Once's an accident, twice a coincidence, and thrice a pattern

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Summary

Jongin calls an impromptu lunch meeting and Kyungsoo has blue balls

Notes

Hello, I'm back, filthier than ever before.

This one actually has a little plot bc after all I've put Kyungsoo through he deserves some boyfriend. So this will come in two parts, the first part being done already and the second one brewing in me brain. So enjoy this and if you promise not to judge me I promise not to judge you ;3

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Kyungsoo pressed the save button on his powerpoint, feeling satisfied that he managed to finish it before lunch. He didn’t have any lectures today and he thankfully hadn’t been chosen to take care of this semester’s essay class seminars. The students were always so panicked whenever you told them to write anything longer than a paragraph. And no one ever chose a research area related to phonetics, which he wasn’t bitter about at all.

He pressed the save button once more, slightly harsher this time around, before closing down the powerpoint and opening up his email to make sure he was all caught up. There were a few emails from students asking where the slides for the last lecture were (the online resource page as always) and two other informing him they wouldn’t be able to attend the next lecture and asking if he would upload the slides to the online resource page (he always did). Kyungsoo took a deep breath, reminding himself that their tuition was paying his wages no matter how idiotic the student was, and set out to reply to them.

As he was in the middle of answering his fifth email there was a knock to his door and Kyungsoo looked up, pushing his thick rimmed glasses further up on his nose. It was just before twelve on a Thursday and his visiting hours were between nine and ten on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, so it couldn’t be a student. Which meant it had to be another professor.

“Come in.” Kyungsoo called, pulling at the bottom of his suit jacket.

The door opened and a familiar smirk appeared in the crack. Kyungsoo felt his lips thin. Unlike the first time, him and Professor Kim had actually been on speaking terms since their last little...get together. Even Kyungsoo had been forced to admit that when you had had someone fuck you in their office twice, once to the verge of tears even, you couldn’t really return to just colleagues.

Jongin though had a very different idea of where such get togethers got you relationship wise than Kyungsoo though. For Kyungsoo Jongin was an acquaintance who he happened to jerk off to almost every night, purely coincidentally. As for Jongin though, Kyungsoo suspected the other viewed him as someone to date, which, although a nice thought, couldn’t be done since they were colleagues. At least if you judged by his incessant flirting.

“Professor Kim.” Kyungsoo acknowledged, watching as Jongin leant against the door frame and looked around the door. He didn’t seem to be in a hurry, which proved to only further Kyungsoo’s general annoyance at humanity. Unlike someone, Kyungsoo had finished his work for the day and was planning on going home the moment he had answered the student emails. He could treat himself to a nice bath and pampering session before catching up on that drama he had gotten hooked on last weekend.
“You’re coming to the lunch meeting?” Jongin asked, raising his eyebrows and looking Kyungsoo up and down.

Kyungsoo frowned, blinking a few times before turning back to his computer screen and opening his inbox. Lunch meeting, he wasn’t aware that there was supposed to be a lunch meeting.

“I don’t…” He trailed off, scrolling though his recent emails. He kept his inbox very organized to make sure he didn’t miss any important emails, such as one about a meeting.

A hand landed on his shoulder and Kyungsoo could feel the warmth radiate off of Jongin’s skin as the other bent forwards, cheek by Kyungsoo’s ear, and read off the computer screen.

“You have a folder named after me?” Jongin asked as Kyungsoo quickly opened up the folder named Professor Kim to make sure he hadn’t accidentally mislabeled the email and filed it there. The folder only contained 40 or so emails, most of them old. But recently there had been a high influx of emails asking Kyungsoo about all sorts of idiot things, such as if he had brought lunch, or if he missed sitting on Jongin’s fat cock. As Kyungsoo accidentally opened one of the latter emails he could feel his eyes widen. It was one of the ones he had written out an answer to but never sent. An answer composed after a bottle of wine and a highly unsatisfied masturbation session. The words ‘your little boy misses daddy’s fat cock’ followed by what had to be a surely illegal amount of peach and eggplant emojis flashed on the screen and Kyungsoo dove forwards, turning off the monitor.

“I-” He cleared his throat, getting rid of the squeak in it.

“You know if you miss me that much I’m only a few offices down.” Jongin purred in his ear and Kyungsoo quickly rolled his office chair away from the other professor who only chuckled.

