, but it would take a lot to get them to the point where they would be comfortable with that arrangement. Jeonghan anticipated that Junhui would easily get fatigued and wouldn't be able to hold his weight on the small of his back for long periods, especially if he lifted his feet off the floor and put all of his weight on to such a localised area of his body. Likewise, Hansol probably wouldn't have the confidence to suck him in front of a room of people in reality and Soonyoung would probably be too self-conscious about his stomach to be touched like that in front of other people. Neither boy seemed to have that much confidence and it was sad for Jeonghan to see that, although he did understand where it all came from. Plus it was still seen as pretty lewd for anyone to have semen running down their thighs in the house, and so Jeonghan hardly wanted to be a hypocrite for scolding other boys over it, only to do it himself.

So it stayed that way. Just a fantasy in the back of his mind; in a place that was deep and dark and fueling his sexual desire. Quite cheekily, though, it wasn't a fantasy to have a lot of them work as both regular furniture and the sort that didn't serve as a necessity in the average household. Fully or partially clothed, unfortunately, but sexual furniture nonetheless. He had actually tried out some pretty interesting things with his boys before too, even if it hadn't quite been as adventurous as naked exchanges that he imagined. He had had Mingyu and Wonwoo suspending him by his arms so that his feet couldn't touch the floor, in a sort of rope-free bondage, whilst another tall boy - usually Junhui - took him from the back. Chan's back served as the perfect position wedge as the other boys drilled him, usually one after the other. Minghao was the perfect size to be his toy mount, and pretty much all of them were happy to be his support during shower sex. If he needed someone to help him out during sex, they would be there. In fact, a lot of his boys would even offer to help out.

That was the sweet part about his fetish. It wasn't something that was meant for just Jeonghan. It was something that everyone had the chance to enjoy. They would take it in turns to use Jeonghan's body in various different ways, but they would also have the opportunity to be his furniture too and see him getting aroused by what they were doing. Seungkwan could have him bent over whilst Jisoo
provided support, or Soonyoung and Seokmin could be getting intimate whilst Jeonghan used Seokmin's chest as a toy mount. It wasn't just the sexual furniture that aroused him either, so they managed to see the most adorable reactions from him when he began to get worked up during some of the regular exchanges. There was nothing cuter than having him suddenly realise that his clothed genitals were resting against another person's body and that if he shuffled around a little bit, he would end up grazing them against the person some more. He could probably get off by gently grazing his groin against the person he was sat on a couple of times, decidedly, and so it was something that he genuinely enjoyed a lot.

Jeonghan always seemed to think that he was subtle, but it was far from the case. The boys all knew. They knew right away that he was starting to get into the mood because he would very quickly end up in a position where his body would be tense and he would try anything to cover the front of his trousers. They came to notice the warning signs very early into their life at the house - from the shuffles to pulling his top down as far as possible to adjusting his legs in a vain attempt at hiding the stiffness. There would be a bit of tension in his ass muscles and his back would begin to arch, and it was just so obvious that they knew what was coming up. A single offer from any of them at the exact right moment would leave Jeonghan erupting with desperation - a primal need to be held and touched and wanted - and then they would get what they wanted from him too. He could have one boy in either hand, one in his mouth, two inside of him and one mounting him at any one time, provided that they positioned themselves perfectly. And okay, it wasn't always the most comfortable feeling in the world to have six boys trying to screw one boy at the same time, but it meant that everyone who wanted a piece of him would get exactly what they wanted. Every single last piece of Yoon Jeonghan.

And he loved it. Oh wow, he loved it so much. He was the prince of the household for a reason, and it was because it was his job to create that inclusive, active environment for everyone to live in together. Every single need was catered for right away, and that was just the way that he ran things. If you were to tell a boy that he could be a part of a sex group with a man who had a fetish for turning other people into his furniture, which would ultimately require two interviews and an induction week, there would be three types of men who came out of it. The ones who straight-up rejected the offer, since they weren't happy to live that sort of lifestyle and often saw it as a sort of cult. The sort who wanted to be the ones to run the show, taking over the position as the main boyfriend and then gradually fading everyone else out. Then the ones who were genuinely interested in that sort of lifestyle and happy to indulge in it all, including all of the implications of the exchange.

That was why Jeonghan was so picky. It was also why he ultimately got what he wanted. He could afford to be that picky when they were involved in such a lifestyle, where mutual respect, generous gifting, and constant affection were all a big part of the group dynamic. That was what made things work, and that was why he was their prince.
Until he started dating Chan, Soonyoung hadn't really heard of liquidophilia.

It sounded really dumb, as if someone had made the word up. He almost laughed when he heard it, but he figured out pretty soon that his boyfriend wouldn't really appreciate it. It was clear that it was a big thing for him and he was already worried enough about coming across as being weird, so laughing at him over it would only serve to make the situation even more awkward. As if it could really get to that point. It just seemed like a bit of a bizarre thing, really. Even though Chan had very clearly researched it in a lot of detail and knew enough about it to be able to describe it and even give him examples of cases where people had the fetish, Soonyoung couldn't really help but feel a bit put off by the sound of it. Nevertheless, he figured that it was best to give it a shot and show that he was there for Chan. It was a big thing to be able to tell him about it, and so he had to appreciate that at the very least.

And so he ended up bringing it up after Chan's cooldown period - the few days where he went to stay with his mother so that they could both get over the fact that he had a pretty evident paraphilia building with every passing day. He didn't want to be around Soonyoung when it was still at that awkward point in his reveal, and he needed a few days to himself too so that he didn't get too embarrassed about it being brought up in the future. It was as if he wanted to engage in that sort of thing, but simultaneously didn't want to partake in it. A weird sort of thing where he had it but didn't want to have it - except he sort of did. That was how he described it anyway. He had come to terms with it, having spent the past five years shifting between being interested in it and hating himself for his attraction to submersion. But at the same time, those sorts of things ruined relationships. They made things awkward and Chan didn't like that. He didn't want to go from hating himself to his partner hating him for it. That would just be too much.

But Soonyoung was strangely good about it. There was relief on Chan's face when he dropped his bag in the hallway and Soonyoung poked his head around the door from the main room. He was still there, having not run away before Chan arrived home. That much was good, even if the discussion that would follow would probably be awkward for him. But Soonyoung was older than Chan by a good few years and he had dealt with worse in their relationship already. He had ended up having a bit of a mental battle himself over the fact that Chan was in his first year of university and he was in his final year - which was pretty uncomfortable to explain to their parents when asked ("Really, Chan? You were still doing your high school exams when your boyfriend was in university. You were still in middle school when he was submitting his choices for what degree he wanted to take.") - but if they could get through what they had gotten though, a fetish wasn't a big deal at all. So he asked about it. He had researched as much as he could but it was nothing like actually talking to someone who experienced that sort of thing. Most of the pages were related to "which sexual fetishes you didn't know existed" anyway, which wasn't really a great starting point. Yeah, he knew that it existed. He knew what it meant. He knew that it was really a thing. He just didn't know how it worked, and that was the issue.
"So, do you wanna tell me about it?" he asked Chan awkwardly. Chan chewed his lower lip and shrugged.

"I don't know whether you're being patronising or not," he admitted as he shuffled around a bit, "I don't wanna tell you about this and have you hate me for it, you know. I think a lot of people really hate it. Fetishes, that is. You know, all you really get is people who are funny about it. People who are like, 'Are you into feet too? Are you into bondage? Are you into public sex too?' You know, they always assume that it's not just one little thing and it's going to be getting more and more intense. And it's not. I'm only into the whole liquid thing." It was a bit of an outburst, frankly. Soonyoung didn't really know what to say. He guessed that it was probably the case that he brought it up with his friends - maybe Jihoon or Seokmin, Soonyoung guessed - and he probably ended up getting that comment from one of them before they even had the chance to discuss it. So he was in a situation where he assumed that Soonyoung was going to react in the same way. He was forgetting the fact that Soonyoung had had that time to adjust, though. It wasn't something that he was new to, and he had had that chance to think it through.

Sure, it might have seemed weird to start with, but then everything was weird to start with. If he went over to Chan and told him that he wanted nothing more than to have him shove a vibrator right up his ass and leave it there all day, Chan would probably find that weird too. It was just the nature of those sorts of sexual comments, but it was something that he would get over soon enough. That was definitely the case, as far as guess I like was concerned, and so he was more than happy to admit that it probably wasn't actually as weird as he originally thought. It led to a breath of relief from his boyfriend, who had quite clearly been worrying about that sort of thing all the way home. "So," Soonyoung started, "What sort of liquid would it be? Water? Milk? Uh... orange juice?"

Chan couldn't help but laugh at the last one, although it was clear that it was mostly from nerves. He gave a little shrug and let his head drop down towards his lap. "Uh, I mean, it could be any liquid. It's sort of the temperature as well as the consistency. I don't really like anything that's too thick, like any sort of paste, but other things are good.

"So no orange juice with pulp?" Again, Chan laughed, but it was a lot more relaxed that time. "No orange juice with pulp."

"Is water good, though?"

"Yeah, I like water. But I think I like cold water more than I like hot water. Does that make sense?"

Soonyoung thought about it a bit before giving a little nod. "Yeah, I got that. Are there any in particular that you like, though?" Chan simply squirmed in response. His eyes stayed in his lap still, and then gradually started to rise once he had braced himself to give his answer.

"Actually, I really like carbonated drinks. Like grape soda. The bubbles just..." At that point, he trailed off. He didn't really need to say anything else, though. Soonyoung was trying his hardest not to say anything mean in response, but it was clear that it had caught him completely off-guard. It wasn't exactly something that was really appropriate, seeing as the sugar in those sorts of drinks were more likely to cause his body issues rather than helping him, but he didn't really want to upset Chan by bringing that up. So he kept his mouth shut for as long as possible before he eventually figured that he needed to tell him.

"Chan, can I just...?" He paused for a minute. Chan let out the breath that he had been holding.

"Before you point out that I can get infections, I know. I've had at least four so far. And I get it, it's not good for my body. It's not hygienic. My mom shouts at me all the time because of it. I can't stop it, though. I can't stop it because I really enjoy it and it's not that big of a deal when I don't do it that much, you know?" Soonyoung was pretty surprised by the answer, but he gave a little nod. He couldn't really argue with either side, honestly. He got Chan's mother's concern, he really did. He shared that concern, if he was being completely honest, but if Chan knew the risks and was willing to take them, he could hardly complain about it. It wasn't his body, after all, so it wasn't like he could really say anything to stop him from doing it if he enjoyed it.
"One last thing, though," Soonyoung said quietly. He was treading very carefully, feeling a strange feeling that if he did say something too harsh or judgy, he would end up being snapped at over it. "I trusted you with this information, but you're making me out to seem like I'm weird," Chan would say as he stormed off. "I've never told anyone about this before, and I trusted that you wouldn't be cruel to me about it. But you are; you're treating me as if I'm really dumb or something. I'm not a child, Soonyoung!" That would be it. He wouldn't be able to redeem himself if he made Chan storm off out of the room. They would need at least twenty-four hours to sort things out independently before they sorted it out together, and that was probably the last thing that Soonyoung really wanted to have happen. He watched as Chan's eyes gradually came to meet his; watched as the nervousness showed in his expression again. It was a fear that he hadn't really seen on another person's face before, and he didn't really want to see it now either, if he was being completely honest.

"Yeah?"

"Is this something that's independent? Like, you don't want us both to engage in it?" Chan was visibly thrown off by the question. Soonyoung supposed that he probably hadn't been asked about it like that before, since he seemed to have an expectation that Soonyoung wouldn't really want to engage in it with him in the first place. After all, he had brought it up so that it was off his chest and he didn't have to feel uncomfortable with the fact that he was keeping it inside. He wasn't bringing it up because he necessarily wanted to try it in the bedroom. Chan's mouth opened and closed a few times, as if he was trying to think of a way to put it all into words, but then eventually he figured that there was nothing intelligent on its way out of his mouth, so he simply sank back into his chair and waited for it to come to him. Soonyoung was patient and didn't really mind waiting if that was what Chan needed, and so he simply sat in silence and waited for the word.

"I, um," his boyfriend eventually started before giving a nervous laugh. "I mean, I don't wanna make you feel as if you're forced into playing with liquids or anything because it's a pretty specific fetish and I completely get that a lot of people aren't into it, but I guess, um..." Deep breath. Long pause. Soonyoung fought the urge to push him to complete the sentence, figuring that it would probably leave him feeling uncomfortable if he felt that he had to give an answer when he wasn't comfortable in doing so. It just made for an awkward moment between them until he eventually managed to get it out, though. At that point, Chan just ran his hands over his face in one slow motion before blurting it out, presumably without giving himself the opportunity to overthink it. "I think it would be nice to give it a shot with you, even if you're not into it. "Cause I'm into you, and I'm into liquids, and sometimes I think about you in the liquids, and other times I think about you holding the liquids. If that makes sense. I hope it doesn't sound too weird or anything."

It was actually pretty endearing. Soonyoung couldn't help but smile. He tried to hide it, but he really found the comment to be sweet. His boyfriend had been imagining him at the same time as his fetish. And whilst it might come across as weird in different contexts - such as, if they weren't in a relationship or Chan had simply started the discussion about his fetish by announcing that he linked the two together - Soonyoung couldn't help but like it. So he made sure to comfort Chan by announcing that he actually liked the thought of Chan including him in something that meant a lot to him, and then he promptly set to work with planning how he would put it into play.

Okay, it was a lot harder than it sounded to put someone's fetish into action, especially since the specific liquids to use were going to be a bit of a guessing game for him, but he figured that it might even help Chan to find liquids that he enjoyed but hadn't even considered before. Soonyoung went on a mission to find things that he would probably enjoy. Of course, water was at the top of the list. It was the safe bet; the one that definitely wouldn't leave Chan squirming with discomfort. It could be cold or hot and it would probably still lead to good things, and that was exactly what Soonyoung wanted. Next, he revisited the ideas of milk and orange juice. Perhaps he would use them sparingly, seeing as he wasn't quite so sure about them. Likewise, whole cream seemed as if it would be right on cusp of feeling good for him. Sure, it was a bit thicker than the other liquids that Soonyoung was
planning to use with him, but it was something that felt nice. It was almost a paint-like consistency if he picked out one of the more expensive tubs, so he guessed that it would be a safe alternative to some less favourable substances. Then he chose a few other liquids with varied textures.

Iced coffee was one of them; the thick T.O.P brand stuff, which he knew smelled and tasted particularly good. He knew that it wouldn't really matter to Chan whether it tasted good, but he guessed that it would probably feel nice for him too. It was a bit of a gamble, but he hoped that it would pay off pretty well. Then there was the carbonated soda. He had been reluctant to use it to start with but then quickly figured that Chan was only going to use it anyway. And if he ended up getting an infection from it, they would know to go to a doctor right away. Heck, they could even put a urethral probe into Chan's length if need be so that he wouldn't have to worry about the sugar getting into him like that, so he guessed that there was always a way to deal with it. Finally, he figured that if they were already going down the route of things that could cause infections, they might as well go all the way and use melted ice cream too. It was thicker than the cream but not lumpy. He hoped that it would be okay, as a result, and figured that Chan would just tell him if there was a problem with it.

And so he surprised him with it. He waited for Chan to come home from his classes and then informed him that they were going to play a game. Chan seemed to be confused to start with, and even more so when Soonyoung insisted that he blindfolded himself. "Why do I need a blindfold?" he asked, but Soonyoung simply shook his head in response.

"I can't tell you. It's a huge secret, okay?" Chan pouted but reluctantly did as he was told. As much as he was nervous about what was going to happen to him, he trusted Soonyoung enough to know that nothing bad was going to happen to him. As he was wrapping it around his eyes, Soonyoung finished his preparations - bringing the tubs to the table and arranging them according to consistence and temperature - and then promptly got to work.

He started by sucking Chan, making sure to be as gentle as possible so that he didn't anticipate the desperation to get started. Soonyoung could see his lips twitching towards a smile in response, and he couldn't help but smile similarly round the length. Chan was enjoying himself, but he had no idea of what was coming up next. He continued to suck until Chan's body was left craving more, and at that point he simply moved towards the table and grabbed the warmest tub. It was heated water, and it was something that he knew Chan would enjoy, even if he did prefer it cold. For a moment, the younger boy sat there waiting for more, but his entire body tensed as soon as he felt Soonyoung shifting him on to the floor and then guiding him towards the tub. As soon as he realised what was happening, it was clear that he understood that a test was due to start, and so he wasn't shy at all when it came to letting all of his feelings out.

"I like that one," he breathed as he proceeded to buck his hips against the water. Thankfully, Soonyoung had put towels down on the floor so that it wasn't going to end up going everywhere as he thrust into it, but it wasn't like he was going to let Chan spend too much time on it anyway. After all, he was primarily trying to figure out what the limits and parameters of the fetish were. So he allowed Chan to do his thing for a couple of minutes, but then gently pushed him back so that he could give him his next target. He moved on to the cream next, hoping that the change in texture would be a good one, and so he guided Chan right back down again. He watched as his boyfriend shivered in response to the sensation around his body, and kept his eyes fixed on his facial expression the entire time so that he knew it he needed to move on to the next tub. If this one didn't work, obviously the ice cream wasn't going to be all that good either.

But Chan's breath just hitched slightly and his body shivered. "It's a bit cold," he said quietly, although he was quick to start griding his hips down again as soon as he was adjusted enough to the sensation.

"Do you like it?" Soonyoung asked hopefully. Chan simply hummed to start with.
"I don't think I've ever tried this before but I think it's okay. Maybe a bit creamy for my liking. Like, not a light creamy but a heavy creamy, if that makes sense."
"That would be because it's double cream," Soonyoung pointed out. The response from Chan was a little nose scrunch and he finished up with that one pretty quickly, but at least it meant that the ice cream wasn't completely ruled out. It was thick but not quite a heavy thick, as far as Soonyoung was concerned, so he couldn't say for certain whether Chan was going to enjoy it.

Next, they had the orange juice. Chan knew what it was as soon as he had pushed down into it. Soonyoung watched as his back arched right away, and then his hips began to move hard and fast against the tub. It was nothing like Soonyoung had ever seen before. He hadn't really thought that he would see his boyfriend getting so desperate when it came to a mere liquid, but he could even see that every time Chan pulled out, he was left even redder and more swollen than he had been before. It was unusual to see, if he was being completely honest, but he didn't really have it in him to bring it up. That was, until he tried to move it away and Chan grabbed for the tub to keep it in place.
"Chan," Soonyoung started, but his boyfriend let out a childish whine right away. "It's orange juice. I can feel it tingling. Just... just gimme a second."

That second didn't go quite how Soonyoung expected. He thought that they would end up working with the orange juice for just a few minutes and then he would want to move on to something thicker, but apparently Chan had meant that he was getting close to the edge when he was working on it. Closer and closer to the edge; the orange juice had him finishing unusually quick and right into the liquid. For a moment, neither of them knew what to do with themselves, but then Chan moved back and took the blindfold off, only to give an embarrassed, ashamed smile to Soonyoung. It was weaker than any smile that he had ever seen on his boyfriend's face, and it left him feeling a little bit weird inside. "Are you okay?" Soonyoung asked, anticipating that he was going to end up getting a weird answer. After all, the exchange had been short-lived and arguably uncomfortable as it was, so he couldn't really say that a weird answer wasn't on the horizon.

"We can continue in just a second," Chan pointed out as he moved back to clean himself up temporarily. "If you want, that is. I just need a break because, well... I don't know what to say about this." He didn't even need to continue. They both knew that it was a weird experience and this had gone from being a fetish that both could get onboard with to being one that left them both struggling to know what to do with themselves, but it was Chan's thing and Soonyoung wasn't prepared to put him down for it. Even if it was something that he neither understood nor could really get into that much.

For a while, they just sat there with Chan trying to calm himself down and Soonyoung trying to figure out exactly what was going through his boyfriend's head, until eventually Chan gave the sign that it was time to continue. The blindfold went back on, the tubs were shuffled, and then Soonyoung got back to work.

Damn, it was going to be a longer night than he had anticipated.

Chapter End Notes

So this is the third one but I'm going to post a few chapters of other fics then come back to this one!! The next few are going to take a while to write anyway, but I'll see what I can do!!

I'm not sure how I feel about this one again, since I'm still trying to be soft about Chan,
but I felt like it needed a bit of a switch-up?? We'll see how well that one worked out, I guess :'

Thank you for reading!!!! <3
Chemastiotophilia - Minghao/Meanie

Chapter Summary

Chemastiotophilia; a fetish for being robbed.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

To most people, being robbed seemed like the most terrifying idea. It was something that filled them with anxiety and left them feeling on edge every time they heard a noise at night. It was understandable, really; it was involuntary violation of personal space. Home was the one place that truly made most people feel comfortable so being unable to feel comfortable for an extended period of time whilst the anxiety died down was something that surely could cause a multitude of issues for people.

To Xu Minghao, though, it was a fantasy. His biggest fantasy, for that matter.

There was no real cause for it, he didn't think. He watched shows about criminals in order to get off, but they hadn't really caused it as such. He had just realised that he was starting to get painfully aroused when watching an episode of a crime programme where someone was robbed. To start with, he had been rather concerned about it all - he didn't really know whether it meant that he had a desire to do something illegal or whether it was strictly just a fantasy - but then he realised that he actually wanted to be the person who was being robbed, rather than the robber themselves. He wanted his own space and privacy to be violated. He wanted to see the things that were taken from his house if he was out at the time of the theft, and he wanted to be held against his will by someone if they were robbing his house when he was there.

And as with most other fetishes, it was one that developed past just watching the dramas. The issue was that using the same material to get off every time was difficult, and eventually his orgasms were less powerful. He needed to feel something genuine after a while; a real theft so that he would be able to fantasise about it exclusively for a while. He knew that the memory would be fresh in his mind and that he would be able to recall every detail of it - that was the nature of flashbulb memories relating to such an intense event. He would remember the sounds of movement in his house and the adrenaline kick as he heard them searching through his belongings. If they were to come into his room, he would remember the image of them stood there, and he might remember their scent and touch if they were confident enough to move towards him. Minghao needed those images in his mind, and he needed them to come as a surprise so that he would remember them for a good amount of time. The less he expected it, the better it would be for him.

So he started taking risks. He wouldn't check whether he had locked the door or windows. Sometimes he would even leave them open in order to tempt thieves. There was a serial killer, he recalled, who would take unlocked doors as a personal invitation inside, and even though he didn't really want to be murdered or anything, he figured that some thieves would think about it in the same way. Each day he would take those sorts of risks and would check later in the day whether his efforts were in vain or whether they had actually reaped in rewards for him. Each day, his efforts would be in vain as there wasn't a single situation where it actually happened and someone really robbed him.

Well, for a good year or so, that was.
It was pretty irritating how long it took, especially after he had spent so much time advertising his open doors and unlocked windows to everyone he knew in case someone overheard and followed him home. He hoped for it until it finally happened, and when that day finally came, he didn't know what to do with himself.

He was in bed at the time, having only just finished with his shower. He had been watching some more crime programmes that night and had stayed up well past his usual bedtime, but it hadn't stopped him from taking forever in the shower still, where he proceeded to touch himself to the thought of his privacy being violated like that. He had dragged himself to bed once he was done and had only just curled up under the bedsheets when he heard the noise from downstairs. Right away, Minghao's body tensed. He didn't know whether to be terrified or excited, especially since he was getting what he had been hoping for, so he simply sat up and waited to see if there were any other noises. Perhaps it was just his imagination, he figured, but that theory was quickly debunked when he heard another bang in his kitchen.

So he was forced to find out exactly what was happening. He needed to know whether someone was taking his things or just having a wander around. He snatched up his phone and turned on the flashlight, then proceeded to sneak down the stairs as quietly as possible to investigate. He missed the third and eighth steps, knowing full well that they would creak and give him away, and made sure to keep to the outside of the stairs so that he was hidden around the corner if they started to head towards him. Sure, the fantasy was attractive, but he still needed to be aware of whether or not they had any weapons or not. Invasions might have been arousing to him, but being murdered by the intruder wasn't half as fun. It took a while to get down to the kitchen when he was being that careful with his steps, but he eventually made it through to the room with the flashlight turned on and promptly lifted it towards two masked figures in the corner of the room.

They froze and snapped towards him. All three of them stayed completely silent. "I thought you said that he was supposed to be out," one man then hissed to the other, and Minghao's heart skipped a beat.

"Someone said that he was going to be out tonight," the second grumbled. There was a look exchanged between the two men, and then they suddenly launched themselves at him, wrestling him to the floor and snatching his phone out of his hand. It was hardly like Minghao was resisting, though. He pretty much let them take him down without putting up a fight at all, and didn't even try to scream or shout. It seemed to confuse the men, who promptly searched through his phone to see whether he had called the police, but that confusion was short-lived when they pulled him up to stand and realised that he was straining through his bedshorts. It was proud and demanding, and they both looked absolutely disgusted with him.

"Hey, pretty boy, are you getting your rocks off thinking about what we're gonna do to you?" one of them spat at him. Minghao's hair was pulled back to show off his throat, and he immediately felt two pairs of eyes grazing over the skin. They weren't even subtle, even though their glances lasted for mere seconds. Then the grip loosened for a second, giving Minghao just enough time to catch the knowing glance between the two men. They both knew exactly what they were going to do to him and the thought terrified Minghao, but he simultaneously wanted to let them take charge and give him the fuel that he had been craving for so long. And sure enough, he was going to get it; he knew that from the moment that he was forced down onto his knees and held in place by the shorter of the two men as the other unzipped his trousers and pulled out what could only be described as a monster.

Minghao's mind was fuzzy right away. Even though he was open about being attracted to other men, he hadn't really seen another man naked in the flesh before, and he certainly hadn't had a guy shove his junk in his face. For a moment, he didn't know what to do with himself; his eyes flickered between the masked face and the organ in front of him. Time stood still at that point until the shorter man grew impatient and forced Minghao's jaw to open before encouraging his partner to get to work.
And that was that. Minghao's first time sucking a man was forced - although not at all involuntary - with the taller man gripping fistfuls of his hair and crushing his pelvis against his face until he started to get stiff.

That was where it started to get difficult. It was embarrassing to admit it, but Minghao didn't exactly have the biggest mouth in the universe, and it certainly wasn't big enough to accommodate something that was probably nearing to eight inches. He wasn't going to get anywhere near the base, even with the man trying to cram more and more in with every thrust. But it wasn't going to stop either of them by the looks of it. Minghao continued to suck him and the man continued to thrust erratically, and the man's partner gradually started to feel Minghao up as his mouth was being abused.

To start with, Minghao wondered whether it was his attempt at getting himself in the mood too, but then it quickly dawned upon him that it was tactical. This guy was a lot better at thefts, it seemed. He knew to check Minghao for any weapons - a knife, a gun, pepper spray, and the sorts - and even made sure to check more intimate areas to be absolutely certain that there was nothing on him. Of course, Minghao let out a low groan as soon as he felt the hand on his crotch, but it only served to make things even better for him. The man in front of him let out a noise as well, although his sounded a bit more surprised then anything. "Do that again," he instructed his partner. "We're not here to screw him. We're here to get the job done and leave."
"Please, just a few more times."

Minghao hadn't really considered that an eye roll might have its own distinct sound, but he supposed that he heard the sound of one from the man behind him in response to the request. He proceeded to rub Minghao deliberately hard, drawing out grunts from his throat right away. It very obviously drove the other man wild, although he tried his hardest not to let it show, and Minghao couldn't help but smirk slightly around him in response. It appeared that the other guy lacked experience as much as he did, which was nice to see. His partner didn't seem all that fond of him genuinely getting off over being sucked when the aim was to make their victim feel violated, but he was hardly going to stop him. Instead, he continued doing what he was doing until his partner pulled away and finished on Minghao's face.

Minghao was surprised to say the least. He hadn't really expected that the guy would finish on him like that, but he didn't really have the guts to complain about it. After all, it was what he had asked for when he said that he wanted his house to be invaded. If that included a guy coming in and ejaculating on him, so be it. The other man seemed to notice his disgust, though, and let out a little snorting noise that suggested he was smirking underneath his mask. He probably knew that Minghao was fighting the urge to complain about it, he figured, but he wasn't going to say anything either. After all, it wasn't really his place to mention it. That was going to stay as a little secret between the two of them.

"So," Minghao started as he slowly turned his head towards the other man. The grip on his hair had been loosened, giving him a greater range of movement, although he tried not to make any sudden movements in case one of them attacked him for it. That wouldn't be all too nice when he was trying to enjoy the exchange as much as he possibly could. "Are you actually going to make this worth my while? Take me from behind and show me who's in control here or something? Isn't that what you're supposed to do in this sort of situation?" The man thought about it for a moment. His eyes remained locked on his victim's face the entire time, as if he was trying to decide based on his opinions of Minghao, but then he eventually gave a hum of acceptance before grabbing Minghao's arm and encouraging him to stand. For a moment, no one said or did anything, in favour of simply staring at each other in anticipation for what was due to come next, but then the guy pulled Minghao towards the sofa with a little bit more force than he had used up until that point.
That was the moment when Minghao realised how gentle they were being with him. It was strange; even though the taller man had tried to choke him on his junk, they were still very considerate. Perhaps they were used to forcing people into that situation and didn't want to hurt him, or perhaps they realised that he wanted to be touched and felt sorry for him. There was also an odd chance that they knew him personally - perhaps some of his friends or colleagues - but Minghao didn't really want to think about it like that. It took away from the fantasy, and that was the last thing he really needed when he had been waiting for this to happen for so long. So he pushed it to the back of his mind and decided that they probably just felt bad for him, and then immediately got back into submitting to their demands.

To start with, the shorter man made sure to check that he was okay with everything that was happening. He undressed Minghao with practised precision, as if his clothes were already off his body when they found him, but then his eyes were on Minghao's face instead of his body. It was as if he was considering what he was doing again; trying to figure out whether he wanted to get to work on him or not. As it had been when Minghao realised that the intruder was being gentle with him, the look he was given was particularly unnerving and made him shiver. "You should just get on with it if you're going to do anything to me," he instructed, which instantly earned a different reaction; one where the guy was obviously wondering what compelled him to say such a thing. The look was a mix of concern and daring, as if he had just been asked to do something bizarre to Minghao, but that expression was wiped from his face pretty quickly as he moved behind his victim to make his claim to his body.

The first thing that Minghao noticed was that the fingers entering him were much bigger than he expected. He considered turning around to check on what was happening, but the position he was in left him unable to do so without fully turning his upper half around. The man behind him simply wasn't going to let him do that; his spare hand gripped hard at Minghao's waist and held it perfectly in place as his fingers did the work. Or rather, whilst the other man's fingers did the work. The matching hand soon found the other side of his body and gripped with similar force as the fingers continued to move inside Minghao's body. He almost - almost - let out a noise in response to the touches, but somehow managed to catch himself until the fingers were withdrawn finally. That in itself was a challenge too, actually - the man was hardly gentle about withdrawing, having probably forgotten that they were going pretty easy on their victim, and so he barely got away with a simple wince in response to the lost contact.

Then, with no more than a ten-second break, the shorter man was inside of him. It was just enough time to prepare himself with sufficient lube and push right in. And damn, Minghao could feel him. He could feel every single inch pushing into him, slowly and gently until the man hit the base. Thankfully, it didn't hurt anywhere near as much as he expected it would, but it still stung nonetheless. It was an experience, to say the least. His first time plucked by a thief who had just walked into his home as if he owned it. That wasn't to say that it was bad, though. Minghao loved it.

It wasn't even difficult. One hard thrust was enough to leave him breathless, and a series of five or ten of them left him heaving for air. The man went to check on him, but his victim insisted right away - with every last bit of air in his lungs - that he didn't want him to stop. He needed to feel his soul leaving his body through his mouth, and the thief was going to be the one to get him there. So the man continued. He continued to pound into him until Minghao was a ragdoll in his arms, taking it as if he was all flesh and nothing else. He didn't know whether he was losing it because he was tired or because he was simply so aroused that his mind had gone fuzzy, but it didn't really matter either way. He was getting what he wanted and that was what mattered.
So it was no surprise when he finished in a matter of minutes. It only took the thief grabbing him by the throat and pulling him up so that they were pressed back-to-chest for him to finish hard. His orgasm left his thighs spasming violently, which seemingly amused the taller intruder. His eyes were on the front of Minghao's body right away, and it was clear that he was smirking behind his mask. "He finished already!" he announced to his partner. "See? You made him finish early - I think someone has a thief fetish or something!" He continued to make similar comments as the shorter thief continued with what he was doing; thrusting into Minghao with as much - if not more - force as he had been. And Minghao loved it. There was no consideration for whether it hurt now that he had hit his climax; no more checking to see if he was enjoying it too, and no more attempts to be careful. The guy needed to get off as well, and he clearly wasn't planning to stop until he had what he wanted.

So Minghao was left taking it, breathing as best as he could with a hand pressing to his throat and a guy cramming himself inside of his body with so much force that he was starting to cause friction between them. It was clear that they needed to use a bit more lube but then guy seemingly didn't care at all; he wasn't planning to stop until he hit his own climax, and when he finally hit it, it came with so much force that Minghao couldn't help but scream. The thief was crammed so far inside of him that Minghao could feel the length in the back of his throat, and he was surely stretched to his absolute limit. His eyes rolled back in his head and his thighs began to spasm again, although they quickly stopped as soon as the guy behind him moved away.

For a moment, time stood still. The man had zipped up his trousers again in record time and was stood next to the sofa with his partner, just staring at Minghao. Minghao was still naked and covered in body fluids, but he couldn't bring himself to move just yet. His body couldn't handle it; it was too soon for his legs to work, and he needed to steady his breathing before he could do anything else. He could feel his eyes starting to close but fought to keep them open whilst the men were there. They said something but he didn't register exactly what it was, and then they were gone.

Minghao didn't make it to bed that night, but he supposed that it made the exchange feel that little bit better. It could have been a dream if he was in bed, he figured, but this was definitely something that happened. Something that was fresh in his memory, even if he had been exhausted when it happened. It was something that he was definitely going to keep in his mind, and was something that he was definitely going to touch himself over at every given opportunity. That sort of thing didn't get old as quickly as the video thefts did, which was perfect for him. Less of a need to search for new material, and a reduced desire to partake in risky behaviours. It was not only better for his self-love sessions, but also for his general safety.

Admittedly, he did have some ideas of who might have broken into his house and made use of him like that. There was a guy from the IT department, for example, and his boyfriend from the customer services department. They seemed to be rather awkward around him in the morning, as if they had reason to see him in a completely different light. They even fit with the general appearance of the thieves, in terms of height differences and composure. But he wasn't really going to think about it too much. After all, it would just ruin the fantasy for him before he had the chance to milk it dry, and he couldn't bear to think about that, even after it happened. It was a rare occurrence that his house got robbed in the first place, and even rarer that the thieves would use his body like that, so he wanted to keep it as his little thing for as long as possible.

Chapter End Notes

Guess who is back!!
After six weeks of working all day every day (as in, usually 6:30am - 1:30am because my unfortunate ass was the designated on-call first aider pretty much every night), I'm finally back with more stuff!!

Hopefully I'll be able to blast through my current fics as quickly as possible, although I'm searching for other jobs at the moment too, so the chapters may not come as quickly as they once did. Thank you for sticking with me so far; I really appreciate it <3
For a couple who were so sexual, Jeon Wonwoo and Kim Mingyu were, well, *vanilla*.

It was pretty strange, actually. All of their friends made jokes about the sorts of things that they did in the bedroom, and they both made sure to play along as much as possible. As far as everyone was concerned, they were incredibly kinky and did all sorts of things together. There was speculation that they had been doing everywhere, from hotel rooms to changing rooms, and that they each had an exhaustive list of fetishes, especially Mingyu. Mingyu would never confirm or deny any of them, which created further speculation. The list so far included, but was not limited to; temperature play, messy fetishism, exhibitionism, flashing, and bondage. Some things that everyone was expected to like, some things that were a little bit more out there.

But frankly, neither of them were all too fond of any of that. It wasn't as if they wouldn't do it if one of them wasn't too interested, though. If one of them really wanted to try something out, they had a strong enough relationship to allow for them to give it a try. They simply needed to say the word and they could let out the kinkiness that was threatening to erupt inside of them. There would be no judging and if they wanted to keep it secret from that point onwards, they could trust that the other person wouldn't say another word about it. Yet, it wasn't the case. They just weren't interested at all.

They were much more interested in the bog-standard sort of sex. Basic missionary, with Mingyu between Wonwoo's thighs, thrusting up into him until they were both satisfied. It didn't take much at all. Wonwoo was a pillow princess who was more than happy to let his boyfriend have his way with him, and Mingyu was incredibly turned on by the fact that he could see his boyfriend's body as they messed around together. He could see Wonwoo's face, and he could see the masculine body that he owned too. He could see the throbbing organ between his thighs, which occasionally twitched when they were working up to their climaxes, and he could see the way that Wonwoo's body stretched when he arched up against his hand. It was a beautiful sight, and he didn't really want to ruin that with any weird fetishes.

Well, sort of.

Okay, Mingyu did have *one* fetish. It was something that was sort of a big deal to him; something that he *had* mentioned to Wonwoo once, but something that he wasn't all too sure about trying out. It just didn't seem right to take away from their regular routine when they were both happy with everything that they were already doing. On the odd occasion, Wonwoo would catch him staring and would encourage him to go ahead and play with his fetish, but Mingyu was strangely shy when it came to the bedroom. For a guy with so much confidence - a guy who was so stunningly beautiful, in the opinion of many different people - he was so unbelievably shy when it came to the bedroom. It was probably one of the biggest reasons why he didn't stray too far from what he knew. It had taken him almost two and a half years to lose his virginity to Wonwoo after they had started dating, and he had been on the defensive the entire time. He was ready to run at any point, and it made for a really awkward experience. But then he had gradually managed to push it to one side so that he could enjoy the experience of being together, although not before Wonwoo had given in and mounted him.
so that they could get it over and done with.

Saying that, though, it wasn't as if he was a bad lover. In fact, he was far from it. He was always very courteous, but never too gentle. It was always enough to push Wonwoo over the edge, moaning and grasping at the pillows as he did so, but never so rough that he was left aching the following day. Wonwoo absolutely loved how his boyfriend managed to find that balance. He loved how they could be together and he wouldn't need to worry about it being too obvious to their friends or colleagues the following morning. It meant that they would be able to keep their relationship rather stealthy, too; after all, they had been together for almost five years, but their parents were still very much convinced that they were roommates and not in a relationship, and that was the way they wanted to keep it. If they kept it quiet, they didn't need to worry about any intrusive or judgemental questions, and that was exactly how they both liked it.

But as time went on, Wonwoo could tell more and more that his boyfriend wanted to give the fetish a try. He could feel pretty brown eyes wandering over his skin, leaving cold prickles where they once were. Wonwoo would move in a certain way and Mingyu would have to try to cover the fact that his breath hitched. It was enticing him; seducing him and drawing him in; tempting him to make that move and give in to the desire that was threatening to take over. And Wonwoo could see that. Damn, he could see that too well. He knew that his boyfriend wanted it more and more, but he refused to accept that it was what he wanted. Every time he was asked about it, he would dodge the questions. Every time Wonwoo tried to push it further, he would end up feeling guilty when he saw how uncomfortable Mingyu looked when he brought the topic up. Occasionally, he would even find his boyfriend hiding shamefully in their bedroom, touching himself over the thought of it. But he refused to acknowledge that it was something they could work with, and it certainly turned the topic into a difficult playing field.

In the end, though, he simply decided that he would have to go ahead and push things forward as he had done during their first time together. He had to push Mingyu to do it that time; he was a consenting party, obviously, but he needed a huge amount of encouragement to actually go ahead and get down to it with Wonwoo, and it had even resulted in Wonwoo riding him for the first and last time. It was too much effort for him, he decided, and besides, Mingyu gradually got better at initiating it from that point onwards. It was the catalyst that got things moving, and he was glad that he had done it because otherwise, they could have still been there after four years without having taken those next steps. Likewise, he knew that they would be in the exact same position if he didn't push his boyfriend to play this fetish out, and Mingyu's obsession with it would only grow and grow until it was almost unbearable for him.

Besides, partialism was hardly the worst fetish in the world.

See, even that was pretty vanilla. They couldn't even mention it to their friends with enthusiasm because Mingyu was embarrassed about it. He had been embarrassed about the fact that he physically desired Wonwoo, and now he was embarrassed about the fact that he was sexually attracted to his boyfriend's thighs. The embarrassing part, though, was the fact that it was so unbelievably tame that it probably didn't even sound like a fetish to most people. He had heard those sorts of things coming out casually in conversation. "I think Soonyoung had the sexiest thighs ever, and I want to wear them as earmuffs," Seokmin had said one day when they were out together. "Every time I see them, I just wanna cry my tongue in his asshole." "It's a huge shame that Seungcheol isn't a bottom because his thighs are thick in all the right places and I'm sure that any top would want to ravage him," Jeonghan had pointed out casually on another occasion. "I wonder if he'd let me try it some time." "Jihoon has the tiniest little milk bottle legs in the world. I want to be between them," Chan announced out of the blue another day. "I want to spread them so far that he won't know what to do with himself."
Considering how popular thighs seemed to be, Wonwoo was certain that Mingyu was afraid to be laughed at over his fetish. After all, so many people seemed to like them that it would certainly be brushed over if he told anyone. But no, this was something different to what they experienced. Mingyu was absolutely obsessed with his thighs. He was able to tell when Wonwoo was putting on or losing weight, due to the shape of his thighs. He could tell when Wonwoo was putting in extra squats, and he could tell when he had been running more than usual. Seeing Wonwoo bending over naked to pick something off the floor got Mingyu aroused quite easily, but only because his thighs would be pressed together with a tiny little gap at the top. He loved it when Wonwoo had pale thighs in the winter, but he loved it even more when he had tan lines. Wonwoo would wear the tiniest shorts possible so that Mingyu would be able to see them, and he would reap in the rewards when Mingyu saw the dark lines separating the skin that had been covered and the skin that had been visible for everyone in their town to see.

Even more than that, Mingyu had a huge preference for hairless thighs. Wonwoo's calves could be hairy and Mingyu much preferred that he was unshaven around his ass and nether regions, but his thighs had to be shaved all the way around. He liked to put his hands on them and touch the silky skin, and he really adored that fact that Wonwoo would encourage him to grab onto them whilst they were making love so that he could "ground himself". The reality was that Wonwoo was trying to encourage him to enjoy the thighs that he kept perfect for Mingyu, but they couldn't state that fact outright. The Mingyu who was already fragile enough in the bedroom, despite his faked confidence nowadays, would turn into a Mingyu who had to stop because he was so nervous. And that was probably the last thing that Wonwoo wanted to do, so he had to pretend that it wasn't about his thighs at all.

That was why he would ultimately have to be forced to use his thighs. Wonwoo knew that right away. He made sure to start the evening out with something relaxing on the day that he planned to push for it, knowing full well that his boyfriend would be emotionally drained after work. It was his job to do public speaking, so it was incredibly taxing for him. He would go into schools to teach children about how to study and revise for their exams, then into workplaces to talk about working efficiently as a team, and then to a huge public event to promote services for various different companies. There were so many people to talk to that it was no wonder he was so drained by the time he got home. So Wonwoo figured that he would start with a nice meal and a shoulder massage. He was incredibly careful not to push Mingyu too far, checking in with him every so often to see whether he was okay with everything that was happening, and then gradually started to tease the idea that he wanted Mingyu to take him to the bedroom.

He could tell right away that Mingyu knew what he meant as he was hinting it, but it was a huge part of the foreplay for him to finally announce exactly what he wanted at the end. He looked Mingyu right in the eyes and told him straight out; no sugar-coating or attempts at using innuendos instead of saying it exactly. "I want to have sex with you tonight, Mingyu," he said, and Mingyu visibly shivered as he gave a nod. He allowed Wonwoo to take his hand and lead him through to the bedroom, where he proceeded to undress and clamber onto the bed, ready to get started. Wonwoo took a bit of extra time to undress himself, starting with his shirt and then moving towards his trousers, until he was stood there in just boxers. That was when he decided to announce what he was planning to do, and he wasn't prepared to take rejection as an answer when he could already see Mingyu's eyes on his legs and a stiffening between his thighs.

"Mingyu, I want you to play with my thighs a bit," he announced, making sure to keep his voice gentle. "I think it would be incredibly sexy for you to touch them a bit. Did you know that it's one of the big erogenous zones? Which is why it feels so arousing to have someone run their hand up your inner thigh. We should make use of that." It was direct, but not so direct that it made Mingyu feel as if his fetish was being targeted directly. The perfect mix, really. He seemed to be a bit hesitant to start with, but then slowly gave a little nod and moved onto his own side of the bed so that Wonwoo
had the space to lie down next to him. At that point, Wonwoo grabbed one of his boyfriend's hands and pressed it to the skin just above his knee, and then deliberately pulled it upwards so that he could feel the tingling in his own groin. He closed his eyes, encouraging Mingyu to squeeze the fat of his thigh gently, and then pressed both thighs together with Mingyu's hand still between them.

He half expected that Mingyu would start to panic at that point, but he peeled an eye open to see that Mingyu's eyes were wild with desire. Perhaps it was a good idea to have pushed it, he figured; it wasn't anywhere near as difficult to convince Mingyu that he wanted this than it was to convince him that he was ready to sleep with him for the first time ever. Mingyu's fingers slowly dug into the flesh of Wonwoo's thigh, and his arousal only grew as he stared at the dents underneath them. He licked his lips slowly, and then Wonwoo's thighs were pushed apart with so much strength that he was completely caught off-guard. Mingyu's lips were on his skin right away, leaving huge lovebites and licking long trails in the direction of his crotch.

This was far from the Mingyu that he knew. This Mingyu was ready to absolutely destroy him. He had been strong for too long, trying his hardest to deny that he had a fetish at all, and now he had completely lost control. And Wonwoo absolutely loved it. Sure, vanilla could be just as sexy as being kinky all the time, but this was a completely new level altogether. Wonwoo knew right away that his thighs wouldn't be safe that day, and that they would be absolutely covered in bites and scratches by the time they were done, but he no longer cared. He loved how they were being worshipped - especially the back, which Mingyu focused his attention on more than anything. There was more fat than muscle there, which Mingyu absolutely adored, and so the shyness about being painfully attracted to them completely went as soon as he was able to get his hands on them. It was like being eaten by a monster or something, Wonwoo decided, but it was incredibly arousing to see Mingyu getting so worked up over it. Perhaps that was his fetish, he decided.

When Mingyu eventually rocked back to admire his handiwork, Wonwoo suddenly noticed it. Mingyu was swollen red with arousal; his entire length was engorged to the point where it was tainting his skin and leaving him noticeably thicker. Wonwoo could hardly keep his eyes off it. He was suddenly filled with a desire that he hadn't really felt before, and he knew that he wanted to have it between his legs as much as Mingyu wanted to put it there. The moment of eye contact that they shared confirmed that they both had the same feelings about it, but Wonwoo had to be the one to propose it so that it seemed as if it was all his idea. That was just how things were. "I think you should touch my thighs some more tonight," he announced as he stood and removed his boxers. Mingyu gave a tiny nod and stared at him, expecting him to come straight back onto the bed, but Wonwoo simply shook his head and used a finger to coax him forward. "No, we're going to do things different tonight. Stand up."

Admittedly, Mingyu looked absolutely terrified. His expression was comparable to the face of a toddler who had just been scolded for doing something very wrong, and he seemed absolutely ashamed as he shuffled towards Wonwoo. Wonwoo didn't pay it any mind, though. He knew right away that he would end up giving in and not going ahead with it if he asked Mingyu what was wrong, so he simply pulled his boyfriend towards the wall and stood with the upper part of his back against it. His legs were a good foot or two away from the wall and leaning towards his boyfriend slightly. He went to encourage Mingyu to start before realising that he had missed something, then quickly reached across to the bedside table, pulled out some lube and slapped it onto his upper thighs before pressing them tightly together and staring at Mingyu expectantly.

"Well? What are you waiting for?" he asked calmly. Mingyu didn't really need much more encouragement after that. He slowly made his way closer before pressing his tip between Wonwoo's thighs, and then slowly pushed his hips forward so that he slipped between them. Wonwoo had to admit that it was the strangest feeling that he had ever felt but at the same time, Mingyu's length dragged over his own sweet spots so gently - so slowly - that he couldn't help but gasp in response. It
felt good. It felt incredibly good. He loved the fact that Mingyu loved it too; he obviously tried to hide it as best as possible, but it really didn't work all too well because it only took around a minute or two for him to really get into it and start slamming his hips forward with force that Wonwoo had never really seen from him.

Given that he was putting so much strength into it too, Wonwoo found that it was incredibly difficult to keep himself still. He was sliding down the wall, slowly sinking so the Mingyu was almost pushing him to lie down, and so he was having to fix his position over and over. That was, until Mingyu finally gave up and lifted Wonwoo off the floor completely with no effort at all, and simply continued to use his thighs as a toy as one arm gripped him tightly around the waist and the other crept down from his ass to the back of his thigh again. He grabbed a fistful of flesh and clung for dear life, and then continued to pound between his thighs as if Wonwoo was a fleshlight or something. And it felt absolutely amazing. It was clear that Mingyu wasn't going to last all that long when he was going so rough - much rougher than he ever was when they were in bed together - and Wonwoo was absolutely thrilled to find that it didn't take long at all for him to have to pull out completely, force him down on the bed, and then paint his thighs white.

The thing he noticed right away was that Mingyu's load was probably the biggest that he had ever experienced. It wasn't exactly small as it was, but it felt as if the little squirts and dribbles weren't going to stop. Both thighs were covered from knee to hip in Mingyu's release, and then the taller boy simply collapsed next to him and laid face down for a good thirty seconds before turning his face back towards Wonwoo to thank him. As Wonwoo thought, he acknowledged that he wouldn't have gone for it until without that prompt, and he knew that it was an attempt to put his fetish into play, rather than a genuine interest in it being an erogenous zone. They continued to stay still on the bed for a few more minutes before Mingyu hopped up, without any warning at all, and shifted between Wonwoo's thighs again. His way of thanking his boyfriend was going to be some pretty damn intense oral, which they only usually did on special occasions, and he was going to make sure that it left him feeling just as amazing as Wonwoo had made him feel that night.

Sure, it was true that they were a very vanilla couple. Their idea of being kinky was occasionally switching things up so that Wonwoo was taking things from behind. In the space of a year, they had only had oral sex around six or seven times, and they could count the number of times they got frisky outside of the bedroom one one hand. They were set in their ways and knew what they liked, and good old missionary did the trick for both of them without either of them feeling as if it was too boring or not enough. But this was a step in a new direction; a new-found way to sate every last feeling of desire in their hearts. It was going to be a one-off thing that only happened occasionally - just so that it would keep its charm for a good amount of time - but it was something that they could add when they needed that extra little lick of kinkiness nonetheless.

Chapter End Notes

I've always wanted to write something with Mingyu being really nervous in bed, so here it is!! Enjoy!! <3
Maschalagnia - Seokmin/Soonyoung

Chapter Notes

Maschalagnia; a fetish for underarms.

The thing that made Seokmin's fetish easier to deal with was the fact that it had already been a huge joke in their friendship group for the longest time.

Soonyoung could remember it. They had been at a house party and they were tipsy on the weakest alcohol imaginable. It was close enough to being an alcopop, and it wouldn't get anyone over the age of sixteen drunk. But there they were, all sat in a circle telling each other ridiculous stuff. One of their friends - who he wouldn't dare name - had confessed that he preferred watching two guys getting it on than a guy and a girl, just because a lot of straight porn made things seem wrong. Either girls were delicate flowers, or they were screwed so brutally that it wasn't even sexy anymore. If there were two guys, on the other hand, even romantic exchanges could include displays of strength, and he really liked to see that. Likewise, one of the other boys in the group said that he was really into long hair. He only dated girls with hair past a certain length, and he would break up with them if they cut it short. He had vivid fantasies of wrapping it around his genitals and using it to masturbate, although he couldn't ever bring himself to tell a girl that.

Sure, those sorts of confessions were a bit unusual, but Seokmin completely pushed the boat out in a way that he regretted the following morning. He announced to everyone that he really loved underarms, and that was the one thing that was guaranteed to turn him on if his partner's underarms were right. There were a number of conditions that they had to meet, but he hadn't really met too many people who didn't meet those conditions so he didn't really think that it was a huge deal. Of course, everyone had tried their hardest to find out what those conditions were but he only revealed one, and only after around three hours of on-and-off pressuring him to tell them more about it. He hated unshaved underarms if he was going to touch them. It was because he hated the thought of getting a mouthful of hair, and the thought of having one come loose on his tongue made him feel sick. It was the same for all other body hair, though. He was fine with it if he wasn't licking it, but he didn't want it anywhere near his tongue.

The following morning, it had all hit him at once. They greeted him at school by bringing it up loud, not even caring who heard it. Seokmin was embarrassed, obviously, but his approach to it all really stuck with Soonyoung. Instead of telling them to stop and acting as if it was as humiliating as it probably felt, he laughed. "Yeah, I'm really into it. Gross, huh? I'm gonna be really pissed off if you guys don't plaster my birthday cards and all of my presents in pictures of underarms now that I've told you. And I expect to have an armpit hooker for my nineteenth birthday. You'd better remember it, or I'm gonna kick your asses." It had led to a bit of a playful scrap between them, where the boys who had started the teasing grabbed him by the head and tried to jab him under his arms with their hands, whilst making comments about how he probably enjoyed having his head where it was. Seokmin struggled against it for a while before playfully trying to lick under their arms, then the joke was pushed to the side for a while.

Soonyoung had to admit that he was pretty damn impressed by the reaction. He didn't think that someone would be able to combat something so personal being spread like that, but Seokmin had managed to make a joke out of himself and was therefore off the list of people to tease right away.
And it might have been his most embarrassing secret, but it was the one that no one really mentioned during the rest of their school lives. It came up on the odd occasion, but it wasn't really a huge deal when it was brought up. Not as much as some of the other things he'd done in his life. For example, he had ended up sleeping with the little sister of one of his teachers, which had been incredibly awkward when he found out and she had tried to contact him through the teacher. He had made a number of jokes about having to change his name and leave the country, and the rest of the group had tease him mercilessly about how she was going to turn up to his house one day and announce that he was a father and he had to take responsibility.

Again, funny stories but things that he could still laugh about. Seokmin was great at doing that and frankly, it was admirable. That was one of the reasons why Soonyoung ultimately fell for him, although it was pretty one-sided to start with. He couldn't help himself. He didn't know how to deal with those sorts of feelings when he was at that age; he had never had a girlfriend or anything, whereas Seokmin had had countless girlfriends and one-night stands and everything. If Seokmin was in that position, he would be able to deal with it as if it was a joke, whereas Soonyoung was rubbish at that sort of thing. But then they started living together when they started university and it ultimately made it harder and harder for him to handle until eventually, he decided that it just needed to come out.

Seokmin hadn't expected it. That much was clear from his reaction. It was another drinking game that had brought it out of him - just as one would expect from university students. He had figured that since Seokmin had told some of his worst secrets that way and made it work in his favour, he might as well do it as well. He wasn't as confident as the other boys, but he could work it out. So when it came to his turn, he announced it. "I want to fuck Seokmin, and I don't even care that he likes underarms." The room filled with a multitude of surprised noises from his friends, other than Seokmin. He stayed completely silent, his eyebrows raised in shock. To start with, Soonyoung thought that he had severely messed up, but then his friend let out a confident laugh. "You don't care that I like underarms, huh? How about we make use of them then?"

So Seokmin crawled over whilst Soonyoung was trying his hardest to get over the wave of embarrassment that followed the question, and he immediately kissed him hard on the lips. Soonyoung tried to pull away - completely out of embarrassment, mind you - but it had resulted in him losing his balance and falling back to lie down. Seokmin had snatched up the opportunity to crawl over him and kiss him again, even though their friends were watching everything, and then pressed a hand very deliberately to the front of Soonyoung's trousers. Soonyoung let out an awkward noise as he could feel his body starting to get into it right away, but then Seokmin pulled away too soon and made his way back to his seat on the other side of the circle. They made painful, painful eye contact every so often, in a way that made it seem as is Seokmin was undressing Soonyoung with his eyes, and it was so obvious that in the end, their friends told them to get a room and get it over with whilst they continued chatting in the main room.

They were frankly too drunk to even think about it. Seokmin insisted that they go to his bedroom right away and get it over with, and Soonyoung agreed right away. He was convinced that it was best for them just to do what they could and not think about the inevitable consequences that would follow in the morning. They could lock Seokmin's room and try to be quiet, even though they knew that it would be a lot harder to be quiet when they were both drunk. He could feel himself starting to overthink it more and more as time went on until they finally made it to Seokmin's room and the more confident boy pressed a hard kiss to his lips. He was calm for a guy who had downed almost a full bottle of vodka on his own, and his kiss was strangely ordinary, as if his judgement wasn't being compromised. He knew what he was doing, and he wanted to make sure that Soonyoung knew that. So Soonyoung let him do it. He let Seokmin lead with assured kisses and gentle nips to his lower lip and tongue.
It didn't take long for them to move on to the next part, though. Seokmin picked Soonyoung up with a strength that he hadn't shown off before. Soonyoung was hardly the lightest at that point in time; between being full of alcohol and the extra muscle gains that he had had recently, due to his job doing restocking in shops, he was a little bit heavier than he would usually be at that time of year, so he was surprised that he was picked up with such ease. In fact, Seokmin even carried him over to the bed with no trouble at all and placed him straight down on the mattress, where he pressed kisses to the skin of Soonyoung's neck and let his hands wander over his clothed body. Admittedly, Soonyoung hadn't expected it to go that far and apparently Seokmin caught onto that, as his head soon shot up and he stared at his friend in silence for a moment, his eyes taking on a judging edge right away.

"You don't want this, do you?" he asked. Soonyoung shot up immediately.
"No no, it's not that I don't want it. I just didn't expect this, you know. I didn't expect that you would want to go ahead with it. But I want to do it." Just to prove it, he dropped down onto his knees in front of Seokmin and did what he did best. It wasn't anything unique, but he was pretty damn good with his mouth so it worked out. Of course, his performance wasn't anywhere near as good as it usually was - his judgement of his own abilities was poor when he was in that state, and he was incredibly nervous about pushing it too far and ending up vomiting all over Seokmin's crotch - but he still worked it as best as he could. Your bog-standard blowjob, but with a mouth that knew what it was doing as it took him to the base and back up to the tip.

Seokmin seemed to be in heaven the whole time, though. No complaints at all. At least, not until he had decided that he was finished with being sucked and wanted to get down to the good stuff. He helped Soonyoung back onto the bed and helped to undress them both until they were left completely exposed. For a moment, they stared at each other, taking in the sight of bare skin. Soonyoung's eyes were drawn to the shape of his roommate's waist, which was even smaller than he had imagined. Compared to his chest and hips, Seokmin had an absolutely tiny waist and Soonyoung loved it. On the other hand, he could see that Seokmin's eyes were drawn to his upper chest right away. He couldn't pinpoint exactly where Seokmin was staring to start with, but then the penny dropped and he remembered the whole thing about his obsession with underarms and guessed right away that that was probably where he was trying not to look. So he lifted his arms slowly, wrapping his forearms over his forehead as he did so. Instantly, Seokmin's eyes were drawn to the exposed skin, although he tried to play it off as best as he could by busying himself with the preparation process.

"Wait, I'll prepare myself. You do what you, uh... what you need to do," Soonyoung announced. He had to admit that he was incredibly nervous and didn't know what to make of it all now that he was in that position, but Seokmin gave him a trusting look - as if he had really appreciated the fact that he was being granted permission for something so intimate and wanted to make sure that Soonyoung knew that he was in safe hands. He moved his fingers away, allowing Soonyoung to start the preparation process on his own, and then slowly leant down to kiss his chest. He started in the middle, gradually moved over to kiss and lick his nipples a couple of times, and then slowly made his way towards one of Soonyoung's underarms. Seeing as he had been so drawn to that side, Soonyoung made sure to start preparing himself with the other hand instead, although his focus was still primarily on what Seokmin was doing. His interest was captured by it all; intrigued to finally find out how it would feel to have that experience with him.

To start with, Seokmin gave a gentle kiss to the skin and Soonyoung shivered. He had never really had a man kissing his underarms before and he noted right away that the skin was highly sensitive. That told him right away that there was going to be more to it than just Seokmin kissing and licking there. It was going to be a bit of an erogenous zone for him too, and he didn't know whether that thought thrilled or terrified him. So he tried his hardest just to relax and let it happen. It would tell him how he felt about it if he experienced it, at the end of the day. His arm stayed perfectly still as
Seokmin gave a few slow kisses, gradually working it until his mouth was open with each kiss, pressing hot breaths to the skin too. It took a while for him to work up to using his tongue on the area but when he gave the first long, slow lick, Soonyoung couldn't help but let out a soft moan.

It was bizarre. He'd never considered that he would enjoy that sort of thing before, but there he was with Seokmin's mouth on a patch of skin that he would typically consider to be dirty, and he was enjoying it more than anything. He couldn't understand it at all. It was just a lick, but it had sent shivers running through his body and had left him stirring inside. It felt wonderful and sinful all at once, but he didn't really care. Just as he had said when they were in front of their friends, he didn't really care that it wasn't something that he would usually do. He could feel that his moans served as a form of encouragement for his friend, who continued to run his tongue over the skin in slow drags. He moaned against the skin as much as Soonyoung moaned in response to it, which really put the fetish into perspective too. Soonyoung hadn't ever considered that perhaps people would get off as they acted out their fetish on their partner, but here they were. He was really into it, and it was amazing to watch him respond like that.

Then he began to suck gently and Soonyoung had to fight the urge to clamp his arm down on Seokmin's head. It was incredibly sensitive and almost hurt a bit, but after just a moment Soonyoung noted that it only felt a little bit different to receiving a love bite. It wasn't so bad that he would end up aching for days and he had surely experienced worse. Plus even if he did end up with a hickey underneath his arm, it would serve as a reminder that he actually tried things that weren't necessarily in his comfort zone. It was a sign that he was trying new things and experiencing other people in a way that was good for both of them, and that was an achievement in itself.

The pleasure only continued to grow for Soonyoung until he eventually gave in to the desire and told Seokmin how it was. "I need you to put it in me right now," he announced, not bothering to give any further explanation. Seokmin didn't really need it anyway. He waited for his friend to move his fingers away from his entrance then got straight to work. He needed to make sure that Soonyoung could get what he'd asked for in the first place. That was the whole reason why they were there, after all. He pushed in with enough force to leave Soonyoung hissing with pain, having not anticipated that it would sting to move from two fingers to a two-inch-thick organ like that. Seokmin froze on the spot to ensure that he was okay, but Soonyoung swatted at him before he had the chance to ask and pushed that he needed to get on with it before he started babying him too much. He was there for a reason, he said, and that reason didn't involve him chickening out after Seokmin mollycoddled him out of sex.

Of course, there was no going back at that point, though. Seokmin began to build up a rhythm right away so that he didn't end up getting batted at again, and then gradually increased it until the bed was rocking underneath them. They both knew from the start that their friends would be able to hear the creaks from the bed but they didn't really care. They knew what they had signed up to when they told them to take it to the bedroom, and they were going to have to deal with that until they were done. They weren't going to be gentle just because of a bunch of people they'd known for almost their whole lives, and they certainly weren't going to stop the noises from surfacing when they begged so desperately to be let out into the air between them. It was a sign that they wanted each other and were both enjoying the experience, and that was what mattered the most.

Although, speaking of enjoying the experience, Soonyoung couldn't help but feel exposed when Seokmin was taking him but not busying himself with his arms. Whilst he had thought that it was weird when they were teenagers, it was anyone's game now. It was an erogenous zone; a place that got him aroused when Seokmin treated it lovingly. Underarms were a blessing and a curse; sensitive in both a good way and a bad way. That was why he didn't hesitate to expose the other side to his friend once they were in the rhythm of their affair. Seokmin's eyes were on his skin again, just as they had been when they first started getting into it, but then he dragged them away in favour of
staring at Soonyoung's face. It was somewhat disappointing, admittedly, so Soonyoung made a point of bringing it up. He was childish and demanding, making sure that Seokmin knew that he wasn't going to accept no attention to the area when he was offering it up so willingly, and so Seokmin eventually gave up and went to town on that side too.

It was like a drug. Soonyoung couldn't get enough of it. He couldn't see why it would be arousing from Seokmin's point of view, unless he was attracted to the way that it aroused his partners, but he knew why it was good from his point of view. It left him throbbing between his legs; desperate to get more contact right away. The kisses weren't good enough for him, even though they were there to warm him up and get him ready for more, and his body wanted to get into it right away. He tried his hardest to be patient but it was so difficult when Seokmin had given him a taste of heaven and had teased him with it using his tongue until he was left in a position where he wanted it more and more.

Finally, Seokmin gave him exactly what he needed. It was like a special little something between them that brought them together; something that made Soonyoung groan immediately and try everything to get Seokmin to pound him harder. Of course, there was only so much that he could do when he was trying to multitask, so it didn't quite work in his favour, but it felt great nonetheless. Even a slightly harder or faster thrust, paired with the sensation of Seokmin licking and groaning against his underarm, felt amazing for him. He knew that he was probably being selfish by being so demanding when it wasn't even his fetish to enjoy, but he couldn't even help himself. As time went on, he was just enjoying it more and more and more until eventually he felt his climax hit hard, leaving streaks of white between them. Seokmin wasn't too far behind him, although he seemingly passed out as soon as he finished. Soonyoung tried to say something to him when he felt Seokmin's whole body weight on top of him, but there was no response at all so he figured that he would just sleep and their position would merely be proof that it was more than a dream.

Seokmin's fetish wasn't all that weird after they'd played it out. It wasn't the sort of fetish that would make Soonyoung cringe too badly, and it wasn't the sort that would be too embarrassing to admit to people. He was sure that Seokmin had gotten off lightly because he had managed to make a joke of it all, and it had ultimately made it that little bit sexier to experience it when Seokmin was so confident about it all. And honestly, Soonyoung was absolutely convinced that his friend had left him feeling as if he had developed a new fetish afterwards too. The crush faded, but their intimacy didn't shift an inch. He began to enjoy the occasional round of rough sex with Seokmin whilst neither of them were in relationships, especially when he would get the chance to feel Seokmin's mouth and tongue against his underarms. And that was how their relationship was right through to the end. Kinky, intimate, and intense.
Chapter Summary

Sophophilia; a fetish for learning.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Of the five English tutors that Seungkwan had had, he ended up sleeping with three of them.

It wasn't his fault, granted. He thought that he was genuinely attracted to them and that he could make something work. They would turn up at his doorstep, looking like an average boy of his age, but they would really get him worked up in the study, where they would have their lessons. He would find himself getting stiff as they explained the thirteen tenses in the English language to him, and he would be left rubbing himself subtly through his trousers as they tried to come up with example sentences with him. He thought that he really had chemistry with them and that was why he was incredibly aroused by their presence in a classroom environment. That was why he kissed the first, confessed his attraction to the second, and then somehow managed to date and bed the remaining three. He told them how it was - that he could hardly concentrate when they were so close to him and that he was very quickly getting aroused by the way that they loomed over him when they reviewed the content from the lessons - and it either got him what he wanted, or it got him a new tutor.

But the problem was that he didn't really find them attractive when they were outside of the classroom. He went on the dates with them, but they would turn back into the average guys who met him at the front door. Average smiles, average conversation, average people. He would find that he was struggling to make it through the dates because they weren't half as attractive as he thought they were. He would end up having to find a reason to dump them each time, and it would be absolutely awful. "Ah, you made a joke that sounded sexist and made me feel a bit uncomfortable," he said to the first, "And I don't think you meant to make a joke like that, but it was how it came across and I don't think I could date a guy who made me feel uncomfortable on the first date."
"I realised that I couldn't possibly date a man who is tutoring me," he told the second one. "I would ask you to be my tutor only, but I think that we'd have some conflict of interest. And if you were to stay my boyfriend, I wouldn't want to put you off by comparing you to my next tutor."
"I feel really bad saying this, but I don't think I can work with your love of ketchup because I'm actually allergic to tomatoes and I had a bit of a reaction when you kissed me after the first date. Please don't take it personally; we're just not meant to be."

Those were the sorts of excuses that he pulled out when he was in actual relationships too, mind you. He knew that he should have said it as it was, but the last thing he really wanted to do was knock a guy's confidence by telling him that he didn't find him attractive at all because he was just a normal guy outside of the classroom. It did help him to realise that perhaps he had a bit of a fetish, though, and so it was an important stepping stone when it came to awakening his sexuality. He figured that it was a teacher kink; that he was attracted to them in the classroom because he was actually interested in teachers. They had to be around his age, of course, which was why he wasn't aroused by the teachers at school, but he was aroused by teachers nonetheless. It meant that he was prepared when he got his sixth tutor - a guy called Chwe Hansol who was actually half-American and a native
speaker of English - and he knew that he wasn't going to go ahead and seduce him. It was just a fetish, after all, and it didn't mean that he would able to hold a fulfilling relationship with him outside of the classroom.

Except Hansol was absolutely stunning and Seungkwan was attracted to him outside of the classroom too.

He stared for too long when they were stood facing each other at the front door. "I'm your new tutor," Hansol announced at the door as he gave a polite head dip. Seungkwan's arms were covered in goosebumps right away. "Were you expecting me today?" Of course, he invited Hansol in right away and took him through to the study. He was dreading it more than anything, knowing full well that the arousal would not only be from the fact that Hansol was a tutor but also from the fact that they were in close range and he was damn attractive. Seungkwan took his seat, pulling himself in as close to the table as possible so that Hansol wouldn't be able to tell that he was already anticipating the arousal, and then the tutor took a seat on the other side. "So, can you tell me a little bit about yourself?" Hansol asked in English. The goosebumps stayed.

Strangely, Seungkwan didn't get all that worked up at all when he was chatting with Hansol about personal matters. It surprised him a lot; he thought that perhaps it was going to happen at some point when Hansol was clearly trying to test him on the sort of things he already knew about English and grammar, but it wasn't really happening at all. So he pushed through the lesson, trying his hardest to keep up with the conversation and give confident answers when he was asked things by the tutor. He knew how to form a variety of different grammatical structures in sentences. He understood tenses incredibly well, since that was the thing that his other tutors focused on a lot of the time. He understood verbs, adjectives, nouns, adverbs, and the sorts. He knew how to form questions, and how to quote speech. The one thing that really did bother him when it came to grammar was conditionals, but Hansol promised that he would go through all four conditionals over time so that Seungkwan's confidence would rise.

The issue was, though, that the lesson couldn't just stay as a lesson. Seungkwan couldn't help himself; whilst he would usually try to hide his attraction to his tutors as much as possible, it was near enough impossible with Hansol. He flirted hard, making sure to let Hansol know undoubtedly that he was interested in him. He gave flirty smiles, licked his lips, and joked around with him more than he usually would. Likewise, Hansol flirted back. He started out trying to seem as professional as possible, but it gradually went out of the window as the lesson progressed. A particular defining point was when he asked Seungkwan what his interests were and Seungkwan simply said, "You, for one," without even thinking about what he was saying. The words just slipped out, Seungkwan was left embarrassed, but Hansol seemed incredibly flattered by it all and only turned up the flirting even more.

Even so, however, there was still no arousal by the end of the first session. At least, until Hansol gave him a worksheet on complex tenses to see how confident he was with the three perfect continuous tenses. They were pretty difficult ones, he said, and a lot easier for native speakers so there was no problem if he couldn't quite get it. He knew that it wasn't going to come easily to him necessarily, and sometimes even he struggled with forming those sorts of sentences on demand. It was just something to read through and answer so that he would be able to tailor the lessons that little bit easier later on down the line. So he parted ways with Seungkwan and asked that he contact him before the next lesson if he had any issues with anything at all, from issues with the worksheet to problems with the scheduling. "Or if you want to meet up earlier," he added with a smile. Seungkwan's heart stopped for a minute, and only restarted when he let out a shy laugh. With that, Hansol made his way out of the house and Seungkwan was left on his own to gather his thoughts. He stayed on the spot for a good few minutes before turning to the sheet, figuring that it was best to go through it right away whilst English was taking over his mind.
In the end, he decided to just give up and put it away. He didn't get through any of it, other than a quick scan through the text. Even that took him around twenty minutes, since he was getting distracted by everything that was going on around him and couldn't really pick out any important words from the text as he was going, so he took it up to his room and pinned it to his noticeboard so that he could pick it up again when his head was clearer. Usually at that point in time, he would be frantically masturbating and trying his hardest to push the thoughts of his tutors out of his head, but he found that there was no reason to do that time. Hansol had attracted him for sure, but he hadn't aroused him. And for the one attractive tutor to not arouse him when the others did, there must've been something pretty weird happening for him, Seungkwan decided. Perhaps his body just wasn't in the mood for it this time.

That was how he thought about it for a few days before he finally decided to tackle the homework, anyway.

Except he was hardly five minutes into the work when he realised that he was getting worked up. To start with, he didn't really make the connection, but then it dawned upon him when he was rubbing himself. No big deal, he thought to start with, but then the more he thought about it, the more it seemed like an issue. Something that was much more than a coincidence. It just didn't seem to be right that he got aroused when he was being taught and again when he was learning grammar from the worksheet. So he turned to the internet for help, figuring that a quick search would tell him whether his response to it all was weird. It was just out of curiosity; just in case someone else felt the same feelings. "I get aroused when I'm learning things." His heart began to pound harder as he searched for the answer to his problems online, only to see a variety of unusual things coming up on the screen.

"The links between HOCD and arousal," one page announced. Seungkwan was pretty sure that it didn't relate to him, but it certainly made him think about whether the thoughts about sexuality were intrusive enough for him to consider it HOCD. After a minute, though, he dismissed the article; the thoughts were neither too intrusive nor unwanted, so he could hardly consider his arousal a sign of an anxiety disorder. "Weed and sex," another boasted, "Does marijuana increase arousal for better sex?" There was no way that he was going to look at that article. It was a territory that he was neither interested in nor one that would be linked to the topic he was actually searching in any way.

Then he found an article that actually made more sense. "Why do I get horny when I'm studying?" It seemed promising enough, so he clicked on the link and skimmed through. It gave a few theories about how the arousal was caused by being bored, since the writer found absolutely nothing sexy about books and revision, but even that didn't seem to hit it exactly. It just seemed to be stating that it wasn't how Seungkwan felt himself. The writer highlighted that it was only when they studied at home because their body wanted to find a way to procrastinate, but Seungkwan's issue was that it was happening when he had a tutor too. It wasn't quite the same thing. Plus he couldn't really say that the lessons were boring; he strangely enjoyed learning languages with tutors, since it made him feel as if he had everything together and knew what he was doing with himself. He understood things and it was a sign that he was actually going to be able to use the grade to get into his university of choice.

So he finally bit the bullet and did what he needed to do. He took in a deep breath, slowly removed the text from the search bar and then typed in exactly what he was actually looking for. No sugar-coating or skirting around the edges. "Learning fetish." A number of new articles came up on the page. Some about Freud and Marx. Some about the psychology of fetishism. Some more about the process of learning to accept a fetish. He felt his heart sinking lower and lower as he searched it in a variety of different ways, hoping more than anything that something would come up and he wouldn't just be left to face the fact that his arousal wasn't anything that anyone else had ever experienced. Phrase after phrase.
"Aroused from learning."
"Aroused from the lesson and not my teacher."
"Turned on when learning a second language."
"Kinks for learning."

He eventually came across the gold that he had been looking for, after almost twenty minutes of searching desperately. Seungkwan's stomach lurched as he stared at the word on the screen, taking in the personal significance that it held for him. Sophilia.

Admittedly, it didn't feel right to start with. He searched the word specifically and found that most people used it to refer to simply loving to gain wisdom and knowledge. It wasn't quite right. That wasn't describing it as a fetish but rather, just enjoying the learning. He considered backing out at that point, since it was the furthest he'd managed to get and it still didn't seem to capture the feeling, but then he found one little article at the bottom of the page. "Sophophilia: an actual fetish (at least, for me)."

Every single word seemed to fit how he felt, for some reason. It was as if Seungkwan had written it himself. He could feel the instant fluttering in his chest as he took all of the information in; reading how the writer had to go from being home-schooled to being taught at a mainstream school because they ended up trying to get involved with their tutors. They realised that they could have landed the tutors in deep trouble if there was any form of contact given in return, but they couldn't help themselves; they needed to touch themselves at the very least whenever they had the private lessons. It just got them incredibly worked up and they couldn't figure out why they were reacting in such a way until they eventually got their degree in psychology and searched online for weird fetishes during a lesson on paraphilias. And there it was: the answer to their questions. They had sophophilia, which meant that they were aroused by the learning process and it just happened that a condition of it was that they were taught in a private, personal setting.

Suddenly it all made sense. Seungkwan felt a weight lift off his chest. He felt as if he could confidently approach lessons and not worry about the arousal now that he knew what it was and that it was natural. Sure, it wasn't necessarily common, but it didn't mean that it was anything bad. At least, it wasn't anything bad if he managed to keep it boxed up. As long as he didn't do anything to make Hansol uncomfortable, he knew that he would be absolutely fine. So he tried it out as best as he could. He tried different methods to keep it under control. He imagined that Hansol was a girl because wasn't attracted to girls whatsoever. He tried to strap himself down so that he didn't need to worry about it showing. He asked for breaks here and there so that he could calm himself down if he got too worked up over everything. He spent ten minutes touching himself before Hansol arrived in hopes that his body would be too tired to get aroused during the lesson. A lot of the time, the attempts to avoid his arousal didn't work all too well, but he learnt what to do and what not to do the next time, which was the most important part.

In fact, it meant that he could maintain it pretty damn well until Hansol eventually decided to bring it up with him. They had had eight weeks worth of lessons together - which was a lot more than he had managed to have with any other tutor - and it had been great. They had spent a lot of time flirting with each other still and had even gone for coffee one evening to "review the work", but that was as far as things had gone. Seungkwan felt great about the fact that he'd managed to keep his thighs closed but as soon as Hansol brought it up, all positive feelings left his body right away. "I've noticed that you seem to be a little bit, uh... uncomfortable during lessons," Hansol pointed out as he turned his attention to the diary that he had on the table. "You know, if I'm causing issues for you or something, I can always find you another tutor instead. I don't want your progress to end up being damaged because of this. I know we've been getting pretty close, but I don't want this to get unprofessional if you think it'll affect your work."
Seungkwan stared in complete silence. He didn't even know how to address the suggestion. It just seemed like a huge jump, seeing as Hansol had never really addressed it before. "Uh, I don't know if we're on the same page or something," he told him.

"You seem to be pretty... stiff," Hansol pointed out, still keeping his eyes down. It was clear that he felt awkward about bringing the topic up, but he felt as if he had to do it. That alone was enough to make Seungkwan feel terrible. "I'm sorry to say it so bluntly, but I don't know whether I should keep on teaching you. I don't think I should've flirted with you in the first place, but getting you in the mood too might be a step too far, don't you think? So I can always find you another teacher - one of my friends or something - and then we can either make something of this or part ways."

"Or you could just help me to get rid of it," Seungkwan suggested. He didn't know why. It just slipped out. Perhaps his mind had thought that it was making a joke or something. It sounded like it could have been a joke, had it been played properly instead of being yelled at him like that. It was embarrassing, though. He was left staring at Hansol in silence whilst Hansol tried to figure out how he could possibly respond to something like that. So in the end, Seungkwan continued. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say it like that. I was trying to be funny but it didn't really work, did it? I mean, I'm... It's not you, even though you are very attractive. It's something else that's getting me worked up, so you don't need to worry about that sort of thing. I just want to hear you teaching me whilst I get rid of it, if that's okay."

"Stupid, stupid, stupid." Seungkwan was such an idiot for saying such a thing. He had allowed his arousal to take over his mind, and that was probably one of the most humiliating things that he could have possibly done. For starters, it meant that he had said some things that wouldn't be appropriate to say to anyone in their workplace. Secondly, it meant that he was saying things that he usually wouldn't say to anyone, not even a romantic partner. Then there was the fact that he had ultimately resorted to asking the tutor to continue whilst he masturbated under the table. Seungkwan's entire face started to go red as he realised what he had said, and so he quickly apologised in his most formal tone before excusing himself to the bathroom so that he could not only touch himself incredibly quickly but also splash cold water in his face so that he could calm himself down again. He made sure to stay there for a few minutes until he was absolutely certain that he wasn't going to make a fool of himself, then slowly made his way back into the study.

Surprisingly, Hansol was still there. He hadn't even packed up any of his belongings; it was all still where they had left each item. His eyes flashed up when Seungkwan entered the room again, but quickly moved right back to his notebook when he realised who it was. At that point, Seungkwan dipped his head slightly, knowing full well that the tutor probably wouldn't even see it, and then promptly took his seat. "Back onto conditionals, right?" Hansol asked. Another surprise there. Seungkwan had anticipated that his tone would be a lot flatter now that they'd had the conversation about his fetish, but it was still very animated. He raised an eyebrow instead of answering the question.

"Are you gonna quit after this lesson?" he asked. Hansol seemed shocked by the question, but tried his hardest to seem as if it hadn't bothered him in the slightest.

"I got this job so that I could teach you. And I've had a bit of a think about it anyway; we're both men here, so it shouldn't really bother me that much if you decided that you were going to masturbate in my class. Besides, you said that you wanted me to continue teaching whilst you did it, right?" Seungkwan could feel the embarrassment returning; his ears already felt hot and that was a bad sign, as far as he was concerned. It was warning him that it was time to run away, even though his body felt heavy. "I know I was just talking about professionalism and all, but I suppose that I could always help you out if you're being a good student. You participate well and actually do the work to a high standard and I might give you a reward." And so the embarrassment grew. Seungkwan was sure that he hadn't heard it all right. He was sure that he was dreaming or something. There was no way that his tutor was actually offering to touch him if he did well in class. No one had ever taken the fetish
and run away with it like that before - not that any of them knew that it was a fetish, as opposed to
genuine attraction - and Chwe Hansol was hardly going to be the first.

Or so, he thought.

He didn't believe that Hansol would do anything like that, so it was strange to be proven wrong a
few lessons later. He thought it had passed when Hansol didn't give him anything the next lesson but
as it turned out, he was very wrong. "Read out the written piece that I gave you for homework,
please," Hansol requested as he moved around the table to sit next to Seungkwan. Seungkwan stared
at him for a moment, trying his hardest to figure out why they were sitting so close when it would
surely make more sense for him to listen to it from across the table. That way, he would be able to
listen for grammatical errors, rather than reading over his shoulder. But he began to read nonetheless.
"If I won the lottery, I would first go back to Jeju so that I could spend time with my family and old
school friends..." By the end of the first sentence, Hansol's fingers were toying with the button of his
jeans - toying but not yet popping it free from the hole - and Seungkwan could hardly keep his eyes
on the paper. They drifted towards him, as if to ask him what he was doing, but Hansol simply
flashed a smile to him in response.

"Keep going, and tell me if any of this makes you uncomfortable." At that point, he popped the
button and pulled Seungkwan free of his clothing. As nervous as it made him, Seungkwan tried his
hardest to continue reading. His eyes were burning holes in the paper and by the time, Hansol started
stroking him, his voice was already quaking. "... and I would make sure to take driving lessons so
that I wouldn't have to rely on my parents all the time..."

He never once expected his tutor to be the sort of guy who would take the fetish as a personal
challenge but damn, he was glad that he had done.

Chapter End Notes

I've written this four times and I still don't know how I feel about it so I'm just gonna
post this version \o/ Hopefully it's okay!! <3
Menophilia; a fetish for menstruation.

Despite the fact that he and Jeonghan had been together for five years already, Seungcheol still wasn't out to his mother.

It had been awkward when Jeonghan met her for the first time. Seungcheol had been preparing himself to come out all day via their monthly Skype call, but then she arrived at his house instead and immediately assumed that Jeonghan was just a very masculine girl. His hair was tied up in a bun at the time, and he was wearing Seungcheol's clothes, so it would have been easy enough to mistake him for a girlfriend who was just having a lazy day. After all, there wasn't any time for them to prepare for the visit, and it was quite common for girls to wear their boyfriend's oversized clothes. Seungcheol had gone to correct her but Jeonghan noticed his discomfort and instantly switched into his feminine mode. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said in the most polite voice that he could possibly manage, "If you give me five minutes, I'll make myself look more presentable. A lady has to look good in front of her future in-law."

So he made his way upstairs to get ready and came down with makeup and a more presentable wardrobe. He didn't really do that much drag in his spare time, but he did have some clothes from a party a few months beforehand. An actual drag queen had helped him to pick a dress that would flatter his figure and make him look more feminine without making it look as if he was overdressing for a simple nightclub event, so he figured that it was his best bet for looking the part. Once it was on, he fixed his hair so that it flowed around his shoulders, and then added a bit of eyeliner and lipstick that he found in his bedside table so that he would look unmistakably female. It felt strange to be looking at himself in drag but he figured that it was for the best that he put in some effort, seeing as he was meeting his boyfriend's mother for the first time. At that point, they had been together for three years already so it was sort of a big deal for him to finally meet her.

He went down to join Seungcheol and his mother as soon as he was ready, and was absolutely thrilled to see the love in his boyfriend's eyes when he saw him entering the room. Jeonghan had to admit that it was the only positive about that sort of thing; he wasn't all that fond of dressing up as a girl and didn't like being addressed as such, but it was worth it to see Seungcheol relaxing a lot more. They could have been together for years more and he would have done the exact same if it meant protecting his boyfriend. It was one thing having that conversation on Skype but doing it in person was a completely different story. It was risky, especially for a boy whose only parent was rather conservative and frequently voiced how the "gays were bad for the economy". Neither of them dared to ask what it meant, and so it would forever stay as a conspiracy, as far as they were concerned.

To start with, all she knew about Jeonghan was that he lived with Seungcheol. That much had been mentioned on a call once, although Seungcheol had always made an excuse as to why she couldn't see his "partner". "They're at work at the moment," Seungcheol would say some months and, "They're currently staying with their parents for the weekend," he would say other times. There was always an excuse and thankfully, his mother never really caught on to the fact that he had been putting it off for such a long time. At least, until this month when she decided that it was time to have
that official first meeting. She proceeded to ask all sorts of in-depth questions about Jeonghan's job, life, family, qualifications, hobbies, and everything else that she could think of on the spot. It was more like an interrogation, the couple silently agreed, although Seungcheol's mother hardly seemed to notice that the discussion was coming across that way.

Then she suddenly burst out with a particular comment that made both Seungcheol and Jeonghan cringe. "You seem too perfect, Jeonga, so what's your secret? You're not going to tell me that you can't have children now, are you?"

"Mother," Seungcheol hissed. For a moment, the room was completely silent. The tension was thick enough to cut with a knife and everyone appeared to be holding their breath. "That's incredibly rude. She can have children, actually, but what would have happened if she couldn't? How would you have felt if she said, 'Actually, I found out when I was a teenager that I can't have children'?"

Jeonghan noted how his boyfriend almost slipped up, but he was relieved to hear that he managed to maintain his composure enough to avoid the mistake. It meant that he could wedge himself into the conversation easier to reduce the tension.

"I don't think your mother meant it in a malicious way," Jeonghan announced as he gently touched his boyfriend's hand. "Yes, I can have children but we're not planning to start a family any time soon. After all, we aren't even married yet." Seungcheol's mother seemed relieved by the confirmation, although Seungcheol didn't seem half as comforted as Jeonghan would have liked.

"Well, I'm not going to complain if you do end up having children early, you know. I'm sure that I can turn the other way if my only son pokes a few holes in the condoms to get grandbaby number one on the way a bit quicker." Jeonghan didn't know whether he should laugh or not, so he waited for his future in-law to laugh first. After all, it was hard to tell whether she was making a joke or not, especially since she was supposed to be conservative about things.

"Oh, we'd have to do more than that," he said with a smile. "We're very safe with these sorts of things. Unless we decide to start a family together, it just won't be possible to have an accidental pregnancy." It was an attempt at hinting their situation to her so that she would be well prepared for when they didn't naturally have children, but he realised pretty quickly that he hadn't planned it out well when she replied.

"The pill? Are you sure that it's not going to stop you from having children in the future? You know, I read some articles about the effects of the contraceptive pill on later pregnancies."

"Mother, can we please change the topic of conversation now?"

"Actually," Jeonghan continued, choosing to ignore his boyfriend, "I'm on my period right now so I don't think it has damaged my fertility. That was why I was dressed like a slob earlier, actually - I'm not feeling great and I didn't want to wear anything constricting. You know how it is. But yes, there's no need to worry, Ms Choi. The bottom line is that we'll get you grandkids eventually."

She seemed sympathetic about that and made sure to point out that any daughters that he and Seungcheol had would probably suffer badly with that sort of thing, but the conversation was relatively short-lived when Seungcheol demanded a subject change. It didn't save them from the uncomfortable topics, though, and every time they would get past one, another would end up coming up. Whilst the rest of the day was, therefore, spent feeling awkward, the announcement that Jeonghan had a period persisted into the evening. It turned into a joke right away, with Seungcheol playfully mocking Jeonghan about the fact that he'd come up with something so personal to put her off the scent that his "flaw" was that he was male. Jeonghan was rather embarrassed over the fact that he'd announced something like that to his boyfriend's mother, but he also found the funny side in the situation. He couldn't help but laugh when Seungcheol brought it up, and he even proceeded to bring it up later on down the line when it had turned into an inside joke for them.

"Do you wanna go to the 7-Eleven and get me some watermelon soda?" he asked Seungcheol one evening. He made sure to give his sweetest puppy eyes in hopes that it would convince him to do it,
since he knew that his boyfriend was busy. Seungcheol looked up at him. For a minute, his expression was unreadable, but Jeonghan noted it as a sign of tiredness more than anything. He almost felt bad about asking him to run the errand for him, but he had committed to the request so he wasn't going to back out.
"Can it wait until I finish my paper?"
"That's fine but please hurry, baby. I'm on my period." Jeonghan cupped his stomach delicately, pulling his blanket tighter around his body as he gave an innocent smile. "You wouldn't want me to suffer when my uterus is shredding itself, would you?"

Seungcheol finished working on his paper then promptly went to get him the soda without further complaint. Even though they both knew that he didn't have periods or anything of the sort, he still treated it as if it was absolutely real. He picked up a few other snacks whilst he was there too - some melon ice cream and choco pies, for example - and then made his way back so that he could deliver the gifts. He gave Jeonghan the whole bag, only taking out the few pieces that he had bought for himself, and then proceeded to sit on the floor next to him, where he began stroking Jeonghan's stomach in slow circles. "Does it actually hurt?" he asked in an almost unrecognisably gentle voice, and Jeonghan couldn't help but smile.

"You know I don't really get periods, right? So it doesn't hurt or anything?"
"I know, but I still worry about you," Seungcheol replied. His cheeks were starting to turn pink, although he tried his best to calm it by avoiding eye contact. "You're on bottom all the time and I think that sometimes it might be a lot of stress on your body, especially when I'm rough on you. And I was rough on you last night so I thought... I thought maybe you were still hurting." Jeonghan guessed that it was probably more than that. He didn't know how to describe the feeling, but he had a sense that there was more to it. After all, he'd never seen Seungcheol looking so awkward in his life, not even when his mother was actually there with them. It felt as if he was hiding something, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what his boyfriend was hiding, so he decided to keep it to himself.

Then again, it didn't take long at all for the problem to become incredibly obvious. Another month was all it took - exactly twenty-eight days - and then Seungcheol was on it again.

"I got you some ice cream whilst I was at the store," he announced as he passed the tub over. Jeonghan hesitated with his reply, not quite knowing whether he should question it or not. It was just so random for Seungcheol to get him that sort of gift, so he was left feeling as if something was wrong. Perhaps he had forgotten about an event that they were supposed to be going to that evening, or his mother was due to arrive. But Seungcheol answered the question of what the problem was before his boyfriend could find the words to question it, and Jeonghan's heart instantly skipped a beat. "You know, for your period."

He was incredibly delicate with Jeonghan around the point in time, although he tried his hardest to act as if he was acting how he normally would. It was subtle at times, but Jeonghan knew what he was looking for so it was easier to catch on to the way that his boyfriend was treating him as if the period was real. And as time went on, it only developed further. He found that Seungcheol had marked down a "period week" in his phone's calendar and that he had heat pads in the house at all times. He tried his hardest to be sneaky about it, but it proved to be difficult as Jeonghan managed to find pretty much everything that he had been stashing away in preparation for the "period week".

Saying that, he chose not to make a big deal out of it for the most part. Seungcheol seemed to be pretty embarrassed about it all whenever he thought he had been caught smuggling something new into the house, and he was admittedly starting to withdraw into himself much more than Jeonghan would have ever wanted. They had been together for three years and he had never once seen his boyfriend acting like that, so the last thing he wanted to do was aggravate it further until Seungcheol completely separated himself from the world. It proved to be incredibly difficult for him to ignore it at
times, especially when he knew that Seungcheol knew he had noticed, but it was something that he simply had to do. He turned a blind eye to it, he supposed, even when Seungcheol made a huge deal out of a period that Jeonghan didn't even have in the first place.

Eventually, though, he ended up getting to the point where he couldn't hide it any longer. He couldn't bring himself to ignore the fact that Seungcheol was acting as if the period was something of truth for much longer, and so he finally brought it up one day. They were sat on the sofa together, watching a film, when he decided that it was time to bring it up. It was the best time, seeing as they were both relaxed, but also the worst time for the same reason. That only made Jeonghan more nervous, admittedly, but it was something that had to be done. "Seungcheol?" he called out quietly, his voice almost failing him in the process. "There's something I'd like to talk to you about." His boyfriend turned towards him, although he stayed quiet. His eyes wandered over Jeonghan's face, as if trying to figure out what he would want to discuss.

So Jeonghan got started. "I'd actually like to discuss the period thing, if that's okay." Seungcheol's entire body tensed up and his breath hitched. He was like a rabbit in headlights, and he obviously didn't know what he could possibly say in response. It was clear that he wanted to flee, even though he physically couldn't do that, and it hurt Jeonghan's heart to see that sort of reaction. It suggested a lack of trust, as far as he was concerned. "I'm not here to make you feel bad about it. I'm just wondering about it really. Is it something that you really enjoy playing out?" There was nothing for a moment. Jeonghan waited patiently, choosing not to move on until his boyfriend eventually gave a tiny nod in response. "And is it something that sexually arouses you? I've noticed that we have sex almost every night around the same time every month, but you always make sure not to be too rough with me."

The embarrassment showed that he had hit the nail on the head. Seungcheol shied away - another thing that Jeonghan had never really seen from his boyfriend before - and tucked his head against his chest protectively. His head was facing the other way completely, and Jeonghan could already see that his ears were going scarlet. He felt bad right away, figuring that it was probably pushing things too far by mentioning the arousal, so he made sure to hug the side of Seungcheol that he could reach as he leaned in close to his ear. "Hey, don't be embarrassed. We all have those little things that get us going and even though I'm surprised that this developed from an inside joke into something more intense, I'm not bothered by it. Besides, you have to deal with my biting and choking kinks all the time, so a little bit of period play for one week a month isn't a big deal."

He punctuated it by kissing the back of Seungcheol's neck and slowly running a hand from his shoulder down his chest. "I want you to let me run this for you and make it feel authentic, okay? I'll track it on my calendar instead of you tracking it, and I'll research how these things work so that you get a realistic experience without the mess. If you want to stop at any point, just let me know and I'll stop it until you ask me to do it again." Seungcheol seemed to be a lot more relaxed once he knew that he wasn't being judged, and Jeonghan was thrilled to see his thankful smile as he dared a glance up towards his boyfriend.

Strangely, the fetish was still going strong two years later. Jeonghan made sure to eat milky and sugary foods just before the week started so that he would be a bit more bloated and delicate, and he always made sure to let Seungcheol take over their relationship however he wanted around that time. He would allow Seungcheol to feel manly by carrying him around and rubbing his bloated stomach, and he didn't even complain when Seungcheol nervously asked if he could buy some sanitary pads to help with the role. Whilst they were certainly uncomfortable to wear, he didn't feel as if it was uncomfortable to incorporate it as an aspect of the fetish.

"Cheolie," he would call out when his boyfriend got back from work on the first official day of their week-long exchange, "I'm getting cramps; can you come and cuddle with me?" Seungcheol would
be straight into the room to cuddle Jeonghan, and it would almost always lead to gentle kisses as he slid a hand up his shirt to rub his boyfriend's stomach. The rubs would be slow and rhythmic, and Jeonghan loved how his boyfriend managed to be so gentle when he was clearly getting a bit worked up over the skin contact. Jeonghan would watch him for a while, taking note of how respectful he was being the entire time. And he would continue to stare until they finally made eye contact and he had the opportunity to pretend that it was his idea. "You know what else is good for cramps?" he would muse out loud, and Seungcheol would instantly know exactly what he meant.

He would carry Jeonghan through to their bedroom, figuring that the sofa probably wouldn't be the nicest place to have two grown adult men rolling around. They tried it once and Jeonghan ended up on the floor. Seungcheol refused to risk it again. Besides, the bed was much more comfortable because Jeonghan would've changed the sheets whilst his boyfriend was at work. The crisp freshness would have them both smiling as Jeonghan's back hit soft sheets and his body was engulfed by them. They would kiss and Jeonghan would go straight for the money; his hands would be on Seungcheol's belt in an instant and he would be wrestling to pull his trousers straight off his body. Seungcheol would allow him to do it before undressing him completely. He would start with his shirt, making sure to pay attention to his swollen stomach along the way, and would then remove his trousers and boxers painfully slowly so that he could enjoy every second of the experience.

Considering how worked up he would get over it, it was a huge surprise that he managed to stay composed enough to be gentle in the bedroom. Jeonghan always anticipated that he would be forceful and rough with his handling; that his fingers would piston into his body and leave him screaming. "It's an asshole, not a flower," he would say to Seungcheol at any other point in time. "If my pelvis can withstand having a ten-inch long vibrator stuffed inside of it, it can withstand three inches of fingers ramming into it." Seungcheol would always do as he was told when he was given that reminder, making sure to make his boyfriend scream as much as possible, but it certainly seemed as if the period rules were different to the regular rules. No matter how worked up he got over it, Jeonghan found that he was always very in tune with his body and knew just how to touch him to make him feel amazing without being too rough with him.

Then there was the way that he would use his mouth around that time of the month. "Aren't you worried about blood?" Jeonghan would tease as his boyfriend's lips travelled up his thighs. There was none there, obviously, but it made the fantasy seem that little bit more real for him personally. Seungcheol would hesitate for a moment before giving his verdict - "You always orgasm harder from oral, and orgasms are good for relieving cramps. Besides, the best men aren't afraid to get messy to please their love." He would get straight to work and Jeonghan would be in heaven. His eyes would flicker shut, allowing him to enjoy the sensation of being touched, and he wouldn't be the slightest bit afraid to be vocal in order to show how much he appreciated it. In fact, the more vocal he was, the more effort Seungcheol put in to bring him to a sweet, selfish climax that - just as his boyfriend pointed out - would leave his body trembling with pleasure.

The best part, though - as if that wasn't enough - was that it gave them the chance to do the things that they didn't usually do outside of that week. Shared baths, cuddling with Jeonghan laid on his boyfriend's chest, curling up on the sofa together with mugs of coffee. They were the simple things, but Jeonghan absolutely loved them. It brought them closer together, as a sort of bonding experience, and genuinely made the passion between them more intense. In particular, it ensured that their relationship didn't become worn-out after so many years together, and there was still something to keep the spark alive between them.

As much as the fetish had come as a surprise, it certainly wasn't unwelcome. In fact, it was probably one of the tamest lifestyle kinks that Jeonghan had ever taken part in, and it was clear that it made Seungcheol happy, which was the most important thing.
Okay, this was a bit of an awkward one to write but I've been considering something soft and cute for them for a while so here it is!! Thank you for reading!! <3
Claustrophilia - Jisoo

Chapter Notes

Claustrophilia; arousal from being in enclosed spaces.

What was the last fetish that Hong Jisoo - a boy whose breath was sucked straight out of his body as soon as he felt any sense of being enclosed - thought he would have?

That's right - claustrophilia.

It was difficult to explain. Incredibly, incredibly difficult to explain. He had tried to be open about it, especially around his closest friends, but he could never find the words to explain it in a way that would do it justice. He just simply couldn't get off unless he was in a tight space. It was something that he even struggled to rationalise in his own mind, since there was no real reason why he should feel that sort of excitement from something that made him anxious, but he couldn't get enough of it. There was something new about it; something that he hadn't ever experienced from anything else in his life. Sure, he had experienced kinks before, just as any other grown adult would do. He got incredibly turned on when he was spanked during sex, and he loved the thought of being used by a group of people all at once. But there was a difference with this. It was a fetish, not a kink. He struggled to get off without at least a little bit of restriction, be it someone larger than him restricting his movement with their body, or the restriction of a closed cupboard door with Jisoo inside.

He had tested it out, and it was definitely that. First of all, he tried choking himself whilst masturbating. Slender fingers wrapped tightly around his throat as he did what he had to do. Squeezing forcefully as he gripped himself and gave long, rough strokes. Never enough to make him pass out, but always enough to make him groan. Within minutes, his hands would be trembling and it would be near enough impossible to hold his climax back. He had to admit, he did like being choked, but it wasn't quite the same as being in a tight space. Nevertheless, he tried again with the belt of a bathrobe. He tied it around his neck with the knot directly over his cervical vertebrae - again, tight enough to get him going but not enough to make him feel as if he couldn't breathe at all - and proceeded to stroke himself with rhythmic pumps and the occasional squeeze to a place just south of the main target of his attention. Again, it wasn't quite how he imagined it would be. Perhaps he was too gentle on himself but a bathrobe belt wasn't quite enough to do the job either. There was only so tight that he could make it and he had to admit, it did make him nervous to do that sort of thing in case someone walked in without knocking and misinterpreted the image completely.

So he employed the help of his best friend, Jeonghan. It made for an uncomfortable conversation - "I know this sounds weird, but could you... uh... could you choke me out as I touch myself? I'm trying to see if I'm into it but it's different when you do it to yourself," he said, earning a bewildered stare in response - but he got what he wanted either way. Sure, it was weird to have Jeonghan leaning over him with his eyes squeezed tightly shut and his hand wrapped tightly around his throat, but it made for a great orgasm, even though it was rather uncomfortable for him to realise halfway through that it still wasn't quite hitting the mark. Of course, he still thanked Jeonghan for his help and informed his best friend that it felt great to actually do something like that, but he made sure to avoid telling him about the fact that his quest to have the ultimate fetish-fueled climax was still on the way. Jeonghan was quick to scurry away and Jisoo couldn't really blame him; there was a difference between helping a guy out and helping him out and that experience was edging dangerously close to the latter.
He continued searching, in hopes that he would find out exactly what his trigger was. The signs were pointing towards claustrophilia but he didn't want to admit it; it just didn't feel right. In a desperate attempt to avoid facing the fact that his fetish was related to enclosed space, Jisoo decided to try one more time with the choking and restriction. He asked Seungcheol for his help this time - although they weren't quite as close with each other as they both were with Jeonghan, they still understood each other and got along well. Jisoo was also confident that Seungcheol wouldn't make things weird; he was good at keeping calm and collected, and was especially good at following instructions without being weirded out by them. So Jisoo asked the group's leader to hold him tightly from behind with one arm and choke him with the other hand. He had to be rough, he instructed, and so Seungcheol got on with it right away. One arm around his waist, pressing their bodies together and almost lifting Jisoo's feet off the floor, whilst the other hand pressed on either side of his cervical vertebrae, restricting his blood flow but not his oxygen.

Again, Jisoo touched himself and tried his hardest to tune into the fetish. He knew that it was inside of him somewhere, but it was something that was incredibly difficult to tap into, he found. And the restriction wasn't really doing much to help him, if he was being completely honest. As with all of the other attempts he had made so far, it was enjoyable, but it just wasn't what he was looking for when it came to kinks. He was forced to admit defeat, as a result, and so he finally decided to give in and allow the true fetish to come out. The one that was linked to being in a very constricted environment, which played into his fears as much as it played into his kinks. He knew right away that there was no way to get around it, and so he finally just locked himself in a cupboard and got to work.

Apparently, it must have been the fear that got him going because as soon as he was in there and felt the tightness of the cupboard starting to engulf him, he also felt a slight tingling sensation between his thighs. It was a sensation that warned him of his upcoming arousal; it gave him plenty of time to figure out whether he was comfortable enough to go ahead, or whether he would need to diffuse the situation in order to spare himself embarrassment. Of course, it was the first option in this case. He could push the feelings of claustrophobia to the back of his mind as he popped his button with ease, tugged down his fly in jolted motions, and then eventually pulled himself free from his boxers. Jisoo let out a relieved sigh once his length met the muggy air of the cupboard. It wasn't ideal, but at least it relieved some of the growing pressure in the pit of his stomach. Not only in the sense that his body was informed that getting aroused was perfectly acceptable at that time, but also in the sense that even setting a little bit of himself free made the claustrophobia feel that little bit less intense. With shaky hands, he began to stroke himself slowly, teasing his underside with just the tips of his fingers before gripping near to the base and simply getting on with the main event. Rough stroking between clenched fingers and an unusually soft palm. His spare hand travelling down further until it found something else to grip with just as much enthusiasm as his first hand had done. Instead of rubbing with that hand, though, he opted to give slow squeezes, just to add a bit of variety to the mix.

That was the first time he really got into it. Of course, he had been in a tight space before and grew aroused from the feeling of suffocation that proved to be the greatest ally in his mission to find his ultimate kink - as was necessary for him to find out about his interest in the first place - but he had never really touched himself whilst he was in there. The thought of actually doing that sort of thing before he was absolutely, positively sure that it was claustrophilia was an unfavourable one; after all, he was hardly prepared to put himself in a position where he could feel the fear rising into his throat if it wasn't actually going to reap in any sort of reward for him. Not when it risked anything from an elevated heart rate to a full-blown panic attack, depending on the dimensions of the space and how anxious he was already feeling prior to his mission.

Needless to say, it became a common occurrence that he would end up in some cupboard or
wardrobe. Most often in his room, but sometimes in other places. The cleaning cupboard. The towel and bedding cupboard. Underneath his bed, so long as there was something trapping him inside of the space. Sometimes even the building's utility cupboard, which wasn't even a part of their actual dorm but rather, a communal area for all of the building's residents. Sometimes the risk of being caught in the tight spaces would arouse him, but other times he just wanted to get it over and done with so that his body could feel relaxed enough to sleep. It all depended on the day, the stress he was under, how he was feeling, and a number of other similar factors.

But damn, did he explore. It was easy enough to assume that he would be doing the same thing over and over again, especially when it was an easy orgasm for him, but it became his place to try out toys and different methods of masturbation too. It meant that he would still be able to climax if he concentrated on the sensation of restriction and the impact that it was having on his body, even if he wasn't all too fond of the techniques that he was trying. Interestingly, he found that it overruled his reservations about toys right away, leaving him without any concern that it wasn't for him whatsoever.

It meant that he could try putting his fingers into new places, pushing them until his body tried to greedily swallow his knuckles whole, too. He could wriggle them without any pain at all; rather, his body was aching for more and more, begging him to utilise the arousal that he was feeling from the tight feeling in his chest and stomach. So next time, he used a toy; one that resembled an organ of sorts. It was humiliating to have to buy something like that - to have to keep his head down and thrust it onto the counter whilst avoiding any eye contact with the cashier at all - but it was something that had to be done. With the packaging discretely dropped into a bin on the way home, wrapped tightly in three carrier bags, he made a beeline straight for his wardrobe and crammed himself inside, closing the door behind himself.

He could feel his heart rising up into his throat. It was probably the most uncomfortable things that he could have spent his money on that month, but he was sat with his knees tucked in close to his chest and that in his hand. So he figured that he would just get on with it. Give in to the fantasy. His eyes closed and he pretended that it was attached to another person. He used the suction cup at the base to stick it on the side of the wardrobe and then leaned in to suck the tip. The taste was notably a mix of silicone and powder, as if it had been freshly made and the manufacturer had been terrified that it would stick to his inner walls. Ridiculous, he thought. It was a bit overboard considering that he could taste it.

He continued sucking nonetheless, his fingers creeping up his chest so that he could touch himself. Two fingers found the bee-sting of a nipple on his chest and wrapped around it, plucking the silken skin. Jisoo groaned around the toy, taking it further into his mouth until the synthetic rouge tip tapped against the back of his throat a bit too hard. He gagged around it, almost coughing, then pulled away with force so that he could regain his composure. It was too late, though; he could taste the salt in the back of his throat, telling him that his body had been prepared to be sick. He grimaced and swallowed a few times, stimulating his saliva glands between each one so that he could get the taste out of his mouth, before deciding that enough was enough and he wanted to get onto the main event.

Admittedly, his body resisted to begin with. He had tried to do too much too fast without considering the limitations of his own body. The anxiety of being inside a tight space only made it worse. He couldn't relax enough to ease his body through the process, which only served to make him more frustrated and his body more resistant. So he ended up stroking himself as his fingers were enveloped by velvet heat. His hands moved in synchronisation, encouraging the other to work that little bit harder and help him to reach his goal that little bit quicker. Jisoo was impatient when it came to that sort of thing; he wasn't the sort to enjoy edging or teasing for this exact reason. Finally, though, it appeared that the only logical step up from touching himself like that was to try once more, and he was relieved to find that his body accepted the toy a lot more gracefully than it had done the first time
he tried it.

That was a relief. Jisoo felt as if a weight was lifted from his body as he took it to the base, positioning his pelvis so that it was a more comfortable fit. If he angled himself with the slightest of curves in his back, it upped the chance that it would glide over his sweet spot. It was right against his front wall - hardly a mission to find in itself, but difficult when there was no man attached to the toy. At least he had full control, though, he supposed. So he grasped one of the shelves on the other side of the wardrobe to steady himself, slowly shifted his weight forward, and then proceeded to impale himself in slow but rhythmic motions. All out, until the tip was just parting him slightly, and then right back down onto the toy until his ass cheeks touched wood.

His breath hitched when he took it to the base again. Not only was it difficult for him to breathe, but it was also difficult for him to focus. His body was beginning to panic - he could tell that much from the way that his stomach lurched and his chest started to grow tight - but he loved the way that it amplified the sensations that were pulsing through his body. He gripped that little bit tighter, trying his hardest to calm the shaking of his limbs and the ever-growing heaviness to his breath as he continued to push back against the toy. In perfect time, he gradually moved one of the hands down from the shelf to stroke himself, which resulted in his climax hitting a lot earlier than anticipated. Thankfully, it wasn't a particularly strong one, which spared his clean clothes the trip back into the washing machine. For a while, Jisoo just stood there, trying to adjust to the fact that he had been playing with himself like that inside a wardrobe, but he was forced to make himself decent and get out after a few minutes when he heard voices outside of his room. Whilst he could have stayed in there and pretended not to be home, there was always the risk that someone was going into his room to borrow some clothes. It would be hard enough to explain why he was in the wardrobe, nevermind why he had a toy in there with him.

Strangely, that wasn't the only occasion in which that happened. As time moved on, he began to explore more and more with a number of different toys, different stroking techniques, different styles. He tried nipple clamps, urethral probes, rings, plugs. He tried focusing on his tip, going as slowly as possible, milking himself. He tried making calls whilst he was in there, sending raunchy messages to the person who was holding his interest the most, incorporating an element of roleplay. The fetish opened the door for him to find different aspects of his sexuality; parts that he didn't know existed until he was in the moment and his body was begging him for something extra. It begged for something to fill the gaps or increase the pleasure, and Jisoo was hardly going to deny himself the treat of exploring healthy sexuality when he was given the opportunity to do so in a safe environment.

That was why it was so difficult to explain.

Try explaining that sort of thing to a group of boys, in a serious manner. Why did your friend find you inside your wardrobe, looking as if you were struggling to breathe? You've already mentioned that you have mild claustrophobia and it affects your breathing and heart rate when you're in an enclosed space. How come your friends found a multitude of sex toys underneath your bed? What were they being used for? Surely their sweet, innocent Jisoo wouldn't be ramming something that big inside of himself. And even without those questions, there's the fact that they're young boys. They know about masturbation and such, but it's not really a topic to bring up if you don't want to be joked about for the rest of your life.

There was no easy way to put it, but he had to get it out there. At least then, there would be a lower chance of them actually bothering him when they suspected that he was getting busy. He didn't want to have to explain the situation a hundred times to each individual person, so he figured that bringing it up when they were relaxed and enjoying an evening together was the way forward.
He waited until a night after a show to mention it. They were all gathered with drinks and snacks, discussing random aspects of life when the topics of conversation gradually started to drift towards ones that were more adult-themed. It began with Junhui making an off-handed comment about how the showers were going to be full that evening, seeing as they were not only going to have to wash but also destress, and so the conversation continued to run in that direction. Mingyu made a comment about how it didn't even matter that they shared showers anymore, seeing as they knew what both people were doing and not to look, and Jihoon snorted that he couldn't see how they would have the energy to do that sort of thing.

"It's not as if we've been exerting our energy for the past four hours straight," he pointed out. "We're eating and drinking now. That's energy," Wonwoo replied without bothering to look up from the can in his hand.

"Exactly," Junhui added, "And let's be honest, who here is gonna be doing that in the shower tonight?"

A show of hands. Pretty much everyone, spare for Jihoon and Minghao. They stared at each other in silence for a moment before agreeing to shower together, just so that they didn't have to deal with everyone else in the group. That was the point where Jisoo figured it was best to interject with his own topic of conversation. "Weird question, but does anyone have any fetishes or kinks that help them to relax after the shows? Out of curiosity?" The looks he received were a mix of sheepish smiles and stares that seemingly asked as if he was being serious.

"Are you trying to suggest that you don't, in fact, have a fetish that you go to at the end of the day? Because I'm pretty sure that all functioning adults have that little something," Seokmin pointed out with the flash of a grin.

It was meant to be playful, but Jisoo couldn't help but flustered over it. He immediately blurted out what his fetish was to the group, leaving him with confused faces and expectant stares, and so he was forced to explain the ins and outs of his fetish. The fact that the fear of being in tight spaces was essentially cancelled out by - but also fueled - the arousal and he just liked to be in places that constricted him so that he could feel that mix of fear and arousal together. It didn't make sense to anyone else and he could see that on their faces, even though they tried to act as if they completely understood him, and so he ended up admitting defeat by telling them that he couldn't put it into words in a way that they would be able to fully appreciate what he was going through.

Thankfully, though, Seungcheol caught on to the fact that Jisoo was starting to feel humiliated over the confession, and he jumped in to change the topic slightly. It wasn't so much that it felt invalidating but rather, encouraged further discussion. "So what's everyone else's kink, then? I think mine is probably anal." There were a few murmurs around the group about how that didn't count as a kink and then more of the group started to reveal what got them going. Power imbalance. Bottoming to someone smaller than themselves. Food play. Roleplay. Admittedly, it really did help Jisoo to feel happier about it all, even though it hadn't all gone to plan.

After all, it was hard enough discussing that sort of thing, in hopes that he would be understood and wouldn't be walked in on constantly, but he guessed that if it was hard for him to explain it, it was always going to be hard for them to understand.
Chapter Notes

Omorashi: a fetish for bladder holding.

Urophilia referred to a fetish in which someone was attracted to the thought of urination, be it being peed on, peeing on another person, watching people urinate, or anything like that.

That didn't capture any aspect of Jihoon's fetish. The better word was probably "omorashi". Forced holding. He didn't like the thought of peeing at all - he had a little bit of a thing about body fluids, and he couldn't think of anything worse than the bacteria at the opening of someone's urethra touching his skin. He didn't like the thought that someone might let it touch his face or genitals, and the thought of someone peeing inside of him during sex was enough to make Jihoon feel absolutely vile. Likewise, he wasn't all too fond of the image of people peeing in public. He had heard that there was a lot of interest in it because of the public exposure aspect and vulnerability of it all but when he did try to watch that sort of thing to see if it did anything for him, he found that he was incredibly repulsed by the idea of catching someone peeing outside and so he couldn't get into it at all.

No, his fetish was based solely around that holding process. It wasn't a big deal once it was out of his body, but there was something in particular about keeping it inside that left Jihoon aroused. From what he'd heard, though, it was quite a common thing. At least to an extent. Perhaps not acting on it, but the actual process of needing to pee. Although there wasn't really much scientific evidence to explain it all - after all, how many people would openly admit that they became aroused when their bladder was full - there was a multitude of articles that explained it. Everything was within close quarters, you see. Urethra, clitoris, vagina for women. Urethra, penis, testicles, prostate in men. It meant that sometimes a full bladder pressed against parts that were more sensitive, and it meant that occasionally holding it would lead to a mindblowing orgasm.

And that had certainly been the case for Jihoon. He hated to admit it, but he had had a few occasions where there wasn't an available toilet nearby and he needed to touch himself. He had been desperate to get it over and done with and his hand and just drifted there, and he proceeded to stroke himself aggressively without fear that he would actually pee himself. After all, his body was prepared for orgasms so it was restricting his bladder in favour of ejaculation. And it was pretty uncommon that a person's bladder would give up and let go anyway when the focus was on ejaculation. That was detrimental to the fertilisation process. It was all just basic science.

That was why he wasn't all that concerned about it. He would have been concerned if he hadn't researched it as much as he did, but he had researched it and he knew exactly why it felt so good. It was a fetish based on human physiology, and that's why he wasn't all too afraid of playing with it a bit.

After all, he didn't act it out that much either. He knew the risks of constantly holding his pee until he felt as if he was bursting, and so he wasn't prepared to do it on a frequent basis. Sure, he sometimes watched videos of other people holding it to make himself feel better about it all - making sure not to watch until the point where they actually peed, unless he wasn't too convinced by their acting and needed that extra little something to prove that they had needed to pee - but it was primarily about finding the balance between watching something that didn't quite do it for him that much and risking
his health by playing it out excessively.

That was, until Seokmin arrived.

Jihoon hadn't ever really been in love. He wasn't all that fond of giving himself to another person or changing aspects of his personality over time to conform to the expectations of other people. But Seokmin had him intoxicated right away. The little pessimistic songwriter fell in love with the tall sunshine boy, and he couldn't help himself anymore. As much as he didn't want to change himself, he could see that he was switching around Seokmin and he couldn't even help himself. He could see how his pessimism left the other boy smiling and telling him that he needed to lighten up, and he always made sure to put in extra effort when he knew that Seokmin was dancing and singing to his songs. He was the leader of the small group that he was assigned, since his vocals were the strongest, and that made everything a thousand times more difficult for Jihoon.

What was worse was that the songs were to be released to Seokmin first. He was to sit with Jihoon in his little booth and listen to the tracks that he made, and he had to sing all of the parts that were scrawled messily on the sheet. He would dance with the rest of the group, but his vocals had to lead everyone, so he had to make sure that he could teach everyone how to make their voice conform to the music. Given their close range and the fact that they were in the booth until the early hours of the morning sometimes, it was only natural that they would eventually give in to desire and go on a handful of casual dates. Of course, they didn't call it that - instead, opting to call them "meetings" where they had coffee and flirted alongside working on their next performances - but they both knew what it was. That much was obvious when Seokmin finally leaned down to crush their lips together in a way that was far from gentle, as he told Jihoon that he wanted to make something of what they had.

It was a subtle relationship that they kept hidden in front of the rest of the group. A relatively classy relationship where they tried their hardest to stop anyone else from finding out about them. They refrained from getting too close to each other in front of everyone else, and they made sure that they didn't take things too far when they were alone either. That meant no staying at each other's houses, no sex, and absolutely no revealing the fetish.

Except Seokmin noticed, and he was hardly subtle about that. Perhaps Jihoon was a bit too obvious about it. Perhaps he was playing with it a little bit too much, or he was making his reaction to his full bladder too obvious. Whichever it was, Seokmin wasn't against messing with him over it. He would crack a joke as he cracked a smile, and Jihoon eventually caught on to exactly what he was getting at. It took him a while, but then eventually he questioned it and Seokmin confessed that he knew something was up. "I can see you squirming right now. You need to go to the bathroom. You've downed three litres of water and you haven't peed once. And you're only tiny, so you shouldn't be able to drink that much without going to the bathroom." Jihoon tried to deny it, but it was clear that Seokmin understood the implications right away. He pointed out that he could already tell when Jihoon was getting worked up - it was the same response to when they performed an intimate dance together - and he was having the same reaction to this.

That reaction was that his pelvis was positioned slightly forward, his back was arched slightly, and he was left unblinking. His right foot was wiggling, and his cheeks started to grow a little bit pink. It was obvious to Seokmin, who observed him a lot, and so Jihoon could hardly deny that sort of thing. Instead, he simply gave in to the humiliating fact that he was incredibly aroused by it, and waited for Seokmin to mock him over it.

Except he didn't mock him. He stared at him for a moment, trying to pick the sorts of words that would express his desires best of all, and then proceeded to give a little smile. "I want to try new things with you. I want to... see where we can take this." The little pause made Jihoon's stomach
lurch, but he was also curious to see what Seokmin meant by that. So he asked and Seokmin rejected his request to know more. "I'll show you when we get to it," he announced before giving his signature smile, and then he promptly got back to work. It was the end of the discussion and there was no way that Jihoon was going to get any more information out of him. Once Seokmin made his mind up, that was that and there was nothing else that Jihoon could do. He was forced to just finish what they had been working on before wishing him a good night and going home.

For the first few days, Jihoon was suspicious. He was on edge, trying his hardest to find out what Seokmin meant by his suggestion, but there appeared to be nothing so far. That only served to make him feel that little bit more conscious, although he didn't mention it to him. That was, until Seokmin finally came into the practice room one evening - one where they weren't even supposed to be working together - and then took a seat in the music booth with him. "Do you have a drawer that you can lock things in?" he asked without even greeting him. Jihoon's eyes dragged away from the computer screen for long enough to judge Seokmin's expression.

"I do. Why? Is there something that you want me to keep in there?"

That was when Seokmin whipped a chart out of his bag. A chart with a number of points. There were fifty-two points - one each for every week of the year - and each one had a task penned underneath in perfect handwriting. Jihoon studied it with precision, taking in all of the information that it was giving him. A different task for every single week, no two the same. Sometimes something simple, like going to the bathroom for the first time after regular practice sessions finished, and other times a little bit harder, like eating an entire watermelon for lunch and not going to the bathroom. Sometimes it involved tasks that ran overnight - which required Seokmin to stay over at his house so that he would be able to keep track of that sort of things - and other times, it would just last for a couple of hours at most.

The running theme, though, was that the majority of tasks were pretty damn sadistic.

They involved Jihoon being in crippling pain from holding his bladder and moving a lot. That was the nature as his job as a songwriter and choreographer. He couldn't afford to try to hold it back when he was putting all of his effort into dancing, but Seokmin was determined to make him lose it. Of course, he wasn't going to force him to hold it if he was going to end up in severe pain and wouldn't stop him from going to the bathroom if he needed to do that sort of thing, but it would simply earn him a huge cross on his chart. It would be drawn in red pen, Seokmin told him, and that red pen would be there to shame him for the rest of the year. On top of that, the rules were that he needed to inform Seokmin that he was going to do it the night before he actually chose to do it that week, if he didn't do it all week he would have to do it on Sunday with no exceptions, and he had to actually do as it said because otherwise, it wouldn't be playing fair.

So he could cheat, in theory, but it wouldn't make it half as fun for either of them. Jihoon had to say, it was really well thought-out. It was clear that Seokmin had really considered what was possible and what would gradually build him up, and he had even adjusted the amount of effort it would take according to their schedule. If they were due to have a comeback, he would have to do less, but he would have to make up for it in their off-season. It was just another way of making it fair and doable. Jihoon couldn't argue with that. He ended up accepting, primarily out of curiosity, and then laid it on his desk so that he could have a proper look whilst Seokmin went home. He was given one little kiss on the cheek and then they parted ways.

The challenge officially began the following week. It started with him not going to the toilet when he woke up and instead, holding it until he got to work. Not too much of a big deal, Jihoon decided. He did just that, finding that it left him squirming on the subway a little bit, but it was pretty easy to do that sort of thing when he knew that he would simply get into work and go to the bathroom right away. The relief from the slight discomfort went straight to his groin, although it wasn't enough to
make him properly aroused in the end. It was just a little bit; a tickle. He proudly told Seokmin when they were alone and earned a green tick for the first week. So far, so good.

The next few went similarly. Drink two litres of water at work before going to the bathroom. Done. Don't go to the bathroom for twelve hours. Done. Eat a water-based meal for both breakfast and lunch and hold it until the end of the workday. Done. Get through four litres in one day. Easy. But then it started to get tougher. One week was, "Teach a dance on a full bladder." That was probably the one that Jihoon was most bothered by, and it was relatively early on in the process. He informed Seokmin that he would be doing it and then completed the preparation task to get his bladder full before the session. To start with, it didn't affect him that much. Between his body not registering how much water it had taken in and the fact that they were going quite slowly, it proved to be easy enough.

Then they started picking up the pace by putting all of the parts of the dance together.

Jihoon could have died. He was trying his hardest to hold it in when he was moving, and he was certain that at some point he was going to end up letting out a little dribble. And then if he let out a dribble, he wouldn't be able to hold it back anymore. He tried his hardest to clamp the muscles around his urethra to stop it from coming out, but it was increasingly difficult as time went on. In fact, it was only made worse when one of the boys in the group pointed out that he looked as if he needed to go to the bathroom and Jihoon almost caved. His eyes flashed towards Seokmin, whose usual smile had been replaced by an uncharacteristically firm glare, and so Jihoon simply shook his head. "I don't need to have a comfort break. Now, back onto the dance."

He did need a comfort break. He could feel the urge to pee building up more and more, as if his bladder was being fed by a drip. He could feel it expanding - swelling inside of his body until it was pushing against the curve of his stomach. On top of that, he could occasionally feel a sensation of twitching or tingling in his nether regions. The tell-tale sign that he was enjoying it, despite how much his body was aching. Even when he made a conscious effort to ignore it, it was too obvious that it was there to push it to the back of his mind. There was no way to focus on the dance when every little jump or spin would leave him feeling the sloshing inside of his body, and he very quickly came to the realisation that trying to ignore his inevitable arousal would mean letting his muscles relax. That would be awful, he decided, and so it stayed as his primary focus.

His muscles somehow managed to keep holding on, despite every bit of his body telling him that he was going to end up letting go soon enough, and then they were finally at the end of the part where he was teaching the dance. He could sit down and let everyone try it out on their own a few times, pointing out here and there when someone made a mistake, whilst in the comfort of a chair. Only when they managed to get through the first half of the song with less than five cumulated mistakes did he let them go on their lunch break, and only at that point did Seokmin let him go to the bathroom. It was confirmed with a little nod and a smile, followed by a drawn tick in the air with his fingertip, and so Jihoon gave a relieved smile before accepting his success.

Jihoon sprinted. He couldn't help himself; having to wait any longer when the pressure was threatening to burst would have near enough killed him. As soon he was in the bathroom, he took the urinal that was furthest from the door and let it out. His spare hand pressed against the wall and his nails dug into the tiles. His eyes flickered closed as he completely let go. His body was super hypersensitive to the sensation of a dilated urethra, and the minute-long stimulation of the sensitive nerve endings that surrounded it. Whilst the pee certainly didn't do anything for him, the sensations were enough to switch the aching fullness with aching desire, and suddenly he was aware of the fact that he was completely stiff.

Embarrassing to say the least. He was thankful that there was no one else in the bathroom because
otherwise, it would have been even worse. Well, there was no one until Seokmin joined him. Apparently, he had been at the door shortly after Jihoon had arrived there but had decided to keep his distance as he watched. His fascination laid with the fact that Jihoon looked so satisfied, but that fascination only developed further when the shorter boy moved away from the urinal and was very clearly in the mood.

He pushed Jihoon into the cubicle with a force that he'd never seen from Seokmin before. "Can I?" he asked smoothly, and Jihoon couldn't bring himself to reject the request. And so Seokmin's hands were all over him. He was on his knees, not even caring about how filthy doing that sort of thing was. He gripped Jihoon hard, taking in the way that the smaller boy gasped in response, and then proceeded to stroke him hard and fast.

Jihoon couldn't help himself under those conditions. He was too aroused to care anymore. He began to thrust into the hand, using Seokmin as if he was a toy. Between Seokmin clenching his hand tight enough to make Jihoon groan and Jihoon slamming his hips against the hand, they were sure to get him near to the edge within minutes. Embarrassingly fast, Jihoon noted, but it was hardly as if either of them cared that much in the moment. What he did care about, though was that Seokmin opened his mouth and went to use that as well, which left Jihoon jolting back right away. "I just went to the bathroom and you're gonna stick your mouth on it?"

Seokmin stared at him in complete disbelief. "I've literally put my mouth on another person's asshole before. Do you think I care about a little bit of pee?" Silence. He playfully rolled his eyes and used his sleeve to wipe the tip for show, and then proceeded to take it straight into his mouth. And whilst Jihoon would have demanded him to stop doing that, he couldn't bring himself to do it when Seokmin's tongue felt so delicious against the sensitive flesh. It was the first time in a long time where someone had actually gone down on him, he noted, and so he didn't have the nerve to tell him not to do that. No, his hands moved to grip umber locks and pull him in closer. He could engulf the entire thing if he wanted, Jihoon noted; his mouth was big enough to take him to the base, and so that was exactly what he was going to do.

They matched grunts for groans for just a few minutes longer, then Jihoon promptly hit his climax. It came with more force than he was used to - perhaps a result of using his kink for more than just self-play - and so he was left with trembling thighs and weak knees. He pressed himself against the wall to keep his body upright, knowing full well that if he tried to stand on his own, he wouldn't be able to hold himself up for more than a few seconds. A quick glance down at Seokmin showed that he was playing with his prize, and he only swallowed it when he knew that Jihoon had seen what he was doing.

From that point on, it became a regular occurrence. Seokmin hadn't intended on taking things that far quickly, but he had figured that it was the perfect time to start using that sort of thing as a reward when Jihoon started reacting to it more. Every week, that would end up being their playtime. Ate a whole watermelon? Blowjob as a reward for holding it in. A twenty hours without peeing? Had to get through being stroked too, otherwise it didn't count. Full body massage on a full bladder? He needed a finger in his ass before he was allowed to go to the bathroom.

It was a tough game, but it certainly helped Jihoon to explore the little crevices of his fetish. For that, he was incredibly thankful to Seokmin, even if he did hold the power to destroy him.
Junhui wasn't really shy about the fact that he was into piercings and tattoos. In fact, he was confident enough in himself to be able to announce it to his partners right away, without even seeming nervous in the slightest. From what he had found, it was a lot easier to tell someone about fetishes when people were confident in themselves. If they were to go over and tell their partner that they had a fetish for watching them eat crisps, it could go one of two ways. Either they could say it quite awkwardly and make it into a bigger deal than it actually was, or they could go over and say something along the lines of, "You know, it really gets me going when I see you eating those for some reason. I love the way your lips wrap around them and suck them into your mouth. Show me again some time," it would probably sound a bit unusual but it wouldn't be uncomfortable.

Besides, Junhui was hardly into anything that weird. There were loads of people who were into it to some degree; they liked getting them or watching other people get them, or - like him - they loved seeing them on a partner. It was just something that people didn't really consider. If they thought that it was normal, they often didn't realise that there were signs of it being a fetish. But Junhui knew. He knew right away when he saw someone who fetishised them too, but he always made sure to keep it to himself. After all, it was safer for him to not tell them how they felt, and it was just nice for him to be able to watch other people experiencing similar things to what he experienced.

There was another aspect to his, though. He had a very specific preference in partners. He knew exactly what he liked, although he obviously wouldn't date someone solely based on their physical appearance. He liked boys who were shorter and built smaller than himself. He liked boys who were fashion-forward and pretty alternative. Most of all, he liked it the most when they had ears lined with piercings.

Seeing a boy who looked like that had him on his knees in an instant. He would do anything they wanted him to do with no questions asked at all. They could ask him to lie on the floor as they stamped on his head and he would do that right away. They could ask him to take them on the spot, right there in public, and Junhui's trousers would already be around his knees. He didn't know exactly what it was about that demographic that got him so hot, but he knew that he could get those boys if he wanted, so it was hardly a stretch for him to be fantasising about them. In fact, he certainly had got a few in the past, and his current target met all of the criteria too.

Xu Minghao. Absolutely stunning. He was a model; he walked around the place looking as if he was ready for Seoul Fashion Week, whether it was a day off or a business day. He would go to the gym in fashionable clothing, get changed whilst he was there, and then change back afterwards. There would be no evidence of the fact that he had worked out either; porcelain skin would still be untainted by sweat and his pale cheeks wouldn't even show the slightest hint of flush. He would do his thing - usually running on a treadmill for a while - and then he would leave, and it would be as if he wasn't there in the first place.

Junhui needed him from the moment he saw him, of course. Even if he didn't have six piercings per
ear and a nose ring, Junhui would have still wanted him. The piercings were just a bonus, and so was the infinity tattoo on his shoulder, which occasionally peeked out from underneath his shirt. So he planned his move; a desperate attempt to get Minghao to agree to sleep with him at least once. They didn't need to commit or anything. That could end up being a bit difficult if they were both riding on different waves. Minghao looked like the sort of man who didn't need another man, too, whilst Junhui looked like a lost child when he was on his own. It would make for people thinking that it was unbalanced - unequal - or that they simply didn't slot together. And seeing as Minghao was so determined to make people feel positively towards him, it just wasn't going to work if Junhui was to drag that opinion to the ground.

He tried his hardest to come up with a plan over the span of a few weeks. They were both regulars at the same places - on accident, of course - which meant that it would be easy enough to chat with him. But what would he even say? Would he go over to him and try to start a friendly conversation? Try to flirt? Maybe speak in Mandarin to him, seeing as he knew he was fluent? Perhaps he should just go in with the details of what he wanted, Junhui mused. A simple, "I think we should sleep together." It would be straight to the point and would let Minghao choose whether he wanted to accept it or not. But then again, it seemed forward and a little bit awkward to go to someone who was essentially a stranger to ask if he wanted to sleep with him. It could seem as if it was implying something that it wasn't, or it could come across as rude. And Junhui didn't want that. He wanted smooth and to the point.

In the end, he decided to use the time to speak in Mandarin to him. After all, they could say anything at all and the other people at the cafe would be unable to understand them. It would provide a safety net and would allow him to dip straight out if he made a mistake, which was great. So he made his way over, preparing himself for what he was about to say, and then stopped right in front of Minghao's table. To start with, he stood unnoticed, but then Minghao's eyes gradually dragged away from the newspaper in his hands to stare at him expectantly. "Can I help you?"

And all of his preparation went out of the window. His heart started pounding hard in his chest, and he stared in complete silence. He hadn't really expected Minghao to look so pretty up close, but he loved the fact that he did. It just made the decision seem even greater in his head. It would have been perfect, had it not been for the fact that all of Junhui's words left his head as soon as he was standing there. That in itself would have been okay, if not awkward, but then he tried his hardest to force something, anything, out of his mouth in an attempt to seem less weird. "I... your piercings are hot."

Damn it. What an idiot. He didn't know what to do with himself. He was thankful that it came out in Mandarin, rather than Korean, but he looked like even more of a fool because Minghao was staring at him in mixed horror and surprise whilst the people around them turned to stare. He wanted nothing more than to be swallowed up by the ground. "Oh, uh," Minghao started. His eyes slowly wandered down Junhui's body, as if he was judging every inch of him. Junhui could feel his skin crawling in response, but he tried his hardest not to move. "That's probably the first time anyone has greeted me with that but thank you, I guess."

"I'm so sorry," Junhui blurted out immediately. It came out as more of a shout than anything, and that only added to the humiliation. He should have shut up at that point. He should have kept his mouth sealed and left the place, only to never return. But he didn't, of course. "I want to sleep with you. Just once." Wen Junhui, please shut up. He was only making it worse by the second. How could he even recover from that? His best bet was to make a run for the door at that point, but his legs refused to move. No, they kept him on the spot. They made sure that he didn't even move an inch, out of fear that his knees would collapse. And that was the worst thing because it forced him to gaze upon Minghao's unimpressed expression. "Do you really think that that's appropriate to say to a stranger in a public? You don't know anything about me and I don't know anything about you either. I think it's poor judgement on your part to
assume that people want to sleep with you when your attitude is so poor."

Minghao absolutely ripped him a new asshole by going into the specific details as to why his comment was inappropriate. He did absolutely everything in his power to make Junhui feel humiliated, and he held back absolutely nothing at all. He wanted to make sure that he never did it again. And actually, it worked pretty damn well. Junhui was too scared to try it a second time. Instead, he cooped himself up inside his bedroom and masturbated to the thought of touching Minghao's piercings with his lips. He knew that it was just as creepy, but at least it was something that Minghao would never know. It was something that he could keep hidden and turn it into a fantasy of its own, seeing as he was never going to get any from him anymore.

Or, so he thought.

It was pretty weird. He hadn't expected Minghao to go over to him around a month or two later, in the same cafe that he had approached the fashion icon himself. And when Minghao did approach him, he was expecting to have another earful about how they kept making eye contact. He braced himself for it, only to find that Minghao pressed both of his hands to the table and leant on them. "I think I should apologise," he said quietly, "I think I was a bit harsh on you for calling you out in front of everyone. I could see that you said something that you didn't mean to say, and now I feel awful about it. I felt awful soon after you scurried away, actually. I don't know how many people could understand Mandarin, but I know that I probably humiliated you in front of at least a handful of people, which isn't appropriate at all."

Then he proposed that he make it up to Junhui by doing exactly what he had wanted to do in the first place. A quick one-time fling. Junhui had to admit it; it was the best thing he had ever heard. He felt as if he had hit the jackpot. It was the best feeling in the world to have Minghao telling him that he was attractive, and he didn't even care that he pointed out how they simply wouldn't work in a relationship so he would have to be sure that he could accept it just being an affair. Of course, Junhui didn't mind at all. He had already anticipated that and prepared for it well in advance. He knew that he was beautiful and so was Minghao, which would mean that they would be an incredibly attractive couple, but it was hard to be a good couple when certain aspects of their personalities didn't match.

So they ended up completely dropping their sense of decency by making their way over to the cafe's toilets. Hardly the most classy place to have an affair, but the most convenient. It meant that neither of them could turn up at the other's house and they didn't have to pay for a hotel, so it just made things that little bit easier. As soon as the stall was locked, Minghao kissed Junhui and pulled him closer to his chest. His hand slipped down his chest, grabbing for his crotch with a delicate hand. He gave a long squeeze, which was hard enough to make Junhui grunt, and then nipped at Junhui's lower lip. It was a playful move, admittedly, but it was one that came as a surprise nonetheless. Junhui almost let out a noise that would give them away, but he just about managed to mask it using a kiss.

The kiss itself was something that neither of them had really expected but both enjoyed. Junhui could taste the oats that Minghao had just been eating - they were mixed with a sweet syrup and were a little bit milky, but they didn't taste bad at all. In fact, the taste was something that he would forever associate with Minghao. It was a taste that he wouldn't usually have, personally, but one that seemed to fit perfectly with Minghao's personality and lifestyle. It was hard to describe, but he could see the connection. The best part was that he would gradually start to lose the taste, only to have Minghao's tongue swipe across his lip or tongue and bring the sweetness back into his mouth in an instant.

Minghao was certainly in control. Junhui knew that much. Once he had given Junhui enough time to enjoy the kiss, he redirected the kiss so that Junhui would gradually kiss across his cheek and towards his ear. The move was very calculated, suggesting that Minghao already knew about his
fetish, but Junhui figured that he would point it out in case. "Your piercings arouse me," he said, plain and simple. "I don't think anything else has aroused me so much in my entire life." Minghao gave a hum of acknowledgement.

"Then play with my piercings or something. I won't complain." The kisses were guided to his lobe, and Junhui allowed himself to give in to the desire right away.

Minghao's ears were incredibly sensitive to touch. Junhui found that out pretty damn quickly. As he wrapped his lips around the lobe, tracing his tongue around the lower two piercings, he noticed that Minghao had brought a hand up to his mouth to stop himself from making too much noise. So Junhui only tried harder. He gave gentle sucks and ran his tongue up and down the shell of Minghao's ear as he started to grind their hips together. He could feel that Minghao was already starting to get worked up, just as he had been, and he absolutely loved feeling the smaller boy against his body. His growing bulge was pressing into Junhui's pelvis, and he made sure that every single little touch was bringing their bodies together like crashing waves.

So Junhui continued. He tugged the piercings with his teeth and sucked at the skin and dipped his tongue in underneath each hoop. He nibbled all the way around Minghao's ear, taking note of the unusual pixie-like shape at the top, and then proceeded to move his kisses to the velvet skin behind Minghao's ear. That made him moan, much to Junhui's excitement. It gave him a sense of achievement and made him feel a lot better about bringing them both straight out of their boxers so that he could do what he needed to do. After all, it was easy enough for Minghao to say that they should do that if he didn't actually like him but felt guilty about calling him out. A quick round as an apology wasn't a big deal to a lot of people. But this showed that he wanted it just as much. He wanted to be touched, and Junhui absolutely loved that.

He wrapped his hand around both of them at the same time, bringing their hips together so that they not only had the friction of the hand but also the friction of each other. He gave a few long strokes, trying his hardest to make sure that they were both sufficiently stiff before they got started. Minghao's eyes were on him the entire time, since Junhui's lips had moved away from his ear briefly. They were judging him; begging that he just get on with it. He was as desperate as Junhui was; that much was obvious. That only served to make Junhui want to do it more, admittedly. He wanted to make sure that Minghao got to enjoy every second of the exchange, and that they would both be able to get something out of the fetish. Sure, he might have been the only one who was actually into that sort of thing, but it didn't mean that Minghao had to put up with anything. He could have easily enjoyed it just as much but simply not ended up feeling aroused as a result of it. And that was completely fine.

After a few minutes of stroking, Junhui moved a hand back to touch Minghao's ass. "You should turn around and I'll try to lubricate things as best as I can," he whispered. Minghao quickly shook his head and dug into a pocket, pulling out a small bottle of lubricant.

"I'm prepared, seeing as I knew I was going to ask you for this. You're not putting it in without lubricant - no way. Spit is gross and it doesn't even work." Junhui had to say, he was impressed. He had expected that Minghao would have decided to go over on the spot - a completely spontaneous apology - but now he was saying that he had planned it all out. And that was even hotter, as far as Junhui was concerned. He could imagine Minghao sitting on his own one night, trying his hardest to decide what he should do to apologise, only to come to the conclusion that they would have raunchy sex in a cafe toilet. The thought made him shiver with delight.

He slapped on a generous amount before turning Minghao around and pulling his trousers down to the point where they were just over the curve of his ass. Surprisingly, Minghao had a very small ass, but it suited his figure well. It didn't look flat or anything, just small. He loved that. Perhaps he would add that to his list of preferences now that he had seen it. But for now, he would push it to the back of his mind and slip straight inside of Minghao, whilst allowing his lips to find the piercings that he hadn't touched yet. Minghao let out a little noise when he felt the lips on his ear again, sucking
Junhui didn't hold back at all. There was no need - Minghao was pressed against a tiled wall, rather than the flimsy separator between stalls, and so no one would really notice what they were doing. He continued to toy with the piercings, taking note of the fact that it was going straight to his crotch every time his tongue wrapped around Minghao's ear. It only made him slam in that little bit harder, which was obviously doing wonders for his partner, who was fighting back every single noise that threatened to leave his throat by biting down on his own hand. But Junhui wanted to hear more of it. He needed to hear Minghao enjoying it, just to confirm it. Of course, he knew that he was enjoying what they were doing from the way that he reacted. And since he couldn't see his face, he needed every other sign that he could get.

So his lips moved over to Minghao's tattoo. He pulled his jacket down enough to be able to see it poking out, and then dipped in to claim his prize. He traced the outline with his tongue, pressed kisses to it, and then proceeded to bruise it with his mouth. Something dark purple and obvious for when Minghao went to the gym later that afternoon. It showed ownership; that Minghao had been tainted by another man. It stood out like a beacon against pale skin, and Junhui absolutely loved that. Of course, it wasn't as sensitive an area as his neck or ear, but it still left Minghao reacting. The grunts that left his throat were lewd. They showed Junhui that he was doing a great job and that Minghao was probably as close to the edge as he was.

Well, perhaps not quite as close. Between slamming into Minghao's body and taking full advantage of his fetish, Junhui had taken himself right to the edge. The last thing he wanted to do, though, was finish inside of Minghao. That would be crossing the line, he figured, especially since Minghao still had so many things that he usually did in a day. To cut that short would be unfair on him, especially since they hadn't agreed to that sort of thing. Instead, he pulled straight out and pushed on Minghao's shoulder until he was on his knees, facing Junhui.

To his surprise, Minghao grabbed for his hips and pulled them forward so that he could take Junhui into his mouth for the final few seconds. He furiously stroked himself in time with his sucks, making sure that they both benefited from it, but focused his attention primarily on how it was all making Junhui feel. And that feeling, for the matter, was incredible. It took only a minute or two longer for Junhui to finish in his mouth, and for Minghao to spit it into his hand so that he could use it to get himself to the edge. He finished shortly after, dribbling over his hand in a way that was simultaneously disgusting and arousing, and then he snatched up some paper to wipe his hand clean before making himself look decent again.

Although they made eye contact after that, they never once spoke again. Minghao did his thing and Junhui watched him from a distance. Their romance was never supposed to be, even if their affair was. And he had to deal with that without any complaint. It had been their agreement, after all, and he couldn't take it back once they had agreed on it solidly.

It was absolutely why he recommended that other people identify their fetishes and announce them to people without fear of what would happen. Sure, his situation with Minghao had landed him in big trouble when he blurted out what he wanted without considering his words, but it had ultimately resulted in good and had gotten him exactly where he wanted to be.

Chapter End Notes

So I know that Hao doesn't have that many piercings right now but I'd really like to see
him with a line of them. First and second lobe piercings, a tragus on the side opposite to his mole, a rook and maybe snug, a few helix piercings, and he would probably pull an orbital off really well too.

This is my dream, not gonna lie. We can hope!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Messy Fetishism - Soonyoung/Chan

Chapter Notes

Messy fetishism; a fetish for mess or dirt. This can take many forms - for example, food or mud - but any one person often experiences a pull towards one particular type.

Soonyoung's mess fetish was hardly a surprise to Chan. He had heard about it through rumours from his ex-boyfriends. Both of them had mentioned how they didn't think they would be into that sort of thing but had found it sexy in the end, and Chan was certain that they wouldn't lie about that sort of thing if they found it attractive. If it sounded as if they were trying to slander his name, he would be a bit wary about things, but it actually sounded more like Soonyoung had got them into the fetish too. Actually, scrap that. It was a complete understatement. When he spoke to them, they straight-out gushed about how amazing it was to sleep with Soonyoung when he was in a messy mood, and that was what told Chan that it was something to look forward to.

Funnily enough, Chan finding out about it was hardly a secret to Soonyoung. He was on good terms with his ex-boyfriends, after all - they had broken up because long-distance relationships were difficult for young couples to maintain during university, and they just happened to go separate ways afterwards - and so he knew that they would be honest about it. It was a big thing to him, so it was something he liked his boyfriends to know about before they even got started. That sort of thing really turned a lot of people off, especially those who were uncomfortable with the feeling of being dirty, so getting that out of the way first was essential. In fact, he was incredibly open about it. He would mention it to anyone who asked, and he wasn't even scared of talking about it with strangers. It meant that he was subject to receiving a variety of questions, though. Did it include actual dirt? Was it exclusive to food? What got him interested in that sort of thing? Was the food wasted, or did they eat it as they went along? Did it ruin his clothes? Wasn't ice cream enough to make him feel satisfied? Was there any chance that they could just watch him getting messy and stay clean in the background? And Soonyoung would always answer them, every last question. He wanted everyone to know where his fetish stood so that there would be no shock surprises. That was the plan, anyway.

Chan had to be different, though. So different that Soonyoung was caught completely off-guard and felt the tickle of vulnerability creeping over his skin right away. A boy who was a few years younger than him, fresh and baby-faced, who marched straight over to him and asked to see his fetish in action. A boy who Soonyoung knew, of course, but who surprised him nonetheless. They weren't in a relationship at the time, even though they had been flirting for weeks, so it just felt weird that the younger boy said it as it was without even asking if he would consider sleeping with a guy who he wasn't formally dating. A brave face, a deep breath, and then it came out.

"Show me how your mess fetish works."

Even when he thought back to that moment, Soonyoung shivered. He wasn't sure whether it was out of delight or intimidation, but the memories that followed were certainly fond ones. Memories of going to the nearest convenience stores - 7-Eleven, CU, GS25, Buy the Way and e-Mart - so that they could stockpile everything that they needed to make it a fun evening. Trying their hardest to
make sure that they would both enjoy the foods they chose - either one was allowed to veto any of
the choices for whatever reason, and the other would have to accept it. Their decisions were the law,
and they were both going to have to decide on things mutually if they wanted it to work out. After
gathering around eight bags of things, though, they hurried back to Soonyoung's place so that they
could get started.

Picture this: the bags were tossed to one side and all of the food items were laid out where they could
reach them. The wrapping was still on for the moment, but that was going to change within seconds.
Soonyoung was the first one to reach for a choco pie, figuring that it was a great place to introduce
Chan to the fetish, and then slowly moved it to the younger boy's mouth so that he could take a bite.
Chan hesitated for a moment, not really understanding what was expected of him, but he quickly
cought on after just a little bit of encouragement. The pie was dry, as he always remembered them
being, but the chocolate felt light in his mouth. Soonyoung stared at him as he chewed and
swallowed the mouthful, and then he bit half of the remaining piece before offering the final chunk to
Chan. That bit was eaten a little bit quicker than the first piece, which was obviously the plan as
Soonyoung immediately leaned forward to crush their lips together.

Any other kiss after eating would be perfectly fine, but the choco pie stuck to Chan's mouth. He
could taste it in Soonyoung's mouth too - the taste dominated his taste buds and the dry cake centre
was easily passed between their mouths as their tongues met. It felt a bit strange to be tasting it on
someone else's tongue, but at least it wasn't an odd flavour combination. They had picked up some
onion ring crips, after all, and Chan was certain that it was one thing that just wouldn't work well
with the chocolate flavour. The kiss was cut off after a minute or two, then another pie was
unwrapped. The wrapper was discarded to one side, and Chan anticipated it moving to his mouth
again. He watched, hoping that Soonyoung would take the first bite so that he had the chance to get
the taste of it out of his mouth for just a second, but the moment his eyes drifted away from
Soonyoung's hand and to his eyes, it seemed that he wasn't really going to get what he wanted.

Instead, the pie was crushed in one hand. Crushed until the cake inside crumbled and Soonyoung's
fingers were covered in a mix of chocolate and cream. Chan's heart skipped a beat. He hadn't really
worn the right clothes to get messy, he decided, and he wanted nothing less than to have his clothes
smeared with chocolate. He could see Soonyoung's hand moving towards him and he expected that
the hand would press against his chest or something, but he was pleasantly surprised to find that
Soonyoung's fingers instead moved towards his mouth. "Suck." That was the only thing he said, but
it was the only thing that Chan really needed. He took a finger into his mouth, sucking the food
straight off. In an attempt to tease Soonyoung, he also wrapped his tongue around the finger,
dragging it over the sensitive pads. As he continued to suck every last bit of food off the finger, he
tried his hardest to draw it into his mouth, but the only thing he succeeded in doing was getting more
of the crushed food smeared across his cheeks.

Soonyoung let out a groan as he felt Chan sucking the finger harder. He didn't say a word to stop
him, though; rather, he let him continue until Chan finally let go, then immediately moved the hand
to his own mouth so that he could suck one of the other fingers. Painfully slowly, and imitating
sucking it off as he took it into his mouth. He kept his hand still but chose to bob his head, letting the
digit slide in and out of his mouth as he did so. Eye contact was maintained with Chan the entire
time, as if he was trying to taunt him, and then he slowly pulled the finger out of his mouth with a
pop. "Take off your shirt for me, baby," he purred as he continued to stare Chan down, and Chan
had no choice but to pull his shirt over his head whilst trying his hardest to avoid getting stains on it.

He had to admit, he was intimidated. Soonyoung was giving him bedroom eyes but it was clear that
he was also up to mischief. He knew what he wanted, and he wasn't going to stop until Chan was
wrapped around his finger. That much was obvious from the way that he was acting, and it was only
confirmed when he pulled his own shirt off in one fluid motion before making his way over to the
younger boy. The remains from the pie were smeared on Chan's chest right away, and then he leaned in to crush their lips together. Chan had to admit that whilst he wouldn't usually be into the thought of wiping crushed food on his chest, it was strangely hot when Soonyoung did it. Perhaps it was something to do with the fact that he was so delicate with it, like how he would touch a lover during regular sex, or perhaps it was the way that he looked as if it wanted to eat Chan as he did it. Maybe even a mix of the two.

"Pick something and initiate it," Soonyoung breathed against his lips before the kiss was finished. He was already starting to get impatient, it seemed, and so Chan fumbled around as far as he could reach to find something that he wanted to use. The first thing he came across was a bottle and he knew what it was right away, but he wasn't quite sure whether he was ready to take it that far already. Seemingly, though, Soonyoung caught on to his hesitation and checked what he was doing, only to find that he had grabbed what he grabbed. He smirked into the kiss before pulling away completely. "You're worried about your clothes, aren't you? We'll just take them off this time, but I expect you to fully embrace the mess next time."

Even though it was probably the least sexy part of the entire experience, Chan could still sense Soonyoung's bedroom eyes the entire time as they were undressing. He knew that every inch of his body was being examined as he peeled his clothes off, and then he saw the slight widening of Soonyoung's eyes as soon as his boxers were tossed to one side. It appeared that he had anticipated something smaller, seeing as he was younger, having failed to remember that they were both adults and had both finished puberty by that time. It was a small win for Chan, though, since he hadn't really expected that sort of reaction. In fact, he even punctuated it by matching the response when Soonyoung's clothes were put to one side; although he had certainly been expecting what he saw when Soonyoung was naked in front of him, he tried his hardest to flatter his partner by acting as if he hadn't ever seen a person so delicious in his life.

And so he took the bottle of chocolate syrup - the one that he had spent ages considering, seeing as it was quite obviously imported and cost almost eight thousand won for a small bottle - and popped the cap. One hard squeeze and it was dribbling down Soonyoung's chest. A second and it was in his palm, dribbling down his wrist and off the sides of his hand. He moved in right away so that he could smear it on his skin, taking the extra time to suck it off his fingers whenever he thought that Soonyoung's stare was too intense, and then Soonyoung was his in an instant. His gaze was captured, as was his heart, and within a matter of minutes, he was completely stiff without even really needing to be touched. That arousal only developed further as Chan leaned forward to lick long stripes across Soonyoung's chest, leaving wet streaks behind in the process.

He was in control. Even when Soonyoung dribbled ice cream down his front, Chan was still completely in control. He could see that from the way that the elder boy hesitated before he did it, as if he was asking for permission. When he gave a slight nod in response, Soonyoung ran the ice cream bar down his body. He made sure to cover him with it in a way that was both artistic and sexual; it was done in a way that left cold stripes over the most sensitive areas of Chan's torso, like the calculated brush strokes of a paintbrush. His nipples, a particularly sensitive patch three ribs from the bottom on either side, his navel, and the strip just north of his groin. With every stroke, Chan couldn't help but shiver, but he strangely liked the change in temperature. Even more so when Soonyoung leaned down to lick either nipple.

He started moving down shortly afterwards, making his way towards Chan's crotch. It was already anticipating the contact that it would receive, and so it felt that little bit better when Soonyoung dribbled chocolate milkshake over him before starting to lick. It confirmed his suspicions and only made him want to feel it even more. Soonyoung didn't tease, thankfully. He hadn't emptied the carton just to watch him sitting in the mess. No, he made sure to lap every bit up. He started on Chan's thighs, sucking the thick milkshake off his thighs and swiping his tongue over the flesh with
ease. Then he began to move closer and closer until his lips were wrapped beautifully around the base. From there, he started to move up until he was swallowing Chan whole.

Chan loved every single second of it. He loved how skillful Soonyoung was with his mouth, as if he had taken note of all of the things that he enjoyed and made them show when he was with other men. He loved the soft grunts that he let out as he tapped the back of Soonyoung's throat, which ultimately showed off how greedy he was for trying to take it as deep as possible. He loved how he could run his hands through silky blond locks and pull his senior's head down until he found a rhythm that he liked. He particularly adored how he would have finished in Soonyoung's throat pretty damn quickly if it wasn't for the fact that stopped it early. To finish there would be to ruin the fun for the rest of the evening, and Chan wasn't quite ready to do that for the moment. He had other things that he needed to do instead, like bend Soonyoung over and have his way with him.

Unfortunately for him, though, that wasn't a part of Soonyoung's plan. He had other things he wanted to do instead. As much as Chan could say that he was completely in control, it wasn't quite the truth, as far as Soonyoung was concerned. He knew what he wanted and how he liked it, and it was up to Chan to make sure that he felt exactly how he wanted to feel. First, they needed to move on to the next bit of mess - Binch cookies. Another crumbly one; Soonyoung crushed it in his hand and licked it off, remaining eyes contact with Chan as he did so. Chan grabbed one too and crushed it up before pressing the chocolate and crumbs into Soonyoung's skin, and then the game was on right away.

Soonyoung mounted him with no difficulty at all. He was in Chan's lap with one knee on the floor to support himself and the other leg wrapped tightly around Chan's waist. He pressed their chests together as he began to grind down, and so they both ended up smeared with chocolate and biscuit. Chan could hear Soonyoung's breath starting to get heavier as they gazed into each other's eyes and mixed bodies, and he couldn't help but grab for whatever his hand could reach to continue creating mess. Another choco pie crushed against Soonyoung's mouth. A kiss shared between them, which resulted in more smeared cream. Another pie scratched into his skin using dirty nails. A glazed doughnut shared between them. Half of it crumbled between two bodies.

Strawberry milk poured into Soonyoung's mouth. Strawberry milk dribbling down his chin and pooling between them. Soonyoung gripping Chan's shoulders as he tried his hardest to impale himself. A custard-filled cake with only two bites taken out of it. Custard dribbling over fingertips. Custard fingers on Soonyoung's throat as Chan pushed him back to lie on the floor and began pouring into him mercilessly. A half-melted tub of ice cream was dribbled onto him to that it pooled on his heaving chest, and then Chan's chest pressed against it so that they were both covered.

Kisses started to travel as nails dug into flesh. Licking up the mess that was made and making sure that every little bit of sensitive skin felt worshipped. Soonyoung groaned as he arched his body up against Chan's figure. Chan pulled him closer so that chocolate sauce and artificial cream created a milky mess. He could already feel himself getting close to his finish - after all, they were so wrapped up in the passion of it all that it was only natural - but he needed to hold back. He needed to get Soonyoung there too. The fetish was his and not Chan's, for the time being, so it was only fair to get him there first. He continued to press those custard fingers into Soonyoung's neck and pressed down until his eyes were rolling back into his head. He was being loud, and Chan had a love-hate relationship with that.

He then moved a hand down to grip Soonyoung tightly, and then he proceeded to touch him with a roughness that he had never expected. Chan's hand was balled up into a fist and he was trying his hardest to cram the length through the tiny gap that was left when his fingers curled inwards. The squeeze left Soonyoung gasping for breath as he bucked his hips up hard against the touch. His response was almost primal in nature, Chan noted; he had lost control completely and was letting
loose in an attempt to reach his finish as quickly as possible. Chan noted how his stomach started to
tense, as if his body was pushing for that final burst, and then it all hit at once.

Soonyoung was a screamer when he finished. And he didn't just finish in a short burst, either; it was
as if he hadn't touched himself in weeks and now everything was flowing out to clear his system. His
thighs were sweating, his breath was heavy, and Chan's hand was absolutely covered in
Soonyoung's body fluids. So he did all he could do. He licked it straight off his hand, ignoring the
slightly unfavourable taste, and then proceeded to pound into him until he was finished. At that point,
his partner was an unresponsive mess, and he proceeded to lie there in complete silence with half-
lied eyes until Chan finished inside of him.

For a while, they stayed there in silence. Chan hadn't realised how worked up he had been, but he
had ended up struggling to breathe as he sat there. And it wouldn't calm down. It wasn't even as if he
was able to get it to calm after just a few seconds. The more he tried to calm himself down, the more
he noticed that he wasn't calm. The hair on the back of his head was soaked with sweat and a few
beads were trickling down the sides of his face. He became painfully aware of the fact that he wasn't
standing any time soon and if he looked down, he could see the skin above his heart pulsing in time
with the beats. On the contrary, though, at least he knew that he wasn't anywhere near as bad as
Soonyoung. He was quite simply a sweaty, sticky mess on the floor and would probably need to be
carried to the bathroom, Chan figured.

In fact, even though Soonyoung insisted that he was fine after around fifteen minutes, Chan still
carried him. They got straight into the shower so that they could wash off the remaining food - seeing
as it had been tainted by body fluids and couldn't really be eaten - and then they proceeded to wash
each other thoroughly to make sure that every inch of their bodies was clean again. It gave them
enough time to arrange aftercare too, which would include watching a film together and getting
something nutritious to eat, and so they eventually got out of the shower so that they could finish the
cleaning up and get ready to relax together.

Admittedly, Chan could see exactly what Soonyoung's ex-boyfriends meant. It seemed like the sort
of fetish that would be disgusting, but it turned out that it was a lot better than he expected. In fact, he
would go so far as to say that he would consider it a fetish of his own too. But he knew exactly what
it was that caused that sudden interest. It was Soonyoung, without a doubt. Not only was he
incredibly attractive and damn sexy in the bedroom as it was, but he knew how to make his fetish
seem like the most attractive thing in the world too. He knew how to entice men and encourage them
to play along with him, to the point where they felt as if they were leading him. That made them feel
that it was only natural to share the fetish.

Chan might have completely understood the psychology of it all, but it certainly didn't mean that he
was going to ignore the push to engage in that sort of thing again. No, he would be taking a number
of steps to engage in it again as soon as possible. The first would be asking Soonyoung on a date so
that they could potentially end up in a relationship. The second was building up his confidence so
that he could make it seem as sexy as Soonyoung made it. The third was being genuinely open about
it so that it was clear to everyone else how little there was to be ashamed over in that situation.

It was a great step into a new world.
Navel Fetishism - Wonwoo/Seungcheol

Chapter Notes

Navel Fetishism; a fetish involving observing, touching or ejaculating on navels.

"Wonwoo, do you have a problem?"
"I'm going to be honest; your navel really turns me on."

Jeon Wonwoo's heart was in his throat as he announced it. He could hear it beating in his ears and if he squeezed his fists that little bit tighter, he could feel it in his thumb too. It wasn't really something that he wanted to have to tell the group leader, but it was something that had to come out in the end. He was an honest man and when he was asked a question, he couldn't just lie to give an answer. No, it needed to be honest. That was why he ultimately said it out loud, despite his fears and reservations about that sort of thing.

Besides, it was true. Now, Wonwoo wasn't going to overstep boundaries - after all, Seungcheol was in a relationship with someone else at that point in time and he hated the thought of his actions causing a break-up - but he couldn't help himself. He couldn't help his feelings for the leader's body. Every time he tried to drag himself away, he found himself going back. Every time he tried to stop himself from looking, his body would ache with desperation and he would give in to the desire to gaze upon Seungcheol's bare torso. There was something about Seungcheol's navel that was very different from the navels of everyone else in the group. In fact, there were a few things. Wonwoo wasn't going to sit there and pretend that he hadn't noted all of the differences that made it the perfect navel, in his opinion. That would be lying again and as he said before, he wasn't going to lie about that sort of thing.

To start with, Seungcheol's navel was a lot deeper than the navels of the other boys in the group. Not so deep that it started looking creepy, but deep enough for Wonwoo to be able to put around an inch of his index finger inside of it quite comfortably. It was quite a soft navel, which meant that it probably wouldn't squeeze his finger too much if he slipped it inside and from what Wonwoo could see, the skin looked pretty velvety. Then there was the way that it was sat on his stomach. Seungcheol wasn't fat at all, but he had the tiniest bit of a pouch on his lower stomach. It wasn't completely flat and he did have a little bit of body fat all over; not heavily localised to any particular places on his body but also not spread so evenly that it was impossible to tell. It looked good on him, though. There were a few people in the group who suited that tiny bit of baby fat. Seungcheol, Soonyoung, Hansol, Seungkwan, and Chan. It gave some dimension to their bodies when they had that tiny bit of a pouch, and it was something that wasn't noticeable at all when they were wearing clothes.

Then there was the hair leading down south. Wonwoo wasn't all that fond of body hair, if he was being honest. Of course, it was his partner's right to choose whether they wanted to have body hair or not and he certainly wasn't going to shame anyone over that sort of thing, but it didn't mean that he didn't have a preference. Primarily, his preference was obvious from the appearance of his own body - he allowed his underarms and calves to stay natural, since it was too much effort to shave them constantly, but everything else was cleanly shaved as soon as he had the time to do it. On his partners, he couldn't say that he expected the same thing, but he did have a habit of maintaining longer relationships with those who at least groomed themselves properly. Not necessarily to the
extent that he groomed himself, obviously, but enough to make sure that their hair complimented their body and all. It was hard for him to describe without it coming across as controlling or patronising, but he knew exactly what he liked.

Seungcheol was actually an example of someone who didn't care for shaving. He shaved his face because he was asked to do so by their managers, but everything else stayed natural. Wonwoo knew that much from seeing him fresh out of the shower. He certainly kept things natural. Yet, he was still the sort of person who would try to make sure that he looked aesthetically pleasing at the same time. The hair around his pelvis was trimmed and wasn't allowed to spread across his thighs, and the hair around his navel really got Wonwoo going for some reason. There was a little triangle of hair above it and a thick strip below, and Wonwoo wanted nothing more than to drag his tongue over it. That sort of thing only made his navel stand out even more and that was exactly what Wonwoo liked to see.

And so there they were, alone together. They had been working out, even though Wonwoo hated doing more exercise than he needed to do. It was for pleasure more than anything, the other boys in the dorm told him, and it was also to make sure that they hit their weight goals for the next comeback. Of course, they didn't really need to do that, but it was supposed to make it so that they didn't need to worry about the extra pounds later on down the line. Wonwoo had reluctantly dragged himself along to the private room in the gym to work out with Seungcheol, and so they started with weightlifting. Smaller weights to start with, then gradually building up until they were pressing pretty large amounts. Seungcheol started to break a sweat; wet patches were appearing around the collar and underarms of his shirt, which went dark when it was damp. He didn't seem to notice, though. He just continued doing what he needed to do until he finally announced that his arms were hurting.

At that point, he moved on to the treadmill. It was simple enough; he hopped straight on, set a goal, and then proceeded to run on it at a consistent pace for a while. Wonwoo copied him, although his eyes kept drifting back towards Seungcheol's shirt. As time went on, it grew darker and darker until the spread of damp patches was a lot greater than the spread of dry patches. At that point, he let out a noise that made him sound pretty irritated and then promptly pulled his shirt over his head. It was tossed carelessly to one side but he kept running. And Wonwoo's eyes were on his body right away. He couldn't pull them away. His heart started pounding hard in his chest as he watched the group's leader jogging on the treadmill. He watched as his body twisted slightly to either side as he ran, and the way that he would occasionally get a glimpse of his navel. Then Seungcheol noticed him and it all went downhill.

"Wonwoo, do you have a problem?"
"I'm going to be honest; your navel really turns me on."

He should have just kept his mouth shut. It would have been easier on both of them. But then Seungcheol was stepping off the treadmill. He stared in complete silence, and Wonwoo felt his heart rising up into his throat as he stepped off his own. Not only because Seungcheol's expression was completely unreadable but also because he was panting heavily and it was drawing Wonwoo's eyes to his bare torso. His skin was also glistening slightly from the sweat, and it left Wonwoo mesmerised as he tried to drag his gaze back up towards Seungcheol's eyes.

"Do you need me to keep my shirt on or something?" Wonwoo shook his head slightly. "I'm not a creep. I know how to control myself around men, and I'm not going to do anything inappropriate to you. Besides, you're well within your rights to not wear a shirt around me and I can't do anything about it. I was just surprised." Seungcheol gave a hum of acknowledgement but continued to stare him down for a while longer, until Wonwoo almost caved under the pressure to reveal more information about the navel fetish. It wasn't as if Seungcheol actually asked about it, though, so he tried his hardest to keep his mouth shut until finally, the leader continued.
"You know I'm in a relationship, right? And I don't think that they would appreciate it if I was to touch you?"

Wonwoo took in a sharp breath. He hadn't even been considering asking Seungcheol to touch him. He didn't really want to impose himself on the relationship when he had no place to do that, and so he simply shook his head as quickly as he could before letting out a little sigh. "I don't want you to touch me," he announced, "It's hardly a secret that you're in a relationship, and I'm not that sort of man. I'm just not going to sit here and lie to you by pretending that nothing is wrong. Perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned anything at all, though. It would save us from this awkward conversation." Seungcheol went quiet again. It was apparent that he didn't really know what to say in response. After all, he hadn't really thought about how he would face a conversation like that. It was seemingly coming from out of the blue - he hadn't noticed Wonwoo's attraction to his navel before - and so he hadn't really had the chance to think about it.

"Does anyone else's navel to this to you?" Wonwoo shrugged. "Not in the group, but I'm sure that someone else will do that sort of thing in the future." "Right, okay." Long pause. "Okay, if you give me a few days to think this through, I'll see if I can do something for you. Don't get too excited about it because there's always the chance that I won't be able to do anything, but I'll try. And don't go expecting that I'll sleep with you or anything because I'm not ready to do that sort of thing with you." Wonwoo didn't really expect that sort of response, but he was hardly complaining about it. He actually quite liked the fact that Seungcheol was taking the lead, even though he had no obligation to do so. It was the sign of a true leader; someone who was trying his hardest to make sure that his group members felt happy and comfortable.

Wonwoo was actually pretty lucky. He didn't really think anything of it, but then Seungcheol came into his room one night after a few drinks and he knew it was going to kick off. Seungcheol took his shirt off right away and stood at the edge of the bed, and Wonwoo couldn't help but stare at his bare torso. "Alright, I've taken the time to get myself relaxed. I don't know how I feel about you touching it just yet, but I think I'd be okay if you touched yourself over it a little bit. I mean, I don't want to assume that you do that sort of thing but I figured that you probably touch yourself over guys' navels anyway, if that's the sort of thing that you're into. You know, I was really cons--" Wonwoo pressed a finger to Seungcheol's lips as he shifted his position to sit properly on the bed. He stared into Seungcheol's eyes, making sure to show that he was in the mood to continue with the exchange.

"You don't need to explain yourself. I'll just do exactly what you said. No touching, just looking. And I won't even leave a mark on you, either." So he started doing exactly what he said. Seungcheol just stayed there, leaning against the bedposts as Wonwoo did what he needed to do. As promised, Wonwoo didn't touch him once; his spare hand kept in contact with his bedsheets the entire time and he made sure to finish on his own hand, rather than aiming at Seungcheol's torso. It was just a matter of respect, if he was being honest, and that was why he refrained from getting too close at all. Seungcheol was gone within a few minutes and so Wonwoo was left thinking it over again as he let his mind start to wander.

Strangely enough, though, it became a common occurrence. Wonwoo had only intended on it happening once, but then Seungcheol just happened to come to his room once a week to let him offload. All he had to do was stand there and allow Wonwoo to do what he needed to do. Nothing more, nothing less. It was an easy task, and he seemed to enjoy just standing there chatting with Wonwoo whilst he did that. Within a couple of minutes, Wonwoo would finish and that would be that until the next week. Seungcheol's shirt would be straight back on and it would be as if he hadn't even been there in the first place.

But then things changed. He was on a break from his partner, Seungcheol said quietly one day. He seemed to be pretty upset about it, although he insisted that he was going to try to work things out.
They had bonded quite a lot over the course of the fetish's development, actually, so Wonwoo felt as if it was pretty natural for them to sit there and discuss that sort of thing together. Seungcheol knew that he wasn't going to judge the decisions that he made in his relationship, and Wonwoo was just happy to be able to chat with the group's leader so normally, just as he would with any other friend. In fact, he was even confident in giving advice; he knew the sorts of things that Seungcheol would usually tell others to do in that sort of situation, and he also knew that he wasn't the sort of person who would follow his own advice until someone else suggested it to him directly.

"Are you going to ask them to come back soon, or do you think you'll wait for a while?" Wonwoo finally asked when they were at the end of the discussion. They had come up with a plan for what needed to change in the relationship, but it was no use if Seungcheol wasn't willing to actually speak to his ex-partner again. Seungcheol shrugged, surprisingly. His hands were in his lap and his eyes were tracking the movement of his fingers.

"This is going to sound like it's coming out of the blue, but I think I'd like to experience a few other people first. You know, just so I know whether I want to spend the rest of my life with them or whether I should move on. They did really upset me, after all, and I'm not sure whether I want to have a relationship where my partner upsets me like that."

Wonwoo didn't really know what to say, so he kept quiet. His eyes wandered around, sometimes on Seungcheol and sometimes on the space around him. It was at that point that Seungcheol lifted his head again. Wonwoo could see the slightest flush on his cheeks. "I think I'd be okay if you wanted to touch my navel."

Well, it was certainly unexpected. Wonwoo would give him that much. He tried his hardest to argue that it would be weird and Seungcheol didn't have to feel obliged to do that sort of thing for him just because he was on a break, but Seungcheol insisted that he wanted to do that sort of thing for him. "I've been curious about it for a while," he admitted shamefully, "And I've just been unable to do that sort of thing until now, so I want to give you the chance to let it all out. As much as Wonwoo continued arguing against it, Seungcheol was insistent that he didn't mind. Of course, if Wonwoo didn't want to do that, he wasn't going to force him to do it, but he also wasn't planning to change his own mind about it and back out just because Wonwoo was insisting that it wasn't necessary to do that sort of thing.

Of course, it ultimately ended up happening. That was how those things always went. One person would insist because they felt bad about it, and then the second would insist that they weren't going to back down. Then curiosity would get the better of both of them, and they would end up tumbling into bed together.

It wasn't quite like the movies said it would be, if Wonwoo was completely honest with himself. They didn't actually have sex, after all; Seungcheol simply laid on his bed with his shirt on and let Wonwoo do what he needed to do. Wonwoo hesitated for a moment before slowly pulling his shirt up enough to reveal his navel, but then he instantly felt his hands starting to get clammy and he was left unsure whether he wanted to continue or not. It was uncomfortable enough that it was an instant reaction, but it was only made worse when he realised that Seungcheol was watching his every move as he did it. They made eye contact, and then he reached over to touch Wonwoo's cheek. "Do what you need to do and I'll be fine. I'm not here to judge you," he said quietly, and so they shared a smile.

Wonwoo was still anxious about continuing; after all, he wasn't really the most confident person when it came to his sexuality and whilst it was easy enough to touch himself whilst Seungcheol was stood near him, this was a completely different story. But he had already agreed to it and Seungcheol was expecting him to do it so, despite the fact that Wonwoo knew he could back out, he still felt that he was obliged to make it a good experience for both of them.
The first step was to make the initial bit of contact. He traced around it with a fingertip, then promptly ran his fingers through the hair just below it. It wasn't long enough to cover his fingers completely, of course, but he could still brush it either way and it would stay there. Unfortunately for Wonwoo, though, that was what did it for him more than anything. He could feel the hair between his fingers - the exception to his general feelings about body hair - and saw the way that Seungcheol's stomach tensed in response to the touches. His navel elongated and suddenly, Wonwoo couldn't help himself. He shifted his position to lie down next to the leader, then promptly leaned down so that he could drag his tongue up from Seungcheol's waistband up to his navel.

Seungcheol moaned and Wonwoo gripped himself through his trousers right away. The leader's body was arching up against his mouth, encouraging him to take it further. He licked a slow trail around Seungcheol's navel before dipping inside. Once there, he began to slowly circle the very tip of his tongue inside until Seungcheol's voice started to get louder. It was strange to see him getting so vocal over something so little, but Wonwoo liked it a lot. It suggested that he wasn't just being selfish about it all, and that really encouraged him to work that little bit harder.

He began to touch himself at the same time, starting out by rubbing himself through his jeans, but then gradually switching it so that he was out in the open. His skin felt hot to the touch and he was desperate to hit his release from the second that he started stroking himself properly. His mouth continued to play with the navel, though; sucking it up, licking inside, and generally giving teasing hints that he was going to go lower. In fact, it had him so worked up that Seungcheol would only need to say the word and he would be blowing him. As much as he wouldn't have considered it when the leader first suggested that they make something of the experience, it was something that very quickly changed in his mind. He wanted to feel Seungcheol against his mouth more and more.

Of course, Seungcheol didn't ask him to do that. He was enjoying the licks and kisses on his navel too much to drag the attention away from that. He even pointed it out as they were going; Wonwoo considered moving back to using his finger, but then the leader mumbled something about feeling aroused from having a tongue inside of him. It felt lewd, he said, and it was touching places inside of him that were getting him a little bit stiff. And that ultimately confirmed that he wasn't going to ruin the moment by switching things. It doubled his efforts instead, though, and left Seungcheol whimpering uncharacteristically that he wanted Wonwoo to ejaculate on him.

As weird as it felt to be doing that sort of thing, Wonwoo was in no place to deny him that. He crawled closer so that he was hovering over Seungcheol's legs, and then proceeded to stroke himself until he was right at the edge. The shot was aimed over Seungcheol's navel so that the majority of it went inside the hole and the rest was left dribbling down his sides.

They sat there for a while with neither boy moving. Seungcheol was clearly embarrassed about the fact that they had gone so far and Wonwoo was suddenly left feeling as if he had done something terribly wrong. He had let his feelings get in the way of everything, and now he had messed around with someone who was technically still in a relationship with someone else. He couldn't believe that he had let his own morals drop for a few minutes of intense pleasure, and he swore that it was going to be the last time between them. Of course, he wasn't going to tell Seungcheol that, though. He would simply thank him for helping out with that and would insist that he go to his partner to make up with them.

Except, he didn't. Seungcheol was back the following week with the news that he had cut off the relationship. He didn't want to be with Wonwoo either, of course - their relationship was purely physical - but rather, he wanted to be free to do that sort of thing without feeling tied down. He wanted to be able to explore his sexuality to find things that he liked, and he wanted more than anything to figure that all out with people like Wonwoo, who were open to discussing sexuality.
And so it continued.
Sounding; Hansol/Seungkwan

Chapter Notes

Sounding; a fetish for inserting objects - often medical probes - into the urethra.

The one thing that Seungkwan really didn't like about Hansol was that he really struggled to talk about feelings in any way, shape or form.

It wasn't even an exaggeration, and that much was humiliating for Hansol. He didn't really think it was that bad, but then it started to get worse. Which would have been fine if they were friends or something, but it was awkward when they were in a relationship. For example, going out to eat was an impossible task. It was something that seemed to be easy enough for any other couple, but Hansol just couldn't handle it. He wouldn't be able to make up his mind on what he would like to eat and so Seungkwan would have to pick something off the menu for him. It was infuriating and Hansol could tell that much, but he tried his hardest to avoid telling him about it. He always looked at him with kind eyes, even though he was the biggest pain in the ass around, and he seemed to understand that he clammed up as soon as he was under pressure.

Even so, the one thing that they both agreed that they should keep private was their sex life. It was something that Hansol couldn't get someone else involved in when they weren't a part of the relationship in the first place. They wouldn't be able to ask Seungkwan to try new things with him, and the last thing that Seungkwan would appreciate was if Hansol told someone else about the things he wanted to do in bed without telling him directly. Even if it was just to get a little bit of advice on how to put it, he would have much preferred it if Hansol just came out with it instead. And Hansol absolutely agreed. He really did. So it shouldn't have been difficult for him to do that sort of thing.

He knew that he wasn't going to be judged for it. Seungkwan was a really nice boy and that was why they were in a relationship in the first place. They had met in a grocery store, after all, and that was hardly the ideal place to find a romantic partner. Who did that? The boy who was too anxious to talk to the scary cashier.

Seungkwan had been ahead of him and paid for his own shopping, only to realise that Hansol was mumbling something nervously to himself in the queue. He was quick to catch on to the fact that Hansol was going to struggle, and so he lied to the cashier about how "his friend had selective mutism and couldn't answer their questions" so he was going to help him with it. Of course, they managed to get through a lot quicker and the cashier only offered up friendly conversation with him instead of actually asking any questions - instead, those were redirected towards Seungkwan, who pretended to know everything about Hansol and what he was going to do for the rest of the day. After they got out of the store, they ended up arranging for a date. It was spontaneous and Hansol hadn't really considered that the kind stranger from the store would find him cute, but he agreed right away and they ended up becoming official just weeks later.

That was why he shouldn't have been surprised about it all. He knew that Seungkwan was open about things and that he was happy to talk about all aspects of sexuality with him. He didn't really care whether Hansol was into just missionary in the bedroom, or whether he wanted a huge sex dungeon in the basement of their first house. As a note, Hansol didn't really want a dungeon but if the option was there, it would typically mean that Seungkwan was okay with much tamer things.
Much like his own kink, which wasn't quite as extreme as a dungeon. No, it was something that only affected him and didn't involve a lot of equipment. In fact, all he needed was a stainless steel urethral probe and he was good to go.

It sounded ridiculous when he thought about it, actually. Too scared to tell his boyfriend that he wanted a steel tube to be inserted into his pee pipe. It wasn't even that weird, he told himself. There were a lot of nerve endings there and besides, it was an area that was directly linked to sex. It was the place that was directly involved in insemination and ejaculation, and it was something that was always there. On top of that, there were links between the bladder, urethra and arousal anyway, which further showed that it wasn't that much of a big deal. Even so, Hansol found that whenever he thought he had enough confidence to do what he needed to do, it wasn't actually possible for him to get the words out. He would stutter or forget to speak. Seungkwan would try to look calm and collected through his questioning look but he wasn't very good at keeping his facial expressions looking good. He would always have a twinge of something - usually sass - behind every expression and Hansol was a lot more sensitive to that sort of thing when he was nervous.

In the end, though, it was something that had to come out into the open. It was the reality of having a kink like that. If he didn't say it out loud, he was going to get caught engaging in that sort of thing. It was always something that would end up occurring in a long-term relationship. One person could be as careful as they liked, but it didn't necessarily mean that they were safe. And that was exactly what happened between them. Hansol had been trying to tell his boyfriend about his fetish for so long that he eventually just gave up and got himself a toy. There was only so much that watching videos could do for him and he knew that if he didn't get himself something to be able to try it out, he would end up using whatever he could find around the house. He would use the toy on his own so that he didn't need to concern himself with how much it would bother Seungkwan to know something so ridiculous, and it would live in a secret box underneath his bed where his boyfriend wouldn't find it.

It was fine until Seungkwan decided that he would come home early one day after a long week of back-on-back shifts. It was something that Hansol hadn't expected, especially since his boyfriend closed the door so quietly that he didn't hear him. And at that point, Hansol was incredibly vocal. Louder than he had ever really been in the bedroom. A side effect of being a quiet, anxious boy was that he was typically very gentle as he mewled into his boyfriend's ear, but this was showing a completely different side to him. This time, his chest was heaving and he was moaning out loud. He sounded like a cat in heat and he knew that, but there was no one around to hear him - or so he thought - so it was supposed to be okay. At that point in time, his pleasure was the only thing that mattered.

Seungkwan had thought that he was having an affair, apparently. He was incredibly upset and thought that another man was making him respond like that. After all, it wasn't something that usually happened when a person was masturbating. Perhaps that was the reason why Hansol was so quiet when they were in bed together - he was seeing someone else who could make him feel better. So he had gone to investigate. He stayed quiet as he made his way through to the bedroom and then flung the door open as quickly as he could, only to find his boyfriend completely naked on the bed. His knee had shot up to maintain some modesty and he screamed louder than Seungkwan had ever heard him scream before. It was shrill and incredibly uncharacteristic of Hansol, but it wasn't something that he was going to comment on this time.

Instead, he was going to go straight to asking why he was being so loud and what was different between the things he did to him and masturbation. "Young boys have to try to do it quietly enough that their parents don't hear them," he pointed out, "So I don't know how you're so loud when you're touching yourself." It was a fair point but it made Hansol feel awkward. After all, Seungkwan seemed more irritated than anything. Maybe he had been hoping that he was having an affair or something. At least that way, he wouldn't have to compare himself to his boyfriend using his hand to
pleasure himself. It essentially put him out of job. If it was an affair and he decided to keep Hansol after finding him in bed with someone else, he could always find ways to improve. Improving compared to a hand, contrarily, was a bit of a difficult task.

But then he looked between Hansol's legs and suddenly gasped. As much as he had been trying to hide it, it was still obvious when he was red and swollen down there and there was a metal tube sticking halfway out of his urethra. Hansol's stomach flipped. He knew right away that it was the worst case scenario that his boyfriend would see it and be disgusted by it, but he never really expected that the worst case scenario would ever play out. "Baby, did you hide that from me because you thought I was going to make fun of you or something? You know I'm here to support you, right? I'm not here to judge you. Please tell me that you weren't scared to talk to me about this and it was just a spontaneous purchase."

Okay, it was better than he imagined it would be - he'd give it that - but it was still absolutely terrifying. Hansol had to just stay silent instead of giving an answer. He didn't know how to word it and still make it sound okay, after all, and so there was no point in making things worse. Seungkwan went from looking shocked to concerned right away, and then he moved forward to lean on the edge of the bed. "Can I hug you?" Hansol nodded. "Please be careful, though. I don't want it to push inside suddenly." Seungkwan nodded and delicately moved forward so that their chests were pressed together. He was on top of him, Hansol noted, and that was a bit of an awkward position when his body was in such desperate need to be touched. He tried his hardest to push the thoughts of sex to the back of his mind and simply hugged his boyfriend back, but it proved to be quite a difficult task in the end.

"Do you want me to actually help you out?" Seungkwan finally said after a few minutes of complete silence between them. At that point, he made an effort to roll to the side of his boyfriend and then slowly ran a hand up the outside of his thigh. A gentle motion, but one that would make him feel a lot better about things. It just went to prove that Seungkwan wasn't half as bothered by it as Hansol expected he would be. Of course, he could always say that he wasn't bothered by it, but this showed that he was genuine about that sort of thing. He really didn't mind at all; in fact, he was more than happy to get involved without Hansol even having to ask him if he would do anything to please him. So he nodded and tried his best to give a warm smile, despite the nervousness that was creeping into his throat. "I'd like that, thank you."

So Seungkwan did what he could. He tried his best to hold a conversation to Hansol to start with, making sure to ask him exactly how he liked it. He asked him how he managed to get into that sort of thing and didn't even seem that bothered when Hansol admitted that he had stumbled upon a pornographic video of someone sticking a chopstick up theirs once. He made sure to ask all of the other details about it too - like whether he had any preference for the utensils used on it and whether he wanted other people to get involved too - and by the time he had all of the information that he was looking for, Hansol had to admit that he was actually doing pretty well at sliding the probe in and out of his urethra.

It wasn't the best, naturally. It was Seungkwan's first time doing that sort of thing and he had never even watched someone doing it either. In fact, he didn't know that it was a fetish until he saw Hansol with the probe inside his urethra. But he was trying and that was the most important part. He was trying to make sure that he was never too rough, and he always kept a consistent pace. If the speed needed to increase, it would do so gradually so that Hansol's urethra didn't tighten around the probe. After all, the last thing they really needed was for it to hurt him and end up scraping the tube. That was a pretty sensitive part of Hansol's body, and they needed to make sure that there was absolute minimal trauma to that area.
Of course, the inevitable question eventually came up after a while, though. Hansol had been anticipating it since the start. He knew what Seungkwan was thinking from the moment he entered the room uninvited - how could he get Hansol to scream as he had done when he was touching himself?

It was a hard question, to be honest. It was something that he couldn't really answer. He'd gradually built up until he was essentially screwing himself with it when he was on his own, but he knew full well that he would be too nervous to be that loud if he knew that Seungkwan was watching him. It felt uncomfortable to admit that to his boyfriend but thankfully, Seungkwan understood right away. He hopped off the bed for a second and searched around in his cupboard to find a thick tie, and then he promptly took it back over to his boyfriend in hopes that it would help. "Wrap it around your face so you can't see. I want you to be able to relax and guide me. I need to hear you moan like that again." Seungkwan seemed so desperate that Hansol couldn't even deny him the opportunity.

He blindfolded himself and then laid back against the bed, just as his boyfriend suggested. And then he waited. Naturally, it only took a couple of seconds for his boyfriend to start doing what he needed to do. He slowly pulled the probe out in one long motion until the tip was right on the edge of his urethra and then promptly slipped it back in. A fluid motion without any damage done at all. Hansol was surprised, admittedly. His boyfriend was skilled enough to avoid screwing up his aim, which would ultimately drive the tip of the probe into the side of his urethra. It was a dangerous game but he had perfected it and even though he wasn't quite going so close to the edge after that, it still felt absolutely amazing to have it filling him like that.

It would have been good enough for Hansol, but it certainly wasn't enough for Seungkwan. He was so set on hearing the screams that he wasn't prepared to rest without hearing them. The next thing Hansol knew, it was being bumped up by a thousand percent. He was receiving the sort of treatment that he would never expect. His boyfriend was multi-tasking like he'd never seen before; he had leaned down so that he could start licking across the underside of his length, right from the base to the tip, and whilst his one had continued to move the probe in and out of his urethra, the spare hand was promptly used to finger him.

Hansol had never had a man's fingers up his ass before but he actually quite liked it. Seungkwan knew exactly where to touch to make it feel amazing, and he knew exactly how much pressure to put behind it too. That alone was enough to encourage him to be louder, but the mouth only made that urge to be loud that little bit stronger. He could feel it welling up in his chest, right behind his ribs. His body needed to let it out as much as possible. In fact, that pressure to be vocal only got more intense when Seungkwan started to get creative with the probe. Since his length was resting flat against his stomach, it was easy enough for Seungkwan to start twisting the probe with every thrust. He not only did it on the way in but also on the way out, making sure to vary between slow, long motions and shorter, quicker ones. He had a good sense for how long to go before mixing things up, and so Hansol was constantly on his toes.

He was also screaming. There was no other way to put it. His thighs were trembling, his hands were gripping the bedsheets so tight that his knuckles were going white, and he was certain that he would be done soon enough. Three forms of stimulation would get anyone close to the edge very quickly, though, he told himself. And besides, he had already been playing with himself for a while before Seungkwan got home so there was no shame in finishing quickly. So he wasn't all that embarrassed about bucking his hips up to seek out more of his boyfriend's tongue, and he didn't feel self-conscious about the fact that his asshole was clenching and releasing Seungkwan's finger rhythmically in time with the waves of pleasure that were running through his body. There was no shame at all in experiencing bliss, so he made sure to ride it out until he was right at the edge.

At that point, he grabbed for the probe himself to pull it out. He couldn't risk Seungkwan not
understanding what he was saying because it needed to be out the second he knew that he was releasing. Hansol could imagine the confusion on his boyfriend's face when he ripped it out, but he didn't care. He would show him exactly what he'd been doing to him. Without even bothering to ask, he grabbed for Seunkwan's hair and pressed his face down over the tip, giving him just enough time to catch himself and take it in before he blew his load in his boyfriend's mouth.

It hit hard. The thigh tremours from being touched were nothing compared to the climax that Hansol experienced at that point in time. Intense and incredible. His vision had gone fuzzy, as if he'd stood up too quickly, and his voice caught in his throat as he tried to call out for Seungkwan. It was a relief that the blindfold was still on, since the last thing he really needed was for his boyfriend to see his eyes rolling back into his head like that. Whilst nothing else was embarrassing, that would have been. It was the sort of image that people remembered others by, and he couldn't risk Seungkwan associating him with awkward orgasm faces.

It took a few minutes to come down from the high, as would be expected from a climax of that intensity. By that point, Seungkwan was already starting to tidy up. It meant that Hansol could enjoy the lasting warmth of his orgasm in peace, without having to worry about getting a towel or putting his toys away or cleaning the bedsheets. No, Seungkwan would sort that instead. In fact, the only thing that he did expect was that they would talk as he tidied. "Is it a kink or a fetish, the probing thing?" he asked curiously as he started to search through the cupboard for fresh bedsheets.

"Kink," Hansol said simply. "Not quite a fetish."

"And how did that feel for you? Was it good or were you trying to spare my feelings? Don't worry; I won't be offended if you faked it." Hansol let out a long breath. He couldn't even begin to describe how much he loved it. He'd never really considered pairing so many elements together into one. It was always only one or two things, depending on the occasion. But that, that, was like magic. Seungkwan knew how to please him, so that would be his duty from that point onwards.

The conversation continued. "So after this, I expect that you'll be more open and tell me about the sorts of things that you want in the bedroom, right?" Hansol nodded slightly. That wasn't good enough. "Are you still feeling nervous?" Another hesitant nod. Seungkwan pretended to find it annoying but this time, Hansol could tell that it was a joke.

"Fine, I'll tell you my biggest kink, then. It's a weird one too, okay? I like watching men eating biscuits. Is that enough to convince you to tell me next time?"
Sthenolagnia - Jeonghan/Seungcheol

Chapter Notes

Sthenolagnia; a fetish for displays of strength.

There was no need to break Seungcheol into the fact that Jeonghan had a fetish. He'd already told him whilst drunk.

It was a bit of an uncomfortable experience, if he thought about it: meeting an attractive man for the first time and announcing to him right away that he would get sexually aroused if he saw him putting his muscles to good use. So Jeonghan tried not to focus on that. He instead focused on the fact that they had gone home together that night and Seungcheol gave him a teaser of what would come in the future. He lifted Jeonghan up, noting how he was incredibly light, and then essentially used him as a sleeve whilst they were standing up. Jeonghan wasn't usually all that fond of sex whilst he was standing but he really found that it was enjoyable when Seungcheol was stood in the middle of the room and his own feet were off the ground the entire time. Talk about making things sexy by tossing in a little flash of his fetish right away. It secured their relationship by the morning when they woke to find that the other person was still very much there, and so it just became something that they didn't really talk about out loud.

The announcement, that is. Not the fetish. The fetish was something that certainly ended up coming out a lot, and it was something that really got Jeonghan hot and bothered. It became apparent very early on that Seungcheol would have to have a high sex drive to keep up with him. Every little display of strength sent Jeonghan into a rut, and he wanted nothing more than to be bent over every time he saw his boyfriend's muscles. It didn't even have to be big things. They ended up putting a ban on gym trips because even sticking to the treadmills started to get to Jeonghan pretty quickly. Seungcheol's endurance levels were sexy, as far as he was concerned, and he needed to go to the bathroom with his boyfriend as soon as he started lifting weights. There was no way that he could even be in the same room as Seungcheol when he was lifting weights and not end up getting stiff. And that was something that was typically unacceptable in a public space, so it simply had to stop.

Then there were things like carrying all of the groceries into the house at once. Seungcheol was one of those men who couldn't stand to make two trips. He snatched all of the bags up and took them straight into the house with no issue, and Jeonghan's eyes were on him right away. "We need to put the refrigerated things away before we get onto anything physical, mister," Seungcheol told his boyfriend, but Jeonghan would simply whine and mope until he ended up skipping it in favour of taking him to the bedroom. And Jeonghan would reward him every single time by being as loud as possible. Honestly, he didn't hold back in the slightest when Seungcheol treated him like that. The usual pillow princess would turn into a power bottom for a brief period and proceed to slam his hips down hard until their pelvises crushed together. It was always so rough that they both ended up finishing incredibly quickly, and so the groceries never ended up suffering that much at all.

Of course, there were some areas that caused incredible issues. Seungcheol's little cousins had the habit of swinging off his arms, and Jeonghan always had to leave the room so that he didn't have to watch it. He would always make an excuse, like getting drinks for everyone, whilst Seungcheol helped the kids to get their energy out. It just wasn't something that Jeonghan wanted to make obvious in front of Seungcheol's family, especially not in front of the kids. That was the only real
time where it was shameful and embarrassing for him. He couldn't help himself, as much as he wished that he could select when it came into play. It wasn't like one of those fetishes where he could switch it off in non-sexual contexts - like how some guys were into underwear but could go shopping with their girlfriends without getting so worked up that it became obvious - and he really hated it. As much as he fully embraced the fetish when he had the chance to do so, it was humiliating that it was something that he couldn't switch off.

He was sure that Seungcheol's family thought he was jealous of the kids for touching his boyfriend. He made an excuse to leave the room every single time they started swinging on his arms like that, and there was only so many times that a person could do that before it became obvious - especially if they started to notice the sheer desperation to leave right away. It was something that they probably talked about behind his back, he figured; Seungcheol's boyfriend was possessive and he could do better than a guy who couldn't be in the same room as people who were touching his boyfriend. It seemed ridiculous - and he knew that - but he just couldn't stop it. The last thing he really wanted to do was humiliate himself in front of the family. That was the payoff for allowing his fetish to develop, he figured, and so he needed to embrace it as much as possible.

Saying that, though, Seungcheol did bring that element into the bedroom too, which could have easily gone either way. Either it was conditioning him so that things were getting even worse and his fetish was developing at a rapid pace, or it was treating him so that hopefully, he could think about their actual bedroom experiences of the fetish, rather than feeling shameful when his boyfriend was demonstrating strength in a completely chaste scenario. Jeonghan didn't really know which it was, but he was hardly going to complain either way. After all, the first option seemed pretty negative whereas it actually helped him to understand his sexuality better in the long-run, but the second option was certainly a healthy alternative to avoid seeing his own feelings and desires as things that were inherently dirty. Either way, though, it was something that he genuinely appreciated, and he couldn't fault his boyfriend at all for trying his hardest and making it seem as if the fetish was both normal and genuinely arousing for him too.

These displays in the bedroom were something else entirely. Sometimes it involved showing off his muscles when they were oiled down with bath products. That would mean that they glistened under the light and genuinely looked bigger, as far as Jeonghan was concerned. It was incredibly sexy and he could barely control himself when he saw his boyfriend doing things like that. Of course, it was constantly mixed up so that it didn't get too repetitive - sometimes bands around his arms so that his muscles appeared as if they were bulging more, sometimes ripping things, sometimes flexing his muscles and touching them to Jeonghan’s naked body so that he could feel how it felt to touch them properly in a sexual context - but then there were also some pretty intense suggestions that came into play too.