“I don’t know what lunch meeting you’re talking about.” He spoke, completely ignoring what had just transpired between them. Jongin straightened, that insufferable smirk still on his lips. The fact that he had chosen to forgo glasses, his five o’clock shadow had already made an appearance, and the vest he was wearing perfectly accented his body worthy of a greek god didn’t make things better. Especially not in Kyungsoo’s nether regions.

“The lunch meeting about the year two student’s research essays.” Jongin spoke and Kyungsoo frowned, the words not ringing any bells. He was sure that if someone had indeed informed him of that he would remember it. He had never missed a meeting.
“When was this planned?” Kyungsoo asked.

“About, maybe two three weeks ago.” Jongin supplemented. “We’re gonna go through what topics the students have decided and talk about how we can the ones with topics related to our field. That’s why we got that list of topics last week.” Jongin explained.

Now this list Kyungsoo recognized and remembered very well. Specifically for the reason that this year only one, yes one, student had chosen a topic related to phonetics. They were going to investigate the different realisations of the /r/ phoneme in Koreans speaking English, a concept that had been studied several times before.

“I already have that covered.” Kyungsoo sighed, standing up and grabbing his messenger bag. He wasn’t going to waste a whole hour listening to other people discussing. “Just forward my email or whatever you decide to the student and I’ll help her. Now if you excuse me I’m done for today.” Kyungsoo spoke, pulling at his jacket.

“Professor Cheng told me one of her students were switching topics to one related to phonology. Something about intonations or whatever in everyday speech.” Jongin said, shrugging. “She said she would tell you during the meeting.”

Kyungsoo perked up at that, his heart speeding up.

“English Intonation patterns in Koreans with English as their second language?” He asked and Jongin nodded, snapping his fingers and pointing at Kyungsoo.

“That one.” He confirmed.

Kyungsoo sucked on his lip, weighing the pros and cons of the meeting and immediately reaching the conclusion that he had to do everything he could to ensure this student had the help they required if they were that interested in phonology.

“Where’s the meeting?” He asked, trying not to sound too eager. He must have failed because Jongin chuckled loudly at him, a fond look in his eyes that made Kyungsoo’s stomach bubble weirdly. He must be hungry. He had to be hungry. No other explanation.

“I was just about to head out. I’ll show you the way.” Jongin spoke, turning around on his heal and
waltzing out of the office without so much as looking if Kyungsoo was following. Which he of course was but it was rude to assume.

Kyungsoo quickly locked up behind himself and hurried over to the other professor who had already reached the elevators. He silently cursed Jongin’s freakishly long and not at all incredibly sexy leg as he broke out into a little jog to reach the elevator when it dinged open.

“Lunch?” A voice called behind them as Kyungsoo entered the elevator. It was Professor Lee, one of the linguistics professor specializing in syntax.

“Yupp.” Jongin confirmed, pressing the button for the entrance floor.

“See you.” Professor Lee lifted a hand in a small wave and Jongin returned absently as he turned around towards Kyungsoo, looking at him intently. Kyungsoo cleared his throat. The elevator was hotter than usual today.

“Shouldn’t we have waited for Professor Lee?” Kyungsoo asked, assuming the other would join as well. Although syntax weren’t too popular of a topic either.

“He’ll catch up.” Jongin spoke and Kyungsoo nodded, looking away from the intense eyes. He pulled at his Jacket once more, not really knowing what to do with his hands. What did one usually do when just standing still? He settled for fixing his sleeves, making sure his shirt wasn’t peeking out too far. What he did not do was look at Jongin despite feeling the other professor’s intense gaze locked on him.

Finally the elevator dinged and the two of them walked out, weaving through the mass of students also making their way towards the closest cafeteria and lunchroom. Once outside Jongin nodded in the direction of downtown and Kyungsoo followed, having to walk slightly faster than comfortable to keep up with Jongin’s long legs.

The restaurant was a short ten minute walk away from the university. It was large, holding maybe 100 or so people when full, but right now it was mostly empty save for the odd office worker. Jongin raised his hand at one of the waiters once they entered and Kyungsoo assumed he must go here pretty frequently if he knew the personel.

“Here’s good.” Jongin spoke once their had reached a secluded corner of the restaurant, and flopped down in a small booth. Kyungsoo hesitantly sat down opposite him, opening the button of his suit.
jacket and making sure that his messenger bag was safely tucked away.

“Is this really going to be big enough for all of us?” Kyungsoo asked, frowning at the small booth. It could hold six people at most if you squeezed in close.