Take the best experience, for example. Jeonghan hadn't really considered inviting other people into the bedroom at all, but his boyfriend had burst into the house one day with an idea that involved getting two other men involved. "Are they going to be all over you or something, making you seem more buff?" Jeonghan asked, figuring that his boyfriend wouldn't really suggest letting the other men have sex with him or anything. Interestingly, Seungcheol shook his head and gave a sheepish smile. "They have good muscles so I think you might like them. But saying that, I don't think you'll like theirs as much as you like mine. Their's is mostly core, although you can't see it as much as you can on me. Slim and trim, but a little on the heavier side because of the amount of thigh, ass and lower torso muscle they have."

Jeonghan had to admit it; he was interested right away. He couldn't even begin to describe how much he wanted that. He wanted it right away and he couldn't believe that his boyfriend had actually proposed such a thing without inviting the boys home with him. "Will I get to touch them?" he asked quietly, offering up an innocent little smile. Seungcheol gave a quirky little look, which seemed
halfway between a smirk and a pout.
"What if you fall in love with their muscles instead and you decide that you want to leave me for them?" Long pause. Jeonghan tried to figure out whether his boyfriend was joking or not. They both knew that he wasn't going to leave Seungcheol for other men after everything that they had been through together - or so he thought - but it was still a challenge to determine whether or not he was pulling Jeonghan's leg. Finally, though, he broke into a laugh and Jeonghan let out a long breath.

"Of course you're allowed to touch them. They're essentially a present for you. A temporary present, obviously, but a present nonetheless. I've told them that they can touch you if you're comfortable with that sort of thing, but they have to ask you about it first." Jeonghan was in heaven. He couldn't help it; he was genuinely buzzing whilst he was waiting for it to all come into play. It was something he could hardly keep contained as he counted down the week until he and his boyfriend were both off work and his presents arrived at the house.

The first thing he noticed was how well Seungcheol had described them. They both had soft, round faces, but their figures were relatively slim built despite that. Jeonghan's eyes drifted down further, and he noticed right away that they did have good thighs too. Very thick and shapely. He loved it more than he could describe. His eyes continued to trail over their bodies until Seungcheol finally joined him at the door and made sure that Jeonghan was feeling comfortable with his choices by leaning down to press a few kisses to his neck. Jeonghan melted right away, having decided that he was ready as soon as he saw them, and so he promptly turned to his boyfriend with a cute smile before telling him that he wanted to get on with it. No hesitation, no awkwardness; he wanted to see what his boyfriend was going to do with them.

Even though he was prepared, however, he didn't really anticipate what would come next. He expected that he would have the chance to look at them all naked and see them displaying their strength in different ways - such as squats or lifting things - but he genuinely didn't expect that his boyfriend would still be completely in the lead. Of course, it wasn't something that he was going to complain about - he did really enjoy seeing Seungcheol like that, after all - but it was still a huge surprise.

They were relatively slow at getting undressed. Very cautious about getting everything off in a way that revealed their muscles gradually. None of them really wanted to make it seem as if they were tossing everything carelessly to one side; instead, everything was incredibly aesthetically pleasing and Jeonghan couldn't help but coo happily as he watched them undressing for him. That led to them touching each other, interestingly enough, and he loved that even more. Fingers found bodies and hands crammed between thighs. Seungcheol flashed a glance over to his boyfriend, as if to ask for his permission to actually touch the other boys, and so Jeonghan told him exactly what he wanted. It was his present, after all - he could choose whatever he wanted. "Seungcheol, would you kiss one of them for me?"

A flash of puppy eyes and his boyfriend was on it right away. The one with the chubbier cheeks - something that Jeonghan found absolutely adorable, might he add - was kissed hard by Seungcheol on the mouth. It was weird to see Seungcheol getting so into something like that, Jeonghan had to admit, but he did find it pretty sexy to see a flash of his boyfriend's tongue slipping into the other boy's mouth. Then, after a few minutes, he switched onto the other boy. That boy didn't seem as passionate about it all - perhaps he wasn't actually attracted to men like Seungcheol or something, Jeonghan figured - but he still made sure to put on a show so that every party enjoyed it as much as possible. Finally, Seungcheol made his way over to make sure that Jeonghan received a little bit of love.

That bit was a lot more passionate, admittedly. He had Jeonghan pinned to the bed with his wrists held above his head, and one of Seungcheol's knees promptly moved up to rub his groin. Jeonghan
groaned into the kiss, enjoying all of the attention, but it was over too soon. Seungcheol was moving back to the other boys, despite Jeonghan's protesting whines, but those whines were quick to disappear when he promptly scooped up either boy over his shoulders and held them there.

Jeonghan's breath was promptly sucked out of his body. He felt as if he had lost the ability to function. The best part was that Seungcheol's core was doing most of the carrying; his hands were free enough for him to slap their asses hard, and Jeonghan's eyes were immediately drawn to the red marks that immediately showed on their skin. He was mesmerised - completely and utterly. His eyes stayed locked on his boyfriend, who continued to demonstrate his strength as much as possible by moving around, squatting and flexing, and it didn't even feel shameful for him to stare that much. After all, it was an absolute dream to see him like that. Seungcheol obviously wasn't the strongest man in the entire world, but it was clear that he had specifically built himself up enough to be able to do that sort of thing for his boyfriend. He was trying his hardest to make it all work out well for Jeonghan, and it was very much appreciated.

Only when Jeonghan was completely stiff did Seungcheol let the boys down so that they could get his boyfriend off the ground. They tried their hardest to make things as interesting as possible for all parties, and that was something that Jeonghan really enjoyed. Seungcheol was taking him in a way that allowed them to see each other and one of the boys - the squishy one named Soonyoung - took him from behind. The third - apparently called Seungkwan - was there to provide additional support by making sure that every bit of kinkiness was fulfilled. His fingers went in Jeonghan's mouth for a while and Jeonghan began sucking them right away, he began running the side of his thumb over the very tip of Jeonghan's length when he realised that he wasn't being physically stimulated enough, and they did end up kissing at one point too. Of course, it wasn't took long before they all switched out again, though, and so Soonyoung took Seungkwan's position as extra support.

Jeonghan was surprised, though, that Seungcheol moved so that Seungkwan could take him from behind and Jeonghan was sucking him, whilst Soonyoung was busyling himself primarily with Jeonghan's nipples. The best part, though, was that Seungcheol was very much in control. When Jeonghan sucked him, he had very little control over his head. Seungcheol was using him like a sleeve, making sure that he moved at just the right speed to make things feel great. It was a little bit selfish but Jeonghan loved it. That was an additional display of strength and he loved it. Seungkwan, on the other hand, wasn't shy when it came to slamming into him. Their hips came together so hard that Jeonghan groaned a couple of times, and he had to admit that he was incredibly impressed with the fact that he was able to work with Seungcheol to perfectly that the sex wasn't sloppy in the slightest.

Then Seungcheol pulled his boyfriend's head away for a moment and stared into his eyes so intensely that Jeonghan felt tiny. "Do you want one of them to swap out and take control, or would you like me to do something else for you?" he asked. Jeonghan froze. He didn't really know what he wanted, if he was being honest. On one hand, he figured that he should take advantage of the fact that he was screwing three guys at once by letting everyone have a turn in every position but then again, he felt that Seungcheol was still the strongest of the three and he wanted more of that strength to be demonstrated. So he thought about it for a second - allowing the other two to continue for a little while longer - before deciding that he knew what would be the best option.

"I want you to choke me out from behind as you make use of my body. They can do what they want, or I can do something for them once we're started. I just want to feel you taking me raw."

The devious look on Seungcheol's face was something that Jeonghan would remember for the rest of his life. He leaned over to slap his boyfriend's ass hard enough to make him jolt and for the skin to turn flushed within a few seconds, and then the other two boys moved away. Jeonghan was scooped off the floor effortlessly and kissed hard enough to confirm exactly how much he needed to be
treated roughly, and then Seungcheol took him straight to the bed. To start with, he was on top of him again, grinding against his boyfriend as Jeonghan rolled his hips back in response. Nails met Seungcheol's back and dug in deep until Seungcheol finally flipped him over so that he was on all fours, promptly slapped a hand down on his ass one more time - just to make it look equal - and then promptly pushed into him so that he could get started. A few thrusts with his fingers digging into Jeonghan's hips, and then a hand moved to his throat, which he pulled back on until they were chest-to-back on the bed.

Jeonghan loved it. He loved the fact that he could feel Seungcheol's bicep against his body, and he loved the fact that he could feel their thighs touching most of the time. He'd always loved Seungcheol's thighs, and so it was a huge treat when he got to feel them against his body. In particular, he loved it when they were out together and he got to do it - other than the fact that it often got him quite stiff - but doing it in the bedroom worked just as well for him. His favourite sound was the sound of their thighs slapping together and the gentle noises of his boyfriend kissing his ear as he slammed into him with full force. It was something that he could hear day after day and still love, and it only really served to get him even more aroused.

The other two boys waited until there was a bit of a rhythm between Jeonghan and his boyfriend before moving closer. To start with, they were just touching themselves and showing off their muscles as best as possible, but Jeonghan was quick to take them both into his hands - one on either side. He tried his best to stay focused, seeing as most of his attention was captured by the fact that he was being choked and pounded from behind simultaneously, but he somehow managed to keep going with both of his hands in a way that genuinely made both boys feel good. And he could see it on their faces. Pure bliss as he twisted his hands around the lengths, tugging them towards his body quite firmly every time. He wanted to make sure that they both enjoyed it, and it seemed that it was actually going really well.

No party really lasted all that long, though, given the conditions. The thoughts of the displays of strength, mixed with the fact that he was being choked, meant that Jeonghan was brought right to the edge not too long after they started. He could tell that their new playmates were having the same experience, in which Jeonghan's tugging was getting them really worked up and close to finishing too, and then Seungcheol was obviously enjoying being able to play with his boyfriend's fetish like that. In the end, Soonyoung was the first to finish all over Jeonghan's hand and stomach and Seungkwan wasn't too far behind, the Seungcheol finished as deep inside of Jeonghan as he could manage and that ultimately pushed Jeonghan over the edge as he felt the heat starting to engulf him from all sides.

It was a taste of heaven and Jeonghan loved every minute of it whilst it lasted. He was glad that his boyfriend was happy enough to get other people in for a treat here and there - funnily enough, they ended up getting through most of Seungcheol's friends and a selection of colleagues as time moved on - although he also loved their solo playtime too. Seungcheol had a way of mixing things up so that Jeonghan always felt the novelty of their time together, and so every day was a new experience with him. A little bit of being gentle and passionate here, and a little bit of being rough there; it wasn't possible for Jeonghan to get bored with their relationship development.

And as weird as it often was for people to announce their fetishes to their partners before they were even together, Jeonghan genuinely felt that it worked in his favour. Seungcheol knew what to expect and he knew what he needed to do to please Jeonghan in the bedroom. There were no surprises and there was absolutely no awkwardness around it. He even bulked up a little bit more so that Jeonghan could fully appreciate his strength. It was perfect, admittedly. Absolutely perfect. Jeonghan couldn't think of a better person to spend his life with than someone who genuinely loved and appreciated every aspect of him, from his quirks to his kinks.
Hybristophilia - Chan/Seokmin

Chapter Notes

Hybristophilia; arousal from the knowledge that a partner has done immoral things. This can include everything from lying and cheating to murder and robbery, in more extreme cases.

Most people would be incredibly upset if they found out that their partner had been having an affair. It was something that was seen as the lowest of the low when it came to relationships, other than if someone was to do something to harm their a child that also had a place in the relationship, be it their own kid or a step-child. It was the final straw for a lot of people, and it was one of the leading reasons for terminating a relationship. And it was understandable, frankly. How could someone expect another person's love if that person couldn't even respect them enough to be faithful? If they didn't want to be with that person, they could easily just say that they weren't attracted to them anymore and that could be the end. Alternatively, polyamorous relationships were becoming increasingly common as people found that they didn't want to commit to a single individual, so there was always that as an option too. Given that there were several options, it just didn't seem right for anyone to have an affair.

Chan was the anomaly, though. He had a strange interest in infidelity. Not in the sense that he wanted to cheat on any of his boyfriends, though, but in the sense that he wanted them to cheat on him.

It didn't make sense. It would have been fair enough if he was generally quite a relaxed person, but it turned out that he was actually the sort who would easily get stressed out about every little thing. Had he not been attracted to the thought, he would have certainly flipped shit and thrown fists at his partner. On top of that, he had seen the devastating effects that it had on people. He had caught his mother cheating on his father after school when he was younger - he had been sat in front of the television with a tray of snacks and was told to stay downstairs, but then he had gone upstairs to get a toy and heard some noises coming from his parents' bedroom. Thinking that his "uncle" - who wasn't actually his uncle, mind you - was doing something to hurt her, he opened the door and walked in to stop him. Of course, he was instead faced with the sight of the pair completely naked and trying to grab for anything to cover themselves up, and was promptly yelled at by his mother, who pointed out that she had told him to stay downstairs.

He knew that she was doing something wrong because otherwise, she wouldn't have shouted at him like that. So he told his father at the dinner table. He didn't care that it was going to cause tensions. Think of it as revenge, in a way. "Why are you looking so down?" his father said as he reached over to ruffle Chan's hair, "Did you have a bad day at school?"
"No, mom shouted at me because I walked in to see her and Uncle naked together." His mother froze. His father froze. They looked at each other in silence, and then his father firmly told him to get up and change out of his school uniform. They were going to be going out to get dinner instead, since he was good enough to tell the truth about that sort of thing. He could tell by the way his wife didn't immediately jump to her defence that their son had caught her out, and it was clear that an argument was going to start if Chan didn't hurry up and get ready. He was only nine at the time but
he knew the implications of catching his mother cheating on his father. He knew the implications of him announcing it in front of both of them too. That was another reason why his father was taking him out for the night, probably.

It was obvious that his father was upset, even when he got Chan McDonald's and ice cream from the mall. He tried his hardest to make it seem as if it wasn't a huge deal - that he was happy that Chan told him but he would rather talk about other things, like his son's day - but it was clear that he was upset about it all. He then finished off the night by taking Chan to the aquarium, and then dropping him off at his cousin's house to spend the night. Apparently, his cousin had wanted to have him there for a sleepover for the longest time, but they had always been too busy for that. So now was his chance. Of course, Chan knew that his parents were going to be arguing and that was why he was staying with his cousin, but he wasn't going to bring that up. He wasn't dumb. His father knew that he wasn't dumb too. That's why it was left unsaid.

It didn't take a genius to know why he and his father stayed at their house whilst his mother moved back in with his grandparents. They were getting a divorce but since his mother had been the unfaithful one and his father was the one who earned the most, Chan got to stay there instead of leaving with her. And he actually didn't mind it. His father was a great man who taught him to be respectful. Of course, the divorce sometimes really upset him and Chan got to see how his father crumbled every time it was brought up, but he tried his hardest to stay strong. Only when Chan was an adult, though, did his father confess that he had suspected it for some time but had never had proof of something like that happening. He told Chan that he should always be unafraid to leave someone who treated him as his mother treated his father, and that he would always help him to get out of that situation if Chan ever needed to leave an unfaithful partner.

Given that that was the case, why was it that Chan developed a fetish for that sort of thing in the end?

Interestingly, his boyfriend was probably the most faithful man in the world. Lee Seokmin; an absolute beauty of a man. He could have anyone he wanted. His smile was enough to make people fall in love, and his personality was absolutely dazzling. Safe to say, Chan fell for him after the first date when Seokmin walked him home and gave a respectful bow instead of trying to push too much too fast. He was a keeper and Chan knew that, but the thought of affairs really did stay in the back of his mind the whole time. It was a little niggle at the start - a gentle push for him to try to catch Seokmin out, since he could easily have an affair if he wanted - but then gradually increased until he was actively trying to encourage people to try it on with his boyfriend.

Seokmin thought it was a test, it seemed. At least at the beginning. They would try to hit on him and he would give the same mechanical response. "I'm currently in a relationship and I'm not looking for someone else right now." Bland and like a grey rock. He wouldn't give them the time of day. But then Chan slipped one of them ten thousand won to kiss Seokmin, and the response was hardly what he expected. His boyfriend went storming into the house, slamming the front door behind him so hard that Chan jumped. His eyes were on fire and he looked as if he was about to hit the nearest thing to him. "Chan," he said. The anger was clear from his tone. He couldn't even make his voice sound calm, even though he was obviously trying to make it sound as if he had it under control. In fact, Chan could see that his hands were trembling ever-so-slightly. This was real and it made him feel incredibly guilty.

"Chan, one of your friends just kissed me and I... I tried to tell him that I wasn't interested but he tried again and I punched him in the mouth. I would feel too guilty if I didn't tell you about it or if he told you first, but I swear I didn't want it to happen." At that point, the angry look on his face cracked into one of confusion - of disappointment in himself - before he finally began to tear up, "I'm the worst. I must have been doing something to make him think that I was into him. I'm sorry, I really am." All
Chan could do was jump up and rush over to comfort his boyfriend. To tell him that it was okay and he didn't blame him in the slightest. He couldn't confess that he was the one who was trying to encourage that sort of thing, but he didn't really want Seokmin to think that it was his fault either. So he simply stroked his boyfriend's hair and comforted him until he was sure that he was calm enough to discuss it.

It was an awkward way to introduce it and Chan knew that, but it was the only way that it would come out. He could try his hand at being more subtle, but nothing screamed, "This is completely okay and you shouldn't feel bad about it," more than telling him outright that he was incredibly attracted to the thought of Seokmin doing what seemingly bothered him a lot.

"I mean," he started with a slight smile. It was weaker than usual, primarily because of the fact that he was conscious that looking too enthusiastic would come across as suspicious, "I actually think that it would be kind of hot if I did catch you cheating with someone." It sounded odd either way. There was nothing he could do to avoid that. Seokmin looked as if he'd just been told that Chan liked stepping on puppies or something. His expression was simultaneously disgusted and confused, as if he wasn't sure whether it was genuine or whether his boyfriend was making a distasteful comment in an attempt to comfort him. So Chan was forced to continue. He didn't really want to go into the details right away, but he figured that it was the only thing that would make it sound genuine. So he began. "I don't know what it is and what started it, but I've heard from my friends that they found you attractive and I guess I just wasn't that bothered if they tried it on with you because the thought of you sleeping with them aroused me."

A bit of a lie, he had to admit, but he couldn't have Seokmin knowing that he was the one to suggest it to his friends. After all, that would be a huge betrayal of his trust. It was something that could potentially ruin their relationship, and it was an attempt to involve Seokmin in a fetish that he didn't know about in the first place. That was one of the unspoken rules of relationships, really. Don't try to involve someone in something if they're not aware of what they're getting into, even if it's not something that could harm them. Although, thinking about it, this was something that could hurt Seokmin. It was something that could really damage his reputation or hurt his mental health. That was why Chan should have mentioned it beforehand. And yes, he did feel a bit guilty about it, but it was a bit of a difficult one to bring up randomly in conversation. Which was why it sort of worked out better when he said it like that.

"Like cuckolding? Where you have to watch me messing around with another guy in front of you or something?" Seokmin replied quietly. He took a seat on the sofa and encouraged Chan to do the same. So Chan sat and shook his head right away.

"No no, I don't want to catch you doing that sort of thing. I want to know that it's happening behind my back, or for you to tell me what you've done with other men whilst you're dating me."

Surprisingly, Seokmin didn't seem nearly as bothered by it as Chan had anticipated. Instead, he seemed pretty curious. So far, so good. At least, from what he could see. He couldn't be so sure when it came to these sorts of topics.

"I'm gonna ask right now, does it have to have actually happened or can I make it up? I'm not sure how I feel about cheating on you."

Chan hadn't really thought about that before. He hadn't really had any boyfriends before so he didn't know what worked and what didn't work. But if he was being honest, the thought of his boyfriend bragging about the affairs that he wasn't even having sounded just as hot, maybe even more. "Can you make it sound like it's real, though? I need to be able to believe it, I think. IF you can do that, you're more than welcome to do whatever you want with it." Seokmin's head immediately hung in shame.

"I actually cheated on my first boyfriend before I realised what a scumbag move it was, so I think I'll be able to describe it just fine." That was good enough for Chan. He announced that he wanted to
hear about it as soon as possible - although obviously, Seokmin was well within his rights to avoid 
the fetish at all costs - and so Seokmin gave a nod. He would tell him when he slept with someone 
else, if it was that much of a big deal for his boyfriend, then.

It took almost a month for Chan to hear anything more about the topic, though. Seokmin looked 
pretty uncomfortable as he made his way into the room and took a seat. "I have to talk to you about 
something," he confessed quietly. Chan's eyebrow shot up. "I met a guy a few weeks ago and we 
had a one-night stand. You know that night where I came home late and I told you that I went to the 
bar with my colleagues?" Chan's stomach lurched but he gave a nod of acknowledgement anyway. 
He went on to explain the details of their affair. The way in which the guy convinced him to cheat, 
and how they only just managed to make it into one of the bathroom stalls. How Seokmin pressed 
him against the wall and took him from behind. How he wanted nothing more than to have the guy 
for the entire night. How hot breath mingled and the sweat that built between them was enough to 
make Seokmin nervous as he considered whether Chan would take note of the new smells on his 
shirt.

And right away, Chan felt envious. He couldn't help it. He wanted nothing more than to find the guy 
and hurt him for touching his boyfriend. Even if turned out that Seokmin was lying about it, the 
image of the person must have been cast by someone. And Chan wanted to hurt that person. His 
cheeks were burning with envy and he could feel that pang of pain in his chest and stomach. The 
telltale pang of disappointment in someone.

At the same time, though, he could feel himself getting unusually aroused. More than he had done 
when he asked his friends to test their luck with his boyfriend. He had to slam a hand over his groin 
in a vain attempt at making it seem less obvious. But then Seokmin caught him and looked surprised. 
His eyes flickered between Chan's hands and face, as if he was trying to figure out whether the 
response was genuine or not, but then promptly decided to continue in order to see where it took 
him. "I thought that it would only last for the night so I wasn't going to mention it to you, but then it 
turned out that one of my colleaugues gave him my number and he asked to meet up again so whilst 
you were at work last Wednesday..."

Chan let out a groan. There was no way to get back up from that. Seokmin seemed surprised still, 
and he promptly gave a little cough. "Chan, can I help you with something?"
"Tell me more whilst I'm riding you or I don't know what I'm gonna do with myself." It didn't sound 
like his own voice when it came out, but he had to do it. It was a strange sensation to say the least. 
He had felt a little bit of a tickle of arousal when he was suggesting it to people, but it was 
completely different when his boyfriend was actually going ahead and telling him about his sexual 
experiences with other people. He needed to feel Seokmin inside of him right away so that he could 
milk every single bit of that fetish whilst it lasted.

As soon as he was in position, Seokmin continued. "I had the day off work and invited him over 
whilst you were out of the house. I wasn't going to do anything with him - I was just going to tell 
him that I wasn't comfortable with continuing an affair when I was already in a relationship but then 
he successfully seduced me and I had to give in. We went up to the bedroom and did what we had to 
do." In his bed. Chan noted that the bedsheets weren't even changed. If his boyfriend was telling the 
truth, it meant that Chan had been sleeping where someone else had known his boyfriend. That their 
heads had probably touched the same pillow. That he had touched someone else's body fluids 
unknowingly. And all of that really got him going. He knew that he wanted to hear more, and so he 
pushed for Seokmin to give him all of the details. What exactly did they do? Did the guy kiss him or 
was it purely sexual? Did they say anything to each other? Were they planning on meeting again in 
the future?

Seokmin gave him everything he wanted and more. He was amazing. He went into so much detail
that Chan could actually visualise it, and so he ultimately ended up finishing hard. Seokmin didn't take that much longer either, even though he obviously wasn't as into the thought of describing his affairs as much as Chan was into hearing about them. But seeing Chan getting so into it was certainly doing something to help Seokmin and that was ultimately why he didn't end up taking double the time to finish too.

At that point, it was clear to Chan that it hadn't been as scary as Seokmin originally anticipated. He was a lot more comfortable with the fact that he was able to do something as simple as describe an affair to his boyfriend in order to get him off, and so it ended up becoming a pretty regular occurrence. A few weeks with nothing, then he would bring up the fact that he was sleeping with someone else. A different person every time, of course; he loved Chan too much to commit to another person for too long. In fact, it gradually became more and more convincing too. Seokmin began getting a little bit more clingy whenever he was about to bring up an affair. Chan could sense it from the way that he began to get clingy and buy him more gifts, and so he would be able to get off over the thought of his boyfriend trying to be sneaky about it too. That was a rewards in itself, he decided.

Then it would come up and Chan would have to listen through his boyfriend getting worried about telling him. About the fact that he'd met someone through his work and they'd clicked automatically. That he had given his number to a cute waiter and they had ended up in bed together. That he found one of his middle school friends through social media and they had ended up having a quick romp in their car. It was as if he had become a serial cheater since Chan had suggested it; as if he had been tempted beforehand but was finally giving in to the desire. He wanted Chan to know that he could have anyone he wanted, and that was the thing that really got the ball rolling. He was handsome and he knew it. And Chan loved that about him. He loved that his boyfriend could easily get all of these people, even if it turned out that he was lying about them, and that was one of the things that really got him going.

He wouldn't have it any other way. Even when Seokmin made little comments outside of his supposed affairs - comments about how Chan was the tightest he'd screwed or that at least he wasn't concerned about breaking Chan because he was so small - it really got him worked up. He was simultaneously jealous and loving it, and that was the way he was happy to have it all.

Of course, most people wouldn't understand the sort of relationship that they had. They wouldn't see the appeal that discussing affairs had. Heck, if Chan mentioned his fetish to his father, he would certainly get an earful about how it wasn't appropriate to fetishise something that seriously ruined lives, but it wasn't something that he could really help. And at least he wasn't fetishising the thought of having an affair himself. If that was the case, it would probably be a little bit more risky and would probably end up damaging his relationship. But in this case, he knew that he could tell Seokmin if he was getting too bothered by it and the fantasy would be cut out again. He wouldn't need to worry about Seokmin sleeping with other people because he just wouldn't do it. He wasn't that way inclined, hence the high chance that it was all a lie.

But he liked it and so it continued. Chan continued to fantasise about Seokmin seeing other people behind his back and Seokmin continued to tell him about all of the raunchy affairs that he had whenever Chan wasn't around. It was as simple as that, and it was the way he liked his relationships to be.

Chapter End Notes
I changed the fetish at the last minute because I wasn't comfortable with the one I was going to have, so enjoy something completely spontaneous instead!!
Exhibitionism; a fetish for revealing one's genitals or masturbating in front of unsuspecting strangers.

Adult websites always seemed to have a pretty huge fanbase for exhibitionism but Minghao found out pretty quickly that the attraction was to the idea of it, rather than the actual act. It was a recurring theme, you see. He had tested it out in ways that weren't exactly legal, so he knew it for a fact.

He could track IP addresses pretty easily. He had his ways of doing it. Find out what accounts were linked to the laptop, find their social media profiles through those accounts, and then wait for that little bit of personal information to leak out. "On my way to Bupyeong Market to get skin care products," someone might post, for example. And Minghao would drop everything that he was doing at that point in time so that he could follow them there. With just a photo of the person in hand, he was often able to track them on their way off the trains and could then sneakily follow them around for the day. Far enough back so that they wouldn't be able to notice him, but close enough so that he could make his move whenever he felt like it. It might be whilst they were sat on the benches to the side of the market or when they went outside to find a convenience store nearby. It might be when they were getting back on the train when it was starting to get dark already. That all depended on the circumstances that they were under. The ease of revealing himself to them, for example.

And all of them responded in almost the exact same way. They seemed disgusted by it, which seemed a bit off when he had seen the sorts of messages that they had posted online: "If I saw someone do this on a train, I would be straight over there to suck them. I wouldn't even care if I was in a relationship; I would just beg them to let me touch them."
"I can't help but feel jealous - why can't someone do this to me?"
"How did the person recording this not end up on his lap?"
"This is the most erotic thing I've ever seen and I want nothing more than to have a man use me like this."

It was infuriating, to say the least. He was specifically trying to select people who had aired favouritism towards that fetish, only to find that they only enjoyed it in theory. In practice, they couldn't think of anything worse, it seemed. And the number of people who were rejecting his advances gradually piled up and up as time dragged onwards. In fact, in the eight months that he tried bringing the fetish out in front of the people who posted the comments, there was only one who actually seemed to be happy about the fact that Minghao tried it with him.

According to his profiles, he was a few years older than Minghao. Saying that, he looked a lot younger than he actually was. Had Minghao not checked every social media platform possible, he would have thought that the guy was younger than him. But they all gave the same birthday and that was probably a sure sign that it was accurate information. He was from China too - Shenzhen, to be specific - and he was incredibly beautiful. Had Minghao not been seeking him out to satisfy his fetishist urges, he probably would have sought him out for his beauty. He had model-like looks and had a smile that was wonky but still incredibly pretty. His social media informed Minghao that he loved his little brother a lot and wanted to take him on holiday when he was old enough for them to
go away together. He loved pets, he hadn't had a relationship in so long that he would "gladly cuddle the first person who asked", and he wanted nothing more than to get a degree that would make his family proud.

If he was being honest, Minghao was a little bit hesitant when it came to that guy. He didn't seem like the sort who would respond well if a guy started touching himself in front of him. He looked much more likely to scream for help or call the police. And that was something that Minghao didn't want to risk happening again. It had only happened a handful of times to date, but it was intimidating nonetheless. Likewise, he wasn't sure whether a guy like his one would actually be interested in him. Wen Junhui - the guy in question - had posted a number of photos on his profiles of him with incredibly attractive men. All tall and handsome with well-toned bodies and pale skin. Minghao was, quite frankly, the exact opposite. He was relatively small in build and not massively muscular in build. He was hardly the most attractive man in the world, and he was far from pale. In fact, he had spent most of his time trying to avoid comments that suggested he try some skin-lightening treatments. And it was only now that he was starting to consider giving it a try, since the last thing he wanted was for things to fall through because he wasn't pale enough for the guy.

In the end, it took a hell of a lot of confidence for him to jump at the chance to meet Wen Junhui for the first time. He had been hoping to put it off for the longest time, but then Junhui ended up posting a very rare update on his whereabouts - the COEX in Gangnam - and so Minghao figured that it was his only chance to see him. All it took was a short hop on the train. He was there within the hour and went straight into the mall. And even though it was busy, he had figured out the sorts of places that would interest the guy. The bookstore was a good guess, for starters. They had a rack of albums on one side, which he knew that Junhui was interested in, plus a huge selection of different book genres to choose from. On top of that, it was a very central point that allowed him to go pretty much anywhere else in the mall. That, in itself, was a great starting point. And so Minghao found every excuse to loiter nearby until he finally saw Junhui enter the shop and make a beeline straight for the albums.

He was very deliberate with his search, which Minghao immediately liked about him. Checking every single rack and trying his hardest to figure out what he had and what he didn't have. Checking the prices and then putting it in his basket if he decided that the price was reasonable for what they were actually getting. Examining and comparing albums if there were different versions. Sometimes adding both or all of them to his collection. He ultimately ended up with around twelve albums in the end, which would have been humiliating for any other guy. They were mostly boy groups and most guys wouldn't dream of confessing that they were into music that was specifically made with girls in mind. But Junhui happily made his way over to the till, paid for all of his purchases, and then continued on his way around the place. And as planned, Minghao simply followed him around the place and tried his hardest to make it seem as if he wasn't following him. Checking his phone. Pausing to tie his laces. Rushing past Junhui here and there, pretending to be in a rush to get somewhere fast. Sticking behind people and watching Junhui's movements through the tiny gaps between their arms.

Of course, Junhui eventually had to leave. Just like everyone else. He headed back towards the subway station after a few hours and proceeded to take a subway train towards a traditional train station. He lived a little while away from Seoul, after all; Minghao knew that much. It meant that he was going to have to follow him onto that train too and begin with his mission. And sure, it was going to cost him quite a bit to pursue Junhui, but it was the only thing that was going to make it possible. After all, who would bring out their exhibitionist kinks in front of a subway train full of people? No one who was within the right frame of mind. It wasn't the sort of place where he would merely receive tuts and eye rolls. He would end up being arrested, whether he liked it or not. So he made sure to hold it all together until they were on an actual train together, and he was relieved to find that the train was not only very quiet, but Junhui had also chosen to sit in an area where no one
else was around him.

So Minghao decided that he would get to work as soon as they had passed their first stop.

His body was itching to get on with it, but he had promised himself that he wasn't going to make it too obvious at the start. So his hand hovered over the front of his trousers and he tried his hardest to ignore the tingling sensation in his groin until he finally decided that it was time to get started. His trousers were unbuttoned and the fly was tugged right down. He pulled himself straight out of his boxers, noting how the anticipation had already left him completely stiff, and then he let out a soft sigh of satisfaction as the cool air of the train engulfed him. And so he began to flash glances at Junhui, trying his hardest to invoke that feeling that he was being watched. He began to stroke himself slowly with the hand that was furthest away from his target, deciding that there was no reason to make him wonder what he was doing. Slow stroke up, slow stroke down, pulling his foreskin back that little bit more each time. Even if it was slow, it certainly wasn't going to be gentle. He needed to show off how aroused he was without suggesting in the slightest that he was nervous.

But then Junhui glanced up at him and Minghao's entire body felt as if it was on fire. A quick glance to start with, but then he did a double take when he realised that Minghao wasn't just doing something that people would usually do on trains, like reading or scrolling through his phone. It was the best feeling he'd experienced, lived out once again. The feeling of someone's eyes upon him, and then the sudden realisation that he was doing something that was typically frowned upon in public. Junhui looked alarmed for a second and glanced right down the carriage, as if he was trying to determine whether or not anyone else could see what was happening. For a second, it was clear that he was considering what to do with himself - whether he should move seat or pretend that he hadn't seen in the first place, but then he seemingly decided that there wasn't much that he actually could do. Minghao obviously couldn't tell exactly what the guy was thinking, but he could see defeat wash over Junhui very suddenly as he adjusted himself awkwardly in his seat before turning his head to stare at what Minghao was doing.

Or perhaps that little shuffle was his own arousal breaking through. It was a telltale sign for some guys, especially when they realised that they were more worked up than they imagined they would be in that situation, but Minghao couldn't really tell whether it was the case or not. He just stared at his target with sultry eyes and a tongue occasionally darting out to dampen cherry lips as he gripped himself tighter in one hand. Long, hard strokes told Junhui that he wasn't shy about continuing, even after he realised that he had been caught, and then he figured that it was just the right time to test whether he had actually found someone who was into the fetish too when Junhui crossed one leg over the other. He waggled a finger to summon Junhui over to him, and then waited patiently for the response.

To start with, there was nothing more between them. Minghao didn't say a word. Junhui didn't move an inch. They just stared at each other, considering their next moves, until Junhui eventually gave in and made his way over to where Minghao was sitting. Minghao immediately felt a rush. He hadn't really thought about what he would do if someone actually was to make their way over to him, but he figured that he would have to work it out pretty damn quickly, seeing as he was going to see it happening soon enough. So he just braced himself, thinking up what he would say to Junhui, until the other boy had finally gathered his things and changed seats. He flashed another quick glance down the carriage, and then slowly wrapped his right hand around the length so that he could take over. And so Minghao didn't say anything; he just let Junhui do what he needed to do in order to satisfy both of their urges.

Junhui knew what he was doing, and that was a huge bonus for Minghao. He knew exactly what to do to make Minghao's body feel amazing, and he knew exactly where to touch in order to make him groan with pleasure. A swipe of his thumb across the slit of his urethra. A quick tug on his balls here
and there, and sometimes even a squeeze when he thought that Minghao wasn't expecting it. Drawing his foreskin back with every stroke downwards, and firmly pulling it back over the head when he brought his hand back up. Slow to start with, and then gradually increasing in speed until Minghao's body was groaning for him to do more. Still, Minghao didn't say a word to him, though, so he was particularly surprised when the stranger dropped onto the floor in front of him, shuffled awkwardly so that he was between Minghao's thighs, and then began to take him into his mouth.

Minghao was in heaven right away. There was no denying it. He could feel his entire body filling with an instant gratification. He knew that Junhui was going to get uncomfortable down there pretty fast - after all, there was hardly enough leg room on the train as it was, but it was surely even worse when a guy was trying to cram his entire body down there. His body was worried in a way that allowed him to fit, but he wasn't sitting and he definitely wasn't able to relax as much as he wanted. But he had already decided what he was going to do and Minghao was already enjoying it, so he decided that he wasn't going to let him stop. A hand grabbed for Junhui's hair and pulled him down until his lips were at the base and his nose was squashed pretty damn forcefully against the soft curls of hair that resided there. And then Minghao bucked, trying his hardest to ensure that every last millimetre of his length was crammed into the boy's mouth, and Junhui immediately gagged around him, adding that second of extra tightening around his length.

But Minghao didn't really care that he gagged. He was going to milk the situation as much as possible. He grabbed Junhui's hair as tightly as he could, and then proceeded to move it along the length. Junhui's saliva was already coating him with thick strings by that point, since Minghao was so insistent on being rough with him, but that was something that he found incredibly arousing in itself. It was his body's response to what he was doing, and it was something that he would continue to experience for quite some time after they eventually stopped. That made things even better when Minghao thought about it, actually. It would ensure that Junhui remembered him for a little while longer, and that was great. He needed to stay fresh in the boy's mind for as long as possible so that he could tap into his own fetishes whenever he needed to do so.

Junhui continued trying his best to make it feel great for him as he went. Even though Minghao started out by controlling his head, Junhui was still moving his tongue over the length, tightening his throat around it, and just generally trying his hardest to put in his own input along the lines. He wanted to show that he could do it too, apparently, and that he was approaching the situation with as much talent as he had enthusiasm. Considering that, Minghao eventually moved his hand back to his side so that he could let the stranger have his own creative input again. He allowed him to get back to the ball tugging and running his tongue teasingly slowly over the head until he eventually decided that the need to finish was approaching him too quickly for his liking. Between Junhui's hand and mouth, he had no chance of holding it back for long enough to fully satisfy his fetish. So he finally pulled Junhui's head away and addressed him directly, figuring that it was the best approach to get what he wanted.

"Ride me," he instructed. Junhui's eyebrow raised. "Ride a stranger? Do you think I'm lacking standards or something? How do I know you don't have some sort of infection that you're gonna pass on to me?" Minghao almost rolled his eyes in response. In fact, it was more of a difficult task to not roll his eyes at that. "Your standards are so high that you're blowing a stranger in public, then? And surely if you were concerned about me passing something on to you, you wouldn't have ended up on your knees, would you?"

It was a compelling argument, apparently. Junhui flashed him a glare in response, but quickly got up off the ground and moved to sit on Minghao's lap without arguing. His trousers were eased down just enough for Minghao to access him properly, and so he quickly searched for the lubricant that he kept in his coat pocket so that it wasn't too much of a difficult task to do what they were doing. A
quick swipe of the fluid over his length, and then he was seating Junhui down on it. No other preparation and no warning; he didn't want to risk Junhui trying to bring logic back into it when they clearly both wanted to take it that far. Otherwise, it wouldn't have happened like that. He would have been rejected again, and that would have been the end of it.

Junhui tried his hardest to keep his mouth shut as he shifted himself on the length. The slightest bounce on it so that he was using around a quarter of the length in total. It wasn't the most satisfying sex in the world, but it would have to do for now. Junhui had all of the control, since it was his body that Minghao was using, and so he made sure to increase the depth gradually. Too slowly, as far as Minghao was concerned, but at least he was managing to take more of it as time went on. Little bounces eventually went a long way as Junhui began to work his way towards the tip, and then a couple of hard slams down saw Minghao hitting his peak. With no consideration for the fact that the stranger had only just started and was nowhere near hitting his climax just yet, he grabbed for Junhui's hips and slammed in as deep as possible so that he could coat his walls with white streaks. And Junhui felt it. Minghao could tell that much. His body tensed up slightly and then he began to rock his hips back and forth against Minghao's base so that he could milk out every last drop.

Then Minghao gently tapped his ass and told him to hop off. He could touch him once they were a little more covered up; after all, the last thing they needed was for people to catch Junhui on top of him when they reached the next stop. Someone would surely complain and it would ruin the fun that they had experienced together. So Junhui begrudgingly moved to sit next to him and pulled his trousers back up so that only his length was out in the open. Minghao reached right over without even a second of hesitation, and then proceeded to stroke him roughly until he eventually hit his peak too.

And the exchange was done. Minghao informed Junhui that he was getting off at the stop after his climax hit, and then he promptly left the train without even flashing a glance back. His job was done and that was that. He had no obligation to see Junhui again, and he hadn't even given him a name so the chance of them finding each other again in the future was incredibly slim. After all, he wasn't going to actively search for Junhui again now that he had done what he needed to do. The whole point of his fetish was that it involved unsuspecting strangers. And if Junhui was neither unsuspecting nor a stranger, it took away from the power of it all that little bit more. It was something that Minghao wasn't prepared to compromise one tiny little bit.

It was a shame, though, actually. Minghao had to admit it; he did actually appreciate the fact that Junhui was interested in the fetish both online and offline. He was sad that Junhui was the only person he'd met who actually played along when he tried it on in public, too. Considering how many people he'd tried to initiate it with, there was a much greater chance that others would actually try to get involved. But Junhui was his gem and if he ever did decide that he wanted to pursue something with someone who could embrace his fetish with him, the guy would be at the top of the list.

For now, though, he was going to have to continue with his search to see whether anyone else would agree to satisfy his urges in the same way.

Chapter End Notes

I think I'm back as a person now, if that makes sense? I know I've been missing from the end notes for quite some time now, turning this fic into something that's pretty mechanical and all, but I feel a lot better and like I can actually dip into it a bit more!! Now, you might've seen that there are only a few chapters left now, but once we've hit
the 39 mark, I have sixteen more chapters planned. But I can continue writing until around February 5th(ish) when I move away, so you're welcome to add more suggestions either until I've made it through my list or we hit that date!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Somnophilia was something that brought out the absolute worst in Kim Mingyu.

It was a fetish that started out as something else, funnily enough. He had been attracted to the idea that the person he was sleeping with wasn't actually interested in him in the slightest. They would be reading a book or playing video games, and he would end up getting incredibly worked up over the thought of it. Just knowing that they weren't half as into the sex as he was got him going more than anything he could describe. And it worked him in wonderful ways outside of the main act too. If someone was sucking him but he could tell that their mind was elsewhere, he would be finished significantly quicker than he would have been if they were giving him their full attention. Likewise, he was even incredibly aroused to find people who let him go down on them without actually being interested in that either. Even though he was interested in guys primarily, he found himself shamefully sleeping with a couple of girls because he knew right away that they would let him go down on them but would be distracted whilst he got to work.

But then the pornography was awful in that area and it really ruined the fetish for him. It would always be the same. The person who was on the bottom would be distracted for all of two minutes. Their attention would be sucked away from the video games or book, and then they would be giving the top their full attention. It was something that really disappointed him. The moment the person seemed genuinely interested in the sex, rather than bored by it, Mingyu found that the magic was lost and he was having to scour the internet for something else to use. And it seemed ridiculous when he thought about it, which made things a thousand times worse. Who else actually liked that sort of thing? It was a huge ego knock to so many guys to think that their partners weren't interested in them, but that was something that genuinely got Mingyu hot whenever he thought about the fact that he was allowed to touch someone but they wouldn't be physically affected by the things that he was going to them.

So he ended up exploring different avenues of the fetish and tried to figure out how he could actually get a kick out of pornography. After all, he was a young boy and he neither had the real-life experience or the time to seek fresh sexual experiences, so that was his only real option. He searched for specialist tags and checked all of the recommended videos, in hopes that it would give him the fodder that he needed to feel sexually satisfied. But unfortunately, it had left him with only a handful of videos to go to by the time he retired from his search, plus one other tag to explore.

That tag was something that he wasn't exactly proud of, though. "Sleeping guy fucked." It sounded absolutely disgusting when he thought about it. How could someone who was sleeping consent to that sort of thing? Even if they agreed to it whilst they were awake, there were a number of different problems that still arose. For starters, there was no real way for the person to withdraw their consent, unless they woke up in the middle of the act. Then there was the fact that it tempted future encounters when a person hadn't previously consented to the act. They consented last time so they would do so this time, right? Wrong. But that didn't mean that he wouldn't be taunted by the presence of soft skin and an open body. And then there was the fact that there was no safe word for if something was too rough. The top would find it incredibly difficult to tell whether their bottom was
in pain, whether they were being too rough or whether they were drifting too close to their partner's limits. It would take an awful lot of trust to do something like that, and Mingyu wasn't prepared to let something like that happen in a relationship because of that.

The result was that he pretended the fetish didn't exist in the first place, at least not when he was communicating his kinks to lovers. He watched videos that involved it, but he never once brought it up with a partner. His internet browser would be on incognito mode, and he would make sure to hide in a separate room every time that he watched that sort of video. It was something that he wouldn't mention out loud to anyone, and every time it seemed as if he would be put in a position where the kink could possibly come into play, he distanced himself as much as possible. That included - but was not limited to - sex when one person was incredibly tired after work, drunk sex, and situations where one person was taking being a pillow princess to the extreme and could easily fall asleep in their current position.

That was, until he met Jeon Wonwoo again.

They had been friends when they were in school but meeting each other again as adults flicked a switch for them both. A switch that left them both wanting to have a piece of the other person. The guy was actually perfect, as far as Mingyu was concerned. He was happy to do everything that Mingyu could want in the bedroom. They were friends-with-benefits to the extreme, and that much was a huge relief. In fact, absolutely everything was on the table with nothing outright rejected. If Mingyu wanted to slap Wonwoo around so hard that it bruised him, he would be encouraged to do so. If he said that he was in the mood to go down on Wonwoo's ass, he would be greeted with the sight of his friend bent over and spread for him by the time he made it to the bedroom. If he wanted to play with temperature or food, he could be sure that it was prepared for the next time they slept together. In fact, they had tried absolutely everything. Wonwoo had fingered Mingyu's ass until he was squirting up his chest. They had tried bondage, nipple and ball torture, edging, dogging, and absolutely anything else that had even been briefly mentioned whilst they were together. And considering that Mingyu had gone into the relationship thinking that Wonwoo was a prude and there was nothing that they were going to be able to do to make the arrangements work for them, it actually seemed to be the case that his relationship with Wonwoo was the most healthy and sexual one he had experienced with anyone in his entire life.

That was the only reason why he was able to mention the fact that he was interested in the fetish in the end. Saying that, though, it didn't mean that it wasn't an uncomfortable exchange. Wonwoo had been talking about his own fantasies at the time - going into details about how he wanted nothing more than to be covered in Mingyu's sweat. Although it sounded pretty gross, as far as he was concerned, he really found that he liked the thought of having someone's body fluids on him. Since Mingyu had already painted his face white a few times, this was the next step. It was clear that he felt a bit nervous when he was confessing such a thing, but Mingyu promised him right away that he had worse fetishes so it was nothing to worry about. Of course, though, that left Wonwoo feeling curious, and so he proceeded to question him about it until Mingyu caved and confessed what he really got him going.

It was only natural that Wonwoo would be surprised by that. After all, Mingyu had obviously hidden that sort of attraction from him very well. They had been sharing a bed together on and off for a few months by that point, since they were frequently at each other's houses and lost track of the time quite often. If one of them was too tired to go home, they would always have a place to stay with the other person. And it didn't even matter if one person had to leave for work early or parents were due to visit the following day; they would almost always end up with their bodies tangled together. And given that they had been completely naked together with their bodies pressed so close together, Wonwoo was frankly impressed that Mingyu hadn't caved and confessed to his fetish in the past.
Even so, he wasn't bothered by it at all. He was actually pretty interested in the thought of trying it out. And that was something that Mingyu appreciated more than he could possibly describe.

He appreciated it even more when Wonwoo called him up one day, his voice low and sultry, and informed him that he'd bought some heavy duty sleeping pills to try out. "I'm planning to take some when you come over this evening, and I'm going to fall asleep with my clothes off. I want you to use my body however you'd like, and I think I'd find it really hot if you could tell me about it in the morning." Of course, the thoughts of what he would do drowned his mind as he tried to continue with his work for the day, and he found himself rushing to get home as soon as his shift, in hopes that it would mean that he would get to see Wonwoo that little bit quicker. He waited impatiently. His feet were tapping on the carpet and he was generally pretty agitated until he heard the knock on the door.

He was straight over there without any hesitation at all, and he was immediately greeted by the face of his friend, who seemed to be surprised that he was at the door so quickly. Wonwoo could sense right away that Mingyu was itching to try things out, even though it involved him going to sleep, and so he was quick to suggest that he could take the pills right away once he was inside and they were settled. "You haven't had dinner yet," Mingyu pointed out, but he knew that Wonwoo could tell how much he wanted it. They made eye contact for a moment, and then Wonwoo took the pills right out of his bag. Two were downed whole with a mouthful of water, and then Wonwoo flashed a playful smile at his friend. "Well, it takes an hour for them to kick in, so we can either spend the time building the mood with a bit of foreplay, or you can make me dinner."

It was clear which one Wonwoo wanted, so Mingyu simply shut his mouth and moved in closer so that he could kiss him. It was a gentle kiss that was almost merely a brush of his lips, but Wonwoo was quick to snatch it up right away. He returned it with greed, trying his hardest to draw Mingyu closer. It only took a minute or so for him to start using his teeth in a desperate attempt to get Mingyu to respond that little bit more, and so Mingyu quickly gave in to the pressure and began to react accordingly. Then Wonwoo's hands were on his own clothes. He unbuttoned his shirt and slipped it straight off his shoulders, and then awkwardly shimmied his trousers and boxers right off whilst maintaining the kiss. His socks followed soon afterwards and so when Mingyu finally pulled back, he was faced with the sight of his friend's exposed body.

And whilst he wasn't initially all that aroused - other than being fidgety over the thought of actually getting on with the act - Mingyu quickly found that he wanted nothing more than to touch his friend's body. His hands were straight on Wonwoo's chest and he proceeded to tease Wonwoo's nipples right away. He allowed Wonwoo to undress him too, since it allowed him to focus his attention on touching his friend and getting him in the mood, and so it wasn't all too long before they were left grinding naked bodies against each other.

The foreplay was pretty light in the end, but it still seemed to do wonders for getting Wonwoo tired quicker. Just thirty minutes after he had taken the tablets, he started to look tired. His eyes were starting to droop every time he blinked, and it seemed like it was taking up significant effort to open his eyes again every time he did so. "I think you should take me through to your bedroom now," he informed Mingyu, his voice sounding slightly slurried. Of course, Mingyu didn't hesitate at all. He scooped Wonwoo right up into his arms, making sure to secure his body so that it wouldn't be too much of an issue if he couldn't hold on very well, and then he promptly made his way through to the bedroom. Once there, he placed his friend down on the bed and allowed him to relax for a little while so that at least his sleep would be peaceful, and then only got started with what he needed to do once he was sure that Wonwoo was completely settled.

Strangely, he found that he didn't really know how to start. Considering that he had been considering the implications of the fetish for quite some time, it was a bit strange that he hadn't even considered
what he was going to do, but he just figured that he would do whatever he happened to be drawn towards. So instead of starting with anything useful, he ended up nervously shuffling up to the head of the bed so that he could masturbate near to his friend's face. Just the standard stuff too; nothing special. He just stroked himself until he was shooting white globs over Wonwoo's cheek. He was relieved when his friend didn't even react to it - as if he didn't expect that at all - and only then did he start to get daring with what he was doing.

The next step was to continue with the oral that they were going to do before the need to sleep took over Wonwoo's body. So Mingyu figured that the best way to do it was one at a time, seeing as he couldn't really track how well his friend was breathing if he was to try to suck him at the same time. He went first, slowly slipping into Wonwoo's mouth. The warmth engulfed him and Mingyu's entire body felt as if it had turned to mush right away, but that hardly stopped him from milking the experience as much as possible. He couldn't help himself; he had started out trying to be gentle and considerate but the sensation of Wonwoo's tongue around him and the thickness of his saliva left Mingyu twitching so much that the simple option was to just give in to his body's demands. So he did. He began to get rougher - as he would if Wonwoo was awake - and continued to thrust his hips against his friend's mouth over and over until he eventually gave in to the desire to take his mouth to his friend's body instead.

He was straight down to the foot of the bed again, where he started by sucking Wonwoo. He made a special effort, even though his friend's reactions would be minimal, and he was pleased to find that Wonwoo was coaxed to stiffness in a matter of minutes. It was beautiful, as far as Mingyu was concerned. He hadn't really had the opportunity to admire Wonwoo's body when he was aroused, since they were supposed to be friends first and lovers afterwards so the focus was primarily on getting things over and done with. But he noted now that he was certainly attracted to him. From his well-built shoulders to the little patch of hair above his junk which spread out towards his thighs; Mingyu found that it was actually pretty arousing in itself to see his friend laid out and bare in front of him. So he spent a little while longer just admiring him until Wonwoo naturally rolled in his sleep, providing Mingyu with full access to his ass.

Now that was something that Mingyu liked a lot too, but his was something that he'd certainly had more time to admire. It was soft and had a good shape, and Mingyu always found that he wanted to play with Wonwoo's ass every time they slept together. Wonwoo was a bottom out of convenience - or so he said - but Mingyu always joked about how his body was certainly made for anal too. Well, it was taken as a joke, but the reality of the matter was that it was definitely true and just the thought of rimming Wonwoo turned him on more than he could possibly describe. And since it was something that he tried not to ask for too much of the time, out of fear that it would lose its magic, he figured that there was nothing better than going straight for it whilst Wonwoo was asleep.

It was as if he had never eaten anything in his life, frankly. Mingyu's hands grabbed for his ass and held it in place as he leaned down and traced around it with his tongue. A long, slow movement that was enough to make him feel something in the pit of his stomach. So he traced it again, using the flat of his tongue, and then slowly moved his tongue inwards so that it was almost drawn inside. He couldn't help but let out a groan as tried to resist the temptation by giving kitten licks over the entrance, and it proved to be even more difficult than he expected to resist when Wonwoo's body tried even harder to entice him. In the end, he gave in to the demands and simply spread Wonwoo that little bit more so that he could comfortably slip his tongue inside of him.

Even if Wonwoo claimed that it was dirty to do that without protection and encouraged against it, Mingyu didn't feel guilty about doing it in the slightest. After all, his friend would have told him if he just didn't enjoy unprotected oral. He wasn't the sort of person who would keep that sort of thing inside without mentioning it. So Mingyu did what he could to ensure that if his friend could feel it in his dreams, he would enjoy it too. He began to dip in and out rhythmically, squeezing Wonwoo's ass
in time with the movement, and then moved back to running his tongue over it. This time, though, Wonwoo's hips naturally lifted up slightly and he let out a little noise in response. It was as if he was protesting to Mingyu moving away slightly and it drove him absolutely wild. It took a lot of effort to pull away when he realised that he could have hit his peak from that alone, and even then he considered whether he wanted to simply skip out on the rest of it and spend a good hour or so licking his friend's ass.

The only logical thing to do was to get to the main event before he gave in to his desires to continue. He lifted Wonwoo's hips so that he was on his knees with his ass in the air, then promptly lubricated himself with a bottle that was carelessly tossed to the side at some point. Without any further hesitation, Mingyu was inside of him. He could feel the heat drawing him in deeper right away, encouraging him to use Wonwoo's body as much as possible. He was pretty relaxed and his body didn't put up too much resistance when Mingyu got to work. It made for a simple experience in which Mingyu was essentially using him as a sleeve. His eyes were upon Wonwoo the entire time, taking in the fact that he stayed asleep throughout the entire exchange, and so it didn't take long at all for him to finally hit his climax. At that point, he had made a special effort to pull out as much as possible so that his friend would be greeted by the remains of their sex in the morning.

Interestingly, Wonwoo claimed to have found it great when he woke up the following morning. He was tousled and dazed as he sat up in bed and looked at Mingyu, and then his voice came out a lot softer than Mingyu anticipated. "You had sex with me last night, didn't you?" And as much as the question left Mingyu's heart racing with fear - just in case his friend told him that he was disgusting for actually doing what they had set out to do - he gave a nod. Wonwoo followed it up by kissing him hard on the lips and pulling Mingyu on top of him so that they could have an early morning round. It was a weekend, after all, so there was no rush for either person to leave.

This time, Wonwoo's breath was noticeably heavier than it had been during the night. It was as if he was getting off to the thought of Mingyu doing that to him when he was asleep, just as Mingyu had done about actually taking part in the act. Just to confirm, though, Mingyu had to ask him directly. "Did you enjoy it, then?" Wonwoo bit his lips in a way that was sexier than Mingyu was used to seeing from him. It was almost uncharacteristic - as if he was trying especially hard to show off how aroused he was - but Mingyu loved it nonetheless.

"I'll tell you how much I enjoyed it," he said, just as softly as he had spoken before that. "It was the most bone-shaking sex I've had in a dream, and I was happy to have you starring in it. Not a celebrity or someone I've had flings with over the years, but you. And I think it made me realise that I'm attracted to you on a deeper level."

It wasn't the sort of conversation that Mingyu was expecting, but it certainly wasn't unwelcome. Perhaps it wasn't all that scary to have fetishes like that. It ultimately resulted in three great things, after all: intense morning sex when they woke up, an agreement to play on Mingyu's somnophilia at least once a month, and a situation in which the friend he was sleeping with ended up becoming his boyfriend.
Olfactophilia; a fetishistic attraction to body smells.

The smell of a person's body wasn't that authentic when they were out in public. It was something that was often masked by the scents of everything else. The smell of the shower gel that they had used. The scent of their deodorant and their washing powders. The smell of their cologne or perfume. Those sorts of things were designed to make people smell nice, but that wasn't really to Seokmin's favour at all. He could understand why someone would want to smell good, but the lack of authenticity really put him off.

What he liked more than anything was the smell of someone's natural body odours. Not anything too disgusting. It wasn't the smell of sweat when they hadn't been taking care of their body and the bacteria under their arms and between their legs was creating a stench that put people off. No, he much preferred the natural smells and pheromones that lingered around the bodies of people who were clean. It didn't really matter what form that was in, though. It could be the case that they washed and then went to the gym. They would be sweaty but their natural scent, if they were clean, would start coming through. It was often a little bit musky - although not inauthentically so - and often a little bit perfumed from the various spices that people had consumed. Interestingly, spices had a wonderful way of coming through on the skin and mingling with a person's natural body smells. They enhanced them, making those smells beautifully intoxicating for someone with such a fine sense of smell like Seokmin. Then there was the smell of someone's body when they were fresh out of the shower. The general scent of being clean, mixed with whatever soap they used. The best part was that if someone used a soap that wasn't perfumed, the scent of their skin would come back soon after they were dry. Seokmin was thrilled when he found that out and he couldn't help but feel a little tingle of excitement in his chest when he realised how quickly body scents came through if they weren't using heavily perfumed products.

The best, though, was the smell of someone's body when they were having sex. That was Seokmin's favourite smell in the world. He loved how it would really get people to sweat, to the point where the scent was able to mix between them. Whilst one person's natural body scent may have been sweet, for example, their partner's scent could be slightly saltier. That would make for an interesting mix - a bittersweet concoction - and could ultimately heighten the feelings of arousal during sex. It was something that left Seokmin desiring more every time he was with someone in that sort of way, and it was something that he wasn't even embarrassed about whenever it came up in conversation. After all, why would he be embarrassed when so many men smelled amazing and he had the chance to mix bodies with them, and the smell of them getting aroused simply made him more aroused which, in turn, helped to make it even better as it would feed into his desire to please them?

But it was something that boys would expect to be embarrassing for him when he announced it, as if he was shy to confess that he wanted to take in the natural smells of another person's body. Take Chan, for example. One of Seokmin's one-night stands who ultimately ended up becoming a regular. They frequented at the same club, so it was hardly a difficult task for them to make something of it on a regular basis. But the first time they had a fling, it had been sparked by Seokmin describing his fetish for natural body smells. He had informed Chan that he loved the smell of men and the way that
his body smells mingled with theirs, and Chan had immediately let out an embarrassed laugh before asking him if he was drunk whilst he was spurting that sort of thing out. It wasn't the sort of thing that people confessed a stranger, he said, and so he didn't think that Seokmin was really with it as such.

Seokmin had informed him right away that he was being honest. He had only had a pint of beer, which wasn't really enough to get him drunk, and he just figured that it would be best to put it out there right away. It was a new experience for Chan, just like bondage might be. And the fetish didn't really require anything from his partner. He could do what he wanted to get to his peak from it and Chan probably wouldn't notice unless it was pointed out to him. And suddenly, the shy smile left Chan's lips. It left him looking more curious than anything. "Will you show me what you mean?" he asked, and Seokmin was happy to do so.

They took a couple of shots before they left together, just so that they could loosen up that little bit more, and then started on their way home. Seokmin's place wasn't too far away from the club, thankfully, so it wasn't too hard for them to get back whilst the offer still felt fresh and new. Shoes were toed off at the door and then they went through to the bathroom instead of the bedroom. Chan's eyebrow raised. Seokmin simply took off his clothes and left them in a pile on the floor. "We're taking a shower together," he announced as he clambered into the tub. The shower was turned on and then he got underneath the stream, where he waited for Chan to join him. The minute in which he was left waiting was a bit of a nerve-wracking one, seeing as he didn't know how his date was going to take the fact that a shower was proposed, but then Chan climbed in next to him before shuffling so close that they were both under the water and eyes couldn't linger on naked bodies for too long.

And then Seokmin's lips were on him. Just gentle to start with, but gradually increasing in both pleasure and enthusiasm. He began to feel Chan up, encouraging him to do the same. That ensured that they knew what areas there were to touch and which areas might be off-limits. Thankfully, both boys seemed perfectly okay with everything being touched, and so Seokmin quickly pulled away to search for some soap in order to confirm that. "Would you like to wash me and I'll wash you? Think of it as foreplay." A simple enough instruction. Chan went pink. He tried his hardest to hide it but he couldn't avoid the fact that he was embarrassed by it. In fact, Seokmin ended up having to go ahead and start it. He took his perfume-free shower gel and began to rub it into Chan's skin, making sure to get every inch covered. He rubbed it into his skin in slow circles, even getting it into his navel, under his arms, and between his thighs. That was a focus point for him, actually. He wasn't usually the sort who would stroke a guy when he was trying to make the washing part seem just a tiny bit kinky, but he found his hand crammed between Chan's thighs as he kissed him again.

Thankfully, it loosened Chan up quite a bit. He washed Seokmin back as best as he could manage, even copying him when it came to washing between his thighs, and then kissed him again as the water started to wash all of the soap off their bodies. It was something that felt particularly amazing for him, since it was very obvious that Chan was really int he mood to make something of it once he had calmed down a bit and wasn't half as nervous. His hand moved back down between Seokmin's thighs when the suds were gone and he proceeded to stroke him for just a tiny bit longer, encouraging him to reach back and touch himself a little bit more in an attempt to add to the mix a bit. Then, when they were convinced that they were all clean, they were out of the shower. They both wrapped up in towels and made their way through to the bedroom, where they laid on the bed for a little while as they waited to dry off.

It only took around five minutes before they were feeling a lot softer and smoother. Their skin wasn't sticky anymore, meaning that they wouldn't have an uncomfortable situation in which they would have to peel their naked bodies apart, and so they simply got on with what they needed to do. Seokmin started out with oral, trying his hardest to get Chan completely stiff and ready to go, and
then he softly purred something about Chan putting fingers in him in return. Seokmin recalled seeing the way that Chan's entire face flushed, due to the fact that he hadn't anticipated that sort of response from him, but he had done it anyway. After all, there was no point in arguing when Seokmin had already decided who was going to top and who was on bottom. His fingers were lubed up right away, and then he promptly slipped them inside of Seokmin's body, moving them slowly as he did so. A thrust here, the curling of his fingertips there. It was all nice and easy, if he was being honest.

And then they were all over each other properly. Kisses and touches, hair pulling, biting, left tangled and chests pressed together so firmly that they could feel each other's heartbeat. It was something that Seokmin had missed a lot since his last one-night stand. He knew that Chan was going to be good, though. Anyone who took the time to try to understand his fetish like that would be amazing in bed, he figured, and so it wasn't going to be that much of a difficult task to get him in the mood. So he mounted Chan and started to grind him. Slow, long movements, with his hips rolling as he did so. His hip rolls were done in a way that allowed him to capture Chan from the underside of his length, which left them both groaning with mutual pleasure, and it even encouraged Chan to seek out his hips with his hands. He was already desperate, after all, and that was a good sign for Seokmin, who only really needed the boy to get so worked up over it that his body would start to get slick with sweat. So he kept going.

Chan was eventually overcome with the urge to pound him into the mattress. It was inevitable, if he was being completely honest. And Seokmin loved it. It was a sign that he was really getting the boy worked up and genuinely getting somewhere with what he was doing, and it would ultimately mean that the effects of bringing the fetish into the bedroom would be heightened that little bit more. Perhaps he would be able to get Chan interested in it right from the start, he figured; it was a sign that things were going to progress that way anyway, so there was no harm in hoping for it. He simply let Chan flip him over so that he was laid on his back and then spread his legs apart so that the boy could grind against him harder than he had done when he was on top. It came in short, quick bursts; Seokmin didn't hesitate to hold back as he bucked his hips against Chan's pelvis in return.

By that point, Chan was completely stiff. Seokmin could feel it. But he didn't really want to dive straight into the act when he knew that he wouldn't be able to smell Chan's body scent just yet. It was a big condition for his arousal, and it was something that would certainly help to get him in the mood that little bit more. So he ended up simply rejecting the attempts to get him ready for penetration. He tightened up so that Chan couldn't push his fingers back inside. He strategically lowered his hips so that Chan wasn't touching him in his most delicate spot. He began squirming underneath him and trying to pull him further on top so that he would be able to grind that little bit more. Every action was paired with a playful smirk so that Chan knew he was only playing with him, and that only really made him work that little bit harder. He grasped Seokmin tightly in his fist and began to stroke him hard and fast until he finally broke a sweat, and only at that point did Seokmin insist that they were going to suck each other. He turned Chan around, shuffling further onto the bed, and then got started right away.

Chan was vocal, to say the least. Seokmin was good at what he did, and he knew how to make oral feel amazing. His tongue was working magic on Chan's bare skin, encouraging him to indulge that little bit more, and Chan's hips proceeded to push down against his mouth more than ever. It was like a personal achievement for Seokmin, really; he could tell when someone hadn't really had that many sexual partners and Chan was definitely one of those people. He was beginning to get very sexually frustrated in such a short period of time, and the insistent grinding against Seokmin's body left him sweating profusely after just a few minutes. It was only natural. Their bodies were still hot from the shower and then they were rubbing against each other. It would have been more of a surprise if he wasn't sweating, to be honest, and Seokmin was just glad to find that his partner was really getting into it to the point where he didn't care that he was already sweaty again.
After a few more minutes, Seokmin pulled away. He wasn't going to let Chan finish like that, after all. There were more things to be doing. Instead, he simply flipped him onto his back and positioned himself over Chan's hips. The boy's arms were pinned above his head, and then Seokmin slowly lowered himself down so that they were laid chest to chest. "The smell of our bodied mixing is already filling the room," he pointed out with a smile, and he watched as Chan's face was struck with realisation right away. The realisation that Seokmin was right, and that it actually didn't smell as bad as he thought it would, considering that his schema of body odours suggested that they would smell pungent and disgusting. "You see, there's this hormone in fresh male sweat and the smell is naturally arousing. Then it starts to mix with someone else's sweat and you get the smell of you as a couple. The scent of sex and bodies and semen, pretty much. And I think I'm already getting pretty worked up over it, so I think I'm gonna have to find a way to ride and smell you at the same time."

It sounded really odd to Chan; Seokmin could tell that much. But he found right away that he moved to sit against the headboard of the bed so that Seokmin had the chance to do everything that he needed to do. So Seokmin mounted him right away, guiding the boy straight inside of his body without hesitating too much. He watched as Chan let out a sigh that relieved the tension in his entire body, and then he gently rocked his hips from side to side for a little while as he tried to get himself comfortable on the length. Chan was patient with him as he did so, and even more when Seokmin leant down to sniff around his neck. He took in a long breath through his nose, noting that Chan's body smelled sweet - as if he had been eating a lot of fruits and vegetables with natural sugars. It was something that made him smile; Chan couldn't smell the scents of his own body, so there needed to be something to tell him that it was great. And Chan visibly relaxed that little bit more as he did so.

Only at that point did Seokmin start to move himself. Slowly to start with so that Chan had the chance to get used to it, but then gradually increasing the pace. He used his thighs to control every aspect of the pace, not even bothering with his hands since he knew right away that they would encourage him to get sloppy with his movements. Seokmin was experienced enough to be able to control Chan's length completely without having to stabilise himself with his hands, and so he moved them to his partner's shoulders instead. He noted how there was a slick puddle between their chests, in which their body smells mixed into something that was aphrodisiac. Between the sweeter tones in Chan's sweat and the spicier undertones in Seokmin's - a result of the different flavours he put in his foods - they quickly found that the mix was perfect and left them both wanting more of each other.

So much so that Chan was quick to give in to his desires. He was like an animal in heat and Seokmin loved that; his eyes were wild, his breath was heavy, and he was ready to do absolutely anything to dominate Seokmin. In a second flat, he had Seokmin on his back and was pounding into him so fast that Seokmin was sure that he would break. Chan's nails dug hard into his thighs and his hips were working like machinery. Seokmin hadn't anticipated that he would ever be in that position simply because he had introduced a guy to the magic of body chemistry, but he was glad that he was getting what he wanted because it was only making that scent that little bit stronger. The smells of their bodies mixing were filling the room and absolutely drowning his senses, and it only got better when Chan finally finished inside of him and brought along the salty-sweet mix of his seminal fluid to the table as well. It came in several short spurts both inside and outside of Seokmin's body, and so the scent was particularly strong as it mingled with the pre-existing smells that surrounded the pair.

He was left panting hard and moved his head so Seokmin's chest. Seokmin decided that Chan would be the exception to his rule about snuggling after sex, and so he wrapped an arm around him and allowed him to take that scent in even more. The mix that reminded him of what they had just done and what they would probably be doing again in the near future, and the one that served as a temporary point of comfort for him. It was a sign that he was safe in the arms of another attractive man, and he could easily fall asleep in that position and wake up later on down the line, only to still be attracted to that scent. Seokmin figured that he would grant him that, just that one time, and so he clambered into bed with Chan on his chest and fell asleep in the darkness of the room. The bedsheets
were pulled up so that they were both covered and able to stay warm, and that was that.

But by the morning, Seokmin knew that the allure would be over. The dried sweat wouldn't smell anywhere near as good and so they would end up having to take another shower so that they didn't smell of the locker rooms in a filthy public high school. Perhaps they would even find that they weren't half as attracted to each other as they thought when he first took the boy home the night before that. Interestingly, the smell of stale bodies was something that genuinely didn't arouse Seokmin at all, and that was what concerned him. There was a huge difference between that and the smells that they would have taken in when they were in bed together. After all, their bodies wouldn't necessarily need to keep the smells arousing if they weren't planning on actually continuing with the sex. It was just natural that they would fade with time, or would change so that the pair weren't bedding each other over and over again whenever they caught that scent in the air.

See, it seemed as if it was pretty disgusting for someone to be so attracted to the smell of human bodies - from the natural undertones to the smell of bodies when they started mixing together - but it was something that was actually pretty logical. It was a way to get both people aroused, and it was something that they would never forget if they were in that position in the future. The scent would become familiar and comforting, and the attraction between them would grow more and more until they were in a position where they wanted nothing more than to have each other. Likewise, though, if they were out in public and smelled that sort of scent in the air, it would instantly take them back to the time where they were making love on Seokmin's bed after a night at the bar. In that case, it was a huge win-win situation and they were in a position where they could easily decide to be together on a full-time basis, based on the attraction that they had developed through mixing scents.

But it was something that wasn't going to happen in reality. Chan was busy with all of his responsibilities, like his university degree and taking care of his ageing parents. Seokmin was too interested in getting other people to realise how great his fetish was, and there was no chance that he would be able to commit to just one person before his mission was done and he had spread his love of natural body smells to every guy he met in a setting that facilitated one-night stands and sneaky affairs in crowded bathrooms. Until that point, Chan would have to wait for him. And until then, they would just have to make do with the occasional fling when they saw each other and had no one else to busy them for the night.
Psellismophilia; a fetish for stuttering.

There was a boy in Seungkwan's class who had a stutter. That was how he realised that he was really, really aroused by it.

They were polar opposites. The guy was probably the straightest guy Seungkwan had ever met in his entire life. He was the sort who would save his best smiles for the girls and would constantly seem dreamy-eyed whenever a pretty girl was doing anything. She could be playing sports, eating with her friends, or even fighting with someone else and the guy would just sit there and stare at her as if she was the most beautiful person to grace him with her presence. But that wasn't to say that he was confident in the slightest. No, the boy was nervous all the time. In fact, it could have probably received a diagnosis of an anxiety disorder, from what Seungkwan learnt in his beginners' psychology classes. He would get incredibly nervous if anyone spoke to him, whether it was a simple greeting or an attempt at engaging him in a longer discussion, and oral presentations were his worst enemy when he was in school.

Saying that, though, he would only stutter when he was forced to talk in class. If he was talking to an individual, he would be a lot better. Sometimes he could blurt out an answer when the teacher picked on him, but anything more than a word or two left him stammering with nerves. His heart would be beating dangerously fast - at around one hundred and sixty beats per minute, according to his FitBit - and his cheeks would get so flushed that he would look as if he was about to pass out. To an extent, Seungkwan initially worried that his arousal was misplaced because the boy looked as if he was two seconds away from keeling over, but he would always recover by the end of the lesson. And sure, he would often be in a position where his heart rate would stay elevated for a good half hour after he had finished talking, but it would always come down again in the end.

One would typically expect that it would affect his grades significantly. It often did for people who were too nervous to participate in class, as far as Seungkwan was aware. If nothing else, it would affect his average mark if he got above a 4.0 in the rest of the class but a 1.5 in the oral exams. Yet, he was actually the one with the best grades in half of the classes. His maths wasn't the best, but he was top of the class in Korean, English, all three science subjects, and in music. It was really odd, Seungkwan found. The boy was amazing at those sorts of subjects, even though they did require quite a lot of participation. And even though the boy tried his hardest to speak, he would never be able to get his words out. It would always come out as a stutter - a nervous blur that sounded really odd whenever he opened his mouth. It wasn't your typical cute stutter. No, he could barely form a sentence and he had even ended up failing exams because of how bad it was.

Seungkwan, on the contrary, was nothing like that boy at all. Not even a little bit. He was probably the gayest guy in their entire school, for starters - no lie. He was the sort who used to be shy and awkward, but then he realised that the world wasn't going to protect him so he changed. He became loud and unapologetic, and he spoke out whenever he thought that something wasn't right. He stopped people from bothering the younger kids, and he would be ready to fight anyone who thought that it was appropriate to make other people feel uncomfortable. That included students, teachers, and even parents. He could argue for days when it came to oral exams, and he would always get next to
full marks (other than in English, but that was a completely different story anyway). He was an average student with average grades, though, and his confidence was the only thing that really set him apart from all of the other students. He could probably get anyone he wanted as well, actually; he wasn't really the prettiest person in the world, but he treated his boyfriends well and he had even succeeded in getting a guy who seemed completely straight to date him for a brief period, until he decided that he wasn't ready to be out and proud.

But there he was, with a huge crush on that straight guy with a stutter; the one who was so different from him that it almost hurt. It was typical.

At least he had a lot of fuel to take away from the situation, though. He would get to watch the guy standing there for fifteen minutes straight, blurring out the words that he could manage whilst the rest of it turned into a jumble of letters. His cheeks would be so flushed that anyone would have thought that he had finished running a marathon, and he was having to hold onto the edge of the desk with one hand in order to support himself. The other would be clutching a pile of notes so tightly that he would be creasing them. "I-I-I w-would... I w-would l-like... I'd like to, uh... um... I would... I'd like to p-prop... propose th-tha-that we sh-should... We shou-should h-hold a b-big ev-eve-event i-in the... um... i-i-in the c-c-our-courty-yard this... th-this year," he would say, during a persuasive speech about holding public holiday events on campus. Seungkwan's heart would start clenching right away, and the frustration the boy felt over the fact that he was stuttering only made it that little bit better for him. It was the sort of thing that he would take home with him so that he could let his imagination run wild instead of taking it to the guy himself.

In fact, he did take it home. Every. Single. Time.

Of course, that sort of thing would never end up happening. Seungkwan would never end up taking a guy like that to bed. But he wanted to take him in all different places. His imagination had him taking the guy back to his parents' place whilst they were at work. He would have spent plenty of time hitting on the guy at school, so it wouldn't be all that difficult to get him to go back home with him. And they would know what was coming up. No one just invited a guy to go home with them and watch a movie if they didn't intend on actually doing something sexual. And he would know from the flush on the boy's cheeks, if nothing else. He would realise what they would actually be doing within seconds - after all, he was shy but he certainly wasn't innocent and Seungkwan knew that much after accidentally overhearing a conversation in which he was discussing something very sexual with one of his friends - and his face would be bright red right away. It would be a personal victory for Seungkwan if he made the guy blush, and it was his aim in both his fantasies and in reality.

They would go straight up to his bedroom, where they would put the film on his laptop. It had to start out like that, after all; they couldn't just go straight for it, even though they both knew what they were going to do. And then they would start watching it. The film would be a boring one, like some old-fashioned Western shoot-out movie or something, and so it wouldn't take too long for Seungkwan to genuinely be bored out of his skull. At that point, he would turn to the guy and lean in close to his ear. He would whisper something about wanting to try something a little bit more fun, and then his fingertips would walk up the guy's chest. One and then the other, as if they were taking little steps. Then his hands would be on the guy's shoulders, and he would be forced to turn and face him so that his fate could be sealed.

He would be nervous right away. Seungkwan could tell that much. Whilst he might not have been nervous when he was with just one or two people, this was something very different. Sex had the power to make people nervous, whether they were usually like it or not. They were exposing themselves to someone who would be taking in the sight of their naked body and deciding, "Yes, I'd like to copulate with you." And then they would know each other in the most intimate sense of the
word. They would be touching each other and letting fingertips skim over naked bodies, and it would be the most amazing feeling in the entire world. But the lead-up to that would leave them in a scary place. Luckily for Seungkwan, he got louder when he was nervous. He would tell the guy that he wanted to have sex with him and he wouldn't hesitate in the slightest. His voice wouldn't even crack with nervousness. That was how good he was. But the guy wouldn't respond in such a way. He would be lost for words for a while, and then eventually stutter something out. "O-okay," he might say. Or perhaps, "I-I thi-think I'd I-like that."

Preferably, he would say the second one. It gave more room for him to stutter, and Seungkwan would only end up getting more worked-up when he heard it. He would shuffle onto the guy's lap and kiss him, noting how his face felt hot when they were within close proximity to each other. Another sign that he was blushing. With the amount he imagined it, Seungkwan wouldn't have been surprised if it turned out that he had a fetish for boys with flushed skin either, but that was a fetish for another time. For now, his mind was on the things that he would do to the guy from his class.

Seungkwan would initiate everything, of course. There was no doubt about that. He would start out by rocking his hips slowly so that the guy would get to feel him. He would move the guy's hands to his ass at the earliest possible chance, and he would even encourage him to give a slow, firm squeeze. And Seungkwan would let out a loud moan; one that would be loud enough to alert anyone else in the house of what they were doing. Despite the fact that his parents were out, the boy would get even more nervous and stutter out something like this: "Shhhhh, y-your parents... your p-p-parents m-might hear-hear what w-we're doi-doing!" And so Seungkwan would remind him that they were all alone before really getting into the swing of it. He would continue to grind against the boy's lap, getting louder and louder every time until he could tell that his date wanted to be swallowed up by the ground.

And then he would shuffle onto the floor with a devilish smirk. He knew what he was going to do, and he could tell that the guy could anticipate it too. He would slowly unbutton the guy's trousers, making sure to remove them at snail speed in order to give him the chance to move away if he didn't like what was happening. But he would never say to stop in the fantasy. Seungkwan would pull off his trousers and boxers so slowly that he didn't know what to do with himself, and then he would pull the boy to the edge of the bed, where he would take a minute to look at his bare lower-half. Admittedly, that was the one thing that Seungkwan couldn't imagine exactly. He couldn't summon up a picture of what he thought the guy's genitals would look like, but he imagined that they would be very pretty. He was a pretty boy, after all. Besides, he was also half-American and Seungkwan had heard that American boys were typically a little bit bigger than Korean boys. Or at least, that was what the article said. By how much, he didn't know, but he liked to think that the boy would have the perfect porn star-esque junk that would leave Seungkwan's heart beating faster when he saw it.

As a result, the fantasy involved him with it in his mouth. He would just lean down, grab it, and then promptly wrap his lips around it as he moved his mouth towards the base. It would fit well, and Seungkwan would suck it as if his life depended on it. The boy would be quiet to start with, but then Seungkwan would threaten to stop if he didn't start describing how it felt. And as if to prove a point, he would stop for a second and wait for the boy to find the words before continuing. So he would start, out of fear that he wouldn't get that delicious contact back. He would be incredibly nervous to do so, since he wasn't really the most confident person in the bedroom either and didn't really like the sound of his own voice, but he would eventually get into it and Seungkwan would be treated to the sound of the stuttering filling his ears.

Between moans, the boy would stammer out a number of things that would get Seungkwan hot. Those things would change every time he imagined it. Sometimes, he would be in the mood to hear the guy moaning about how he was sucking him really hard and it felt amazing to be stimulated like that. Other times, he would get incredibly hot to the thought of the guy whispering that he was a
virgin and Seungkwan was making him want to change that. Sometimes he would tell Seungkwan that his mouth was the nicest mouth he had ever felt, and other times he would tell him about how he had been craving Seungkwan for so long. Occasionally, he would even imagine the guy blurtling out anything that came to mind in a desperate attempt to ground himself again. On those occasions, his hands would be pinning the guy's hips to the bed and the guy would be shamelessly trying to grind his hips against Seungkwan's face, and it would be the most beautiful sight that Seungkwan could possibly imagine. He wanted to see him in that position, more than he could possibly describe.

He would continue to milk it as much as possible, even when they got to the main event. With any other guy, Seungkwan would try his hardest to stay quiet so that he could focus on feeling things. He didn't typically enjoy making a lot of noise when he was in bed with people, after all. He would encourage kisses and spend a lot of the time with their foreheads pressed together, just so that there was no excuse for them to try to talk to him. It wasn't the sort of act that he would associate with chatting, and that sort of thing often just ruined the mood. But it was a completely different story when he imagined himself with that guy in particular. No, he couldn't stand to just be quiet with him. He needed that little bit of extra stimulation so that he could hit his peak hard.

So he would get him to keep talking. And he would say things that would definitely get the guy even more flustered than he already was.

"How about we do it without a condom?" he would ask, just as the guy was putting it in. Then he would let out a particularly loud whine when he felt the boy putting the tip inside.
"W-without protection?" he would ask, his voice a little calmer despite how alarmed he was feeling. Seungkwan would give a nod.
"I want to feel you ejaculating inside of me." It was a little bit vulgar and definitely something that sounded way too formal, and the boy would end up looking as if he wanted to be swallowed up by the ground again.
"I-isn't th-that... Isn't th-th-that di-dirty?" he would stammer, and Seungkwan would be forced to give in to his desires right away. He would get the guy to pull out and he would rip the condom off before mounting him and slamming his hips down hard. And the boy would just moan as he pressed his fingertips into Seungkwan's hips.

"Tell me how it feels," he would request. "I want to hear you describing exactly how your body feels when I'm touching you like this." They would hold intense eye contact, with Seungkwan trying his hardest to increase the stuttering by trying to seem a tiny bit intimidating. The boy would look anxious, but he would still describe it to him perfectly. He would even go into the details of how it made his body feel, which would drive Seungkwan absolutely wild. His stammer would make it sound really cute, especially when he said words that made him a little bit more anxious. He struggled to make reference to which body parts were touching and where his junk actually was - out of fear that he would get too flustered - but Seungkwan didn't mind in the slightest. It gave him the chance to encourage that sort of thing further. He would simply tell the boy that he wanted to hear more. That much would encourage him to continue, and he would only get more and more desperate with his words as time went on.

Then he would get close to his peak and he would panic right away. He would try to tell Seungkwan, but his words would come out in a panicked blur. "I-I-I'm... I'm... I-I'm a-about... Ab-about t-t-to," he would say, and Seungkwan's eyes would roll back in his skull as the arousal drowned him. He would feel the words going right down to the swelling between his thighs, and he would feel right away that things were touching on dangerous territory. The boy's uniform would be covered if they continued, seeing as Seungkwan's length was swollen red from the sheer arousal that he was experiencing, but he couldn't bring himself to stop. Instead, he continued slamming his hips down harder.
"Tell me what's happening," he would coo, and the boy would blush more.
"I'm... I-I'm go-gonna, uh... It's g-g-gon-gonna..."
"Baby, tell me what you're gonna do."

He would say the word out loud and finish at the same time, and Seungkwan would continue to ride him until he was leaving the front of the boy's shirt painted in slick streaks. He would flash a sweet little smile, as if he hadn't expected it to happen, and then the boy would just hug him tightly because he wouldn't know what else to do with himself. He had just slept with a guy and screwed him without protection, and then there they were with white streaks all over their shirts.

And at that point, real-life Seungkwan would be a mess on his bed. His chest would be heaving and his skin would be flushed, just like how the boy's skin would look if he was in that position. His clothes would be stuck to his skin and his bed trousers would have obvious sweat patched behind the knees and between the thighs. His parents might have called him for dinner at some point, but he would know right away that his legs weren't going to work if he tried to stand up. His hands would be absolutely covered in his release and it would be threatening to dribble down his wrist. He would simply snatch up a pair of worn boxers from the side of his bed and would use them to wipe up the mess as best as he could manage before collapsing back to lay down again. And there he would stay. His mind would be running circles as he tried to figure out why the hell he would allow himself to think about the boy stuttering to the point where he was touching himself three or four times a night, and he would feel embarrassed for a short period.

But then again, it was the most attractive thing that he could have ever imagined. He would be left dreaming about it too. The straightest guy ever, stammering because he struggled with nerves and anxiety as he sat on Seungkwan's bed and had aggressive sex with him. He wouldn't reject him because he would want Seungkwan as badly as Seungkwan wanted him and for a moment, everything would be perfect. At least, it would be that way in his head, even if it wouldn't end up like that in reality. How could it? Seungkwan had no chance at all and besides, there was nothing creepier than a guy who didn't even remember what your name was coming up to you so that he could tell you that your constant stutters left him wanting to take you to the bedroom.

So it remained a secret. Seungkwan would use that day's stutters to fuel his desires when he got home to the privacy of his room. He would stroke himself to the thought of sleeping with the guy and having the stuttering all to himself for a brief period, and he would imagine how it would feel if that stutter was amplified by the new experience of having sex with a guy for the first time. They would always make it to the end and cuddle, and then the image would fade away until the next time that Seungkwan's dirty mind would get the better of him.

Perhaps he would mention it at some point. Maybe he would announce it to a bigger group so that he could act as if he was confident in the fact that he had a fetish that involved someone else in his classes. That would surely make people laugh and would probably earn him some points with the people around him. They would enjoy the confession and it would probably make him look even more confident if he came out with that sort of thing. But for now, it was going to be his filthy little secret and it was going to stay buried under everything for as long as possible.
Sure, there were some nice asses in the group. Seungcheol had seen them all and had an opinion on all of them.

Jihoon's was absolutely adorable. Not the biggest, but certainly soft and squishy. He loved that there was the tiniest little crease between his ass and thighs when he was standing up. Jihoon wasn't the most confident in his ass, and he frequently did things to hide it. Wearing oversized jeans or sweatpants. Wearing long jumpers that covered it. Putting his phone or wallet in his back pockets so that it would change the shape and people weren't able to judge it. Verdict: cute.

Wonwoo had the sweetest little booty he had ever seen. He didn't hold a lot of weight there but it was hardly the flattest one he'd seen in his life. In fact, it was the sort of ass that he would love to squeeze when he walked past it. Thankfully, Wonwoo was the sort of guy who was drawn to other guys' asses too and so he had started to put in a little bit more effort with the squats to make it look greater than it already was. Verdict: a wonderful work in progress.

Junhui's was the sort that was very firm but also soft. Again, not the biggest, but he certainly made up for it with the shape. And considering that Junhui hardly weighed anything in the first place, it was a huge surprise that it looked so good. It was like his body was flat, both on the front and the back, and then a little bit lower he just had a disproportionately large ass. Fortunately for him, though, it wasn't really the sort of ass that looked too big for his body, so it was still fine. Verdict: miracle.

Chan wasn't the sort of guy that Seungcheol would usually look at, but he was surprised to find out one day that puberty did him well and he was left with a particularly shapely ass that left angels singing and everyone wanting to touch it. In fact, everyone did touch it and whilst Chan initially pretended to be bothered by it, he quickly realised that the touches were starting to get dangerously close to gropes, which he actually quite liked and so he let it slip. Verdict: man-catcher.

Mingyu's ass was pretty damn similar to Wonwoo's small, tight and masculine. Seungcheol wanted to grab it just once. It was basically the sort of ass that made him look incredibly masculine, and it was the sort of ass that would draw in both guys and girls with no problem at all. Still, he wasn't impartial to a good squeeze here and there, and Seungcheol had noticed that when Wonwoo, in particular, grabbed it, he would grab two whole handfuls. Verdict: manly.

Hansol had what could only be described as the best of both worlds. He had the plumpness that Seungcheol craved (and desperately wanted to put his face in, for that matter) but it was the sort of ass that was also incredibly firm. If he squeezed it, it would give way a little bit and not stick in one position, but it wasn't the sort of ass that jiggled when he walked. And that was beautiful; perfect, in fact. He wanted nothing more than to take a nap on it, it was that good. Verdict: pillows for the weak.

Seokmin didn't really have a dramatic curve to his ass, but it was certainly softer than Seungcheol had anticipated. It was the sort of ass that encouraged him to touch it whenever he was close enough. He was thankful to find that Seokmin actually liked having his ass squeezed and would even push
his hips back that little bit so that Seungcheol could get a proper handful. And it was a handful; there was no doubt about that. Verdict: gentle curve with perfect squish.

Now, Seungkwan's ass was on a different level entirely. That ass was enough to blast Seungcheol into outer space. It was the sort of ass that took him back to the first time he’d watched a girl trip over in front of him. Her skirt had come up to reveal everything underneath, but she just laid there unmoving. He was stunned for a moment but helped her up as quickly as he could. He could remember how soft it was, though, and that was how Seungkwan’s ass was. It was incredibly rare to find a guy with an ass that was comparable to the ass of a girl - whose body would have been made to accommodate such an ass - which was an achievement in itself. Hell, Seungcheol could talk about it for ages. It was the sort that he wanted to eat for a midday snack, even if he wasn't as attracted to Seungkwan in any other senses of the word. Verdict: a quick meal to satisfy urges for the booty.

Minghao was another addition to the tiny booty crew, and Seungcheol loved that a lot. He was pretty damn flat, but it suited him a lot. Saying that, though, whilst his ass wasn’t all too visible through his trousers in comparison to the asses of other guys in the group, it looked incredibly cute in boxers and Seungcheol wanted nothing more than to put his hands on it. He knew right away that he wasn't going to be able to fill a full hand with it, but he knew that it would be great to just cup it. Verdict: a delicate tushy.

Likewise, Jeonghan's was pretty tiny too. When Seungcheol first saw it, he was pretty disappointed. He had been attracted to Jeonghan as a person but found that his ass was incredibly underwhelming. But then the worst happened. Junhui made his way in there like a white knight and showed him that Jeonghan’s ass was the perfect shape to grab during a "rough round of cowboy-style sex" and it would be great to slap it "when taking the pretty boy from behind". His words, not Seungcheol's. He was suddenly addicted, though, and he wanted nothing more than to do what Junhui suggested to him. Of course, it was just a fantasy and it would ultimately have to stay like that, but it was certainly going to be one that Seungcheol milked as much as possible because he needed nothing more than to have Jeonghan’s flat ass bent right over. Verdict: ultimate bottom's bottom.

Jisoo was a bit of a weird one too, actually. A really nice ass but Seungcheol found that he had an undying urge to look away whenever he saw it. It was a bit like Medusa, turning him into stone so that he couldn't avert his eyes. But he knew that it would give Jisoo a filthy little ego boost if he was caught having a look at it, so he tried his hardest not to let his eyes drift downwards when Jisoo was walking away. He couldn't grant him the satisfaction of knowing that his ass was the most alluring ass in the room. Verdict: mythical ass.

Finally, there was Soonyoung. Seungcheol had to leave him to last because, well, he was on a god-tier level and even outranked Seungkwan by a mile.

He was the only one in the dorm who made Seungcheol cave. Everyone else was attractive, of course, but there was a huge difference between them being attractive and them showing their ass and getting it eaten by the group’s leader. Soonyoung only needed to be in his boxers to get a reaction out of Seungcheol. It turned him into an animal in heat, so the point where he could click and point to the ground next to him and Seungcheol would be on his knees, ready to cram his tongue so far into his ass that Soonyoung would be able to feel it in the back of his throat.

Now, Seungcheol didn't really know whether it was a good or bad thing that Soonyoung knew about his little fetish. On one hand, it meant that he was able to engage with it when he was in the mood to do so. He just needed to walk past Soonyoung with a horny glint in his eyes and Soonyoung would let him touch his ass. And it was great. He wouldn't make Seungcheol cap it at the littlest touch. No, he would be insistent that he grab handfuls. Seungcheol would really feel him up; his hands would be rubbing slow circles on Soonyoung’s ass, and he would squeeze it like a stress ball when he was
really feeling the intimacy of it. He would bounce it a little, enjoying the fact that it was soft enough
to jiggle but firm enough to hold a good form, and then he would dig his nails into it for just a second
to show the world that it was his.

But then, on the flip side, it opened him up to teasing from his junior. Soonyoung wasn't shy about it
in the slightest. He would make jokes about the fact that Seungcheol was always down to touch his
ass. He would frequently point out that Seungcheol was in a relationship - which wasn't difficult to
use against him because he had a different girlfriend every other month - and he would even make a
little show when they were alone together. To start with, he would even make things a little bit
harder by telling him that he wasn't allowed to touch it when Soonyoung was just in his boxers, but
that rule was scrapped pretty damn quickly when he realised just how much it worked his senior up.
It wasn't like a little kink where he would just touch asses for the sake of doing so. No, this was the
sort of thing that left Seungcheol completely stiff. A boy with a nice ass who was just wearing
boxers, and they could absolutely guarantee that he would be straining in his trousers.

It was pretty funny how it actually worked out, if Seungcheol was completely honest. He had been
planning on changing out of his clothes into something better when Soonyoung made his way into
the room. It was an obvious attempt to tease him, of course, and Seungcheol fell for it right away.
Soonyoung's trousers were by his ankles right away and then he proceeded to walk around the room
in just his underwear and a jumper for a few minutes as he pretended to search around for some fresh
trousers to wear instead. He would make a show of bending over when he knew that Seungcheol
was watching, and he would even make a point of dropping things so that he felt a little bit more
intimidated. And he did. Choi Seungcheol felt both intimidated and painfully, painfully aroused. He
was in boxers too, which just made things incredibly obvious. Soonyoung only had to turn around to
face the group's leader and he was suddenly faced with it: the sight of Seungcheol straining against
the thin fabric of his underwear.

Of course, he tried to get it to go away. It was only natural. His hands moved to cover it, but the
damage had already been done and Soonyoung knew what had to happen. He couldn't just leave
Seungcheol there, after all. It wouldn't have been fair to tease him and then leave him completely
stiff, feeling uncomfortable and embarrassed in the process. After all, he wasn't the sort of person
who was self-conscious about things and both he and Seungcheol knew that. So he just made his
way over and asked that the leader move his hands. It left Seungcheol's body feeling tense, as he
didn't really know what to expect and it certainly wasn't likely to be the case that one of the boys he
knew would do something to service him, but then Soonyoung insisted and he found himself having
to comply.

So then Soonyoung was on his lap. He straddled Seungcheol's hips, moving forward as much as
possible so that he was able to feel the straining length against his ass. Of course, that did leave
Seungcheol feeling a bit self-conscious, especially since it was something that was way too intimate
in his eyes, but he stayed completely silent all the way through. He just watched as Soonyoung
began to shuffle his hips. It was more subtle to start with, of course, but then it became increasingly
obvious that he was getting confident. He went from touching Seungcheol's length gently whenever
he happened to brush him through his boxers to directly seeking out the sensation of the erection
between his asscheeks, and that was something that he did so fluidly that Seungcheol almost didn't
realise it was happening to start with. Nevertheless, it wasn't unwelcome in the slightest and the
group leader couldn't help but let out a low moan when he felt it. That earned a smirk from
Soonyoung, and so he promptly continued with his task.

His hand moved back so that he could hold it in place as he continued to rub his ass back against it,
and Seungcheol had to fight the urge to let the pleasure of it show on his face. It was a difficult task
not to allow it to show but Soonyoung's eyes were on his face, judging every little twitch of his
features, so he couldn't bear to let him see something so embarrassing. Instead, he just bit his lower
lip and let his eyes glaze over Soonyoung's features as the younger boy continued to rut his hips against Seungcheol's body ever so slightly. The motions were very slight, but it was just enough contact to make Seungcheol's body feel as if it had been set on fire, so he wasn't going to complain about it. Besides, Soonyoung wasn't really under any obligation to do anything like that for him, so it would have just seemed rude to tell him that it wasn't enough for him anyway.

They were quiet for a short while, with only the sound of heavy breaths filling the room. But then, of course, Soonyoung decided that it wasn't enough. He wanted Seungcheol to feel every little bit of it; to feel as if he was about to explode. He shifted off the bed for a brief period so that he could remove his boxers, and then he was back on him. This time, though, he was facing the other way so that Seungcheol had a view of his ass the entire time. Seungcheol let out a sharp breath when he saw it, which earned a flash of a smile over Soonyoung's shoulder, and then the younger boy slowly began to rock his hips backwards. It was a slow motion, but it felt perfectly fine. Not awkward or stuttered at all, which Seungcheol had been expecting when he realised that Soonyoung wasn't going to put it in straight away. And the best part was that whilst he was rubbing Seungcheol's length with his ass like that, his ass was looking absolutely outstanding and Seungcheol wanted nothing more than to just grab it.

It was the sort that rippled slightly with the movements of his hips. It melted and conformed to the shape of Seungcheol's thighs when he sat down properly, and the sight was absolutely beautiful. He could only feel himself getting stiffer when he saw it, and Soonyoung seemingly noticed that as he flashed a cheeky smirk. "Do you like what you see?" he asked smoothly - something that was way too smooth to come out of his mouth any other time, hinting that it had possibly been rehearsed a few times in his head or with other people - and so Seungcheol gave a very quick nod. "Well, I think we should probably put it in now, if you're okay with that, but I want you to grab it too." Seungcheol's breath was instantly sucked out of his body when he heard that. He would not only be feeling how nice Soonyoung felt inside, but he would also have the chance to play with his ass too. It was like heaven and he didn't know what he did to deserve something like that, but he certainly wasn't going to complain when it was being offered to him so openly.