“It’ll be fine.” Jongin spoke, leaning forwards and meeting Kyungsoo’s gaze full on. The phonetics professor cleared his throat, suddenly parched, and looked down. Silence stretched out between the two of them and Kyungsoo swallowed, trying to think of anything to say to break the pressing quietness.

“So,” He begun but Jongin quickly interrupted him.

“I didn’t know you even knew what an emoji was. Isn’t using them against your principles as a linguistics major?” Jongin asked, leaning back again and Kyungsoo could see from his seat how widely Jongin was manspreading. He swallowed again, trying to focus on the question.

“Well, no. Our job is to describe how language is used not to police how it should be used. There are actually several studies on texting, especially when it comes to syntax, and it’s actually quite interesting.” Kyungsoo replied, making sure to keep his eyes above Jongin’s waist so he didn’t think too much of just what was hiding in the prominent bulge in the other’s pants.

“Interesting.” Jongin commented, a small smile playing on his lips and making Kyungsoo regret not having removed his suit jacket earlier. “So, the peach and the eggplant huh, your favourites?” Jongin asked, eyebrows rising.

Mortification filled Kyungsoo, the email from earlier flashing before his eyes again. He spluttered, trying to come up with anything to say in reply to a question such as that.

“Well, I mean- I don’t, they’re not my most used ones if that’s what you’re asking.” Kyungsoo forced out, shifting in his seat. Was this even an appropriate discussions to have between colleagues? Anyone could join them at any time and overhear and then they would surely be in trouble. Although, the fact that they hadn’t gotten into trouble yet was a miracle. Kyungsoo wasn’t exactly the silent type.

“I like peaches. Round, firm, plump peaches I can just sink my teeth into and feel the juice run down my chin.” Jongin replied and Kyungsoo’s eyes widened, his mouth hanging open. Jongin raised his eyebrows sharply once more, taking a bite in the air and Kyungsoo’s brain flatlined trying to think of any sort of answer to give to that.
Thankfully the waiter from earlier came by and saved him from having to say anything at all.

“You ready to order?” He asked with a happy smile. Jongin nodded, sitting up from where he had been leaning over the table to talk to Kyungsoo. Kyungsoo blinked, trying to get his brain to start up again and looking around for a menu. He had no idea what there was to order.

“Two sashimi plates and a beer for me, Kyungsoo is fine with just water.” Jongin ordered, looking up at the waiter who noted the order down before looking over at Kyungsoo and then back at Jongin. A silent conversation seemed to pass between the two of them before the waiter let out a low chuckle, shaking his head and walking away from there.

“Shouldn’t we have waited for the others before we ordered?” Kyungsoo asked. Jongin hadn’t even informed the waiter that there would be more people joining them. Maybe he should try and wave him down so the chefs were ready for the large group of people that were sure to be coming soon.

“It’ll be fine.” Jongin spoke, leaning forward again. Kyungsoo leaned back a little, feeling even hotter than before. Jongin’s gaze was so intense, seeming to drill right through him. Kyungsoo did opt for taking off his suit jacket this time, carefully folding it and placing it to the side and ignoring the pair of eyes he could feel follow his every movement.

He hoped the food would come soon, so he had something to do with his hands. He shifted in his seat again, pushing at his trousers to make sure they hadn’t ridden up around the ankle, and looked around the restaurant. It seemed to be specialized in fish if the large tanks were anything to judge by. That would probably mean that the sashimi Jongin had ordered him would be good.

Wait.

“Did you just order for me?” Kyungsoo asked, turning towards Jongin with a glare. The other professor chuckled in reply.

“You seem like someone who needs a firm hand.” Jongin replied and Kyungsoo’s eyebrows rose as he processed the words.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” He asked, squaring his shoulders and straightening in his seat.
“That you should let me take care of you.” Jongin spoke.

“I can take care of myself.” Kyungsoo replied, glare intensifying.

“Oh I know you can.” Jongin replied without missing a beat. “But we all need help at times. You should let me be the one who helps you out.”

Even though the words were sweet, something about Jongin’s voice made it swirl in Kyungsoo’s abdomen in that familiar way it had done whenever Jongin had called him a good boy. He pushed the feeling down. Now was not the time for that. They were having a meeting, nothing else.

“As I said, I can manage.” Kyungsoo replied firmly, breaking eye contact and looking over towards the entrance to the restaurant. Shouldn’t the other professors be showing up by now? Professor Lee had even confirmed earlier that he would be joining. Surely he couldn’t be far off?

“Where are the others?” He mused out loud. There were always some people showing up late for meetings yes, but never this many.

“Probably just lectures or something keeping them.” Jongin answered, seeming completely unbothered. Kyungsoo pressed his lips closely together. He would have to send out a strongly worded email about this to the department.

Silence once again lowered itself over the pair and Kyungsoo could feel himself start to get fidgety once more as Jongin’s eyes kept closely studying him. Thankfully the food was quick to come and Kyungsoo immediately set out to distract himself in the best way he knew, eating.

The only thing distracting him from the distraction of Jongin was, well, Jongin himself. Not only did the other professor seem to think rolling up his sleeves, showing off tanned, well defined arms, was necessary. But he also somehow managed to to make every bite he took of the food seem like a 19+ video somehow. And the foot casually resting against Kyungsoo’s ankle, sometimes sliding up his leg, didn’t make things any better.

So to not spontaneously combust, or worse, ask Jongin to just fuck him right there and then on the table (because Kyungsoo was a respectful university professor and would not stoop that low no matter how blue the last few weeks masturbation sessions had left his balls), Kyungsoo set out to stuff his face full of rice from the small bowl next to the large plate.
“Kyungsoo.” Jongin spoke as the phonetics professor shoved another spoonful of rice into his mouth, a small laugh in his voice. Kyungsoo looked up, cheeks full of rice. “You’ve got something-.” Jongin gestured towards the corner of his mouth and Kyungsoo blinked, reaching up to his face to check.

“No, here. Let me.” Jongin suddenly leaned forward, invading Kyungsoo’s space. His hand firmly gripped Kyungsoo’s jaw, ensuring he couldn’t move back, and his thumb slowly slid over his lip, pulling the plump flesh. Kyungsoo’s heartbeat pounded in his ears as he felt Jongin’s thumb change directions at the corner of his lip. It pressed forward, and Kyungsoo found himself opening up to the digit, letting it press down on his tongue before slowly retreating out of his mouth once more.

“Good boy.” Jongin whispered before sitting back down in his seat and Kyungsoo’s entire chest filled with warmth. He licked his lips, looking down at his lap and holding back the urge to giggle happily. If he didn’t know better he would almost think this was a-

“Wait!” Kyungsoo frowned, looking back up at Jongin. “This is a date, isn’t it?”

“What you’re gonna do about it baby boy?” Jongin asked with a teasing smile, pushing another slice of fish into his mouth.

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Kyungsoo’s back slammed hard against the bathroom stall wall, Jongin’s large frame pressing up against him in the next second. Jongin’s lips pressed harshly against his own, nibbling the plump flesh and forcing his tongue into Kyungsoo’s mouth.

Kyungsoo whined into the kiss, Jongin’s hand hot against his stomach and the fabric of his shirt rough against Kyungsoo’s hands. The dominating area was rolling off Jongin in waves, thick enough that Kyungsoo felt as though he could touch them. His stomach twisted, his hands moving up Jongin’s neck and tangling in his slicked back hair.

How he had ended up here Kyungsoo couldn’t truly answer. He knew Jongin had called him baby boy, knew how his entire chest had swelled with the words. He knew he wanted more of them. Someone had stood up, if it was him or Jongin who had done it first he didn’t know, and they had moved as one to the restaurant bathrooms.

“Fuck baby. You’re that eager to please Sir?” Jongin asked between kisses, his breath hot against
Kyungsoo’s lips. Kyungsoo nodded, arching as Jongin’s hand tangled in his hair and pulled. Jongin’s lips attached themselves to his neck and Kyungsoo’s breath hitched. He could feel Jongin’s knee force its way between his legs and shamelessly rolled his hips against the thick thigh.

“Took you long enough. I was getting impatient waiting on my little slut.” Jongin growled and Kyungsoo whimpered, rolling his hips again. He could himself growing harder with each word that passed through Jongin’s lips. He wanted to please him, to show him that he could be good for his daddy.

“Maybe I should punish you baby?” Jongin asked, pulling back for a second. Kyungsoo gasped, trying to roll his hips again but Jongin quickly grabbed his hip, holding him in place against the wall. “You’ve been avoiding me. Turning me down when I can tell how badly you need me.” Jongin purred, stroking his free hand against Kyungsoo’s cheek before roughly grabbing his jaw.