So he did what he was told. He allowed Soonyoung to get himself prepared and then waited patiently as he guided himself onto the length. It was a bit of a slow process, hinting to Seungcheol right away that he wasn't all that experienced with the act, but then they were eventually joined. Soonyoung's ass was on Seungcheol's pelvis, right down at the base, and Seungcheol's hands were tingling with anticipation for the moment that he was able to actually grab onto his ass. They twitched from the third knuckle, making slight grabby motions in the air, and then reached forward to squeeze his ass hard as soon as the opportunity came for him to do so. Soonyoung let out a sharp noise in response, having obviously not expected him to be so forward with it, but then promptly flashed another smile over his shoulder to show that it was okay and he approved of the action.

And so they began. Soonyoung moved himself on the length, pressing his hands to Seungcheol's knees to steady himself. Seungcheol was fixated on his ass the entire time and watched how it moved as his junior continued to ride him, and that was that. It wasn't anything too special - just two boys making the most of the obsessions of one person. In itself, it wouldn't have been that big of a kink and most people would've been able to look past it, but only Soonyoung knew the extent to which Seungcheol was interested in it and only he knew how to make Seungcheol's entire body shake with desire by letting that fetish flourish. So he did what he could, not even paying any notice to the fact that Seungcheol was feeling him up the entire time. A hand running down the small of his back so that he would be able to get a better sense of the curve. Fingertips tracing the shape perfectly. Nails digging into his flesh until he could no longer stop the sharp breaths that were threatening to leave his throat.

As expected, it was over way too quickly. Seungcheol didn't last all too long in that situation. Of
course, it was a different story in any other situation, but Soonyoung was intentionally playing with his fetish like that and it made for a bit of a rough situation. He wasn't going to disrespect boundaries, though. As soon as he felt himself coming to the edge, he pushed Soonyoung with such force that his head hit Seungcheol's knees, and then he finished up his back. Then he promptly apologised as quickly and profusely as he could manage. He hadn't intended to push Soonyoung that hard but the last thing he really wanted to do was put him in a position where he felt violated because they hadn't actually discussed the implications of finishing inside. Saying that, though, Soonyoung just flashed a little smirk in his direction - something that still worked Seungcheol up, even though it was quite a common occurrence - and then informed him that he would have to make it up to him.

"How?" Seungcheol asked right away. He was eager to please, since he genuinely felt guilty about being so forceful with Soonyoung like that, and the boy simply switched to a sweet smile as he moved to sit by the side of him.

"Pleasure me with your mouth." Plain and simple. Seungcheol's entire face flared up red. He wanted to be swallowed up by the ground right away. The thought of doing something like that - especially with someone who he wasn't actually dating - seemed absolutely vulgar. Then again, it also sounded like it would be an incredibly intimate experience, and he actually quite liked the thought of it being like that when he considered it properly. It was something that he figured wouldn't be all that bad, in the end, and so he simply gave a nod. "Bend for me, then," he suggested. Soonyoung's smile only grew.

"I want to sit on your face."

_God._ Seungcheol could have ended up stiff again from that alone. He took in a sharp breath, then gave another nod before lying back down on the bed. Soonyoung hesitated for a second, having obviously not expected it to go down without some sort of argument about how it was inappropriate, but he did also seem to be pretty impressed with it at the same time. So he swung a leg over Seungcheol's head and positioned himself accordingly, only to have Seungcheol grab his ass hard and dip right in. Soonyoung let out a breathy moan, seemingly forgetting that there were other people in the house at the time, but Seungcheol didn't mind all that much at that point. If his friends were going to walk in on him eating ass, so be it. It would be something that he could explain at a later date, when he was feeling a little bit better about the fact that it was actually happening. So he simply put in extra effort. He spread Soonyoung that little bit more and began to dip inside, and Soonyoung's soft moans turned to something that could only be described as screams.

The sound turned Seungcheol on even more, strangely enough. He hadn't really considered how sensitive someone's ass would feel if he was to use his mouth on it, having never really gone down on someone like that before, but he supposed that it would be incredibly sensitive for most people. All the more reason to put in the extra effort. He let out soft noises of his own, hoping that Soonyoung would be able to feel the soft vibrations of his mouth too, and then promptly pushed in as far as he could go. Soonyoung's entire body clenched and then he began to roll his hips hard as his peak became visible on the horizon. He breathed something about Seungcheol continuing at full force, and so Seungcheol did absolutely everything he could manage to get him to finish hard. And so, after just a minute longer, Soonyoung was a mess on top of him. He was left sensitive and sweaty, and Seungcheol simply had to put him to bed because he could see right away that Soonyoung was genuinely exhausted by what they had done.

After that, it was hardly their little secret - in fact, the other boys teased them about it quite heavily - but neither of them was all that embarrassed over it. In fact, it became an occasional treat for Seungcheol to indulge in, and he appreciated having that opportunity more than he could describe.
Sacofricosis; Jisoo

Chapter Notes

Sacofricosis; a specific fetish in which a person is aroused from poking holes in the linings of their pockets so that they can masturbate in public.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jisoo Hong's fetish was one of those ones that was oddly specific and developed as a result of his friends pushing him to get into that sort of thing. It was started through them, and then he only let it get that out-of-hand because they told him that it was fine to continue as he became an adult.

It was humiliating to think that he had developed a fetish for something like that. He didn't need anyone else to tell him that it was the case. The issue was that it involved touching himself in public, but it wasn't quite like exhibitionism. He didn't want anyone to see his exposed genitals - in fact, even the thought of someone looking at him when he was using a urinal made him a bit anxious. He didn't have masses of body confidence in the first place, but that sort of thing would surely make it worse. He didn't even want another person to touch him when he did it, even if the thought of sleeping with a stranger was something that got a lot of other people going. It wasn't really about other people at all, actually. Of course, there was a tiny little bit of a thrill that came alongside being caught doing it in increasingly bizarre places, but the primary focus was on the fact that he could touch himself whilst doing regular things. That was where the actual arousal came into it.

It was the sort of thing that could have been played out whilst he was at home, in theory. He could have touched himself whilst he was washing the dishes or hoovering the house. In public, it was just the same. Whilst he was out shopping in a supermarket. Whilst he was riding on the train. Whilst he was sat eating his lunch in a cheap restaurant. The possibilities were endless and it was so subtle that he didn't even need to worry about where he was doing it exactly. He would simply do it whenever and wherever he felt like it because that was what really got him going - the flexibility to do it on impulse and make the most of it without even worrying that other people would catch him and report him for that sort of thing. They couldn't really do that, to be honest. The people they told were unlikely to take them seriously and what he was doing wasn't exactly illegal if there was no openness about it. Technically.

"How could that be?" you might ask. It seemed like a really odd thing to have a fetish that was in between being legal and illegal like that. A fetish that didn't involve other people but still included public thrill. One that was possible to engage in both at home and when he was outside. But the answer was simple. Jisoo's fetish involved him touching himself through a hole that he had made in the pocket of his trousers. It was one that he had made with a special little seam ripper that he had bought especially for the occasion, and it was one that had ultimately led to the destruction of almost every single pair of trousers that he owned. If he felt that they were comfortable enough for him to slip his hands into his pockets whilst he was both sitting and standing, the trousers would be left with a huge hole in the bottom, which he would ultimately cram his hands through so that he could stroke himself.

Out of all of his new friends, Jisoo could absolutely guarantee that none of them would have heard of the fetish. It was so bizarre and so niche that not many people had heard of it before. And frankly, Jisoo didn't know whether he wanted people to know about it or not. On one hand, it made it easier
to explain himself to people. He didn't need to worry about explaining what the appeal was and he didn't need to concern himself with the fact that he would probably become agitated when he was with them in public. After all, it was one of those things that he did so often that it became a reflex, but the last thing that he really wanted to do was make other people feel uncomfortable because he was touching himself when he was around them. On the other hand, though, if people did know about it, it could potentially cause a load of issues for his social relationships. It was the sort of thing that people would gossip about, for starters, and then his other friends would be looking out for it when he was around them.

The thing was, most people had some sort of fetish or kink. And it ranged significantly. Some people were only really interested in things like partialism, where a single aspect of their partner's body turned them on more than anything else. Some people were interested in little things like food or high heels or the smell of fresh bedsheets. For other people, it was a little bit more extreme, like watersports, testicle torture, bondage, or pet play. Sure, some of those things weren't really what people would regularly think of when someone brought up the topic of fetishes, but it didn't make them any less valid. And likewise, that was certainly the case for his one too. He knew that some people were uncomfortable when they thought about it. The odd few who had actually heard of it seemed to be genuinely quite alarmed that he would take a fetish to a public area like that. He had to think about the children, they would say, and all of the people who didn't want to have to see that sort of thing happening in front of them.

But he was always careful about it. If he knew that a vulnerable person was nearby, he wouldn't do it at all. He wasn't a complete creep, frankly; he just had a little bit of an interest in things that were a bit more extreme. And that was how the fetish developed too. It was started out as a subtle little thing that probably wouldn't bother a single person. He would wear looser trousers so that people wouldn't be able to see that his hands were toying with his genitals, and then he gradually started wearing tighter clothes when he started working in an area where there were more adults around. He was working outside of peak hours, which meant that he didn't need to worry about people taking their children to school or anything, and so he could afford to get a little bit more risky with it. At that point, it was a lot more obvious that his hands were toying with his crotch, although no one ever said anything to him. He did see a few eyes darting in his direction, but they didn't linger at all. In fact, after the first glance, they made every excuse to turn away.

Naturally, though, those sorts of things didn't stay thrilling forever. There was always a need to bump it up, despite the fact that the tight trousers were already a bump in itself. Jisoo found that it was hard to ignore that urge, frankly; he just had a little bit of an interest in things that were a bit more extreme. And that was how the fetish developed too. It was started out as a subtle little thing that probably wouldn't bother a single person. He would wear looser trousers so that people wouldn't be able to see that his hands were toying with his genitals, and then he gradually started wearing tighter clothes when he started working in an area where there were more adults around. He was working outside of peak hours, which meant that he didn't need to worry about people taking their children to school or anything, and so he could afford to get a little bit more risky with it. At that point, it was a lot more obvious that his hands were toying with his crotch, although no one ever said anything to him. He did see a few eyes darting in his direction, but they didn't linger at all. In fact, after the first glance, they made every excuse to turn away.

But then, of course, it had to go to the highest level eventually. The level that created a point of no return. It was something that he had actually been considering for some time, but that he hadn't dared to touch until he was absolutely desperate to feel that same thrill that he had experienced in the early days of his fetish. His plan was to do it in his church when he went on a Sunday morning, and for him to continue through the entire thing.

It was risky. Massively risky. There was a chance that someone would call him out for it and he would end up being kicked out of the group. There was a chance that they would tell the other
churches in the area so that he wouldn’t be able to attend another service. It was something that could have affected his reputation and could have even prevented him from having a wedding in a church when he felt that the time was right to marry his future partner. But there was something about it that really drew him in. Something little but addictive nonetheless. Jisoo wanted nothing more than to experience it once, just so that he had the chance to see whether he enjoyed it or not. There was always the chance that he would hate it, as with everything else, but that chance was worth taking if it was something that was ultimately going to keep him experiencing that rush of arousal for a little bit longer. So he built himself up for it, then promptly thrust himself into the situation.

Jisoo could feel that his walk was different as he made his way into the church. It was obvious to him and he figured that it would be obvious to everyone else, too. They had a way of noticing that sort of thing and weren't hesitant on pointing it out to people. And it wasn't just that. It was everything. One of the older ladies pointed out that a young couple looked stressed and asked if they had been experiencing relationship issues, for example. Another noted how someone took biscuits to church for everyone, and pointed out that it was usually a sign that that person had committed a sin and was trying to cleanse from it. See, there was no way to escape it because they knew everything. Everything. And so he tried his hardest to seem normal as he went in and found his seat. Not too cheerful or too awkward.

It was a miracle when the only thing that someone asked was whether he was well-rested. He often went to church feeling a little bit tired from his job, since the weekend was never really enough to recover fully, and so he supposed that he did often look very tired. And sure, he was still feeling tired at that point in time, but he also had his plan to sober him up a bit so he guessed that it was that. It was just a relief that nothing else had been picked up, but he wasn't going to stand around and make it obvious that it was more than just that. No, he simply gave a polite nod to the person who had spoken to him before shuffling across into his seat. He made a special effort to check that everything was in place - primarily in an attempt to curb his own anxieties that little bit - and then he adjusted his position on the bench so that he was as comfortable as he could have been.

And then he waited for everyone else to come in and take their own seats. His plan was actually well-thought out, since he had decided that he would pick the day where a lot of people wouldn't be in attendance. It was a bit of a tester, he supposed. It was something that he had taken the effort to check over time. Two of the families were going away on holiday, since it was the start of the holidays from school. Another family had a sports event for their child, and a third had to spend time with their grandpa, who was unwell. The odd person needed to go to courses or training sessions, and then a few people had actually moved out of the city and relocated to a different church. It all made it that little bit easier for him. It meant that he could check things through and make sure that he was genuinely into that aspect of the fetish before he increased the risk of being caught out, and then he could develop it a little bit more when other people were in attendance too.

Thankfully, no one sat next to him which meant that he was able to comfortably do as he needed to do without worrying that anyone else's eyes would be wandering. He slipped his hand straight into his pocket and gave a few little squeezes over his boxers to get himself warmed up, and then promptly proceeded to stroke tiny little circles over his crotch using his index finger. They were very subtle and would have made it seem as if he was simply pushing his hands as far into his pockets as possible, should anyone else have seen him. They wouldn't have even suspected that he was touching himself if they saw it, he figured, and so that was a great little teaser.

And so, that was how he continued for a while. Little circles over his crotch, using his index finger the entire time. Slow and gentle. Occasionally changing direction so that he didn't get too bored by it. He just kept an eye on it, making sure that he wasn't getting too worked up too quickly and that no one else was looking at him as he was doing it. But as it was, it didn't seem like anyone else was that bothered. That was great, he decided, as it meant that it wasn't all that hard for him to continue.
rubbing himself very gently whilst he waited for the service to finally start.

That was where it had to change, though. He could feel himself getting worked up after a little while, and that meant that things were going to get more difficult for him. After all, it was easy enough to hide the fact that he was touching himself because he was being pretty subtle about it. Hiding the fact that he was incredibly stiff whilst wearing pretty tight trousers, on the other hand, was something completely different. Jisoo spent a few seconds considering his options before coming to the decision that it would be best to simply cross one leg over the other, restricting the view that anyone else would have of the front of his trousers. It meant that he could touch himself a little bit firmer without being clocked, which was an additional bonus, but the best part was that if anyone did happen to see it, they would probably think that his trousers were just bunching up around the crotch area anyway. They wouldn't suspect that a man like him would be touching himself so obviously in a church when it was that little bit more subtle again, and so his plan was to use that to his advantage.

As soon as his leg was crossed, he figured that it was best to simply grab it with his whole hand. He had done enough training to know that he wasn't going to make a noise when he did it, and so his expression didn't even show the slightest bit of difference. In fact, it probably seemed as if he didn't even acknowledge what his hand was doing. After all, it was as if he was in a completely different world. His fingers were squeezing and toying with his bulge whilst his expression remained unmoving. It was so impressive that he probably would have been able to hold a full conversation whilst doing it, too. That was an achievement in itself, as far as Jisoo was concerned. It was something that he planned on keeping in mind in case he ever needed it, and a skill that he hoped to be able to maintain over time.

Then the real magic started to happen. He found that the fear of being caught trickled away immediately when he was sat there with his legs crossed like that, and so he didn't even bother trying to hide it too much as he started to stroke himself properly. Short, quick motioned between his first two fingers and thumb. Usually, it wouldn't be anywhere near enough contact to get him to finish, but the arousal from the act really got him in the mood and coaxed him towards the edge. Of course, it wasn't going to be a quick process when he was trying to listen to what was being said at the same time, but he wasn't all that bothered about it. After all, he had already decided that he was going to make it last. Besides, there would have been a few additional issues if he had actually decided to get to the edge as quickly as possible. Those issues included the fact that he would be sat in his own mess for quite some time, and that his hands would end up covered in the stuff, which he would struggle to wipe on anything.

It meant that he had the chance to really work himself towards the edge, though. He could take his time and make sure that it felt good the entire time, focusing on a particular part - like the base or tip - whenever he felt the urge to do so. He could focus on the things that he could commit to memory, which would heighten his arousal further in the future and could have possibly left him with something that he could touch himself over when he was at home and in need of that release to get him through the night. And on top of that, it also meant that he was able to keep it subtle. If he did it for five or ten minutes, it would have become obvious to other people that he was doing something like that. People didn't just scratch themselves for that long and then stop. If he was doing it the entire time, on the other hand, there was probably a chance that they would see it differently. He didn't know exactly what they would assume, but he knew that touching himself would be a little lower on the list.

So he continued, keeping his head down as much as possible so that it didn't seem as if he was just really into what was being said. He varied the speed so that it didn't become too obvious that he was doing that, and then he eventually hit his peak and had to fight to keep his hips down on the bench. Whilst he still had no issue with keeping his mouth shut, keeping his body still was a bit of a harder task and it required a little bit more skill. Nevertheless, he managed to keep it subtle and moved his
hand out of the way quick enough to avoid being covered in his own body fluids, which made for a much more satisfying situation in the end when he didn't need to worry himself with how he was going to clean it up before leaving the church. Sure enough, someone would want to shake his hand or something and whilst it was pretty gross to shake a hand after he had been touching himself, it would have been even worse if he had done it after wiping semen off his fingers.

Admittedly, Jisoo had never felt so achieved in his life. It hadn't quite reached the thrill levels that he'd been expecting but it was still something. An experience that he was never going to forget. One that left him finishing pretty hard, and one that would be pretty good to mentally return to in the end. He knew that he wasn't going to do it in a church again at any point in the near future, but that didn't mean that the memories weren't going to be pretty hot to touch himself to when he was running out of fresh things to get himself going. After all, it was still a part of his fetish. He had been doing it in public, he had been using the hole in his trousers, and he had masturbated like that, where other people could have caught him out.

He didn't really know where he was going to go after that. Perhaps a step down so that he would be able to get more of a thrill out of it. A beach or maybe a swimming pool might have done the trick, he figured. It was a tricky game to try to figure out how to make such a fetish work, but he wasn't prepared to give in and allow it to be something that he kept on the tame side. Well, tamer side. He didn't really know whether wearing increasingly tight trousers and touching himself in public counted as being tame, but he figured that it could have possibly been a lot worse.

For now, though, he was planning to leave it how it was. Adapt it whenever he felt like it, but not pushing it too far, to the point where it was a little bit uncomfortable. There was plenty of time for him to see where it took him, if he was being honest, and so that was that.

Chapter End Notes

So we're ending on a very specific fetish, which I didn't expect at all - I've been trying to find the right one for him for ages but it just hasn't been happening

I'm now moving onto requests; I have a list of ones that need to be completed, but I'm more than happy to add a few more, so long as I'm finished by February!! But once it's finished, it's finished, so please make sure to get any requests in as soon as possible!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Arguably, the worst way to figure out that Junhui had a fetish for being choked was finding out during rough play with Minghao.

It was completely innocent, or at least it had been when they started. Junhui playfully pushed Minghao and Minghao shoved him back. And then, within minutes they were play-fighting properly. Minghao had pushed him to the floor and was sat on his pelvis. It wasn't sexual at all, despite how it would have appeared to anyone who happened to walk in on it. Junhui was actually more focused on trying to get his friend off him so that he could pin him to the ground. He figured that it was the only way that he would end up winning because Minghao was really putting a lot of effort into it. He was pushing all of his weight down, in a desperate attempt to feel heavier, and his hands were gripping Junhui's wrists tightly. And as much as Junhui tried to move, Minghao put all of his strength behind holding him back. So Junhui waited for a moment in which his friend seemed to be off-guard and then promptly pushed back with full force so that he was knocked over.

For a while, they were wrestling whilst they were on their knees. Minghao was trying his hardest to push him back again but Junhui was too quick for him. Not quick enough to jump on him, but quick enough to retaliate when Minghao tried his hardest to get the upper hand. So they ended up scrapping like animals - aside from the laughs and smiles that came alongside it - until Minghao finally managed to push him down again. He sat on Junhui again, but then Junhui rolled over and pulled his friend with him, and so they were left rolling around for a little while longer until Junhui finally managed to pin his friend. He had a shin across Minghao's thigh, both hands on his biceps, and it was absolutely clear that he had full control of the situation.

And then he was on top of him. He pressed all of his weight down similarly and tried to pull Minghao's hair. His friend caught him before he got too far, though, and promptly rammed his arm against Junhui's chest. It had been an accident, of course, but he instantly knocked the wind out of Junhui's body. For a second, he was left gasping for air and Minghao looked terrified as he blurted out his apologies, but Junhui tried his hardest to insist that it was fine. It wasn't that much of a bother and instead, it was more of an accident. So he started again, engaging Minghao in more rough play. He could tell that his friend was a bit nervous to go too hard, though, since he had already hit him pretty hard, so he ended up letting Minghao knock him onto his back so that he thought he was getting the upper hand. Then he was on top of Junhui again, straddling his hips and trying his hardest to pull his hair back. He gave a quick tug and Junhui tried to tickle him, so Minghao playfully wrapped his hands around Junhui's neck and pressed down very slightly for a fraction of a second. Not too hard or anything, but enough to make Junhui painfully aware of his presence.

Seemingly, Minghao had noticed his instant erection. There was no other reason why his entire body would tense up as it did. Besides, it was hardly as if it wasn't obvious. Junhui might not have been the biggest guy in the world, but he was certainly big enough for it to show through his trousers when they were in that position, and Minghao would've certainly been able to feel it whether he liked it or not. He didn't really know what to make of it, obviously, but he didn't dare to move either. Like that, the game had changed completely and they were simply laid on the floor with Minghao on top of him and his hands around Junhui's neck. It looked incredibly odd, it felt odd, and everything was awkward between them for a second. Neither of them really knew what they could even do in that sort of situation. Were they supposed to ignore it? Were they supposed to make something of it? It hadn't really happened before so they didn't have much experience of what to do and neither person was really prepared to call the shots in that situation either.

Junhui supposed that the good part was that they were not only friends, but also two guys who were
somewhat attracted to each other in the first place. It wasn't to the point where they would drop everything to be a couple or anything, but they had certainly been flirting here and there. Junhui had almost - almost - kissed Minghao on the lips and Minghao had cuddled him whilst they were in just boxers. They had shared showers and really looked at each other's bodies, although it was immediately dropped when they eventually did leave the bathroom, and they had even gone on the odd date. Of course, the dates weren't really addressed as such, instead earning the title of "friends' days out", but they both knew that it was a bit more than that. And given that it was the case, they seemed to be a little bit less bothered about the sudden appearance of Junhui's erection than they probably would have been in any other situation. After all, it was something that didn't seem anywhere near as weird as it would to anyone else, and they mutually supposed that it was a sign to continue things without trying to cut it short.

After all, everyone else was out of the dorm at that point in time. They only had to answer to themselves, and the chance of being caught out was pretty damn slim. Not when everyone was busy getting their lives together. So Minghao simply wiggled his hips so that Junhui knew that he was aware of his problem, then promptly leaned down so that their chests were touching. "What was it about that? Was it the fighting or the choking?" Junhui mused for a few seconds.
"I think it was the choking. I can't be sure, though. I've never tried it before so I don't know whether I'm supposed to get stiff from it."
"How about we do something to make sure?" Minghao asked in a way that sounded neither forced nor joking. His voice was surprisingly low, almost sultry in tone, and he paired it by running a hand down Junhui's chest. Junhui instantly felt his heart racing in his chest when he felt it; he didn't really know how his body was supposed to handle an attractive boy touching him up, but he figured that it had the right idea by doing as it was doing. Minghao seemingly found it amusing as he instantly broke into a smile.

"What do you think we should do to start with?" he asked calmly, obviously intending for Junhui to do the same thing. But the act had messed with his head, making his mind fuzzy right away. He couldn't think straight at all, in any sense of the word, and he struggled to ground himself when Minghao's face was so close to his own. So the words that came out weren't necessarily representative of what he had been thinking, but they were words nonetheless, so he figured that it was only right to honour them how they wished to come out into the open.
"I want to choke on your dick." Minghao stared at him for a moment, trying his hardest to figure out what had just been said to him. It seemed so alien that Junhui couldn't even blame him; he simply apologised and repeated it, this time in a whisper. And then he watched as his friend's eyes glazed with lust. An intense need to do exactly as had been suggested. He gave a little nod before shifting to one side and removing all of his clothing right away, just to show off exactly what Junhui had coming, and then waited for him to do the same.

Naturally, Junhui's clothes were off in seconds. He wasn't even shy about it, despite the fact that he was the only one who was stiff at that point in time. He knew that Minghao wanted nothing more than to get on with it and enjoy themselves, so he wasn't going to take his time and make them lose out on precious minutes. Without any hesitation at all, he pulled his friend closer to his body so that they were laid chest-to-chest. And only then did he actually think to pause when he realised that he didn't want anything back. Not in the way that he was instinctively going to do it anyway. That would make it harder for him to focus on what he was doing, and it would make it even harder for him to avoid hitting his peak. So instead, he got Minghao to stand up and then promptly shifted to his knees where he took him straight into his mouth and began bobbing his head between Minghao's thighs. It was a motion that wasn't supposed to do much, other than stimulating him enough to get him stiff, and it seemingly did its job as Junhui quickly found that Minghao was stiffening at a good pace.

It meant that they could start right away. Minghao's hands moved to his hair, and then he promptly
started to thrust into his mouth. No warm-up or attempts at easing him into it; he knew exactly what was going to work well for him and so he did exactly that. He knew that choking Junhui was more important than paying attention to how much he gagged - after all, gagging was surely good when he wanted to choke on it - so that was what Minghao focused on primarily. He slammed his hips forward, taking care of his own pleasure above anything else, and occasionally chose to stay still with it buried as far down Junhui's throat as possible. Junhui knew that his throat was starting to spasm as he took it, but he tried his hardest to avoid making it seem as if he was going to be sick. That was a turn-off, no matter how much he insisted that he wanted it to be crammed as far down his throat as possible, and the last thing he really needed was for Minghao to stop and flash him a concerned glance because he looked like he wasn't taking his own kink that well at all.

It didn't last long at all, though. Minghao was insistent that they move on pretty quickly so that he didn't end up finishing in Junhui's mouth. After all, it was the first time they'd actually done something like that and it was a pretty big deal when they had been interested in each other for some time. So Junhui ended up having to move away, which led to Minghao simply staring at him for a while as he tried to figure out how they would move forward. His face scrunched up slightly, and then he looked Junhui dead in the eyes as he made his suggestion. "How about we move to the bedroom and then I'll try your new kink out when we get there? Maybe I can ride you and choke you at the same time?" His suggestion sounded absolutely magical and that was why Junhui decided that it was the best option. He had been thinking about doing it in other ways, of course, but that option genuinely seemed like the one that would get them the best results. So he hopped up right away, snatched up the stray clothes, then allowed Minghao to take him to the bedroom.

Once they were there, the younger boy didn't even hesitate to kiss him. It was weird; they hadn't ever kissed before but it felt so right to do so that Junhui melted right away. It was the sort of kiss that left his heart fluttering and his head dizzy and his lips tingling, and that was something that Junhui genuinely liked a lot. He allowed Minghao to guide him to the bed and lie him down, and the kiss remained whilst he prepared himself to take it. He was very efficient at making sure that he didn't spend too much time on that sort of thing and before Junhui knew it, Minghao was pulling away from the kiss so that he could guide their bodies together. To start with, his expression was completely calm as he tried his best to spread himself and insert it at the same time, but then his perfect expression cracked and he was left with his eyes closed and mouth open as he gradually worked his way to the base. It was a slow process, as was expected, but he did what he could and took more and more in until he was eventually sat at the base. Then, just as he had done when he was sat on Junhui's pelvis in the first place, he wiggled his hips slightly to show that he had made it.

Junhui groaned. The fact that Minghao was riding him should have been a kink in itself, but he was unbelievably glad that he was going to have him taking it that little bit further too. He was excited to figure out exactly how much he liked being choked and whether it was going to affect his climax, as he had been told by every website and every video. Whilst he certainly hadn't been sure about experiencing it himself, it had certainly been something that had left him curious in the past, so it was just a matter of figuring out where he stood with it. To start with, though, Minghao was simply getting himself used to it. He slowly lifted his hips up until he got to the tip then promptly pushed back down until he was at the base again. Rinse and repeat a few times until he was starting to get used to the girth, and then he was starting to move his body with a lot more enthusiasm. He knew what he was doing and he knew what felt good, and Junhui could tell that much from the way his hips moved.

It was at that point that he leant forwards and wrapped a hand around Junhui's throat. The other hand was pressed on Junhui's shoulder so that he could support himself and move with greater ease, but most of his weight was pressed down on the first hand. Admittedly, it was a bit hard and Junhui immediately felt his head go light as he realised just how much pressure was being put on his neck. Saying that, though, he really didn't want Minghao to stop so he didn't say a word. He could feel his
eyes rolling back in his head right away, and the sensations of Minghao's body taking him in only felt that bit more magical. He could feel every little twitch of his walls and the sensation of his length parting the inner walls of Minghao's body, and he could even feel that Minghao's body gradually grew warmer the deeper he was inside of him. It was absolutely blissful to be able to feel such specific sensations and it only got him that little bit stiffer when he felt them.

Minghao caught him genuinely suffocating, though. He realised just how hard he was pressing when Junhui's face went purple, and so he immediately eased off. Suddenly, the pleasure of it started to trickle away and Junhui snapped right back to reality. "Choke me, Hao," he whispered breathlessly. "Please, choke me again. I need it." It sounded desperate and he hated that, but he couldn't stand to have Minghao stopping just like that. After all, it was adding to the experience and was keeping his nerves at bay. Sleeping with someone for the first time was difficult as it was without having his nerves acting up, and so the choking served as a sort of protective barrier against that. As expected, Minghao tried to argue against it, since he had been putting too much pressure on him too quickly, but Junhui was quick to grab both of his hands and press them to his neck. It was just like how his hands had been when they were playing, except Junhui was absolutely serious about him putting the pressure on his neck like that. "Make me look like a ragdoll," he instructed Minghao and as weird as it sounded, the younger boy proceeded to do exactly as he was told.

Junhui's head didn't feel as if it was attached to his body. In fact, it felt more like it was a balloon that was about to burst. Like a bubble that was resting on the end of a bubble wand, but was threatening to break away and float straight towards the ground. He could feel his climax approaching quickly, although he was trying his hardest to hold it back. After all, there was no point in letting it hit before he had had his fill of the pleasure. When was the next time that he would be able to sleep with Minghao and experience that same pleasure? Would it ever happen again, for that matter? He couldn't be sure, so the only option was to enjoy it whilst it lasted. He had to milk it as much as possible whilst simultaneously trying his hardest to get Minghao to finish at the same time. That way, there was a greater chance that they would be able to do it again in the future. Well, theoretically. That thought was based more on the idea that Minghao wouldn't want to sleep with a guy who took but didn't give, although he guessed that there were always guys who preferred not to climax so that it would heighten their own feelings of arousal later.

Saying all of that, though, it wasn't too long before his body started to beg for release. It screamed to Junhui that he wasn't going to last very much longer and that he should either tell Minghao to stop or simply let it hit at full force. It was focused on the fact that he was getting very little oxygen and that was heightening his pleasure. It knew that the choking was going to make for a great experience when he finally hit his climax and painted Minghao's walls white. It knew that he wasn't really expected to last that long when he hadn't really slept with anyone recently, and it knew that Minghao was getting aroused from seeing him in that state. So he ended up just letting go after a while. He encouraged Minghao to press that little bit harder when he felt it approaching, and then promptly finished hard. He could feel himself filling Minghao to the brim and making sure that he felt every last drop of what he was doing to him, and then he proceeded to black out as a result of the asphyxiation.

He was only out for a couple of seconds, but that was enough to worry Minghao. He looked absolutely terrified when Junhui opened his eyes to see him just inches away from his face, but then he instantly looked relieved when Junhui opened his eyes and stared at him. "Fucking hell, Wen Junhui, don't you ever do that to me again!" he exclaimed as he leaned forward to hug him tightly. It was a bit of an awkward hug, seeing as he was still inside of Minghao, but it would have to do. Junhui simply held him close and stroked his hair as Minghao let all of the panic become words that filled the air between them, but then he promptly kissed him once there was enough space between them to do so. The difference in his response over those few seconds was immense and he did seem a lot calmer when Junhui eventually pulled away and held his cheeks so that he could look into his
"I'm sorry for scaring you like that, but that was the best thing I've ever experienced. You don't understand what you did to me, but it was something good. I'm thankful for the fact that you helped me out there." Although there was still a hint of worry in Minghao's expression, he seemed even calmer as he hugged his friend again. They ended up spending a good while cuddling before Junhui remembered that Minghao hadn't quite finished as far as he had seen, at which point he brought it up and insisted that he would do something to make it up to him. But then Minghao buried his face in his chest and mumbled something about how being filled pushed him over the edge, so Junhui supposed that he had to be satisfied with the outcome. Sure, he hadn't seen Minghao hitting his climax - which he imagined would be absolutely beautiful - but he guessed that he would have the chance to see it properly in the future.

In fact, he did end up seeing it more in the end. He and Minghao decided that they would make something of it once it had been started like that. It wasn't really the sort of thing that Junhui was used to, admittedly, but he was glad that he and Minghao were able to get through their first round and still like each other enough to try it again. It meant that they were able to find out what Minghao's kinks were, too - which included the fact that he enjoyed being choked too, funnily enough - and they also got to explore different ways of getting Junhui to the edge using his fetish. It included, but wasn't limited, to Minghao topping, asphyxiation masks, wrapping plastic around his face, gags with toys attached so that he always had something down his throat, and the use of chokers that were a bit too tight.

All in all, it was the best relationship that Junhui could have imagined. It was the sort that genuinely made him feel more comfortable with the idea of having fetishes, it got him that little bit closer to Minghao, and it resulted in him being able to explore his sexual side with that little bit more comfort.
Dacryphilia; arousal from tears or watching people crying.

Jeon Wonwoo didn't cry, even when others around him were in a state. That was why Seungkwan was so attracted to the thought of making him cry.

He didn't really know exactly what had sparked it - whether it was because of the fact that he was able to keep a completely straight face, even when those around him were in tears or something else entirely - but he just needed to see it. To start with, it was merely an obsession. He wanted to be able to catch him out just once, so that he would be able to say that he saw Jeon Wonwoo crying. But then it became a fixation; a dangerous game in which he wanted to make Wonwoo cry. He needed to know what would make him tip over the edge.

He could imagine Wonwoo’s crying face without even needing to see it. He would be absolutely beautiful, with tears rolling softly down pretty cheeks and long fingers swiping away the droplets of water before they rolled off his chin. He imagined that his eyes would get a little bit red, but the rest of his face would be perfect. And he would be the sort to cry silently, too. Not a single sound would leave his lips, and it would be a matter of watching him for the signs that he was crying. All in all, it would be a perfect experience, and that was exactly why Seungkwan was looking forward to it as much as he was. He wanted to be able to see such a stunning man crying in a way that still made him look beautiful, and he wanted nothing more than to kiss away those tears as they fell.

Don't get him wrong, though, he wasn't attracted to his friend in a romantic way. Just in a sexual way. That was perfectly normal and acceptable for two male friends, and it wasn't at all anything that concerned him. He could feel romantic attraction without sexual feelings, and he could feel sexual attraction without romantic feelings. It wasn't a big deal. If anything, it made it easier to get boys into bed with him. He could act out all of his kinks and fetishes because they knew that they weren't feeding into a romantic desire for them, and so it essentially worked out better than it would have done if there was actually something between them. It also meant that he was a lot more confident in himself, strangely enough. Crushes on boys left him giddy and awkward, and his words just wouldn't come out. He would end up looking incredibly awkward, and it wasn't fun for anyone involved. But when he was attracted to their bodies, his confidence blossomed. There was shame in telling someone that he was attracted to their person, but none in telling them that they were sexy.

That was why it was so easy to get Wonwoo to accept his offer. The older boy had been pretty indifferent to everything, in all honesty, and that made it that little bit easier for Seungkwan to approach him and announce what he wanted to hear. He took a seat next to his friend whilst he was reading a book, and then promptly turned towards him. "Wonwoo," he called out, attracting just a flicker of eye contact from his senior. "Mmm?"

"I've been thinking about something for a little while now and I'm not sure how this is gonna come out, but when was the last time you slept with someone?" The book was put down right away. Wonwoo's eyes widened, as if he was questioning how Seungkwan had the confidence to ask such a loaded question, but then he realised how calm his friend looked. He promptly cleared his throat and
pressed a bookmark to the page, then placed both of his hands into his lap as he tried to come up with a response to the question. And an honest response at that.

"I'd like to say around six to twelve months. I can't remember when it was exactly. Why?"
"Well," Seungkwan started. He took in a deep breath as he tried to build himself up to just say it outright, but the breath came out as a laugh when he finally exhaled. "I was thinking that it would be nice to sleep with you at some point. I mean, I haven't done that with anyone for quite some time too, and you know how it is when stress starts to get in the way. It affects everything and you just need a bit of a cool down from it all." Then he stopped as he tried to judge Wonwoo's expression. It was unreadable and that was the only reason why Seungkwan was suddenly so nervous about it. Had it been sad, happy, neutral, mad, or anything else, he would have been able to handle it. But it was a bit of an odd mix of expressions and that was why Seungkwan began to panic.

"I mean, I'm not romantically attracted to you or anything, so you don't need to worry about that. I just thought that since we're friends, it would be nice to be able to help each other out in that sense."
Damn it, it sounded stupid now that he was starting to overthink it. His confidence was completely lost. He could feel his heart pounding in his chest. He was so close to getting to try out his crying fetish - as much as he could do with someone who didn't really cry - and the hurdle was the fact that Wonwoo's face was blank. But then he opened his mouth and closed it a few times, as if he was trying to find the words too. As if he wasn't sure how to move forward with the conversation. Eventually, though, he gave a firm nod and glanced down at his hands for a few seconds.
"It seems like a good option. I think there's a lot of stress in the dorm at the moment and it's only going to get worse the closer we get to the end of the year. I think it would be nice."
The last part was added on hesitantly, suggesting that he had been considering whether or not to put in such an opinion, but Seungkwan found that he appreciated it a lot. After all, it was like he had captured a little bit of Wonwoo's heart in the space of a few seconds.

It ended up becoming a semi-regular thing. Seungkwan was surprised to find that he easily dominated Wonwoo, despite the age and height difference between them. Wonwoo was delicate and submissive, with absolutely no desire to top him at all. And despite the fact that Seungkwan had been anticipating bottoming to him, he was thrilled to find that it had worked out like that.

For starters, it meant that he would have a higher chance of making his senior cry. How many tops cried during sex? A solid zero, Seungkwan wanted to guess. How many bottoms cried during sex? Not a massive amount still, but a lot higher than tops. So he made the best of it. He made sure to be rough with Wonwoo and insisted that they get the stress out every time. If they were hard on each other, it would mean that they would enjoy it that little bit more, and it would also make Wonwoo more inclined to cry, he guessed.

Or so, that was the plan.

It didn't really work out too great, if he was being completely honest. Wonwoo bit his lower lip and kept his eyes closed most of the time. It was as if he was trying to avoid looking at Seungkwan; as if he didn't want to connect the experience with the sensations that he was feeling. And sure, Seungkwan couldn't necessarily blame him when they weren't romantically attracted to each other, but he also felt that it was a little bit rude of Wonwoo to deny him of the fetish that he wasn't even aware of at the time. So he tried harder. He pulled Wonwoo's hair when he was putting it in from behind. He gripped his thighs and dug his nails into the pretty flesh of his legs. He bit him roughly as Wonwoo moved himself in Seungkwan's lap, and he did everything to create the ripple of flesh connecting whenever he had the opportunity to do so. It was all in vain, naturally, but at least he felt as if he was trying to get them somewhere.

Wonwoo noticed, though. He noticed the frustration on Seungkwan's face whenever they were
together; the irritation that came alongside them both finishing without something happening. He didn't know what that something was, of course, but he guessed that it was something that bothered his friend a lot. He wasn't shy to bring it up, and so they ended up sat in bed together after one session - both completely naked - as Wonwoo insisted that they discuss what the problem was.

"What is it?" he asked right away, without even bothering to sugar-coat it. Seungkwan faked a smile. "Nothing. Everything is fine. I think this is really helping us to get over the stress, you know."
"Don't lie to me, Boo Seungkwan. I can tell that something isn't going to plan for you, and I'd like to know what it is."

He was so straightforward with his request that Seungkwan felt out of place. He felt exposed, in a way, as if he wouldn't be able to escape the situation but was forced to stand out in the open where anyone could see his vulnerabilities. There were people blocking him from running and they wanted him to reveal his deepest thoughts. And he hated that. It made him feel anxious and he could already feel his heart beating harder in his chest when he thought about it.

"It's nothing, don't worry."

"Seungkwan."

Wonwoo seemed to be more bothered than he thought he would be over it. He didn't look angry at all, though, interestingly enough. His eyes were pleading with Seungkwan, begging him to say what the problem was. Perhaps he thought it was his fault, Seungkwan mused. Perhaps he thought he wasn't good enough or something; that his body wasn't satisfying or he didn't last long enough or he didn't do something right. Wonwoo pressed a hand to his arm and gave an awkward half-smile as if he was trying to seem positive, even though it was clear that he wasn't feeling that positive vibe that he was trying to put out there. Seungkwan could see that it was going to bother him if it was just dropped and he realised right away that he couldn't do that to his friend. It wouldn't be fair to put him in that position - not when he was so good as to make sure that Seungkwan had someone to sleep with in the first place. So he ended up taking in a deep breath and exhaling slowly, then adjusting himself on the bed so that he could face Wonwoo properly.

"I really want to see you crying." Simple. His heart was still racing, but at least he managed to get it out quickly like that. There was no need to worry anymore because it was out there. If Wonwoo hated it, he had the power to reject him and they could simply end it like that. If he didn't hate it, Seungkwan supposed that they would be able to make something of it.

"Excuse me?" he said in reply. His eyes were wide and he looked as if he was surprised by the request. "You want to see me crying?" Seungkwan nodded, figuring that it was best not to back out and pretend that he had said something different, or that it simply didn't matter at all. Wonwoo fidgeted slightly but he didn't seem unimpressed, despite the surprise in his tone.

"How so? Do you want me to watch a sad film and get upset, or are we talking about it in the bedroom?"

That feeling of being exposed was right back again. Seungkwan felt as if he was choking. He didn't know what it was about Wonwoo, but the way he spoke like that left Seungkwan's confidence draining away. He was straight to the point in every situation and despite his awkwardness, he didn't seem to be too uncomfortable with addressing things how they were. But it still had to come out into the open. Seungkwan couldn't just leave it now that it had been mentioned. He had to make sure that Wonwoo knew exactly what he was getting at when he told him of his desires. "I'd like to see you crying in the bedroom. I think I have a fetish for crying, but I'm not sure yet. I'd like to try it out."

"Dacryphilia," Wonwoo mused. Seungkwan's stomach flipped. So he was aware of what it was. "I'll do what I can, then. But I need you to be rough with me. Bites, scratched, hair pulling, slamming out bodies together, spitting on me. Anything you can think of can go, but I need you to know that it's going to take a lot to get me there."

And that was that. Wonwoo proposed that they try it in an empty house, and so they planned for it to happen as soon as everyone was gone. They went off to run their various errands, whilst Wonwoo and Seungkwan went to the bedroom. Then the fun started. A safe word was agreed upon right
away, and then things started out heavy. Seungkwan was undressing Wonwoo in an instant, and then his hands were all over his skin. The only lubricant that he used to prepare Wonwoo's body was his own saliva, so that they would both be able to feel his walls sticking slightly, and then he was left pistoning three fingers into Wonwoo's body with such speed and force that he was certain his right arm was going to end up twice the size of the other arm.

Surprisingly, Wonwoo responded well to it. His thighs started spasming and he tried to desperately lift his hips up in order to get more contact. Seungkwan simply pinned his hips down with his spare arm, which caused a lot of frustration for his friend, even if he didn't complain about it directly. It dragged a moan out of his lips - one single breathy moan - and that instantly kicked Seungkwan into action. He needed to hear more. He needed to see more. He knew that it was going to come after that, and his confidence in his abilities was quickly left blooming.

So he moved on to the next step - going down on him. He figured that the best way to avoid falling victim to the urge to bite Wonwoo on such a sensitive area was to go for his ass instead, and it worked wonders right away. Wonwoo had never experienced it before, but he loved every second of it. With every drag of Seungkwan's tongue, his breathing grew heavier and he fidgeted more. That was a sign that he wanted more, Seungkwan figured, and so he made sure to pump up the intensity until he was letting out lewd noises again - just as he had done when he had the fingers inside of him. It was another achievement and he loved it. But there was only so long that he could hold back. With Wonwoo trying to push his hips back against his face and his gentle moans filling the air, Seungkwan knew that he had to be touched as quickly as possible.

He prepared himself to enter his friend, only to be stopped as Wonwoo flipped onto his back. "Wait," he said quietly. Seungkwan's body froze. "Have you not seen any videos for this fetish online? Do you not know how to increase the chances of crying in the bedroom?" he asked.

Seungkwan shook his head slowly. Admittedly, he hadn't ever checked. He wasn't really attracted to any old person in that position. He was attracted to the thought of boys like Wonwoo getting there; the ones who didn't cry that often, who would be harder to crack. Wonwoo broke into a smile, which immediately left Seungkwan feeling on edge. It was clear that he had something in mind, but he simply moved so that he was laid on his back with his head over the edge of the bed. "Slam it into my mouth first. Make tears come to my eyes, then they won't stop."

It was like a dream. He hadn't expected that Wonwoo would be that determined; that he would insist that they do it like that in order to "increase the chances" of the fetish coming into play. But he wasn't prepared to wait. He wanted to show Wonwoo just how much he appreciated the fact that he'd thought of him like that, and so he moved straight over to the edge of the bed so that he could get started. He slipped it straight inside his mouth and then began to use it as a sleeve, trying his hardest to ram it as far down Wonwoo's throat as possible. He could hear the slight gagging noises that came from his friend's throat every time he held it there for more than a second or two, but he proceeded to continue until he felt Wonwoo's throat clamping, as if he was about to be sick. Granted, he had pushed it a lot by that point, but he jumped back with worry that he had done something too wrong. He looked shocked, frankly, and he didn't really know what to do with himself. At least, he didn't until he saw that Wonwoo's eyes were streaming with tears.

He looked like a mess. There was no denying that. He wasn't properly crying, but there were wet streaks all over his face and that was enough as a starting point. It was clear that he was a bit emotional too, having realised just how rough Seungkwan was willing to be with him, and that created a great foundation for them to continue. So Seungkwan did. He moved Wonwoo onto his knees and started pounding into him hard and fast. He gripped his hair and scratched down his back and spanked him hard on the ass, and then continued until Wonwoo finished. And then he flipped him over and continued. Whilst he didn't usually have a lot of stamina, the adrenaline kept him going. He knew right away that Wonwoo's body would be left feeling incredibly sensitive, so he
made sure to be rougher with him. He continued to slam in with just as much force and watched as Wonwoo's chest started heaving. He only grew louder, trying his hardest to curl his body up in response to the roughness that he was experiencing.

It only took five more minutes of pounding into him to leave Wonwoo tearing up properly, and Seungkwan instantly felt a sense of achievement. He watched as they started to prick in the corners of his eyes before dribbling down his cheeks, and then - once the first few drops had fallen - it began properly. His breathing was stuttered and he let out a choked sob as he begged Seungkwan to take him harder, and then his face crumbled. His voice was thick with tears, his face was stained with eight different tear paths, as a result of the pounding, and he looked... well, ugly.

Seungkwan loved it. As much as he had imagined Wonwoo to be beautiful when he cried, it made him seem that little bit more real when he looked ugly. His bottom lip stuck out more than it usually did, his eyes grew puffy right away, and his nostrils flared slightly. The crying left his cheeks flushed and the tear streaks were hardly delicate. In fact, the only pretty thing about the experience was watching as the teardrops made their way down his eyelashes. They would catch for a second, hesitating on the tip, then they would drop onto his skin. Everything else, on the other hand, made him look like a child. But that was fine. It aroused Seungkwan even more and so he was left finishing in record time. And it was probably the biggest climax he'd ever had. It was the sort that left his body trembling and sucked his breath out of his body, and he had to take a minute to come down from it before he could comfort Wonwoo.

As it turned out, the tears stopped almost immediately once they were done. It had mostly been an act; he had been trying his hardest to force the tears so that Seungkwan would be able to figure out whether he enjoyed the fetish or not. And whilst it did make Seungkwan feel a little bit robbed to know that he hadn't actually made Wonwoo cry, he guessed that at least he had managed to make something happen. Not necessarily been the cause, but he had been the catalyst and he guessed that he couldn't really complain all that much if he had managed to finish from it.

That bit wasn't going to become a regular exchange between them, of course - Wonwoo wasn't willing to make himself cry all that often in an attempt to satisfy a friend's fetish - but at least they were able to try it out once every so often. Wonwoo could give him that, at least, so long as they were to try out the odd fetish of his too. It was only fair and besides, they were doing it because they were stressed and wanted to relieve that, so Seungkwan had no real right to deny him of it unless he was heavily against all of the things that Wonwoo was attracted to in the bedroom. As it was, that was far from the case and it really helped them to bond enough to be able to trust each other fully. It was a bit of a tough fetish for Seungkwan to have, ultimately, since it required the participation of a guy who didn't cry all that often. But he was thankful for the fact that he was actually able to find someone to help him out, and that they had been so helpful with it that he felt completely and utterly relieved of his stresses whenever his fetish came into play.

Chapter End Notes

It was hard to think of how to make Wonwoo cry, funnily enough!! I really think that he's the sort to keep calm in a lot of situations and he doesn't seem like the sort who would make too many negative emotions clear when there are so many ways to avoid it, like reading, walking, and the sorts!! But I think it worked out okay, so here we are!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Quirophilia - Seokmin/Junhui

Chapter Notes

Quirophilia; arousal from, or an attraction to, hands.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seokmin had a fetish for hands. He was just lucky to have found someone else who had the exact same fetish, otherwise things would have been incredibly difficult for him to explain.

He met Junhui at a fetishist club. Well, a swinger's house party club, but it was essentially the same thing. It was just giving it another name so that it sounded like a more respectable establishment. Swinging sounded dirty, as if it was filled with middle-aged people who had been single for years and were just going there so that they could hook up with younger people. It sounded like something that was riddled with disease and took place in a filthy little apartment in the middle of nowhere. At least it sounded sanitary if he acted as if it was just a group of fetishists going in and being around each other. It actually was incredibly clean, he noted, but it just didn't sound like it would be when he said what it was. He had gone there for fun, figuring that he had nothing else to do that day. He had intended on getting maybe one or two people into his fetish so that he had someone to bond over it with, and he had hoped that it would mean that he could pass it off as something that wasn't weird at all.

After all, he didn't think it was that odd. There were certainly worse fetishes in the world. There were fetishes that involved illegal things, or people getting hurt. There were ones for causing fires, sex with those who couldn't consent because they were asleep or sometimes not even alive, murdering or watching murders, and cult-like living arrangements, so his was hardly anything in comparison. He just had a thing for hands, and it wasn't even as if he didn't have it under control. He had to have it under control. He had to function well in society, and that involved having contact with other people's hands all the time. He had people asking to shake his hand over business, especially international trade partners. The cashier's fingers would occasionally brush his during cash exchange. He would be asked to dance at family parties, and that included holding hands. He had been in relationships in the past, and hands were always a part of physical contact. Whether it was the gentle brush of hair away from his eyes or a thumb rubbing his cheek; he would constantly have someone's hands on his body.

But the club was his place to let loose. Everyone was naked, walking around the house as if they owned it. There wasn't even the slightest hint of awkwardness around the room. There were drinks exchanged, people were chatting, and there would be the odd person engaged in a passionate affair with a complete stranger. Seokmin was shocked by it to start with, but then he gradually got better with it and certainly started to feel a lot better about the fact that he was around other people like that. He could glance at their hands whilst they glanced at his genitals or ass, and that would be completely fine because of the context of the party. There were no hard feelings at all, and absolutely nothing to worry about. He simply walked around the place, trying to scope out the person with the nicest hands so that he could invite them for a quick romp, and then he would move around a couple of people until he had satisfied his urge for human contact. But then he saw Junhui across the room - a guy who was a complete stranger in the beginning - and he found that he wanted him right away.

Strangely enough, he knew Junhui was into hands too from the moment he met him. Their eyes met,
and then they both immediately looked to each other's hands. A tell-tale move in that sort of environment. To start with, Seokmin thought that Junhui was looking at his groin, but then he noticed his eyes moving up as he crossed his arms over his chest. And then they hovered there and he knew right away. He took a deep breath as he took another step towards the other male, and then promptly let it out as he brought up the topic of hands. He didn't want to make things awkward by making a huge deal out of it, but he needed to be absolutely sure that they were on the same page before they did anything together. Sure, it wasn't the most common fetish in the world and he probably wasn't going to find anyone else who was into it, but he guessed that he would have a much higher chance if they were going to tell each other right away. "You have nice hands," he said quietly. Junhui let out a hum. "You do too. Your fingers are pretty."

That was all they really needed to confirm it with each other. It had led to a raunchy affair, in which they stayed together for the duration of their time there. They claimed the space bedroom so that no one else had to see how worked-up they got over the fetish that they shared, and suddenly the world was theirs to explore. They started with the basics, finding the best way to satisfy their own urges first of all, whilst also doing what the other said in order to get them both to their peak. Junhui liked to have the hands on his thighs or chest when they were in the middle of the act, whereas Seokmin liked them on his back. Junhui liked light touches to his face and neck, whereas Seokmin preferred to feel nails digging into his skin. Hands ended up touching new places all the time, and they ended up covered in body fluids by the end of the affair. Junhui was an absolute mess, having left a huge sweat patch on the fresh bedsheets by the time they decided that it was time to part ways, and Seokmin couldn't really say that he was any less soaked.

But then they ended up going back to the bedroom after no more than twenty minutes. They had intended for it to be a brief affair, in which they got the sex over and done with and then promptly parted ways, but it wasn't going to turn out like that. They couldn't turn out like that. They passed each other again and immediately made eye contact, and they knew right away that they had to go for another round. So they ended up heavily making out against the wall for a few minutes and then promptly making their way over to the bedroom so that they could get messy. And by that, they meant genuinely messy. Tongues found palms and hands explored places that they hadn't been the first time. Junhui almost ended with a whole fist inside of his body, and Seokmin almost ended with a whole fist in his mouth. They were so loud that others knew not to disturb them and the one time that someone did walk in on them, they were faced with the uncomfortable sight of two boys drooling on each other's hands. They were grinding on each other as unsanitary fingers found even more unsanitary things to do and frankly, it must have been absolutely disgusting to watch.

Then they ended up exchanging phone numbers so that they could meet up again and do it privately. The plan was to meet at Seokmin's home and make something of it right away, and then they would swap the next time, if they still felt that connection was there. It would have sounded absolutely ridiculous if Seokmin told anyone else about those tiny little details, of course, and he knew that his mother would pass out if she heard how they met, but at least they both knew that they could get exactly what they wanted from the other person without having the talk about the fetishes that they enjoyed. You could probably imagine the exact conversation that he meant. Yes, they were sexually attracted to other people's hands; sometimes it was as specific as the shape of someone's fingers, the texture, the size, the shape of their palm, or how defined the little features of their hands were, but it could also just be the idea of being touched by someone. Yes, it was incredibly specific, and yes, it counted as partialism. No, it wasn't just having someone's fingers inside a hole or being masturbated by someone else.

Having the freedom without an awkward discussion was something that Seokmin really appreciated, after all. They could discuss the limits and parameters of their fetishes without worrying about the other person being disgusted by it, and they could get curious about the other person's experiences of
it. It allowed them to explore and develop it a lot more in an environment that was a lot healthier than he imagined it would be, and he absolutely loved that. He loved finding new ways to enjoy it, and he loved it even more that Junhui would genuinely be enthusiastic about sharing that experience with him. It was the greatest thing in the world, and he couldn't possibly imagine being with anyone else through all of that one he had a taste of what Junhui could bring to the table. Even better was the fact that they could adapt what they already loved so that they ended up loving it even more. Doing it alone was one thing but doing it with a partner was even better, especially when the love for the act was mutual.

For example, Junhui's favourite thing to do was to suck fingers. It was something that hadn't really bothered Seokmin that much until he got to engage in it with him. Whenever his fingers weren't anywhere else, he wanted them to be in his mouth. Sometimes, he would want someone to cram their fingers in his mouth until he could taste them at the back of his throat. Other times, he would simply suck it whilst he was bottoming. It completely depended on his mood. But either way, it was something that really got Seokmin going too. There was nothing else like having his fingers in someone else's mouth. He loved the feeling of Junhui's tongue dragging wet circles around the digit as he tried to coax it further into his mouth. His eyes would be closed and he would use the flat of his tongue to gently massage up and down the sensitive underside of Seokmin's finger. If there were two fingers in his mouth, he would work them both together and separately. He knew how to use his tongue to separate them, and he would always make sure to suck properly if he had more than one in his mouth. The suction of his cheeks felt a lot better on two fingers than it did on just one and besides, it made his face look prettier if he sucked with a fuller mouth.

And Seokmin had to agree with that. He thought that Junhui was pretty as it was, but he looked even prettier when his mouth was full of fingers. It made him look sultry - as if he was willing to take anything - and it was always a treat to see his eyes roll back and his lips stick out slightly as he sucked. Occasionally, he would even let out a moan or two. It would be soft and Seokmin would almost miss it every time, but there was no denying that it was there. It often came when the sucking started to bring him closer to the edge, or when he could really tell that Seokmin was enjoying the sensation of his tongue swirling around his fingers. It was something that never failed to get them both there whenever it happened, and so it was added to Seokmin's list of hand-related mini kinks. He genuinely couldn't get enough of it. If he could have had his fingers in Junhui's mouth for the rest of his life, he would have certainly gone around with that arrangement. Between that sweet sensation and the look of complete and utter satisfaction on Junhui's face throughout, he knew that he had hit gold with that aspect of the fetish.

Of course, there were also periods where he decided that he wanted to give it back, seeing as Junhui enjoyed his fingers being sucked as much as he enjoyed sucking them. But Seokmin didn't really feel that he was anywhere near as skilled in that sort of area. It wasn't something that he had really engaged in before, since he had never felt that feeling of attraction towards finger sucking until he met Junhui, but he was so eager to impress that he did it anyway. He would always end up creating way too much saliva when he had fingers in his mouth, and it always left a thread of saliva attaching the fingers to his lips for a few seconds longer when he pulled away. As embarrassing as it was, though, it always seemed to fascinate Junhui more than anything in the world. His eyes would light up with excitement, and then he would end up watching the saliva on his fingers as he slowly parted them. "It looks like pre-cum," he pointed out one time, when Seokmin tried to tell him that it was disgusting. "I want you to finish all over my fingers today so that I can see it for real." Seokmin obliged without even a second of hesitation. It was the least he could do when Junhui was so nice about the mess he had made.

On Seokmin's side of the table, though, the favourite aspect of the fetish was having fingers inside other holes. He was usually a top and hardly ever switched, but there was something magical about having long fingers pushed inside of his body. Something that made his thighs twitch and his back
It was an amazing sensation, and he wished that he could spend all of his life with fingers inside of him like that. Junhui had a special way of toying with him, too. He would push his third and fourth fingers inside, right the way up to the knuckle, and then he would aggressively rub at Seokmin's prostate with his fingertips. Then he would use his thumb to rub his perineum in perfect time. It had a way of destroying him in an instant, as was probably normal when people were experiencing so much sexual pleasure all at once. He would always be left gasping and crying out as he tried to force his hips upwards, and he would almost certainly end up screaming by the end, too. Junhui could make him finish from that alone. His fingers were just the right length, and they were surprisingly thick, compared to the rest of his body. Of course, they weren't the biggest hands in the universe or anything, but they were the best size for hitting Seokmin's sweet spots and pressing against them so hard that he was left seeing stars.

That side of the kink was all his. Junhui wasn't that fazed by it, since he had experienced fingers inside his body so many times before, but he could still see the appeal for Seokmin. It was something that felt better when someone didn't experience it all that often. It was a little bit like losing sensitivity during masturbation, since his body would naturally go for the quick climax. In his case, it was just a way to prepare his body for something bigger. But for Seokmin, it was a huge deal. So he occasionally went all out. He would have Seokmin laid on the bed with his thighs parted and a pillow underneath his back. Then he would lube his fingers up as well as he could manage before slipping them underneath. Sometimes he would take it to three fingers, but it would usually just stay at two. After all, he wasn't preparing him for sex, so there was no real reason to take it that far. Two fingers were enough to leave Seokmin moaning and trembling, and so Junhui figured that it was simply best to give him that without pushing it too far. It was all about the pleasure and if he could give that to Seokmin, he could do anything.

Admittedly, Seokmin could have finished from that alone. He didn't need any other touches - just Junhui's fingers inside of him. And it was humiliating. As much as Junhui could try to convince him that it was fine and nothing to be ashamed of, Seokmin knew that there was shame in being able to hit his climax because someone's fingers pistoning in and out of his body turned him on that much. Considering that he sometimes struggled to hit his climax when he was having just the standard missionary-style sex with a partner, it was certainly embarrassing for him to be in a position where two fingers could leave him screaming and shaking with pleasure. Saying that, though, he never once asked Junhui to stop. He didn't want it to stop. He knew what he liked, and that was exactly it.

And the fact that the fingers that were inside of him were especially attractive fingers only made things that little bit more difficult for him. Every time he thought about the shape of Junhui's fingers, he felt himself getting that little bit more worked up, until he eventually ended up muttering something incoherent about how much he loved them. Junhui knew that he loved them. That was why he tried his hardest to work magic with them.

Of course, though, those weren't the only factors that attracted the two to hands, and they certainly weren't the only things that they engaged in, either. Nails became a pretty big part of their relationship, too. Seokmin loved seeing Junhui with slightly longer nails, so long as they weren't long enough to scratch his walls and leave him bleeding when he was rough with him, whilst Junhui preferred much shorter nails in comparison. It led to long evenings where they took care of their nails and made sure that they were looking perfect, and that always led to the exact same outcome - ending up in bed together, where they would be able to test that sort of thing out. Likewise, there was also some fixation on skin texture. It had to be soft for both of them, which meant that they would always be covered in hand cream. There was a particularly thick one that they found in a niche cosmetics store somewhere and it was absolutely amazing at keeping their hands feeling soft, and so it became a big part of their routine too.

Speaking of keeping their hands soft, their experiences with that side of the fetish were certainly the best that they had ever experienced. It wasn't something that they immediately thought of when they
were considering the position of their fetish in their relationship, but it was certainly a huge factor that added to the appeal of it all.

Deciding to explore the softness of their skin as a contributing factor to the fetish turned out to be one of the best decisions of their lives. They used the softness of their hands for pretty much everything that they could imagine, outside of the regular use of fingers in Seokmin's case. It wasn't limited in the slightest, and the softness of fingers against skin truly made for a great time in itself. Naturally, there were still pretty regular things to use hands for in sexual settings. They would grasp each other tightly in a fist and stroke until both of them had managed to hit their peak. It was reserved for when they were feeling a little bit lazy, or they weren't in the mood to go all the way. Junhui loved having Seokmin's bodily fluids on his hands too. Aside from the finger sucking, it was the only time where he genuinely got aroused from something that involved his own hands. For the most part, he needed someone else's fingers in order to get in the mood, but bodily fluids were completely different. For ages afterwards, he would simply watch the fluid dribbling over his hands and moving between his fingers, and then he would lick it off. That would then end up getting Seokmin back in the mood, since the image of seeing Junhui licking his fingers did absolute wonders for him.

But then there were other things related to the softness of their hands, too. Touching cheeks with fingers had the power to go from something that was relatively sweet and innocent to something that was incredibly arousing, depending on how they went about touching the skin. Soft hands did amazing things when they traced earlobes, and they left breaths hitching when a single soft fingertip was used to trace the curves of skin. Ribs, collarbones, shoulder blades, navels, the beautiful v-shape of their pelvis. It was incredibly difficult to pinpoint exactly what the difference was, but it didn't feel anywhere near as good if their hands weren't soft enough. Softness was essentially like giving them a secret power so that they were able to reach the ultimate levels of arousal and make the experience that little bit better.

And a few other factors were included, even though they couldn't really be changed. Seokmin's favourite things about Junhui's hands were that they were quite dainty hands, in comparison to many of the hands that he had seen in the past, that he had a particularly nice vein that stuck out slightly on his left hand - below and between his second and third knuckles - and that his hands were always warm. Junhui's favourite things about Seokmin's hands were the size, the shape of his fingers, and the creases on his palms. They were confidence boosters, if nothing else, and they really did help to solidify the attraction that little bit more.

See, despite the fact that the fetish was incredibly niche and arguably a little bit odd, the fact that they both experienced those feelings confirmed that it was something that they shouldn't be embarrassed about feeling. It confirmed that the experience that they had of it was meant to be shared and that it was completely acceptable for them to want to share those experiences of their quirophilia. Most of all, though, it was a sign that they were meant to be together, and that everything had been lined up perfectly to allow them to meet and be united.

Chapter End Notes

So apparently, Grammarly doesn't recognise "quirophilia" to be a word. It tries to correct it to "coprophilia", which is very very different.

Hopefully I've written about the right thing and not accidentally written a chapter on coprophilia :')
Also, I really hope that I've done this justice because I got a bit stumped halfway through!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Temperature Play - Chan/Seokmin

Chapter Notes

Temperature Play; a sub-category of BDSM sensual play that involves using objects and substances of varying temperatures to stimulate arousal.

The thing about being the younger boyfriend in the relationship was that Chan's boyfriend immediately thought that he was sweet and innocent. He didn't think that he was the sort of person to be interested in a variety of different fetishes, but he really was.

Chan liked everything. The thought of participating in very heavy bondage really got him going. And not the basic stuff with handcuffs and a blindfold. He wanted to be suspended from the ceiling so that a muscular guy in bunny ears and tight wet-look boxers could whip his naked body and make his nipples look like swollen beestings on his chest. He experienced feelings of partialism here and there, in which he would see certain parts of his boyfriend's body and get unreasonably aroused from seeing them. It changed quite a lot, but it always resulted in him getting incredibly stiff. And it could come from something as simple as seeing the back of his boyfriend's neck. He had a particularly huge fetish for temperature play too, actually, although that one was never really taken seriously when he tried to mention it to his boyfriend.

It was the sort of fetish that he would give anything to experience. The sort where if someone told him that he could have a lifetime of it so long as he dropped every single other fetish he experienced, he would surely drop everything else without even a minute's notice. He absolutely loved the thought of it, but it was something that was significantly harder to try out on himself. After all, how could he even add in an element of surprise? He could be able to feel the cold or warmth before it even touched the naked skin of his torso, and so he would have had the time to get his body used to it. In fact, the most he was able to do was fill up a condom with water, freeze it, and then use it to touch himself. Of course, the surprise still wasn't there, but at least he was able to engage with the fetish properly that way. At least he was able to really enjoy himself and make it feel as if someone else was engaging in it with him.

Naturally, he had mentioned it to his boyfriend before, but nothing ever came of it. He supposed that his boyfriend either thought that he was joking or simply didn't care. That was that. His two options. After all, what else could it be? He disclosed it in order to get something out of it, but his boyfriend had done absolutely nothing to embrace it, so he was left to assume that it simply wasn't going to end up happening at all. And that was a huge disappointment, especially when he could see that the boy was really pushing that he was sweet and innocent more and more. He would tell his friends, Chan noted; they would all chat about how he was positively adorable as he tried to bat their hands away and tell them that he wasn't cute at all, and that only seemed to set it in his mind that little bit more. It was as if he was trying to convince himself, more than anyone else, and that really stung for Chan. It would have been nice to have at least had the chance to experience it all once without his boyfriend pushing that he was a chaste little baby, but he guessed that it was his fate and he was going to have to deal with it.

Then he met Seokmin and everything changed in an instant.

Seokmin wanted to be the man who showed him a good time. He wanted to be the man who took
Chan's kinks and turned them into a big deal. And as much as Chan's morals told him that sleeping with his boyfriend's roommate was a mistake, he wanted nothing more than to make Seokmin his.

It was only going to be for a brief period anyway. They had found that the conversation led them to the topic of his fetish quite naturally, and so Chan merely pointed out that his boyfriend had always infantilised him and stopped him from playing it out. Seokmin seemed shocked and asked him if their sex was vanilla, then. Chan shook his head. They'd never actually slept together properly because his boyfriend had been so obsessed with the fact that he was a baby. Seokmin's eyebrows shot up right away when he heard that, and then he pursed his lips for a few seconds. When his face relaxed, though, his eyes began to dart over Chan's features. "I mean, he'll be at work until ten o'clock tonight. He's not allowed to leave until the store is closed and everything is clean." Chan knew what he was hinting, of course, and he tried to reject the offer just once before giving in and accepting it. They both knew that he wanted it anyway; from his mannerisms to the way he rejected the offer, it was blatantly obvious that he was going to accept the next time the Seokmin offered.

And so Seokmin asked what he needed to get in order to make their time worth it. Chan said to surprise him. He knew that Seokmin was kinky and would have a variety of different tools underneath his bed, so he would easily be able to come up with something. First things first, though; Seokmin made sure to blindfold Chan and cuff him to the bed with his clothes off and the blanket over his body, both in order to avoid the cold and in order to preserve his dignity for a little while longer too. Seokmin hadn't really seen him naked before so he wanted to make that moment special. Or so he said. He disappeared at that point, leaving Chan in the room on his own, and then returned a few minutes later. When he arrived back in the room, there was a nervous aura, but Chan figured that it was for the best that he keep his mouth shut and not mention it. The last thing he really needed was for Seokmin to back out because he was so nervous to be messing around with his roommate's boyfriend.

"Can you take your clothes off before you join me?" Chan asked as he sensed the older boy nearby. Seokmin let out a hum, and then there was a distinctive shuffle of clothes. And then he straddled Chan's hips so that he could safely remove the blindfold for a second and guide Chan to look forward only. Chan's breath hitched when he opened his eyes to see that Seokmin was there. Suddenly, he felt exposed. Whilst he had certainly seen his boyfriend naked before, he had thought that that was the best he would get from guys of their age. But Seokmin immediately proved that wrong. His body was absolutely beautiful; his muscles were defined in all the right places, he was well-toned, and Chan honestly wanted nothing more than to touch him all over. But naturally, he couldn't do that. He had to deal with the fact that the blindfold was pulled back over his eyes before he had the chance to explore what was new in the room, and he had to merely accept that his hands weren't going to be on Seokmin's skin at any point soon.

Thankfully, they got started pretty damn quickly. The covers were pulled off Chan's body and he immediately felt a rush of anxiety. "Seokmin," he breathed softly, "I can feel your eyes on me. Please don't stare too much."

"Your body is beautiful, though. He's an idiot for not making use of your enthusiasm and energy, Lee Chan." At that point he paused, as if he was going to continue. There was a thick silence hanging in the air right away, but Chan didn't really want to break it if Seokmin was going to continue. So he kept his mouth shut and waited until he finally felt hands on his body. They were room temperature, naturally, but that was fine. He liked room temperature. He leant up into the touches to show Seokmin that he really liked the physical contact, and then Seokmin promptly moved down to his groin.

Usually in that sort of situation, Chan would have been positively stiff. But the nerves were getting to him and stopping him from having that sort of reaction. Instead, he could feel the arousal stirring but no movement against his lower body. At least, not until he felt Seomin's fingers trailing over his
length. It was a gentle motion but it left little prickles all over his skin. Then his touches became more assured. He groped between Chan's thighs and Chan couldn't help but push his knees apart that little bit more in hopes of encouraging Seokmin that little bit more. So Seokmin's fingers reached that little bit higher again and then he grasped him in a palm, and then he promptly began to stroke him with slow motions. Six strokes was enough to get him stiff enough to do what he wanted to do with him, it seemed, and then Seokmin leant down to press his lips to Chan's length....

And Chan's body set alight right away.

He had ice in his mouth. Chan could tell that much right away. He had been taking it slow so that it had the chance to melt completely in his mouth; so that he didn't have to worry about the direct contact between the cube and Chan's skin. Chan supposed that he probably used chopsticks to put it in his mouth so that there was no hint of the cold on his fingers, and he had to commend that. It was an amazing surprise and Seokmin's mouth felt so wonderfully cold that all of Chan's hair was on edge. He let out a gasp as he felt the cold engulf him, and then he began to lean into the motions again. He thrust his hips up as high as he could manage, in hopes that they would meet the back of Seokmin's throat, and so Seokmin simply upped his efforts, in hopes that it would make Chan feel that little bit more arousal.

But then his hand grasped the base and Chan couldn't help but scream. He'd not expected that it would be hot as it grasped him, but the contrast between that and his mouth was the difference between night and day. "What did you do to it?" he said, his voice coming out as no more than a breath. He could feel the weight of Seokmin's smirk.

"I have a lot of things in here and I might've been holding a hot bowl so that I could really give you the benefit." Chan appreciated it a lot; that much was clear. He knew that his boyfriend would have been too lazy to even come up with something like that, which added to the treat that little bit more. Seokmin was in harmony with his body and it felt amazing.

Seokmin continued to work him with the hand and his mouth for a good few minutes until the effects started to wear off a bit. At that point, though, he seemingly had other plans. He straddled Chan again, shuffling up to his hips, and then took something else off the bedside table. Chan heard it scraping and his senses were aroused right away. He waited in anticipation for the next move, guessing right away that he would switch to something cold again, but then the liquid touched his skin and he knew that he was wrong. It felt like it was branding his skin in the slow spiral shape that Seokmin was creating. Of course, it wasn't so hot that it was going to burn his skin, but it was hot enough to leave his body feeling as if it had been ignited.

Then again, it was only on his chest for a minute or so before Seokmin's tongue joined it. He gave long, slow licks and Chan moaned softly. His mouth was still cool from the ice, and it only contrasted with the heat of the liquid that little bit more. Then his mouth started to drag the remains of the liquid out towards his nipples. He knew that it was going to be even more sensitive for him, seemingly, and so he took the time to swirl his tongue around the nipples in turn. First the right side, and then the left side. Then back to the right side so that he could use his teeth on the nipple. Chan's lips parted slightly and the softest little noise dared to escape. It sounded ridiculous when it came out into the open, but it was the only noise that his body dared to make and he could tell right away that Seokmin loved it. He let out a soft, content hum and doubled his efforts in an attempt to drag that noise from Chan's lips again, and so Chan tried his hardest to relax so that it would appear again.

And the moment it left his lips, a cold weight on his stomach made him jump. It wasn't the heaviest weight, but it was still a lot heavier than the liquid had been when it was on his skin. Chan sucked his stomach in to keep it in place, since he could feel it shifting around slightly with the heat of his skin, but then Seokmin shuffled down to his thighs and let out a cheerful laugh. "You don't want it to roll off, huh?" he asked. Chan didn't answer. He didn't know what he could say. His cheeks were
turning pink, and even more so when Seokmin tapped the weight downwards slightly so that it touched against the tip of his length. At that point, he squeaked too, which earned a cheerful laugh from Seokmin. "Maybe we should do something to melt that a little bit quicker so that you're covered in it. Chan felt movement but he couldn't immediately figure out what it was. It seemed like Seokmin was jiggling his hands a bit but nothing happened for a good minute or so.

Of course, the sensation all hit at once. It was thick and familiar, and Chan recognised it to be candle wax from one of the edible body candles. He had played with them enough to know that that was what Seokmin was using on his body. The wax hit his skin in blobs of varying sizes whilst simultaneously melting the weight that it surrounded. At that point, Chan figured that it was probably ice cream. It had that sort of consistency and there was a distinct smell of strawberries in the air, although he wasn't going to spend too much time overthinking it. The focus of the exercise was to experience his fetish, not to spend so much time trying to figure out what Seokmin was using to play with him. Either way - whatever the items were - Seokmin's tongue was quick to lap it all up before it hit the bedsheets. The exercise had been about making him feel that it was running down his hips, not to get the bed messy, so it was only natural that Seokmin caught the dribbles before they got too far and then cleaned up the mess.

Seokmin tried a few more things on the way to the main event; erratic switching between warm and cold in different forms. A solid warm object between his ribs. A dribble of something cold running down his stomach. Warm lips and icy fingertips. Chan could feel himself getting worked up more and more as time went on. He couldn't believe that Seokmin had been so creative with it, picking out a variety of different things from the box under his bed so that he could truly make the experience feel great. He genuinely loved it, though. The foreplay that led up to the main event was absolutely amazing, and it only got better when they got to it, too. Seokmin insisted that they take off the blindfold for that bit and whilst he insisted that he was going to bottom to Chan that time, he wanted to add an extra little something to the mix too.

That something, as it turned out, was a thick string of glass anal beads. Absolutely beautiful with eight beads of varying sizes, and they each held the cold amazingly well. Seokmin was nervous to go ahead with it but Chan insisted that he was going to enjoy it. After all, he'd used frozen water in a condom, so this was going to be something that actually felt good. It would have texture and it wouldn't melt, and he would be able to feel it on his prostate as Seokmin rode him. That was the dream, essentially. So Seokmin slowly pushed them in and Chan mumbled that he could feel them pressing against his sweet spot. And then he paused and Seokmin waited, until finally he decided that he wanted to make a request.
"Can I have my hands back so that I can hold you?"

Seokmin considered it for a minute, but then eventually did as instructed. It meant that Chan could shuffle back further onto the bed, which made for easier penetration. He mounted the younger boy with ease and took him straight down to the base before a little noise of satisfaction left his lips, but at that point, the noise promptly dissolved into giggles and they sat with their foreheads pressed together. It took a moment for Chan to figure out what was different - perhaps his expression had been what had left Seokmin laughing - but then it all came to him at once. Seokmin had given that final little kick. He had lubricated himself up using warming lube so that he would be able to feel the cold inside and the heat engulfing his length. And it felt amazing. As Seokmin began to move and the cool air of the bedroom started to prickle against his skin, Chan had to fight the urge to hit his climax early.

Well, earlyish. He couldn't exactly say that it was early because he had gone through over forty minutes of intense foreplay without hitting his climax. It got him aroused, of course, but he'd managed to keep his climax back the entire time. And it was something that had left him proud. He would have continued feeling proud if it wasn't for the fact that they had barely been going for two
minutes before he was fighting the urge to let his climax take over already. No, he needed to let Seokmin get closer so it couldn't happen, as much as he wanted it to hit as soon as possible and grant him the blessing of relief.

So he started taking deep breaths and simply holding Seokmin's hips as the older boy took the lead. He watched as Seokmin's breathing got heavier and his chest movements grew to be more dramatic. He watched as his eyes flickered shut and his head fell back and his back arched up against Chan's chest. He looked absolutely beautiful and that was why he chose to have the affair. He had known Seokmin for four months, whereas he had known his boyfriend for a year and a half, and in the short time that they had known each other, he genuinely felt more of a connection. Between that and the fact that Seokmin was certainly in tune with his body enough to know exactly what he wanted, he felt that there was no other option but to give himself to the older boy. A three-year age difference seemed like a lot when Chan was nineteen and Seokmin was twenty-two and maturity factored into it a lot too, but it felt as if there was no distance between them at all.

In the end, Chan did end up finishing before Seokmin. He couldn't help himself, but Seokmin didn't mind at all. He pushed him to lie back as he pulled the beads out, just so that Chan could really ride out his climax in all senses, and then he promptly hopped off so that he could finish himself up. But Chan insisted on sucking him because he wanted nothing more than to give back. He couldn't bring himself to watch Seokmin getting himself off with his hand after he had put so much effort into making it feel good for him. In fact, Chan even encouraged the older boy to use his mouth like a sleeve. He was to grab his hair and force him to suck, and then he could adjust him in whatever way he wanted so that he was able to hit the best climax that he could have possibly had. And so he did. It wasn't as powerful as Chan's had been, but the climax was just as satisfying and Seokmin seemed happy with the result.

Admittedly, Chan did feel bad about the affair after a few days but that didn't mean that he was going to stop. After all, he knew that once he'd had that little taste of happiness, he didn't want to give it back at all. He couldn't bear it. It ended up becoming a frequent occurrence, with Seokmin encouraging all of Chan's fetishes and kinks whenever he had the chance to do so. And if Chan's boyfriend mentioned the slight odour of sex in the room when he got back from work, it would always be the same excuse. "Oh, I had a girl over when you were out. I'll spray something." It meant that Chan's boyfriend was unsuspecting until the year anniversary of when Seokmin and Chan first slept together, at which point they made an agreement that they deserved each other more than anyone else did.

It meant that it was an easy choice to cut Chan's boyfriend off and start dating each other. Chan pretended that he was no longer in contact with Seokmin either - at least whilst they were sharing a dorm and were still in university together - but then it all changed as soon as Seokmin had graduated. They were unapologetic and happy with their relationship, and it had all started because Chan's needs weren't being met by a man who didn't care enough to try.
Garment Fetishism - Mingyu/Wonwoo

Chapter Notes

Garment fetishism; arousal from a certain style or type of garment. In this case, this garment is a dress.

Jeon Wonwoo wore dresses sometimes.

It wasn't that he wanted to be a girl or anything. And it certainly wasn't anything sexual either. He just thought of his gender to be undefined by the clothing that he was wearing. It was a piece of cloth, after all, and his biggest issue was that clothes made for men tended to be bland and boring. In order to get something that was actually nice and looked good, he had to hunt for the top brands and go specifically for the garments that had a bit more of a personality in the process. Dresses, on the other hand, were made to look nice. They were supposed to compliment a person's figure and make them look attractive. They were supposed to show off just the right amount of leg, and they were supposed to give him a pretty flair. And they all delivered. He hadn't found one dress that looked as bad on him as most menswear did. There were very few garments that he had in his masculine wardrobe that actually looked anywhere near as good as those dresses did, which often meant that he felt a little bit more comfortable showing off his flair when he was wearing those dresses instead.

His favourite dress was plaid. It had pockets and a nice waistband, and it came to just above his knees. It had short sleeves and a scooped neckline and the chest darts weren't all that big at all. They didn't make it look baggy when he had it on and likewise, the shoulders weren't too wide either. It was great, actually. It really helped to make him more confident and that was why he loved wearing it. In fact, his favourite thing to do was to pair it with thigh-high cable knit socks, wedged heels, and a warm hat. It gave him an autumnal appearance and truly gave off a vibe that could rarely be achieved when wearing masculine clothing. So he wore it everywhere, at least until he found another dress that suited him just as well. And another. And another. And then, by the time he reached the end of the first year that he had decided to wear dresses, he had a collection of around ten to fifteen of them, alongside his eight jumpers, six pairs of trousers, three pairs of shorts, a suit, and a couple of slim-fitted t-shirts. They were each absolutely perfect, and he decided that he wasn't going to drop them from his wardrobe if he ever got a boyfriend who was insecure about the femininity of his appearance.

Luckily for him, though, his boyfriend absolutely loved it.

Kim Mingyu was quite the opposite of Wonwoo, if he was completely honest. Wonwoo had a darker edge, whereas Mingyu was like a sunshine child. He liked the plain, bold colours of men's clothing, and he enjoyed mixing up the sizes a bit. He enjoyed the fact that he could take fitted jeans and pair them with an oversized jumper to create his winter look, pair them with a white t-shirt and cardigan to create his autumn look, pair them with a fitted muscle shirt for his summer look, and then add a lighter, more fitted jumper for spring. It was as easy as that, as far as he was concerned. But he suited it. He could have simply worn the white t-shirt and jeans and he would have looked like a model. Wonwoo, on the other hand, looked as if he had no dimension if he did that. To a degree, he was jealous of that, but then again, he figured that he could pull off more dramatic looks and make ugly clothes look good. Mingyu wasn't the sort to take those ugly clothes and make them look good - they simply made him look like a teenager who was trying to grow up too fast - and so Wonwoo
supposed he had that at least.

Wonwoo had been a bit nervous when they first met and Mingyu commented on his dress. He thought it was a joke - that Mingyu was teasing him or something - but then the younger boy blurted out that it looked incredibly sexy on him. "I'm turned on by guys in dresses," he said, quite stupidly, and Wonwoo didn't know what to do with himself. It seemed a bit abrupt and forward but he could tell that Mingyu simply hadn't thought before he spoke. That was why his cheeks instantly flushed and he let out an embarrassed laugh before bowing at an almost ninety-degree angle whilst apologising with the highest polite form of respect. So Wonwoo guessed that it was only right to accept the apology and tell him that he would have to make it up to him. He wasn't wearing the dress as a fetish garment, after all, and so he didn't really want it to become something like that for him. Mingyu told him that it was fine and he would do what he could to make things good between them before he even considered taking the next steps.

Admittedly, they did end up in bed together before they officially started dating. It hadn't been intentional, but Wonwoo figured that it wasn't a big deal if they did that. It was a modern-day romance and if they felt that they wanted to sleep together so early on, they were more than welcome to do so. They were adults, after all, and were able to make their own decisions like that. And sure, he typically waited a little bit longer when he was seeing someone in order to be absolutely sure that he wanted to sleep with them, but it was open for him to change his mind too. Besides, it felt natural when they were together so it didn't bother him all that much.

They had been out for coffee together when Mingyu told him that he thought he looked beautiful, and he seemed incredibly nervous to make that sort of comment. It was clear that he wanted to continue too but he was evidently scared of saying something wrong - just as he had done when they first met. Wonwoo could tell that much, so he encouraged him to get it all out without a hint of judgement in his tone. After all, they were the only ones sitting in the top story of the coffee shop, so he guessed that it wasn't going to disturb anyone else if he did end up saying something too explicit for a typical public interaction. To start with, Mingyu simply shuffled uncomfortably on the spot and tried to pick his words, but after a few minutes of being unable to come up with anything that sounded right in his head, he gave a sigh of defeat and let it come out in any way possible.

"I, uh... I just think you really suit today's dress," he said, "You look really good in browns. They really compliment your skin tones and they make your legs look really good. Especially when they're paired with those socks and garters." Wonwoo crossed one leg over the other to show his body off a little bit better. Admittedly, he hadn't really expected Mingyu to catch on to the fact that he was wearing garters underneath his dress. For the most part, they were hidden, so they weren't really that visible unless he was sat how he was, but he needed them to keep the socks up whilst he was walking. They had a bad habit of slipping down and that was the last thing that he really needed when he was trying to enjoy the date. The whole point of wearing a dress to their first date was so that he felt positively attractive, and he didn't need anything to ruin that for him. He watched as Mingyu's eyes wandered right away, though, and then promptly gave a look to encourage his hands to brush against bare skin. Mingyu hesitated for a moment before daring to touch his thigh, and Wonwoo noticed right away that his trousers seemed to get the slightest bit tighter.

Wonwoo chose not to comment, though. He figured that it would be rude to point it out so directly; that it was something that couldn't be fixed in thirty seconds so it would only make Mingyu feel self-conscious about the fact that he had noticed it. Saying that, though, he did suppose that it wouldn't have been too harsh if he was to be a little bit more subtle about it. Perhaps if he made it seem like he hadn't fully noticed it, he could make it a little bit more arousing. So he slowly trailed a hand across from his own lap and rested in Mingyu's lap instead. He didn't dare to squeeze or rub it, but instead chose to hold it there for a moment whilst making direct eye contact with his date. "Shall we go back to my place?" he asked, and Mingyu's nod was so enthusiastic that his head could have snapped off
his neck.

The journey back to his place was rushed, as a result. Wonwoo knew that Mingyu wasn't going to make it there before his response became more and more obvious, but he tried his hardest to make his way over there as quickly as possible to keep the damage to an absolute minimum. He knew that their desperation to get back as quickly as possible was attracting the attention of the casual shoppers around them, but there wasn't all that much he could do. The only thing was to keep going and hope that they could arrive back at his place before anyone's eyes wandered down south. Walking so fast in wedges was a difficult task, but he made sure to keep his eyes on the prize and his hand on Mingyu's so that they could keep together the entire time. And so they continued to plough through the streets until they got there.

They did share some small talk, granted, but it was a bit awkward. Wonwoo knew that Mingyu knew that he had felt the stiffening of his bulge under his palm, and that simply made for some difficult chatting as they tried to skirt around the topic without dropping the mood entirely. In the end, Mingyu tried his hardest to justify what was clearly a fetish as he mumbled things about how he thought that Wonwoo was attractive overall and it wasn't just the dress. He just thought it was pretty, he said, and there was nothing wrong with thinking that his date looked good in a dress. And, by the way, he wasn't into girls at all, so it wasn't even as if it was internalised homophobia or anything getting in the way. He wasn't trying to get a girlfriend at all, and Wonwoo wasn't there in place of a woman. In fact, he didn't want Wonwoo to be a girl, unless Wonwoo wanted to be a girl - though, if he did, he would support him as much as he possibly could. The drabble was awkward and disjointed and in the end, Wonwoo had to silence him by kissing him hard at the front door and dragging him inside the house.

To start with, it led to heavy kissing against the wall. Shoes had been lost by that point, bringing Wonwoo back down to a more acceptable height. His hands were pinned above his head and he felt Mingyu's body pressing around him immediately. He tried his hardest to pull him closer using a leg, but Mingyu simply moved a hand from his wrists to grab his thigh. He began to grind against him, slowly but deliberately, before muttering something about going to the bedroom. And then he scooped Wonwoo up right away, adjusting his dress accordingly so that it didn't get in the way, before carrying him where he was directed to do so. It took a little bit of effort to find the place but then when they did, he placed Wonwoo down immediately and began kissing his thighs. The kisses remained gentle and he didn't even break them to unclip the garters. Socks were rolled off right away, and then Mingyu moved down to kiss from his ankle upwards.

His lips were just as gentle there. It was as if he was scared that Wonwoo's body would break if he kissed him too hard; as if he was expecting him to crumble under his fingertips. Wonwoo's head rolled back as he felt him grazing against sensitive skin, and he couldn't help but let out a soft little mewl as he felt the flash of a tongue. It was something that made his breath catch in his throat. He absolutely loved the feeling of being kissed like that, after all, and there was nothing he wanted more than to have a man kiss him like that more. It made him glad to have Mingyu there with him, even though they weren't actually planning on doing something like that.

The mewl caught Mingyu's attention right away, interestingly enough. He gazed up at Wonwoo with lust in his eyes, stopping for just a moment before continuing on his way up his legs. And then he began to push the dress up so that he could move between his thighs. It was shifted to Wonwoo's waist as he shuffled to lie back, but then he stopped for a moment. He blinked a few times, looking confused, then stared directly into Wonwoo's eyes. "You're wearing boxers," he pointed out. "I thought you would be wearing something a bit sexier."

"I didn't come out with the intention of sleeping with you," Wonwoo told him right away. His voice was bland and that seemingly made his date a little bit nervous. Mingyu's gaze dropped. He looked unusually suspicious for a guy who had supposedly not intended on that outcome either. "Is there
something you’d like to tell me?"

That was when it came out. Exactly what Wonwoo had expected to come out. He had a bit of a kink for guys in dresses, especially if they were simply secure in their gender identity, as opposed to being in drag. In his fantasy, he had merely expected that Wonwoo would have sexy underwear underneath - as if he was trying to entice him - and that was why he was so surprised by the differences in reality. But he hadn’t wanted to say anything because he didn't want Wonwoo to think that he was fetishising him from the start when he was genuinely interested in him as a person too. It just happened to be the case that getting to see his thighs and garters proved to be a little bit too raunchy for him. That was what led him to give in to the desire and allow his fetish to reach the surface. "I hope you don't mind too much, but I can go if you'd prefer me to drop it now." There was a heavy silence between them, in which Wonwoo stared him down, but then he hopped up from the bed right away and pulled the boxers straight off. They were placed to one side and were quickly replaced by a lacy black thong. He then laid back down on the bed, getting into the exact same position that he had been.

Mingyu didn't know what to do with himself to start with. His expression showed a huge mix of emotions, although each one was very distinct. He didn't know whether it was best to embrace the fact that he had been given access to the entire world, or whether to apologise for being so forward. Most of all, he seemed to be amazed by it all. His eyes were flickering between Wonwoo's face and thighs for a good minute or two, then Wonwoo insisted he get to it and Mingyu suddenly jumped on him.

He was driven wild in an instant. His mouth engulfed Wonwoo fully, drawing him closer. Wonwoo could feel his body heating up as he felt the younger boy taking him to the base over and over again, the warmth of his mouth turning it into an amazing experience every time. He could tell just how much Mingyu wanted it from the enthusiasm. It was either that, or he was concerned that putting any less in would frustrate Wonwoo after he was so kind as to let him let his fetish play out like that. There were no complaints, though. It felt good. Really good. It was the perfect warm-up for everything that was yet to come, and there was something inherently kinky about the fact that Mingyu pulled the thong to the side in order to touch him like that.

Perhaps that was a part of the fetish, Wonwoo mused. It wasn't all that common to continue whilst they were both fully dressed, but Mingyu was insistent that the only things coming off his body were the socks. Once he'd managed to get Wonwoo completely stiff and desperate for more attention, he simply shifted the underwear back to cover him up again, then began kissing around the outside. His lips grazed against the dip between Wonwoo's pelvis and stomach, towards his thighs and then gently nuzzled against the front of the thong again. Wonwoo's breath was sucked right out of his body and his back arched desperately as he tried to seek out more contact, but Mingyu wasn't going to have that. He simply pinned his hips down and continued to kiss his bare skin until Wonwoo began to get visibly frustrated. His jaw was clenched to stop any other noises coming out, and he frantically tried to push his hips against Mingyu's face until he finally got what he wanted.

"Turn over." Wonwoo didn't need any other instruction. He was on all fours right away, and he felt Mingyu pulling the string to one side so that he had full access to his entrance. Wonwoo pulled the dress up that little bit higher to give him that little bit more to look at, and he heard a little groan from Mingyu right away. "This is the dirtiest thing I've ever done with a person, you know. You look so good." Wonwoo turned his head toward him slightly, as if to scold him for taking so long to put it in, and Mingyu seemingly understood right away. Without any further hesitation, he simply got on with it. He guided himself to Wonwoo's entrance and slipped right in, and then his hands grasped for some of the loose fabric of the dress to hold so that he could steady himself as he did what he had to do.
Wonwoo had to admit it; he actually really enjoyed the round that they had together. For once, he didn't mind his dress getting too crumpled by the act, and he had decided that he wasn't even going to bother bringing that matter up with his date. He found that Mingyu was particularly good in bed and that he knew what the right amount of force was. He knew when to hold back and when to go rougher, and that was something that Wonwoo enjoyed a lot. He figured that it was important for a man to know his body that well, and that was why it left him feeling so impressed. Even better was when Mingyu grabbed a handful of his ass before slapping it hard. That left Wonwoo's body responding positively right away, and he knew from that moment on that he had to double his efforts and leave them both sweating. He wanted Mingyu to have to peel him out of the dress that he loved so much, and he wanted nothing more than to leave himself bare for his date.

So he began to slam his hips back with force. There was electricity between them every time their hips met, and Wonwoo couldn't help but notice that Mingyu was getting more and more erratic and his tempo became unorganised, and then it became incredibly clear that he was trying to hit his climax. Which Wonwoo didn't mind at all too much, but he would have certainly preferred for it to be mutual. He would have liked for Mingyu to take his experiences of the affair into consideration before switching from something that felt amazing to something that was sloppy and disorganised. But he couldn't really complain, since he wasn't too far off his own climax. He simply kept his mouth shut and did what he could, and Mingyu continued to slam into him until he was finished.

Wonwoo ended up touching himself until he hit his peak, but only because it took him less then three minutes to get there. At that point, he simply moved to lie next to the soiled patch on the bedsheets before raising an eyebrow in Mingyu's direction. "Are you going to get me out of this dress, then?" he asked. Mingyu hesitated.

"I think I'd like to look at you in it for a while longer. It makes your figure look really nice and I think I'd like to touch the fabric some more." Wonwoo pursed his lips so Mingyu tried his hardest to make the looking very quick before pulling the dress off. And then his eyes were on his body again. "I want to make this mine forever," he pointed out with a childish smile. "I want you to be my boyfriend."

As much as all of the signs were telling Wonwoo that it was probably best not to stay with Mingyu - after all of the ridiculous things that he had said and the fact that he was fetishising his fashion choices before they were officially dating - he had a strange sense that the best thing to do was simply accept it. He told Mingyu that he was going to accept the request to be his boyfriend, so long as he tried his hardest to control his fetish in the future, and so that was that.

Saying that, he wasn't going to police it completely. It would simply be an occasional thing. If nothing else, he was incredibly appreciative of the fact that Mingyu liked seeing him in a dress. It was so weird for most other guys, so it was a breath of fresh air to know that he liked it and the chances of him ever changing his mind were incredibly slim.
Erotic Electrostimulation; a fetish involving the application of electrical stimulation to the nerves of the body

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Electrostimulation was something that Junhui loved a lot, although he didn’t know how the hell he was going to handle it when he let his boyfriend loose with the toys that he’d bought to try it out.

Up until that point, he had been a little bit aroused by watching videos of electrostimulation, but he’d never really experienced it himself. He couldn’t really say that it was a fetish as such when he hadn’t ever tried it out in person, but he guessed right away that it would be something that would interest him when he eventually did try it out. He kept putting it off more and more, though, until he eventually found a website that had relevant toys on offer for much less than he had anticipated. So he bought them without giving himself the chance to think it through too much, and then he laid them out on the bed so that his boyfriend, Minghao, could see them without them having to discuss it directly first. Then he acted as if nothing was different until Minghao went up to the bedroom to get changed out of his work clothes.

The silence was enough to make Junhui’s heart beat that little bit faster, even though he knew that Minghao hadn’t found it right away. It was similar to a situation where a dog knew they’d broken something and they were simply waiting for their owner to find what they’d destroyed. But it was pointless to get so worked up because the owner hadn’t even spotted it and the behaviour was what was giving it away. Likewise, Minghao couldn’t have spotted the toys as soon as he walked through the front door. It took a minute or two for him to get to the bedroom in the first place, then he had to make sense of the items that were laid out perfectly on the bed. Saying that, though, Junhui’s body wasn’t going to stop reacting to the anxiety that started building inside his body. His palms were clammy and he felt the desperate urge to jiggle a leg about so that the movement could calm down his nerves down a little bit. In the end, he fell victim to that urge and did as he had wanted to do in the first place, and then Minghao made his way back into the main room. There was a heavy silence between them for a moment until Minghao had found his way over to where Junhui was sitting and took a seat next to him.

"So," he started, and then promptly failed to continue. The words just stuck in his throat. Junhui could feel more sweat prickling on the back of his neck. Minghao’s mouth opened and closed a few times as he tried to come up with the words to say what was on his mind, but then finally just motioned for Junhui to speak instead.
"It's, uh... I wanted to try something new in the bedroom. It was just a bit awkward to bring it up." That was it. He couldn’t bring himself to continue because he knew full well that his mind was blurry and the words weren’t going to come out exactly how he wanted them to, and so he pressed his hands between his knees.
"Did you choose them out intentionally, or were they just on offer or something?"
"Both."
"Oh, okay then."

Then Minghao stood up without another word. Junhui didn’t know what to make of it. For a
moment, he simply sat there and tried to figure out what he could possibly say to his boyfriend after the conversation had finished in such an awkward place. But then Minghao offered out a hand to him and gave an awkward little smile. "Are we gonna go and try it out or something then?" he asked. Junhui didn't know how he felt about the sudden change in the atmosphere and attitude. It wasn't really like Minghao to switch from awkward to encouraging that quickly, but he guessed that he shouldn't complain about it. After all, he wasn't being judged and that was a pretty big thing, as far as he was concerned. So he stood up and took Minghao's hand, and they made their way through to the bedroom, where they were stood staring at the toys on the bed for a minute.