“Well?” He prompted, smirking down at Kyungsoo.

“I didn’t realize.” Kyungsoo gasped, lying through his teeth. He didn’t want to admit that he was simply too proud to give in to something as silly as feelings. He could handle this on his own. He didn’t need Jongin or his amazing cock.

Jongin tsk’ed, slowly shaking his head as he looked down at Kyungsoo. The pressure on the smaller professor’s throat suddenly increased, making Kyungsoo back up to try and keep his airway clear.

“I know you’re lying baby. Why would you lie like that to daddy, hmm? Why would you make him disappointed? That’s not what good boys do. Good boys listen to their daddy, he knows what’s best for good boys.” Jongin spoke, voice icy. Kyungsoo whined, the urge to be good, to do as Jongin said, rising in him.

“I’m sorry.” He gasped, looking up at Jongin with large eyes.

“Sorry won’t cut it baby. You need to be punished.” Jongin spoke, leaning in until his lips were right against Kyungsoo’s ear. “Maybe that’s why you’ve been misbehaving? Do you want to be punished, is that it Kyungsoo? Did you like it when I spanked you? When I made you cum over and over again until you couldn’t stand up? Did you like it when I made you cry? Are you truly such a slut you will misbehave just so daddy will punish you?”

Kyungsoo moaned out loud, feeling shame rush through him. No! No it hadn’t been like that. He
had tried to keep things professional. But he couldn’t deny how much he had liked Jongin spanking him, how he had tried to spank himself but it just wasn’t the same, how he liked the rough treatment and the forceful taking of pleasure. His cheeks burned hot.

“Do you need to be punished? Is that it Kyungsoo? You can’t get off without someone putting you in your place and telling you just how much of a slut you are.” Jongin continued and Kyungsoo could hear the smirk in the other’s voice. He closed his eyes, his voice hitching as he tried to find his voice.

“Don’t lie to Sir again.”

“Yes.” Kyungsoo admitted in a quiet voice, feeling his cock twitch as the humiliation burned bright in his chest.

“Good boy.” Jongin said, releasing his grip on Kyungsoo’s throat and Kyungsoo gasped, drawing in a deep breath and shakily moaning. “Now, what kind of punish should we give you baby?” Jongin asked, his hand leaving Kyungsoo’s hip and sliding up his chest.

“Maybe I should unlock this door, fuck you until you scream and let anyone who wants have the second round?” Jongin’s fingers pulled the knot of his tie loose and let the fabric drop to the floor. “Or maybe I should make you go out there and beg for cock until someone takes pity on you? I could watch while they fuck you, knowing that you would wish that it was my cock in your ass the whole time.” He popped the first button of Kyungsoo’s shirt open. Kyungsoo’s hips twitched. “I could fuck your face, make sure the taste of my cock never leaves your throat, cum on your face and let you walk back to your office like that, used.” A second button. Kyungsoo’s hips were rolling against Jongin’s hips, his hands holding on tightly to Jongin’s strong biceps as he tried to breathe through the shame and arousal filling him.

“Or, I could just not fuck you.” Jongin purred, ripping the remaining buttons off with a firm tug. “I could just walk away and leave you here hot and bothered baby, your holes begging for cock and your little dick rock hard.” His hand landed on Kyungsoo’s bulge, pressing down on it to the point where it was almost painful. Kyungsoo let out a dry sob. No! Don’t leave him he want to be a good boy. Let him redeem himself. Let him show how good he could make daddy feel.

“Let me suck your cock daddy.” Kyungsoo whimpered. “Please. Daddy I can make you feel so good let me suck your cock.” He looked up at Jongin, seeing him smile down at him. The other professor’s lips ghosted against Kyungsoo’s for a brief moment before he stepped back, releasing Kyungsoo.
“Make daddy proud my little boy.” Jongin said, holding out his hands and raising his eyebrows. Kyungsoo felt his chest swell, knowing this was his moment. He knew he was good at this. He knew how sinful his lips looked wrapped around cock and he knew how brightly his eyes shone filled with tears from a rough face fuck. He was going to make Jongin so proud of him.

He dropped down to his knees, his short stature putting his face only inches away from the bulge in Jongin’s slacks. With trembling fingers he stroked his hands up Jongin’s legs. They were firm under his hands, muscles well defined even through the coarse fabric. He let the hands move further up, left pressing featherlight touches to the outline of Jongin’s member. Jongin hissed, leaning back against the stall wall with a loud thud.

Kyungsoo looked up, eyelashes fluttering against his cheeks. He moved forwards, nustling his face against the bulge and crudely mapping out the shape with his lips. It was large, thick, and just as Kyungsoo remembered it. He let his hands wander upwards while he pressed his lips against the head and unbuckle Jongin’s belt buckle.

The button of his slacks followed and Kyungsoo rose up to grab the zipper with his teeth, slowly pulling it downwards. Tanned skin was revealed, a pronounced but neatly trimmed happy trail leading down to a small bush at the root of Jongin’s cock. No underwear. Kyungsoo moaned, his hips twitching. He was rock hard, cock straining against the front of his pants, and he hadn’t even tasted Jongin yet.

“Fuck Soo. You haven’t even started and I can already tell you were made to suck cock.” Jongin groaned above him, head thrown back as he pushed his hips forwards. Kyungsoo’s eyes fluttered shut at the praise, one of his hands leaving Jongin’s pants and going to his own bulge, giving it a firm rub. He gasped, feeling a shiver run up his spine at the intense pleasure and gave it another rub, his lips close enough to Jongin that the other could feel every gasp and sharp inhale against his cock.

Fuck, Kyungsoo would come from this. From the thought of having Jongin’s cock, thick and throbbing, on his tongue. What would happen when he actually had the real deal in his mouth, rubbing against the back of his throat and sliding hotly over his lips.

But no! This was about Jongin. About making him feel as good as possible. Jongin’s pleasure came first and Kyungsoo would show him just how ready was to give himself over to his daddy. With a whimper he pulled his hand away, his cock throbbing and his thighs trembling from how hard it was to not just give in. He looked up at Jongin, seeing the other observe him with attentive eyes.

“Daddy,” He gasped, holding up the belt towards Jongin. “Tie me up, please.”
Jongin moaned, his knees buckling for a moment and Kyungsoo felt a smile grow on his chest, pride over how good he was being filling him. Jongin took the belt with a firm hand, bending down to kiss the inside of Kyungsoo’s wrist before bringing it down behind him. Kyungsoo arched his back, letting the other hand join the first one behind his back. He could feel Jongin wrap the belt around his wrists, tightly, but not too tightly, and expertly fasten it.

As Jongin gave it one last tug Kyungsoo felt his hips twitch, legs spreading as he thrusted into empty air.

“You’re being such a good boy for daddy.” Jongin groaned, hand traveling up Kyungsoo’s chest and pushing his shirt aside to reveal pert nipples. “So obedient, knowing this is for Sir’s pleasure only. Such a good little cock slut.” Jongin’s fingers flicked one of the erect nubs hard and Kyungsoo gasped, throwing his head back.

“Please, let me be your good little boy. Let me suck Sir’s cock until you cum down my throat. Please.” Kyungsoo gasped, looking up at Jongin with hungry eyes.

Jongin twisted his nipple and Kyungsoo cried out, doubling over.

“You don’t get to make the demands here slut. Remember this is still punishment, no matter how good you’re being.” Jongin reminded him harshly and Kyungsoo nodded, feeling shame burn on his cheeks again. He needed to stop being such a needy little whore for daddy’s cock.

“Now, open up.” Jongin said as he stood up, pulling his dick out of his pants and letting it hit Kyungsoo across the face. Kyungsoo moaned, opening his mouth wide and sticking out his tongue. Jongin had a musky scent, thick and heavy as it filled Kyungsoo’s nostrils. He wanted to taste the scent, wanted to have the salty taste of precum spread on his tongue.

He pulled back, letting the cockhead leave a wet trail down his cheek, until he could catch it in his mouth. It was big, bigger than he expected. No wonder he had been sore for days after their last get together if this was what had fucked him. He took a little bit more into his mouth, enjoying the heavy feeling of Jongin’s cock in his mouth. His hands fisted behind his back, his own cock begging for any kind of friction.

Jongin groaned above him, hips twitching forwards minutely and Kyungsoo moaned around the thick member. “Hold it there.” Jongin groaned and Kyungsoo looked up, seeing Jongin fish around in his pocket. A second later he pulled out his phone, aiming it down at Kyungsoo.
Kyungsoo felt himself blush, shyly looking away from the camera lense aimed his way. Jongin’s hips pushed forward, unrelenting, and Kyungsoo felt the cock unexpectedly hit the back of his throat. With a choking noise he pulled back, the hard member resting against his open lips as he caught his breath.