Strangely enough, though, that was when it all hit. That was when Minghao finally turned towards him and questioned it all, as if it hadn't fully registered the first time he did he walked into the bedroom and saw it all laid out perfectly. "Wait, wait. Can I just ask why this?" he asked. His expression was relatively calm, though. It wasn't as if he had thrust himself into a situation once he had pushed the images of the toys to the back of his mind, only to realise that he wasn't all that fond when he finally got into the bedroom and saw it all again. Junhui felt nervous nonetheless. He swallowed the thick saliva that was starting to build in his throat before speaking. "It's for electrostimulation."
"I know that," Minghao told him with a playful sigh, "I could guess that from the fact that the packaging literally says, 'For electrostimulation play,' on it. What else would it be used for, Jun?"

"Well, what do you mean then?"
"I mean... is it a fetish of yours or something? Something you're curious about? Something that a friend recommended? Or was it just something that you stumbled upon some day and decided that you'd like to try it out at some point." Junhui hesitated with his response. He didn't really know how he could reply to that.
"Uh... I've never actually tried this sort of thing before," he pointed out.
"That doesn't tell me anything," Minghao replied impatiently. "You could be curious about whether you're into it and that'd be absolutely fine."
"Does it matter, Minghao?"
"Of course it matters."

He didn't explain why it mattered but Junhui wasn't going to argue with him over it. He wasn't in the mood to argue over something like that, especially when he was nervous about trying it in the first place. Instead, he figured that it was a better idea just to drop it for the moment; to give up and not bother with it for the night. He crossed his arms over his chest and turned his cheek away. "I think it's time to call it a day and put this away," he said dryly, but then Minghao grabbed his wrist tightly in his hand and that stopped him in his tracks.
"I just want to know, Jun. I want to know so that I know whether I need to put in extra effort for it. If it's something that you're really into, I'm more than happy to try extra hard to get you to climax a few times. If it's something that you're curious about but you're not sure, we can adjust the pace accordingly. I just want to know so that we can make this fun for you." And as much as Junhui's enthusiasm had dropped when he thought that his boyfriend wasn't interested in the fetish, he found that the words slipped out right away when he was put like that. He was able to tell it how it was; able to explain to Minghao that he wasn't quite sure yet.

And that was okay. Minghao was happy with that. He said that they could see what worked for them, but his aim was to make Junhui scream at least once. And then he encouraged him to move closer. He kissed Junhui's lips and slowly pulled his shirt off to reveal the bare skin underneath. The kiss was broken for just a second so that he could take the shirt off completely, but then his hands were all over the new territory, trying to warm him up before he was ready to move on to remove his trousers. Junhui began to return the gestures at that point. He tried his hardest to match his boyfriend's pace so that he wasn't left behind, and then his hands traced over bare skin in an attempt to get Minghao's body a little bit hotter. At that point, though, Minghao drew back and moved the
toys to the bedside table before encouraging Junhui to lie down on the bed. So he complied without argument, then watched as his boyfriend crawled over his body. Their chests met and then their hips, and Minghao began to grind against him so slowly that Junhui could feel his body anticipating every time that their bodies connected. He felt fire running through his body right away, and he knew that it was going to be a great experience from the start.

In the end, it only took a few minutes for them to get warmed up enough to feel ready to start. Minghao had never really considered electrostimulation as something that could be used in the bedroom, but he figured that he could see what he could do with the toys on the table in order to find something that worked well for both of them. After all, it was all going to be a learning curve for both of them. So he picked up the first item and looked at it. Then he looked at it a bit more. He couldn't really figure out what to do with it to start with, it seemed, so Junhui was forced to give him an explanation. An embarrassed explanation, frankly, but it was good enough to make things that little bit easier for them. "It's an electroplay wand," he pointed out quietly. Minghao blinked. "It looks like a candle."

"It's more like a cattle prod, actually. You press it into the skin and touch the button, and it'll send a current through my body. You'll see a spark but it's not actually supposed to hurt that much at all."

Minghao's eyes widened. "A spark?"
"Yeah, it's for effect more than anything." And then they stared into each other's eyes for a minute until Minghao finally asked how he would go about using it in a way that would have pleasurable results for his boyfriend. "I guess if you top me and then use it alongside spanking, it might work out okay," he told him, and so Minghao did exactly that. He hadn't really been intending on getting straight to the main act so quickly, apparently, but it was all fine. It was a practice session for them and if he figured that it was too much in one go, he could always leave it at that and continue the next time. So he positioned Junhui on his knees and got to work right away, taking him from behind and pushing in as deep as he could every time so that their pelvises were crushed together. It was just as always; Junhui absolutely loved the feeling of his boyfriend topping him. For the most part, they switched things around based on who was feeling more dominant at any point in time, but he had to admit that he really missed bottoming.

In particular, he loved the way that Minghao was so rough with him when he topped. He had the wand to one side of his body as he dug his nails into Junhui's hips and bred him like an animal. Junhui had a sense that Minghao was in a rut and wasn't going to slow down at any point soon, so he simply allowed it to continue without making any special effort to increase the intensity. After all, he wouldn't be able to drop it if he started. Minghao would want to keep that level of intensity up, and so it was just easier for him to be the ragdoll that his boyfriend used as a sleeve. It was pleasurable just the same, but it meant that his hips and thighs weren't being compromised. They continued slamming against each other for around three or four minutes straight, in the end, before Minghao finally moved his right hand away and slapped down hard on Junhui's ass. It stung a little bit but reminded him right away that there was more to come. And then he pressed the wand to his asscheek and pressed the button once.

Junhui's entire body seized up right away. He imagined that the feeling was like a tiny zap, but he found right away that his muscles convulsed involuntarily as soon as the shock ran through his body. His boyfriend checked that he was alright, but he found that his only response was to give in and bump the intensity up as he hadn't wanted to do so. His nails dug into the bedsheets and Minghao pressed it to the skin again. For a few seconds, he simply held it there without pressing the button, and so Junhui waited in anticipation for him to do what he needed to do. Then he pressed and held it and Junhui felt four pulses run through his body again. He let out a high-pitched squeak in response, not knowing what else he could possibly do, and then Minghao pressed again. This time, though, Junhui's eyes flickered shut. He was used to it enough for it to not shock him too much when his boyfriend pressed the button, but still enough to make pleasure run through his body. It was acquired
but, just as he had expected, he actually really liked it.

Admittedly, Junhui had expected the rest of the experience to be similar. He expected Minghao to find it all too much; for him to realise that he had bitten off more than he could chew and needed some extra time to get himself used to the idea of the fetish before finally delving into it. So he was surprised when his boyfriend pulled out of him completely and flipped him onto his back, and then promptly sought out something else. The electric pads caught his attention, apparently, and so he ended up taking them and holding them in his hands for a second as he tried to figure out what to do with them. Junhui watched him trying to work them out for a second, but then eventually cleared his throat to catch his boyfriend's attention. "What you can do is put one on my inner thigh, one on your inner thigh, and then we'll be completing the circuit if we touch each other." Apparently, he hadn't considered that as an option. His face lit up immediately, and then he proceeded to do exactly as Junhui suggested. One pad on each thigh, and then he turned the power on.

To start with, he got nervous and tried touching Junhui with a fingertip. Since the surface area that joined them together was so small, though, it sent a powerful volt right through their bodies. Junhui let out a scream and Minhao jolted back in surprise. Of course, it did feel good to experience the jolt like that, but it was a bit too much to start out the exchange. So Junhui pointed out that their best option was to start with whole hands instead, just until they were a little bit more comfortable with the toy. Minghao's whole hand pressed to his stomach at that point, just to test whether it was better, and whilst there was still a shock, it was a lot duller that time. The relief was clear on Minghao's face, and that alone made Junhui feel a bit better. They spent a few minutes getting used to the feeling of the electricity running between them - through hands pressing against bare skin and torsos pressing together completely, until Minghao finally got the confidence to decrease that contact more and more.

And eventually, they were back to where they started. He traced his fingertips over Junhui's lower body, following the curves of his skin. He circled Junhui's base as slowly as he could with a fingertip. He circled Junhui's entrance with that same fingertip. And frankly, Junhui could feel his body convulsing so beautifully that he didn't want it to stop for even a second. The sensation was even better than he imagined. As the contact between them decreased, he could feel his length twitching more and more. He could feel the muscles of his stomach convulsing every time they made contact, and he couldn't help but clench his ass in response, too. It was the sort of thing that he guessed would feel amazing if his boyfriend was inside him at that point. Not only would the uncontrolled clenching make Minghao's body feel great, but he knew that Minghao's length would essentially be like his own personal electrical vibrator. That would be the only place where they touched, and it would send electric through his ass. The thought alone was enough to get him even more worked up, as if he wasn't already getting to be massively aroused as it was.

Apparently, the thought had crossed Minghao's mind too. He flashed a glance over at the third box on the drawers, though, and then turned back towards Junhui. "Do you happen to know how that toy works?" he asked quietly. Junhui raised an eyebrow. "Do you have to use the electrostim or can you have it with something like vibrations instead?" Junhui blinked a few times.

"I think you can switch it to just give vibrations," he said quietly, "I didn't read through the reviews or anything and I haven't even opened it yet." So, without another word, Minghao leaned across him and snatched up the box. He pulled the toy out with minimal patience for the box, and then took the instructions into hand so that he could scan them for details. And there it was: the information that confirmed it. A devious smile flashed across Minghao's face, and then he promptly pushed Junhui's thighs apart - earning a softgrunt in response to the electricity that shot through their bodies as soon as they made skin contact again - and then raised his hips so that he could push the toy inside. He made an effort to fit it in snugly, with the help of a little bit of lubricant, and then promptly pressed the button so that the gentle vibrations began to pulse through his body too.
Between those vibrations and the sensation of Minghao's touches on his skin, Junhui was in heaven. He didn't even last that much longer until he was a heaving mess and his stomach was painted white. He watched as Minghao's touches began to get lighter and lighter again, sending more electricity through his body as he did so, until he eventually decided that he was done and simply wanted to touch himself over the sight of his boyfriend sprawled out on the bed, enjoying his kink on his own. So he ended up unplugging the current and removing the adhesive pads from both of their thighs before flicking through the vibrator's settings, according to what he had read in the instruction booklet. Junhui knew when he found the one he wanted, of course. It had to be one of the heavier electrostimulation patterns. It was more intense than the cattle prod and probably flickering on either side of the lighter touches that Minghao gave him. And that was absolutely fine.

The flickering pulses definitely helped to make the experience that little bit better for him. It added some variety and left his thighs twitching. The feeling of his muscles moving was still pretty alien for him, but he actually found that he quite liked that too. It was arousing, if nothing else. Incredibly arousing for him to feel his body responding to it in that sort of way. It was sexy because it didn't hurt. It got all of the nerve endings in his body tingling, and that was only made that little bit better by the fact that the most sensitive spot on his body was being assaulted by rhythmic electrical pulses too. As much as Minghao seemed pretty worried in the first few seconds of the electrostimulation pattern about the fact that he would be having an intense toy in such a sensitive area, that fear seemed to disappear as soon as he saw how much Junhui loved it.

In fact, he loved it so much that he was already planning out what they were going to do the next time. He wanted to be blindfolded so that he didn't know where his boyfriend was going to touch him, and he wanted his wrists to he cuffed to the bed frame so that he would be forced to have a touch-free climax. The one he had whilst he had the vibrator in his body certainly made him want more. He had never felt a climax like that in his life; the actual electricity through his body was paired with figurative electricity as his climax twitched through all of his muscles. It was a full-body climax too, which made for an even better experience. It was one thing having one that was incredibly powerful like that but when it engaged all of the muscles in his body, he couldn't help but feel that little bit more satisfied. He was unbelievably happy with his purchase, and even more happy that Minghao allowed him to test it out like that.

In fact, Minghao surprised him with it all. He had taken the initiative and done new things that he wouldn't have usually done. He was far from vanilla, but electrostimulation seemed to be the one thing that would be off-limits for him. Saying that, though, he took it incredibly well and Junhui loved it. In fact, it was even to the point where he was considering bottoming to Junhui here and there so that he would be able to get a sense of the appeal too. Even though he had been a bit overwhelmed the first time and had to get himself off manually, it wasn't all unwelcome and the more he thought about it, the more he wanted Junhui to make him feel good too. And Junhui was up for that. He was absolutely up for that. He wanted to show Minghao the appeal and make him fall in love with the kink too. After all, the foundations were already laid so it was only natural if they slipped even further into the fetish like that.

Chapter End Notes

YIKES. Well, I've been massively busy lately because the place I'm working at is moving buildings and we have to move everything to the new place manually, and that means 5-8 hour shifts, five days a week. Not a big deal in itself, but a lot when you're doing a lot of physical stuff. Saying that, though, my arms are growing and I'm losing weight so I guess I can't complain...
Anyway, I'm hoping that once we've finished the move, I'll be able to get back on track and post properly instead of going almost a week without any writing at all!! Also, even if I'm not replying to a lot of messages, I'll still be adding any new requests to the list as soon as I have the chance to do so!! It might not show up until we get closer to the end, but I'm not missing any out~

Thank you for reading!! <3
Dogging; the act of engaging in, or watching other people have, sex in a public area.

Wonwoo had always told his friends that he wanted to try dogging. It wasn't a secret in the slightest. In fact, he mentioned it more than he actually needed to mention it. No one was going to take him up on the offer and he knew that, but he insisted on bringing it up whenever he had the chance still. It wasn't anything that embarrassed him, even though it embarrassed his friends massively. And besides, they always made a point of telling him how much they wanted to do different things in the bedroom. They told him about how they wanted to rim their partners or touch someone whilst another person was nearby, just for the thrill of it. He didn't see what the difference was, considering that it would literally just involve him in a forest with someone, as far as his fetish was concerned. It wasn't like he wanted to do it in the middle of the street or anything.

So he continued to bring it up whenever he had the chance. He would bring it up randomly, or could even sway the conversation to take him to that topic of conversation. It was something that he annoyed Jeonghan with by bringing it up over dinner. It was something he mentioned when he was supposed to be getting ready to sleep. It was something that he brought up when the room was silent and he knew that it would bother everyone else. It was the sort of thing that he added to the group chats, and that he added to his summer bucket list year after year. Although he wasn't the most sexual person in the world - and not even the most sexual person in the group - this was the one thing that he really needed so he wasn't going to let it go. In fact, it eventually got to the point where he was willing to do absolutely anything to bring it up and whine about it until someone finally - finally - offered to try it out with him.

Saying that, though, it wasn't really the person he expected to offer that sort of thing. He expected it to be someone like Mingyu, who was still at that point in his life where a gentle blow of cool air against his groin would have him stirring in his trousers. He was kinky and wanted to try out everything, and Wonwoo had to admit that he was incredibly attracted to his friend's body, so he really wouldn't have minded being touched by Mingyu. Or maybe it would have been Seungcheol. He was like the group's dad and whilst he wasn't the best at dealing with requests like that, there would be a much higher chance of him helping out in order to make Wonwoo feel better about the fact that he wasn't getting what he wanted from everyone else, compared to the chance of anyone else offering to help him out. Or maybe it could have been Hansol. A bit quieter and not really the sort who seemed into that sort of thing, but he was always willing to help a friend out and seeing as they were part of the hip-hop unit together, they were probably as close as friends could be.

But no. It wasn't any of those boys. Instead, it was Hong Jisoo - the one guy in the group who appeared to be incredibly vanilla, chaste, and not at all the sort to take someone to a forest for a quick round with them.

He actually offered, though. Properly offered. He knew what Wonwoo was asking, and he knew what he was getting into by offering that sort of thing. Wonwoo even checked with him directly to make sure that it was what he wanted. "It means that we have to have sex," he pointed out. Jisoo
stayed completely calm, his face still showing off that he seemed interested. "As in, our trousers need
to be down and one of us will be inside of the other person's... uh, orifices."
"Yeah, I'm pretty sure that that's the definition of dogging, Wonwoo."
"And what I mean is that I'd like to have it done, and not that I'd like to watch someone else doing
that sort of thing."
"That's what I'm agreeing to, yes."

Wonwoo's breath caught in his throat when Jisoo agreed to it like that. He didn't seem bothered by it
in the slightest. And that was incredibly attractive. It had been such a big fantasy for Wonwoo for so
long and his fixation had always been on the forest when it was starting to get dark outside. He'd
even picked out the exact spot for it in his fantasy, and he was only really able to get off when he
was watching videos that involved a similar enough spot, or when he was thinking about messing
around with someone in that particular part of the forest. And now it was becoming a reality. He
couldn't afford to be picky about who he was going to take with him; not when he had one offer in
four years. And considering that Jisoo knew exactly what he was going to be doing and didn't seem
all that bothered by it too, Wonwoo couldn't deny him the pleasure of it. So they ended up coming
up with a date. They picked a day that they were both relatively free, then planned to meet in the
main room at six o'clock. It was a train journey away so it was going to be a little darker when they
arrived, and Wonwoo had planned it so that they had the time to make sure that no one was around
before they got down to business.

Admittedly, he did worry about it a lot more when they actually got to the day. Suddenly, it set in
that he was not only going to be having his first time with Jisoo, but he was also going to be his first
time putting his kink into action. He felt excited, of course, but also painfully nervous. For starters, he
didn't know how best to groom himself so that Jisoo would like his appearance the most. For a while,
he simply tried to figure out whether Jisoo was more likely to prefer American grooming styles or
Korean ones, but then he eventually decided that his best bet was to go for the safe option and shave
himself all over. Whilst it wasn't ideal and certainly took a lot of time, it wasn't all that bad because at
least then, he felt a lot more confident in his appearance. He knew that Jisoo probably wouldn't go to
those sorts of efforts, but the last thing he really needed was to feel uncomfortable because of
differences in body hair preferences. Besides, it gave him the excuse to scrub his body clean and then
slather himself in body conditioner so that his skin was silky soft by the time his body was dry.

He then followed it up by covering himself in a sweet-scented fragrance and dressed in nice clothes
so that he felt even better in himself. It was primarily from nerves, admittedly, but he couldn't really
bring himself to admit that. Instead, he would pretend that he wanted to make a good impression. So
he sat down on the sofa and waited for twenty-five minutes until the agreed meeting time, when
Jisoo eventually came into the main room and stopped dead in the doorway so that he could stare at
Wonwoo in silence.

"Should I go and change into something a little bit more attractive?" he asked. He was simply
wearing a jumper and jeans, and it made him look a lot more casual than Wonwoo looked. Saying
that, though, it made more sense. Their trousers would be dropped down anyway and there was a
chance that anything too fancy would end up getting ruined if it snagged on something. But
Wonwoo had already made the decision to wear it so he wasn't going to go back. No, he simply told
Jisoo that it was fine and he liked what he was wearing, then suggested that they get moving as soon
as possible so that they didn't have to think about it anymore. The more they considered what they
were wearing or how they were acting, the more nervous it was going to make them feel about it all.
Jisoo gave a hum of agreement and then held out a hand for Wonwoo to join him, and so they made
their way to the front door, pulled on their shoes, then walked to the train station so that they could
begin their journey to the exact spot that Wonwoo had in mind.

Jisoo could tell that he was nervous and went out of his way to make sure that Wonwoo had that
little bit of support as they made their way there. He held his hand as they walked through the city to
the specific place that he wanted to be, and then promptly made their way through to the right place.
It was quiet, thankfully, but that seemed to increase Wonwoo's nerves that little bit more. Not having
anyone else to interact with meant that they were going to have to stick to being with each other.
Good in a lot of sense, difficult in others. He had no one to help reduce his anxiety with a simple
smile. So he just ended up leading Jisoo straight to the place he wanted to be then stopped on the
spot to confirm it. "Here."
"Here?" Jisoo looked around the area, taking in the specific spot more than necessary, as far as
Wonwoo was concerned. He turned his head slowly so that he could see all of the area and then he
gave a smile when he decided that he liked it.
"Right, how are we gonna start this? Do we kiss or something? Is that how it works?" Wonwoo
could feel his cheeks tingling in response. He'd never really thought about them kissing, but he
guessed that it was simply a natural progression. Almost every couple who slept together kissed at
least once, he figured, so he ended up giving a little nod and pressing his back against the nearest tree
so that he wasn't able to move away too far if he got nervous. The last thing he really wanted to do
was shoot Jisoo's confidence down by trying too hard to create distance between them. Jisoo ended
up having to be the one to initiate it, as a result, and so he shifted closer so that he was able to wrap
an arm respectfully around Wonwoo's waist. He gazed into Wonwoo's eyes for a few seconds, and
then he promptly pressed a kiss to his lips. It was short and sweet and they both recoiled very
quickly, since it was incredibly awkward to be kissing a friend like that, but at least they both found
the bright side in it. Jisoo broke into a shy laugh and Wonwoo couldn't help but smile, and it
certainly took away a bit of the tension.
Then Jisoo moved in again to press another very gentle kiss to his lips. It was the sort of kiss that
followed naturally; the sort that was a little bit more assured but still had that tiny bit of tension left
behind. It still wasn't the most comfortable thing in the world to be kissing a friend like that, but at
least they had already got the first proper kiss out of the way so it was a lot easier the second time. At
least they could push it to the back of their minds and just pretend that they were strangers who were
having a quick fling. Jisoo's hand was quick to start wandering downwards, Wonwoo noted,
even though his hand recoiled just as his mouth had done as soon as he realised that Wonwoo was stiff
already. He drew from the kiss with a soft gasp and Wonwoo could feel the humiliation taking over
right away. He didn't really know what to say. He had been thinking about messing around with
someone in that particular spot for ages, after all, so it was the expected physical response.
Saying that, though, perhaps he had reacted a little bit too quickly. After all, it seemed as if he was
going to have worked himself up over the kiss instead. He just had to hope that Jisoo realised that it was the act that
was getting him worked up instead. Of course, Jisoo didn't say anything about it because he wasn't
the sort to make a big deal out of something like that and humiliate him needlessly, but that meant
that Wonwoo couldn't really tell how he felt about it. It was okay, though. Jisoo softly asked if he
wanted to be sucked whilst they were there. It had been a long time since he'd sucked someone so he
wanted to be able to give Wonwoo that if he wanted it. And whilst he certainly hadn't been planning
on getting Jisoo to do something like that, he guessed that if it was offered, it was absolutely fine. So
that's what he did. He gave a nod of permission and watched as Jisoo dropped to his knees in the
grass with absolutely no regard for whether or not it would become obvious on their way home if the
mud stuck to his knees.

Wonwoo waited in anticipation as Jisoo pulled him free from his trousers and boxers. He did so in a
fluid motion and then gazed up at Wonwoo with sultry eyes. He knew what he was doing and he
was going to put in as much effort as possible to make sure that Wonwoo felt amazing. That much
was obvious from the way he looked at him. So Wonwoo decided to let it go down. He closed his
eyes and waited for the warmth of Jisoo's mouth to engulf him. And that warmth didn't disappoint
him in the slightest. He felt his entire body heating up as Jisoo's tongue dragged gracefully across his
skin. The heat spread outwards, as if it was a liquid that was being injected into his bloodstream. He was incredibly aroused and he could feel himself dribbling the tiniest bit of pre-release as Jisoo took him to the base, and he couldn't even help but let out a soft peep of a moan when he felt one of Jisoo's hands reach up to tug his balls gently in time with the sucking.

It was heaven already. He knew he'd liked it. From the moment he heard about it, he knew that it was the sort of thing he'd like to experience. But nothing could have prepared him for how it felt when he was actually doing it. Nothing could have prepared him for the fact that Jisoo was already working him well and making sure that he felt amazing the entire time. It made his breath catch in his throat as he felt Jisoo's mouth squeezing around him, and he could tell that his friend wasn't even struggling to make it feel like that. No, he was experienced and he knew what men liked, and that was a huge shock for Wonwoo when he considered that Jisoo seemed to be pretty reserved and respectful, as opposed to being that sort of guy who was clearly ready to drop to his knees for any man on the shortest possible notice. And the best part was that he continued until Wonwoo was right on the edge before pulling away and telling him that he was ready to continue with the next part.

Admittedly, it was a bit annoying that he stopped so early, but Wonwoo figured that he couldn't really complain. After all, he was supposed to be going all the way with Jisoo and it wasn't going to help anyone if they were going to get part of the way and then stop because he had been too worked-up by it and his friend could tell that he was going to hit his climax soon enough. At least in the way they were doing it, he had a bit of time to calm down and then get himself ready for the next part without having to worry that his climax would be hitting too soon. At least that way, he would get the maximum enjoyment out of it.

Jisoo was incredibly prepared, as it was. He had brought along protection and lubricant and he knew that he was going to dominate Wonwoo. There was no doubt about that. He knew that Wonwoo would end up getting too worked up too quickly if he was going to be on top, so it was for the best. He turned Wonwoo around and allowed him to brace himself against the tree so that he was able to go in that little bit rougher without causing him to topple over, and so Wonwoo grasped onto the trunk with both hands and positioned his hips in a way that allowed Jisoo to penetrate him easily enough.

Then Jisoo did it. He pressed the tip against his entrance and slowly pushed inside of him, and Wonwoo let out a soft gasp. He could feel his heart pounding in his ears right away and he figured out that he wasn't going to last long at all, considering that he was already feeling like he was going to hit his climax as a result of Jisoo doing the first couple of thrusts inside him. And it only got worse. Jisoo was far from gentle and Wonwoo could feel it in the back of his throat. His eyes flickered shut and he focused on the sensation of being pounded against the tree. He thought about how raunchy it was that his trousers were by his ankles and Jisoo's were shuffled down to his mid-thighs, and how someone could easily walk in and find them whilst they were at it. And he knew that Jisoo wouldn't stop. Not in this case. He was going to continue because he knew the risks that came alongside doing that sort of thing in public. He'd had plenty of notice and he was well aware of the fact that they weren't so far into the forest that they weren't going to end up getting caught if someone was having an evening stroll.

Saying that, though, he wasn't going to make it easier to find them by being loud. No, he kept his mouth shut the entire time. He even bit his lip if he felt that he was about to get a little bit too loud. Even when Jisoo reached around him to stroke him in time with the thrusts. Even when he was kissing Wonwoo's neck and mumbling softly about how he was his. That was almost as arousing as the kink, actually. It didn't seem like it was much, but it made it seem as if they were just doing that sort of thing because it was convenient. It was because they couldn't get to a hotel or someone's house to do what they wanted to do. Instead, they had to make do with a forest to have their intense love affair.
It was only made worse when one of Jisoo's hands started to drift upwards to toy with one of his nipples. That was a game-changer, actually. Wonwoo loved it. He could feel himself starting to dribble a little bit on Jisoo's hand when he felt the fingers squeezing and twisting his nipples, and he almost let out a groan in response. It felt incredible to be touched like that, on top of being touched everywhere else, and that was what ultimately brought him right to the edge. In the end, he had to ask Jisoo to hold his hips again until he was ready to hit his climax because the arousal from being touched all over and being able to play with his kink at the same time was something that was going to make him finish prematurely otherwise. Jisoo found it funny that he would get so worked up like that, of course, but he did what Wonwoo said right away.

Frankly, Wonwoo hadn't expected him to last for that much longer. He had anticipated that Jisoo would only last for maybe ten minutes longer. But that wasn't the case at all. He continued going for much longer, and then eventually decided that he was bored of the position that they were in. He got Wonwoo to take off his trousers completely, then pressed as close as possible before lifting one of his legs and pushing into him again. They were pressed chest-to-chest and Jisoo kissed him again, and the position made sure that Wonwoo could feel the length dragging along his walls whilst Jisoo could feel the definite squeeze of his muscles.

But in that position, Wonwoo wasn't going to last until Jisoo finished, whether he liked it or not. He drew from the kiss so that he could press his face into his friend's shoulder, and Jisoo simply stroked his hair as he anticipated Wonwoo's climax. Of course, they were only in that position for a few minutes before it got to be too much for him and it hit, although it was clearly a lot quieter than Jisoo expected. In fact, Wonwoo didn't even let out a sound. His eyes simply shut and then his hips began to buck against Jisoo slightly as his body sought out its finish and finally, he began convulsing slightly in response to it hitting. In fact, he was sure that Jisoo wouldn't have noticed if it wasn't for the fact that he was clamping his muscles around him. And although Jisoo probably wasn't as close to the edge as he'd hoped, he still brought himself to the edge too and pushed in as far as possible so that he would be able to ride it out.

Once they were done, they simply stared at each other for a moment. A long, silent stare. Neither really knew what to make of the changes to their friendship but then again, who did? Not many friends took each other up on the offer to have sex in public like that and it wasn't even as if they were best friends before that. So they simply replaced their clothes and made their way back towards the train station, disposing of the condom on the way there, and then they only spoke about it when they got home and there was a bit of distance created.

The verdict? It was absolutely something that Jisoo wanted to try again, and Wonwoo had to admit that he enjoyed it enough to give it a try in another area of his fantasy.
Shibari - Minghao/Junhui

Chapter Notes

Shibari; an form of Japanese bondage art, which involves intricate tying techniques and often suspension.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sexiest thing in the world, as far as Minghao was concerned, was shibari.

It was something that he'd tried to suppress for years. Something that he'd learnt about for the first time when he was fifteen years old and scouring through the internet. He'd been so worried that viewing such content would get his internet shut off by his parents if they caught him, so he clicked off it right away and vowed never to seek out that sort of website again. But it was too late. The images were burnt into his brain, like the branding on a cow's rump. He'd seen models who were completely naked, but in a way that was artistic and beautiful, and he couldn't help but be drawn to it. He wasn't aroused by it at that age - especially since he didn't really understand the sexual undertones to being tied up and thought it more of a piece that represented abuse - but he did find it incredibly mentally stimulating. It made him think. He was left thinking about how art could be portrayed in different ways and using human bodies in unconventional ways, and he thought about how people were able to use backgrounds and lighting to really enhance their pieces.

It was only when he was nineteen and in his own place that he returned to the thoughts of it. He was an artist too; a model for people to photograph him. He'd specifically chosen the career because of how he viewed shibari. The tied bondage was the sort of things that genuinely invoked fear into Minghao's heart, but he'd become an artist nonetheless. He wanted people to take photos of him in beautiful poses, with his legs positioned in ways that seemed unnatural yet very pretty. He wanted photos where the curves of his body were highlighted perfectly and the natural shapes of the male body became increasingly obvious to the viewer as his career developed. He wanted to make them feel the same sorts of emotions that he felt when he first saw shibari, but in a way that was absolutely undeniably chaste. He didn't want them to think of his body in a sexual way at all. At least, not at the start of his career. The focus was beauty, more than anything.

Only then, when he'd started his career out and was studying art and modelling, did he decide to read up on shibari again. He had his own internet access at that point and he didn't even need to worry about his home country's intense anti-pornography rules, since he was living in Seoul so that he had a greater chance at finding people who were willing to take photos of his nude body. He typed the characters for the art into his laptop - after checking eight times in a row that he really was on an incognito tab - and then waited for it to pull up tabs for him. And he was relieved to find that it was just how he remembered it to be. Just as beautiful and passionate, with such artistic photos. Very few of them had sexual denotations but now that he was an adult, he could really see the connotations behind it all. Passion between two lovers in the most private of manners; suspension that put the bottom in sub-space and the viewer into dom-space right away; peaceful emotions on the face but almost desperate emotions in the body, which would be paired with twitching thighs and a need to be touched.

Minghao's mouth grew dry as he stared at the images in front of him. He could feel his palms starting to sweat as he looked at the different styles of tying. Although it was pretty uniform and most of the
artists would follow the same rules of ensuring that everything was symmetrical and looked as if it could remain perfect forever if it was undisturbed, there were also hints of personal style in the images. Some of them preferred to highlight certain body parts, for example. One artist enjoyed making the genitals stand out massively. It was his style to draw attention to the sexual side of shibari, and he claimed that it was something that genuinely aroused him as he was putting his models into the appropriate position. As a result, he only used models who he had a lot of chemistry with, which was incredibly obvious from the sorts of images that were created. Minghao wouldn't have been surprised if he read that the artist and the models made use of the ties once they were done with the photo shoot either, although that private matter was something that he probably wasn't going to advertise in his page's biography.

Another brought the attention to the navel. Whilst all of the knots were very intricate and detailed, there was usually a lot more focus there. A circle of knots around it, more often than not, with tiny knots all the way around it. Knots like spider's webs over the model's navel. Tight knots that dug into the flesh and left little pockets of flesh protruding through the gaps. Then another made a special effort to make big knots. Every single knot would be twice the size of those in the other artists' pieces. But it looked good. It made them pop against the slim model's skin. And Minghao found that even though he didn't think he'd like big knots on such a small person, he actually quite liked looking at them on that specific model. It made her look even smaller, in a way that was almost arousing in itself. Not in a way that made her look as if she was young, of course, but in a way that made her seem as if she was made out of glass. A dancer, perhaps, or an idol of sorts.

He loved all of the different styles that he saw, even amateur ones. But there was one, in particular, that stuck out to him the most. One that made his heart clench as soon as he saw it. An openly gay artist had made a point of choosing male models for his pieces. It was a way of showing that the art form wasn't for heterosexual couples only and that men could be bound just as easily. And whilst Minghao had been a bit worried about viewing that sort of content from the start, it showed him exactly what he wanted to do with his modelling career right away. He wanted to find that specific artist so that he could be suspended by him. He wanted that artist to take photos of him whilst he was tied up in some remote location, and then he wanted to have rough sex with him whilst he was still in position.

The thought absolutely terrified him, actually. Minghao hadn't actually considered that he might want to be touched by another man but when he really thought about it, it was something that he knew he couldn't pass up. Even if he wasn't usually attracted to men, this was a one-off. This was one of those situations where he really needed to go for it. And besides, the artist himself was incredibly attractive. Minghao had found his photo online after searching him up, and he thought that the man could have easily been a model himself. Wen Junhui; another Chinese man who was just a few years older than Minghao; born in Shenzhen but he moved to Seoul when he was eighteen so that he was able to study a mix of fine arts and photography. He was the sort of man who liked pretty things and that was something that Minghao appreciated a lot. He could see that from the guy's photos, and he was absolutely certain that he would be able to make things work between them, if they were to try it.

So he became obsessed with the guy's work. Every free minute was spent keeping up with all of the new posts. He could feel himself getting jealous as he saw Junhui picking out new models and posting photos of them in erotic poses, but he tried his hardest to keep that inside of him. After all, jealousy wasn't beautiful and he knew that he wasn't going to be able to get a position as Junhui's model if he was going to act up like that. So he tried his best to ignore it and refocused his energy on trying to find out where the guy was going to be next.

It proved to be an incredibly difficult task, actually. He couldn't find much on the guy's rota and spent a lot of time trying to figure out where he could possibly meet him. He wanted to make things subtle and just happen to bump into him somewhere so that they could hit it off properly, but it
wasn't really something that was going to happen, in the end, when he actually thought it through properly. So he ended up contacting him directly, asking him if he was searching for new models, then waited awkwardly for some sort of response. The entire time, he was twiddling his thumbs and refreshing his emails every couple of minutes, until he eventually received the reply that he was hoping for. Wen Junhui wanted to meet him personally.

Minghao felt a rush of excitement as he went to the guy's studio for the first time. It looked just how he imagined it would be; pristine and beautiful, just like his art. He had some pieces on the walls, but they were only the less sexual photos. Once of models' backs and such. It meant that Minghao didn't feel all that intimidated as he walked through the studio with the photographer, learning about each of the different techniques that he used, and then he genuinely felt confident in his decision by the time they reached the main photography room. When they reached that room, though, Junhui stopped completely and gazed at him in silence with his eyes flickering over Minghao's clothed body. It was as if he was sizing him up to see what sort of tying he would demonstrate on him, although he obviously didn't say that out loud. Minghao felt a rush of arousal run straight through his body and focus itself into his groin. He just hoped that it wasn't that obvious to a trained eye and even if it was, Junhui wasn't making a big deal of it.

Eventually, he spoke again, his voice incredibly soft as he did so. "How would you feel if I asked you to try a teaser session with me?" he asked. "I usually ask my models to complete one session in here so that we can see how they do with it all. If they enjoy it, we can plan a bigger debut shoot in a more artistic location. If not, I'm more than happy to pay you for your time, since you would be modelling for me on the spot."

"How much do you usually pay your models?" Minghao asked before quickly adding, "It's not going to change my decision either way; I'm just a bit curious because I've never really thought about it before. I've only modelled for a few smaller artists in the past, so I don't know what to expect from this experience." Junhui seemed amused, rather than irritated, and Minghao found that to be a huge relief.

"If I can convince you to be my exclusive nude model, I'll pay you four million won per month. The conditions are that if you do any other modelling, you need to be wearing clothes on both your top and bottom half, but you're obviously allowed to show your feet and you can do hand modelling or face modelling too. If you'd like to get naked for other photographers, though, I'll have to drop it to one and a half million won per month." Minghao's breath caught in his throat as soon as he heard it. That was a lot of money. He pointed that out to Junhui, only to get a reply that he didn't expect.

"Well, I like to build up a relationship with my models, if you'd let me. I know that this sort of thing can be incredibly arousing, so I don't mind giving a little bit extra. Both physically and in the form of money, since I know that this sort of thing can be a bit much for people sometimes."

Of course, Minghao agreed to the terms right away, and he wanted nothing more than to be suspended on the spot. The fact that Junhui was actually encouraging a sexual relationship only made it that little bit better. It made him feel as if he could genuinely enjoy it without having to worry about his arousal getting in the way, and that was something that was incredibly important to him at that point in time. Junhui seemed to be happy with the enthusiastic approach, although he didn't bring it up out loud. Instead, he asked Minghao to take off his clothes whilst he got what he needed to get for the teaser shoot, and then he promptly invited him to take a seat on the table in the middle of the room so that he could get started.

He went through all of the rules with Minghao to start with, about how he needed to let him know if he couldn't breathe or felt any numbness or coldness in his limbs. He said that he wouldn't be starting out with any neck ties because he knew that it could be distressing for a beginner, and that Minghao would only be above the table by around a foot. He was strong enough to support Minghao's weight and so were the rope and structure, so he had nothing to worry about. They decided on a safeword
right from the start and Junhui made sure to check in with him right away to see if less professional contact was allowed, just so that he was able to keep him calm for the first time. Minghao agreed right away, of course, but felt incredibly nervous as soon as he realised exactly what it would mean. "We're going to start with your legs," Junhui told him as he looped the rope through a large metal ring above his head. "I'm not going to pull you up until I know that none of your body is going to be left in an uncomfortable position, though."

And so he began. His technique was to make webbed knots up the outside of Minghao's thighs, pulled just tight enough to leave his thigh fat bulging slightly. Minghao was amazed to see how quickly the artist worked, and how he seemingly knew exactly what he wanted to do with his body right away. Within five minutes, the first thigh was absolutely covered in knots and his knees had been bent so that he was able to attach his ankles and calves to the knots on his thighs. Then the other side was made to match except this time, once Junhui was done, he took the time to kiss all over Minghao's legs. Each kiss was pressed deliberately to the skin with no hesitation at all, and they gradually moved up towards his pelvis. Once there, his tongue grazed against the dip between his thigh and pubic bone, and then he promptly wrapped his lips around the protruding bump.

Not only did it leave Minghao relaxed to feel the man's lips on his bare skin, but it also left him tingling with arousal. It was arousing enough to see someone tying him so beautifully, nevermind having Junhui's hands on his body like that. And his lips were another story entirely. They felt amazing on his skin, and he was so assured that Minghao's nerves were gone right away. He watched the artist's fingers run up his body as his lips ran over the bare skin, and his breath immediately stuttered. Junhui's fingers got dangerously close to his nipples as his mouth got too close to his crotch, but he made sure not to make direct contact. He was a professional, after all, even if he had warned Minghao that his style of suspension came alongside a passionate affair. Minghao got it, though; Junhui needed his models to be easily moved and visibly aroused, and so it made a lot more sense that way.

"I'm going to continue up your torso," he said softly as he took another length of rope. "It's going to go up your back and it's going to highlight your groin and ribs. Is that okay?" When Minghao gave a nod, Junhui got right back to work. The rope was brought around the creases of his thighs and tied at the top of his hip, where high-rise underwear would rest. There was barely any detail around his groin, thankfully, but a good amount of rope was used around his lower stomach and back to create some intricate webbing. Saying that, though, it wasn't half as detailed as it got further up, where the knots expanded over his ribs. The sensation of the rope on the bare skin of his sensitive chest aroused him further, and it was only made better by the fact that whilst Junhui was tying the front of his body, their torsos were pressed together. In itself, it wouldn't have been a bit deal at all, but Minghao could feel himself dribbling out a trickle of pre-release as soon as he felt Junhui's clothed body brushing against his length.

He was in the mood right away. He could hardly focus on the intricate webbing on his arms. He didn't care anymore. The more he felt the artist's body brushing against his own and the more Junhui stopped to press little kisses and touches to his skin, the more Minghao wanted to take him to bed. He had a particular skill for finding his sweet spots too. His tongue grazed a spot on his ribs, a soft patch on his neck, and a particular place on his earlobe. He kissed and licked the skin as if he had been Minghao's lover for years, and Minghao was putty in his hands right away. It was the sort of thing that his morals warned against, but he couldn't help himself. He could feel that he was already throbbing and desperate for more, but he could hardly ask Junhui to touch him when he was trying his hardest to make him look pretty. Besides, he knew that Junhui had noticed. He knew that Junhui had seen it when he began to pull hard on the ropes to get him off the table by a foot or so. It would have been clear as he secured the ropes in a position that allowed Minghao to feel comfortable.

Instead of saying anything, though, Junhui disappeared for a moment. He was within earshot if
Minghao needed anything, he said, but he was completely out of sight. So he waited and watched as the lighting changed and then the camera equipment was shuffled into the appropriate places.

And then he felt the camera upon him. He knew that it was there, and that was enough to leave him even more aroused. As Junhui complimented him on his ability to make suspension look so beautiful, he felt that tingling growing in his groin. In fact, he wouldn't have been surprised if he'd finished earlier than he actually had done. It had taken until Junhui was stood on the table, taking photos of his body with his crotch as the focus, for Minghao to spill out all over his stomach. A quick glance downwards confirmed it; his orgasm had hit and he was left dribbling out white fluid over his lower half, which rested on his stomach when he was done.

To say that he was humiliated would be an understatement, but the photographer treated it with absolute respect. He noticed how Minghao's face flushed right away and made sure to ask if he was okay before asking for further permission to take photos of him with his seed on his lower stomach. It was amazing enough that he'd finished completely hands-free without doing so in the middle of a photo shoot, and he found it incredibly beautiful to see Minghao in that position where he was genuinely aroused enough for it to hit like that. So Minghao ended up giving him permission to take photos of it. He watched as Junhui began to change the angles and adjust his position in various ways to get that perfect shot but when he'd got it, Minghao could see it on his face. He made sure to show the model right away before asking if he was aroused enough to make use of the fact that he was already suspended. Of course, it wasn't something that he needed to do, but Junhui was offering solely because he wanted to make sure that they built up a good relationship right from the start.

Minghao agreed without any hesitation at all, and so they ended up having gentle sex on the table with him still suspended a foot in the air.

To say that it was the best experience of his life would still be an understatement. Minghao hadn't really thought that having an artist's fingers inside of his body whilst his thighs were forced apart by ropes would be any better than regular sex with someone else, but he found that it felt absolutely amazing when they were doing it. He could feel himself stiffening again pretty quickly, and he knew right away that Junhui was going to be the sort to make the affair as passionate as possible.

And the artist delivered. He delivered more than Minghao could have possibly expected. Junhui spread him around his length but made sure to take it as slowly as possible so that they could both enjoy every single thrust. He made sure that Minghao wasn't swinging on the ropes with every thrust and that he was comfortable the entire time. It was the sort of passionate sex that Minghao had been hoping for his entire life, and it was happening when he was with an artist who shared his interest in shibari. That was what made it even better, and he was certain that that was why he was able to finish so easily whenever they were together. This time, it was only one round, but that didn't mean that it stayed that way the next time they met or the time after that. In fact, Minghao was certain that the sexual side was becoming more prominent every time they were together, until the point where it went without saying that they ended up making use of the erotic side to the suspension.

Safe to say, Minghao made it his mission to become Junhui's main model, just so that he was able to experience that same passion every week for the rest of his career.

Chapter End Notes

To be honest, I could've written a whole fic based on this so I think I might actually do it if I have time before I relocate. If not, expect it to appear when I visit Hong Kong and...
find some private Wi-Fi to use because I'd really like to make something of this.

It was really hard to cram it into one short fic but hopefully it's been done justice?? I've been putting it off for ages because I didn't know how to write but but alas, it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Well.

As much as Jisoo could claim that his secrets could remain secrets so long as he wanted them to remain secrets, it was hardly a realistic approach to everything that was going on in his life.

It was too confident; too cocky. He was under the impression that he was going to remain undercover for the rest of his life. He thought that it would remain a secret simply because he willed it to be a secret. But frankly, it was an incredibly unrealistic expectation to have. After all, how could he possibly keep that sort of thing private at all times? There was always the chance that he would slip up and not take something into consideration, especially if he was supposed to be keeping up with the fetish on a long-term basis. He would get sloppy or he would make a mistake somewhere, and that would be the thing that would drag him through the dirt.

Saying that, though, he didn't expect it to happen as quickly as it did. He had always thought that everyone else would do as they said they would, even though he didn't do that. That was how he managed to keep going for so long undetected, and that was the only reason why he managed to make things work. He was certain that everyone else had left the house, other than Jeonghan and Seungcheol. And that was his safety net. If those two were in one of the bedrooms, going at each other like animals, they couldn't simultaneously catch him touching himself over the sounds that they were making. It meant that his guard came down as soon as everyone else left and the two of them started doing what they were doing.

But that was his mistake right there. He let his guard down. As soon as they started ripping off each other's clothes, their ears were shut. They were sure that everyone else was out too, and so they couldn't hear him if he happened to breathe too loudly or let out a soft moan in response to the images that flooded his brain. However, that didn't mean that everyone else had gone deaf, and so Jisoo was screwed when the door to his bedroom was opened halfway through his masturbation session.

He hadn't heard it click, admittedly. In fact, it was almost certain that Seokmin had pushed the handle down as far as physically possible to avoid letting it click, just in case Jeonghan or Seungcheol heard him. But then Jisoo's eyes opened and he was faced with the sight of the younger boy stood in front of him, paralysed on the spot, and he had to clap a hand over his mouth to fight the urge to scream in response to it. Thankfully, it worked. Had it not, they would have both ended up being on the receiving ends of one of Jeonghan's verbal lashings for not listening to instructions and humiliating him.

That wasn't to say that they didn't stare at each other in silence for a solid minute or two, though. They didn't know what to do with themselves. What could they do? Seokmin had walked into Jisoo's room, completely unannounced, and Jisoo was laid on the bed listening to his best friends having sex, with one hand over his mouth and the other gripping himself desperately. It didn't look good for
either of them. So they waited for the other person to make a move and then eventually, Seokmin gave in under the pressure. He motioned with a thumb to ask whether Jisoo wanted him to leave or whether he could enter the room, and so Jisoo made a point of highlighting exactly what he was doing. It wasn't exactly normal for another guy to sit in on him touching himself, especially when his fetish was so personal and *vile*, but Seokmin simply shrugged in response. He didn't care at all. In fact, it seemed as if he wanted to sit in with him because he didn't know what else he could possibly do.

Jisoo made a point of letting out a long but silent sigh - one that probably just looked like he was taking a huge breath - then gave a little nod. Seokmin was quick to shuffle into the room, then shut the door as quietly as he could manage before making his way over to the bed and kneeling down. Once there, he was quick to lean in close to Jisoo's ear. "They're pretty loud, huh?" he breathed. Jisoo gave a nod in response. "I mean, we all know that they're sleeping together and didn't know why they were still trying to hide it, but I think I might know now. I'm surprised that the neighbours haven't called the police on them before." Jisoo couldn't help but break into a smile as he heard that. It actually reminded him of a pretty funny story that took place whilst he was listening to them at one point, in which a couple from the house next to theirs went over to ask if they were okay one day because they were worried that they were having a fight, only for Jeonghan to mumble out an embarrassed apology and an explanation for the noise.

Seokmin found that funny, it seemed. He admitted that he would have knocked on the door if he was one of their neighbours too, then let out an exasperated chuckle in response. Jisoo was actually pretty impressed by the fact that he managed to keep it so quiet, considering that he was usually one of the louder ones in the group. For a moment, they continued to sit there in silence, listening to the fact that Jeonghan was screaming for the group leader to "slap his ass harder", then Seokmin's eyes slowly trailed back towards Jisoo's hand. It was still gripping his length pretty hard, since he hadn't thought to move it, but then shifted to recover his modesty as soon as he noticed where his friend's eyes were. It earned a little smirk from Seokmin right away, who proceeded to look him up and down before licking his lips.

"You seem to be a bit worked up, huh?" he pointed out. Jisoo felt his cheeks starting to go red.
"You can sit on the other side of the room if you're planning on teasing me." His hands then moved to adjust himself but he only got as far as pulling the waistband of his boxers up before Seokmin put a hand over his hand to stop him from going any further. Jisoo noted how one of his fingers was also resting on his clothed bulge, but he figured that to mention it would be incredibly impolite. So his mouth stayed shut. Their eyes met and they remained silent for a few seconds. Those few seconds, though, felt as if they lasted a lifetime and Jisoo didn't really know what to do with himself. His face simply squirmed under the pressure of being stared at my Seokmin and he had to fight the urge to push him away so that he could continue fixing himself.

"Wait," Seokmin eventually breathed, as if his actions weren't forcing Jisoo to wait in the first place. "You were busy. Don't let me ruin your fun."
"Well, the mood has gone now and I don't know how I'd feel about touching myself in front of you, especially without a reason to really do it. Especially if the mood isn't there, I mean."

"No, um..." Seokmin started, but then the sentence fell short. He looked uncomfortable and clearly didn't know what he could possibly say. For a moment, Jisoo watched as his face conformed to the emotions that he was struggling to put out there into the open, but then he stopped and let out a long breath. "I want to help you, if that's okay. I feel bad because I interrupted and I think they're almost done." Jisoo's eyebrows shot up. "Oh, come on. You have all day every day to touch yourself and you wait until those two are going at it? It doesn't take a genius to know that you're getting off over the sound of them getting busy." And then his cheeks flushed darker. The remains of the earlier blush were still very much alive on his cheeks, but this only served to make the colour dark again. It
was as if it was serving a reminder to his face; telling it that it wasn't escaping the embarrassment that quickly.

At least the embarrassment was gone from Seokmin's face, though. Instead, he was licking his lips a lot more than he needed to lick them, and his eyes were flashing between Jisoo's hand and face. It took a while for him to figure out what he wanted, seemingly, but when he'd made up his mind, there was no stopping him.

He nudged Jisoo's hands out of the way with his own before reaching into his boxers so that he could stroke him in time with the sex that they could hear from the next room. To start with, it was incredibly sloppy and his timing was poor, but then he got into the swing of it and happened to make it work, which Jisoo appreciated massively. Then, in an attempt to ensure that the older boy wasn't going to end up getting too loud, he leant over to press their lips together firmly.

Jisoo couldn't believe it. He'd never even considered kissing Seokmin before but he wished he'd given it a chance earlier. Seokmin's lips felt perfect against his own. Not too rough but not too soft. Enough to stop their lips from sticking together whilst providing the perfect amount of gentleness. Usually, he wouldn't be able to hold his first kiss with someone for more than a couple of seconds, but this time was different. He held back from withdrawing, enjoying the way that Seokmin invited him to part his lips mid-kiss so that he had full access to his tongue. And then their tongues met and he felt his body melting right away. It was a good thing that his head was already on the pillow, otherwise he would have ended up falling back against it at that point. It was just beautiful; an absolutely perfect first kiss when paired with Seokmin's rhythmic strokes to his length.

In fact, when Seokmin tried to pull away from the kiss, Jisoo made sure to pull his face closer again. He whispered a disclaimer, informing Seokmin that he couldn't help it because he was certain that he was going to end up getting too loud otherwise, and then their lips met once again. This time, though, it was a lot less active. Tongues lazily dragged over each other as Seokmin moved the hand to grope his balls and then Jisoo promptly invited him onto the bed so that he could do what he needed to do, only to find out that they couldn't both fit onto a single bed when the younger boy's legs were so long. They tried - they really tried - but with Jisoo sprawled out on the mattress and Seokmin trying not to crush any of his limbs with his knees, it proved to be an impossible task.

There was only one solution. They shared an embarrassed smile before moving to the floor instead. It was hardly the comfiest arrangement in the world but at least then, they wouldn't have any bed creaks to worry about either. Seokmin moved down right away so that his head was between Jisoo's thighs and he put in as much effort as possible right from the start. And with him taking over completely, Jisoo was free to listen in on his best friends again. He listened as Jeonghan's voice grew bouncy, signifying that he was being moved hard in Seungcheol's lap, and as the group's leader informed him of what he was going to do to him. "I'm gonna have you filled to the brim this afternoon. Tell me when you want me to finish and I'll unclasp the rings, okay?"

So they were using rings to give themselves more time. The thought sent a shiver up Jisoo's spine. He couldn't help but imagine it. Seungcheol with the ring tight but not excessively so, whilst Jeonghan would have it as tight as possible and would be swollen and red. He was half an inch smaller at the base, from what Jisoo had heard, so it would only serve to make him look that little bit more engorged. And sure enough, he would be bright red already. It was a sign of arousal for it to get redder in colour and Jisoo could tell that Jeonghan had been in the mood since he woke up. That alongside the fact that Seungcheol wasn't holding back on him at all would surely leave it looking as if he was an animal who was completely unsheathed. And Jisoo liked the thought of it.

He imagined that he was Jeonghan and Seokmin was Seungcheol for just a second; that even if it was painfully aroused, he still wouldn't be able to hit his climax. He imagined the frustration on
Jeonghan's face - perhaps a little vein would be visible on one of his temples as he tried to get Seungcheol to remove it so that he could hit his climax - but Seungcheol would stick to what he usually did. He would refuse to take it off so that Jeonghan would have to beg for it to be removed, and then they would eventually get to the point where he could remove it without any warning and Jeonghan would be finishing in his mouth. Of course, in their case, there wasn't anything to stop his climax. All he had was sheer willpower. Sheer willpower to stop him from finishing down Seokmin's throat.

So he tried his hardest to hold it back. It had been a while since he last slept with anyone, so it proved to be incredibly difficult, but he tried his hardest to avoid letting it hit so quickly. He took deep breaths, trying to shut out the sound of Jeonghan finally getting to the point of begging, then braced himself against the floor. He focused more on the sensation of being engulfed by Seokmin's mouth, rather than the sensations that were filling his body; the well-paced sensations of his tongue running over bare skin and the gentle sucks when he was at the head and base. And as much as those sorts of things would often tip anyone else over the edge still, he was able to ground himself enough to last until his best friend's begging turned to wailing. He needed to finish, he said; he needed Seungcheol to loosen the ring immediately so that he could have his first climax. He'd taken Viagra so they could easily just get straight back to it, but he needed to finish right away.

Seungcheol obviously gave in after a few minutes as Jeonghan let out a satisfied shriek before bursting into tears. The telltale sign that he'd hit his peak. Jisoo still managed to hold it together for a little while, though; at least, until Seungcheol began speaking to his bottom. "Shhh, baby, ride it out. Ride it out. You're crying because it feels good, not because you're upset. Make it feel good for a few seconds longer." That was what got Jisoo there. He tried his hardest to pull his hips back so that he didn't end up finishing in Seokmin's mouth without telling him, but then it hit before he was able to get too far. In several short spurts, it had dribbled out onto Seokmin's tongue and he made sure to open his mouth as if to confirm to Jisoo that he'd done that.

It was humiliating, to say the least. Both hands were clapped over his mouth as he began to mumble apology after apology, but then Seokmin shook his head and pressed a finger to his lips. Seungcheol and Jeonghan were silent, so they had to be silent too. Then he swallowed it without saying a word and searched around for some water so that he could wash it down. There was some on the nightstand, thankfully, so he took a gulp before moving back to where Jisoo was laid down. "It's fine, don't worry about it. Not a big deal at all. I knew it was gonna happen when I started," he whispered into Jisoo's ear before pressing a gentle peck to his cheek. It was completely chaste - a way of telling him that they were still friends and he held nothing against him - but it left Jisoo feeling as if his entire body was on fire.

The break they had was pretty short. Soon enough, Jeonghan and Seungcheol were going for another round and Seokmin asked where he wanted to take it. Jisoo said that he wanted to ride him, and so it was agreed right away. They found some condoms and lubricant around the room - ones that probably weren't even Jisoo's in the first place - and so they got to it. This time, though, both of them seemed to be focused on the sounds that were coming from Jeonghan's room. Seokmin was in tune with it but in a different way to how he had been when they started. Instead of working in time with how he imagined Seungcheol and Jeonghan were going, he helped Jisoo to move in a way that was complimentary. His pace was quicker but not so much that he was hitting every second thrust at the same time as Seungcheol.

No, it was an erratic pace and that was what got Jisoo's length straining for contact so soon after they started. Jisoo came down at the exact same time that they heard the slapping of thighs from the other room every five or six thrusts. But it worked. It worked absolutely perfectly. It meant that he could enjoy what they were doing as well as the fact that his best friends were going for a second round beyond the wall, and that was great. And every time they did connect at the same time, Jeonghan's
moans filled his ears. It was as if his friend's voice was inside of him; as if they were connected just for a second. Not in a physical way, of course, but in a way that made Jisoo very conscious of the closeness between them.

So he let his head fall back as Seokmin moved him. He pressed his hands to his friend's shoulders and continued to imagine what was going on in the other room. The tears in the corners of Jeonghan's eyes as the group's leader ignored how soon they were going at it again after his climax. The way that their bodies moved against each other so roughly. How they knew every curve of the other person's flesh and utilised it fully. The ways that their fingers flickered over bare skin and their lips grazed the sensitive flesh of necks and shoulders and lips. He thought about the fact that they would be done too soon this time; that they would spend the entire time going rough, only to come down from it a bit later down the line when they'd reached their peaks again. They would take it slower after that.

He'd only stuck around to hear it a couple of times, but it was always his favourite part. It was the part that showed him that it wasn't just a physical affair. They had feelings for each other but they were scared of the implications that came alongside being a real couple. And that was something that Jisoo loved hearing. As soppy as it was, he adored listening to the sounds of them kissing and telling the other person that they loved them. He loved the sound of Seungcheol rolling over so allow Jeonghan to cuddle his chest and frankly, if he hadn't been finished by the time they started getting cute with each other, that would certainly bring him right to the edge.

But today, he wasn't going to hear that. He didn't want Seokmin to hear it. That sort of thing was strictly private, and it was something that he was committed to protecting. So he tried his hardest to finish quickly, since he didn't know how long his friends had left. He doubled his efforts, keeping his ears focused on the sounds that Jeonghan made. He let himself get right to the edge before clamping Seokmin hard and using the grip on his shoulders to start bucking his hips forward, and that was enough to get them both there within a matter of seconds. He made sure to push for them to get ready again pretty quickly once they'd finished, though, and informed Seokmin that they were going to leave for a little while. They would be going for a walk and getting a coffee because otherwise, Jeonghan and Seungcheol would start checking all of the bedrooms for laundry and the last thing they really needed was to get caught because of that.

It was a huge lie, of course, but it got Seokmin up right away. It meant that they were cleaned up in record time and made their way out of the house as quickly as possible without making a single peep of noise. And the secret was safe once again. Jisoo felt achieved, as if it was his own secret to keep, and he couldn't help but feel a lot happier about the fact that he'd gone out for a drink with someone he'd slept with as a result of that.

The only issue was that Seokmin tried to bring it up with him when they were sat in the coffee shop. He looked as if he was interested in him all of a sudden, and Jisoo couldn't really handle that. So he told him that straight away. "I don't want to make it seem as if I'm policing your feelings, but we both know that you're not attracted to me," he pointed out blandly. "You're pumped full of hormones and those hormones are telling you that we're attracted to each other because we slept together. But that's it. I don't want anything to come out of this, especially since you interrupted my private time. We can do this again in the future, but only if we do it on my terms." Seokmin agreed, of course, but he looked intimidated. And Jisoo just sighed because he was no longer sure about the fate of their relationship after it. A relationship where they weren't really interested in each other until Seokmin decided that a round of sex was enough to warrant something between them.
Sensory play - Minghao/Junhui

Chapter Notes

**Sensory play; a kink that involves sensory deprivation and/or sensory stimulation. Deprivation refers to the removal of a sense - for example, being blindfolded to inhibit sight - whilst stimulation refers to enhancing the sense - for example, sexual ASMR to increase hearing-based arousal.**

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

**Sight.**

The easiest sense to deprive.

As Junhui’s dom, Minghao knew exactly how to press his buttons whilst he was blindfolded. He knew that his sub wasn’t scared of sudden touches and in fact, they arouse him more than known touches did. So he did what he could to take advantage of that. Sure, he was a little bit more careful around Junhui's genitals, since he knew that a sudden whack there had the power to break the trust between them, but it was a different story when he was touching elsewhere.

Sometimes he would make a point of grabbing Junhui's ass without warning at all. Sometimes he would spank him hard on the ass or thigh because he knew that his sub wouldn't be able to see it whether he had a blindfold on or not. But for the most part, it was the little touches that really got Junhui going. Think rough pinches to his nipples whilst he was sprawled out on his back with his thighs spread. His nipples were the most sensitive part of his entire body. Minghao thought that they looked like oversized freckles. They weren't pink enough to look like bee stings, contrary to popular descriptions. No, they were soft and brown and they looked absolutely beautiful on his chest. That was why he loved to pinch them so much. And that was why Junhui was able to get stiff from just a quick squeeze of his pretty nipples.

What he loved the most, though, was encouraging Junhui to respond to stimuli without his sight. It would be without words, but he would have to show Minghao in other ways that he knew what was happening. For example, Minghao would leave Junhui's wrist unbound so that he could press his pelvis against one of his hands. Junhui's hand would naturally wrap around his organ and he would immediately seek to provide Minghao with the pleasure that he desired. Stroking him slowly and gradually increasing the pace, based on the little signs that he wanted more. The hitched breaths and the stuttered movements of his chest. The way that he twitched in Junhui's hand and encouraged him to increase his efforts. At that point, he would lean down to suck him and Minghao would be in heaven.

Likewise, Minghao would intentionally touch a thumb to Junhui's entrance. It would be the littlest of touches but the sensitivity of the area meant that he was able to tell exactly what was happening right away. It only took a gentle touch with his fingertip; Junhui would buck his hips back right away, not even needing any other stimuli, and then Minghao's finger would be buried inside of him. They would end up developing it further, with Junhui reaching back to grab his hand and push more fingers inside, until they eventually felt that it was best to move onto the next step. And even then, Minghao would encourage his sub to do all of the work. He could lie back and wait for Junhui to mount him and even if he didn't have his sight, he would always ride him perfectly well. It was as if
he'd done it a million times before, and that impressed Minghao in itself.

Although it was quite a basic sense to deprive Junhui of in the bedroom, it was the sort that gave consistent results. To remove his sight was to make him more in tune with the rest of their bodies. The waves of pleasure that were running through every little nerve in his body. The responses that he could feel from Minghao's body. The way that their voices sounded and the sensation of flesh against flesh. Although it was the sort of thing that sometimes even the most vanilla couples enjoyed, there was a reason why it was such a good sense to snatch away. It made Junhui's body react in ways that it didn't when they were doing it whilst he was able to see his surroundings. It made his other senses tune in a lot more than they did when he had all of them present and functional. That was why Minghao teased him so much whilst he was blindfolded.

It was worth every second of it and no matter how much they slept together and tried new things, taking his sight was going to be something that Minghao insisted on going back to every so often, just so that he would be able to delve into those delicious reactions once more.

_Hearing._

Another easy one, but a lot harder to maintain.

It wasn't the sort that could work as well on its own as it did when it was paired with a lack of sight, Minghao thought in the beginning, but he guessed that he got what he was given. After all, it was one of Junhui's favourite senses in the bedroom. He really liked being able to hear things. He loved it when Minghao breathed dirty talk into his ear and the sound of their skin slapping together genuinely got him going more than anything else. It was the one sense that Junhui couldn't turn off in the bedroom, so it was Minghao's job to do it for him. And boy, he delivered.

Strangely enough, though, Junhui finished _quicker_ when he couldn't hear. To start with, Minghao didn't get it at all. He could see that Junhui was getting to be worked up over everything that was happening in front of him - even more than usual - but he couldn't tell what exactly was making him respond in that sort of way. So naturally, he asked his sub directly to see if he could come up with any sort of answer.

Junhui skirted around the answer. His eyes were everywhere but his dom's face, and he couldn't get a word out as he tried to explain himself. It just didn't sound right when he tried to put it out there. In the end, he simply shook his head and told Minghao that he couldn't describe it to him. For starters, he didn't really want to break the fun of it all by putting it into words and even if he wanted to do that, he found that it wasn't coming out anywhere near as fluently as he'd hoped it would.

Of course, it eventually had to surface, though. It took almost a year but then he told him exactly what it was that made that a great experience. He told him that it was a bit of an odd situation; that when his ears were blocked and he couldn't hear a thing that was going on, he had to rely on his sight more. He had to infer the sounds that would be coming from his dom's mouth. The sound of their kisses. The sound of Minghao spanking his ass when he felt the sharp sensation on his skin. The sound of their bodies colliding in the middle and the sounds that came alongside Minghao's inevitable orgasm. He wasn't the quietest in bed, even if he was on top, and Junhui knew the sounds that he made whether he was able to actually hear them or not. They were great and he adored them.

The confession left Minghao feeling pretty embarrassed but he supposed that if he was going to be in a situation where he was going to pleasuring Junhui without him being able to hear - as bland as it seemed - he was more than happy to do it. In fact, he supposed that he could even bump it up a notch and put some additional enthusiasm into it. He could make more noises than usual so that Junhui would have a lot more to see, and he would be able to tell just how much he was enjoying it based on the fact that his chest would be heaving and his fingertips would be seeking something to hold.
He would be able to feel it as their hips crushed together with every single thrust.

To start with, it was a bit hard to get used to that sort of thing. He wouldn't deny that at all. He wanted to snatch away two senses at once so that he wasn't simply taking away something that often came alongside other senses. One that he didn't really need to function in the bedroom. But seeing as it made Junhui's orgasms a lot stronger every time his focus was solely on Minghao's facial expressions, he forced himself to get used to it quicker. Overexaggeration when he was showing how much he enjoyed it. Sensual touches bumped up to the absolute maximum. Mingling breath that he could almost hear and the tell-tale signs of sex that showed him exactly how close Minghao was to his finish.

And as pointless as he first thought it to be, it did eventually become something that he could treat Junhui to here and there. He could do it with or without visual deprivation too, and he could manipulate it so that Junhui was left having climax after climax every time those noise-cancelling plugs blocked out the world around them.

Smell.

A weak sense as it was, but very useful when he was using it as a stimulant, rather than something that was being deprived.

When they first started out their relationship, Minghao was always nice when it came to smell. He would hold up the flavoured lube and encourage Junhui to guess what he was holding. Yes, it was candy floss flavoured. Yes, it was strawberry flavoured. Nice and easy. Then it moved to other nice things. The smell of chocolate. The smell of mint or fresh flowers. The sorts of smells that most people liked to smell and could recognise right away.

But then the more sadistic side had to come out. It was inevitable. It was his job to test out Junhui's limits like that. What would have been the point otherwise?

So he started exploring further. An evening of sweating in the gym? Junhui was given the chance to determine what he could smell, and his body reacted to the natural pheromones right away. As disgusting as it probably was to anyone else, Junhui grumbled that his body smell was sexy and then proceeded to kiss the sweaty skin. He didn't care about the fact that it was unhygienic; no, he wanted to be able to pair the taste with the smell. He wanted it to take over his entire body. So Minghao allowed him to stoop and cave. He watched as Junhui's chest puffed out with every inhale, then slowly deflated as he let the breath out. Another long sniff. Another exhale. A lick here and there. His personal favourite thing to do, though, was to use it as a way of getting Junhui to suck him. He would make sure to get Junhui to smell the musky scents of his body after a long day at work, and he watched as his sub got more and more aroused as he took in the scents of his body. He watched as Junhui buried his face between his thighs and took in the smell of warm flesh and the remains of lightly perfumed soaps and the lingering aftermath of the cologne that he'd put on his trousers, and then he was in his mouth.

It was as if he was trying to take the smells into his mouth too. He was so enthusiastic that Minghao could barely breathe; every suck was paired with so much passion that he might as well have been trying to suck the life out of him through his crotch too, and that was what made it worth it.

And it only got better. He could present Junhui with any part of his body and the natural scents of his skin would have his sub responding positively. He'd had his ass eaten on at least a handful of occasions and he'd even had Junhui's lips wrapped around his balls. He could even present Junhui with any item of clothing that he owned for the same effect. He couldn't even count how many times he'd given his sub one of his shirts, only to have him masturbating furiously over it. Although he
might not have been directly touching him at the time, Minghao would always love seeing that sort
of response from a distance. It was something that was inherently intimate - to see a man getting so
worked up over the scent of his worn clothes - and so he couldn't help himself.

It meant that whilst Junhui was touching himself over his clothes, he was touching himself over
Junhui. It was as simple as that. Sometimes, it was all they would need to get off; Junhui would
finish on his hand and Minghao would finish on whatever part of Junhui's body that was exposed
and closest to his lower half. And they would be satisfied with it every single time.

So sure, scent was a weak sense, in comparison to many of the others, and it certainly required a lot
of help from the other senses to keep it working effectively, but that didn't mean that it needed to be
wiped off the board as an isolated sense. After all, it provided Junhui with the ability to improve his
sense perception. It allowed him to focus his mind on where he'd come across that particular scent in
the past and how he could best approach it on the spot to produce the most pleasure for both of them.
And Minghao absolutely loved it, more than he could possibly even begin to describe with words.

Touch.

The sort of sense that Junhui relied on heavily. Even more than he relied on sound. It was the one
that could easily be used as a stimulant, but Minghao much preferred to snatch it away from his sub.
It was much more fun that way.

He loved making Junhui's skin so cold that he couldn't feel it if he was being scratched by Minghao's
fingernails. It brought in an element of temperature play too, which counted as another sense, whilst
simultaneously providing Minghao with the ability to heavily manipulate his sense perception. Junhui
could see the nails digging into his flesh and leaving crescent-shaped dents. He could see that his
skin was red from the fact that his dom had pressed ice to his skin. But he still felt as if he should
have been able to feel it. To realise that he wasn't able to feel it was something that bothered him and
definitely gave Minghao the room to gradually bring him towards his climax, rather than bringing it
to him right away.

He also loved making sure that Junhui had to finish completely hands-free. He loved watching as he
bucked his hips up against the air as he imagined what it would feel like to be touched, and how it
would eventually get him to finish. It took three and a half hours the first time, at which point he was
so desperate that Minghao almost gave in and let him touch himself, but then the positive
reinforcement made it easier and Junhui was able to finish without being touched from that point
onwards.

That was something that genuinely amazed Minghao. His sub didn't have a toy in his ass, nor did he
have any fabric to grind against. No, he had to simply hit his climax as it was. His wrists were bound
and he had a bar between his thighs, and his task was to not only get stiff but also finish without
contact. And he did it. His eyes shut as he let his imagination take over, and he quickly engorged
with blood, swelling to an impressive size right away. And then his hips began to buck up against the
air as he thought about what he needed to think about, and eventually, his organ was twitching
aggressively and leaking several spurts of fluid all over his chest.

It became an addiction. As much as Minghao didn't want to admit it, it became a huge obsession of
his to see Junhui ejaculating on himself without any physical contact and he wanted nothing more
than to watch it every day. He wanted to be able to see his sub getting frustrated with the lack of
contact. A vein coming up on the side of his head to show off his frustration. The way that he
squirmed desperately and begged to be touched. Then the realisation that he wasn't going to get what
he wanted, followed by a determined attempt to get himself to climax. And then he would succeed
and they would both be impressed with his achievement.
Saying that, though, it was the one sense that taxed him a lot. It was something that required a lot of aftercare that involved physical contact and emotional encouragement, and that was why Minghao failed to use it a lot of the time. It was just too much to handle at times. Of course, they did aftercare anyway, whether he took away his sense of touch or they were simply doing the bog-standard vanilla missionary, but this required several hours of it and sometimes they didn't have the time or energy to do that. Sometimes adult life got in the way, either in the sense that they would have to go to work, or their work left them feeling so exhausted that they couldn't effectively do anything to build their relationship up after something so intense.

So it was used sparingly. A treat for them both. Something beautiful for Minghao to look at when he could see that his sub was getting to be incredibly worked up over the fact that he wasn't getting the contact that was so desperately desired, and something intense but sexy for Junhui to experience when he was getting to be too cocky or was coming to expect that he would always be able to have a very fast, efficient orgasm whenever he felt the urge to have one. And that was why they continued with it; it was a place-maker and a guilty pleasure all in one.

*Taste.*

The final big sense. Another stimulant, and this one really got Junhui going. It was by far Minghao's favourite to play with, and that was what made it so great as a tool in the bedroom.

It tied in nicely with the smells, of course, but Minghao actually liked to use taste in a different way. A more forgiving way. Yes, it was used in a way that was supposed to be soft; a way that was supposed to bring them closer.

He used Junhui's love of finger-sucking to introduce him to different tastes, and he would use those tastes to set the tone of their sex. Citric tastes - like oranges and lemons - set the tone for a zesty affair; one that was full of energy and little bursts of pleasure. Sweeter tastes - like chocolate and ice cream - made for a more romantic, gentle experience that involved a lot of heavy petting and slow thrusts. Salty connoted that they were going to be having a quick affair to blow off steam - and usually for that one, Minghao offered up a dab of his pre-release to spark Junhui's memories of their previous flings. Then, for the most part, he chose to ignore bitter tastes unless they both knew that they were coming down from an argument. It meant that they would be going raw and it wouldn't necessarily be the sort of passion that would fix things. Rather, it would help them to get all of that emotion out there, which was as good but also risky.

Now, out of all of them, Junhui seemed to have great ties with that sense. He knew exactly what was happening to them, based on the tastes that he'd been offered. And it wasn't even as if those tastes would be offered at the start and never again. Minghao knew how to be a good lover. He knew that he needed to give Junhui a reminder of their experience with top-ups here and there. He was experienced enough to know that it was necessary and he found right away that it made an unbelievable difference to their sex whenever he did it.

A little bit of extra sugar on his tongue? Junhui would be melting underneath him. It was almost as if he was made from caramel and he had just been put over a hot stove. Some more salt? Junhui's legs would spread even further for him. He would be able to do anything he wanted and his sub would be down for it. He could even ask him to try out new kinks and there was a high chance that Junhui would accept right away. A squeeze of lime on his tongue? his mouth would be watering right away, and he would be more than happy to switch the positions and ride Minghao until they were certain that his pelvis was going to break.

It brought them back to life. It made every moment that little bit more enjoyable. And it also helped them to introduce that little bit more variation. It was like a storybook, in a way. Minghao could have
easily kept to the same themes but introduced different elements to show Junhui where they were heading next. Back to the idea of citric fruits, he could have started out with something more intense, like a lemon, only to come back down to an orange once they'd used up some of their energy. They would still be keeping it up, but it could drop down a notch and still be great for them both if he did that. And in that sense, it was perfect; the best way to make the sensually-based kink work in their favour.

Although it wasn't half as intense as their experiences with the other senses, there was something unique about the sense of taste. It was the sort of come-down from the volume of the other aspects of the kink, and that was good enough in itself. It was the sort of thing that gave them a bit of a break whilst still including the kink as much as possible. And that was what made it so good. It was refreshing, Minghao supposed, and it kept them wanting each other. Even after five years of sleeping together on a near-nightly basis, they still had a huge thing for each other and he was certain that their willingness to play with taste and create psychological links between the sense and the action was what made it all so amazing for them.

That was what made it all worth it for them.

Chapter End Notes

I've done this one a little bit differently to the other chapters since it seemed a bit unfair to dedicate more to some senses and not others, so hopefully it's a good risk to take!! It probably seems a little bit disjointed between each one but the aim was to have it as a few short bits of drabble so hopefully that's shining through!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Cucked - Mingyu/Wonwoo

Chapter Notes

Cucked; arousal from being forced to watch a partner having sex with another person.

Ten years was a long time for a couple to be together without sleeping with anyone else. Or at least, that was what Mingyu thought.

Wonwoo had been his childhood sweetheart. They had met when he was six and Wonwoo was seven and when he eventually came out to his friends at thirteen years old, they ended up deciding that it was only natural to be together. They had been best friends the entire time and then they became each other's first boyfriend too. It was the sweetest romance that they could have possibly imagined.

It was the sort of relationship that moved pretty slowly but saying that, they had reached levels of intimacy that their friends could only dream about when they were still teenagers. It wasn't something that either boy was proud of, but they had been together for long enough to warrant it. It was to the point where Wonwoo's parents had sat him down and told him that they would be happy to give them the house to themselves if they wanted to do something more physical together. They said that they could provide anything that they needed to have the best possible sexual health and it was all a matter of the couple being ready for it. Likewise, Mingyu's parents seemed fine about it when he asked them questions about having an intimate relationship with another person - after all, at that point they had already been together for three years and they showed no signs of strain in their relationship, so it seemed like an appropriate thing to do. If they were both ready to take that step, there was nothing that their parents would do to stop them.

Seven years later and they were still in love with each other. It wasn't just a fondness. They genuinely wanted to be together, to the point where they weren't going to sit there and pretend that they weren't happy as a couple. There were no jokes about how they would be better apart and no comments about how they wanted to be with someone else. No comments on the fact that their friends had gained a lot of sexual experience prior to being together, and no suggestions that they needed to experience other people before they considered anything like marriage. They were both more than happy to get married to each other without spending a second in bed with any other person and that was how they liked it. Both of them agreed that it was the ultimate way forward and so the plan was just to be the other person's soulmate until they died.

At least, that was the plan to start with. They thought that it was a suitable plan until Mingyu started to respond a bit differently to the suggestions from new friends that they couldn't truly know how great life was until they'd slept with another person. His smiles were awkward and uncomfortable, and his laughs made it sound like he wasn't completely convinced that it was funny. And then that smile would fade. His eyes would drop down to the ground and he wouldn't say another word for a good ten or fifteen minutes. And that absolutely terrified Wonwoo.

His boyfriend was more than attractive enough to be able to get whoever he wanted. He could blow a kiss to someone and they would have their trousers dropped to the ground for him. It wasn't even just that he was dating him and that made him think that Mingyu was a lot more attractive than he
actually was. He often had people from his workplace telling him how attractive they thought his boyfriend was. His family told him that he was out of his league and they didn't understand how Wonwoo had managed to bag someone so handsome. They had girls on nights out asking if he could get his "friend's" number for them, and a good number of men had been mesmerised by his boyfriend's looks too. And it made him insecure. He would be lying if he said that it didn't.

To know that his boyfriend was so attractive that he would be able to sleep with anyone he wanted whenever he wanted was something scary for Wonwoo. He didn't know what to make of it. He was happy that Mingyu loved him and wouldn't just leave him for someone more attractive but he couldn't help but feel a spark of panic in his chest when his boyfriend appeared to be thinking more about the fact that he could be sleeping with someone else. As the jokes came up here and there, he seemed to be more and more troubled by the suggestion until Wonwoo eventually found it in himself to bring it up one night.

It was a typical situation where people might want to talk. They were watching a television show together but neither were that invested in it. Wonwoo's head was on Mingyu's shoulder and Mingyu was stroking his back with his thumb. And then Wonwoo said it without any warning at all.
"Mingyu, do you want to fuck someone else?" he whispered softly. His boyfriend's head snapped around so hard that his neck could have broken but his expression seemed to be more panicked than anything.
"Why would I wanna do that?"
"Well, your face is telling me that you've been thinking about it. But it's fine. I'm happy to let you do it. Just let me meet them first so that I can see who it is."

It led to an argument. One of the bigger arguments that they'd ever had, funnily enough. As much as Mingyu would usually speak rationally about those sorts of issues, it was completely out of the window this time. But the more he panicked with his response, the more suspicious it seemed to Wonwoo. He wasn't going to let it slide. He wanted his boyfriend to be happy with him and if that meant letting him sleep with someone else one time, he was happy to let that happen. After all, he knew he still had Mingyu's heart.

"It's not that at all," Mingyu eventually said, though, his voice sounding exasperated.
"What is it then?"
"Look, I..." And then he paused. He let out a long breath and ran a hand through his hair and then laughed. It was an uncomfortable laugh, showing off the fact that he wasn't really happy to be discussing that sort of thing. But Wonwoo wasn't going to drop it. He echoed his boyfriend's words to show that he wanted him to continue, then maintained solid eye contact until he did so. "I just had a bit of a dream a few months ago where all of our high school friends fucked you and made me sit across the room and watch. And it was really sexy to see them touching you like that. You know? I just keep thinking about how I wanna see them all pleasuring you."

Wonwoo's heart skipped a beat. It was probably the last thing he expected his boyfriend to say but he could hardly pretend that he was against the idea. After all, it was something that Mingyu had proposed. It wasn't something that he had come up with himself. So he guessed that it should be okay. It wasn't like he actually wanted to sleep with anyone else, after all, but his boyfriend was insistent that he got incredibly turned on by the thought of him taking all of them. All eleven of them.

To say that he was terrified was an understatement. They were still incredibly close with all of the friends that they had made whilst they were growing up. They all still met up on a semi-regular basis to play games, watch sports, go out for a meal, or simply drink together. Everyone got along perfectly well and that was what made it awkward. It wouldn't have been all that bad if they hadn't spoken since they were in school together because at least then, they wouldn't be obliged to talk to them afterwards either. But surely enough, their friendship would continue after this. It always
So Wonwoo made a special effort on the proposed day. He scrubbed himself clean and applied a generous layer of a body conditioner to make sure that he was absolutely smooth and soft. He shaved his lower half, figuring that it was better that he looked clean and well-groomed than that he looked manly and rugged. He didn't know how everyone felt about body hair anyway, so he wasn't really willing to take the risk with it all. The last thing he really needed was for someone to be absolutely repulsed by body hair and make a huge scene, especially when they were supposed to be doing it for Mingyu's sake instead of his own. Then he finished it with some lace boxers - some that he'd bought specifically for the occasion - and comfortable clothes.

Then the time came for everyone to do what they had to do. One by one, they appeared at the house. Mingyu made sure to take them where they could help to relax his boyfriend and admittedly, they did an amazing job at it. They all knew that Wonwoo would be incredibly nervous about it all. They all knew that Mingyu had been his first and last up until that point so to increase his count by eleven in one day was a pretty big thing.

As soon as the last person was in the house, though, the mood changed right away. They made their way through to the bedroom and Mingyu took his seat in Wonwoo's reading chair across the room. The kingsized bed became Wonwoo's stage and everyone gathered around the outside of him. To start with, they stared at him, but then Mingyu suggested that they all take their clothes off right away so that there was no awkward fumbling later on down the line. The only one he wanted to actually see being undressed was Wonwoo. And so clothes were put outside the room in little piles and they all gathered around Wonwoo, who was still fully clothed, and then the oldest four helped him to take his clothes off gradually in a way that made it look as if he was putting on a show. It wasn't too far off what Wonwoo would do if he was undressing himself, actually, and it did help to calm him down too.

Then he was naked, laid on the bed in front of them. He didn't know where to look. Every time he looked at someone, his eyes glazed over their entire body. Every time he wanted to do something, he found that his mind was becoming fuzzy from the sight of everything in front of him. It took a little while for him to get into it, as a result, and the only thing that made him cave and feel better about it was when the eldest two joined him on the bed. The friendship group's mommy hen and daddy bear, as it was. They made sure to give him gentle kisses and caress his skin and stroke him gently and prod their fingers in places where they wouldn't usually put them. And as nervous as he was to start with, those hands did wonders for his relaxation. So much so that he ended up taking the initiative and grabbed them both; one in either hand. Then he stroked with long motions, tugging them towards him, and let the sounds of their pleasure engulf him.

Once they'd gone over that hurdle, the rest of their friends were all on him in an instant. Hands touched whatever skin they could reach. He had three fingers from three different hands slipping inside of him at the same time. The younger of their Chinese friends kissed him hard on the mouth as he stroked him slowly. Wonwoo swapped between them all in turn, taking organs into his hands and tugging on them until his friends were ready for more. Occasionally, someone dared to slap his ass or thigh and Wonwoo took in a sharp breath, and then his eyes wandered over to where his boyfriend was sitting. He could see that Mingyu was halfway between getting defensive and wanting nothing more than to see their friends destroying him, and he absolutely loved it. It gave him the sense that he had some power and could manipulate the situation as much as he wanted. So he decided to bump up his efforts even further. Just to get his boyfriend sufficiently aroused by it all.

He bent over and the group’s dad friend was behind him right away. He pressed against Wonwoo's entrance and waited to see whether it was okay to continue, and so Wonwoo slammed his hips back until their pelvises met. Then his hands were on Wonwoo's hips and he started to slam into him
mercilessly. At the same time, the youngest in the group moved towards his front half and got him to suck. He wasn't the biggest in the group, but he certainly made up for it by grabbing for Wonwoo's hair and slamming into his throat as if he was a toy. Wonwoo almost gagged as he felt the pelvis slamming against his jaw but just about managed to suppress it as another two approached him. Before they could pick what they wanted to do, he had them in his hands and was aggressively masturbating them. The older of their Chinese friends was on one side and he was particularly vocal about his pleasure, whilst the younger American friend stayed quiet on the other side. Saying that, though, it was clear that he was enjoying it just as much, as his chest rose and fell heavily with every breath.

Behind him, someone else took the role of thrusting into him. To start with, he couldn't tell who it was at all. They were incredibly rough on him but the thrusts were small. It wasn't as if the guy himself was small down there, though; he wasn't using the full length at all. A quick glance back confirmed his suspicions that it was the shortest friend from the group; the only one who was able to pack an amazing punch with every single thrust into his body, but who was more focused on the snap of pleasure, rather than making the most of his size. After all, he was confident in his ability to send waves of pleasure through Wonwoo's body like that, so he was doing what he knew he could do best. The best part was that he knew that guy had a competitive streak when it came to his friendship with Mingyu. They were both on all of the sports teams in school and they both had to be the best constantly, so it was only natural that he was doing what he could to show off there, too.

A second person joined in with filling his ass, which took Wonwoo by surprise. It started with three fingers crammed underneath the organ, and then they adjusted him so that he was underneath Wonwoo. The penetration stung to start with but Wonwoo found out pretty quickly that his body wanted both boys to pound him at once. It took a moment for him to realise exactly who it was underneath him, especially since he had three boys trying to cram themselves into his mouth at once and they were blocking his view, but from the height, there was only one other person it could be. From the power of deduction, he knew exactly which friend it was; someone who was about the same height as him but had a slightly flatter build. He wasn't afraid to join in and stretch Wonwoo even further, and he didn't even care when the other person in his ass switched out for a guy who the friend underneath him had been thought to have been sleeping with in high school. It had led to a complicated affair in which they went for four years without talking after they graduated, but now they were doing their best to leave Wonwoo's body melting underneath their touches. Of course, that new person was just as good as the other guy and they worked in perfect harmony with each other, and that really helped to get Wonwoo closer to the edge.

What he found, above anything else, was that as he got closer and closer to the edge, their friends were getting to be more and more desperate. And alongside that, Mingyu seemed to be getting more and more anxious. Wonwoo locked eyes with him between sucking their older American friend and the friend from Jeju. Mingyu's eyes remained fixed on his without even blinking and that made Wonwoo nervous for a moment until he noticed where his boyfriend's hand was. In light of the fact that his boyfriend had up to eight of their eleven friends on him at any one time, Mingyu's hand was shakily stroking his length. Short, quick strokes made sure to show off the fact that he was incredibly aroused by the sight, but Wonwoo didn't feel confident in the fact that his boyfriend was getting the most out of it. So he pulled away from the two friends who were nearest to his mouth for just long enough to summon him forward, then invited him to stand at the side of the bed, rather than stay on the chair.

The rules were still there. Mingyu wasn't allowed to touch him and he wasn't allowed to tell any of their friends to stop unless Wonwoo gave the safeword. The position was changed to that Wonwoo was on his back, with the younger American friend underneath him and the younger Chinese friend
on top of him. His arms were stretched out to stroke the softer friend who had been pounding him just beforehand, along with the youngest friend. In his mouth, the mother hen completely dominated him. Wonwoo's head was positioned in a way that allowed the guy to use his throat like a sleeve, and it meant that he could get all the way down. In fact, Wonwoo was sure that Mingyu would be able to see the bulge moving in his throat with every thrust and whilst it wasn't the most comfortable feeling in the world for him, he supposed that at least it was a great sight for his boyfriend.

It was only made better when two of them started sucking Wonwoo as positions were starting to switch around again. At that point, he completely lost track of who was there. His head was tilted back in a way that prevented him from seeing where everyone was moving but he could tell when someone new started to touch him. Fingers started to squeeze and pull his nipples. Someone's nails dragged over his ribs. He felt someone's tongue dip into his navel and then they proceeded to suck him there until he was sure that he had a purple bruise around the hole. Whoever had his mouth began to pull his hair as they abused his throat. Wonwoo gagged but that only spurred them on further.

And then he finished. His climax hit so hard that he could feel his thighs trembling with pleasure. And the trembling continued for a solid minute. The guy who was on top of him quickly pulled out and finished on his pelvis. Seemingly, Wonwoo's climax had pushed him right over the edge and he didn't want to be rude enough to finish inside, so he let each spurt land in a more appropriate place. Whoever was in his mouth didn't bother with that, though. Wonwoo was forced to swallow their seed - although, admittedly, he didn't mind that much at all. Then he tried his hardest to lift his head up again, only to see where everyone else was in the room. For a second, he could see grey orbs surrounding everyone and it felt mildly uncomfortable to look around the room, but then Mingyu mumbled something to them and they all moved away from him.

"Hey, you're not supposed to get them to go away!" Wonwoo tried to protest but the words didn't come out at all. Saying that, though, it turned out that he would have been speaking too soon anyway. They simply moved him further onto the bed so that his head was supported, then promptly made their way over to his head so that they could cover his face with white stripes. For some, the target was too difficult to reach and it ended up everywhere other than his face. His hair, his ears, his chest. For others, the target wasn't specific enough for their liking. They picked a particular patch of his skin to make their mark and then turned it into their own personal space. Their remains were going to be a part of his face forever if their aim was that specific, Wonwoo decided, and that he actually liked.

Then, before he knew it, it was all over. Everyone had hit their climax - including Mingyu - and they were on their way again. Whilst it was tempting to keep them around afterwards, they all knew that it would only leave them discussing it and Mingyu had already explicitly told them that it wasn't the time to discuss it. He needed to talk about it with his boyfriend first and they needed to get washed up, and only then were they okay to contact either of them about it. So they left and the couple were left staring at each other for a while.

It wasn't really the sort of thing that Wonwoo thought he would like but as it turned out, fulfilling Mingyu's fantasy was something he really enjoyed. Whilst he had completely forgotten about his boyfriend's presence to start with, he found that that left him indulging in the passion that little bit more. And as far as Mingyu was concerned, that made things feel that little bit more realistic too.

Of course, it wasn't going to be something that happened regularly. Wonwoo didn't know if he could emotionally handle having that many boys all over him at once and Mingyu did find that even if it left him feeling incredibly aroused, he did still feel a little bit jealous. After all, he knew that he was supposed to be Wonwoo's first and last, and so watching other men all over him was a bittersweet experience indeed.
Trichophilia; arousal from seeing or touching body hair.

Yoon Jeonghan's absolute most favourite thing in the entire universe was Choi Seungcheol's body hair.

It only took until he saw it for him to get aroused by it, and that was where his issues stemmed. Before that, he hadn't even considered that someone's body hair could be so arousing, but Seungcheol had his own special way of proving to him that it was both possible and plausible. Seeing it was absolutely accidental and it had left him in a position where he didn't know what to do with himself. His body suddenly became mechanical and his movements stuttered and it was a great effort to do anything even remotely functional. He was completely stunned and it was as if his body had shut down, and that was what made everything incredibly awkward.

They were on the same rugby team in university. Seungcheol was on it because he was well-built and he knew that it was a great way to let out all of his steam. Studying made him stressed and he hated being stressed, so it was the logical solution. That meant that he was incredibly good at it and he could withstand absolutely anything. An elbow to the face? Perhaps he would get a fractured nose or something, but it wouldn't bother him in the slightest. He would be back there the following week for practice and no one would be able to tell him to go back to the dorms to rest. A knee to the crotch? He'd had it happen so many times but he'd always picked himself back up again. Chances were, he had to wave the possibility of having kids goodbye, but he didn't care in the slightest. It was all part of the game. And fractured bones? He wasn't afraid of them at all now that he'd had at least ten cases of fractures.

Jeonghan, on the other hand, was there because he felt obliged. His parents wanted him to get into sports since he was a pretty lazy individual when he was at home. But none of them really appealed to him that much. Sure, he was actually surprisingly good at sports. He knew how to play most things and could lead a team if he wanted to do so. He was skilled in everything from football to volleyball, swimming to track. But that didn't mean that he wanted to be a part of the teams. The swimming club was incredibly strict about food intake and the amount of time that they spent in the water. The football team was filled with boys who were unnecessarily aggressive in their views towards masculinity. And a lot of them, like volleyball and track, weren't going to impress his parents in the slightest. They wanted their son to take part in a sport that seemed masculine. So rugby it was, he supposed. The perfect mix of masculine and rugged with the softness of a team who actually wanted to get to know each other and be friends. It absolutely wasn't because he would have men jumping on him too; not at all.

He'd actually considered leaving on more than one occasion. He thought it was pretty pointless, as a sport, and he didn't enjoy it as much as he thought he would. Of course, he did make a lot of friends and really enjoyed the social aspect, but the number of injuries he gained made him question whether it was worth it. And the worst part? Those injuries were rarely gained by getting caught out during his runs. It was his job to sprint towards the goals, since he was fast and good at searching for gaps in the field. That meant that he actually managed to get from one end of the pitch to the other without getting hurt a lot of the time. It was actually the case that he got more when he wasn't holding the
ball. Had he not worn his mouthguard for every game, he would have surely ended up with his teeth knocked out on at least five occasions where someone threw the ball at an angle and it hit him in the face. He'd had a fractured pelvis from a time where someone fell on top of him, he ended up having to go to the hospital once when he thought that he'd punctured his lungs, and he had new bruises on his arms and legs every time he played.

Sometimes, Seungcheol's body was the only thing that kept him going. It was the only reason why he still continued to stay on the team. It made it all worth it and every time he saw a glimpse, he was taken back to the first time he'd seen his teammate without clothes. The memory was incredibly vivid, to the point where he could recall every single last detail of how Choi Seungcheol's body looked. Even though he'd only seen it for maybe a minute at most.

Seungcheol had taken a pretty nasty hit that day. He'd been running with the ball and then two guys tried to tackle him at once. He'd just managed to pass the ball at that point in time, thankfully, but that didn't stop him from falling victim to the attempts at getting the ball. The game continued without even a batted eyelash in his direction, of course, but he'd been pretty badly injured. He'd taken a knee to the face as he fell over and that had resulted in a nosebleed that dyed his white jersey red. His wrist swelled up from a balloon where one person lost their balance and landed on it, and he'd ended up with a slightly strained joint in his lower leg too. Then he'd ended up skidding along the mud too, which had not only resulted in his knees getting shredded by all of the stones they found along the way, but it had also left him absolutely caked in mud.

The accommodation officers hadn't allowed him into the dorms until he took a shower, and so he wasn't happy in the slightest. Usually, he would just go to his room and take a shower in there. He had an en-suite so it made sense for him to do that. But they weren't having it, as much as he tried to argue that the mud wouldn't end up on the pristine floors. They made him go to the gym's showers and wash it all off first. So there he went. He was so angry with them that he took his clothes off in the middle of the room, just so that he didn't get it all over their clean floor, then stormed into the shower area to get washed. He didn't care who saw him naked - after all, they were all men and they were old enough to be mature about it - but that didn't mean that Jeonghan didn't mind seeing him naked when it actually happened.

The memory was vivid in his mind. Seungcheol had started off by taking off his shoes and placing them neatly to the right of his body. His shirt came off and Jeonghan's eyes were drawn to his body right away. As he stretched up, his torso flattened out. Seungcheol wasn't really the slimmest guy in the world - he had a little pouch around his lower stomach and his waist curved outwards slightly - but that didn't mean that the little bit of added weight didn't suit him. In fact, it gave him a 'dad-bod' sort of appearance and that in itself was something that Jeonghan loved. The focus of his attention, though, was Seungcheol's body hair. He'd always imagined that since his face was constantly free from stubble, his body would be completely smooth and hairless too, but that wasn't the case. It wasn't the case at all. In fact, he had a lot of body hair; so much that it would probably turn a lot of guys off. But not Jeonghan. He could tell that it was well-groomed, even if it was present, and he liked what he saw.

For starters, he had a lot of hair under his arms. An amount that would suggest to Jeonghan that he'd never even tried shaving it in his life. Black hair expanded over the inner top part of his bicep and then continued down towards his nipples. And it was slick with sweat too. Whilst usually, it would turn Jeonghan off massively to see a man who was caked in his own sweat, there was something sexy about seeing him sweating after taking part in a sport. He absolutely loved it and wanted nothing more than to bury his face in the hair underneath Seungcheol's arms. He wanted to inhale the musky scent of his body and let his tongue graze against the skin that surrounded the hair. Just so that he could have a little taste of the heaven that was Choi Seungcheol's sweat. It took an incredible amount of effort to drag his eyes away and he only ended up succeeding fully when his arms came
back down and the shirt was put on the pile.

Next, Jeonghan's eyes travelled down. He was surprised - but certainly not disappointed - when he noticed that his teammate had no chest hair at all. There, he was completely smooth and the focus was on his pecs. Naturally toned from playing a contact sport but not so much that they resembled breasts. Exactly what he liked to see, if he was being completely honest. Then his eyes moved down further, only to see that all of the hair that could have been on his chest had relocated. Yes, it was on his stomach. It faded in gradually and drew towards his navel. It wasn't as dark as the hair under his arms but it was still pretty obvious that it was there. In fact, the only really dark part was the trail from his navel down south. His happy trail, if you will. Where the hair came together from either side, it created a dark trail that hinted towards further treasures down south. Jeonghan absolutely loved that. Whilst he wasn't all that fond of chest hair, he found it incredibly sexy when guys had a little bit of hair on their stomachs and down south. He loved the fact that the hair was essentially creating an arrow for him, coaxing his eyes down further. And it was only made better when Seungcheol took off the knee-high socks and shorts, revealing the beauty that was his leg hair.

It wasn't patchy in the slightest. That was the one thing that really bothered Jeonghan - when men had random patches missing from their leg hair. It was fine if it was pale or even if it wasn't present, but missing pieces proved to be a little bit too much for him. It reminded him of when his sister was twelve years old and decided that she wanted to start shaving her legs. Even though she used shaving cream and went over it three times, she still had clumps of hair here and there. On her knees. Around her ankles. On the outside of her calves. It looked ridiculous - much worse than if she hadn't bothered shaving in the first place - but she couldn't do much about it by the time she noticed. To shave it off would be to leave awkward patches when it did grow back, much like the patches of hair on some men's legs. Thankfully, Seungcheol's legs didn't remind him of that at all. His hair was light and a bit bushy, especially on his calves, but it wasn't so much that it made him look as if he was wearing trousers.

Then the boxers came off - before he'd even had the chance to fully take in the sight of Seungcheol's legs - and Jeonghan's breath caught in his throat immediately.

The amount of hair that he had left Jeonghan stiffening in his shorts. It took a hell of a lot of effort to hide that, especially with so many other boys around them. Seungcheol's hair was thick. Of course, it was very obvious that he trimmed his hair back occasionally, but it wasn't so much that it was going to leave him looking bald. Jeonghan wanted nothing more than to run his fingers through that hair. There was enough there that he could cut it with scissors and it would still look thick and that was exactly what he liked. It took all of his effort not to follow Seungcheol into the showers and offer to suck him because damn, he was certain that it would feel absolutely amazing to have his nose nestled against the soft black curls at the base of his manhood.

That was his focus. That was the main thing that Jeonghan loved the most. The images of Seungcheol's body hair flooded his mind late at night and tempted him to commit sin. If his teammate knew that he laid in bed every night and masturbated to the thought of him, he would surely be dead. Even though the group was incredibly open with giving affection to other guys, that would have been crossing the line. Jeonghan knew that much and that was why he had to keep it to himself.

His mind always started in the same place. They would meet in the changing room after practice and everyone else would have left right away. They were busy but Jeonghan and Seungcheol were not. It meant that they were free to do whatever they wanted and that was great. So the changing room door was locked from the inside and then Jeonghan was on his knees. Seungcheol would stand in front of him and then pull himself free from his boxers. He would still be soft at that point in time and Jeonghan's eyes would be eating him up before his mouth had the chance to do so. Saying that, though, his mouth actually wouldn't be all that far behind. Before Seungcheol knew it, Jeonghan
would be giving him oral sex and his hands would be encouraging him to take more, suck harder, go faster.

Jeonghan would be sufficiently aroused from the sensation of Seungcheol's hair tickling against his nose. He would be able to feel the hair from his lower stomach against his eyelids every time he took Seungcheol to the base too. The feeling of hair around his mouth would be absolutely amazing and, if nothing else, it would act as a cushion to stop Jeonghan from headbutting his teammate's pelvis too hard. It encouraged him to go slower - steadier - and enjoy every single inch. That includes the hidden inches that were tucked up nicely underneath his hair. Those inches would be Jeonghan's favourites, since they acted as a hidden surprise for him. As soon as he found them, he would start making a special effort to enjoy them to their absolute capacity, and Seungcheol would absolutely love that because sure enough, all of his past partners would have been too squeamish about the fact that he had so much hair so they wouldn't dare to touch it with their mouth.

Admittedly, he would spend a lot of time down there. It would sometimes even be paired with an ass-licking in the fantasy, too. Jeonghan imagined that Seungcheol's ass would be incredible. The pheromones would draw him in and make him want to bury his face in it. The hair would feel incredibly coarse against his tongue but he didn't care at all. After all, it wouldn't be prickly against his mouth - which was a huge bonus in itself - and the hair never got so close to a person's asshole that they wouldn't be able to feel the sensitive velvety skin of that special place. That was his reward; the beautiful velvet underneath his tongue. He imagined that Seungcheol's asshole would be a beautiful chestnut colour; that it would stand out against his tan skin, but would still look handsome on him. Upon being given the chance to do so, Jeonghan would spread it with his fingers and press his tongue into the hole. He wanted to hear Seungcheol screaming his name when he did it.

Other times, the fantasy would continue differently. Jeonghan would spend a lot of time kissing all of his hair. He would stay on his knees to start with and would graze his lips over Seungcheol's stomach hair. He would kiss it in the direction that it flowed to start with, and then he would cross over to the other side and work outwards. Rinse and repeat. Eventually, when he got bored of kissing there, his tongue might drag over Seungcheol's navel. It might dip inside here and there too, but the focus would be on teasing him wherever Jeonghan's mouth could find hair.

Following that, he would stand and move to Seungcheol's underarms. In the fantasy, they were suddenly near a wall and Jeonghan would make sure to pin Seungcheol's arms. Seungcheol wouldn't put up a fight at all. Jeonghan would take the time to inhale his scent, taking in the natural smells of the man's body, and then he would use his mouth on the hair. He knew that it was an erogenous zone on most bodies but he didn't want to overdo it, so the presence of the hair really helped him out. After all, it meant that the touches there weren't too sensitive so it would arouse him massively but it wouldn't leave him squirming. And that was exactly what they needed. When Jeonghan kissed him under his arms, he would be able to hear Seungcheol's moans ringing in his ears. Even though his teammate was obviously turned on by the oral sex too, this would be the first time where his voice didn't sound as if it was underwater in the fantasy. Jeonghan didn't know why it sounded like that but he didn't care. At least he was getting to hear it properly at least once.

Once he'd had his fill, though, it would be time for the main event. Now, whilst Jeonghan was incredibly aroused by seeing other people's body hair, it was an entirely different story when it came to his own hair. He shaved most of his body and trimmed his pubic hair quite dramatically, primarily because it annoyed him when it looked as if he didn't groom himself at all. It suited a lot of men and served as a huge turn-on for him, but that didn't mean that he held himself to the same standard. In fact, he would have probably sat in a bath of hair removal cream if he was as hairy as Seungcheol. And he actually looked like he had done in his fantasy, for that matter. He would be completely hairless and smooth and it would only serve to show an even greater contrast between himself and Seungcheol.
The next part he would see as if he was Seungcheol, rather than in the third person. He would be watching as he - Jeonghan - mounted him - Seungcheol - whilst they were laid down on the ground together. He would watch as Jeonghan slipped his organ inside of his entrance whilst he was facing in the opposite direction, and then he would be able to watch him riding it. Slow but deliberate movements. The occasional swivel of the hips or arch of the back. It would be a beautiful sight to be copulating with each other and he would be able to feel a tingle of excitement in his - Seungcheol's - chest. To see Jeonghan's ass rippling every time it made contact with his hair was absolutely, immensely arousing and he couldn't think of anything more beautiful. Perhaps he would give his ass a slap here and there but for the most part, he kept his hands to himself and watched as Jeonghan's body moved against him.

Whilst the process would sometimes change - perhaps they would change position or would end up going back a stage here or there - the ending would always be the exact same. The pressure would get to be too much for Seungcheol so he would end up spilling out inside of him. Jeonghan's walls would be painted white and he would squeeze his muscles as tightly as possible so that he could milk his teammate of every last drop. And then he would dismount, making sure not to waste any of the seed inside of him, before straddling Seungcheol's thighs. Seungcheol would press them tightly together, providing a canvas for Jeonghan to do what he needed to do.

Jeonghan would masturbate aggressively for a minute or two until he eventually hit his peak and shot several short spurts into Seungcheol's pubic hair. It would sink down under the weight of the load but would still look absolutely beautiful. He would have to fight the urge to touch it, since he knew that it would disrupt the beauty of it all. And so Jeonghan would simply stare at the masterpiece for a little while instead, until he finished in real life too. By that point, his hand would be painted white and he would be too tired to move, warranting a quick power nap.

Of course, there was no way in hell that he would ever tell Seungcheol about it in real life. It had to remain a secret until the day he died. Although there was some speculation that he was into guys and had had an affair with a couple of guys at various different parties, it wasn't a given that he didn't just do that when he was drunk and likewise, there was nothing creepier than finding out that someone who barely exists in your world masturbates over your body hair when he was alone. At a bare minimum, it would guarantee that he would have to leave the team. At the very worst, he would end up having the shit kicked out of him for having a fantasy like that. He didn't really want to risk either, especially not since the dirtier Seungcheol was, the angrier he took off his clothes and the more parading he would do without even a scrap of cloth to cover his modesty.

As much as he wasn't fond of the injuries that came alongside playing rugby, after all, it was something to do. It was a place to make friends and develop his critical thinking skills, and it was also a place where he could let his most bizarre fantasies take over his mind completely.
Minghao's ultimate fantasy was to have a vampire boyfriend. It was something that had attracted him since his teen years, where he would watch television programmes and read books about vampires, and he couldn't help but feel attracted to the thought of being an immortal's toy. In particular, when it came to the acts of feeding and making love. He wanted nothing more than to feel a vampire piercing his skin as they used him for their own sexual satisfaction, and he craved the feeling of their lips grazing over ruined skin as they did so.

Of course, it wasn't a realistic fantasy. He didn't know where he would be able to find a real vampire boyfriend, so he had to make do with the next best thing. He started dating a man who followed gothic trends. His hair was long enough to tie into a little ponytail at the back of his hair and he only wore black. His jeans were tight and ripped, showing off little flashes of porcelain flesh underneath, and his shirts were always heavily decorated with silver pins and faded text. He wore jackets with pointy studs on them and he had piercings too. That was something that really made Minghao's heart melt, admittedly. He could see the ones that ran up his ears all the time, naturally, plus the one on the bridge of his nose and the two lip piercings he had. But then there were also ones on his tongue and on his right nipple, and he later got a lorum piercing down below.

All in all, he looked the part. He looked absolutely fantastic. He was the sort of boyfriend who made everyone else jealous, even Minghao's closest friends. Minghao would happily sit there and drool over his pretty goth boyfriend for days, even when he knew that other people were staring at Junhui too. Especially when he knew that other people were looking at Junhui too. The best part was that whilst he looked tough and firm, he was actually incredibly soft. He liked cuddling and feeding each other chocolate. He liked going for walks and holding hands and he didn't even mind it that Minghao's aesthetic was wildly different to his own. They made an adorable couple and that was what made it all worth it for Minghao. Even though he knew that his boyfriend wouldn't be into the vampiristic side to his attraction.

Admittedly, it had to come out some day. It was Minghao's personal policy to not withhold that sort of information when he was supposed to be in a relationship with the guy. It didn't matter what he was into; he had to put it out there eventually because there was no way that they would be able to have a completely happy, fulfilling relationship otherwise. What could he do, after all? Keep it inside for his entire life, to the point where he resented their sex life simply because he couldn't bring himself to tell Junhui - his boyfriend - what he wanted? Of course not. It didn't matter whether he was into mutual masturbation or scat, it had to be something that they could be open about because otherwise, things simply wouldn't work out between them.

That wasn't to say that Minghao didn't wait for the right time to bring it up, though. He'd carefully planned it so that his pretty goth boyfriend could introduce something to the bedroom first. Strangely enough, his fetishes weren't what Minghao imagined but he could hardly complain about them.

Choking was a bit of a given but gentle nipple play - like sucking and teasing - felt somewhat uncharacteristic of his boyfriend. Then there was exceptionally light bondage, with the upper limit being blindfolding whilst his arms were cuffed above his head, and a bit of a thing for ears. As weird
as it was to find out that Junhui wasn't into something so hardcore that Minghao would ultimately end up going to work bruised the next day, he found that it was all easy enough to incorporate into the bedroom and that was great in itself. He could pin Junhui's hands and have sex with him. He could let his boyfriend lick up the shell of his ear and gently suck his lobe. That didn't bother him at all. In fact, he was pretty damn sure that it meant that they were getting closer and closer to his own announcement that way.

So eventually, when Junhui pointed out that they'd only done what he wanted to do in the bedroom and that he wanted to be able to try something that Minghao was into, Minghao made a point of being overly dramatic about it all. "I can't tell you because you'll judge me really badly," he would say, trying his hardest to put on a sad smile. "And I don't want you to think any less of me because you find out that I'm really into extreme kinks." Junhui couldn't possibly let it slide after that. He insisted that they loved each other and that was a sign that they had to share that information. Even if it did seem like something that he would judge him for, it couldn't possibly be something that lasted.

Minghao put up a fight for a few minutes. He insisted that he couldn't share it to start with but then gradually let his walls down. He let out a dramatic sigh and told Junhui that he had a thing for haematolagnia. That he wanted to pretend that he was a vampire and have Junhui drinking his blood during sex. Of course, that sort of thing was probably going to be a dealbreaker for him in itself, Minghao pointed out, but as long as he could pretend that Junhui was drinking his blood, he was absolutely fine. Perhaps he could pierce the skin with something sharp and then give him a love bite or something, he suggested. It would make it feel as if he was drinking his blood without actually incorporating practices that could have been interpreted as unhygienic.

As he said it, his heart was in his throat. He didn't really know what to make of the reaction. Junhui was just staring at him in silence the entire time, his expression completely unreadable. His eyes flashed over Minghao's features and he seemingly didn't know what to do with himself. His hands were on each other, in his lap, on his face and hair. His legs were shuffling about and he didn't know whether to have them facing forward, to the side, or to sit with only the balls of his feet touching the ground. He was swallowing way too much for someone who wasn't drinking anything and Minghao could tell that he didn't really like the suggestion that they should put his kink into play. So he decided that he would just drop it without even an attempt at guilting him into doing it.

"I'm sorry, I know it's really weird and that you probably wouldn't want to do it. Don't worry about it at all. I just needed to get it out there so that we could be open with each other." With that, he changed the topic of conversation to something more positive - a concert that Junhui was supposed to be attending with his friends. It didn't perk his boyfriend up nearly as much as it should have done but he guessed at least he was talking more and shuffling around less. That was the most important thing and it was what essentially fixed the awkwardness between them in the end.

Or at least, it fixed the awkwardness for a little while. The defining moment was actually during that concert that Junhui had attended with his friends. Minghao was at home alone when he received a text from his boyfriend: "I've been thinking about the vampire thing a lot lately and I just don't get it. Why would you want me to drink your blood?" He felt his stomach lurch in response. It had been put in a way that made it sound incredibly reductionistic; as if he would only get off when his boyfriend did actual vampiristic things. That wasn't the case at all. Perhaps Junhui had completely misinterpreted it.

"I'll talk to you about it later."
"The band is going for a quick break now. I'm gonna call you."

As soon as he had received the text, Minghao's phone started to ring. He was hesitant to pick it up but figured that it was only right to answer it when Junhui had pre-warned him about the fact that he was going to call. Granted, it was incredibly short notice but it was notice nonetheless. He picked it
up and answered in Korean, figuring that it was his best option since he knew that Junhui was in a Korean public space, but his boyfriend was insistent that he had to speak in Mandarin right away. There was no other option, especially with so many other people around him. "Can you explain it to me properly please?" he asked. Minghao was surprised to find that he didn't sound angry in the slightest. If anything, he actually sounded as if he really wanted to know what was happening. So Minghao had to tell him. He explained that it was the thought of being someone's meal, more than anything. Not in a cannibalistic sort of way, but in a way that meant that more than just his body was there to satisfy his lover. He loved the thought of Junhui being immortal and him being one of many lovers that he'd had in his lifetime, and he loved the thought of Junhui's teeth on his neck more than anything in the world.

Junhui asked if he thought it could go that little bit further. If he liked the thought of using a knife in the bedroom or anything. Minghao delicately confessed that he didn't know. He'd never thought about using a knife in the bedroom. Junhui suggested that maybe if they were going all the way in the first place, they might as well go that far. If he didn't like it, they didn't have to do it again. They could stop right away and it could be completely swept under the rug. But if he did like it, they would have to figure out a schedule. They would have to plan out exactly when they wanted to bring that sort of thing into the bedroom, just so that they both had plenty of time to prepare for it, and they would only really be able to do it whenever any little nicks healed. The last thing Junhui wanted was for his boyfriend to be covered in cuts and have someone call him out over it. What could he say? That his boyfriend cut him during sex? That he did it himself? No option sounded appropriate in that case.

Minghao was amazed by the response. He'd expected that it was already brushed under the rug - that Junhui wanted nothing to do with it and so it was something that he would have to keep in the back of his mind for the rest of his life. But as it was, he had simply been nervous about it. Sure, it still wasn't his thing whether he was nervous or not, but he wanted to pleasure Minghao with it. They'd played out some of his kinks so he wanted to play out one of his boyfriend's for once. And for that, Minghao was incredibly grateful. He listened carefully to what his boyfriend suggested for them, such as the location that they would use for the affair, the recommendation for what knife to get for it, and the time that they would do it. Then, when it was all planned out, the call ended. Junhui finished it by telling Minghao that he loved him and Minghao returned the gesture, and then he was alone again. He didn't know what to make of it to start with, but then the happiness engulfed his entire body and made his heart go soft, and he knew right away that he was about to experience the start of something great.

And when the day finally arrived, the excitement only grew up until the moment he reached the front door. Minghao made his way over to his boyfriend's place in the evening, since they were sure that it would add to the vampiristic mood, but he was surprised to see that the lights were all out. He knocked nonetheless, just to see if it was a part of the fantasy or whether his boyfriend had stepped out. To start with, there was no answer, but then the door clicked open after just a minute and Minghao was faced with darkness. He couldn't see Junhui in the hallway, which genuinely left him nervous, but he chose to step inside regardless. His shoes were toed off and the door slammed shut behind him as soon as he had stepped up into the house, and then he felt someone grabbing him from behind.

He fought the urge to scream when he felt that someone's lips grazing against his neck. A hand moved down between his thighs and gave a little squeeze, and then he felt a little nip from teeth against his skin. And that was the start of the silent affair between Minghao and his vampire goth boyfriend.

Junhui had gone all out. He carried Minghao to the bedroom without even turning him around so that they could face each other. The room was lit only by the warm glow of candles, which served to cast...
shadows on Junhui's face when Minghao finally caught sight of him. He was wearing a pressed white shirt with black trousers, and his hair was tied back in its usual fashion. The bonus, though, was that he'd brought along a vampiristic edge with slightly longer fangs than what was natural and some red contact lenses. The sight sucked the air out of Minghao's lungs right away, and it quickly became the sort of sight that he knew would stay in his mind for the rest of his life.

His boyfriend crawled over him right away and pressed a hand between his thighs. He didn't even need to say a word for Minghao to spread his legs apart for him. Junhui moved even closer and pressed his hips down so that he could start grinding against Minghao's body in a desperate attempt to pleasure himself. It was quite obviously for his own pleasure in that case, and that was something that Minghao genuinely enjoyed a lot too. It was typical of a vampire, especially one who wasn't supposed to be dating him in the fantasy.

Then he leant down to kiss Minghao's neck. Minghao could feel the fake teeth scraping against his neck naturally, which served to be incredibly arousing for him. He suddenly became aware of the blood that was running through his veins, especially when Junhui leant down to nuzzle his nose and lips against the skin. He was trying to find a patch of skin that was particularly soft and delicate; a patch that could easily be pierced if he did have fangs. Of course, he wasn't an expert in the slightest so it did take him some time to find a place that he wanted to bite but when he eventually found that spot, Minghao's body set alight. He was absolutely certain that Junhui had succeeded in breaking the skin and that certainty was only confirmed when he felt his boyfriend sucking hard on the patch of skin underneath his mouth.

His tongue swirled against the skin and then he pulled it through his teeth. He repeated a few times, enough to leave a reasonably-sized swollen lump on Minghao's neck, then moved away. Without even bothering to examine it, he insisted on removing all of Minghao's clothes and then wrapped his shirt around his eyes so that he couldn't see what happened next. Then something circular pressed against his thigh. It didn't feel like a knife but when Junhui pressed it, it stung like one. He jolted, only to have his boyfriend stroke his hair to comfort him. The pain was still there, of course, but the burning sensation in his thigh quickly faded, even when he felt Junhui squeezing around the hole and swiping it away with his fingertip. For a while, Minghao lay in anticipation, until Junhui eventually finished whatever he was doing and removed the makeshift blindfold.

Even in the gentle glow of the candles, Minghao could see exactly what he'd done. His mouth and cheeks were smeared with blood, as if he'd actually drank his blood, and Junhui was panting softly. Minghao felt his arousal growing right away. He didn't know what to do with himself. His boyfriend looked absolutely perfect when he was smeared with blood and looking like a real vampire. That blood was caked on beautifully and genuinely suited him, and Minghao wouldn't have even minded if they'd kissed and it had gone all over him too.

Junhui got the hint right away, though. He guessed that Minghao was getting too aroused to just sit there and he noted that he hadn't actually done much for him at that point in time. He'd simply watched as Minghao squirmed under his hand and all he'd really given was a love bite. So he pulled himself free of his trousers, showing off right away that he was completely stiff too. He wanted to be inside of Minghao. He spat into his hand whilst maintaining eye contact with Minghao the entire time, then promptly rubbed it over his head before pushing right on into Minghao. No preparation with his fingers and no proper lubrication. Minghao felt himself tightening in response; Junhui was sticking to his walls slightly and it left his insides aching with pain, but he couldn't help but note that it only added to the fantasy too. As much as it left every muscle convulsing violently with every thrust, he was sure that their bodies would provide them with something that would make it easier. Perhaps Junhui's pre-release would trickle out and coat his walls enough for him to be able to relax. Perhaps he would be so rough on Minghao's ass that he would end up bleeding a little bit.
That wasn't Junhui's focus, though. His actual focus was to make sure that Minghao felt as if he was drinking from him again. He pinned his thighs open and did what he had to do, but then his lips were on his nipples in an instant. What started out as a gentle lick ended up with him drawing it into his mouth and sucking so hard that he bruised him. Not just the nipple, but also the tiny mound of flesh underneath it. It left the skin swollen right away, which Minghao could see even under the low light, and what used to be light brown flecks on his chest turned until purplish red welts that were at least three times the size.

In itself, it was enough to make Minghao moan. He adored the feeling of receiving love bites in itself, but to have his boyfriend leaving so many on his skin in such a fantasy-run scenario was enough to leave him aching. He didn't know how he hadn't already hit his climax when Junhui was leaving bites whenever he felt like it. He didn't know how it hadn't left his heart bursting out of his chest as he saw that Junhui was obviously enjoying it a lot more than he thought he would. But his heart was still intact behind his ribs and his climax still hadn't hit, and so he ended up simply trying his best to use the psychological stimulation to get him closer and closer to the edge. The sight of Junhui covered in his blood, thrusting erratically against him like some sort of animal in heat. The tingling sensations in the places where his lips and teeth had touched. The feeling of their raw flesh sticking together as Junhui thrust their bodies together in short, sharp movements, over and over again until he was oozing thick spurts of ejaculate inside of him.

It was only when Junhui finished inside of him that Minghao finally hit his climax. The sensation of being filled like that, mixed with the sudden ease of Junhui's thrusts, made for a powerful orgasm that left him arching up against his lover's mouth. Junhui only continued to run his tongue and mouth over his boyfriend's skin the entire time, which left Minghao's flesh tingling with every single wave of his climax. It came in bursts and he made sure to ride it out the entire time. And Junhui didn't dare to stop until Minghao's body was milked dry. It didn't matter that he was finished; he needed to make sure that they both got the absolute most out of the experience before he stopped.

Admittedly, it was a bit of a tough game to play. Junhui had been turned off by the thought of drinking someone else's blood, which had left them in an awkward situation from the start. The lack of enthusiasm was the last thing they really needed to play out such a sensitive little fetish. But he'd gone for it and they'd both ended up enjoying it and following the aftercare, Junhui did have to admit that he enjoyed playing the role of a vampire who had snatched up a lover who had just happened to stumble upon his lair. He enjoyed being able to breed him and leave him with marks that would still be there in days to come, and he loved the fact that it wasn't anywhere near as bad as he thought it would be. He didn't actually consume the blood, since it was all for show, and so he was actually happy to get more creative next time. Perhaps they would even be able to make the place look more like a vampire's lair and they could drag the act out that little bit longer for additional pleasure.

But for now, it was something that would have to wait. The fetish was emotionally exhausting for both parties, so it was time to push it to one side for at least a few more weeks. At least until they were both feeling as if they had fully recovered from the intensity of their sex.
Lagniaphilia; a word created for the purpose of describing arousal that is derived from watching a partner's arousal, as a marriage between the suffix "-lagnia", meaning "lust", and "-philia", meaning denotes fondness.

To start with, Soonyoung really didn't know what his fetish was. He knew that he had at least one because he got unreasonably aroused in the bedroom when he was with people who made suggestions to him, but he couldn't pinpoint exactly what it was that got him excited. He knew that he liked bondage because his ex-boyfriend had asked to be cuffed to the bed and spanked with a paddle. He knew that he had a little bit of a thing for ear sucking and he really liked touching his partners' nipples, especially if they were pierced. He was into testicle torture, and he really liked messing around outside. But what actually counted as a fetish for him? He knew that there was something he couldn't get off without in the bedroom but it didn't really matter what they were doing in bed; this feeling would always be present. And that was where his problem was. He didn't really understand where the line was drawn.

Sure, he liked all of those things but he could easily just masturbate and think about any of them. He could watch pornography and it could show any fetish and he would be on board with it. It was very unspecific but simultaneously specific. It was nothing but something. And that was what bothered him more than anything in the world. After all, he spent so much time playing with his partners' fetishes in the bedroom but couldn't even come up with a description of exactly what got him going personally. And that was incredibly annoying because whilst he knew that he was both emotionally and sexually satisfied every time he took someone to the bedroom, he really wanted a way to describe exactly what got him going. It wasn't a huge deal, of course, since it didn't stop him from hitting his climax and enjoying every second of it. But it still had the power to bug him. It still had the power to leave him thinking about it when he was in his bed late at night. It was as if a little piece of his fetish was missing - the bit that he could label - and that was all he needed to truly feel happy with a partner.

Considering that he started his search when he was eighteen years old, it was infuriating that he had to wait until he was twenty-six to find out what his fetish actually was. And he could have kicked himself. He honestly would have slammed his own face into the ground if he had been the person who had been helping someone else to figure out what the fetish was because it was so infuriatingly obvious that he didn't understand how the hell he hadn't managed to come up with it before.

At that point in time, he had settled down with someone. Two people, in fact. They had been reluctant to start a polyamorous relationship to start with but when it turned out that Seungcheol had feelings for both him and Jihoon, and Jihoon had feelings for both him and Seungcheol, the only logical way forward was to date each other. They made up for each other's flaws and that was why they worked so well as a couple, to the point where their relationship was the longest that any of the three had been in, ever. Seungcheol was like a dad friend; the sort who didn't understand everything but tried to be incredibly supportive towards everyone else. Jihoon was a bit feistier but was ultimately a sweetheart when it came to showing off his affections, to the point where he would happily give either of his boyfriends the entire world, should they ask for it. And Soonyoung was the
soft one. A bit spineless at times, but he was in there for a great time and that was the most important thing. That was how they worked out so well, and they wouldn't change it for the world.

The one thing that Jihoon and Seungcheol would have changed earlier on in their relationship, on the other hand, was the fact that Soonyoung didn't know what he was into. They tried helping him as much as possible, but it wasn't helpful in the slightest. So they ended up making a list of all of Soonyoung's ex-boyfriends together so that they could figure out if there was a trend in the sorts of things that he liked. Each was written in turn on a whiteboard, and then they proceeded to drag all of the details of Soonyoung's sex life out, bit by bit.

"So," Jihoon asked as he touched a finger to the board next to the first name. "Tell us what Seokmin liked in the bedroom."

"Oh, he was really turned on by the scars I accumulated when I was growing up. You know, from falling off bikes, tripping over, and the sorts." He watched as Jihoon's eyebrows furrowed together slightly, then answered positively when he was asked whether he was turned on as well.

"Next is Seungkwan. What about him?"

"He was into hair. You know, body hair, using my hair to masturbate, ejaculating in my hair; stuff like that." Another one that earned a glance of surprise from his boyfriends. They weren't going to comment on them but he knew that they thought it was weird.

They moved on. Jisoo was aroused by the thought of making a mess in a body of water where people would be forced to come in contact with their fluids, like in oceans or lakes. Minghao was really into the daddy kink, even more than Soonyoung had ever seen from another person in his life. Jeonghan was incredibly aroused by the shape of Soonyoung's curves and thighs and he constantly had to be touching his body. Chan would only ever have sex with him where there were mirrors around and they could see exactly what they were doing. Wonwoo had a huge thing for guys wearing oversized, soft jumpers with nothing underneath. Hansol was instantly aroused by guys who were distracted by other things during sex, like books or television shows. Mingyu had an incredibly intense foot fetish, to the point where even wearing socks around him got him going. And Junhui just liked the standard public sex.

Of course, Seungcheol and Jihoon had their own fetishes too, but they knew their own and those fetishes were nothing like the ones of the boys he'd dated in the past. Which left them completely stumped. There wasn't even a solid running theme, like two or three main fetishes and some that derived from them. Saying that, though, Jihoon was determined to come up with something. He told his boyfriends to think about it and he would do the same, and then they would eventually come up with some sort of answer after a little while.

So that was what they did. They kept it in mind and tried their best to monitor Soonyoung's reactions to different things. Of course, there were some things that he preferred above other things but his strongest responses came from Jihoon and Seungcheol's biggest fetishes.

For Jihoon, his biggest fetish was face-sitting, which seemed pretty tame but was a pretty big deal when both of his boyfriends were a lot bigger than him. He liked being smothered to the point where he was forced to go down on them, and he absolutely loved having his boyfriends’ hips thrusting against his face as they desperately tried to reach their climax. He wasn’t afraid to slip his tongue inside of them either and he was always incredibly dominating as he did it. His mouth had the power to leave his boyfriends with trembling thighs and a desire to be topped by him, even Seungcheol who usually claimed to be too manly to have another man inside of him – especially a man who was a lot smaller than him in both build and height.

For Seungcheol, that was barebacking with internal climaxes. Of course, it wasn't that risky for them when they were all tested for infection, exclusive to their relationship and had no risk of pregnancy,
but it really got him going to imagine that there was some risk behind it all. It would be paired with
neck biting and gripping their hands tightly and he would particularly love it when they told him
when their own climax was on the way. He would be all over them right away and he would be
almost suffocating with his love, and then he would be left twitching inside them so much that they
would be able to tell that he was really getting off over it. Admittedly, Jihoon wasn’t as into that one
and always made sure to remind Seungcheol that his fetish was filthy and disgusting, but Soonyoung
really loved that one more than anything. He would happily sit there all day and allow his boyfriend
to do that sort of thing to him.

This was where the problem was, frankly. All of them were incredibly different. There were some
that were extreme and some that weren’t all that bad. Some with high risk and some with next to no
risk. Some that were very odd and some that were pretty common. And that was what made it so
difficult for them. They couldn’t really find anything in particular that got him going most of all. So
they figured that the way forward was to try to try each of those fetishes out to see if there was any
particular preference.

They started from the top so that they could mark them off the list every time they played one of
those fetishes out. Starting with Seokmin’s fetish, they tried to figure out a way to incorporate
scarring into the bedroom. Seungcheol decided that he would lead that one by taking his time to kiss
over all of Soonyoung’s scars whilst they were in bed together, but he was quick to find that his
boyfriend didn’t see it as a huge deal when they were actually doing it. Even when he used his
tongue on the scars, Soonyoung seemed to be more content than aroused. In the end, he dropped it
and simply got on with the main event without worrying about the scarring anymore. Apparently, it
wasn’t all that big of a deal to him when they tried it out like that, so maybe that wasn’t his fetish at
all. Or maybe he’d just gone off it now that he’d had so much time without it.

Jihoon continued by bringing out the second fetish – the hair one. He spent a good amount of time
playing with the hair between his boyfriend’s thighs, pulling it between his fingers and giving a few
sharp tugs here and there, then moved on to use the hair for masturbation. And even though
Soonyoung would have definitely been able to feel the organ against his scalp, he didn’t seem any
more aroused than he usually was in the bedroom. In fact, Jihoon would probably guess that he was
less aroused, if anything. Of course, he was generally okay with it but he didn’t seem to be
particularly fazed by it and it didn’t really seem to be the case that he wanted to try it again or
anything either, so there wasn’t really all that much that Jihoon could work with on that one.

And so the theme continued. They tried out every last fetish, allowing a sufficient amount of time to
figure out how much Soonyoung liked each one. And the result was that his responses were all
pretty much the same. He told them that he found it pretty sexy when they made him call them
“daddy” and slapped his ass, but it wasn’t so much of a deal that he would jump to do it every single
time that they were in bed together. He quite liked having them gently sucking on his toes, even
though he didn’t think that the foot fetish was that arousing in itself. And he quite liked the risk of
dogging in a public park but it was more of an occasional thing than anything. He certainly wouldn’t
have enjoyed it if they were doing it often.

It was the opposite of a breakthrough. If anything, they’d found that Soonyoung’s tastes had changed
entirely. Even the most recent ones weren’t that big for him anymore. It was understandable that he
didn’t have the same interests as he had done when he was a teenager, obviously, but to have such
huge differences in what he liked a year ago and what he liked at that particular point in time. So
they were left feeling completely stumped and decided to drop it for a while. Just whilst they tried to
figure out what else they could do to help their boyfriend to figure out what really got him going. It
was the least they could do for him when he was so desperate to know exactly what it was that
would get him in the mood.
Strangely enough, though, they came to notice just how aroused Soonyoung seemed to get whenever they did something that they were in the mood to do. In particular with their fetishes, he would get incredibly aroused. He would end up swollen and throbbing as soon as Jihoon insisted that he sit on his face, and he would ultimately end up climaxing whilst his boyfriend was rimming him. Likewise, he had his most intense orgasms when Seungcheol claimed to be breeding him. In fact, they were so intense that he became silent and his eyes flickered closed and his body began to tremor. It was almost as if their fetish was his fetish.

Almost as if their fetish was his fetish.

It took an uncomfortable amount of time for either of Soonyoung’s boyfriends to realise what was actually happening and when Jihoon finally figured it out, he woke up in a cold sweat at three o’clock in the morning. For a while, he sat there and tried to think of what he could do to test out his sudden hypothesis that his boyfriend was actually aroused by the fact that they were getting aroused by their fetish, and the only thing that came to mind was trying out something that they had been considering introducing to the bedroom for quite some time. They were going to try some bondage, since they knew that Seungcheol got a bit worked up watching those sorts of videos. And since Soonyoung had mentioned trying it before and finding it “not that bad”, they would be able to see whether the hypothesis was likely to be true or not. If he wasn’t that bothered then but suddenly got into it when Seungcheol’s body started to react, they had probably figured it out.

He only told Seungcheol about the plan. Soonyoung still thought that they were taking a break from their explorations. Jihoon made his way to an adult toy shop on his way home and splashed out on the sorts of things that they might want for their trial, and then he promptly made his way home and set it up in the bedroom. And so, when his boyfriends finally walked through the front door, he told Seungcheol that he’d found some toys on a sale in the city and wanted to try them out. He said that the eldest boyfriend would be cuffed to the bed and they would do what they could with him, and then that was that.

It was easy enough to get into it, just as they’d expected. Seungcheol was cuffed to the bed whilst Soonyoung and Jihoon spent a few minutes touching each other and undressing before Jihoon realised that their boyfriend still had his t-shirt on and there was no way of taking it off in one piece. He leant over and ripped it in one sharp motion and Seungcheol let out a noise of appreciation, and then Soonyoung shuffled his position on the bed right away. Jihoon could already tell that it was going to start getting him going but chose not to say anything about it. Instead, he straddled Seungcheol’s lap and leant down to kiss him before biting his lip and reaching a hand down to grab his bulge at the same time.

With every moan that left Seungcheol’s lips, Soonyoung seemed to get that little bit more worked up. He denied it, naturally, but his eyes were on his boyfriend’s body the entire time; judging and watching. He couldn’t help himself. The sight of Seungcheol stiffening in his boxers once they’d wrestled his trousers off was hot enough in itself. The sight of him arching up against every single touch was beautiful. His thighs spasmed, his legs spread apart, and Soonyoung almost hit his climax when Jihoon simply ran his mouth over the front of their boyfriend’s boxers and he let out a dribble of pre-release in response.

“Soonyoung, maybe you should give it a try,” Jihoon prompted. It was clear that he knew what he was doing when he made such a suggestion and Soonyoung could have killed him for that, but they both knew that Seungcheol wasn’t there to judge them when he was already so painfully worked up, so it wasn’t as if it was an issue at all. Soonyoung ended up straddling his boyfriend and crawling up his body, their eyes staying locked the entire time, and then he slowly leant over to whisper a soft word into his boyfriend’s ear.

“Suck.”
And then he was in Seungcheol’s mouth and Seungcheol was trying to suck him with as much passion as possible. He was a people-pleaser, and so he wasn’t afraid to let his boyfriend cram it into the back of his throat. His eyes were closed and he was doing as he was asked, and Soonyoung simply continued to thrust against his skull so frantically that he could have gone right through it. It didn’t take him long to hit his climax at all and when he did, he found that Seungcheol was willing to hide his secret by swallowing it right away and then not speaking a word of it when he pulled back out.

“What now?” Soonyoung asked as he turned towards Jihoon. Jihoon had spent more time figuring out whether other people’s fetishes were what got Soonyoung going so he hadn’t really thought of how they were going to continue but now that he’d landed his answer – a solid, definite ‘yes’ - it was time to throw himself in it as hard as he could possibly manage.

“Help him to turn over onto his knees so that I can slap his ass and leave him red for days.”

It was a little bit of a difficult task but Soonyoung did exactly what he was told and then spent a good amount of time watching how it went down in front of him. He stared intensely as his much-smaller boyfriend slapped his bigger boyfriend’s ass so hard that it turned bright red with seconds, and he continued to stare as that much-smaller boyfriend slapped the other side and then began to choke Seungcheol with every thrust into his body. He watched as his boyfriends both made it explicitly clear that they were loving every thrust, squeeze and slap during the process, and even more so when Jihoon insisted that Soonyoung blindfold their boyfriend and attach the nipple clamps.

And as anticipated, Soonyoung’s arousal only grew when they swapped over and it was his turn to dominate Seungcheol. He couldn’t see his boyfriend’s face but he didn’t care; he could tell just how aroused Seungcheol would have probably been from the moans that left his throat. The deep, masculine moans that filled the room whenever their bodies came together. Seungcheol’s nails dug into the bedsheets and his entrance squeezed Soonyoung so tightly that he almost ended up finishing on the spot, and then he continued to work his body back against Soonyoung’s pelvis so desperately that Soonyoung ended up finishing inside of him after just a short amount of time.

The play ended up continuing for around three or four hours, until they were all sufficiently exhausted and it was evident that Seungcheol was in desperate need of aftercare, and only then did Jihoon start to present the evidence to his boyfriends. He’d cracked the code and figured out what got Soonyoung aroused, and it was a huge deal because it was something that was ever-changing and fluid.

He was aroused by seeing his partners getting aroused by their own fetishes. The reason why he thought he was into so many things – whilst simultaneously nothing in particular – was because his partners had all been into something distinct and so he’d had the chance to try it all out. To have sex in front of a mirror with someone who was genuinely aroused by that was one thing, but to do it with someone who wasn’t into that was a different story entirely. The tone would be very different and even if someone was a bit nervous about trying a new thing out, those nerves would be snatched away by the thought of the fetish being put into action.

To sleep with someone who wasn’t all that into it would be to have that bit of awkwardness, for starters. It also meant that he couldn’t enjoy the sight of their obvious arousal; the sight of them getting to be genuinely turned on by the things that they saw and the fact that they were really going to be doing something that they enjoyed was what made it a fetish for Soonyoung, and it was the thing that really made his blood run south. He could take part in pretty much anything because it would turn him on just as much, and that was a huge bonus if he had someone who was pretty explorative in the bedroom. Like both of his boyfriends, for example.

And as much as it could have been seen as an incredibly odd fetish, it was also one that worked in
his favour. It was one that he probably wouldn’t tire of as time went on. It was always going to be arousing to see his boyfriends getting worked up over something that they enjoyed doing and that was the magic of it. That was what made Soonyoung feel a thousand times better about the fact that he couldn’t even find a name for the feelings that he was feeling.

Chapter End Notes

So I've been gone for ages and I'm sorry about that

I've been working so much that I've barely had time to write and it's a little bit stressful being unable to write much at all (e.g. I was in work until 9:30pm last Thursday and got home at almost 11pm, then I was back in from 7am-3pm the following day so we're Mega Tired™) but I've spent the whole day writing chapters today so hopefully these few will make up for it a bit!!

Thank you so so much for your patience and I promise I'll be able to write more soon!! <3
Liquidophilia - Chan/Soonyoung

Chapter Notes

Liquidophilia; a fetish for having one's genitals immersed in liquids. This is a continuation of Chapter 20.

It didn't take that long for Soonyoung to come up with a way that he could get involved in his boyfriend's liquid fetish.

It was actually a pretty great plan, if he did say so himself. He didn't really think that it would work to start with but as it was, it turned out that Chan was happier with the thought than he imagined he would be. He was excited to take his fetish to new places and actually enjoy himself that little bit more. So, despite the fact that he didn't favour plain old water that much, Chan agreed that he would have sex with Soonyoung in a hot tub.

Soonyoung was incredibly excited, to say the least. Whilst he wasn't all too sure about it to start with, he found that it was a lot easier to handle it once he'd done the initial tests with his boyfriend. He didn't fear trying out new things and surely, the bubbles around their genitals would end up getting Chan going even more. Perhaps that would mean being able to really play into his fetish when they were around their friends, too. They were all very sex-positive and there were a few occasions in which they had caught each other in some compromising positions - such as one friend sucking another or two of them in bed together - so at least then, they would be able to do it with other people around and not feel too uncomfortable about that. Chan's fetish would serve as a sort of safety net that would keep him from being nervous around boys who were a little bit older than he was.

They decided to try it out when they were housesitting for two of their friends. The couple had gone away for a long weekend and Soonyoung had offered to take care of their dogs. In return, the friends had offered them a bit of money and access to their hot tub, and so the plan was to make love in it. Granted, Soonyoung had asked for permission from the more relaxed of the pair - who had informed him that it was okay to do something like that as long as they cleaned the tub out afterwards - but he liked to pretend that it was going to be their little secret. Especially since he knew that his boyfriend would get pretty damn embarrassed if he found out that their plans had been discussed with another person. With it tucked under his belt, Soonyoung spent the first day or so trying to get Chan into the mood, and then eventually thrust himself into it by asking if he wanted to start up the warm water.

Of course, Chan was hesitant. It was to be expected when he wasn't too sure of how it would end up going. He didn't know whether he would like it or not, for starters, plus he didn't know what to make of the fact that Soonyoung was so enthusiastic. It was as if Soonyoung had developed the fetish too; as if he had decided that watching his boyfriend getting off over the sensation of thrusting against liquid was enough to convert him towards that lifestyle. So he gave a little nod when Soonyoung asked if he wanted to get into the tub with him, and he proceeded to keep his eyes down throughout the wait for it to heat up. It was as if they were going back to their first time, even though it had been more than half a year since they started playing with liquids together. It was as if he was trying his hardest to confess that he was into it, just like he'd done the first time, and it was proving to be an impossible task for him. Soonyoung couldn't help but watch him fondly as he waited for the bubbles to start, and then he promptly started taking his clothes off so that he could get into the tub.
The cold prickled over his skin right away. The tub was outside, which not only added to the risk but also left him feeling the evening chill against his back as he climbed into the tub and sank down under the water. Suddenly, the warmth was engulfing him fully and whilst he couldn't relate to the fetish entirely, he felt as if he could relate to parts of it for a moment. He allowed the sensations of the bubbles to take over as he waited for Chan to undress and join him, and then watched as his boyfriend's face grew to be unreadable. "Is there something wrong?" he asked after a few moments. Chan gave a shrug.

"Not wrong, I don't think. I've never been in a hot tub before and I don't know how I feel about this."
"We don't have to do this if you don't want to do it."
"No no, it's not that," Chan breathed. He ran his hands over his face, then let out a soft sigh. "I'm just... you know... I don't know what to make of this. It seems really tame but also really different."

He didn't clarify whether it was a good different or not, but Soonyoung hoped that it was. After all, he was toeing on the line of tame so that he could enjoy it too and show his boyfriend that the fantasy where he was in the liquid was something that could come into play. So he decided to disregard the comment as much as he could without making it seem as if he didn't care, and then he promptly got to work with what he wanted to do from the start. He leant in close so that he could kiss Chan on the lips, then moved a hand forward so that it grazed against his inner thigh. Chan's hips naturally bucked up and he let out a soft moan right away, suggesting to Soonyoung that it was affecting him right from the start. He let the hand slip closer to his boyfriend's groin and then he swiped a thumb along the underside and listened as Chan's breath was sucked right out of his body. A warmth tickled at his cheeks right away and Soonyoung couldn't help but smirk.

"Tell me how it feels," he whispered against his boyfriend's lips. Chan shivered.

"It feels good.""
"No, with detail." The breath slowly filled his lungs again and he distanced himself slightly so that he could get the words out properly.

"The bit underneath my seat is blasting concentrated bubbles against my balls and it's making me really hard. And as they hit, I can feel a tickle of it against my dick and it's making me think that doing this in a hot tub was a good idea, even though I wasn't too sure about it at the start. I need you over here."

Soonyoung couldn't help but smirk in response. He knew that he'd won and that was the most important part. He moved up so that he was sat on his boyfriend's lap, making sure to support himself on his knees, and then stared directly into his eyes as he moved Chan's hand around to his ass. Chan let him move the hand with absolutely no reluctance whatsoever, making solid eye contact the entire time, and then promptly slipped a finger inside of Soonyoung as soon as he was able to do so. It didn't hurt, thankfully, but it did give a little bit of resistance as he tried to push it in and Soonyoung couldn't help but let out a little hiss in response. The tightness in itself was good. The dragging sensation, on the contrary, was not at all that good. But he remained silent about it for the most part. He didn't want to ruin the mood or make it seem as if it was actually a bad idea to do it in a hot tub when there were probably better ways to get involved with the fetish personally.

Of course, Chan noticed right away and seemed to be a bit surprised by how much resistance his body was giving. His eyes flickered over Soonyoung's features a little bit and then he pulled the fingers out, much to his boyfriend's dismay. Before he could complain about it, though, Chan gave his ass a gentle tap and motioned for him to go inside the house. "I know there's coconut oil in the cupboard above the oven. Bring it out here and we'll use that to make things easier." Ah, coconut oil. So that was all. Soonyoung pretty much sprinted towards the house and snatched it up out of the cupboard before making his way back. The magic of the stuff was that it was hydrophobic and so the finger slipped into him a thousand times easier when they tried it a second time, and Chan's stare softened as he felt his boyfriend's body giving into him as soon as that bit of resistance was gone.
"What are you thinking about now?" Soonyoung asked as he watched his boyfriend's expression. Chan let out a soft hum in response, as if to point out that he hadn't really thought about his answer to start with, but then he leant in close to Soonyoung's ear and whispered his answer in a way that was so sultry that Soonyoung felt blood rushing down south right away.

"I'm thinking about how nice it feels to have my fingers crammed inside of you mixed with the feeling of your body pressed against me and the sensation of the water engulfing me, and I honestly want nothing more than to sit you on the edge of this tub and run my tongue over every inch of your body." Of course, the urge to let him do that tingled through Soonyoung's body right away. He couldn't think of anything better than to have his boyfriend's mouth on his bare skin like that. It felt particularly lewd to be so exposed with his bare skin outside of the water and his thighs spread, but that was absolutely fine.

In fact, it sounded so good that he ended up shifting so that he was perched on the edge and Chan was immediately between his legs. To start with, he teased Soonyoung's organ until it was throbbing and swollen against his lips. Soonyoung could feel the waves of arousal starting to seep up under his ribs, and it only worked its way up that little bit quicker when he noticed that Chan's hips were thrusting against the water. Suddenly, his eyes were glued to his boyfriend's body and the movements that it made when he desperately tried to bring himself closer to his finish right away. Chan had seemingly forgotten about the fact that they were both supposed to be getting to the edge together as he continued to buck his hips frantically against the water and so Soonyoung was left staring at him and waiting in anticipation for his climax but it failed to come, even when Chan pulled him back towards the water and slammed his fingers straight back inside again.

"You're lasting pretty long," Soonyoung pointed out quietly, not quite knowing whether he wanted to make a big deal of it or not. Chan simply smiled at him.

"It's a bonus of doing it in a hot tub. Whilst the water is warm and gets things going, it still takes a lot longer to finish. Even with my fetish. I get the same if I'm jerking it in the bath." With that, he shifted to sit back down on the seat and lifted his pelvis out of the water so that he could coat himself with coconut oil too. That would ensure that they were both ready to go right away - as soon as they were ready to progress - and it meant that it wasn't difficult at all for Soonyoung to mount him and sink all the way to the base without as much as a nod to prepare his boyfriend for what he was about to do.

Saying that, though, it was hardly as if Chan needed any warning. His hands were on Soonyoung's hips right away and his nails were digging crescent shapes into the flesh. He gazed lovingly at him as he moved Chan hard onto his lap and despite the slight resistance from the water, Soonyoung found that the sheer force still left his thighs and ass rippling. They came together in a way that left sparks of pleasure mingling with the arousal that was building between them. Soonyoung felt as if he was about to explode right away, seeing as he could feel his body begging for more every time they came together, and at the same time, he was getting even more aroused by the sight of Chan getting into it just as much. He was desperate to play out his fetish as much as possible whilst they were in an environment that made them both comfortable and that was what Soonyoung liked to see. In fact, he couldn't think of anything better.

The fact of the matter was that Chan looked beautiful and even more so when he wasn't worrying about how his fetish would be perceived by others. After all, Soonyoung had gone out of his way to make sure that it came across to be as normal as possible and that certainly helped to turn the sex into something that they could both genuinely enjoy. The movements were sharp, their bodies were coming together beautifully and the movement of both the water around them and the water between them was enough to really get Chan worked up that little bit more.

That much was obvious and Soonyoung absolutely adored it. He adored watching his boyfriend's eyes fluttering closed as their hips met, and he couldn't think of anything better than the expression that Chan pulled as his climax started approaching. His lips were parted and his head tilted back
slightly, and his throat bobbed with every swallow of the saliva that was building in his throat. The muscles in his cheeks twitched occasionally as his lips threatened to release the occasional moan, and then his fingers began to grip his hips tighter. So Soonyoung upped his efforts even more. It became his aim to get his boyfriend to hit his climax as quickly as possible, just so that he would be able to feel the sweet release that had already been taunting him for some time, and he wasn't afraid to go all-out with it either. In fact, he only stayed silent for as long as it took for him to figure out that the best way to get them both there was to get Chan talking again.

"Describe how it feels," he demanded without any warning. His face showed that he needed to find out exactly what he needed to do to get Chan over the edge, and the younger boy could certainly tell that much from the way that he stared. In fact, he flashed his tongue over his lips as one of his eyes peeled open ever so slightly, and then he let out a soft little sigh.

“I feel like I’m gonna shoot in you so hard that you can’t walk for weeks. That’s the only real thing on my mind right now. I wanna paint your insides white and leave my mark on your body for the next few days.” Soonyoung gripped his shoulders tighter and slammed his hips down that little bit harder. Chan groaned as the met over and over again, his voice starting to sound strained as they held onto each other.

And then, as if he already knew what his boyfriend was going to say, he continued with exactly how it felt, going into even more details. The specific ones that would be uncomfortable for most people but sexy for Soonyoung. He described how he could feel the bubbles engulfing him from all angles and making his body feel as if it was floating from the sheer intensity of the arousal that he was experiencing. He told him how it was still just as intense on his genitals and he couldn’t help but want to rub himself against one of the ducts where the bubbles were escaping. But he wouldn’t do that because the experience of being inside of Soonyoung was just as good. He was warm and exciting, like a little envelope that was only open for him. He was a tight little pocket and his body clenched with every thrust, providing Chan with that extra bit of stimulation that would surely get him over the edge soon enough.

Soonyoung’s body clenched when his boyfriend started going into the details like that. He couldn’t help himself; he just felt his ass starting to tighten as he slammed his hips down that little bit harder. He felt Chan’s nails dig into his skin that little bit more and then he pulled his ass cheeks apart that little bit wider as he did what he needed to do, and then his climax hit so hard that his eyes rolled back with his head and his jaw dropped open. He was unapologetically loud, not even caring that their friend’s neighbours could certainly hear what they were doing, and then his breath came out in a few short stutters as he tried his hardest to steady himself. Unsurprisingly, Soonyoung’s climax came shortly afterwards and he felt it racking through his body with similar intensity. It hit him harder than he could have possibly anticipated, but the sight of his boyfriend’s orgasm taking over his body like that left Soonyoung unable to allow it to stay modest.

What was surprising, though, was the fact that Chan was ready to go again after just five minutes. He was still completely stiff and his energy was back, as if they were just starting out all over again and he hadn’t had sex for a month. It was as if a sex demon had suddenly taken over his entire body; as if he was suddenly in a position where he could no longer help himself. He didn’t know what to do; he knew that Soonyoung wasn’t ready for another round just yet but he was so desperate for more sex that his hips were already bucking up against his boyfriend’s body. So Soonyoung suggested that perhaps they could try some outercourse instead. Something that wouldn’t leave his sensitive insides aching after such forceful sex, whilst making it feel that bit better for his boyfriend since he would be able to feel the water around him that bit more.

Chan jumped at the chance, of course. He got Soonyoung to face away and kneel on the ledge of the tub with his hands used to spread himself. And Chan was upon him right away. His thrusts ran perpendicular to Soonyoung’s entrance and slowly slid against it, giving the velvet entrance the right
amount of stimulation to work up their arousal some more. In the part of the tub that they were in, Soonyoung’s hips were positioned directly over one of the jets and so every time Chan thrusted against him, he would get a blast of water against his genitals of varying pressure, depending on how far he was away from it. And that was perfect for him. Between that, the thrusting through the water and the fact that he was getting to feel Soonyoung’s entrance twitching around him every time he rubbed over it, Chan was in absolute heaven.

All in all, his climax hit a lot quicker than it should have done. Soonyoung hadn’t really expected him to have another climax so soon after the first but he was so desperate to reach his peak and so aggressive with his thrusts that it was no wonder that he managed to finish so soon after they’d started. Soonyoung felt his boyfriend move up further than he had been doing, only to shoot warm fluid over his exposed shoulder blades, and then he slowly turned around to face Chan and flash a questioning glance. Chan bit down on his lower lip, as if he was nervous about the fact that he’d done that when he’d already done it a hundred times whilst they were together, but then Soonyoung kissed him and the worry washed straight off his fact. And that was that. They got out of the tub and got dried and then spent a good amount of time considering their future steps.

They found that once they’d explored with water, it was going to be a much easier task to use other things. Warm milk was one option, since it was quite a bit thicker than water but they could always mix it in a bath tub and work from there. They might have even been able to use juices in a bath too. And of course, other fluids would be a lot harder to use but that didn’t mean that they wouldn’t be able to try them. Soonyoung couldn’t even begin to explain how many times he’d seen videos of people with fluids in their bodies, only to have their partners try to get it out in a way that made their junk look like a toilet plunger of sorts, so there was always an option depending on how Chan was feeling at any one point in time.

Of course, the whole fetish in itself was a difficult game to play when Chan was unafraid of the effects of sugar on his body and Soonyoung was incredibly nervous about getting a yeast infection, but it was something that they would be able to explore together in order to find their boundaries and favourite play tools. It was something that Chan was determined to enjoy now that Soonyoung had started to take an interest in his fetish, and so it was something that they would really be able to experience together in a way that would probably even serve as a learning opportunity too.

But for now, they would spend time recovering from the intensity of the affair, and then the conversation could come up properly in a few more weeks once they were emotionally ready to tackle the fact that the fetish was ready to come into action. For now, it was just a waiting game for the day where Soonyoung could comfortably say to his boyfriend, “I really enjoyed what we did together and I want you to show me more.”
Auralism; a fetish derived from specific sound, such as voices.

Choi Seungcheol had the sexiest voice that Boo Seungkwan had heard in his entire life. And that was no lie at all. Every time he heard the guy speaking, he wanted nothing more than to rip off his clothes and lie down on the nearest surface with his thighs spread for him. He would have absolutely done it for him, without hesitating in the slightest, if it hadn’t been for the fact that Choi Seungcheol was his vocal coach. Yes, that caused a thousand issues in itself, even before he considered the fact that the older boy insisted that he hated the thought of relationships and sex altogether. His career was more important, he told Seungkwan, and so there was no point in him even searching for someone else to spend his life with on a long-term basis.

But Seungkwan couldn’t help himself. His coach was absolutely beautiful, for starters, with double eyelids and cool nutmeg skin and black hair that covered his forehead and the top of his ears. He had bee-stung lips that were red in colour, and he had incredibly muscular arms, even though he didn’t have the time to work out after work. Seungkwan had such vivid fantasies about how his vocal coach would look naked that he could masturbate over it, and that was a sign that perhaps things were going a little too far. But he ignored that feeling that it was too much because he couldn’t bring himself to deny the feelings that he was feeling over the coach’s appearance. He couldn’t bring himself to pretend that it didn’t get him going because the truth of the matter was that Choi Seungcheol could unzip his trousers and point to the floor in front of him and Seungkwan would be on his knees ready to please him.

And it only got worse when it got to his vocal abilities. He wasn’t just a coach; he was a performer too. He was well-known in the industry and Seungkwan’s producer had pushed and pushed and pushed that he needed to respect the guy when they first met because otherwise, he would be in a load of trouble. Seungkwan hadn’t thought anything of it at the time and rather, he wasn’t really in the mood to face that sort of attitude from someone when he was essentially helping his producer to pay his bills. So he tried to sass Choi Seungcheol, only to get shut down by a very sudden performance with lyrics thought up on the spot; a song with seamless sung and rapped lines that lasted at least two minutes before he grew quiet again and simply observed the embarrassed flush on Seungkwan’s face. It was the last time that he tried to act as if he knew what he was doing and as it was, his coach respected him a lot more for finding his place after that, and so it ended up being disregarded in the future. Seungkwan’s producer didn’t even have to find out about it, which was a relief.

But that song was the first of many that he’d heard. He wasn’t going to sing through Seungkwan’s own songs with him because he knew that it would end up putting him off putting his own twist on his songs, and so he went through other songs instead. It was pretty much anything else that Seungkwan wanted to sing, and so they worked on each song in turn over time until he was able to feel a lot more confident in his singing abilities. And Seungkwan found that that helped him in more ways than one. It helped him to gain confidence in his singing ability, of course, but it also left him wanting Choi Seungcheol even more. He would play his practice recordings over and over again, taking note of the flow of the words out of his coach’s mouth. Every word sounded husky and incredibly sexy when he said them and he found that he wanted nothing more than to surround
himself with those words until his body exploded along with his inevitable erection. Go figure, he supposed. It was his voice that turned Seungkwan on the most so it was his right to listen to it whenever he was home alone and simply masturbate over it so frantically that his skin would end up feeling sore afterwards. It was his own time, after all, and it wasn't as if Seungcheol was getting hurt by it.

That wasn't to say that his regular voice wasn't sexy, though. He had a Daegu accent and it was particularly distinct, and Seungkwan wanted nothing more than to hear him pronouncing every word in the dictionary. It was made that little bit worse - or perhaps, better - by the fact that Seungcheol frequently had a sore throat in the winter due to the mix of seasonal illnesses and the fact that he was working on vocal training all day every day. And that was what got Seungkwan going more than anything. Every time Seungcheol's voice got deep like that, he had to fight back the urge to tell him that he would like Choi Seungcheol to whisper into his ear as he screwed him against the recording booth wall. He wanted it to be a part of his album so that he would be able to hear him in the background every single time he listened back on his work, and he wanted it to be their own private thing so that he would be able to keep it close to his heart when he eventually didn't need Seungcheol's help anymore. But, of course, he couldn't ruin it by pouncing on the coach too early or even suggesting some of the things that he had on his mind, so he had to have the next best thing instead: his fantasies.

He was certain that everyone had fantasised about Choi Seungcheol at some point or another. The women in the building certainly had, from what he'd overheard. Some of the men probably did, too. It was just lucky for Seungkwan that none of them would be able to have him because of what he said about his disfavour for relationships. It provided him with a little bit of a safety net, since he knew that he wouldn't be stepping on anyone else's toes as he let his thoughts take over, and so he was more than happy to lock himself in his room as soon as he got home so that he was able to let those thoughts take over completely and leave his body trembling with arousal.

The biggest and most common fantasy that Seungkwan had was where he offered to suck Seungcheol after a particularly intense training session. He would tell him right away that it was an attempt at pushing through the weird mood that always took over his body when he was training, and Seungcheol would decide to judge him a lot less upon finding that snippet of information out. In fact, he would feel sorry for Seungkwan and would allow him to drop to his knees without saying a word, and Seungkwan would simply unbuckle his trousers and push them to the floor so that he could get to work with sucking him completely dry. Without even a second of hesitation, he would be straight in there to take it into his mouth, whilst his coach would run a hand through his hair and then slowly lower himself into one of the swivel chairs in the training room. It would give Seungkwan more access and make it more comfortable for both of them that way, so it was much appreciated.

On that note, Seungkwan had spent an extraordinary amount of time thinking about how big Choi Seungcheol was downstairs. He'd even thought to calculate it. If he was five feet and ten inches tall and it came to *that* exact point on his thigh when he was wearing loose-fitting clothes, it was likely to be around three-and-a-half to four-and-a-half inches when soft, plus an extra third when it was stiff. That made it around five-and-a-halfish inches on average, which was the perfect size, as far as Seungkwan was concerned. And based on the thickness that he could see, he guessed that it would be pretty girthy too, which was all he really needed in life. A thick length of meat to be crammed inside of him, and a dildo that was the exact length and girth that he imagined the object of his fantasy to be, just so that he could make the session feel that little bit more realistic. Of course, the reality of cramming a sex toy down his throat whilst he thought about the sorts of things that the man would do to him was far from sexy, but it was all he really had at that point in time.

The sucking wouldn't last that long at all. Seungcheol would tell him how good he was to start with
but then he would change to start describing all of the things that he wanted to do to him instead. And Seungkwan would cave right away. He would have all of the thoughts of what they would be doing fresh in his mind and the temptation would get to be too much. He wouldn't be able to handle it because he would be painfully aware of the fact that Seungcheol was breathing sexy words into the air between them and he wanted to hear more of those words, and so he would end up standing after just a few minutes of going down on him so that he could push for the next step. And that step was for them to be stood in the middle of the room with Choi Seungcheol's beautiful fingers crammed inside of Seungkwan's body. He wouldn't skimp out on that step; he would know that Seungkwan hadn't ever had anything inside of his body - other than his toy - so he would know to get his body prepared as well as possible first.

Then again, at the first possible moment, he would be grabbing for Seungkwan's ass with both hands and spreading him so that he could slip right inside of him. And whilst it was an incredibly difficult task for them to be doing that sort of thing stood up and with absolutely nothing to support Seungkwan's body, all he would do is shift Seungkwan's legs around a foot apart and then push his upper half down slightly so that his entrance could accommodate to the initial thrust. He would take his time with it still, of course, but it would fit in a lot easier than Seungkwan would otherwise anticipate. And then he would start thrusting into him gently, making sure to pull him back up to stand so that their naked bodies were pressed together. To start with, he would be quiet. He would be listening to Seungkwan's breathing to make sure that he was okay and not struggling to take the girth that was spreading him wide. But then he would get into the rhythm of the thrusts and everything would immediately change. He would start talking and then Seungkwan's entire body would give up completely.

The words that he said in the fantasy were the same every time and that was because Seungcheol had said those words to him before in a recording that they'd made in order to help him to think about the lyrics that he was saying. It wasn't really able to fit the situation exactly, but it was the sort of thing that he could imagine when he was so aroused that he was stood shamelessly in the middle of his bedroom with a dildo pummelling at his insides. It couldn't get any more shameful than that, so he guessed that he might as well go all the way with it. The words were spoken to him whilst they were singing a song about sexual relationships and he was trying to get Seungkwan to feel the song that little bit more and that was something that got the idol so aroused that he could have probably ended up completely stiff, had he not realised soon enough that it would happen.

"This song is about a couple who are in love with each other, okay? They love each other like they're still in the honeymoon phase of their relationship, but they're supposed to have been together for years. So they're there in the bedroom after work and they're having gentle sex against the bed. You have to imagine all of the lyrics in your head, okay? The vocalist is describing how she's giving in to the desire that her partner fills her with; she just came back from work and she's tired but then he brings her mood right up by being there. He pulls her close to his chest and kisses her and the passion develops quickly. She shows that she's in the mood and so he slips a hand under her skirt. What feelings come to mind when you sing that sort of thing?"
"It makes me think about being love-drunk and not even minding that you've just come home and you're sweaty and gross and he puts his fingers in places that aren't ready to be touched."

"Really? They're not ready to be touched?"
"I mean, she has just come home from work and I don't suppose that she cleaned herself before arriving home."
"Ignore that bit, Seungkwan. She's in the mood. She doesn't care whether she was sweating all day and things are a bit warm downstairs because they're about to get warmer. You have to embody the passion that she's feeling when you sing that bit. The song is like a story and it's vital that you show the listener that there's that story. Your voice shows how aroused you - the vocalist - are when you get back from work and see your man. Imagine him feeling you up as soon as you walk into the
house. Imagine him grabbing your thigh and then telling you that he's going to take you to the bedroom."

"I'm really struggling to imagine that because I've never had sex."

There was a long pause in the recording, and then Seungcheol audibly sighed. Seungkwan knew exactly what was coming up and he couldn't help but grip himself tightly with his spare hand as he braced himself for the part where he'd be aggressively slamming the toy inside of himself whilst simultaneously stroking himself. His hand trembled with anticipation and his eyes closed, and then he was left either thinking about or listening to the clip.

"Okay, so do you want me to show you or something? I'm not going to do anything that you're not comfortable with and I'm certainly not going to take you all the way through the song, but think of it as part of the dance."

The Seungkwan in the recording gave a soft hum of understanding, and then they got to work trying it out together. The Seungkwan in his bedroom could vividly imagine everything that they did. He made his way into the booth from the other side of the door and made his way straight over to where Seungcheol was standing. The coach wrapped his arms around his waist and Seungkwan slipped his hands over his shoulders and back in a way that he knew to be inviting further intimacy, so Seungcheol pressed a hand to the back of his thigh and lifted it up so that he was exposed. At that point, he leant down and told Seungkwan - directly into his ear - that he was going to take him to the bedroom and make love to him. And the Seungkwan in the recording suddenly understood what his coach was trying to tell him.

(Admittedly, he did sometimes consider what sort of things could have been added in an ideal situation, but that was primarily when he was so aroused that he could hardly contain himself. Images of Seungcheol realising that he wanted him would fill his head and he would end up imagining them actually going over to the desk to make love when Seungcheol realised how much he liked touching Seungkwan's thighs. And Seungkwan would tell him to tell him more about the sexy undertones of the song whilst he slammed into him, then he would request that Seungcheol sing to him just before his climax. It was a bit of a weird addition, especially since it would require stopping the audio clip, but he didn't really care that much. It wasn't about that, after all. It was about the fact that Seungcheol was talking at him that was important.)

Once they had finished acting out the scene in the song, Seungkwan told Seungcheol that he could get a sense of the sexuality of the song. He was aroused by the fact that they came together so suddenly and he liked the fact that Seungcheol pulled his leg up like that because he knew that it was something that really brought the realism of the situation to him. But he felt as if he needed Seungcheol to sing that bit to him just once so that he could hear exactly how the emotions were supposed to play out. And without even a moment of hesitation, Seungcheol did what he was told. He belted the song out, making sure to adapt his voice to each of the words along with the message that he was trying to portray. Everything had meaning and he wasn't afraid to exaggerate it in his own style so that Seungkwan could really get a sense of what he needed to emphasise.

As always, that was what made him finish. He could imagine that Seungcheol was speaking into his ear as much as he liked but nothing compared to hearing the sultry tones of the coach's voice in that recording. The was the sort of thing that could probably make him finish completely hands-free if Seungkwan was willing to keep his wrists tied. It was the suggestive nature of his words that did it for him, too. Seungcheol's voice was arousing as it was, but absolutely nothing compared to the way he said those sorts of words. His voice was deeper than usual because he had a sore throat anyway, but then the things that he was saying only made it sound that little bit deeper. And if he was being honest, Seungkwan would've given anything for the coach to - out of a lack of better words - dick him down that day without any protest at all. His virginity would be lost in an instant and he would be Choi Seungcheol's sleeve whenever he asked for it.
But frankly, he wasn't ever going to ask for it, was he? Why would he ask for something like that when they weren't supposed to have that sort of relationship? And besides, Seungcheol said that he didn't want a relationship with anyone, so there was absolutely no chance of it whatsoever.

It hurt. When there was a man so beautiful with such a fantastic voice, it was only right that he fill the world with as much love as it could take from him. But here he was, leaving Seungkwan to fantasise about all of the incidents that they would have had in the recording booth, based on the sexy tones of his voice when he talked him through the erotic songs that Seungkwan had chosen to sing. And so he was left with his own body fluids all over his left hand and a well-lubricated toy in his right hand still. His legs were stiff and it was a huge pain to drag himself to the bathroom so that he could clean up, but he guessed at least it would mean being able to go for another vocal training session with Choi Seungcheol the following morning without having to mind how aroused he was getting to be from the sound of his voice and how beautiful he was.

Saying that, though, it wouldn't hurt to have that sort of thing in his mind. It wouldn't hurt to imagine his vocal coach gripping his neck as he screwed him from behind and breathed sultry words into his ear. And as long as he managed to keep it inside whenever he was around Choi Seungcheol, he was allowed to enjoy the fetish to the full capacity. Every word that the coach said to him was allowed to go straight to his crotch when he was alone in his room at night and every time Seungcheol performed, Seungkwan was more than happy to listen from a distance with one hand in his trousers and the other playing near his entrance. And as awful as it would be to have to explain that sort of thing if he was ever caught out, Boo Seungkwan knew that he would never find himself in that sort of position and his secret would be safe for the rest of time. He was free to enjoy Choi Seungcheol's voice and that would be that.
Painting fetish; distinctly different to sploshing, which involves covering each other with paint, this fetish is directly linked to the process of painting, including the brush strokes and focus on creating art.

Minghao and Mingyu were in the same art class, funnily enough. No one would be able to tell that much if they were to see the difference in their work styles.

Now, Mingyu was incredibly clumsy but that didn't mean that his artwork was the same. He was actually an incredible artist when he put his mind to it. But the work flowed out from his mind in one big blur and he simply had to get it onto the paper. There was nothing that he could do about it. If he tried to stop it, it would end up manifesting in other ways. His other tutors had told him that he was too boisterous; too loud. He was in the final year of his course, they told him, and there was no reason why he should be so chatty and loud all the time. At nineteen years old, he should have learnt to control himself that little bit better. So he took his artwork very seriously and did what he could to make it look amazing, but in a way that gave a little snapshot into his mind.

His primary medium was charcoal. He liked the sensation of it when it touched the paper and he loved how it felt to draw with it too. His hands would end up covered in the stuff and he would spend more of his time getting rid of smudges at the bottom of the page, but he would always come out of it feeling happy with everything that he'd achieved. He would always come out of it feeling a lot better about the fact that he could get it out there and whip out a blur of emotion.

And the best part was that it always got him a lot of praise. Even though it was far from the best work in the class, the tutors could always understand his message. Usually something that was incredibly dense that was made entirely from paper and charcoal was a sign that it was getting overwhelming for him, whilst little pockets of colour here and there highlighted the things that were most important to him. With his chalk and charcoal in hand, he could tell a thousand stories about his mental health and other experiences in mind. And everyone would just eat it straight up because every single piece that he made looked great when it was finished. Even if it looked like absolute garbage whilst he was in the process of creating it.

Minghao, on the other hand, was incredibly particular. His chosen mediums were paint and canvas and he knew how to make every single image work for him. Sometimes he would employ the help of very delicate brush strokes to create minimalistic but intense images. Sometimes, he would slap on the first layer of paint with a thick brush and then tune in the details when he felt that he'd managed to get out all of the strong emotions that were building inside of his chest. Sometimes he would use oil paints and use thick strokes to build up an image that looked a little bit vaguer, and sometimes he would use watercolours to represent the shallower feelings in his heart. And although it was all very different to the sort of work that Mingyu produced, it told as many tales. He got less praise for it because he kept his work to himself, to put it very simply, but he didn't mind that. As far as he was concerned, his art was for himself and the person who was due to be marking it only. That was it.

It wasn't that Minghao and Mingyu didn't get along or anything. They were okay with each other and that was a good start. But they simply didn't have the chance to get to know each other until they
were almost at the end of their course and that proved to be a massive shame. Between trying to study for their exams and trying to get their final art pieces finished, they were both incredibly stressed about everything that was going down around them and that made for a pretty difficult time to be alive. And even more so considering the themes that they had chosen to represent in their pieces. Mingyu had chosen to represent mental health and Minghao had chosen to represent male sexuality, and so it had landed them both in the workroom for hours on end as they tried their hardest to get everything finished in time to be photographed and sent to the awards board to be marked.

On more than one occasion, that meant that they were left in the building on their own for hours. There were cram classes going on until eleven o'clock at night and then early morning classes from five o'clock in the morning so they were more than welcome to stay there between those hours until their work was done, even if the teachers weren't there. So Minghao would take one side of the room, Mingyu would take the other, and they would continue to do their work until Mingyu's alarm sounded to tell them that it was time to go home and get some rest.

And considering the sheer intensity of it all, the last thing that Mingyu really expected was to end up developing a kink for watching Minghao painting.

Granted, it was probably just a mix of the tiredness and the intimacy of watching another person working so hard on their art to start with, but it ended up developing pretty quickly to the point where he could no longer focus on his own work. His eyes would flicker across the room to where Minghao would be brushing strokes onto the canvas and trying his hardest to create the image that he had in his head. He was getting to be more and more frustrated over it as time passed but at the same time, he was doing really well at making it look like his own concept; something that was very different to the sorts of things that would usually come up in art with similar themes. And it always worked out well. Even if he could nit-pick a thousand things that he didn't like about his art, it was actually beautiful when it was finished. And Mingyu definitely liked to spend time looking at it because it inspired him to work more.

But then again, his focus was primarily on the way that Minghao worked. The delicacy of every stroke. The way that every single touch of paint was deliberate. If he wasn't sure about it, he simply wouldn't put it on the canvas. He loved watching the way that the paint followed the trail, and the way that he was even able to achieve accuracy with big brushes without destroying the rest of his work. It was just beautiful and it left Mingyu wanting nothing more than to ask Minghao to act out his artwork with him. He wanted to get a sense of the sexuality that he was trying to portray in his art.

And luckily for him, it actually ended up happening at one point in time.

"Mingyu," Minghao called across the room just a week before their deadline, "I need you urgently. Can you come and help me, please?" Mingyu's eyes drifted across the room for the hundredth time that evening, only to see that Minghao was smeared with paint and sat with the biggest canvas in front of him. It was completely blank but it was clear that that was because he was unsure of how he wanted to make his brush strokes. They were all deliberate and he couldn't make them deliberate if he didn't know how he wanted it to look on the canvas.

"What is it?" Mingyu asked as he made his way over to where his classmate was sitting. Minghao let out a deep sigh.

"I'm about to make a request that you're likely to reject because it's really odd, but I'm in a bit of a difficult position because I really need to portray masculine sexuality in this certain way but I've never..."

He didn't need to continue, frankly. Mingyu knew exactly where he was going with it. He could tell that much from the way that Minghao was avoiding eye contact as much as possible. And whilst he
certainly wasn't the best at inferring things, there was no way that he could be wrong in this case. "What do you need me to do?" he asked. Minghao's lips pursed. "I need us to simulate sex in just boxers."

Well, that was going to be an easy task, as far as Mingyu was concerned. Whilst Minghao was covered in paint and frustrated over his artwork, he could probably do it for real. It was the tiniest little kink in the universe and it was something that he would only think about once they'd finished their late-night art sessions, but it was something that was very much there. "I mean, I know you're busy so I'd understand if you couldn't do it for me, but I'll try to be as quick as possible otherwise. In fact, I can always take a photo of us in that position and then paint it afterwards. That's completely fine too." So the plan was to have Mingyu stuck in the position whilst he painted them. Mingyu could have ended up stiff from that alone, frankly, but he figured that the last thing he really needed to do was make things uncomfortable between them by pointing out how much it was going to affect him. There was no place for it in the conversation, for starters, and the last thing he really needed was to create tension whilst they were trying to get on with their work.

So he took off his clothes, trying his hardest not to look too uncomfortable, and then laid down on the blanket that Minghao had placed on the floor. It was a bit odd, since he had been insistent that the blanket needed to have creases for that piece, but he figured that he would eventually get used to it. So he watched and waited as Minghao slowly took off his clothes and straddled his hips, and so Mingyu's eyes snapped closed right away as he kept his hands to his side and tried to desperately hold back the stirring that was starting to develop in the pit of his stomach. He had another person sat directly over his crotch with nothing more than two pieces of cotton keeping their semi-naked bodies apart, and that was a big deal for him. They were both still at that age where a simple blow across the front of their boxers was enough to get them going, but they were also supposed to be adults - both physically and legally - so he still had a duty to keep those sorts of thoughts suppressed for the comfort of both him and the other artist.

Apparently, though, Minghao had other ideas. "I hope you're not uncomfortable with this, but I need to be able to get a little bit worked up with you. I need to be able to have that sex flush on your chest and face because I've never had the chance to see it before and so I don't know how dark it goes or whether it's something that's so prominent that it should be in my work at all." Mingyu's body shivered underneath his classmate at that point, but Minghao either didn't notice or didn't care to comment. Instead, he simply wiggled his hips a little bit and grabbed for Mingyu's hands, which he placed on his hips as he began to slowly roll his hips forward. Mingyu immediately felt a tingle of arousal growing, especially as he became painfully aware of the shape of Minghao's ass and thighs. They squashed out flatter when they were on him like that, but in a way that made them engulf him even more. And he didn't know how he could possibly take that because it just felt amazing to be able to see him in that sort of position as it was.

But then he stopped before Mingyu could get too into it, and he promptly sketched out the body shapes on the canvas with a pencil. Mingyu's eyes opened enough to let him see it. The pencil marks were so light that he wouldn't have to rub them out afterwards and that was the most important thing to the artist. It allowed him to feel satisfied with his progress right away, and then he was even able to start adding colour without them having to go too far with each other.

Admittedly, Mingyu's breathing was already starting to get shallower. He knew that he was getting stiff, but he simply hoped that Minghao would keep that bit of information to himself instead of commenting on it. It was only made worse, though, when Mingyu noticed exactly how the colour was going to be added to the canvas, and when he noticed that, his heart skipped a beat right away. Minghao was using his fingers instead of a paintbrush and that was something that would inevitably ruin every chance that Mingyu had of controlling his arousal. The very delicate use of brushes got him going enough as it was, especially when Minghao was so particular, but this was something else
entirely. It could have been a fetish in itself. He wanted to be able to get messy with him as they had sex and painted at the same time.

But Minghao didn't even turn away from his work. He could almost certainly feel Mingyu's erection against his ass, but it was almost as if he hadn't noticed it at all. And so Mingyu was left to simply watch what he was doing whilst avoiding bringing the topic up. He watched as Minghao's eyes flickered over the canvas, and then he used a fingertip to mix two shades of paint together in order to create the colour of the blanket. It was a Prussian blue colour and he had that colour paint exactly, so the base of it wasn't that difficult at all, but he was so fixated on getting the highlights and shadows perfect that he ended up spending an incredible amount of time working on that one piece. Almost fifteen minutes, actually, which was absurd when there was so little of it peeping out from around Mingyu's body. But then he moved on quickly and suddenly more colour started appearing. All in one, he added on the caramel tones of Mingyu's skin before adding the highlights and shadows again. And as expected, those bits were the bits that took the longest for him to paint.

It was incredible to see how much effort he was putting into it, and Mingyu couldn't help but feel that little bit more aroused as he watched his classmate painting like that. He would glance back at the position that they were in so that he could accurately determine how large the shadows were on Mingyu's torso, and then he would blend it perfectly with two fingers. Slow, long swirls around the paint. The occasional dab of colour on a fingertip. When it dried, it would surely show the flow of the paint perfectly, since his fingers created obvious strokes in the paint. But that would be fine because it was his style and he made it look amazing, and that was the important thing about that work.

What was even more amazing was when he painted Mingyu's hair. It started out as a block colour again, of course, but then his nails were used to create the tiny stray hairs that came off the top of his head. It was as good as if he'd used a blade to put the paint onto the paper. And that had Mingyu's body reacting even more. He wasn't really the sort of person to like dirt being underneath someone's nails, but there was something special about the way that Minghao painted with his nails that really got him going. In a way, it was as if he was underneath his classmate's fingertips, he supposed. It was the colour of his body; the colour that Minghao was using to represent a part of his being on the canvas. And to be underneath his nails like that was pretty arousing, especially when he could see how particular Minghao's representation of him was. It had to be perfect, and nothing else would do.

"I'll paint myself later," Minghao told him as he wiped his fingertips on a piece of tissue. Mingyu suddenly felt a strange urge to suck the fingers, even though they still had traces of paint on them. Of course, he wasn't going to announce that when he knew that he was only there to serve as a reference for the other artist, though, so he ended up simply licking his lips and suppressing the urge to tell Minghao how he felt. Besides, there were more pressing matters on his mind at that point in time, namely the fact that they were actually going to start simulating sex properly. Minghao needed that flush, along with an aroused expression on his model's face, so it was something that they needed to do now that the base colour was on the canvas.

Except it turned out that it was a much harder task to stay focused on than Mingyu originally anticipated. "You've had sex before, haven't you?" Minghao asked him, and Mingyu gave an embarrassed nod. The answer seemed to satisfy the painter enough for him to be able to get straight to work with him and it was very clear from the start that he wanted Mingyu to help him with the process. After all, Minghao had never done that sort of thing with anyone before and that was why he needed help with the reference.

Painted fingertips pressed into Mingyu's stomach and he bit his lower lip as he dug his nails into Minghao's hips. And then they began to roll their bodies together. It was only at that point that Minghao started to acknowledge the fact that Mingyu was completely stiff underneath him; when he
felt it against his ass, his eyes visibly widened for a second, and then he made a special effort to graze against the whole length every so often. Every time he did, Mingyu found that the breath was sucked straight out of his body and his chest grew tight and apparently, he must have been developing that so-called sex flush because Minghao's eyes were lingering on his bare skin for longer than necessary. He knew that it was mutual right away, though. He could see that much. Minghao's chest was growing heavy and every breath was left stuttering. The skin of his upper chest had a reddish tint, which stood out clearly against the warm tones of his body, and that flush was only starting to spread more.

Mingyu didn't really know what was affecting him the most - the fact that Minghao was dry-humping him like that, or the fact that his fingerpainted work was right next to them, reflecting exactly what they were doing. Saying that, though, as much as he loved seeing the work to the side of them like that, he would have probably scrapped the canvas altogether and simply tossed it carelessly to one side. Of course, it wasn't as if he didn't like the artwork or anything, but he suddenly wished that he could become the canvas instead at that point in time. That was how aroused he was getting over it all. He wanted to slip his length right inside of Minghao's body and watch as the artist dipped his fingertips into the paint palette that was left nearby. He wanted to see the shapes and colours that Minghao's fingers could create; the highlights and shadows and contours.

He wanted to feel the slick feeling of the paint covering his flesh in ways that would leave it difficult for him to clean up afterwards. Swirls that would stick to the tiny hairs on his stomach and chest. A mingle of colours crossing over and creating sweeps of brown amongst the purples and yellows of contemporary representations of skin. The dribble of too much paint running down his sides and settling on the curves of his body. A pool of lust red in his navel, serving as a representation of his arousal.

That was what he imagined as Minghao's hands ran over his naked torso. He imagined how it would feel if Minghao had paint on his fingers - if he didn't think that it would be a waste, or if he knew that he had enough left to not have to try to perfectly colour match what he'd created if they played around with it for a while. He imagined what it would feel like to be the artwork that Minghao was painting; to be the one he took a photo of to send to the examiners and earn his grade. But they both knew that it wouldn't be able to happen. On canvas, that sort of thing would appear to be erotic but it would come across as inappropriate if it was going to be a photograph. There were parameters of artwork when they were still teenagers and that was considered to be crossing the line.

It must have taken a good ten or so minutes for Minghao to realise just how far they'd taken it, and that only ended up happening when their bodies met a bit too suddenly and he let out a moan in response. And suddenly, his eyes snapped open and his chest filled with air, and then Mingyu saw him reaching for the paint again. "I'm sorry, I think I took that a bit too far. I think you might be a little bit worked up from that - which I think is understandable enough when you're half-naked and rubbing against someone like this - so I'll get this bit painted as quickly as I can and then you can go and sort it out before you get back to your work." And so, he touched up the bits of the art that needed work and then promptly added the flush before hopping off Mingyu's hips and wrestling his own clothes back on.

Although Minghao would have certainly denied it, Mingyu wanted to think that he was aroused by the erotic side to painting too. He knew that they were passing glances at each other from that point onwards, at the very least, and they both would have touched themselves over it at some point too. It was just the case that he would admit it but his classmate would likely pretend that it hadn't happened in the first place.
Daddy Kink - Mingyu/Wonwoo

Chapter Notes

Daddy kink; a fetishistic relationship in which one person acts as a little boy or girl, whilst the other acts as a parental figure with sexual ties to their partner. The extent to this kink varies from simply addressing a partner as "daddy" and "little boy/girl", to more intense roleplaying and dressing the part, to creating a full-time lifestyle out of the kink.

"Daddy."

The phrase made Wonwoo feel sick when he heard it. He didn't know what it was about the word but it made every single inch of his flesh crawl. It ran straight through him and made his entire being want to throw itself into a hole and wait to be buried. But of course, his boyfriend had to be really into that kink and he had to insist on making it a thing that happened between them.

"Call me daddy," Mingyu would breathe into his ear as he slammed into him from behind. Wonwoo would roll his eyes and reply in a way that was incredibly unenthusiastic, just to make sure that his boyfriend knew that he wasn't fond. Mingyu would slap his ass hard when he didn't say it loud enough, and he would always whine that his "baby boy" wasn't helping to make the fetish easier for him. He didn't mind that Wonwoo got aroused when he spat in his face, so it wasn't fair that Wonwoo wouldn't accept his daddy kink. But frankly, it wasn't going to happen. Spitting in someone's face was degrading but calling a boy who was a year younger than him "daddy" was absolutely humiliating. It was as simple as that and he didn't even need to explain himself. He didn't want to explain himself either. It was just one of those things that wouldn't be happening, as far as he was concerned, and there was absolutely nothing that Mingyu could do to change his mind. After all, it was pretty disgusting as a fetish and it was the one thing that made him pretty uncomfortable.

But Mingyu insisted regardless, having obviously not got the hint that it wasn't something that Wonwoo enjoyed. He continued to bring it up when they were in bed together and pushed every time for Wonwoo to call him that damn name every time they slept together. If he didn't say it loud enough, Mingyu would continue to ask him to say it over and over and over until he eventually caved and gave an embarrassed mumble of the word as he did as he was asked. Sometimes that was enough to show that he wasn't in the mood, thankfully, and Mingyu would drop it, but that wasn't the case a lot of the time. Perhaps his boyfriend was irritated by the fact that he never seemed to be in the mood for it but he wasn't really going to ask about that. He wasn't in the mood to have that sort of discussion and probably never would be.

But then it suddenly changed after a year or so when they were out shopping together. They were looking through racks of clothes, hand in hand, when Mingyu's attention shifted to a garment a few feet away from them. And when Wonwoo went to start walking again, his boyfriend didn't budge for a few seconds until he realised that they were going to start moving again. "What is it?" Wonwoo asked curiously as he tried to figure out what his boyfriend had been looking at, but Mingyu quickly shook his head as he looked away from it. "No, tell me. You were obviously distracted by something over there."

"Oh, I just thought that you would look cute in that jumper and shorts. That's all." Wonwoo had to know exactly what jumper it was once it had been mentioned, and so Mingyu reluctantly took him
over to it. It was a soft pink colour, made from chunky wool. It was incredibly silky underneath his fingertips when he touched it and it looked as if it would fit pretty snugly.

"Would you like me to get it and wear it for you?" he asked as he glanced up at Mingyu. Mingyu shook his head in response, but his expression told his boyfriend that there was more to it right away. "Mingyu, is something wrong?" And of course, he didn't know how to answer. The words stuck in his throat and he was left opening and closing his mouth a few times until Wonwoo insisted that it was okay to tell him what was wrong. He wasn't going to judge him over it, even if it turned out that it was an odd reply.

"I just thought that if you wore one that was a few sizes big, it would look really cute on you." From the way he said it, Wonwoo knew that it was relating to his kink. He didn't need any other information. It was such an odd way of putting how he felt about the jumper, paired with an awkward and uncomfortable tone of voice, so he could only really assume that it was related to the kink.

But an odd sensation filled his body right away. A sensation that he'd never really had before. He had a sudden urge to ask his boyfriend about how he felt towards that particular garment, since he was the sort of person who usually wouldn't be drawn to clothes like that. "I think it would just make you look really cute," Mingyu told him, his voice staying low as he spoke. "You know, since it would make you look soft and warm and I would want to cuddle you and wrap you up in my arms and kiss you all over." The way he said it was so delicate that Wonwoo couldn't help himself. His heart suddenly felt soft and warm and he wanted nothing more than to cuddle up in his boyfriend's arms with that jumper on. And whilst he knew full well that it was a part of his daddy kink - even though his boyfriend wouldn't dare to tell him that to his face - he was strangely fine with it. He had a sudden sense that maybe it wasn't the worst kink in the world, especially if his boyfriend was bringing in such delicate aspects like that, so he could perhaps give it one chance.

If it turned out that he hated it, then so be it. Mingyu would probably appreciate getting to try out his kink just once, and he would be able to know for sure that it disgusted him as much as he thought he did. But if it turned out that he liked it a lot, then he figured that the only thing he could do was incorporate it into their sex life as much as possible. He could make that sort of thing work, and he could spend his time trying to make Mingyu's experience of it novel and exciting at all times. It could be the sort of thing that they could actually come to enjoy together and that was the important thing.

So whilst he didn't buy the jumper there and then, he made sure to go back after work one day so that he was able to pick it up, and then he proceeded to get some woollen socks and tiny shorts to go with it too. Paired with a choker and curled hair, he looked absolutely adorable when he greeted Mingyu from work the following day. He was dressed up and waiting at the door ready for him, and Mingyu was so shocked that he froze on the spot and just stared at him in silence for a solid minute straight until he finally regained the ability to move his body. But even then, though, only one word could escape his lips and make its way into the openness between them: "Wow." It was neither an excited nor a disappointed wow and whilst that terrified Wonwoo completely, he was sort of glad that it wasn't one of the two extremes at the same time. At least then, there was no expectation that it would be perfect, plus he didn't need to worry that perhaps he had taken things too far or had misinterpreted his boyfriend's kink completely.

"Daddy," he breathed softly as he moved towards Mingyu and shifted up onto his tiptoes so that he could kiss him. Of course, he didn't really need to do that, since they were around the same height and all, but he figured that it would make him seem that little bit cuter. And naturally, Mingyu bit the bait right away. He didn't even hesitate in the slightest. His hands wrapped around Wonwoo's waist and pulled him closer to his chest, and then he kissed him harder than necessary. And Wonwoo caved right away. He didn't bother to hold back his desire for his boyfriend and ended up shifting one of his knees up to gently press against the front of Mingyu's trousers. He didn't complain at all
when Mingyu's hand moved to hold under the back of his knee and allowed his boyfriend to pick him up when he felt like it.

Then they were in the bedroom. The lust was clear in Mingyu's expression; he wanted nothing more than to have Wonwoo and hear him saying that cursed word over and over again. "I'm all yours, daddy," Wonwoo made sure to add - mostly for effect - as he tried to bring the jumper down towards his knees.

"Tell me what you want me to do, baby boy." Although the pet names still didn't quite sit right with Wonwoo, he figured that it didn't make his stomach turn to hear Mingyu addressing him as such on that particular occasion so perhaps it was something that he'd simply conditioned himself to hate.

In an attempt to keep up with the game, Wonwoo pouted childishly instead. "Wonwoo wants his daddy to choose!" he announced, and Mingyu's breath stuttered as he let it out. Seemingly, he hadn't expected it to get that far and so it made for a difficult task in coming up with how he wanted to do it, so he took a step back for a moment and looked Wonwoo up and down. It was as if he was a meal, although Wonwoo wouldn't have dared to tell his boyfriend that to his face. Instead, he lied there and tried his hardest to look absolutely adorable until Mingyu's hand slipped up his thigh.

"Is my baby wearing big boy pants?" Wonwoo shook his head. Mingyu shivered. "Daddy's gonna take your shorts off, okay?" Once Wonwoo had confirmed that he understood, Mingyu delicately pulled the shorts over his hips and down his legs. He still tried to act cute, naturally, but tried his hardest not to make things too difficult for his boyfriend. After all, he was still trying to come to terms with it so it wasn't going to be as easy as simply being awkward and getting Mingyu stressed along the way.

Once he was without his shorts, he felt surprisingly exposed. He pulled the lower hem of the jumper down, in hopes that it would maintain his decency for a little while longer, and then allowed Mingyu to shift him into a sitting position. It made it easier to cover himself up, for starters, and secondly, it meant that he was able to kiss his boyfriend properly. Of course, though, Mingyu was pretty forward with everything. He wanted to get on with it and make it run smoothly. So he took one of Wonwoo's hands in his own and guided it to the front of his trousers, where he encouraged him to give a little rub. "Daddy's getting excited," Wonwoo pointed out, which earned a shiver right away. He didn't know how Mingyu didn't lose it on the spot, seeing as he appeared to be so worked up that it was almost unbelievable, but he figured that it was best to simply roll with it. They kissed again and he continued to stroke the front of Mingyu's trousers with his fingertips until his boyfriend eventually gave in to the temptation and brought him into his lap so that their affair could progress.

Mingyu moved Wonwoo to his lap in one motion and was quick to start rubbing his ass with both hands. Seeing as the skin was already bare, it felt almost alien for Wonwoo to have the hands groping him like that. And even more so considering that it was the only item of clothing that either of them had lost. Saying that, though, Mingyu was incredibly gentle with him and made sure to get him worked up gradually over the space of a few minutes, with the gropes gradually progressing until his fingertips were digging into Wonwoo's flesh. Then his nails began to dig into the skin, which Wonwoo pointed out right away. He told him that he had to be gentle and that changed Mingyu's actions right away. He became gentle about it, pulling him as close as possible so that their bodies were one, and then pressed a gentle kiss to his forehead whilst he laid back against the pillows, leaving Wonwoo to support himself fully on his lap.

"Now, Daddy needs his baby boy to make him feel good and he'll make his baby feel good too. Is that okay?" Wonwoo gave a nod. There wasn't much else that he could really do; Mingyu had made up his mind that they were going to do that sort of thing, for starters, and besides, it wasn't as if he minded. He loved sucking his boyfriend and he loved the fact that Mingyu loved eating ass whenever they were in bed together. Although it wouldn't be the same on that particular day, he had vivid memories of Mingyu eating his ass for three hours straight at the start of their relationship,
which had ultimately led him to have so many orgasms that it started to hurt him to have them. He was an amazing lover in that sense and Wonwoo's body was fond of that sort of act. So he allowed Mingyu to pull himself out of his trousers and boxers and then he promptly adjusted Wonwoo so that they would be able to do what they needed to do. As soon as Wonwoo's mouth was around him and he began sucking the tip of his length, his tongue was straight on Wonwoo's entrance. It was just how they liked it.

Wonwoo could hardly focus, as always. He was in a position where he was trying to keep up the babyish side but also make the sex feel amazing for his boyfriend. Trying to suck and keep up that cute exterior made for a pretty difficult time, as much as he was trying his hardest to keep it up. And that struggle was only made that little bit worse when Mingyu started licking his entrance like that. In itself, it felt absolutely amazing, but it was giving him the urge to ride his face until he broke and it meant that he was somewhat distracted from sucking him. But he tried his hardest. He knew that that was all that Mingyu would want and besides, if he did fail to keep it up perfectly, it would probably seem cute enough for his boyfriend to be able to forgive him for it. So he did what he could and Mingyu used his tongue in ways that drove him absolutely wild. And once Mingyu had had enough of being sucked - out of fear that he would end up finishing too soon - he allowed Wonwoo to sit on his face for a little bit longer, since he knew that he would love to do that.

When it came time for them to continue, Mingyu was insistent that his boyfriend take the lead. It was a bit of a weird suggestion, seeing as Wonwoo was supposed to be his little boy and all, but Wonwoo understood as soon as they were in the position to continue. Mingyu lubed up and helped Wonwoo to take him to the base - which he whined at, in an attempt to make himself sound that little bit cuter than he already was - and then informed him that he was going to do the rest himself. "If you wanna make Daddy happy, you're gonna have to do it yourself. Show Daddy how much you love him." Wonwoo could feel the embarrassment starting to creep over his cheeks. He wasn't really the best at riding his boyfriend, having claimed his place as a pillow princess for the most part, and Mingyu knew that. He knew that it would look awkward and childish if Wonwoo tried to move himself, and that he would probably only manage to move an inch or two at a time. But there he was, looking up at him expectantly, and Wonwoo couldn't deny him the chance to see that.

So he began to move himself as much as he could manage. His hands were spread and placed on Mingyu's stomach, and he used that to move himself on the length. He was slow and his hips weren't moving as fluidly as they probably should have moved, but he could tell that Mingyu loved it because of the lust in his eyes. In fact, Wonwoo would have guessed that he was getting off over the sight of him moving like that. He was certain that that was one of the things that would get Mingyu to the edge, and that the awkwardness didn't matter suddenly. He knew what he was doing and he was enjoying the fact that Wonwoo was doing all of the work, and as much as Wonwoo could claim that it was bothersome and wasn't winning him over, he couldn't help but feel the desperate urge to impress his boyfriend when he was in that position. He wanted to make Mingyu feel good. He wanted to be his baby boy.

Of course, there was only so long that he could go before he started to get frustrated by it. He didn't like the fact that he wasn't able to move on the whole length. Mingyu was pretty damn big, at just over seven inches long and around an inch and a half thick, so moving two inches at a time wasn't really doing much for Wonwoo. He couldn't hit his climax when the only thing that was really getting him going was the fact that his boyfriend was throbbing inside of him and wanted nothing more than to feel engulfed by his body. But seeing as Mingyu genuinely seemed to be enjoying the exchange, the only thing that he could really do to change things was to beg Mingyu to change it. He had to beg to make things better so that he could enjoy it just as much. And he had to be absolutely, undeniably adorable as he did it. So he put on his poutiest face and let out a dramatic sigh before whipping out the cutesy baby voice again.
"Daddy, Wonwoo isn't doing it right. He needs help now."
"Hey, hey, baby boy. You're doing just fine."
"No! You have to put it in him. You have to do it now or he can't..." The word didn't sound cute enough. He stopped it from coming out and near enough flinched as he realised that he was getting too serious for the situation. This wasn't like him at all and he was struggling to keep up the act when he wanted to release so desperately. "Please, Daddy, it feels so good but Wonwoo can't feel it all."
Apparently, he'd caught Mingyu's attention with his request. His boyfriend's eyes were judging his expression and the way that he was speaking; taking note of the fact that he was so desperate to hit his climax.

"Just this once," he whispered softly to Wonwoo, "Daddy will let you have what you want. But next time, he wants to see you working harder and you don't be allowed to stop until Daddy fills you with his cummies." The final word almost made Wonwoo laugh, especially with how disgusting it sounded, but he was thankful that it was the only bit that affected him like that. He was glad that Mingyu was so into it that he felt comfortable with saying something like that and didn't get too embarrassed by it, and he was relieved that they were able to do exactly what they needed to do in order to get to the edge after that. Mingyu was on top of him and he was thrusting into him so hard that Wonwoo could comfortably scream and act as if it was pleasuring him a thousand times more than it was, and Mingyu would simply eat it all up and spend his time thrusting into him so erratically that Wonwoo could only feel the pleasure building more and more and more with every minute that passed. And then Mingyu made him finish so hard that it stained the pretty pink jumper that he was wearing before promptly finishing as deep inside of him as he could manage.

And, surprisingly enough, when they finished, Wonwoo actually felt satisfied. Whilst he was absolutely certain that he was going to hate every minute of it when they first started out, he quickly found that it was the sort of thing that could get him going too. That bit of knowledge was something that he found weird but if it was the case, he guessed that it was something that he could always work with in the future too. If his task was to simply wear oversized clothes, act cute and call his boyfriend "Daddy" then he was sure that he could make it work.

It was the sort of kink that made a lot of people feel uncomfortable - obviously including himself in the beginning - but Wonwoo was convinced by it as soon as they tried it out together. It was the sort of thing that he wouldn't have even minded playing with on a weekly basis either. Of course, he didn't want to rely on it too much because he sometimes liked rough adult sex too and he didn't want to end up relying primarily on that sort of kink on a regular basis, but at least it was something that he had peace with, especially with Mingyu enjoying it so much that he tried to push for it so many times.

From that point onwards, he was going to be Mingyu's baby boy and he didn't even care how odd he thought it was at the start. He was going to embrace it as much as possible and turn it into something that they both enjoyed with their whole hearts.
"You're a what now?"

Soonyoung's heart was in his throat. What could he possibly answer that with, when it was so obvious that his friend was disgusted by the words that had left his mouth? He didn't want to repeat what he'd said for that reason exactly, having realised right away that perhaps it wasn't the right thing to say out loud, but now Jihoon was sat staring at him in horror as the words failed him and he guessed that there was no way to escape it without doing so. After all, he was asking because he thought that he'd misheard what Soonyoung had said - not because he actually hadn't heard it.

"I'm a furry," he repeated softly, trying his hardest not to seem too embarrassed by it. He'd been confident the first time, having thought that he wouldn't be judged by his friend, but that confidence had left him right away when he realised that it was a huge mistake. Perhaps he had been a bit too forward about things, when he looked at it properly. Perhaps he had expected that since they were friends with benefits, there was absolutely no judgement at all in their relationship. But apparently, he had been wrong, and that actually made sense once he stepped back and thought about why that would be. They were still friends before they were lovers, so they didn't have that distance that would typically be expected if they were just sleeping together, plus being a furry was a pretty big taboo still. It was gaining popularity, of course, but that didn't mean that people outside of the community necessarily liked it any more than they did before it started gaining popularity.

But whatever, he guessed. It wasn't a big deal if Jihoon didn't want to engage in that sort of act. There were plenty of things that they had both rejected in the past, and that meant that it shouldn't have been that big of a deal. But for some reason, this one really hit him hard. It left a little pang in his chest and he was left feeling as if he was about to cry over that particular rejection. It stung much more than the others did and Soonyoung couldn't think of any other time in which he'd felt so isolated. So he ended up giving a little nod and informing his friend that he would be going home because he wanted to get some rest and distance for a few days until he was feeling that the storm had passed. He didn't want to have to think about the confession that he'd made, even if that meant that they weren't going to sleep together for a little while. And, of course, he could see the worry on Jihoon's face as soon as he said that, he wasn't prepared to sit around and discuss it when he was already feeling emotional enough as it was. It was simply against his personal policies to let his emotions get in the way of arguments like that.

"Wait, Soonyoung," Jihoon called after him once he'd stood and was heading towards the door. "You know I don't understand the attraction but I'm not here to make things difficult for you. It's my job to help you to explore your sexuality and you know that we've always said that we'll respect boundaries but consider coming back to it later. Like when I asked you to p--"

"I remember that. No need to remind me." He sniffed indignantly as he tried to wrestle his shoes onto his feet.
"But if it means that much to you, I can try to understand it. I don't want to see you upset like this, and I didn't mean to make you feel this way because of my lack of acceptable answers. If you'll allow me, I want to be able to help you with this."

The words might have made sense in Soonyoung's head but he didn't really know how to approach any of them. They just seemed foreign to him and he didn't like that. So he ended up offering a weak smile and continued to put his shoes on, then turned towards the door. His fingertips brushed the door handle when Jihoon spoke again. "I don't want you to go right now. I invited you over so that we could spend the day together, seeing as it's the first day we've had off together for weeks. I missed you." And whilst he considered opening the door, he ended up simply standing there with his fingers still brushing against the brass. He flashed a glance back towards Jihoon but stayed completely silent as he did so, and then promptly gave in as soon as he realised that his friend was absolutely right. They had been fighting for a day off together for the longest time, but now he was threatening to go home over something as stupid as a kink. His hands moved back to his side as he made it clear that he felt numb, naturally, but his mouth stayed completely shut as he stared at his friend and anticipated his next words.

"I don't even know how to make your kink work," Jihoon admitted as he ran a hand over his face. "Will you teach me a bit about it? Take off your shoes and we can have a bit of a chat about it. Then we might be able to get one of those fursuit things and do what we need to do. Maybe from a shop or something. I don't know where we should be able to get one but I think that maybe it should be pretty simple if people are really starting to get into it." It was clear that he wanted to continue with what he was saying but was conscious of the fact that Soonyoung wasn't able to get a word in edgeways. So he shut up completely. He stopped everything that he was saying and stared at Soonyoung in silence until a reply came. "I'd rather not talk about it now, but I guess we can do that if you're absolutely certain that this is the only way forward."

Saying that, though, there wasn't really much to say. Jihoon seemed to be expecting him to give a really in-depth explanation for his fetish, but there was nothing like that. He just happened to find furry art cute and then fell down the slippery slope of fetishising it. There was a lot of art of different genres but the better-done pieces were surprisingly realistically pornographic, considering that they were cartoon animals with exaggerated features and all. The anatomy was almost always spot-on and he didn't feel too awkward when he was looking at it. Pornographic images that depicted real humans, on the other hand, made him feel pretty uncomfortable. In fact, even videos involving real humans made him feel disgusting and he didn't know what to do with himself. In a way, he supposed that it was his safety net so that he could get off without having to watch videos of other people mixing bodies, and so that was the only information that he could really give. And if Jihoon was expecting more, he wasn't going to get any other information because there was nothing else to give.

"And what do you want me to do for you?" Jihoon asked when he realised that he'd been given as much information as he was going to get. His tone was flatter than usual but it was still clear that he genuinely wanted to know as much as possible from his friend. So Soonyoung explained it to him. He told his friend that he wanted to have him in a fursuit, screwing him as he always did. Admittedly, he thought that he would much prefer the art on his laptop rather than actually involving that sort of thing in the bedroom, but he wanted to be able to try it just once in order to see whether that was definitely the case or not. And as much as Jihoon was reluctant, he was also very accommodating. He told Soonyoung that they would find a store on the spot and they would take whichever suit drew his attention home so that they would be able to give it a try. Even if the thought of doing that sort of thing made him feel uncomfortable, he was going to show Soonyoung how much he loved him by doing as he said.

They ended up doing exactly that on the exact same day that it had been brought up. Their trip took
them to a costume shop, which had fursuits available for hire, and a good handful of them were a
decent enough size for Jihoon to be able to wear them comfortably. Soonyoung ended up picking out
a standard black dog with a German Shephard head, which they took home the large carry-case that
the shop provided for them. It was a bit of a difficult task to take it, even with two of them carrying
pieces, but they eventually managed to get it there and took it straight up to the bedroom. And then
they stood there in silence. Their eyes were on the suit pieces that were laid out and Soonyoung
knew right away that it was going to end up being an interesting affair after that. Not necessarily a
bad one, but definitely one that would make a pretty big impression on both of them.

"So, how do I do this?" Jihoon asked as he stared at Soonyoung.
"Um, I think maybe we might have to use a toy. I don't think there's any hole for you to, you know." Jihoon sucked in a huge breath of air and stared at his friend, not really knowing what he could say
in response. "I didn't suppose that we would get this far with it so I brought my toy along. I thought
that maybe if we could strap it to you, it might break you into the thought of trying this out with me.
So if you wanna do that maybe..."

Well, at least Jihoon couldn't say that he wasn't prepared for it. At least they didn't need to try to find
another way to do it. He left the room with the suit to get ready, with the toy and harness in hand too,
and then promptly returned to the bedroom with everything in place so that he could do what he had
to do. In the meantime, Soonyoung undressed and tried to figure out what he could do with himself.
Something about the situation seemed to be very different to everything that he'd experienced with
Jihoon in the past and he didn't know whether he liked it or not. It was a level of intimacy that was
past what he would give to a romantic partner, after all, and that was something that terrified him
more than he could possibly describe. But he figured that after eleven years of being friends with
Jihoon, it was the least that they could experience together, so it probably wouldn't even progress
into a bad sort of experience.

It felt like an even bigger jump when Jihoon was back in the room with him, though. The costume fit
his personality surprisingly well and Soonyoung felt the breath leave his body as soon as he saw him
dressed like that. He made his way over to the bed in complete silence - following the suggestion that
he would keep his mouth shut whilst they did it in order to keep the fantasy running smoothly - and
then waited around a foot or two away. Soonyoung waited for him to move closer. Jihoon pointed to
the ground in front of him.

So they were doing that, apparently. Soonyoung felt a bit shy about that, especially seeing as Jihoon
wouldn't actually feel the sensation on his own body, but he was requesting it so Soonyoung was
going to do it. He moved down to the ground next to the bed with his legs tucked under his body,
and then he promptly pressed his lips over the head of the toy. It was one of the realistic dog-shaped
Toys that he could find online for this reason exactly and his mouth knew the shape of it well, so he
was an expert at making it look natural. His eyes were closed and his tongue drew it further into his
mouth, and he made sure to suck with as much passion as he usually would when they were in bed
together. A hand at the base, the occasional quick strokes, and a special effort to make his strokes
and sucks harder on that particular occasion, in hopes that Jihoon would be able to feel it against his
own pelvis and that it would turn him on a bit more. Of course, it was unlikely that he would end up
getting off over it but it was worth the try to make it feel okay for him too.

It only lasted for a few minutes, since they both knew that it wasn't going to get Jihoon all that
worked up, but once he was done, Jihoon picked him straight up from the ground and placed him on
the bed. And Soonyoung's thighs were spread right away. Naturally, it felt a bit different for him to
have the unblinking dog's eyes on his body like that and he felt painfully exposed, but the furry hand
that ran down his body suggested curiosity more than anything, which helped him to calm down that
little bit when they made contact. Jihoon wasn't nervous about touching him, even though they didn't
have direct contact. He didn't hesitate to feel him up, rubbing over his thighs and deliberately running
over his nipples. He made Soonyoung's body light up with no effort at all and he was determined to get all of the responses that he needed in order to make it feel as if Soonyoung was getting as much out of it as possible. And admittedly, it did feel good. It felt really good. The indirect but firm contact was doing wonders for him and getting him very stiff very quickly, even though he wasn't too sure about it to start with.

And then Jihoon grabbed for Soonyoung's wrist and moved it down between his thighs. For a second, Soonyoung laid in silence, not really knowing what he wanted him to do, but then Jihoon's hand grew more insistent. He singled out a finger and pressed it to his entrance, then slowly pushed it in, showing his friend what he wanted him to do, and only then did it really click for him. He wanted him to prepare himself for the main act. Of course, it was a bit rushed and all but there was only so much they could do so Soonyoung could forgive it. After all, was there any way that Jihoon would be able to go down on him? Any way that he would be able to put his fingers inside of him? Was it right for them to rub against each other if they were only hiring the suit? There were a few morals like that to take into consideration but perhaps those could be addressed in the future, if Soonyoung was to commission a proper suit that was designed specifically for sexual activity.

For now, though, he would put his fingers into his own body, making sure to spread his thighs as much as possible so that he would be able to show Jihoon everything. And in the meantime, Jihoon's furry hand moved between the thighs of the suit, where he stroked the toy with short, sharp strokes. He focused on the tip as much as possible, bucking his hips towards his hand slightly as he touched himself, and Soonyoung's breath was sucked from his lungs instantly. It felt as if he had been winded; he didn't know what to make of the image in front of his eyes but he absolutely loved it and he couldn't even think of a single thing he loved more than seeing his friend get into the fantasy like that. He would have let Jihoon destroy him every single day if he was into the fetish and it wouldn't be pushing his luck too much, and he figured that that was a huge achievement, considering that he was nervous about trying it out in the beginning.

It was almost as if Jihoon knew what he was doing with that sort of thing, actually. Even though he claimed to have never even considered sex in a fursuit. He offered up lubricant for Soonyoung to prepare the toy, and then he flipped him onto all fours so that he would be able to really do it like a dog. Soonyoung guided him inside and Jihoon pressed in all the way down to the base, and then his hands were on Soonyoung's hips as he prepared himself to really go all out. He wasn't afraid of making it feel as if they were really animals, screwing for something more than a simple fetish, and Soonyoung genuinely appreciated that more than he could possibly put into words.

To begin with, Jihoon made sure to use around half of the length. Although it wasn't really girthy, it was certainly a long toy and even half of it filled him pretty damn well. Especially with Jihoon thrusting into him in the way that he was doing so. He was trying his hardest to make it feel great for Soonyoung, and it certainly felt a lot different to have someone thrusting the toy into him than it did to have it suction-cupped to the wall in his bedroom. And with every thrust, Jihoon's hips were pressing down since he was still stood up next to the bed and Soonyoung was on his knees slightly below his friend's pelvis, which meant that the toy was being pushed quite forcefully into his prostate. His eyes flickered shut the first time it hit, but then he ended up squeezing them shut as tightly as possible as his friend continuously abused that same spot, over and over and over again with every single thrust. He was seeing stars and he loved it.

Considering that Jihoon was unable to ask him about it, though, he took the liberty of pointing out when he was close to the edge. He knew that whilst he wouldn't usually say anything, there was no real way of Jihoon telling otherwise, especially since he was controlling every movement and using Soonyoung's ass like a sleeve. Louder or more desperate moans didn't mean anything when Jihoon was simply doing everything that he knew Soonyoung loved in bed, so the only option was for him to announce it out loud. "Hoon, I'm gonna finish soon," he breathed, and Jihoon's efforts were upped
in an instant. He pushed in more and more of the toy until he was getting close to the knot at the base, and his hands began grabbing at other parts of his body again.

A hand to his thigh. A muffled slap to his ass. Fingers squeezing his nipples and a furry nose against the back of his ear. A hand clasped to his throat as he was pulled back so that they were back to chest. And then Jihoon thrust in hard enough to push the knot into Soonyoung's body and he finished hard, his eyes rolling in ecstasy as the knot spread him and pushed him far over the edge. He loved the sensation and it confirmed to him on the spot that he wanted to do this over and over again, whenever Jihoon was in the mood to dip down the route again. And he certainly felt that even though Jihoon didn't finish inside of him too, it suddenly didn't matter at all. It was good enough without that.

And whilst it certainly wasn't the sort of thing that his friend enjoyed, Jihoon didn't find it as bad as he anticipated it would be. He was so disgusted at the start that he almost didn't give it a chance, but as it turned out, he found that it was quite pleasant to be able to get Soonyoung off like that. Had it not been as intense as it was for Soonyoung, he probably wouldn't have even bothered to give it a second chance. But as it was, he was feeling a little bit better about it than he was at the start and was happy to arrange a second time with Soonyoung. He even spent the time researching commissioners who would be willing to make a suit for them to play with, and then they split the costs between them to get one that was good enough for proper play. It was incredibly high quality and was loosely based around the German Shephard mascot from the store.

It became a semi-regular affair for them - just as Jihoon's main fetish appeared on a similar basis - and that was something that Soonyoung appreciated more than he could describe with words. It might have been taboo but perhaps Jihoon loved him enough to ignore that.
As odd as it seemed, Jeonghan was incredibly aroused by ears.

And since he was exclusively attracted to men, it made getting by pretty damn difficult. Of course, he wasn't going to be attracted to every ear that he saw and he wasn't going to get stiff every single time he saw an ear, but it was enough to affect him when he was least expecting it. There were periods in which he would be staring into space on public transport, for example, and suddenly he would realise that he was staring at another man's ears. He would ultimately end up getting a little bit worked up over it and wouldn't know what to do with himself because he couldn't help the feeling of arousal that started building in his stomach when he began to notice all of the little details of the organs.

Admittedly, he'd chosen all of his boyfriends over the fact that they had beautiful ears. He couldn't bring himself to tell them how much he loved their ears, though. It wasn't even an odd fetish and he knew that a lot of people were incredibly aroused by the sensation of someone kissing their ears, but it was something that he felt incredibly self-conscious about and so he kept it to himself. In fact, he didn't even dare to touch a partner's ear without bringing up the fact that he had a fetish for it, which made for an incredibly difficult task in getting off, since he knew that his arousal was dependent on ear play. All of it was based on his imagination; what he would do if he had the opportunity to kiss his boyfriends' ears and gently suck on them and feel a man's breath against his own. And his fantasies were so vivid that he ended up having pretty good orgasms from the thought of having that sort of experience, so he guessed that it was fine to have it hidden. Besides, he didn't really think that he would be spending the rest of his life with any of those boys so he guessed that that wasn't something that was going to affect him for the rest of his life anyway.

But then, of course, he had to find a man who made his chest clench every time they were together. One whose ears attracted him, naturally, but didn't define their relationship. He cried when they were forced to part at the train station and the feeling of the man's lips against his own made his heart race. And the first time they were in bed together, Jeonghan swore he knew that they were going to spend the rest of their life together. He knew that he wanted to marry Choi Seungcheol and have two and a half children with him and both a cat and a dog, and then they would buy a beautiful house together with a picket fence and a huge garden for their children to play. Suddenly, the worries about his fetish didn't matter to him anymore and he knew that it was something that would end up coming out in their relationship when they ultimately decided to stay together for the rest of their lives, and so he wasn't even afraid when the topic came up in conversation.

"I have to tell you something," Seungcheol announced one evening. "It's not a big deal but I feel that it's important to get it out there so that it's not as much of a surprise in the future. I'm really into bondage and want to try it in the bedroom with you in the future. I think you would look incredibly handsome cuffed to the bed whilst I do everything possible to please you." His smile told Jeonghan that he wasn't bothered about announcing that sort of thing, and that it was simply the sort of comment that was intended to show how comfortable he was in their relationship. In fact, it was
probably more of a proposal of sexual exploration more than it was a confession. To be a confession was to imply that he was ashamed of it in any way, just as Jeonghan was when he announced his own fetish.
"If it makes you feel better about telling me that, I'm incredibly attracted to your ears and want to involve them in our bedroom activities too."

It wasn't a big deal, he told himself, but his heart was still in his throat either way. He imagined that Seungcheol didn't feel anywhere near as nervous when he announced that he wanted to try out bondage with him, so there was no real reason for him to be so embarrassed and nervous about that sort of thing. But there he was, trying his hardest to stop his smile from fading as he attempted to seem confident about the confession. The only thing that stopped it from fading, for that matter, was that his boyfriend was already giving him bedroom eyes and had an eyebrow raised as soon as he said it. "I don't think I've heard of that fetish before, you know. Would you show me what gets you going exactly?"
"What, now?"
"Of course."

He hadn't really considered that that would happen but he guessed that it was a pretty decent approach to it. Not a dismissal or a suggestion that they could do it some other time, and not a disgusted response either. Seungcheol knew him well enough to know that he was nervous and that the one thing that would confirm his interest in what Jeonghan was saying was to propose that they play with his fetish right away. And although Jeonghan wasn't at all prepared to do that sort of thing at that specific moment in time, he guessed that his only option was to show his boyfriend exactly what he meant when he said that he was aroused by ears when Seungcheol had shown such an interest in it like that. It was a vague fetish, after all, and at least then he would increase the chance of winning Seungcheol's favour right away. So he allowed himself to be led straight through to their bedroom and sat on the bed next to Seungcheol, where he decided to start getting on with it right away.

First of all, he kissed up Seungcheol's jaw and then let his mouth hover over his ear, just half an inch away. "Turn towards me more," he breathed against the skin, and Seungcheol's entire body shivered as soon as he the words came out.
"I think you're turning me on by doing this," Seungcheol replied as he turned his body towards his boyfriend. "I want to feel you kissing my ears already." Then he let out a laugh. It was uncharacteristically shy and very unlike Seungcheol to confess to being aroused by something that simple, but it sounded so genuine that Jeonghan had no reason to doubt his words. And so, as nervous as Jeonghan was feeling about the fact that he was fetishising his boyfriend's ears like that, he couldn't help but dip straight into it after that. He hadn't really anticipated that a guy would be as into it as he was, especially if he didn't know much about the kink at the start, but there Choi Seungcheol was and at that specific moment in time, his eyes were closed and his cheeks were turning pink as he anticipated the feeling of Jeonghan's mouth against his ear.

Jeonghan did exactly what his boyfriend was expecting without daring to give himself even a moment to second-guess what he was going to do. He let his lips graze against the shell of his ear, tracing the shape perfectly, and then he promptly took what he could of Seungcheol's lobe into his mouth. It was quite small and wasn't quite as detached from his head as Jeonghan was used to, but that meant that he could ease him in a bit better. The urge to tug the lobe with his mouth was almost non-existent, since he knew that he wouldn't be able to do it anyway, and so he could gradually move his mouth up until he had more of it to trace his tongue over whilst he gave very gentle sucks to the skin. And then he moved up slightly. He moved to where Seungcheol's piercing was and tugged it very gently with his teeth before wrapping his tongue around the base of the stud. "I find it so sexy that you have a piercing," he purred into Seungcheol's ear, listening out for the hitch of his breath in the process. It was a very soft noise but he absolutely loved the sound of it. As with before,
it was a nod towards his arousal from it all and that was exactly what Jeonghan liked to hear. He adored the sound of men getting turned on, especially when he knew that their thighs would be parted for him very soon afterwards.

"I find it sexy that you're, mmm... that you're kissing my ear like this. Did any of your other boyfriends get this treat?" Jeonghan couldn't help but smirk as he shook his head. Then, before his boyfriend had the chance to comment on it, he traced his tongue around the inner curve of skin before dipping into the hole briefly. And again, Seungcheol's breath hitched, suggesting right away that he enjoyed it as much as Seungcheol hoped he would. He didn't make any comments about how it was gross to have a man's tongue inside his ear or anything; in fact, he pressed his hips up to show his arousal and so Jeonghan was forced to acknowledge the things he'd done to him as he adjusted his position on the bed so that he was above his boyfriend. Seungcheol glanced up at him, his eyes glazing with expectant lust, and then he licked his lips to show how desperate he was to continue. "Well?" he asked softly, not trying to be too demanding or anything, so Jeonghan got to work right away.

"You want me to put it inside, don't you?" he whispered as quietly as he could into Seungcheol's ear as he traced the other side with a fingertip. Seungcheol visibly swallowed as he gave a nod. Jeonghan moved to the other ear. "I want to hear you say it out loud."

"Yes, Jeonghan." Despite how nervous he appeared to be, over the fact that he was so easily aroused by the fetish, Seungcheol's voice was assured.

"I want you to tell me what you want." He followed it up by grazing his tongue over Seungcheol's tragus, which instantly crumbled his initial confidence.

"Please put it in me," he demanded. "I need you to just... just touch me." That was all he could get out but it sounded so desperate that Jeonghan didn't really need that much more anyway.

It didn't take long for him to prepare himself for the next move. He was positioned against Seungcheol's entrance within a minute or two, having rushed through the general preparation steps in order to honour the desires of his whiny boyfriend. He knew that whilst Seungcheol was trying his hardest to stay collected, using breathing techniques and sensory information in the environment in an attempt to calm himself, it wasn't going to be long before Seungcheol caved and became incredibly frustrated. And that wasn't exactly something that he wanted to put Seungcheol through when he was being good enough to let him try out his fetish. So he did what he could to rush through the process, making sure that he was doing enough to make sure that it didn't hurt when they inevitably had sex, but also ensuring that he wasn't focusing too much on the foreplay when he knew that Seungcheol could take it without any preparation whatsoever if they were working on a good day, which they appeared to be having.

That wasn't to say that he didn't take it slowly when he was actually getting to the main act, though, mind you. That was the one part he couldn't rush. If it turned out that perhaps he'd gone a bit too hard on Seungcheol and not realised that he needed that little bit of extra foreplay, he wanted to know. So he moved away from his ears for a moment, making sure to watch Seungcheol's face as he lubed up and slipped inside of him, inch by inch, until he was eventually buried inside of him. And as expected, Seungcheol's expression remained expectant. It didn't even shift a millimetre as Jeonghan began to thrust in and out of him in long, slow motions - or at least, not until he'd been doing it for a minute or two and Seungcheol began to get impatient. At that point, the expectant expression grew agitated and he began trying to encourage Jeonghan to give him more. "I'm not a child, Jeonghan, I'm a grown man. It doesn't hurt at all. I want you to pound me into the mattress until I can't walk tomorrow. I want to feel your mouth on my ears."

In any other situation, it would have made Jeonghan move slower. He wasn't the sort of man who liked being told what to do. That was why he was on top, after all. But as he'd said, he didn't want to tempt fate by making Seungcheol frustrated. He wanted to make it as great of an experience for them
both as possible. So he moved his hands to Seungcheol's hips and suddenly began to piston into him with enough force and speed to leave Seungcheol's thighs rippling with every single thrust. Seungcheol tried his hardest to grit his teeth and bear it without making too much noise but it was clear that he was finding it incredibly difficult to do so without letting out at least the odd noise here and there, right from the beginning of the exchange. And so, Jeonghan only served to encourage it. He made sure to moan very softly into his boyfriend's ear - taking note of the fact that it would seem a lot louder when he was so close to Seungcheol's ear - and then watched as his entire body shivered. And then Seungcheol copied. His voice came out shy and hesitant, but he moaned just the same. A deep moan that begged for more; one that he didn't want to confess to releasing, but one that demanded Jeonghan's attention nonetheless.

And that was beautiful. Absolutely breath-taking. Jeonghan hadn't anticipated that someone else would enjoy it as much as he did. He thought that perhaps he would find someone who would let him kiss their ears or gently graze his tongue over them here and there, but not allow it to go too far. But there Seungcheol was, encouraging him to continue. He was spread around Jeonghan as he thrust up against his body, his hands grasping for the bedsheets as he tried to spread his thighs as far apart as he could manage. His chest was heaving with desire and he had a sex flush already. And in his most intimate area, he was swollen and red as his body begged for some sort of release; for either rough sex, a hand to stroke him, or something else that was so arousing that he didn't even need to be touched. It told Jeonghan that he genuinely wanted more, and that only turned him on even more in return. He was attracted to ears, Seungcheol, and Seungcheol's reaction to having his ears kissed, and so he knew right away that he wasn't going to last anywhere near as long as he usually did when he had all of that to look forward to experiencing.

With that, Jeonghan's mouth was back on his ear. His tongue traced every curve and dip, committing the organ to memory. He pressed kisses to the velvet skin behind his ear, then sucked at the soft skin underneath it. He left a red mark in place of where his tongue once was, but that was something that Seungcheol could find out later on down the line. For now, it was Jeonghan's little secret. As would be the experience of biting his helix and watching the breath draw straight out of his body. Although obviously, Seungcheol would have known how it felt to experience it directly, only Jeonghan would be able to understand the beauty of watching Seungcheol's chest give under the pressure of something so simple and delicate. In that sense, it was his secret, and it was something that he would try to remember every time he closed his eyes; the image of his boyfriend's body devoting itself to the fetish that they both appeared to share. That image would soon be joined by another image, he understood; one of Seungcheol's inevitable climax.

He'd seen Seungcheol's climax a number of times. By his own hand, his face would be neutral. Perhaps he would bite his lower lip, but he often managed to keep his expression neutral. By Jeonghan's hand or mouth, his expression would crumple here and there. Eyebrows knitted together or nose scrunched. It would really depend on how hard Jeonghan was going on him but usually, there would be a visible difference. And then it would be even more different if they were actually fornicating. Jeonghan loved watching as his boyfriend's eyes flickered closed and his lips parted slightly in anticipation for it. His eyebrows would raise slightly, the corner of his lips would scrunch inwards, and he would look as if he was in pure bliss.

Something told him, though, that it was going to look a lot different when he was this aroused. That his expression would change to reflect the sensations that were running through his body. And it was only confirmed that it would be different when Seungcheol started to get desperate. He began squirming and desperately trying to pull Jeonghan towards the other ear. So he moved across, making sure to dip straight into the more intense kisses right away. His tongue licked long stripes over the back of the organ and his teeth grazed the sensitive shell. He then grew even more direct, not even bothering to tease him with it all, by sucking at the skin on and around his boyfriend's ear, which ultimately left him digging his nails into Jeonghan's shoulders until there were surely crescent-
shaped dents left behind. "I'm... I'm almost there, please don't stop. Please... I... I need you..." His voice came out in such desperate stutters that Jeonghan felt achieved. He hadn't anticipated that he would be able to leave a boy reacting in that sort of way, but he loved knowing that he could do that to Seungcheol, and it only served to make every little touch that little bit more intense.

And then he finished hard. Jeonghan could feel how hard his climax hit from just being on top of him. He could feel Seungcheol's body convulsing with his climax; the sensation of his thighs threatening to clamp around his body and the death grip that he held Jeonghan in as he continued to thrust erratically against his body. Jeonghan moved his mouth away, as not to accidentally catch one of his boyfriend's ears with his teeth as his climax hit, but that didn't mean that he was able to see Seungcheol's face in return. In fact, he only got so much as a glance at the screwed-up expression before his face was buried in Jeonghan's shoulder again. It looked as if he was going to cry, but his jaw was clenched so tightly that no noise came out. So Jeonghan was forced to ride it out, in the end. He had to continue thrusting his hips against Seungcheol's until his own climax hit, and only when he'd come down from his own high did Seungcheol finally allow him to move away far enough to see his expression.

He was red and his eyes seemed heavy. Jeonghan felt a tingle running up his spine when he saw his boyfriend in that position, looking so ruined that he was probably out for the day. His expression suggested that they would need a hell of a lot of aftercare to keep everything running smoothly, and they would probably need at least a few weeks away from that fetish so that they didn't overdo it too much. After all, to put Seungcheol in the position where he had gone from energetic to exhausted after a few ear kisses was a pretty big deal, and Jeonghan didn't really want to test his luck too much.

Saying that, though, it was an amazing thing, in itself, that his boyfriend would respond in such a way to being kissed like that. It seemed as if it was an incredibly odd fetish in the beginning, but Seungcheol's reactions told him that he could make one of two assumptions from where they'd ended up: either the fetish was pretty normal and he should've played with it more in earlier relationships, or Seungcheol was the sort of soulmate that he deserved and needed in life.

Jeonghan wanted to say that it was the second option.

Chapter End Notes

So this was a bit of a tough chapter to write, since I've been away in Paris for almost a week and I started writing this chapter ages ago, so I hope it's not too bad!!

Just as a little notice, I'm planning on getting the rest of my chapters out this week because I'm very wary of the fact that I'm moving country in 42 days and I still have several fics planned, and I really want to be able to get those fics out before I have a year of only being able to update when I'm a) not at work and b) visiting nearby countries, since I know that this site is blocked where I'll be living.

SO! I'm going to give until the end of Monday 7th January to get all of the requests into my inbox, since I think it'd be a bit unfair to post three chapters in one day and then not give any chance for further requests, and after that, that's it for this fic!! The current line-up is as follows (and sorry that I've shuffled them around a bit bc I didn't want too many of one pairing or one fetish at once): gangbang/breeding (JS/All), sneezing (WW/MH/JN/MH), eye contact (CN/JH) climacophilia (SK/VN), psychtirophilia (WZ/CN), phallorchoalgolagnia (SY/SM), rimming/kinging (SC/JH)
As always, you're welcome to request any pairing and any fetish, including ones that have already been done, and if you have one but not the other (i.e. a pairing OR a fetish but not both), I can always randomise from my list and write that, so there's no worries about that!!

Thank you for staying with me and I hope you've all had a great festive period!! <3
Gangbang; successive intercourse with multiple men, where usually only one person is the subject of the attention.

There was nothing like going to a person on Craigslist and telling them that he wanted to take them up on their group's services, especially when it was a sex group.

"Breeding parties available! Send a message and we'll invite you to a secure location so that you can have the time of your life and get impregnated by a group of twelve handsome men! On request, we can also cater for homosexual men, and can send photographs and a short profile for each of the men so that you can have that peace of mind that we're not just setting you up with a bunch of creeps."

It sounded absolutely disgusting when he thought about it, especially since it was primarily supposed to be a way of getting women pregnant without the need for a partner. It was something that he'd only ever seen on pornographic websites before he'd noticed the advertisement - not that he visited either site all that often, of course, but sometimes a man got curious and had to let his mind run wild - so he ended up sending them a message. And admittedly, it had started out as a way of getting off, rather than something that he was actually going to do. He sent a message to tell them that he was a just starting to toy with his attraction towards men and he didn't really know where to start, and he thought that a nice way to check whether he was genuinely attracted was to play on his biggest fantasy. He wanted to be bred by them all but not have it play out as if he was a woman who was trying to get pregnant. That thought actually made his skin crawl, so it was completely off the table. Then he requested photos of the men to be sent to his inbox so that he could see who would be touching him, if he was to go ahead with it.

Once he pressed send, though, he finished up with his masturbation session pretty quickly, imagining how the men would feel knowing that a man wanted to sleep with them without using protection. The fantasy side to it made him feel a stroke of euphoria and he absolutely loved that, and so it only took a few minutes at most for him to get to that point. But then he switched off his laptop and put it to one side before going straight to sleep. It was the end of it, as far as he was concerned, and it actually wasn't a huge deal at all. In fact, he wasn't really expecting anything to come out of it. He anticipated that he would be able to act as if nothing had happened at all, and then he might be able to return to the fantasy a little bit further down the line as he thought back on the process he went through to send the message.

Of course, it wasn't going to turn out like that. He was fortunate enough to receive a message in return - an email came through to the account that he'd signed up under, and he opened it up to see an attachment with twelve faces and short profiles. "Seungcheol," the first read, "Secret talent: black belt in taekwondo." He was a pretty handsome young man with double eyelids and big lips. He looked as if he was half-American from his features, Jisoo noted, but he couldn't be sure. The thought comforted him, considering that he was born there. "Jeonghan. Hobby: sleeping." The picture showed an androgynous man with a soft - almost parental - smile and pretty skin. Jisoo quite liked the shape of his cheeks. "Junhui. Fun fact: he was a child actor in China." That much was believable. He could see the guy as being an actor, based on his features and the tickle of a smirk on his lips, even though he hated to

And then he read them all again, one by one. He took in their faces and the way that they all gazed back at him as if he was their next meal. It wasn't even in a creepy way, though; it was more seductive than anything, and so he didn't hesitate to send a message back again. A request to meet them in person. It was as if he had completely lost control over his own hands; they were desperately typing a reply on his behalf as his body sought out the comfort of being touched by so many attractive men.

Before he knew what he'd done, Jisoo ended up arranging a day to meet them for the time of his life and frankly, he couldn't help but feel genuinely thrilled to meet them. He couldn't think of anything better than to come in contact with them all and be bent over a table with them all over him. He wanted to be worshipped by every single one of them: to have two inside of him at any one time, with two more in either hand and another trying to cram inside his mouth. He wanted them to use the creases of his knees to pleasure themselves, and his navel and nipples and under his arms and his ears and hair and anything else. What had started out as a silly little fantasy was very quickly developing into a desperate urge to be touched by the boys on his computer screen. What had begun as a way of satisfying the undying urge to send a message to the boys, just so that he could get off over their response to seeing his message, was becoming the reality that Jisoo was going to face.

So he waited it out for the day to come. He was buzzing with excitement, hoping desperately that he would enjoy it as much as he thought he would. He counted down the days until the weekend that it was due to occur - ten days after he'd received the message to say that they were happy to meet him - and then he made his way over to the agreed meeting point, only to be greeted by one of the boys. Seungcheol, if he remembered correctly. Jisoo figured that he was probably the leader of the group, since his profile was first on the list and the messages that he received could have probably been read in the guy's voice, but he tried not to overthink it too much. Instead, he allowed Seungcheol to lead him to the place where the rest of the group would join them. A discreet house in the back of the neighbourhood, where no one would really think that something like that would be going down. It wasn't the most pleasant place in the world but at least it was nicer on the inside, Jisoo supposed. Not shabby or dirty, and it genuinely looked as if they had taken good care of the place.

"Do you have the information that I asked for?" Seungcheol asked him when they were in the house. Jisoo fought back the embarrassment that threatened to show.
"It's on my phone. Is that okay?"
"As long as I can check the phone number before we get started. I'm sure you can imagine, we've had people fake the results before." It was only natural, really. The last thing they really wanted to do was catch something that either couldn't be cured or something that could put the lives of the women and unborn children they worked with in danger. Jisoo gave a nod and passed his phone over to Seungcheol, who read the information thoroughly before taking out a booklet from one of the kitchen drawers so that he could check the number. And as expected, the number was in his files, so he was satisfied with the answer right away. The phone was passed back to Jisoo, and then he was invited to the spare bedroom of the house.

"Just as a peace of mind, I have to tell you how we usually do this," Seungcheol told him as he took a seat on the chair next to the bed. He invited Jisoo to sit too, although he was allowed to sit on the bed instead. "The bedsheets are all very clean. We wash them on the hottest temperature after every
single encounter, whether we go all the way with the client or not. If someone touches those bedsheets, even by sitting on them, they're washed. The only exception is if there is blood or faecal matter on the sheets, at which point we'd rather not risk contamination and so we simply throw those sheets away. All of our boys are completely clean of STIs and illnesses, and they go for periodic check-ups with their doctors. No one is on any sort of medication, we don't take drugs or smoke, and our drinking is occasional and in moderation. None of us is married and we have a mix of heterosexual, bisexual and homosexual men in the group. Saying that, though, the few homosexuals do their bit to get women pregnant so the few heterosexual guys aren't that bothered about returning the favour and sleeping with a guy in return.

"Following this exchange, we won't pursue you any further, but you're welcome to message us again for another meeting. Of course, we're not a business so we have no obligation to accept your request if you make any of our boys uncomfortable but likewise, we are offering a service, so we do have an obligation to sort out any problems that you have. If one of our boys hurts you or doesn't accept you telling him not to do something, let me know and I'll sort them out. I can promise you that I personally go out of my way to avoid doing things to upset our guests but if you do have an issue with me, Jeonghan is my second in command. We hope that you won't have any problems, though, and we're all genuinely looking forward to sharing this experience with you." At that point, the mechanical speech stopped and Seungcheol gazed into his eyes with a genuine smile. It was one that comforted Jisoo right away and ensured that he was going to experience what he wanted to experience without the fear of something going terribly wrong. All of a sudden, the nerves were completely gone and he was buzzing to get on with it.

So he agreed to everything that Seungcheol told him, making sure to point out how excited he was for the exchange so that he could prove his lack of fear, and then he watched as the group's leader stood up from the chair with a satisfied smile. "If you want to get yourself ready - in whatever state of undress that you want - I'll go and get the boys. Would you like us to be wearing clothes when we come in, or would you prefer us without clothes?" Jisoo figured that his best bet was without clothes, so he told Seungcheol without hesitation, only to receive an understanding nod in return. Then he turned on his heel and exited the room, leaving Jisoo to take off each item of clothing delicately before folding them into a neat pile and placing them underneath the bed.

And then he waited for the boys to appear. Seungcheol gave a gentle knock to the door before entering, and then all of them followed him into the room. It was rather odd to see so many people in the room, especially considering how he'd never even seen that many naked men in his life leading up to that point, but he was more amazed than bothered by it. The room was big enough for them to be there comfortably and Jisoo was even given the chance to choose who he wanted to touch him first. So he took his time and picked out from the group very carefully. And in the end, he chose Seokmin to start - not because he was overwhelmingly attracted to him or anything, but because he seemed like the perfect mix of manly and soft. He seemed like he would be a good lover to prepare him for the act, and so he was Jisoo's first. So Seokmin clambered onto the bed and then moved Jisoo onto his knees in an odd but comfortable way, which essentially had him half-sitting and half-kneeling on Seokmin's tucked legs, and then he promptly started feeling him up.

His fingers were as soft as Jisoo imagined as he began to trail his fingertips over bare flesh. His mouth joined soon after, kissing up his neck and pressing gentle licks to the skin. One hand moved to cup his balls, which brought a sharp breath out of Jisoo's throat, and then the other hand moved back to touch his ass. "Have you prepared yourself?" he breathed into Jisoo's ear, in a voice that was slightly higher than he anticipated, and so Jisoo simply shook his head. At that point, he was quick to lube up his fingers and press one inside of him, and he continued working Jisoo's body until he was able to comfortably fit his hand in all the way to the top knuckles without actually pushing them in, of course. And Jisoo felt amazing. He honestly did. It was as if he was being touched by a professional, and he absolutely loved how Seokmin responded to his body so beautifully. If he
seemed to be uncomfortable, he would change it up. If he looked as if he wasn't feeling it, he would add to what he was doing to make the process go as smoothly as possible. It was bliss.

Then, when he was finished, he was inside of Jisoo. He was able to breathe a little bit easier when he had a man inside, rather than a man's fingers, but he still felt pretty tight. Saying that, though, the thoughts of that were quickly whisked away as the other boys made their way towards him. If they noticed his eyes lingering on their faces for too long, they would move close enough for him to be able to touch them too, and so the process ran a lot smoother than Jisoo expected. Seungkwan and Jihoon were in his hands and he began stroking them hard with alternating but simultaneous stroke patterns. Mingyu moved forward and used his mouth, making sure to be gentle when pushing his mouth down. Then the other boys gradually added themselves into the mix in a variety of different ways. Jeonghan began to suck him as best as he could, even though there wasn't all that much space for him to do so. Chan was insistent on joining Seokmin inside of him, although Seokmin swapped out for Junhui soon enough, as his interests started to move towards Jisoo's palms. Minghao played with his nipples and other basic erogenous zones, whereas Hansol dared to kiss the more sensitive parts of his neck - under his ear, above his collarbone, and right in the middle.

It was heaven. The boys knew exactly when to move around in order to give him the best experience possible. If the person who was masturbating him noticed that Jisoo's climax was on the way, they would move away for a minute or two so that he could have the time to ground himself a bit. If they noticed that the rhythm wasn't working as well as they hoped, they would swap for another boy who had a more suitable rhythm. They weren't afraid to kiss him, and the odd boy also left a lovebite here and there, as a sign of what they had all done together. Every inch of his body felt loved, even the places that he hadn't expected them to touch. He was being worshipped by the boys, and they weren't at all afraid of showing him how much they were enjoying themselves along the way.

If he hadn't already been told about their sexualities, he would have been sure that they were all into men. There wasn't even a hint of a sign that any of them weren't into it. In fact, they were so enthusiastic that they could have completely fooled him. There was so much chemistry between them that it was as if they were all actually lovers, and it was to the point where the boys would periodically tell him that they were close to finishing and wanted him to tell them where to do it. Of course, they lasted a lot longer than Jisoo did, since he'd already had at least four orgasms before any of them told him that they were close to finishing, but that gave him plenty of time to fantasise about where he wanted them. So as soon as they asked, he had an answer.

The first was Chan, who had been so energetic the entire time that it was a surprise that he hadn't finished quicker. At that point in time, he was still inside of him and made sure to ask whether Jisoo wanted him to pull out and shoot it up his back or something, and Jisoo immediately felt himself getting embarrassed as he told him that actually, he wanted to have it inside. Chan did exactly as he was asked to do without hesitation; he simply used his hands to spread Jisoo that little bit more, then pushed in as far as possible so that he could finish. And in turn, that brought Wonwoo's climax along that little bit quicker, since they were together inside of him. Jisoo couldn't help but be vocal when he felt them finishing up inside of him like that, and it was only made that little bit better when Mingyu took their place inside of him. He was pretty big, Jisoo noted, and it was like a gentle unwind down to just one man.

The other boys finished at various other points in time, each in turn. Jihoon finished on his face, leaving him with a line of fluid across his cheeks and the brige of his nose. Seungcheol was in his mouth and although Jisoo hadn't been too sure about swallowing another man's body fluids, he'd ended up grabbing for Seungcheol's hips to pull his pelvis closer when he was near his climax. His nose was crushed against Seungcheol's pelvis, taking in the scent of his hair as the climax hit, and then he promptly made sure to milk Seungcheol completely dry as he swallowed every drop of what he was given. Jeonghan simply had to be that bit different, as he pulled his foreskin over his and
Jisoo's tips before finishing all over his length. Not that Jisoo minded at all; although it seemed to be pretty damn weird, his confidence made it seem sexy so it wasn't something that bothred him all that much.

The others were as standard. In his hands. On his face. Inside of him. Wherever they happened to be at that point in time, they would often finish there. Jisoo had given his more creative and raunchy ideas to the first few, so he allowed a little bit of freedom to the others. Of course, they would still ask him where he wanted them, but he would often milk the time he had before their release and they would end up finishing before he'd come up with another option. They would then apologise to him, but he would make a point of rubbing it into his skin so that he could show his satisfaction with it, which seemingly snatched the guilt away from them.

And then eventually, they were done. By the time they were finished and all of the boys were stood in front of him, having had at least one climax each along the way, it felt like a distant memory. It felt as if he hadn't ever experienced them, and he was simply starting out with them all over again. And admittedly, he would have had that. He would have been happy to have them starting on him all over again. Someone new inside of him, like Minghao. He was actually pretty good at topping, Jisoo noted. Someone new in his mouth, like Hansol. He seemed shy but his hips were probably powerful enough to crush his skull. New boys in his hands and sucking him and playing with his nipples and kissing his neck. He was definitely going to ask them for another round in around a month or two, once the memory of being touched had started to fade again. He wanted that experience to be fresh in the front of his mind.

They helped him to get showered and dressed, having offered up various towels, flannels and toiletries for him to use along the way. Then, having noticed that Jisoo seemed to be lacking energy, Jeonghan insisted on giving him a little pot of pasta before he left the house so that he could bring his blood sugar levels back up. "It's important that you take care of yourself," he pointed out with a little smile, then pressed a hand down on Jisoo's shoulder. And whilst he felt a bit odd about it all, it was strangely very comforting to know that they were there for him and he didn't have to worry about the fact that he'd just gone in and slept with twelve strangers who he'd met on Craigslist.
Sternuphilia; a fetish for sneezing.

Wonwoo's boyfriends were all very aware of his sexual attraction to sneezes from the start, so it wasn't that much of a big deal for them. It was something that came along with being in a relationship with him, and they'd signed up to that from the start. In fact, it was like it's own little unofficial condition of being in a relationship with him, out of lack of better words for it. If they weren't interested in a fetish like that, they were under no obligation to actually be with him and they knew that.

He was incredibly transparent about it, actually. More transparent than they expected from someone who had such a niche little fetish. They hadn't really anticipated that someone would be so open about that sort of thing, but Wonwoo had made sure to tell them about it right away. He told them all of the little details about it - from the fact that he wasn't aroused by his own sneezes to the fact that he couldn't get off when he watched a girl sneezing - and so they were aware of everything right from the moment that he invited them into his life in a romantic sense. In fact, he was equipped with a load of scientific theories about how it worked and what could have been the cause for the fetish too, just in case they were on the fence about it. He knew exactly what he was talking about and he wasn't prepared to accept any rubbish from anyone who thought that it was weird. It was something that he was going to embrace and no one could tell him not to enjoy it. And his boyfriends were pretty fine with it because of that. Well, that and the fact that his confidence made it seem completely normal, even if the actual arousal from sneezing wasn't as normal as he made it seem.

Saying that, though, it wasn't even something that really came to the surface all that often either. They knew about it, of course, and it was very clear that it was something that would have to come into the bedroom at various points in time, but it wasn't something that he pushed for when they didn't naturally feel sneezes coming along. Wonwoo wasn't like that at all. He didn't have the three of them conditioned to sneeze whenever he wanted to see them sneezing. He didn't purposely try to make them sneeze by rubbing their noses with feathers, and he didn't intentionally put them in positions where their airborne allergies were aggravated. He didn't go out of his way to make sure that he would be able to play with his fetish whenever he was in the mood to do so, and instead, he would prefer to resort to videos online than make his boyfriends feel the pressures of needing to sneeze on demand. It was just a matter of if and when it happened. That would make it more genuine too, which would mean that the reaction wasn't forced or anything like that. Another bonus for Wonwoo; he liked watching genuine responses more than those that were put on, in an attempt to get him aroused, and so it all worked out better for him like that. That was why his boyfriends were that little bit more comfortable with going ahead with it whenever it naturally happened.

The big issue, on the other hand, was that they really weren't able to play with it that much. Even less than they hoped they would be able to play with it, and not by choice either. Mingyu, in particular, felt pretty damn bad about that sort of thing. He was Wonwoo's main boyfriend and he was the one who had been with him for the longest amount of time, so he felt more of an obligation to play with Wonwoo's fetish. He got a little bit frustrated when he realised that they'd played with his, Minghao's and Junhui's fetishes more and essentially disregarded Wonwoo's fetish, even when Wonwoo insisted that it was absolutely fine. It made for a few occasions in which he would intentionally do
what he could to make himself sneeze whilst still being genuine about it. And, either out of appreciation or genuine arousal, he would end up in bed with Wonwoo right away once he'd sneezed. One big sneeze or several small ones in a row would be enough to have Wonwoo dragging him through to the bedroom so that he could pound him into the mattress, and then the guilt would be lifted for a little while until they got to the point where the ratio was very clearly off again.

But despite the fact that Mingyu felt so off about it all, Wonwoo wasn't actually all that bothered about it. Sure, watching a man sneeze was pretty much like watching a person getting undressed in front of him, but he wasn't so bothered about not having it happen that he would get frustrated by it. It was like with Minghao's foot fetish, for example; he was happy to have regular sex with any of them on a regular basis, but then he would occasionally get the urge to play with his fetish instead and so they would do what they could to get him off. If his life was completely absent of fetish being included, perhaps it would be a bit harder for him to handle it and he would get frustrated by it, but it only helped to satisfy him that little bit more when he did have the chance to do it. It was as simple as that and they all knew it, so there was no real difference between that and Wonwoo's sneezing fetish. And as uncommon as it was for his boyfriends to sneeze around him, it simply made it so that he really got to enjoy himself when he was able to embrace it.

Besides, it was only made that little bit better when one - or all - of his boyfriends got sick. Whenever there was a virus going around in the local community, Wonwoo made sure to wear a face mask so that he didn't end up catching anything that would get him sick, but his boyfriends intentionally made sure that they didn't wear once in that sort of situation. Especially if one of the symptoms was sneezing. No, they would do what they could to catch the illness so that Wonwoo would be able to look after them. They would kiss each other more than they usually would so that they would either get ill at the same time, or they would be ill back-on-back. It was the least that they could do to make their boyfriend's experience of his fetish that little bit better for a few weeks. And that made Wonwoo's fetish worth it. He knew that they all loved him more than they could possibly describe with words when they did those little things to make his fetish that little bit more tolerable for him and over those periods of time, he would always do everything that he could in order to prove to them that he was enjoying nursing them back to health.

His favourite occasion was four years into his relationship with Mingyu. They had had Junhui and Minghao around for a year and a half by that point in time, but they hadn't really embraced Wonwoo's fetish in the early days of their relationship. They thought that it was a bit odd that Mingyu was intentionally getting ill so that he would be able to sneeze for Wonwoo in the bedroom, so they ended up abstaining from that sort of thing. But by that point in time, they were feeling a lot more confident in it and they wanted nothing more than to be able to make him feel good. Over the time that they had all been in a relationship with each other, they had barely given Wonwoo the chance to play with the fetish with them, since they hadn't really sneezed too many times at all, and so this was their first real chance to show him how much they really did adore him.

So they all got sick. They caught the cold that was going around, and they made sure to pass it between them so that they all ended up ill. It hit Minghao the hardest, since he had a much weaker immune system than the other three, and so he ended up waking up one morning with a pounding headache, a runny nose, and the overwhelming urge to sneeze. Admittedly, Wonwoo had been a little bit nervous about being around him in that sort of situation, since he didn't want to end up aroused and trying his hardest not to come onto Minghao when he wasn't well, but then his younger boyfriend insisted that he go into the room and do what he needed to do because he was unwell and he needed his "Wonu" nearby. And Wonwoo quickly caught onto the fact that he wanted that too, so he made sure to do what he could to nurse him back to health. He took him food and warm drinks, and then sat next to his side with a cold, damp flannel on his forehead to bring out the headache.
And then Minghao sneezed hard. Then again and again. Six times in succession. Wonwoo's entire body tensed up as he watched him, and he couldn't help but bring up the fact that it was incredibly attractive to watch him sneezing like that. Even though Minghao was snotty and gross with a tissue covered in mucus, Wonwoo was completely stiff and trying his hardest to stay in the same position that he was sitting before his boyfriend had had the sneezing fit. Until, of course, Minghao turned to him with a pouting face and said, "Did you know that orgasms are supposed to relieve headaches. And the heat of sex might help me sweat out my fever that little bit quicker." It all but confirmed that Minghao wanted nothing more than to put Wonwoo's fetish into action, and so Wonwoo hesitantly undressed him so that they could get to work right away. He prepared Minghao carefully to make sure that he wasn't going to make him hurt on top of being unwell, and then made sure to confirm whether he genuinely wanted to go ahead with it before pressing forward.

It was probably the best sex of Minghao's entire life. Wonwoo was pummelling him into the mattress so hard that his breath was being sucked out of his body, and he frequently flickered between lying back on the bed and letting out wheezing groans of pleasure, and gripping onto Wonwoo so tightly that he barely had the space to move. But either way, he ultimately ended up hitting a particularly hard climax, since Wonwoo was doing everything in his power to destroy his prostate and make for an absolutely amazing bedroom experience, and so he ultimately decided on the spot that he was going to do whatever he could to let Wonwoo experience that level of arousal again. It was his duty to do that, when Wonwoo was so good to him in the bedroom.

Next was Mingyu. He was almost always ill in the winter as it was. The boy rarely ever covered his mouth when he coughed or sneezed, and he managed to inhale other people's pathogens in the process. Wonwoo thought it was pretty gross how his boyfriend was so happy to share bacteria with everyone else around him, but he could hardly complain about it when it meant that he was sneezing more and more every time. And when he did get sick, it meant that Wonwoo knew that his boyfriend wasn't going to try to suppress it. He was happy to make a scene out of sneezing and sometimes he would even mix things up by doing it when they went to the supermarket together. When he was ill, it was always an experience; he wanted to go to the store with Wonwoo so that they could get medicine and tissues together, and then he would ultimately end up calling Wonwoo's name as a sneeze approached so that he would be able to warn him about what was next to come. Wonwoo would look over, only to see Mingyu's eyes desperately trying to shut, and then he would promptly end up sneezing all over the tissue that he'd grabbed out of his pocket, and Wonwoo would be forced to take him to the supermarket's toilet right away.

He couldn't help himself. Mingyu knew to prepare himself when they were due to be out in public, and Wonwoo would be inside him without even waiting for him to be ready for everything that was due to come. He would take no shit; Mingyu's trousers would be at his knees and Wonwoo would be inside of him right away. He was the only one who Wonwoo would treat like that because Wonwoo knew that Mingyu was a huge tease who would happily bring his fetish into a public space because he personally liked public sex. So they would end up going at it like animals in a toilet stall before leaving several minutes apart, in hopes that the employees wouldn't put two and two together and realise that he'd rammed Mingyu into the wall with almost enough force to drive the fever out of him. And then they would finish their shopping trip without bringing it up again. They would get the final few supplies and then they would head back home, then they could put their groceries away and finally address it once they felt that it was in the past and Wonwoo had gotten over the fact that Mingyu had teased him like that where other people were probably able to see his instant erection and the fact that he dragged his boyfriend away as soon as that happened.

And it wasn't all that happened with Mingyu either. He would try to stay sick for as long as possible because he loved how rough Wonwoo was when he kept sneezing. The best was when he would sneeze during an orgasm and Wonwoo would immediately end up finishing inside of him. It took a good lot of effort to be able to make himself sneeze at that exact moment, but it had happened on a
few occasions and Mingyu had actually heard the mostly silent Jeon Wonwoo moan out loud when he’d managed to time it perfectly. And it was the hottest thing in the world, as far as he was concerned. The sound of Wonwoo’s orgasm hitting like that was something that Mingyu lived for, so he continued to practice until he was able to do it successfully at least three-quarters of the time when he was ill and they were in bed together. It was difficult but it was absolutely worth it to be able to see Wonwoo’s face scrunch up and then that peep of a moan pass his lips into the air between them. Absolutely worth it.

Then there was Junhui. He was usually the most confident in bed out of the four of them, but that changed right away when he was unwell. He knew that they’d all made an agreement to milk their illness as much as possible so that Wonwoo would be able to enjoy his fetish, but he felt pretty self-conscious when he was sneezing because it was hardly the most graceful sneeze in the universe. In fact, it sounded awkward and pretty disgusting, actually, so he wasn’t always that sure about doing it. But saying that, he didn’t want to be the only one who didn’t engage in that sort of thing for him. Even though Wonwoo insisted that he wouldn’t break up with Junhui because he didn’t like the sensation of sneezing and didn’t want to have to do it in front of other people either, Junhui wanted to be able to pleasure his boyfriend as much as possible in that sense. After all, Wonwoo was the one who engaged in his obscenity fetish more than anything in the world.

He would dirty-talk Junhui more than anyone else and would send him filthy messages whilst he was at work. He had a very special way with words and Junhui loved that. And it was only made that bit better when he started cursing too. Wonwoo rarely ever cursed but when he did, it was usually to turn Junhui on. So Junhui felt that he really needed to be able to give back. He wasn’t the sort of man who would let his boyfriend do all of that for him, only to give absolutely nothing in return. So he made sure to make his illness stay until he’d sneezed at least five times in front of Wonwoo, and only then would he genuinely try to get better. It was the absolute least that he could do for him, especially when he was doing everything he could to make sure that Junhui was looked after and comfortable during the period in which he was unwell.

Their sex would be gentle, though, unlike how it would be with the other two. Wonwoo liked seeing Junhui on top when he was ill because he would always be whiny and soft. There was nothing quite like having Junhui riding him when his body was like a ragdoll, and so Wonwoo always made sure to make the most of it. He would move Junhui’s body as best as possible and tell him that he looked amazing whilst he was on top, and then he would frequently bring in little bits of Junhui’s own fetish too, just to make the deal that little bit sweeter for him. And whilst it wasn’t really necessary and Junhui insisted that he just wanted to focus on Wonwoo's fetish, it didn’t stop him at all. It was something that was supposed to be for both of them. Something that Wonwoo wouldn't be able to enjoy if Junhui wasn't going to be able to enjoy it either. So they made it work in their own special way. Wonwoo didn't tell the other two about it, as not to embarrass Junhui by letting them think that he wasn’t putting in as much as they were, and that made for an even more intimate moment between them both.

Admittedly, the fetish was a hard one for all four of the boys. There was no doubt about that at all. As much as Wonwoo could tell them that he wasn’t all that bothered about being unable to play with his fetish for the most part, they all knew that there was still a little bit of Wonwoo’s heart that was disappointed when he’d gone for weeks without even one sneeze from any of the three of them. And that, in turn, made them feel a little bit bad too. They wanted to be able to pleasure Wonwoo by engaging in the things that turned him on the most, and so they felt that it was unfair when he was unable to experience his fetish just the same. The last thing they wanted to do was to sneeze inauthentically, of course, but there were occasional periods in which they would try to go out of their way and find something that would make them sneeze so that they would be able to engage in the act with Wonwoo that little bit quicker than they would have done if they were simply waiting for a sneeze to occur. And that sucked a lot because he was so determined to play with their fetishes
as much as possible.

Saying that, though, it wasn't so bad that it made it seem as if there was an elephant in the room whenever they were together. It was something that occasionally came up, but that didn't really mean that they were going to be in an awkward position all day every day. For the most part, they simply enjoyed being a part of a healthy, loving relationship and got on with their lives. They had regular jobs and the only unconventional part of their lives was that they were four men who were in a genuine, loving relationship that was closed to everyone else outside of their household.

And although the fetishistic, sexual side to their relationship was a big thing, it wasn't a determining factor in their relationship. In fact, it was something that was secondary to genuine love and romance, companionship and passion and non-sexual intimacy. And that was what mattered the most, as much as embracing Wonwoo's sneezing fetish was also a pretty important thing for them. That was what defined their relationship more and kept Wonwoo's three boyfriends desperately trying to do what they could to show him that they adored him on a regular basis.
Oculophilia - Chan/Jeonghan

Chapter Notes

Oculophilia; a fetish involving the eyes - in this case, eye contact.

Chan's biggest fetish involved making eye contact during sex. And considering that that was the case, it only made sense for him to have a non-idol boyfriend to share that with.

Okay, maybe it wasn't the most obvious reasoning but it made sense in his own mind. As far as Chan was concerned, having an idol boyfriend would mean that the conditioning would be a lot weaker. They were used to making eye contact with the camera. They were used to making eye contact with the crowds. Whenever they held fansigns, they would spend a lot of their time gazing up into the eyes of their fans. It was just a part of the job. But that would mean that they wouldn't fall under his spell as easily as he hoped they would. He would end up having to battle with routine in order to create a situation where they wanted him more than anything in the world, and that was pretty rubbish because it was going to be never-ending.

So to get a boyfriend who wasn't an idol was to get someone who would fall for his erotic aura whenever he was on stage. And that was where Jeonghan came in.

They'd met at a fan cafe one year, and Jeonghan confessed that he loved the threatening look in Chan's eyes whenever he performed. It was the perfect mix of deathly and powerful, and it never failed to arouse him. Of course, he was a bit shy to admit that, seeing as he was sure that Chan was only interested in girls and a lot of guys didn't particularly like other men complimenting them like that, but it was a sign that he was the one for Chan. He was already under the spell, to a degree, so it was only a matter of time before they'd be in bed together, with that gaze doing everything to get Jeonghan worked up. Chan could feel a tickle of excitement in the pit of his stomach when he realised that he both liked Jeonghan - in an "attracted to him" sort of way - and that they were going to be able to touch on his fetish quite comfortably. So he ended up inviting him on a date so that he would be able to get to know him as a person and fall for him before they got to that point in their relationship.

And it worked. Chan did end up falling for him pretty hard. It was to the point where he wasn't scared of walking around the city with Jeonghan and he ignored the comments from various different news companies around the world about how the idol had started a friendship someone who "could be an idol but wasn't in any group that they'd seen". They presumed that he was a rookie from another company, although no company claimed him and the images were way too blurry for anyone to be able to tell that it was Jeonghan. But then, of course, Chan had to aggravate the situation by kissing him in public, and that was where everything started to get sticky for them. They were being featured everywhere and Chan ended up giving an official statement about how they were dating, and as much as it seemed to make Jeonghan nervous that he was dating an idol who was four years his junior, he handled it pretty damn well indeed.

In a sense, that was what solidified things for them. It changed from a passing fling to a genuine relationship and Jeonghan stopped worrying about everything that was going on between them. He started to open up about his feelings towards Chan's performances, and that was exactly where Chan liked him to be. Chan would occasionally get a message from his boyfriend to say that he'd seen his
shows, which was almost always paired with a message about how he'd seduced him with his eyes and a playful comment about how he hoped that the sexy glint in his eyes was aimed at him and no one else. And in turn, Chan would find himself getting incredibly aroused at the thought of turning Jeonghan to mush by pulling that face in his direction when they were together. He could feel himself getting excited as his mind touched over the mental images of Jeonghan's eyes fluttering closed as he came closer and closer to his climax, only to have Chan demand that he open them again. In fact, that arousal was almost intense enough for it to cause a quick rub in his changing room when he was alone that evening. Almost, but not quite.

Of course, though, it was something that they would have to bring into the bedroom as soon as they got to that point in their relationship. Chan wasn't going to push it any quicker than it needed to happen, obviously, but he couldn't think of anything he wanted more than to play on the fetish that they both clearly had. He wanted to be able to show Jeonghan that he could get what he wanted when they had the chance to touch each other, and he wanted to see the way that his boyfriend's body reacted to gazing at each other like that when they finally put it into action. So he waited patiently for the moment in which that they would take each other to bed, and he spent that time planning every single detail whilst he waited. Every single moment of how they would make each other feel good whilst also selfishly taking what they could out of it, too.

Then the day finally came. Chan had had a performance that evening and he'd managed to get Jeonghan tickets for it. It was a courtesy thing, his manager said; the media was harassing him constantly and it was clear that he didn't enjoy being followed to his university classes by complete strangers who were trying to find out more about him and his friendships and relationships. Besides, they needed to show that they were an LGBT friendly company and even though Chan knew that, they needed to go out of their way to show support so that people didn't start bothering the other idols about whether their company was doing enough to support Chan and his boyfriend, too.

So Jeonghan had been at the front of the stage and was getting to watch him performing with the best view. He had full backstage access after Chan had finished spending time with the VIPs and even then, he was allowed to wait in the changing room with the rest of the team and have snacks whilst he waited for Chan to finish what he had to do. It was a pretty good deal, actually, and even more so when the performance had actually started. Chan had made a special effort to point him out to his fans and had made direct eye contact with him several times whilst he was singing love songs. Then, on another handful of occasions, he made sure to stare directly into the cameras that surrounded him, just so that Jeonghan could feel the weight of his stare that little bit more. And apparently, it did wonders. Chan could see that Jeonghan was getting a little bit hot under the collar every time he met his gaze and that was exactly what he needed at that point in the relationship.

And then the show was over, after a few hours of excruciatingly painful foreplay. He did what he had to do with the other fans and then he promptly met Jeonghan backstage, and he really got a sense that Jeonghan was still worked up from the minute he stepped into the room. They made eye contact and Jeonghan shuffled on his seat, and so Chan made his way straight over so that he could kiss his boyfriend on the forehead. "Did you enjoy the show?" he asked, his tone hinting at the fact that he noticed the tension between them. It was very subtle and seemingly, the rest of the team didn't notice what he was trying to suggest, but Jeonghan understood right away. He gave a nervous nod, then followed it up with a shy smile.

As expected, they barely made it back to Chan's house that evening. They rarely ever went back there together, especially after shows, but they both had a sense that there was something that they needed to do and that was their driver. So Chan took his boyfriend into the house after thanking the manager for dropping them home, and then they were all over each other as soon as the door was closed. Chan pinned Jeonghan's wrists above his head and pressed him against the wall, and Jeonghan's knee came up to rub between Chan's thighs as soon as they were close enough for him to
do so. "I'm gonna take you to the bedroom, okay?" Chan asked, which earned a little nod in return, and then he dragged him at such speed that Jeonghan almost slipped over at least three times.

As soon as they were there, though, the desperation changed. The switch in mood was very obvious, and suddenly Jeonghan looked as if he'd been thrown off-guard. He'd probably expected something that was desperate and not at all romantic, Chan supposed, but that didn't mean he wasn't going to do exactly what he'd been planning in the first place. After all, that was the reason for their arousal - the fetish that he most likely shared with his non-idol boyfriend - and so that was what he was going to use in order to get them both off. So he took in a deep breath and stared directly into Jeonghan's eyes with that flesh-eating stare that both made Jeonghan's skin crawl and made him want to rip his clothes off right away. The one that showed a very obvious desire to be all over each other, paired with a desperation to simply let their eyes do all of the work.

They were on the bed in an instant and Chan figured that it was the exact right time to use the skill that he'd been developing since he started working in entertainment: the ability to take off clothes without actually being able to see them. He chose to avoid breaking eye contact as he hovered over Jeonghan's body, and his hands simply pulled the zip of his hooded jacket down until the garment could be discarded entirely. And then his shirt was pulled off in a similar fashion, with only a second where the contact was broken so that the shirt could be pulled over his head. Chan moved onto his trousers very quickly, making sure to point out that his boyfriend was already completely stiff against the front of his trousers and although Jeonghan was clearly very embarrassed over the remark that was made, he didn't dare to look away.

Chan's eyes flickered over his boyfriend's features for a second, just so that he was able to prove that he'd noticed the flush on his cheeks. To ignore it would be to take away from the effect, and so he did what he could to bother him in that sense. He made it look as if he wanted to eat Jeonghan - as if he was his next meal - and that left Jeonghan trying to sink against the pillows that little bit more. The gaze was intimidating but he wanted more. It was like a bittersweet relationship, except he knew that he wanted it more than he wanted to get away from it. That was only proved further by the fact that his thighs spread for Chan as soon as he'd pulled his trousers off.

Except Chan didn't really intend on touching his boyfriend that quickly. He knew that to do it that soon would be to reduce the effect of the glare. Building his boyfriend up was one thing but when they were already so aroused that it hurt, he couldn't bring himself to let Jeonghan off that easily. So he stared at him for ten seconds straight - which sounded like a short amount of time but was strangely long in that context - and then promptly reached for his own trousers. "I want you on the floor next to the bed, and I want you to suck me," he commanded, and Jeonghan didn't even wait for him to take another breath before he clambered out from underneath him and was on the ground. He waited in anticipation for Chan to pull himself free from the constraints of his clothes, and then he was on him immediately. His mouth took him to the base, and then his eyes met Chan's all over again. And there it was held.

Admittedly, Chan could feel the tingles of excitement running up his spine as his boyfriend stared up at him. The stare had gone from being one that resembled an animal in headlights to being one that made him look as if he was trying incredibly hard to do his best. He wanted to please Chan and the more Chan gazed down at him with a lusty but satisfied stare, the harder Jeonghan worked to please him. That stare was just as good as the intense one, Chan noted; although his own gaze was a little bit harsher than Jeonghan's was, he could tell that that was what Jeonghan wanted. In return, he was getting a look that was loving and caring and doting, and that was exactly what he wanted in return. So they kept it up, making sure to show off their genuine appreciation for each other as Jeonghan's mouth moved over his length, right up until the moment where Chan realised that he wasn't going to last for too much longer and asked that Jeonghan move up into his lap instead.
And so, there he was. He didn't need to be asked twice. Jeonghan broke the eye contact for just a
second so that he could pick himself up off the ground, and then he resumed it once he'd made
himself comfortable in Chan's lap. Chan took his time with the preparation process, having figured
that Jeonghan probably hadn't slept with all too many men in his life up until that point, and then they
were eventually at the point in which he was ready for more. He informed Jeonghan that he wanted
to see his pretty eyes the entire time, and Jeonghan agreed that he would try to maintain it as he
lowered himself down.

To start with, he wasn't really the best at doing as he said. Chan couldn't even pretend that he was
good at it. Half of the time, his eyes were wandering around the room so that he didn't have to deal
with the embarrassment of having his first time with his boyfriend. The other half of the time, his
eyes were closed so that he could embrace the pleasure of being filled. But that wasn't good enough,
as far as Chan was concerned. If they were going to commit to a fetish - silently but evidently - they
were going to commit fully. So he told Jeonghan, as blandly as he could, that they weren't going to
continue until he looked at him. And as if to prove a point, he stopped moving his boyfriend on his
lap.

Jeonghan's eyes were open right away. He didn't even hesitate in the slightest. And Chan started
helping him to move again.

As soon as their eyes met, though, Chan figured that the best reward would be trying even harder.
His tongue flashed over his lips as he pressed his forehead to Jeonghan's and told him how he was
feeling, and he simultaneously made sure to move him that little bit more forcefully in his lap too. "I
want to be able to see the exact moment that your climax starts to hit," he told him, "And I want to be
the only thing you see when that happens." The way he said it would have probably seemed
unnecessarily harsh to anyone else, but Jeonghan nodded right away. It was something that added to
the arousal that little bit more when they were in that context and the commanding nature fit with the
arousing sight perfectly, and it only managed to turn Jeonghan on that little bit more in the process.

From that point on, the contact wasn't broken once. Jeonghan tried his hardest to keep his eyes open
and on Chan, and Chan rewarded him by mimicking his facial expressions along the way. It showed
off that he was as aroused as Jeonghan was, and it served to make sure that he felt that little bit more
comfortable with the fact that they were staring at each other so intensely.

Saying that, though, it was a reward for Chan all the same. Between delivering the stares that
ultimately turned Jeonghan to butter and receiving the doe-like stare from his pretty umber eyes as he
tried his hardest to impress Chan along the way, his arousal only grew. It grew and grew and grew
until he was having to fight the urge to flip Jeonghan onto his back and pummel him into the mattress
with so much force and speed that his boyfriend was shrieking for him. In fact, the only thing that
really stopped him from doing that was the fact that Jeonghan was very clearly inexperienced in bed
and to treat him so roughly on his first time would be to ruin the trust between them. An intense stare
didn't call for aggressive sex - only aggressive arousal - and besides, he was already so loud that he
was enjoying himself enough as it was. So, as much as Chan's fingers were twitching to leave his
boyfriend in even more of a state, after having been riled up from the looks that they'd shared with
each other along the way, he kept them to himself and kept his ass planted firmly on the edge of the
bed.

It didn't take all that long for Jeonghan's climax to hit, in the end. He seemed to be humiliated by the
fact that his moans were only getting louder and whilst his body wanted to arch, he realised that he
couldn't hold proper eye contact if he positioned himself like that. The desperation, in turn, made him
louder and his hips rut faster against Chan's body, and so he ended up hitting his climax with such
force that he had to fight to keep his eyes open the entire time.
Chan loved that. As his own hit too, he realised that he adored the tingles that filled his body when he noticed that his boyfriend was still trying to fulfill his request when he was so aroused that he could barely do it. And he appreciated that a lot. It meant that his own climax hit just as hard and he ended up letting out an uncharacteristic noise of appreciation in response too. They finished there and then but waited for a few minutes so that they could gather up enough energy to move again, and then the eye contact was broken once again as they went back to their lives as if something that intense hadn't just happened between them.

That had been the start of an intense sexual affair between them, frankly. Even when their relationship ended up collapsing, due to the fact that Chan was constantly working and Jeonghan was working on his degree and they had barely any time for each other's emotional needs, they still ended up going back to each other on at least a couple of occasions so that they could take each other to bed. Chan had essentially conditioned Jeonghan to want him more and more, in that sense, and they had become addicted to each other for a period of time, and that was something that was maintained for almost a year after they had parted, until they finally figured that it was best to save their feelings and see other people.

But Chan would never forget him. He would try to bring that sort of thing into other relationships, but nothing was like the experience with Jeonghan. they had both genuinely loved the arousal that came alongside such intense eye contact in the bedroom, and that was what had made them so compatible.
Seungkwan knew that Hansol hated getting those texts every so often. The ones where he would be forced to announce that he was having to take a trip to the hospital again because he went a little bit too hard with his masturbation and someone found him lying on the ground, unable to move. People tended to get a little bit funny with him over it, even if he told them that he was fine and it would just take a few minutes for him to be able to regain control, but he supposed that he couldn't really blame them for it. They simply didn't understand the situation that he was in when they passed him and saw him laid there.

And okay, sure, they had saved his life once or twice. When he was eighteen, he did end up slipping two disks in his spine because he'd thrown himself down the stairs so hard that he ended up crashing into the wall at the bottom, plus there was the situation where he'd landed face-down and shattered his nose, only to black out and almost end up causing permanent damage, but that wasn't something that he really thought about all that often. It didn't happen enough for him to feel appreciative of the fact that people called an ambulance for him almost every single time. In fact, it only caused further issues, where Seungkwan's boyfriend had to be called whilst he was at work. At the start, he was very sympathetic about it all and made sure to look after Seungkwan once he'd "fallen", but then his patience started to grow shorter and shorter as he realised just how many times Seungkwan was being hospitalised over the exact same thing.

Saying that, though, he wasn't harsh about it. He didn't yell or make it seem as if it was Seungkwan's fault. But there was tension between them; a tension that they could both sense, but not one that they really wanted to bring up, at least not until Hansol eventually caved and asked if Seungkwan had a thing for throwing himself down the stairs. "If you're doing it because I'm not giving you enough attention or something, please just let me know because I know I'm not great with these sorts of things but I also want to make sure that you're okay. I can't have calls several times a month to say that you've had to see a doctor or go to the hospital because you think you've dislocated something or you've hurt yourself massively by doing this." So Seungkwan told him that it was a fetish and Hansol seemed confused but understanding, and so he stopped trying to be overly sympathetic over it. He knew that it wasn't an attempt to get sympathy and instead, that only served to increase the embarrassment of it all.

It didn't mean that it was any easier to receive those texts, on the other hand. It really wasn't easier at all. In fact, he knew that his boyfriend had been trying to reach his climax and had done so by throwing himself like that. He knew that Seungkwan found it increasingly difficult to hit his climax in the bedroom without even thinking about the stairs, and he knew that his boyfriend was covered in so many bruises that his parents were asking questions about what was happening to him to leave him with fractured wrists, bruised shins and dislocated joints.

As far as Hansol was concerned, the only thing that he could really do was find a way to incorporate it in another way. To use the fetish in a way that wouldn't be perfect, but would probably make it easier for Seungkwan to imagine what could come next. If he could imagine it when he was alone at
home too, Hansol guessed, he would have fewer hospital trips and people wouldn't think that he was in a position where someone else was purposely hurting him. Of course, Seungkwan knew that it wouldn't work but he figured that if his boyfriend was trying that hard to please him, it was worth making him feel as if he was doing something to help. Perhaps he would spend a few days watching videos of people falling down the stairs so that he could give the illusion that it was doing something for him. Then, as more time passed between the day that they'd screwed near to the stairs, he would be able to increase the number of times in which he threw himself down the stairs without raising too much suspicion from Hansol.

So he ended up waiting for the day that Hansol wanted to try it. He spent the day trying to avoid throwing himself, since he knew that it would ruin everything if he ended up in hospital and was given yet another ban on moving too much, and that proved to be incredibly difficult when he was thinking about how his boyfriend could possibly include that sort of thing in their sex life. If he was being completely honest with himself, he would have much preferred it if Hansol just left the fetish alone, since he knew that it would upset him if Seungkwan was to make it obvious that it wasn't doing that much for him. He was trying, but it was in vain because he wasn't going to reach the levels of sexual satisfaction that Seungkwan got when he was on his own and was able to intentionally miss steps in order to get where he needed to be. So, throughout the day, he ended up having to find a thousand things to keep his hands busy until finally, Hansol arrived home and dropped his bag next to the door. They shared a kiss, and then Hansol informed him that he wanted to get on with it, since it had been on his mind all day and he didn't want to have to build himself up for it again later on down the line.

Their building was awkward, frankly. They lived in a block of single-floor apartments, but there were stairs leading to each one. It meant that to actually engage in the fetish was to take risks, not only when it came to making sure that Seungkwan didn't get injured too badly but also in the sense that they could very easily end up getting caught and that would be even more humiliating for them both. Now, Seungkwan was pretty used to an element of humiliation because he'd ended up having orgasm after orgasm when he'd thrown himself down the stairs and the doctors certainly weren't stupid enough to think that it was a coincidence, but Hansol wasn't fond of it at all. In fact, it was the one thing that worried him more than anything - being caught having sex with someone. It was the reason why they waited to have their first time in the first apartment they rented together, rather than doing it at either person's parents' houses, and it was something that Seungkwan suspected would throw a spanner in the works.

But then again, Hansol seemed to be strangely confident that day. He told Seungkwan that he wanted to take him straight to the stairs, but he wanted them both to be completely unclothed as they did it. He wanted to be able to have the full effects of it all. And if someone from their floor happened to start heading towards the stairs, they would be able to see the two men going at it like animals. It would be their present to those who lived with them, and a punishment for the couple next door for frequently having loud sex parties at three o'clock in the morning. They couldn't really complain if Hansol was playing with Seungkwan's fetish once, given that that was the case, and if they did have any complaints, they had a lot more on them to tell the landlord before the pair happened to take it that far. So Seungkwan did as he was told without questioning it too much, and then Hansol joined him in a similar fashion.

To start with, they were just stood at the top of the stairs. Hansol kissed him and then hands began to explore. Seungkwan quite liked that touch, especially seeing as it was pretty sweet and innocent, despite the sexual undertones that came alongside groping someone's ass and then spreading it with both hands. He pressed his body against Hansol's hands, just to show how much he enjoyed it, and then Hansol promptly gave a squeeze so hard that he ended up letting out a little gasp. Granted, it was directly over a bruise from the last time he'd thrown himself, but it still came as a surprise and genuinely got Seungkwan to loosen up that little bit without him even needing to put in that much
effort at all. And then the hands wandered further. A finger pressed to his entrance, only to realise that it was already slick and ready to get started. One hand found a nipple and spent time squeezing it. The other touched him between his thighs and made him want nothing more than to invite him to kiss there instead.

Then the passion increased dramatically, fast-tracked by the fact that Seungkwan made his first demand of the night. "I still want your fingers in me, you know," he said, and Hansol did exactly what he was asked. In return, Seungkwan began stroking him slowly and took as little time as possible to increase the motions until eventually, he had Hansol bucking his hips against the hand. It was a little victory but it brought them closer together and genuinely made them feel as if what they were doing was something new between them; as if it was their first time and they were both fresh and new to the concept of having that sort of relationship with each other. And sure, it was a bit muddled and they were having a difficult time matching their touches with the other person's speed - much like how it was at the start of their relationship, until Hansol's nerves calmed down and they were able to enjoy sex properly - it made for an experience where it felt as if they were learning each other's bodies all over again, which was great.

It only took around five or ten minutes of touching each other for them to decide that it was time to move onto the next steps. Pretty short, considering that they were usually really big on foreplay and enjoyed dragging it out for an hour or two sometimes, but it was also something that Seungkwan supposed couldn't last for that long. After all, they were in a pretty public place and Hansol was already nervous about the fact that he was feeling him up in such an open area, nevermind blowing him or anything like that. Plus he'd already taken the time to prepare himself, which had taken away from the foreplay that little bit more, he guessed. Whatever, though. It was fine because at least then, he would be able to see the extent to which Hansol was going to play into his fetish. And whilst he'd originally doubted that it would do anything for him at all, he was suddenly curious because of the way that Hansol had initiated naked sex in a public stairwell like that. Maybe he would be able to enjoy it a bit. Maybe it wouldn't be the worst sexual experience and he would be able to enjoy the memory of his boyfriend trying to satisfy him like that.

"I want you to turn around so that you're facing away from me," Hansol said softly to him, trying his hardest to keep his voice down so that if anyone happened to be outside their own front door, he wouldn't end up getting them rumpled too soon into the main act. Seungkwan did as he was told, only to receive a second request straight afterwards. "Bend your arms at the elbow and keep them tight against your sides, okay? You have to keep them there because if not, we're both gonna be down the stairs and I'm really scared about what'll happen if I end up landing on top of you like that. Do you understand?" Seungkwan's eyebrows shot up, but he nodded right away. He didn't really expect such a dominating request from his boyfriend like that, but he quite liked that look on Hansol. The look where he was laying down the law and making it clear what his own boundaries were. So he did as he was told without even trying to argue against it, and then waited patiently as Hansol tried to figure out where he wanted to be.

He slipped inside of him, until he was around halfway inside, but then stopped for a minute. Seungkwan almost ended up turning around to ask whether he was okay or not, but quickly figured that it would make things that little bit harder for him. It was hard enough for Hansol as it was without him causing further worry. So he stayed silent until Hansol finally let out a soft sigh of defeat. "Okay, I messed up. I'm sorry. I need you to kind of... move your arms so that I'm able to put mine through your elbow gap. You need to make it so that I'm able to hold onto you there and you're able to lean forward. So the same as before but... a bit further back, if that makes sense." Seungkwan couldn't help but break into a smile. Hansol was trying so hard that it was precious, but he couldn't bring himself to mention it because he knew that it would throw him off completely. And when he was determined to make it a great experience, it just seemed rude to put him in that position.
So they adjusted where their arms and legs were before starting all over again. Once Hansol was sure that he was supporting his boyfriend properly, he began to thrust into him with speed and force, making sure to do what he could to ensure that it was a pleasurable experience right from the start. He knew that Seungkwan didn't enjoy wishy-washy half-thrusts, as if his partner wasn't all too sure about what they were doing. Being shy was one thing, but flaking during sex was something else entirely, and that was something that he'd trained himself out of doing right from the first week of their relationship. His thrusts were now assured and used his full length, and it made sure that Seungkwan's entire body felt great every time their hips met with a snap and a low moan was drawn out of his body. And that was the exact way he loved it. Sure, they weren't involving his fetish right at the start, but they were doing what they could to make sure that they could build up to that point, and that was absolutely great because it really got Suengkwan in the mood to keep on going.

And then, when they were far enough into it that Hansol was developing a good rhythm and Seungkwan was comfortable with what they were doing, Hansol began to encourage him to lean forward. To start with, Seungkwan didn't know what the hell he was doing and he felt a sudden rush of fear, but Hansol insisted that he trust him and simply lean until it felt as if he was about to fall down the stairs. He would support him fully from behind and would ensure that he didn't fall down the stairs, so long as he kept his arms locked by his sides, and then he would be able to enjoy the sensations of his fetish - the tickle of fear that came alongside the fall, the feeling of suspension, and the humiliation of potentially being caught by someone - all at the same time. And sure, it was synthetic and wasn't quite like falling down the stairs or purposely tripping himself up, but it was a pretty decent substitute. It wasn't simply having sex at the top of the stairs and making it seem as if Seungkwan was attracted to the actual stairs themselves. And that was exactly what he needed.

It showed that Hansol cared about his needs, frankly. There he was, allowing Seungkwan to lean forward more and more and more, whilst still doing what he could to make sure that their sex kept to the same rhythm. He was thrusting in so hard that Seungkwan couldn't help but be loud but at the same time, he was no longer all that worried about someone catching them. The pleasure of getting close to his fetish was pretty great as it was, especially since he was doing it with a partner and he knew that he was safe, and so anyone who had any sort of complaint about what they were doing could take it up with them later on down the line. He closed his eyes for a moment, taking in the slight swaying sensation that came alongside working his hips against Hansol's body, and then slowly opened them again as he felt his climax eventually starting to get closer and closer as time passed between them. He let his imagination take him to a place where he didn't have someone to support his body like that, and then he allowed the memories of actually falling to take over.

Admittedly, he did almost let it happen. He did almost let his arms grow loose so that Hansol's grip would loosen and he would end up at the bottom of the stairs. But he couldn't bring himself to do it. Not when there was a risk that he would end up hurting his boyfriend too. He didn't really want to risk dragging Hansol into it like that when he was already doing what he could to make the fetish great. So he ended up simply letting the memories of falling swarm his mind as he leant forward as much as physically possible, thanking whatever gods that were out there for making his boyfriend strong and muscular enough to be able to save them from falling head-first and plummeting into the wall at the bottom, and then his climax hit. It was about as hard as it hit when he actually fell, funnily enough, and he guessed right away that it was probably because of the mix of actual sex and the fetish, as opposed to masturbation or simply dry-falling.

Hansol finished shortly afterwards. He'd felt the sensation of Seungkwan's climax around him for sure - after all, Seungkwan's entire body would clench around him as soon as his climax hit - and so that brought him closer and closer to the edge as they rode it out together. Then he finished inside, gradually slowed his thrusts, and then pulled out before checking whether they'd soiled the stairs. Thankfully, there was just a small patch that needed to be cleaned up, so he pointed out to Suengkwan that he would get that shortly. For now, they were going to go into the apartment again.
and start running the water for a bath. He would clean it up then, whilst Suengkwan was sat there watching the tub fill up, then he would return and they would turn it into a bubble bath or something. During that time, they would spend at least ten minutes discussing what worked and what didn't work, and whether there was any other way to improve it in the future.

Seungkwan liked that about Hansol. He liked the fact that they were able to have gentle aftercare, but also the sort that would allow them to actually move forward in the future. It was reflective, in a sense, and that was absolutely great because Seungkwan had never really had that from any other boyfriend in the past.

They sat there in the bath with snacks and wine, discussing how to make it even better in the future, and Seungkwan had to admit: although he hadn't really been too down for it to start with, he actually felt as if it captured his fetish pretty well in the end, of course, it would have been even better if Hansol had pushed him down the stairs at the end, just as his climax was about to hit, but he knew that it was something that he wouldn't be able to do. And even to throw himself would be to upset Hansol, who had insisted the entire time that he wasn't going to drop him. So considering that he didn't actually end up plummeting, he actually thought that it had worked out perfectly. There was no real way that he could lean out any further, unless he was to strap their bodies together, but that would risk leaving them plummeting too, so the chances of them actually doing that were pretty slim.

All in all, though, it was worth doing. He was actually excited to try it again, now that they'd done it once, and he wasn't afraid to let Hansol know that.

Chapter End Notes

Alright I said that I was going to start proof-reading properly and all but I'm really ill at the moment so I tried to just fix the spelling mistakes that came with typing for 68 minutes straight :/

Hopefully most of them are fixed and it's not too repetitive or anything but please let me know if I've really messed this up and I'll revise it!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Psychrophilia; a fetish for the cold.

Despite the fact that everything Jihoon read claimed that his fetish was "odd" and "rare", none of his boyfriends had actually been that bothered by it.

He'd been lured into a false sense that his experience was disgusting, right from the moment that his fetish for the cold had started to develop. He'd checked it up online, having thought that it wasn't a big deal but also finding out that no one else in his friendship group felt the same way towards the experience of cold limbs and ice in the bedroom. And everything that he read made his skin crawl. There were comments online about how anyone who engaged in the fetish was a pervert and how you might expect your "friendly ice cream man" to have it so that he could "whack one out after serving customers", or how someone with the fetish sees "Frosty the Snowman as their dream partner".

It turned it into a joke for him, and he was the butt of it. So for the longest time, he kept it inside, having figured that it was safer that way. At least then, he wouldn't be accused of being a pervert, as the websites he'd read seemed to suggest. At least then, he didn't have to worry that a partner would judge him over it.

But then, as it turned out, it wasn't that big of a deal. He'd been discussing fetishes with a partner and they'd announced to him - through teary eyes and a nervous stutter - that they had a watersports fetish. And whilst Jihoon wasn't really into that, he wanted to be as supportive as possible, so he told them about his own fetish for the cold in order to show that they both had unusual fetishes. Only to have that same partner wail that a fetish for the cold wasn't even that weird. And then the next boyfriend said the same thing. And the next and the next, and then even the sweet, innocent young boyfriend he had when he'd finally become unapologetic about his sexual interests.

Of all of the partners he'd ever had, Jihoon expected Chan to take it the worst. He was one of those boys who expected the world to be perfect, apparently, and he was an absolute brat about their bedroom activities. If he didn't like something, he wasn't afraid to mention it. He was sexually forward and knew exactly what he wanted and although that pissed Jihoon off to no end, it also made him feel a hell of a lot better. At least that way, he knew what he was getting himself into and also knew that he would know if anything wasn't up to the standard that his boyfriend was expecting. And that was why he was so nervous about telling him. He played it off as if it wasn't a big deal, having brought it up specifically after they'd been together for a few months, but he could feel his heart in his throat the entire time. Go figure, he supposed.

"You know what really gets me going?" he asked as calmly as he could that summer as they sat together in barely anything right underneath the aircon.
"Mmm?"
"The cold." It was as simple as that. Perhaps it would come across as a joke, he thought, but he wasn't counting on it. Chan seemed to be able to tell when he was joking about these sorts of things, which was simultaneously a curse and a blessing.
"As in, a psychrophilia sort of thing?" Chan asked. Jihoon's head snapped towards him so hard that he could have easily snapped his neck in the process. "You know the name for it?"

If Chan's eyes rolled any harder, he would have probably strained them. "Of course I know, Jihoon. I wouldn't be asking otherwise, would I?" And then he paused for a second so that Jihoon could take it in. "My friend was into it and he explained it to me. Said it was really odd and his boyfriend didn't see the appeal and I have to admit, I don't either. But I guess if it gets you going, it doesn't really matter whether I can see the appeal or not, does it?" The way he said it was so cool that Jihoon was left speechless. What could he possibly say in reply to that anyway? It was just amazing that his boyfriend not only knew what it was and accepted it for what it was but also had the technical name in the bag too. He knew exactly what it was about and he didn't need any sort of explanation in order to understand it. And then he understood that even though it wasn't necessarily something that got him going, it was something that Jihoon enjoyed, so he wasn't going to reject it or anything.

And that was important. Jihoon absolutely loved that. He loved it even more, though, when they were next in bed together and Chan brought along a bowl of ice cubes. It wasn't really the biggest aspect of the fetish, naturally, but he'd only intended on it being foreplay anyway. Just a little something that would get him in the mood that little bit more, plus it helped them to cool down after a day of overheating in the sweltering heat of the summer air.

"Do you prefer it for me to be cold or you?" Chan asked as he took a cube from the bowl. He dipped it into a bowl of water that he had nearby, just to make sure that it didn't stick to anyone's skin, and then promptly began to twiddle it between his fingers. "I quite like both," Jihoon admitted with a little smile. So Chan proceeded to do what he could with the cube. It was trailed over Jihoon's nipples, leaving a damp streak and two raised bumps on his chest, and then continued down south. He used it to masturbate Jihoon, making sure to move it around gradually so that he would be able to feel the full effects, and then eventually moved away once it had melted. And then he took one and pushed it inside of his own body. He showed Jihoon to start with, just so that he would be able to get a sense of the sold sensations that were running through his body, and then he promptly demanded that Jihoon eat his ass.

The cold against his mouth got him in the mood that little bit more, although the best part was when he was able to top Chan finally and had the cool sensation right at his boyfriend's entrance to greet his body with every thrust. It wasn't so much that he was able to indulge in it fully but the whole point had been to turn the cold into a form of foreplay to get them started so that Chan would be able to get a sense of what was good and what wasn't good anyway. And it had worked. It really got Jihoon going and suddenly he was under Chan's spell entirely. The boy really knew what to do in order to treat him.

And it had ultimately started out a long streak of different experiences of the fetish in the bedroom. It was something that they weren't going to include every single time, of course, but they were able to do little bits towards it and that was the important part. It also kept the novelty of it, Jihoon noted; although he wouldn't have minded playing with his fetish every time they were in the bedroom, it meant that Chan could be a little bit more creative each time and drag out that creativity for a while longer without having to worry about repeating things within too close of a promixity to each other.

That meant ice dildos made from frozen water in a condom. It meant using glass butt plugs whilst they were in the house - ones that were cooled down as much as possible so that they retained the cold for a while longer. It meant massages with ice packs and blowjobs with ice cubes. But the best thing was when they were getting closer and closer to winter and Jihoon found out that his boyfriend's body didn't stay as warm as most boys' bodies did. No, instead he was absolutely freezing at all times and whilst he had an extensive collection of jumpers and warm trousers to wear,
he still chose to walk around in boxers and a vest most of the time.

In itself, it wouldn't have been an issue, but Jihoon could tell that he was cold. He could tell from the fact that his nipples poked through his vest and the hair on his arms stood on end. He could see little goosebumps prickling on Chan's skin, and he had a sense that his nether regions were retracting back into his body in order to protect themselves. And, in return, Jihoon's nether regions were coming out. The more he saw Chan shivering when they were sat together, the more turned on he got. The more he could see him giving a sneaky rub to his arms in order to warm himself up when he didn't think that Jihoon could see him, the more his imagination started to run wild. But he kept his hands to himself for the most part, having figured that Chan wouldn't want him to simply go in there and bend him over the kitchen side - at least, until the one day where it became increasingly obvious why he'd been wearing barely anything around the house.

Okay, it was in part to make Jihoon notice that he was cold. That meant that he would be able to get him in the mood whenever and wherever he wanted. All he would need to do was to put his cold feet on Jihoon's thigh and Jihoon would have been on top of him in an instant. But actually, it had been a lot more than just that and Jihoon found that out after around three weeks of Chan doing what he needed to do to get used to the sensation of being chilly.

"Do you feel like going for a jog after work today?" Chan texted him one afternoon, completely out of the blue. "I know you've been working out a lot in the gym lately, but I think it would be really great for us to be able to spend some time outdoors, experiencing fresh air and time together." Jihoon supposed that he was right with that, actually. Chan didn't step foot in gyms because he thought that the mix of sweat in the air and people's skin cells made for an incredibly disgusting environment, but that didn't stop Jihoon. But that didn't mean that a run outside wasn't something that he would reject. As much as he enjoyed being in the gym, he also wanted to be able to work out with his boyfriend here and there, and he wanted to be able to experience the wonderful experience of the fresh night air around them. If they were struggling to get all the way around one area, there was always the chance of getting a Metro ticket home, and they could even take a bank card with them and get a meal afterwards or something. The possibilities were endless.

He accepted it without thinking anything more of it, having decided that it was a great idea. In fact, he didn't even consider that it might have something to do with his fetish, and the thought didn't cross his mind at all until he finally got home and saw that Chan was in the tightest, thinnest clothes that he owned, ready for the run. His trousers clung to his ass and thighs, showing off the shape perfectly, and then the hooded shirt that he was wearing was made of a thin cotton and wasn't even lined. It gave the appearance of being a hoodie but Jihoon knew without even having to check that as soon as they stepped outside, his boyfriend's nipples would be poking through the shirt.

But then again, he wasn't one to judge to he simply went and dressed in appropriate clothing without even bringing up the fact that his boyfriend was going to be cold. Upon arriving back, Jihoon was greeted by an excited glint in Chan's eye, although thankfully, that was explained pretty quickly. "I was thinking that our best bet for a reasonable run is to take the Metro to Technopark and then we'll have a run around all of the local park areas and back toward Central Park. Does that sound good to you?" Jihoon raised an eyebrow right away.

"You want us to travel all the way to the south of Incheon for us to go for a run? Really? Isn't that a bit far when we could just run around this part of Seoul?"

"I mean, we can run around this part if you want, but it'd be nice to be able to go around an area that's less polluted and quiet, I think. And it's not too far away. Besides, it'll feel like less time because we'll be taking three different trains and that'll also mean that we have time to chat about our days."

Chan was stubborn and Jihoon ended up caving right away. It was an eighty-eight-minute journey
from Gangnam station to Technopark and he couldn't think of anything worse than travelling all the way there like that, but it was the only real option when his boyfriend had made up his mind. And he had something very specific in mind for them too. That much was obvious from the way that he'd insisted on them going there when there were a thousand other places that were quiet and out of the way in the centre of Seoul. But alas, Jihoon followed him all the way over to Technopark and they spent a good amount of time chatting on the way, and then their jog began as soon as they were out of the station.

"It's quite chilly out today, isn't it?" Chan pointed out almost immediately after they started running. "My legs are already cold, but I guess I'll get used to it as we go along."

"You know, you have a hundred pairs of warm trousers that you could've worn to come jogging. Why did you choose to wear these ones specifically?" Chan chose not to answer. Jihoon couldn't help but smile. He knew why his boyfriend had chosen to wear those trousers and he knew that things were only going to get worse the longer they jogged together.

But he kept pushing through. He could feel his own skin tingling with the chill of the night air too, although it wasn't affecting him as much as it would in any other context. At the end of the day, he was there to jog and not to get aroused. It was something that he had to deal with and it was something that he was so used to experiencing when he was outside that it didn't go straight down south for him to be cold like that. So he continued to push through as they continued on their run around the outside of the parks and each of the blocks of houses on the way back towards the furthest point of Central Park.

That was where it all happened at once, though. Jihoon had been anticipating it for a while, although he couldn't really tell where about it was going to happen. Chan slowed down to a walk and then a stop, having already been going for quite some time, and then he promptly announced that he needed to take a quick break before they finished the last minute-long burst on the way to the station. He wanted that bit to be a sprint, he said, so it was important that he had the time to get his breath back. For a moment, he took the time to stretch his muscles out, but it was clear that he was trying his hardest to see if there was anyone else around. He noted that a few people were still sat underneath the Tribowl in the distance but they were too far away to be able to see him and Jihoon. Then he took a glance towards the piano and horn on their side of the bridge before giving a hum of acknowledgement. For the most part, they were alone.

"Do you feel like taking me into the bushes and screwing me senseless?" he asked without much warning. Of course, Jihoon had seen something like that coming, but he hadn't expected something to abrupt. "I need something to help me warm up before we go into the train station again."

Naturally, Jihoon was about to mention the fact that there were often ticks around the area and to have sex in an area like that was both irresponsible for their health and for their social relationships with those who might catch them, but it was clear that Chan was asking out of courtesy and not out of a desire for permission.

So Jihoon caved right away. He knew that his boyfriend was simply doing what he could to incorporate his fetish into their sex life in yet another creative way, so he followed him between the trees. It wasn't much coverage but it was enough for them to be able to get somewhere with it. And in an instant, Chan's hand was in his trousers, stroking him in quick, short strokes.

Jihoon's entire body was on fire as soon as the cold hand touched warm skin. He could feel himself getting aroused in an instant, without any prior warning at all. An immediate welcome sensation that ran through his bloodstream right away. It took over him and left him stunned, as if he hadn't been expecting Chan's hand to be there in the first place. With every stroke, he felt himself engorging with blood as everything ran from his head straight down and between his thighs, and then Chan was on his knees for him. His mouth provided that bit of warmth in contrast to the coolness of his fingers and
Jihoon strangely liked that. He wasn't all that fond of temperature play in the sense that he got to experience both extremes of temperature, but it naturally meant that when he was slick with saliva, the breeze around them felt that little bit more icy as it brushed against his bare skin. Another treat in itself, he figured.

"We're gonna make this quick, okay?" Chan breathed as he rose to his feet again. He made eye contact with Jihoon as he turned to face away and then pulled his trousers down enough to reveal his ass. Jihoon noted that it was bright red from the cold right away and he couldn't help but grab a handful of it, just to confirm that it was cold. And to know that it was gave him a sense of comfort; although it was primarily a big part of his fetish, he liked to know that it was something that he could predict too and that was something he liked. So he grabbed Chan's hips and allowed one of his boyfriend's still-cool hands to guide him inside so that their bodies were nestled together perfectly.

And then they went at it like animals

Although Jihoon obviously knew that he was into the fetish and it was a pretty big aspect of his sexuality, he never really expected that he would be this affected by it. He didn't think that he would have Chan pressed up against the trunk of a tree as he pounded him hard from behind. He couldn't have possibly anticipated that they would be all over each other, just because the sliver of skin that was peeking out after Chan had pulled him free from his trousers was experiencing the cold, and his boyfriend's flesh was freezing because he'd not worn appropriate clothes for a winter jog. But there he was, unable to handle the mind fog that took over. His fingers dug into Chan's flesh so hard that he could feel the bones of his pelvis with ease and in the end, his boyfriend was forced to move his hands up further.

So Jihoon gripped his nipples between two pairs of fingers and squeezed hard as he twisted them slightly. He imagined the immediate tingle of cold against Chan's chest as soon as he stepped outside and the image of his nipples starting to get hard and press up against the fabric of his shirt. He imagined the little hairs on Chan's torso sticking up ever so slightly, in a desperate attempt to keep him warm, and his skin developing a chilled flush as his body desperately tried to keep its core warm. Then he imagined Chan's balls retracting into his body and he had to check whether they felt as if they were tucked. And sure enough, they were pretty damn far into his body. It sent a shiver through Jihoon's body, although he tried his hardest to hide it as he brought his mind back to his own situation.

That was a bit harder to think about, actually. It had been an attempt to push past the fuzziness in his mind as he pounded his boyfriend into the tree but becoming aware of his own body became more of a grounding matter, rather than an arousing one. So he ended up dropping it pretty damn quickly, in favour of focusing on the feeling of his arousal. With every passing minute, it only grew that little bit more until his climax was well on the way. It was probably the quickest he'd ever finished - between Chan's entire body being authentically cold and his own nether regions being chilly but also engulfed by the warmth of his boyfriend's body - so he ended up simply preparing himself to embrace the sweet relief that would ultimately come from his inevitable orgasm, which, sure enough, hit much sooner than both he and Chan expected it to hit.

He was left slowing to a stop as he desperately gripped Chan's length and stroked him for a little while until he admitted that he thought he was a bit too cold to have his own climax just yet. Instead, he was simply going to adjust himself in his boxers so that his stiffness was relatively hidden, and then he would find a way to make it happen as soon as his body was warm enough to allow something like that to happen.

And although that little bit left Jihoon feeling pretty bad, he couldn't even pretend that he would have taken any of it back. He loved every minute of it, even though his boyfriend didn't get to hit his own
climax, and it was probably one of the best experiences of the fetish that they'd shared with each other.

Chapter End Notes

I don't know what to say about this one but like............. yeah lowkey didn't know there was an actual name for this for years so there's that

Psychrophiliac buddies, send me a shout out to let me know that you're out there because I'm curious to see how common this actually is
Phalloorchoalgolagnia; a fetish for penile and/or testicular torture, such as kicking, spanking, flogging, wax play and stamping.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Soonyoung would have punched himself in the balls if he'd ever managed to timetravel back into the past and tell his younger self that he had romantic feelings towards a client. But there he was, trying out new things with Seokmin solely because he wanted nothing more than to be his, and that was something that he absolutely loved and hated more than he could possibly describe.

He was one of those prostitutes who engaged in "CBT". Cock and Ball Torture. It sounded awful when he put it that way, but it was something that a lot of people actually quite liked. He had a few regular customers - including Seokmin, actually - and then more and more new clients were popping up for occasional sessions as time went on. Some were married and some weren't even into men. But it was a fetish and it made him money and that was the most important thing, frankly. So he did what he could to get where he needed to be with it, but he genuinely hadn't intended on falling in love along the way.

Seokmin was nice. He made sure that Soonyoung ate enough and made sure that he had the time to shower and freshen up before they left the hotel room that they got together. Eventually, he started bringing along fresh clothes for him to wear after their sessions, since he was usually the final client of the night and Soonyoung's choice of clothing wasn't really great for walking around the city on his own at night. Those clothes were always soft - such as, jumpers and bed trousers - and they always smelled of him. And then he started taking Soonyoung home and kissing him goodnight here and there, and once or twice they'd ended up having gentle sex in his car when he'd driven him back to his place. It was always Soonyoung's decision to do it too; there were no attempts at getting a free round out of him and he always insisted that he could pay for the extra sex if Soonyoung wanted the money. But it was love. It really was. So he couldn't bring himself to do that sort of thing.

Only for Seokmin would he try out his personal toys, in the end. He'd specifically asked him if he wanted to go to his place instead of going to a hotel so that he would be able to try them out, and Seokmin had agreed to do it right away. He said that the extra money that they'd saved by doing it there could go into his paycheck, but Soonyoung had refused it. "If you really want to do something with that money, you can use it to take me on a date," he told him. His heart had started racing as soon as he said it and he could have threw up there and then, but Seokmin's reply came quick enough to stop his mind from racing.
"I'll take you to dinner when we finish up tonight. But I expect to be able to give you a kiss at the front door."

It had been paired with a heart emoji and Soonyoung's own heart had melted. It was a sign that his feelings were mutual, although he couldn't really say that it was a proper relationship just yet. Just yet. For now, he was just going to have to take what he could from that text and try incredibly hard to make things amazing between them.

It was pretty odd when he did turn up, though. Soonyoung wasn't really used to seeing his client in
that sort of context, although it certainly wasn't unwelcome. "Anyone would think that we don't have enough sex," Seokmin pointed out as he greeted Soonyoung with a warm hug. Soonyoung accepted it right away, although he still figured that it was best to get into the zone right away. So, before he could get too used to the feeling of warmth between them, he pressed a hand to the front of his client's trousers and squeezed hard.

"Remember, I'm doing a job," he pointed out, making sure to keep his voice soft the entire time. Then he used his spare hand to pull down Seokmin's fly and immediately slipped into the hole, where he reached for his balls properly and squeezed again. This time, though, he was a lot firmer; he squeezed with enough force to leave Seokmin gasping for air, and he continued to hold him in that vice-like grip for a good minute or two until he was satisfied that his client knew that they weren't just there to drop their trousers to the ground and have bog-standard missionary sex on the hallway carpet.

So then they made their way to the bedroom, their hands barely staying off each other the entire time. Soonyoung hadn't ever run to the bedroom like that before - not even when he was younger and more of a physical being - but he supposed that fresh love after ten years was going to make him a bit giddy like that. And it wasn't as if Seokmin wasn't matching his speed at all. He knew what he wanted too, and he wasn't afraid to chase him through to the bedroom. He chased Soonyoung like an animal in heat and then once they'd hit the bedroom, their lips crushed together hard. Suddenly their clothes were coming off with speed and for the first time since they'd met, Seokmin was getting to see Soonyoung completely naked. There was no latex suit or leather; nothing to hide his decency, and no fetish gear to make sure that he wasn't allowed to see too much bare skin. This was Soonyoung in his glory with nothing to cover up his intimate areas.

His eyes undressed Soonyoung a second time, and his chest inflated with desire as he let out a long, satisfied sigh. "You have the nicest body I've ever seen. I'm so glad that you dress up for other men because I'm happy to know that I'm one of the few guys who get to see you dressed down like this." It was quite an odd compliment but Soonyoung quite liked it. It was a genuine show of appreciation and he truly seemed to like the fact that he was seeing the arguably disgusting sight of another person's bare skin like that, even though nudity was hardly arousing and bare genitals looked like some sort of alien creative attached to the area between someone's legs.

If nothing else, it really encouraged him to do what he needed to do. He instructed Seokmin to lie on the bed and then promptly cuffed his hands to the headboard, and then he stood up on the bed in front of him. "You don't want me to go soft on you today because you're paying for my meal afterwards, do you?" he asked, making sure to keep his voice as soft as possible. A devious smile crept onto Seokmin's lips right away.

"You're getting nothing more than a salad if you don't kick me in the balls so hard that I feel like vomiting." So Soonyoung did exactly as he was told. It felt odd to not be doing something light as a form of foreplay but he supposed that if his client wanted to be kicked right away, that was exactly what he was going to get. So he pulled a foot back and kicked with force, feeling little more than the dull squelching of the hot skin crushing underneath his toes. But for Seokmin, it was a vastly different experience. Soonyoung could see tell that he was seeing stars; that he had an overwhelming sensation that he was giving birth to his own testicles, which felt as if they had a migrane of their own.

Soonyoung couldn't help but feel aroused as he saw Seokmin's body arching in response to the kick. His arms were tugging against the cuffs and he was pulling himself up into what was almost a sitting position, and then his legs naturally started to curl to cover his lower half. "God," he breathed, his voice sounding as if the breath had been sucked right out of his body and deposited elsewhere in the room. Soonyoung kicked him once more for good measure, taking note of the fact that his breath suddenly penetrated his body again. It was enough for him to take in a huge gasp and then follow it up immediately with a husky groan; one that was drawn-out and demonstrated his pain incredibly
well. And finally, he kicked a third time. This time, Seokmin's breathing grew shallow and he pressed his hips up against the foot; it was a sign that the initial pain was gone and he was suddenly starting to get aroused from the mix of the pain and Soonyoung's thrilled responses to seeing him like that. And that was the start of everything that was yet to come.

"I was going to put a weight on Mini Seokmin but I don't think it'll work in the current position, will it?" Soonyoung asked, making sure to sound as sad as possible as he spoke. "I think it would look really sexy for your balls to be pulled down by a weight like that, but I suppose we'll just have to come back to that at a later date, won't we?" Seokmin's expression showed that he was genuinely interested in that sort of thing, although he failed to speak in response to the suggestion. He knew his place, Soonyoung noted, and he knew not to speak out of turn. So there were going to be no complaints when he moved past that thought and onto the next bit: the wax.

He reached underneath the bed right away and pulled out exactly what he needed for that part - a candle and match - and Seokmin's eyes flickered with fear for a fraction of a second as he watched him light the candle. The flame flickered as it came closer to the wick, and then the candle started to burn as he shook the flame away. The smell of burnt wood filled the room as Soonyoung sat between his client's thighs and for a minute, the candle simply burnt. The pair watched it heating up the wax underneath, knowing full well what was going to happen as soon as it was melted enough for him to do something with it, and then as soon as it was ready, Soonyoung brought it closer to his client's skin as he made direct eye contact. "Your eyes will stay on me whilst I do this, okay?"

Seokmin did as he was told without even needing to be asked a second time. Soonyoung slowly adjusted the candle so that it was on its side and held it there until the fresh wax started dribbling down to the underside. He promptly trailed it over the length of Seokmin's genitals, just a few inches above his skin so that the hot liquid landed on him in small splashed. He listened out for the slight hitch of his client's breath and the way that his body naturally jolted, as if to move away, and then looked up to see the look of discomfort on his client's face. His eyes were still open, as requested, but the concern was visible from the way that his eyebrows furrowed together. "Does it hurt?" Seokmin gave a slight nod. "How come you're being quiet, then?"

"It's not like being kicked in the balls," Soonyoung echoed, his voice showing that he was disappointed by that response. They both knew that it wasn't going to be like being kicked in the balls, so it was hadn't a surprise. This was more of a subtle jab; it wasn't supposed to make him feel like vomiting but instead, it was supposed to make him feel as if his flesh was searing for a few seconds, especially as it started to harden and became stuck to Seokmin's skin. So, out of spite, Soonyoung started to flick at the candle. More droplets started dripping down onto Seokmin's skin, creating a red puddle over his balls and length, and then he gradually started to move it about more and more until one drop landed directly over Seokmin's urethra and he let out a little cry in response.

Soonyoung's eyebrows were up in an instant. "Oh, you're sensitive there?" he asked, making sure to make his voice sound softer than necessary in an attempt to lull his client into a false sense of security. That called for a urethral probe without question, he decided, and so he took the longest probe that he had from his drawer before giving it a wipe down, coating it in lube, and then promptly pushing it in as far as it would go. And Seokmin whined the entire time. The noise that left his throat felt completely alien to Soonyoung but he wasn't one to complain about that - not when he was getting to hear that submissive side to his client. He obviously liked the fact that he was a power bottom in their relationship but the thought of Seokmin being on bottom really got him going too. Perhaps he would even play into that when he had the chance to do so.

"Oh, so now we're going to be whiny and pathetic today, hm?" Soonyoung asked, taking full advantage of the fact that he was in the mood to be dominating, and then he promptly blew out the
candle. He immediately set to searching for the next toy until his hands came across the flog that he kept for personal use only - one that had a blown glass handle and was as intricate and beautiful as he hoped to present himself - and he immediately brought it to where Seokmin could see it. "It's the same colour as the wax," he pointed out, making sure to keep his voice low. "What do you want me to do with this?" Seokmin didn't reply. Soonyoung immediately moved one hand between his client's thighs. "Seokmin," he said in a dangerously low voice, hoping that it would encourage him to speak, but it didn't. He gripped it tightly between the nails of that same hand then pressed them in hard enough to be able to feel it throbbing slightly underneath his fingers, and he even made sure to wiggle his fingers from side to side ever so slightly so that Seokmin would really be able to feel it that little bit more.

"I want you to hit me with that flog," he whispered breathlessly. Soonyoung slowly brought the fingers together on one side of the length, making sure to scratch as hard as possible in the process. "Louder."

"I... I want you to hit me with the flog," Seokmin announced much louder. And although Soonyoung was certainly satisfied by the fact that his client was getting to be that little bit louder, he wasn't really going to let him simply repeat what he said before. So he pressed his nails right into the base of Seokmin's length and dragged his nails up it so hard that it left white streaks that gradually faded to red. Seokmin choked back a scream.

"More."

"I want you to flog me so hard that I'm begging you to stop. I want to you to make sure that I can still feel it by the time I wake up tomorrow morning. I need you to make my entire body feel like it's on fire, Soonyoung."

Soonyoung wasn't really the sort of guy who would disappoint a person who was paying for his time, especially not when he asked so nicely. But that wasn't really to say that he was going to be nice to him in return. Without warning, he pulled his arm back and gave a sharp crack of the flog to his balls, watching as it winded Seokmin instantly. So he gave another sharp crack to the underside of his length and the pain truly set in that time. What came out of Seokmin's mouth seem to be the confused love-child of a moan and a scream, as if his body truly couldn't figure out whether he liked the sensation of being hit like that or whether he wished that he could get away from it. His knees buckled inwards but a quick tap to his inner thigh made him spread his legs again, and so Soonyoung hit him again with as much force as he could put behind the flog. He watched as Seokmin's stomach clenched in response, and then he hit once more for good measure. And although Seokmin tried his hardest to remain calm and collected, it was clear from the fact that his chest was heaving that he was incredibly aroused by the experience.

So it was time for the final act. Although Soonyoung never, ever had actual intercourse with clients, he figured that this time was an exception. He was able to build them up to it by picking off the wax from his client's lower body excruciatingly slowly, just so that he was able to feel the way that it caught on every single hair and pulled on the root enough to make his body tingle. Any sharp tugs would leave red welts on his skin for a few minutes too, so Soonyoung eventually started switching between the two methods. A lot of hair in the area? Slow worked nicely. Not much hair? A quick tug would surely leave him wincing in pain. And then, once they were done, he pulled the urethral probe out with such speed that he dribbled a puddle of pre-release all over his lower stomach - or perhaps it was a tiny bit of urine - and let out the lowest groan that Soonyoung had heard coming out of his throat.

And then he mounted him. With a piece of rope in hand, he took Seokmin into his body and rode him hard, making sure to squeeze around his length so tightly that it felt as if he was getting a massage at the same time as experiencing sex. Then the rope was around the skin that attached his balls to the rest of his body and Soonyoung tightened it as much as possible, until the lack of circulation left them red, then blue, and then eventually purple as they blood engorged them.
completely. They were sensitive, Soonyoung noted as he dug his nails into them again and Seokmin let out a wail in response, but that made it all that bit better. He could spend his time scratching them and massaging them as hard as he liked as he continued to buck his hips against Seokmin's body, and it made Seokmin's inevitable climax that little bit more intense when it hit.

Soonyoung didn't even need to ask when that was. He could feel it as soon as it happened. Seokmin's body bucked up against him with such force that it hurt his ass a little bit, and then he ejaculated with such force that Soonyoung could feel it coating his walls. His entire body began to tremble with the intensity of his orgasm, his hands clenching in the air as he failed to bring them back down to claw at the bedsheets or Soonyoung's body. And those tremors only continued as Soonyoung's own climax hit and he rode it out. Although not as strong as they were when Seokmin first started experiencing his own orgasm, Soonyoung could still feel the slight convulsions of his muscles underneath where he was sat, and he absolutely loved that.

Only when they had both ridden out their climaxes to the absolute limits did he bother to undo the rope and remove the handcuffs. At that point, Seokmin was on him right away, pulling him around so that he could crush their lips together. It was a passionate kiss to show his true appreciation for all of the effort that Soonyoung put into it, and that much was appreciated. At least, until he breathed that he was going to absolutely destroy him when they were in the shower together. Soonyoung hadn't really expected the dirty talk and it completely threw him off-guard, especially when Seokmin started talking about how he was going to spread him and make him feel all of the frustration that he'd felt along the way. It wasn't going to hurt anywhere near as much, of course, but the neighbours would surely be making noise complaints by the time they'd finished.

He couldn't really complain, though. What he'd done wasn't all that intense, considering that he usually spent several hours with a client before they went home, bruised and in pain. But what had happened between them - although not that intense at all - was intimate. It was more than being just sexual. It was something that brought them together and helped them to bond that little bit more, and it showed off that they both had similar interests in mind when they were in the bedroom.

And, if nothing else, it had gained Soonyoung a boyfriend. Seokmin wasn't even afraid to ask him to be his, even though he knew full well that Soonyoung would be sexually involved with other men whilst they were together. "As long as I'm the only one who gets ridden by you as you torture me, I think I'm fine with this knowledge," he said with a smile when it was brought up. "And besides, I'm happy living with the knowledge that what you do with them is part of your job but what you do with me is a part of your heart, so I still have bragging rights."

Chapter End Notes

This chapter has literally taken all day because I've been mega distracted and also I really struggled to make it work because I didn't feel like there was enough CBT in it?? So I revised it four times and here we are, so hopefully it's okay!!

Also, it's officially 12am here so the chapter requests are closed but we have 69 chapters (which I think is a great one to end on), including all of the new ones that people have requested, including the following:
* Pathenophilia - SoonCheol
* Amaurophilia - WonSoon
* Mommy Kink - Chan/Han
On the other hand! If you've made a request at any point at all and I've forgotten to put it in, now is your time to mention it to me!! I need to know ASAP so that I can add it in and we can wrap this bad boy up!!

Thank you for reading!! <3
Kinging - Jeonghan/Seungcheol

Chapter Notes

Kinging: a fetish for sitting on, or having a male partner sitting on, one's face so that they can receive analingus. Masculine version of queening.

When Jeonghan was little, he was asked what he wanted to be when he grew up. He’d proudly announced that he wanted to be a secretary for a rich businessman. His teachers had been impressed with his response, even though they would have known that it wasn’t necessarily a high-paying job or anything, and so they did what they could to help him along the way. And so, with that sort of encouragement behind him in the first few years of his life, that career goal was something that he’d worked on for several years until he’d built himself up from the postal clerk all the way up to the position he wanted in the company.

Okay, he wasn’t quite a secretary but he had been in the past. He'd actually been promoted to a personal assistant after just six months in the position, but that was pretty much the same thing with just a few extra responsibilities and a much higher wage package at the end of every month. It was one of those jobs that very few men seemed to want to do, especially since it was typically the sort of thing that was seen as derogatory for one man to be underneath another man in an area of work where the higher-ups made the decisions and the subordinates simply did as they were told without much critical thinking. But it was hardly the case, if he was honest. He didn't want to have the responsibilities that came alongside being a partner in a multi-billion won company. He saw the stress that came alongside that sort of thing. He periodically saw his boss - the partner who he assisted - looking as if he was about to tear his hair out, and that was the last thing he wanted. It was like working for a company that he'd dreamt of working for but with only fifty percent of the stress that he would have had if he'd gone to university and become an accountant.

Besides, it came with other perks too, actually. For starters, his boss always got him holiday gifts, which he certainly wouldn't have received if he was higher up in the company. When he turned up for his shifts around Chuseok and Seollal, for example, he was greeted with a basket of food and vouchers at his desk. And in the top of the basket, there was a perfectly penned card from his boss, Seungcheol, to show his appreciation. Every single time, he would make a point of saying exactly what he liked about him, from the way that he worked hard to the jokes he made when he went in for their meetings to the fact that he always used to make extensive notes during the departmental meetings, which would ultimately be passed around the team so that they didn't ask him stupid questions about things that they'd been doing for years later on down the line. It was always genuine but not too serious and that was exactly what Jeonghan liked.

Secondly, there was the fact that his shifts were pretty open. He could let Seungcheol know that he wanted to go home early on one particular day and he would almost always be granted the opportunity to do so. In fact, the only times where he didn't get those chances where when he had to arrange meetings or he was snowed under by everything in the office. Even then, though, it was dependent on there being no one to cover him whilst he was away from the office and Seungcheol still did absolutely everything that he could manage in order to get him the time off that he needed. It was something that Jeonghan appreciated a lot, and he always made sure to voice that appreciation whenever he had the chance to do so.
And thirdly, he wasn't married to the job, unlike how he probably would have been if he'd decided that he wanted to be a partner. He was able to have relationships if he wanted to, and there was always a push for people to get married and have children. In fact, there was no shame in starting a family whilst they were working there and that meant that he could have ended up reaching his dream of finding a husband and raising a litter of children together if he wanted to do so. His job would still be there for him afterwards and he was allowed to have quite a bit of time off on paternity leave, so it was pretty great in that sense, too. It wasn't that his boss wasn't able to do that, of course - he'd married in his early twenties and had been with his partner for fifteen years before they'd ended things - but it just felt like it was a lot easier for him to get his head in the right place for romance when he was in his position.

Then again, though, that was the one perk that he probably wouldn't ever end up taking advantage of, even though he truly wanted to be able to get what he could out of it.

No, whilst he could have had a relationship with someone else and subsequently started a family with them, he was, plain and simple, caught in a love affair with his boss. His boss who had ended up separating from his family because he was too involved in the job and didn't really have time to spend watching his children grow up, which had led his partner to find someone else and for him to end up out of the picture. His boss who was ten years his senior with a hell of a lot more work and life experience than Jeonghan had; a silver fox who was firm but kind, and was well aware of when people were trying to make a mockery of him. His boss who was chaotic at times, but probably the sweetest, most handsome man that Jeonghan had ever met in his life.

It wasn't to say that they didn't have feelings for each other, frankly. Jeonghan was incredibly fond of Seungcheol and if he'd been asked out on a date by him, he would have accepted right away. Likewise, Seungcheol always expressed interest in him whilst they were together, by telling him that he loved him and kissing him on the lips with a tenderness that hinted towards romantic undertones. It was something that they kept outside of the professional environment, of course, but it was also something that shined through when they had personal meetings. It was like a lingering feeling of appreciation, even though they did what they could to keep it hidden when they were in the workplace. Besides, their affair was mostly sexual instead of romantic. After all, it had all started because Seungcheol had a huge, huge kinging fetish and Jeonghan was the one to find that out when they were out at a social event, and he'd ultimately ended up letting Seungcheol have his way with him.

Now, Jeonghan's usual policy was to avoid having sex whilst drunk. He didn't like the fact that it put people in compromising positions, and he also hated the fact that it was often the cause of issues in the workplace. But he couldn't help himself when it came to Seungcheol. The two of them had gone to the bar together and then Seungcheol had ended up leaning close to his ear to speak over the music. "You know, I've always found you really handsome," he told him, and Jeonghan couldn't help but let out a shy laugh in response. "This is a bit cliche, isn't it? A partner hitting on his personal assistant? I'm not sure how I feel about this sort of romance, you know."

But then Seungcheol said it without hesitation or stuttering: "I haven't mentioned this to you before, but I've recently had vivid fantasies about sleeping with you. About you sitting on my face and riding it for hours. I'm not asking you for romance: I'm asking you if you want to have a one-night stand with me. Something we can brush under the rug on Monday and never speak about again as we claim that it was a drunken mistake."

It probably would have sounded creepy if he'd not known Seungcheol as well as he did. If anyone else had said such a thing to him, he would have ended up telling them where to go. But in this particular situation, he wasn't bothered by it at all. In fact, the hints of a blush started to tickle his
cheeks a little bit as he bit his lower lip. Seungcheol inhaled deeply. "You know," Jeonghan breathed into his ear in return. "I suppose we can blame the alcohol for tonight, can't we? I booked you a hotel for tonight, if I recall correctly, so we can always go back there together tonight and I'll ride your face until you've had your fill." That breath that his boss had taken in was released on one long puff, and then he promptly ran a hand through his hair.
"We can spend one more hour here, if you want, and then I'll tell everyone I'm walking you to the station so that I know you're getting home safe."

And Jeonghan agreed right away. He couldn't help himself. If both of them had alcohol, he figured, it wasn't that bad at all, plus he knew that one of the biggest contributing factors was the fact that Seungcheol was lonely. Had he still been with his partner, he probably wouldn't have asked at all, but it had been a long time since they'd parted ways and he'd had no one else since. That was one of the contributing factors towards Jeonghan's decision to go back to the hotel with him, and so he made sure to keep an eye on the time for the remaining hour. And then, once they reached around eleven o'clock, he told the group that he had to leave for the final train home. Seungcheol made a scene of asking him if he wanted him to call a taxi but Jeonghan insisted that he needed the chance to sober up a bit and he couldn't bring himself to be in a taxi on his own whilst he was feeling so drunk, and so Seungcheol had instead announced that he was going to take him to the station, then. It was his duty to make sure that his personal assistant was safe and he wouldn't have been able to live with himself if he didn't check that up personally. So they ended up saying their goodbyes and leaving, and then they promptly made their way to his hotel room together.

Jeonghan had never hooked up with anyone like that in his life. Every other sexual encounter that he'd experienced had been during a relationship of some sort. But there he was at twenty-nine years old, with his hand in his boss' hand as they made their way up to the room and stumbled inside together. Seungcheol didn't hesitate at all to undress him, making sure to kiss every possible inch of his skin in the process, and then he undressed himself in the process. It was pretty odd, as far as Jeonghan was concerned; he'd never had someone undress both of them before, but he supposed that it wasn't the worst thing in the world for that to happen. After all, it meant that he was able to mentally prepare himself without having to worry about fumbling with Seungcheol's clothes too, and that meant that he had enough time to realise that he probably didn't smell all too great after a day in the office followed by a night out.

"Can I go and wash myself?" he asked quietly, which earned a silent stare from Seungcheol for a solid minute.
"What?"
"I think I might smell under my arms and my butt probably won't taste all that nice." One of Seungcheol's eyebrows raised slightly as he continued to stare.
"Do you think I care about that, Jeonghan? I've thought this through and I've decided that I want you to ride my face like I'm Pinocchio and you're waiting for me to tell you lies. You don't need to have a wash."

Jeonghan looked uncomfortable, though, so Seungcheol ended up caving and giving him five minutes just to freshen up in the bathroom whilst he waited on the bed. So he cleaned himself up with speed that he'd never used before that night. In three minutes flat, he'd washed under his arms with soap and water, used a wet, soapy finger to clean his ass, and then very quickly shaved his asshole whilst he was there. Although he didn't suppose that Seungcheol cared about that either, he figured that it was best that he make use of the disposable razor that the hotel had left there, just for that little peace of mind.

And then he went back out and made his way straight over to where Seungcheol was laid. He didn't even need to be told what he was supposed to be doing; without even a moment of hesitation, he knelt on the bed and swung one leg over Seungcheol's head so that he was hovering over him
slightly whilst facing away, and then he promptly spread his ass so that Seungcheol could see his
hole. "Wow," Seungcheol breathed softly into the air between them as he used a thumb to spread
him that little bit further. Jeonghan felt self-conscious about that, but he chose to keep his mouth shut
about it so that he didn't end up annoying his boss. "I imagined it would look cute, but this is
something else entirely. I don't think I've seen a prettier ass in my life." With that, he wrapped his
fingers around the curve of Jeonghan's hips and encouraged him to sit back until he could feel hot
breath tingling against his hole, and then the sensation of a tongue running directly over it.

His breath hitched right away. It was a bit of an odd feeling to have someone licking him there, but
that didn't mean that he didn't like it. It was as if a weight had suddenly been lifted off his body; as if
his entire being had become weightless and tingly right away. He closed his eyes, taking in the
sensation of the warm, wet tongue licking long stripes directly over his hole, and he tried to keep his
breathing as calm as possible the entire time.

Seungcheol was simply eating him up, though. Jeonghan noted how without even touching himself,
Seungcheol was already swollen and red, which showed off right away that he was absolutely
serious about the fact that he was turned on by what they were doing. He was twitching ever so
slightly as his tongue began drawing slow circles around Jeonghan's hole, and it was quick to start
leaking a little bit of pre-release. And if Jeonghan was to say that he wasn't impressed, he would be
lying. It wasn't the sort of fetish that he thought would really get someone worked up to this degree
but he found it arousing in itself that someone would be so turned on by it that they would be
showing so many signs of arousal already.

Saying that, though, it wasn't as if Seungcheol was going to lay off him any time soon, even if he did
end up reaching his own climax. His tongue started to do all sorts of things that Jeonghan hadn't
experienced before. He gave a gentle suck to Jeonghan's rim, which immediately sucked a choked
moan from the back of his throat, and then he promptly used his hands to spread him that little bit
further as he began to push his tongue in past the muscle rings. It wasn't as nice as being teased on
the outside, Jeonghan noted, but it was the logical build-up that he was supposed to anticipate.
Besides, it wasn't as if it was unwelcome. Seungcheol began slowly thrusting his tongue inside,
which toyed with the tight muscles nearest to the entrance and forced them to relax. The slicker he
felt, the more his body started to relax under the sensation, and that was absolutely wonderful
because he was soon able to add three fingers into him whilst he took a break to get air.

His lips were on Jeonghan's ass cheeks as he pushed the fingers in and against the front wall. There
was a moment of silence between them, in which Jeonghan could tell that he was listening carefully,
and then there was a sudden pang inside of his body that left his stomach feeling soft and warm as
Seungcheol pressed the fingers into his prostate. "I'm gonna make love to you after this and I'm
gonna hit right here every time until you're seeing stars and gasping for air," he announced right
away, his voice sounding assured despite the slight slur of drunkness, and then he spent a minute or
so simply thrusting the fingers in over and over again until Jeonghan's body was naturally trying to
work against them to get the maximum possible pleasure out of it. And then they were out again - too
soon and too quickly - only to be replaced by his mouth again.

And this time, he did what he could to make the experience even better for him. His tongue wriggled
inside of Jeonghan's ass, which sent blood straight to his groin and left his stomach feeling like a
melted puddle of butter right away. He proceeded to thrust it quickly, the rough underside of his
tongue grazing the sensitive walls of Jeonghan's ass over and over again as he flickered it in and out.
Then he moved back to sucking his rim and teasing the outside, and Jeonghan's eyes lidded as he
allowed the sensation to take over his body. He took note of the way that the sensitivity only
increased as Seungcheol licked over the same area at varying speeds, and then he let out a gentle
moan against Jeonghan's ass as he dipped the tip of his tongue again. That left Jeonghan's entire
body rumbling with arousal right away; he didn't really anticipate that the sensation of someone
humming against his hole like that would go straight through him but there he was with his lower half trembling and his upper half on fire as he began to move his hips desperately against Seungcheol's face.

Then Seungcheol ejaculated hard in several spurts. He let out another groan as he crammed as much of his tongue inside Jeonghan's ass as possible and allowed him to move himself on it so that he had control over his own climax, and that only turned Jeonghan on that little bit more. For some reason, he hadn't really considered the fact that his boss would end up finishing completely touch-free like that, even though he'd pointed out that his biggest fetish was eating ass and that would make sense, so he found himself staring in fascination as the fluid pooled on Seungcheol's stomach and his length lost the dark red tint that it had been sporting for a while. And as much as Jeonghan would have expected his boss to move him away once his own climax had come, he was amazed to find that it only made him that bit more enthusiastic to continue and get Jeonghan to the edge too.

His hands spread Jeonghan that bit further and he encouraged him to ride his tongue for the remaining five or so minutes until Jeonghan's climax hit too, at which point his arousal was already starting to build again. As it was Seungcheol appeared to stay stiff even after he'd hit his climax, since the arousal stayed high the entire time, and so it was easy enough to continue once Jeonghan was finished with the foreplay. In an instant, he had his assistant flipped onto his back on the mattress and was on top of him. Their eyes met for a moment, and then he ran a hand through Jeonghan's hair. "Do you want me to wash my mouth before I kiss you?" he asked, and then he promptly sprinted to the bathroom as soon as he Jeonghan nodded in agreement.

Jeonghan listened to the sound of him scrubbing his teeth and tongue hard in the bathroom for a solid minute or two as he let himself come down from his climax that little bit and by the time Seungcheol was on top of him again, he found that he was definitely ready for the next round. So Seungcheol grabbed his hips, pushed inside of him, and then kissed him hard as he proceeded to pound him into the mattress. And just like he'd said when he had his fingers inside of Jeonghan earlier that night, he made sure to angle their hips in a way that let him rub against Jeonghan's prostate nicely with every thrust, which meant that Jeonghan's entire body felt absolutely amazing. He had no complaints at all about their night, even when they'd ended up falling asleep with Seungcheol inside of him and it had been incredibly difficult to move apart in the morning without their skin sticking too much.

It was one of the reasons why Jeonghan chose not to have a relationship, actually. Although it wasn't the most common occurrence to end up in bed with Seungcheol, they ended up doing it at least once every fortnight and Jeonghan quite liked it, so he didn't want to end up ruining it by rushing into a relationship with someone else. He liked the fact that his boss always made sure to get him off too - and that if he had multiple climaxes of his own, Jeonghan's number would match or surpass the number that he had - and he adored the fact that it was something that was just between them. A sneaky little relationship that stayed outside of the office for the most part, other than the very occasional times where they would be the last ones there and they would make love on his desk, where both of them were absolutely satisfied with the arrangement.

And even though they certainly hadn't started it in the best of ways, between drunkenness and lies, Jeonghan wouldn't have changed it for the world. He loved Seungcheol, he loved Seungcheol's fetish, and that was that.
Chapter Notes

Pathenophilia - Soonyoung/Seungcheol

Pathenophilia; a fetish for virgins.

The three important facts for Soonyoung to learn about people as soon as he met them were as follows:
1. What their name was.
2. Whether they were attracted to men.
3. Whether they were a virgin.

The third question was a huge determining factor for him, actually. It told him a lot about the person, aside from whether they had sex or not. If they were defensive about it or claimed that it was a social construct and their worth shouldn’t be calculated by how many people they’d slept with, he knew that they weren’t for him. If they tried to cause a fuss over it and avoid the question, he also knew that they weren’t for him. But if they took the time to tell him without being too aggressive about it, he was more than open to spending some time with them. It showed that they were a genuine person, at the very least, since they were actually open to speaking with him like a person instead of being funny with him over something that was coming from genuine curiosity. And yes, sure, it was something that made a lot of people feel self-conscious or as if they were backed into a corner, but all they needed to say was that they were uncomfortable in answering. There was no need for them to be as aggressive about it as a lot of them were.

After all, it wasn’t as if he expected to be the white knight who swept in and took their first time. He would admit to himself and most of his lovers that he had a thing for virgins and would only ever really have sex with someone whilst the experience of sex was novel for them, but that didn’t mean that he expected to take everyone’s first time. He had his own taste in men and those people would share that experience, for starters. And secondly, he understood that a lot of people wanted to preserve their first time for a special moment. Even if most of his lovers were in their late twenties and he’d picked them up from a bar, where they’d ultimately made up their mind that they wanted to have their first time with someone and get it out of the way, there were still plenty of people who wanted to make it into a big ordeal with someone they truly loved and appreciated, on their marriage bed or after a few years in a secure relationship, and that was something that he wasn’t going to argue with, frankly.

Saying that, though, he was definitely the sort of guy who would be all over a person who seemed open to losing their virginity to him. It was something that he’d gained confidence in doing over time, and he absolutely loved the fact that he was able to have that power. And because he looked how he did - slightly above average but in a cute sort of way - he was able to charm a lot of guys with his smiles and they’d eventually ended up tumbling into bed with him. And it always ended well. He always managed to get the guys to enjoy every minute of the affair and not one of them regretted giving him their first times in bed, as far as he was aware. And that was pretty damn good, considering that he’d managed to reach twenty-five sexual relationships - twenty-four of which involved him taking someone else’s virginity and the one where someone took his - before his twenty-third birthday.

Out of all of them, though, his favourite had to be the twenty-fifth. It sounded easy enough for him to
say that, considering that he was always working himself up towards men who were more and more attractive, but he couldn't lie and pretend that that guy wasn't the best he'd ever had. In fact, Soonyoung would have even taken bets on that guy staying as his favourite for a long time after his twenty-third birthday, too. He was good in bed and they had amazing chemistry with each other, and that was what mattered the most for him.

They had met in the same way as most of the others - at a gay bar in Seoul. Soonyoung had noticed that the guy looked a little bit nervous about being there, so he made his way over and asked if he could buy him a drink. "I'm not trying to pick you up or anything," he said, "If you want cola instead of something alcoholic, you can get that. You just look as if you're nervous and that usually means that your throat will be dry and it'll be harder for you to loosen up and enjoy your night." The guy thanked him and got some cola, just as Soonyoung had suggested, and his eyes stayed on the drink the entire time as it was being prepared. Then he drank it back in one swig and Soonyoung offered him a warm smile. "Is that better?" He nodded. "That's good. I'm Soonyoung and I come here all the time, by the way, so I feel it's sort of my duty to make sure that everyone is safe, happy and comfortable."

The man then introduced himself as Seungcheol and informed him that it was his first time stepping foot in a gay bar full stop. He'd never considered it before, having seen the clubs as a place where people flaunted sexuality in a way that made him feel self-conscious and anxious, but then he'd realised that it was the only real way that he could guarantee that the person he was flirting with was at least bisexual. And sure, some people who entered the place wouldn't actually be gay and might have been there to support their friends, but those people were going to tell him if that was the case.

For a while, they spent time chatting with each other about their feelings towards and experiences in the community. Soonyoung made sure that he wasn't too forward, even though he found himself incredibly attracted to the man in front of him. Even though he could tell that Seungcheol was interested in him in return. It was clear from his body language - the way he leant towards Soonyoung when he spoke, how his eyes kept shifting down to his lips, and from the way that he smiled when Soonyoung spoke to him - but that wasn't something that Soonyoung was going to take as an invitation, at least not until he was absolutely sure that Seungcheol wanted to kiss him. And only when he was absolutely sure that his flirting would work did he bring up sexuality, in an attempt to show that he wanted to get him into bed that night.

"So," he started as he took a sip of his drink. "How many boyfriends have you had so far, then?" Seungcheol's eyes shifted to one side.

"Uh, I've actually not had a boyfriend yet. I've not even done so much as kiss another man, actually. There was a guy I wanted to date when I was in school and he spent months hinting to me that he liked me back, but then he started dating some other guy instead. It absolutely crushed my heart." Soonyoung put on his most sympathetic smile and stroked Seungcheol's arm tenderly as he asked if he could ask what the guy's name was, and Seungcheol told him his first and last name right away. "Ah, he's actually a regular here, you know. We all know him. But if he comes over, I'd happily pretend to be your boyfriend to make him jealous. I'm sure if he saw how handsome you are now, he'd realise that he made a huge mistake by not making you his whilst he had the chance." Seungcheol flushed right away, although he tried his hardest to hide that embarrassment with a nervous laugh, and he made sure to thank Soonyoung before returning the question.

"I've actually had around four relationships since I came out at sixteen years old, but I've had a lot more... physical relationships. I think I'm just really bad at keeping a man's attention for more than one night. You know how it is, though. You come to one of these clubs and you end up going home together because you hit it off with someone and you think they're great but after that one-night stand, they don't want anything else to do with you and it's a really horrible feeling. And I hate it. I want to make meaningful relationships with people."
"Right, this is going to be pretty personal," Seungcheol added before giving himself the time to think about what he was saying. "But how many people have you slept with, then?"
"Twenty-four so far. I'm hoping to make it to a nice, round twenty-five before my birthday next week, though." He flashed his signature cheesy smile and watched as Seungcheol bit his lower lip.

"You've managed to sleep with twenty-four people?" he asked, and then seemingly realised how it could have come across as rude. At that point, he sucked in a sharp breath and bowed his head apologetically before opening his mouth to speak again, only for Soonyoung to playfully interrupt before he had the chance to get even a word out.
"Yet, you're looking like you do and you haven't slept with one so far? It's funny how these things work, isn't it? I'm pretty bland and there you are, looking like a meal."

As far as he was concerned, that was the determining factor that got Seungcheol to go home with him. After paying him a playful compliment like that, there wasn't much of a chance of him not getting Seungcheol into bed with him. And the best part was that neither of them was drunk; they had literally just had cola all night and had decided, after around a half-hour more of sober flirting that they wanted to sleep together, and so they made their way to Soonyoung's house and were all over each other before they'd even shut the front door. Seungcheol was strangely confident for a man who had never kissed another man before, having decided that he wanted them to be rough with each other from the start, and Soonyoung ate it up right away. He had Seungcheol pressed against the wall nearest to the front door with his hands above his head, and he kissed him with enough force to make Seungcheol moan before they'd even made it to the bedroom.

And the best part - even better than the lead-up to that - was the fact that Seungcheol was so turned on by the steamy kisses that they shared that he wanted to do it on the spot. "Nuh-uh," Soonyoung had to tell him, "I need pillows for it to be the best first time ever. We're taking this to the bedroom." So, despite Seungcheol's insistence that he wanted to have an affair right there and then, he ended up allowing Soonyoung to drag him to the bedroom, where the aura changed immediately.

Now, Soonyoung wasn't the sort of person who would be rough on a virgin. He knew that Seungcheol didn't even seem like the sort of person who would put a finger in his own ass, so his plan was to go even gentler than usual too. Of course, it would have made sense for him to bottom to Seungcheol, but that would have been significantly less memorable, as far as Soonyoung was concerned, so the plan was to take as long as possible to prepare Seungcheol and then have an intense fling that would leave him feeling it for days. So he kissed Seungcheol's neck and ran a hand up his inner thigh before squeezing the front of his trousers, and then promptly leant up close to his ear to whisper into it. "Do you know much about how we do this?"
"I mean, I know that you're gonna need lube because it doesn't really self-lubricate that much, but that's the extent of it."
"Mmmhm, so I'm gonna spend a bit of time getting you used to the feeling, okay? Do you happen to know if you're clean back there?"
"As in, have I washed or have I gone to the bathroom lately?"
"Both."

They ended up spending the first part of the night preparing him in that sense, too. Soonyoung made the cleaning process nice and easy for him and even though Seungcheol found it a bit embarrassing to be going to the bathroom in front of a guy he barely knew like that, he really appreciated the fact that Soonyoung was teaching him all of the ropes and helping him to have clean, fun and comfortable sex with another person. He didn't have to know that that teaching process was essentially foreplay for Soonyoung, after all. He didn't have to know that the thought of helping him to clean himself properly for the first time was incredibly arousing for him and that he wanted nothing more than to bend him over as soon as he saw Seungcheol with the douche inside of his body.
But that would wait until they were in the bedroom. Soonyoung helped Seungcheol to get into the appropriate position on the bed as soon as they were fully undressed - laid on his back with his knees tucked up to his chest - before putting a pillow under his hips to keep the position. A dab of lubricant was put onto the back of his thigh and then a dab more was put onto his fingers so that he could do what he needed to do. "I need you to relax as much as you can for me," he told Seungcheol, and then he promptly used a finger to circle Seungcheol's entrance. Seungcheol's eyes flickered closed right away and he took in a long breath, and so Soonyoung continued to drag slow circles around his entrance. "Does that feel good?" he breathed, and Seungcheol simply gave a little nod as he tried his hardest to control his breathing. "It feels different but I like it."

So Soonyoung figured that it was best to simply dip straight in without spending too much time teasing him. He slowly pressed the finger into him up to the first knuckle and waited for a moment to see whether he was okay with it, and then gradually pushed it in further and further until he hit the top knuckle. And then he checked in with Seungcheol again and only continued when he said that it was okay. From that point, he made sure to take it slowly; even though he wanted to get on with it as quickly as possible, he knew that it was only fair to take it slowly and make sure that Seungcheol was comfortable, and so he ended up building it up over time to make sure that Seungcheol was enjoying the entire thing. And, as with the kisses, Soonyoung ate that up too. He greedily snatched up every single whine and moan that came out of Seungcheol's mouth and made sure to encourage it under the premise that it told him if he needed to change his method for him.

The reality of the matter, though, was that he was incredibly aroused by the fact that he was the first person to ever be putting his fingers inside of Seungcheol's body. In fact, he was the first person ever to be putting anything inside of Seungcheol's body. And the noises that came out of his mouth were proving that. He whined softly as Soonyoung slipped three fingers inside of him, arranged in a triangle shape until he could gradually shift them side-by-side, and then only got louder as he started to get used to the sensation of being filled like that. And then, after a little while, his voice came through loud and clear. "Soonyoung, I think I'm ready for it now. Can you put it in me?"

Soonyoung's head was soaring as soon as he heard that. For a guy who looked as manly as Seungcheol, Soonyoung wouldn't have ever imagined something like that to pass his lips. He had hair on his body and big muscles, and he looked like the sort of man whose pride would get in the way of him admitting that he wanted to bottom to another man. But there he was, with his arms around the back of his knees and his goods on display as he told him that he wanted to have sex with him. And Soonyoung couldn't think of anything sexier. So he ended up putting on a condom as quickly as he could manage it and then promptly lubed up with more than he really needed, then arranged their bodies so that he was in the perfect position to make it feel good for Seungcheol right from the start.

And in a second, he'd pushed inside of him and Seungcheol's virginity was plucked away, and his eyes snapped open wide as he sucked air in through his teeth and shifted his hands to the bedsheets, which he gripped with such strength that he almost pulled them loose. "Does it feel okay?"

Soonyoung asked softly once he was completely inside of him. As much as the sight of Seungcheol's face as he had his first experience of a man inside of him like that was a huge turn-on, he wasn't about to make that obvious by disregarding how much it might have hurt for him. But Seungcheol was insistent that he was fine and just needed to get used to it - said in an almost mechanical way but genuinely nonetheless - and so Soonyoung continued. He pulled out slowly, watching as Seungcheol's eyebrows twitched together slightly, and then slowly pushed back in, over and over again until they were starting to build up a rhythm.

At that point, Seungcheol's hands moved from the bedsheets to Soonyoung's back, and so Soonyoung pressed his weight down that little bit more so that they were almost chest to chest. He
felt Seungcheol's fingernails starting to dig into his skin and the way that his muscles were naturally clamping around him, in response to the unfamiliar motion of sex, and then he finally started to give in to the sensations of his fetish coming into play. The way that Seungcheol felt almost uncomfortably tight and squeezed around him more than an experienced lover would have squeezed around him. The way that he let out little grunts if Soonyoung was the tiniest bit too rough with him. The way that his chest heaved and his nails pressed crescent-shaped dents into his flesh. The way that he moaned Soonyoung's name every so often, and the way that he eventually told him that he wanted more.

"Are you sure about that?" Soonyoung asked, making sure to keep the same pace for a little while longer until he could be absolutely sure that that was what Seungcheol actually wanted. But his lover gave a little nod and looked directly into his eyes.

"I want you to make sure that I can't walk tomorrow. I've made up my mind and I want you to do it with me properly so that I can actually experience the sex and not feel as if I'm being trained into it. There's a chance that I'll be too nervous to come into the club again, or that we'll decide to part as unlikely friends instead of ever meeting each other again, so I want to get the most out of this experience. Just in case there's not a second chance to do it again." It sounded well-thought out, Soonyoung decided, so he was going to oblige this time. Usually, he would still be nervous to put that much pressure on a beginner - especially someone who had never douched his own asshole before - but he was sure that Seungcheol was going to be fine. After all, he seemed to be confident in his answers and that was what mattered the most.

So he started to focus on his own pleasure. He began to thrust into him with speed, making sure to push in so far that their hips met and Seungcheol let out a little choking noise every time they collided. It probably felt as if it was in the back of his throat and he was suffocating on it, Soonyoung noted; it was something that he had struggled with a lot when he had his own first time, and so it was something that he could completely understand. But, unlike when he had his first time, Seungcheol seemed to be enjoying the sensation of it. His eyes were closed, just like they had been when Soonyoung had just started to finger him that evening, and his lips were parted slightly so that Soonyoung was able to hear every single time that his breath caught in his throat. It was incredibly arousing for Soonyoung - although it wasn't as if nothing else had been arousing whilst they were together - and it gave him an undying urge to pound into Seungcheol so hard that he was unable to walk for days. And whilst he did what he could to stop that from happening, as not to hurt him too much, he could barely hold back his climax for long enough to warn Seungcheol after that.

As was common in that sort of situation, Seungcheol didn't finish from the sex alone. That was quite common for bottoms, Soonyoung found, and he would have been more surprised if Seungcheol did finish from it. It took a quick suck to get him to the edge, and then he was left in a puddle on the bed, unable to really move until Soonyoung eventually helped him to the shower to clean up. And even then, his legs seemed to be weak compared to how they were when they were first on their way to Soonyoung's house that evening.

Seungcheol ended up staying over for the night but after that, their relationship came to an emergency stop. Considering that he was so good in bed and they had such amazing chemistry, Soonyoung decided to give Seungcheol a chance, so they did end up going on a couple of dates, but that wasn't to say that it lasted. In fact, after the third date, Soonyoung realised that it probably wasn't going to work at all and ended up dedicating a month to getting Seungcheol and his ex-love interest together. It was the least he could do for someone who went from a lover to a friend, who had very little experience with other men but who still visibly pined over his first love when he saw him across the club for the first time. And it also served to make up for that sour bit of Soonyoung's fetish. The bit where he knew that he couldn't have a satisfying sexual relationship with a long-term partner because he was so reliant on virgins like Seungcheol to sate his desires.
But as much as he was aware of that and wanted to fight it, he couldn't bring himself to do it, so soon after Seungcheol left his house, he promptly became another number.
Amaurophilia - Wonwoo/Soonyoung

Chapter Notes

Amaurophilia; a fetish for being unable to see, in one form or another.

Wonwoo hated the fact that he needed to use glasses until he hit his twenties.

It was something that severely affected his self-confidence, for one thing. Something that left him open to bullying from an incredibly young age. When a guy was in a position where he desperately needed glasses at age five, it was something that called for stereotypes to come forth right away. "Wonwoo has to have glasses because his nose is always in stupid books!" one boy said to him the day he came in with his glasses for the first time. Wonwoo remembered that much distinctively. He also remembered the fact that the boys in his class teased him mercilessly over the fact that he had them, and how that only grew to be worse and worse as time went on. The comments quickly moved from being teasing to being cruel and it soon reached the point where he cried himself to sleep every night, although he wouldn't dare to tell anyone else from school about that.

And when he was eight, one of the boys in his glass stole his glasses when he put them to one side so that he could nurse a headache. He didn't know who had done it but he was too shy to say anything, especially when he was so subject to bullying in the first place. So he'd ended up keeping his mouth shut until the teacher noticed that he was squinting at the board again. "Wonwoo, where are your glasses?" she asked him firmly. "I don't know. They just went missing."

"How could they go missing? You were wearing them before lunch." Then it clicked that someone had taken them and she absolutely hit the roof. The lesson was stopped as she went on a rant about stealing other people's glasses and no one spoke a word or even cracked a smile the entire time. Then the whole class was made to sit with their hands over their eyes and part their fingers slightly so that they could get a sense of how it was for him to see when he didn't have his glasses. Mysteriously, they turned up in his tray by the end of the day and no one tried to take them again.

Of course, it was something that he got used to as he aged anyway. It was only natural when he had to live the rest of his life with an ever-increasing prescription. Four-eyes? Hilarious. Blind jokes? Great. Holding fingers in front of his face when he had his glasses off? Classic. He still hated the fact that he had to wear them, of course, but he was feeling a bit more confident in them than he did when he was younger. Confident or perhaps nonchalant. After all, more and more people were starting to wear glasses by the time they finished high school and a lot of people seemed to find them incredibly attractive.

In fact, it was one of the reasons why Wonwoo got his first boyfriend in high school - a secret boyfriend, but a boyfriend nonetheless. Although he didn't really want to date a person solely because one or the other was attracted to their boyfriend's physical appearance, he couldn't help it with that boy. The boy fell for him because he looked cute in his glasses and hot out of them, and so they ended up dating for a short while until they decided to go to different universities and that meant having to break up so that they would be able to live their lives without having to worry about the boy who was waiting for them across the country. And that was genuinely the only reason why they broke up. Until they were in their twenties and Wonwoo moved on, the boy spent his time reminding him that he loved him. It just happened to be the case that time and circumstance changed Wonwoo's
desire for their relationship and so they had to move on without pursuing an adult relationship.

Even though that boyfriend had really helped with his confidence towards his glasses, however, it was only when his sexuality started emerging that he actually started to enjoy his need for glasses. Although admittedly, it was not quite in the way that one would expect.

Introducing Kwon Soonyoung. A handsome boy who was on Wonwoo's master's degree course. He was cute and had squishy cheeks and the first time he kissed Wonwoo, he left his legs like jelly. He'd never experienced that in his life - not once. The nervous flush started to take over his cheeks as he stammered out something about not kissing on the first date and Soonyoung had pointed out that they weren't on a date so it didn't count. It was a cheeky little comment but it was evident that he was doing it out of nervousness too, and Wonwoo genuinely wanted nothing more than to make out with him on the spot. But he didn't, and he somehow put it off for a good few weeks.

They still moved too fast, though. They'd gone from being friends to being lovers way too quickly; they'd only made it through one date and then they went back to Wonwoo's place for coffee, and suddenly they were having a wild romp on his freshly-changed bedsheets. Mouths were touching places that they'd never touched, bodies were mixing, and they'd ultimately ended up falling asleep in the wet sweat patch in the middle of the bed. It was completely accidental, granted, but it made Wonwoo realise just how into Soonyoung he was as soon as they shared that experience with each other. He wanted to be his for the rest of his life, and he would have dedicated his entire life to him if that was what he wanted. For a man who didn't believe in love at first sight, he had fallen incredibly quickly for Soonyoung and he wasn't even ashamed of that, even though he knew he probably should have been.

When he analysed it, though, the main reason that came into mind for why he would fall so hard for him wasn't anything to do with physical factors or the way that they'd kissed for the first time shortly after they met. It wasn't anything to do with the fact that Soonyoung appeared a thousand times more confident when he was nervous or the way that he loved him for him without trying to change anything about him. No, it was the fact that he introduced Wonwoo to a fetish that he didn't know he had as soon as they were in bed together and that had essentially sealed the deal for him. It was an odd sort of fetish too, but that only made it that bit better; that bit more unique. And it had been completely accidental, as far as Wonwoo was concerned. There was no way that Soonyoung would have gone into the situation thinking that he was going to have that fetish and there was no way that he would have personally found it out if it hadn't have been for Soonyoung trying to be cute when they were in bed together.

As they fell back against the bedsheets, their clothes already removed, Soonyoung had reached up to remove Wonwoo's glasses. He had a cute little smile on his face which had made his cheeks puff up and his eyes sparkle with excitement. Naturally, though, Wonwoo went to stop him in the first instance until Soonyoung insisted that he put them to one side. He folded the arms up and then put them to one side before reaching a hand up to stroke his cheek. "You know, you look really sexy with them in but I don't want us to steam them up or break them or anything. I think it'll take away from the mood. So I'm afraid that we'll have to do this where you can't see me properly."

Wonwoo didn't know why that sort of comment affected him as much as it did, but it really did do a lot for him. Even more than he could possibly describe. As soon as Soonyoung suggested to him that he wouldn't be able to see all that well, Wonwoo felt a sudden rush of excitement running down south. For a few seconds, he was hyper-aware of the fact that he was engorging with blood and he had a growing heat between his thighs, and that left him feeling moderately confused. He didn't really understand it but he supposed that it was a good sign. Especially since Soonyoung was absolutely correct and he really wasn't able to see. Although his sight wasn't the worst without his glasses, it still took some time for his eyes to adjust to the spatial relationship between everything in
the room and his own body when he was without them, and the thought strangely excited him. Perhaps it was more to do with the fact that his partner seemed really into the thought of him putting his glasses to the side whilst they had a round in bed together.

And as much as he expected it to just be a momentary feeling of sexual excitement, he found that it only got better when Soonyoung suggested that he close his eyes during oral sex. It meant that he was forced to focus on the sensations, rather than relying on the sight of his partner's head bobbing between his thighs and the sultry look on his face. Whilst Wonwoo initially felt incredibly anxious over the thought of closing his eyes whilst Soonyoung's would be open, he soon ended up drifting into the experience so that he could enjoy it as much as possible. After all, he didn't really anticipate that receiving oral sex from another man would be a common occurrence, considering that it hadn't happened all too often in his adult life up until that date, so it was pretty important that he should enjoy the experience as much as he could possibly manage. For now, it was all about the way that Soonyoung's tongue moved over his flesh and made his body ache with desire.

Soonyoung was incredibly good at oral sex, Wonwoo noted. He knew exactly what he needed to do with his tongue to make Wonwoo squirm, and he was successful in drawing out little moans from his throat whenever he felt like it. Saying that, though, it was hardly a difficult task when Wonwoo was so aroused by the fact that he couldn't see what they were doing and one of his senses was taken away simply through basic restriction and a lot of self-restraint. It was inevitable that he would end up enjoying it that little bit more when his senses were so in tune with the pleasure that was starting to erupt inside of his body. But of course, he wasn't going to tell Soonyoung that. Instead, he was more comfortable with letting him believe that it was his skill more than it was the fact that he couldn't see what he was doing, since that was the sort of thing that would probably make him feel that little bit better about himself.

Naturally, though, he wasn't able to keep his eyes shut when they were actually having sex so it had to stop shortly after his first climax of the night. He'd opened his eyes as soon as it hit, only to find that it was as blurry as the typical censored Japanese pornography when he took in the sight before him. It might as well have been censored without his glasses; he could see that Soonyoung's mouth was open and he could see something white on his tongue and lips, but he wouldn't have been able to tell what it was without the surrounding context. Well, apart from the fact that Soonyoung spent a few minutes playing with it in his mouth before swallowing and mumbling something about the fact that it tasted saltier than he imagined. "I like salty things," he whispered softly and Wonwoo had to desperately fight the urge to shudder as soon as he heard it. "Sexy" didn't even start to cover what he thought of it, especially when Soonyoung said it in such a sweet but sultry way. As with the other little bits of the experience leading up to that point, it simply went straight down south again.

They had ended up kissing for a few more minutes and then Soonyoung mounted him in one swift motion. He was going to ride him until he broke, he said. And then he quickly added that it wasn't as if he thought that Wonwoo wasn't going to be a good enough top to be able to actually be on top but rather, he was nervous that if he couldn't see very well and he was putting in all of the effort, he wasn't going to enjoy it as much. "What about you?" Wonwoo asked as soon as he said that. "Aren't you worried that you won't enjoy it if you put in all of the effort, from getting me into bed with you through to blowing me and now this? Wouldn't it make more sense for me to be on top so that you can feel a bit more rewarded for your efforts?" But without giving an answer, he took Wonwoo right to the base and made him let out a long breath, and then he promptly started moving himself.

"I like riding men," he eventually said. Wonwoo had already guessed that much by the time he said it.

Although Wonwoo's eyes were open and he had all intentions of keeping them open whilst they were actually having sex, he couldn't help but notice that Soonyoung's face was even blurrier when he was riding him like that. He pressed his hands just above Wonwoo's knees and moved himself
with both speed and force, and whilst that felt absolutely amazing and made Wonwoo's body feel things that it had never felt before, it became more and more apparent that Soonyoung's face was little more than a coloured blob in a vaguely humanoid shape. And that naturally got him even more turned on, considering that he was already starting to get more and more into the fact that he couldn't really see what was happening. He had the sense of motion as Soonyoung moved himself, alongside the feeling that his partner was experiencing great pleasure as a result of riding him like that, but he didn't really have a sense of what Soonyoung's face looked like when he experienced pleasure or whether his thighs rippled as they squashed against Wonwoo's torso.

Perhaps it felt a bit like anonymity, he figured. He did like Soonyoung very much, of course, but anonymity was still very sexy and it was one of the big reasons why people chose to have one-night stands, he figured. If he couldn't really see Soonyoung's face, it was almost as if he was a stranger. In fact, he might as well have been a stranger, as far as Wonwoo was concerned. But of course, he wasn't really going to say that. The last thing he really wanted to do was to upset Soonyoung by making it seem as if he was simply in the mood to sleep with anyone who had asked him on that particular day. The last thing he wanted to do was to make it seem as if he didn't care for him and that everything between them was simply happening because he felt a pull towards having a sexual relationship with each other when the reality of the matter was that that wasn't the case at all.

Saying that, though, he supposed he didn't really care what the exact reason for that attraction towards being unable to see was. He got the sense that it was a little bit of a kink that he had - like a less intense version of a foot fetish or a daddy kink or something - and that was why the thought of it excited him so much. Especially when he was supposed to be enjoying the fact that Soonyoung was on top of him like that and his mind was instead focusing more on the fact that his eyes weren't working how they were supposed to work.

And Soonyoung was trying particularly hard, too. That was what made Wonwoo feel a tiny bit guilty about the fact that he was focusing more on his vision than the sensation of having sex with him. When he eventually shifted to a more upright position, he decided that it was time to start showing off so he proceeded to move himself without using his hands for support. His hands started out with teasing his nipples - tweaking and rubbing and squeezing them - and then eventually moved to run through his hair, spread himself a bit more, stroke his length and the sorts. It was to show that he had the thigh power to do it more than anything and Wonwoo really appreciated the effort that he was putting into it. He did feel a bit bad that it came in second place when compared to his own visual experience of the affair, but it was something that he would definitely remember in the future too. Not only because Soonyoung was doing what he could to make himself look that little bit more attractive but also because he was trying his best to be amazing in the bedroom like that too.

So Wonwoo eventually ended up simply grabbing his hips and flipping him onto his back, where he began pounding into him so hard that Soonyoung was left screaming. His thighs began twitching and his hands searched for something to steady himself, and Wonwoo simply slammed into him with so much speed and force that he was sure that his partner was going to bruise along the way. He couldn't help himself; Soonyoung was finding every possible way to treat him and that was making the experience that little bit better, and so it was only fair that he did what he could to return the favour. And besides, the image that he could see was still as blurry, even though he was getting closer to where Soonyoung was laid. It was still as beautiful and still as arousing, and although he could see that little bit more because he was a lot closer than he was when Soonyoung was actively leaning away from him, he could still feel his arousal growing and growing and growing as he proceeded to pummel his full body weight against Soonyoung's body in a way that sucked every last breath right out of his lungs.

Perhaps he was a bit too rough when he was slamming into him, especially all in one go, but Soonyoung was very quick to reach his climax and Wonwoo certainly didn't last that much longer
when he'd done. That was the most important part. And sure, it wasn't the last round that they had that night - which had ended up seeing them together for almost four hours and through around ten different sexual positions as Wonwoo did absolutely everything to take advantage of Soo Young either appearing blurry or being out of his field of vision - but it was an amazing starting point for them to work from as Wonwoo realised that he had a mix of a kink and an attraction to a handsome man coming into play.

As could be imagined, though, it was something that ended up happening over and over again. If he did go too rough on him, Wonwoo would never know for sure. Because Soo Young came back, over and over again. He came back almost every week and the novelty failed to die, even when they were dating and eventually started drifting towards the idea of getting married to each other. It was like an addiction; an obsession with each other.

And whilst Wonwoo certainly didn't think that he had a fetish when he went into their relationship, it was absolutely certain that he did have one by the time he'd slept with Soo Young a few times. One occasion in which he'd experienced it might have simply been something else that he'd misidentified as a fetish for his lack of efficient sight but when it was happening every single time they were in bed together, it was unmistakable. A quick online search confirmed it to him; he was an amaurophiliac and although his personal experience of the fetish was unlike that of other people, who often preferred sex with blind people or whilst completely unable to see, his own depended more on his incredibly weak eyes being unable to make out more than fuzzy shaped when he took off his glasses and the automatic distancing that he'd create when he was unable to see effectively.

Well, that and the fact that Soo Young seemed to find it just as sexy when his glasses were off, which proved to be an incredible confidence-booster when they were in the bedroom together.

But as much as it was something that he enjoyed when he was in his twenties - that he had to wear glasses and that had led to a kink that only someone with eyes as bad as his would be able to effectively experience - it was also something that he was committed to keeping to himself for the rest of his life. If Soo Young was always going to be playing into it as long as he took off Wonwoo's glasses before they hopped into bed together, he didn't really see the point in causing a scene over it. Perhaps the extent of it would be telling him that he liked having his glasses remove before the experience but he wasn't really planning on saying something like that unless, for some reason, Soo Young started leaving them on regularly. For now, though, it was going to stay as his personal secret that would be kept in his mind for him to enjoy whenever he felt like enjoying it.
Mommy Kink - Chan/Jeonghan

Chapter Notes

Mommy kink; a fetishistic relationship in which one person acts as a little boy or girl, whilst the other acts as a parental figure with sexual ties to their partner. The extent to this kink varies from simply addressing a partner as "mommy" and "little boy/girl", to more intense roleplaying and dressing the part, to creating a full-time lifestyle out of the kink.

Chan felt a bead of sweat starting to form on his forehead as soon as he told his friend what he wanted. It soon started to dribble down his face, around his nose and cheek, then landed on his lip. He licked it away, hoping more than anything that the saltiness of that bead of sweat would sober him somehow; that it would set his mind clear and make him realise that either his request was perfectly reasonable and that there was nothing wrong with asking for something like that, or that his request was ridiculous and it was stupid of him to assume that it was the right way forward when it hadn't been brought up at all between them prior to that point in time and Jeonghan certainly wasn't his boyfriend or anything.

"I," Jeonghan started before letting out a long breath. He ran his hands through his hair, taking the time to drag his nails over his scalp a few times in the process, and then the hands moved to his face for a second. His cheeks were starting to redden slightly with embarrassment. Chan wanted to throw himself straight out of the window, head-first, and roll into the nearest forest, never to be seen again.

"Don't you think that this is a bit weird, Chan? You're quite a bit younger than me, for starters. I'm four years older than you and you're barely legal, and pe--"

"I'm twenty. That's not barely legal."

"--and people will think that there's something seriously messed-up happening between us. What am I supposed to do? Take you out and buy baby clothes? Get you a dummy and nappies? Put you to bed in a cot and feed you milk? Where am I supposed to go with this and where's the line drawn? What do I even do if I'm not in a relationship with you in the first place? Isn't that weird enough in itself?"

"Look, you don't have to do shit if you're not okay with it," Chan snapped, perhaps a little bit too harshly. Jeonghan flinched as he spoke but for once, he didn't dare to comment on Chan's cursing. Perhaps it seemed unnecessary in that situation. Perhaps it was out of fear that he would be proving Chan's point exactly.

"It's not that I'm not okay with it," Jeonghan told him softly, his voice coming out as little more than a whisper. "It's that I'm worried about the implications of it. I'm not going to say them again - you know exactly what I mean when I say that, and I know it's something that you've thought about too. So you need to consider how it's going to affect both of us, and on a long-term basis. Are we going to have to stop it if we get romantic partners, for example? Is that going to affect your mental health? And how far would it go?"

"I've thought about it properly," Chan insisted. He could tell that he sounded a bit stand-offish but he couldn't really help himself with that. At the end of the day, he'd asked Jeonghan to be a part of a big aspect of his life, only for his friend to shut him down. And he completely understood that it could have come across as being something weird but that didn't mean that it was his place to make it seem
that way. He was the one person that Chan trusted, so it seemed completely unfair, as far as he was concerned. Completely and utterly unfair. "I don't want you to make me feel like a baby all the time. I don't want the cots and nappies and dummies. I think that's getting into creepier territory, and I think it's very inappropriate in that sort of sense. And I know that you're not all that fond of age play either. I know that the thought of it makes your skin crawl. And yet..."

At that point, he paused. He licked his lips and swallowed the lump that was starting to develop in his throat. It was a sure sign that he was going to end up crying soon, although he was desperate to avoid that as much as possible. He couldn't bear the thought of ruining everything by crying in front of Jeonghan as he tried to explain what he wanted and why he wanted it. If anything, it would show him that he wasn't mature enough for this relationship, even if he thought he was. Even if he was insistent that it was absolutely fine.

"I think I want someone to look after me, more than anything. Does that make sense?" His voice trembled slightly as he spoke. Jeonghan's expression softened as soon as he heard that slight quake, then he promptly took a step forward so that he could hug Chan close to his chest. And, as much as Chan tried his hardest to fight back the tears that were threatening to form, he couldn't help himself. He ended up sobbing into Jeonghan's chest as he whispered questions of why he was like how he was and whether there was something wrong with him. Jeonghan simply stroked his back and encouraged him to get it all out without trying to stop him in any way or form, and then eventually moved away slightly when Chan had obviously calmed. And at that point, they made direct eye contact as Jeonghan explained what he thought they should do in order to move forward.

It was going to be a bit of an odd situation, he said. They were going to trial things for a few days, and they were both going to decide whether the arrangement sufficiently sated their needs and desires. For now, Jeonghan wasn't going to say that it couldn't happen because he'd seen how worked-up Chan had become whilst he was explaining what he wanted from him and why it had to be Jeonghan specifically who gave that to him, but Chan had to respect his decision if he decided that he wanted to stop it after that trial period. They also had to respect each other's boundaries if any came up, too. At the start, neither had any specific set boundaries - other than Chan not pretending to be a child - but they were welcome to add them as they got to those hurdles along the way. And so, they began their trial from the following week.

It started with Chan staying at Jeonghan's place. Jeonghan was an actual adult with a job and a house, whereas Chan had been living in a trashy little student apartment in the backstreets of the city. So it made sense for them to be there. And Jeonghan's house fit the image perfectly. There were family photos on the walls and decorative ornaments dotted around the house. He greeted Chan with a tray of biscuits and then kissed his forehead tenderly when he sat down on the sofa next to him. "Have you done your homework?" he asked after Chan had enough time to settle into his environment. Chan's jaw hung open slightly for a few seconds, and then he gave a little sigh. "I've done most of it. There are a few pages of reading and some worksheets left, but they'll only take me five minutes. I'll do them before bed."

"Channie," Jeonghan replied, his voice taking on a parental tone. Chan's heart skipped a beat and blood instantly went running down south. "You have to do your work before you get too engrossed in the tv. You'll keep putting it off otherwise."

Chan tried to argue but Jeonghan wasn't having it. "If it's going to only take you five minutes, you'll be done soon enough anyway, won't you? Go and do it now whilst I make us some dinner, and then we'll watch something together this evening. Maybe a film or that series you wanted to watch." And Chan found that he couldn't argue. He made his way towards the spare bedroom and sat at the desk, where he took his university work out of his backpack. Then he started doing what he needed to do. Reading the chapters that were assigned to him. Completing the worksheets that he was given during his tutorials. Working on the preparation tasks for his upcoming lectures. It certainly took more than
five minutes but he knew that Jeonghan knew that it was going to be the case too. That much was obvious from both the tone he took with him and the fact that he left him alone for almost an hour before going up to his room with a tray of food. He gave a gentle knock on the door before making his way in and placing it on the desk next to where Chan was sitting.

"Dinner is going to take a bit longer than I expected because I realised that the meat I was putting in is still frozen and it's not going to be nice if I throw it in the microwave and just hope for the best. So I've got you some healthy vegetable sticks and a dip, and I'm going to get some more meat from the store. I'll only be a few minutes, of course, but it'll take a little while for me to cook it so this should hopefully get you by whilst you wait." He finished it up by pressing a chaste kiss to the top of Chan's head, then offering up a warm smile. "I'll let you know when I'm home." With that, he made his way out of the room, leaving Chan to feel that tiny bit more aroused. For a few minutes, he was left simply staring at the paper in front of him but then soon enough, his head met the table and he let out an embarrassed groan as he realised that it was already getting to him. Even though he'd sworn to himself that it wasn't going to be a constant form of foreplay to have Jeonghan babying him like that, he found that it certainly seemed like that when they were together and so it was something that he had to fight as soon as possible in order to spare his dignity.

For now, he was going to push through and try to complete his university work. It was all he could really do, if he thought about it. After all, he knew that Jeonghan would only end up being at the store for a few minutes so chances were, he would end up catching him if he was going to start masturbating over the thoughts of being babied by him. And Chan knew exactly what would follow after that. His friend would point out that he didn't have time to do that if he was supposed to be doing his homework, and that he could always come back to it later. Which would leave him in an uncomfortable position, as he knew that he wouldn't be able to focus on his work if he got too aroused. He knew that he would end up putting himself into a position where he would genuinely have to masturbate in order to continue his day without having a fuzzy mind, and that if he didn't, the work that he handed in to his professors would be absolute rubbish and he probably wouldn't even gain a passing grade.

So he ended up doing what he could to take his mind off it, then completed his work and went down for dinner with Jeonghan. They spent the evening watching films, then Jeonghan took him up to his bedroom so that he could tuck him into bed. Chan could feel the signature warmth pooling in the pit of his stomach as Jeonghan took him up there, and even more when he encouraged him to get into bed. "I suppose you probably feel like you're a bit too old for your mommy to be tucking you into bed, don't you?" Jeonghan asked as he brushed Chan's hair off his forehead. And bang: instant erection.

Chan could have exploded on the spot. He could feel his ears burning as his breath hitched in his throat. Jeonghan noticed, obviously, and raised an eyebrow at him. His gaze was dragged downwards to where Chan's eyes kept flickering, and then the other eyebrow joinged the first. "You're in the mood to touch yourself, hm? Would you like your mommy to leave the room?"

Apparently, he'd realised that the words he'd used had been the trigger for that sort of reaction. He was observant and he knew exactly what he was doing when he used them that second time. And Chan wanted nothing more than to hear that word coming from his own mouth as soon as he heard the way that his friend spoke it. "I don't want you to leave," he whispered softly. Jeonghan gave a slight nod. "Do you want me to sit here and watch you?" he asked. "I want you to have sex with me."

His voice stuttered slightly and he instantly loathed himself. It was ridiculous. How could his voice crack like that when he was trying his hardest to show that he was mature enough to make a fetish like that work? And especially in that sort of situation - he was trying to get a man into bed with him,
only to end up messing it up because he couldn't speak the words that he wanted to say without
messing it up.

But Jeonghan didn't seem to mind. "Would you like mommy to undress right here for you?" Chan's
head grew dizzy. He gave a nod nonetheless. So Jeonghan pulled his jumper up and over his head,
revealing a pale chest with two dark nipples placed perfectly on the outer thirds of his pecs, and then
dropped his trousers and boxers to his ankles in one go. And as much as the way he did it wasn't
supposed to be all that sexy, Chan found himself getting that little bit more aroused as he watched.
Jeonghan had the motherly body that he'd imagined when he made the request, funnily enough. A
thick waist with otherwise soft features, nice arms and legs, shoulders that weren't too wide and hips
that weren't too narrow. He had a slight curve to his hips too, and he had a good amount of body
hair. The amount that Chan expected when he'd seen that little peek of Jeonghan's hair when his
trousers dipped slightly too low and his shirt came up slightly too far one day, revealing the slightest
hint of the soft curls underneath his clothes.

He was on the bed right away, as soon as the bedsheets were pulled back and Chan was sitting up to
give him enough room to move. They made eye contact for a moment, and then he dared to stroke
Chan's cheek with his thumb. "Would you like your mommy on his back for you?" Chan held his
breath as he shook his head and began to shakily undress himself. He hadn't really anticipated that he
would get worked up enough to find himself in that sort of position, but he was there now and there
wasn't anything else that he could do about it. It was simply something that he was going to have to
embrace instead.

"Tell mommy what you want then."
"I want you on top of me. I want you to put it in me from behind." That was all he could get out but
it was enough. It was perfectly enough. Although he wasn't really able to get the words out as well
as he'd hoped, he was hardly afraid of telling Jeonghan what he wanted. It just happened to be the
case that in his arousal, his voice caught in his throat and he was left choking on it as he desperately
tried to tell Jeonghan exactly how he wanted it. But Jeonghan knew. It was a mother's intuition, after
all.

And after five minutes of foreplay, Jeonghan did exactly what he wanted. He was on top of him,
with Chan on all-fours. He took the time to gently run his hands over Chan's body as he prepared
him for the fact that he was going to be entering him, and then slowly slipped inside. Chan's entire
body tensed up, and Jeonghan spent a few minutes gently shushing him and telling him what he
needed to do in order to relax his body. And Chan gradually did as he was told until Jeonghan's
movements became longer and more fluid, proving that what he was doing was exactly right and he
was getting somewhere with his relaxing techniques. He was praised profusely the entire time, and
he couldn't help but feel proud when Jeonghan asked if he wanted to progress even further.

Saying that, though, the progression wasn't quite as gentle as Chan had anticipated. Jeonghan
decided, at that moment, that the proper way to progress was to be rough with him and frankly, Chan
didn't have any complaints once they'd started. In fact, he couldn't help but let out a shrill scream as
Jeonghan started to pound into him, and his hips promptly slammed back against him with so much
force that his thighs and ass were rippling forcefully. "Is mommy going too hard on you?" Jeonghan
cooed softly, despite how rough he was being on Chan's body. Chan shook his head.
"It feels good, mommy," he managed to choke out, which led to Jeonghan slamming into him that
little bit faster until he was consistently moaning out that word over and over again.

"Mommy." The word wasn't even losing it's meaning as it left Chan's lips over and over and over
again. It was a sign that he enjoyed what they were doing; that he appreciated the fact that
Jeonghan's hand moved up to his hair and pulled it back so that his throat was exposed and he
couldn't simply bite his lip to hide any noise. "Mommy." It sounded raw as it came out, as if the
word was chafing against his neck as it worked its way into the air in front of him. "Mommy." His eyes closed and he focused on the sensation of Jeonghan's fingers delicately rubbing circles on the inside of his hip as his pelvis collided with Chan's ass with such force that he ended up crying out. It was bittersweet, in a way, to see the contrast between the loving touches and the hard thrusts.

For the most part, Jeonghan stayed quiet as he slammed into him. He tried to keep his words to an absolute minimum so that he could focus on Chan's pleasure and not ruin the fantasy for him. As much as he was engaging in it and doing what he could to not only use the special word as much as possible but also make Chan feel simultaneously dominated and loved, Chan still had a sense that his friend wasn't completely fine about everything. He still had some reservations and didn't want to be as into it as he was making it seem. He didn't want to sit there the entire time and try to speak to Chan enough for the arousal to build more and more, until his climax hit so hard that his body would start to beg for that same pleasure in the future. At least this way, it gave him the option to change his mind that night if he decided that it wasn't for him without having to worry that Chan would start craving him.

But saying that, he also encouraged it just enough to leave Chan's body aching with desire. He piped up very occasionally to get him in the mood for what they were doing. "Channie, tell mommy what you want now." Or, "Let mommy hear your pretty voice." Or even, "Is Channie close to being done now?" And Chan ate it all up. He couldn't help himself; between Jeonghan's choice of words and the way that he spoke to him in such a soft, tender voice, he couldn't help but feel that little bit more aroused every time he heard Jeonghan speaking. And so he ended up hitting his climax hard - probably much harder than Jeonghan had anticipated - as he let out a shrill scream of that one word. His voice cracked as he said it and he ended up collapsing forward onto his elbows as soon as the word came out, in order to allow his body to rest as Jeonghan finished up, and then he eventually let out a soft grunt and pressed his face into the pillow once he felt Jeonghan's climax hit.

For a while, they laid there in silence, neither of them moving. But as soon as Chan turned his head to the side, in an attempt to capture the sight of Jeonghan on top of him, the elder boy hopped right up and redressed Chan in his pyjamas before tucking him back into bed. "I'll see you in the morning, okay? Nice and early for breakfast." With that, he pressed a kiss to Chan's forehead and scurried off, leaving him to feel absolutely awful about the fact that they'd done that together when Jeonghan clearly wasn't as into it by the time they'd finished. It took a few hours for him to actually get to sleep after that and even then, he dreamt of Jeonghan telling him that he was disgusting for being into something like that.

There were silver linings by the time he woke up, though. Chan had expected that Jeonghan would tell him at the breakfast table that he didn't want to continue; that he'd thought about it all and decided that the fetish really wasn't for him and he couldn't dedicate any more time to it. But there Jeonghan was, with Chan's breakfast arranged to look like genitals. And as soon as Chan saw it and his jaw dropped, Jeonghan was behind him to wrap his arms around Chan's waist as he hugged his back. "Hurry and eat up, please. Mommy's feeling a bit delicate this morning and needs you to himself before you go to your classes," he said softly. Chan's heart skipped a beat and he ate the food on his plate in two minutes flat before shuffling onto his knees for Jeonghan, enjoying how he'd suddenly become vocal about the kink, as if his mind had been changed completely overnight.

Perhaps it was going to be something that he could work with after all, Chan figured.
Telling the group a fun fact got to be a little bit more interesting as adults, especially when Wonwoo and his friend's friend, Seokmin, were already hitting it off at the party.

Okay, sure. It still wasn't the most comfortable thing in the entire world. That sort of exchange never was. There was no way to really turn a fun fact into something that was genuinely completely fun. It was always going to be a little bit anxiety-inducing. But when they were looking at more adult topics, rather than giving facts about liking animals or having three siblings, it made conversation starters. The friend who was hosting the party - Mingyu - set the bar pretty high right away with his fact, and that essentially set the tone for the rest of the facts. "I know you all know me, but I'll introduce myself anyway. I'm Mingyu and I've gone down on at least three of the fifteen people in this room." An intense one, but they all knew what to do. And Wonwoo knew what he would say immediately.

It was going to be a fact that would determine whether or not things would progress with Seokmin. They had been flirting through eye contact for a while by that point, and it was only made worse by the fact that Seokmin was very clearly undressing him with his eyes. Every time their eyes met, he would lick his lips or look him up and down, and whilst Wonwoo was certainly aroused by that sort of thing, he couldn't bring himself to show it when he knew that that was exactly what Seokmin wanted from him. He couldn't show his interest that soon; not when he had his fun fact to give.

So when they finally reached him, he made sure to make direct eye contact with Seokmin as he spoke. "My name is Wonwoo and I've never slept with a man who is smaller than seven inches." Suddenly, there was a spark of interest. The few friends who he shared with the party's host knew that they had slept together a few times in the early days of their friendship and Mingyu's face immediately adopted a shit-eating smirk as he saw what they had all realised. Likewise, there were a few playful remarks about how he was a size queen and how most of the other boys in the room preferred their partners to be a little smaller. And finally, Wonwoo noticed that Seokmin's expression didn't even do so much as flicker towards fear. In fact, he seemed to be just as calm and collected as he was when everyone else was giving their facts.

The game progressed. A few more people gave their facts. "I instantly get hard if people squeeze my nipples." "I dumped my first boyfriend the day after we had sex for the first time." "I've slept with a male prostitute." Not common things, but the sort of stuff that would come out when they were drunk anyway.

And then they got to Seokmin. Just as Wonwoo had done, he made direct eye contact, although it was a thousand times more obvious when he did it. He had an incredibly clear way of doing it so that everyone in the room could feel that tickle of tension between them. "I'm Seokmin and I'm packing almost ten inches downstairs, and that's something that boosts my ego loads." Wonwoo's face immediately began to burn up as the other boys began making comments. Ones about how Seokmin
had the right to brag when he was that big, and how he could hook up with Wonwoo since they had the size and the size queen in one room. Seokmin's response was to simply give a little shrug and share a grin with the rest of the circle before taking a long sip from his drink. "I guess it's always a bonus," he said as he tried his best to make it seem like it wasn't a big deal. Then the next person had their turn.

Wonwoo lost focus completely as they finished with the last few people. He hadn't really thought about how he would respond if Seokmin was to announce that sort of thing to the rest of the group, especially when it was so painfully obvious that they were interested in each other, and so he was left trying his hardest to clear his mind whilst it fuzzed over with thoughts of where everything was going to go when they eventually left the party. The only thing that was strikingly obvious to him was that they were going to end up going home together. There was absolutely no doubt about that; Seokmin was still sneaking glances at him and trying his best to make it clear that he wanted it, and Wonwoo's heart was pounding hard in his chest the entire time. He couldn't help himself. Now that he'd found out about the fact that Seokmin was big, he knew he had to have him. He knew he had to have a taste of everything his body had to offer.

So as soon as the ice-breakers were over and everyone began to mingle with other people, Wonwoo found that Seokmin was over by his side and gently touching their pinky fingers together. "Can I get you something to drink?" he asked, motioning to the fact that Wonwoo had guzzled his drink in order to avoid the anxiety of speaking or making further eye contact with anyone. He hesitated for a moment, his mind still not functioning properly, and then eventually gave a little nod. "I need to get some air anyway, so we can go together." They made their way to the kitchen in order to get something together and Wonwoo breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that the place was empty. No one else was going to get in the way when there was clear sexual tension between them and that made his life a hell of a lot easier right away.

"Well," Seokmin started as he passed behind Wonwoo to get to the fridge. His palm grazed against the small of his back, and Wonwoo's legs instantly felt as if they were about to buckle. "I'm glad that you like big boys because otherwise, we would've been in a bit of an awkward position, wouldn't we?" Then he was in the fridge, rummaging around, whilst Wonwoo tried his hardest to make his legs work again.

"Would we? Are you suggesting that there's something brewing between us, or am I interpreting that incorrectly?" Seokmin's head poked up right away as he gave a laugh. "I'm guessing you're messing with me. Don't pretend that you couldn't feel that bit of tension between us. I want you and you want me, as far as I can tell."

Usually, if a guy came across as being that cocky, Wonwoo would have simply told them where to go. He would have denied being interested in the slightest and he wouldn't be happy enough to go through with the affair. But in this particular case, he felt that he was very drawn to Seokmin. They both knew that there was some tickle of excitement between them and that they wanted each other and so Seokmin was simply stating the facts. So Wonwoo playfully rolled his eyes and acted as if Seokmin was being a thousand times cockier than he was being in reality, although his attitude quickly ceased as soon as Seokmin stood and stared at him directly in the eyes before slowly shutting the fridge. "Do you want to feel how big it is before we jump into this? We won't do anything that's too intense here, but I thought maybe it would show you that I'm genuine. So you won't spend the rest of the night worrying that I've told you that I'm one size and we'll get back to my place to find that it's two inches or something."

And Wonwoo's words left him immediately. He shut up right away and stared at Seokmin without saying a word and then finally, he pursed his lips together and gave a tiny nod. "I think you're going to have to prove to me that you're big enough. It's not just a matter of me preferring them - otherwise, it wouldn't be a big deal if you were a bit smaller. I can't hit my climax without a man who is big
enough for me either inside or on my mind."

It was the truth. He couldn't even make that sort of thing up. Sure, a lot of people really liked men who were a bit on the bigger side - and there was certainly a fair share of people who liked men who were a bit on the smaller side too - but most people could get off without a man who was over six inches. Wonwoo, on the other hand, genuinely found that his climax was fully dependent on it. He had a fetish for bigger men and everything about them, from their confidence in their size to the fact that he could feel them penetrating his intestines when they pushed in all the way, and it only grew more and more as he saw bigger men. And naturally, when that was the case, he couldn't simply take Seokmin's word for it. A quick touch would usually be enough to show him whether he would be big enough when he was stiff, so he allowed Seokmin to guide his hands into his trousers so that he could feel his length.

He could have stiffened from that alone, frankly. Seokmin was definitely a good size and he had no doubt that he was almost ten inches. Even soft, he was huge, which meant that there was no real reason for him to lie about his size. Wonwoo's eyes remained locked on Seokmin's eyes as he proceeded to run his hand from the base to the tip, then slowly pushed the hand down further into his trousers so that he could cup his balls and feel the weight of them in his palm. And then the hand slowly came back out and Seokmin thrust a beer into his hand, and so they ended up going back to the main room as quickly as possible before people started to wonder why they were taking so long in there together. Seokmin paired it with a comment about how Mingyu had clearly just stuffed everything in there and it was impossible to see what he did and didn't have, and Mingyu immediately broke into a playful smile as he pointed out that he didn't think that anyone would go rooting through the fridge on their own so it was his own fault.

The party progressed. Wonwoo's patience only grew thinner.

The plan was for them to stay until the end and then go home together. They didn't want to make it too obvious that they were planning on hopping into bed together, even though everyone knew that it was going to happen anyway, so it only made sense for them to stay until the end. And so, Wonwoo's eyes were on the clock constantly. Seven o'clock. Seven fifteen. Eight o'clock. Eight twenty-seven. Quarter to nine.

As soon as others started to leave, though, Seokmin pointed out that he lived close to Wonwoo's place and was going to walk him home. There were a few knowing glances from their friends but no one said a thing to them. And so they thanked everyone for their company before gathering their belongings and making their way out onto the street. Seokmin's hand grazed against Wonwoo's as they walked and his entire body tingled with excitement, and then they were walking at such a fast pace that Wonwoo's calves started to burn. It was clear that they both wanted to be with each other right away and so even though it was difficult to maintain such a speed for such a long time, they continued to push through until they eventually got back to Wonwoo's place.

And before they knew it, they were in his bedroom.

Seokmin was on top of him as soon as they reached the bed. In an instant, they were dry-humping each other, trying desperately to rekindle the arousal that had been tingling at their loins since they were engaging in the ice-breaker. They wanted each other more than they could possibly describe. Even though they hadn't really spent a lot of time talking about themselves and getting to know each other properly, it suddenly didn't matter. All they knew was that they deserved each other and their bodies were going to collide in the most beautiful ways imaginable. So Wonwoo allowed Seokmin to undress him. He allowed all of his clothes to be peeled off and tossed carelessly to one side, and then he was quick to wrestle Seokmin's clothes off too. And they were all over each other again. Bodies grinding. Hips colliding. Lips meeting for the first time as they realised that it was the most
"I want to suck you," Wonwoo eventually breathed once he could feel Seokmin starting to stir slightly. "I want you to ram it down my throat until I'm threatening to throw up. Do you understand?" Seokmin didn't argue with him, even though he seemed to be a bit confused as to why someone would want something like that. They adjusted their position so that Seokmin was on his back and Wonwoo was between his thighs, and then Wonwoo promptly guided Seokmin's hands to his hair as he did what he had to do.

It was an experience, to say the least. Seokmin was definitely as big as he said. He was pretty girthy too, although not the biggest that Wonwoo had ever had. Saying that, though, it seemed as if it was a comfortable big. Not so small that he wouldn't be able to feel it in the back of his throat if he took Seokmin to the base, but not so big that he wouldn't be able to fit all of it in at once. He'd been with a guy who was around eleven inches once - one who was also incredibly tall and around two-and-a-half inches thick - and it hadn't quite been the great experience that he'd been hoping for, but nine-and-a-half seemed to be a pretty good mid-point for him. He liked the way it looked, with foreskin a bit darker than the rest of his body, pulled back to reveal a red tip, and a particularly clear vein that he would ultimately end up licking so slowly that it would drive Seokmin wild. He grabbed the base in one hand, noting how it made his fingers seem tiny, and then promptly put the tip into his mouth.

Despite his experience with boys who were on the bigger side, Wonwoo was frustrated to find that there still seemed to be a lot that he couldn't take into his mouth, even when he pressed down on his thumb to stop his gag reflex. He impaled his mouth on it, trying his best to focus on his own pleasure more than Seokmin's for the moment, but it wasn't quite reaching the depths that he'd hoped for when he first approached Seokmin. It needed to go in that little bit more for him to be aroused by it.

Thankfully, Seokmin caught on pretty quickly. He noticed the way that Wonwoo was glancing up at him expectantly, obviously not that happy about the fact that he wasn't pushing his head down any more, and so he quickly began to do what was expected of him. His hips began to buck up as he tried his hardest to ease Wonwoo's head onto it that little bit more. But it didn't work all that well and Wonwoo made sure to flash a look of irritation, and the method changed pretty damn quickly to accommodate. He began to use Wonwoo's mouth like a toy as he sought to sate his own desires and, in turn, that meant that Wonwoo was taking more and more of the length into his throat. He struggled to breathe and he could feel himself getting light-headed, and that was absolutely perfect for him. On a handful of occasions, his nose even managed to crush against Seokmin's pelvis, which was an achievement for him. His arousal only grew from that point onwards.

The foreplay was lacking, though. It wasn't something that Wonwoo really wanted to do when they were so desperate to be with each other. It just didn't seem as if there was any point in spending so much time on it when all he wanted was for it to be inside. In fact, Seokmin even pointed out to him that he would have happily gone on him too, making sure to make it as sexy as possible by grazing his tongue over Wonwoo's urethra as often as he could manage whilst cramming his fingers all the way inside of him, but it just didn't seem like the right time for them to do it. At that particular point in time, the focus was on them getting on with it. They wanted to mix bodies and make the experience as great as possible for both of them and unfortunately, extensive foreplay didn't really have a place in that sort of affair.

Instead, Seokmin shifted so that he was on top of Wonwoo, then positioned himself so that he would go straight in for the money. He eased himself in as carefully as possible without being too slow and then continued to push in until he was at the base. And instantly, Wownoo felt as if he was in heaven. He could feel it in the back of his throat - the familiar, addicting feeling that came alongside having sex with someone so big that felt as if he was suffocating - and he could also feel it pushing into his intestines too.
He shut his eyes and enjoyed the sensation of the organ moving inside of him. Seokmin could already sense that the worst idea would be to stop and wait for him to adjust, apparently, which made it that little bit easier for them both. There was no awkward fumbling or anything, and it meant that Wonwoo could simply indulge in the experience of having another man inside of him. He could feel the way that his body enveloped the length and encouraged it deeper, and he became hypersensitive to the feeling of Seokmin pulling out so much every time that the tip was almost passing the muscle rings at the entrance. And whilst in any other case, he would be wary of someone of his size doing that - due to the risk of fractures if his angle was slightly wrong - he found that it was actually quite pleasant whilst they were in the early stages and he was finding a rhythm.

But then the pace started to increase and the thrusts grew shorter. Wonwoo found that he was filled more of the time and the little snap of Seokmin's hips at the end was enough to leave his arousal climbing. His body began to react right away; he could feel the pit of his stomach starting to get that little bit tighter, as if a knot was starting to coil inside of his body, and he wanted nothing more than to give it back to him so that he would be able to feel it to its full capacity. So despite the fact that they were starting to get into a good rhythm and could have easily stayed in that position without too much of an issue, he made his request to move onto all-fours and have Seokmin ram it in from behind in such a vulgar way that Seokmin shuddered with arousal before doing as was requested.

And it was amazing.

Wonwoo didn't think that a man would be able to make his body feel so great. He pushed his hips back at the same time that Seokmin pushed his forward and each time they collided, Wonwoo knew that it was in as far as it could physically go every single time. It made him feel as if he couldn't breathe and he had an overwhelming sense that Seokmin was going to tear his insides to shreds, but he absolutely adored the feeling and made sure to choke out little noises here and there to show that he wasn't just making up the fact that he needed something big to get him to the edge. It was his own little way of proving himself, as if his upcoming climax wasn't going to be a sure sign that he was enjoying it.

Then Seokmin's hand moved to his hair and pulled it back as his thrusts shifted back into something forceful and rough, and Wonwoo lasted less than a minute longer as his climax hit in silence, leaving his body trembling slightly. His hands grasped at the bedsheets and his eyes squeezed closed, and it was as if all of the breath had been sucked out of his body in an instant. And naturally, that feeling only felt that little bit more intense as Seokmin continued to pound into him as he sought out his own pleasure, finishing a good ten or so minutes after Wonwoo was done and leaving him like a ragdoll as he used his body.

For a while, they laid there together, not really knowing what to say. It had been a very short affair but they both felt satisfied, and that was something that didn't always happen in those sorts of situations. More often than not, one person enjoyed it a lot more than the others. But there they were, pressed together as they tried to catch their breath. Wonwoo noted how Seokmin's breath tickled against his ears and neck as he held him from behind, and so he made a point of wiggling his hips slightly in order to remind his new friend that he was still very close to him. Naturally, Seokmin went to pull out, but Wonwoo clenched around him right away. "I want a round two in a few minutes," he said softly, "Stay inside for now." So he did it without arguing. He pressed closer to Wonwoo again and waited for a hint of arousal to spark between them again so that they could get back to what they wanted more than anything else.

It was heaven.
Sorry, it's taken quite a while to get this chapter out because of working and travel and all, but now it's here and it's ready and this fic is all done, after just over a year!!

I'm not sure if I'll have the time to post any more fics before I relocate next month but if not, I'll be periodically travelling to places where I can update so there's always that to look forward to in the future!!

Thank you for reading!! <3

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