The click of a camera going off sounded in the small toilet stall and Kyungsoo opened his eyes, making eye contact with the lense again. Another click.

“Fuck you have no idea how pretty you look right now baby.” Jongin groaned, looking down at the picture he had just taken. “I should send this to the rest of the staff, tell them what they’ve been missing out on this whole time.” He spoke and Kyungsoo whimpered, shaking his head.

“Imagine that they’ve had such a cock slut in their office this whole time, just waiting for someone to come in and put you in your place. If I hadn’t stepped in, how long would it have been before you couldn’t take it anymore? Before you bent yourself over your desk and showed your greedy hole off to the whole department, hmm?” Jongin crooned, pocketing his phone and taking his cock in a loose hold.

“After all, all it took for me to get you to show your true self was one, little, push.” With each of the words he moved his hips forward, feeding more of his cock into Kyungsoo’s mouth. Kyungsoo whimpered, his whole chest burning with shame but his cock throbbing helplessly. Fuck, he could imagine it. He could imagine being the department’s little slut, Jongin controlling who could fuck him, and he hated how much he loved it. Hated how the degradation coiled so beautifully with the pleasure in his abdomen, making him shiver and ache for release.

“Maybe I should send it to the whole school? Let them see who the uptight Professor Doh truly is?” Jongin asked, slowly sliding his cock in and out of Kyungsoo’s mouth. Kyungsoo gasped around the cock, shaking his head.

“No?” Jongin stilled for a moment. “You’re right. You’re too precious to be shared. You’re mine and mine only. I’m the only one who’s allowed to touch you like this, isn’t that right baby boy?” He asked and Kyungsoo nodded, closing his lips tightly around Jongin’s cock and sucking to show how correct the other’s words were.

Jongin moaned, free hand coming to rest in Kyungsoo’s hair. Kyungsoo bobbed his head, sinking down half the length of Jongin’s shaft. He would show the other how right he had been in letting Kyungsoo be his little boy. He was going to show him how good he could be, how good he could make Jongin feel in thanks for protecting him.

Slowly he worked up a rhythm, making sure to keep his lips slick with spit. It was hard with his
hands tied behind his back and more than once Kyungsoo accidentally pushed too far, making
himself gag on the thick cock. Jongin groaned every time he did, his breath hitching with each swirl
of Kyungsoo’s tongue around his cock head and with each press of his tongue against the prominent
vein running up the underside of Jongin’s shaft.

Jongin’s precum was salty against his tongue, taste deep and all encompassing. Kyungsoo found
himself getting lost in it, eyes glazed over as he watched Jongin’s face contorted in pleasure. His
eyebrows were knitted close, his nose scrunched as he clenched his teeth together as if to hold
himself back. Everytime the mouth would open, letting out another noise of appreciation, Kyungsoo
felt his own cock twitch, pride filling him over the fact that it was him who was making Jongin feel
this good.

With a growl Jongin tightened his hold on Kyungssoo’s hair, stilling him. Kyungsoo obeyed, his hips
rolling in air as he spread his legs. Fuck, he felt as if he was going to come untouched by this. But he
wouldn’t. He would be good for daddy and wait his turn.

“Can you deep throat baby?” Jongin asked, his voice husky from arousal. Kyungsoo moaned, hips

“I.” Kyungsoo tried to reply but the sound came out muffled by the heavy cock in his mouth, a drop
of saliva escaping his lips. Jongin pulled himself out of Kyungsoo’s mouth with a wet noise.

“I can, but not on my own.” Kyungsoo spoke, blinking slowly as he kept eye contact with Jongin.
Jongin’s frown deepened, in confusion this time. “I need you to help me Sir.” Kyungsoo continued,
breath fanning across the wet cockhead in front of him.

“What do you mean my little boy?” Jongin asked and instead of answering Kyungsoo decided to just
open his mouth as wide as he could, presenting it for Jongin’s cock and sticking his tongue out.

Jongin quickly got the hint and fed his cock back into Kyungsoo’s mouth before gripping his hair
firmly with both of his hands. Without waiting he thrust forward sharply, hitting the back of
Kyungsoo’s throat. Kyungsoo could feel his gag reflex try to kick in and focused on relaxing his
throat.

The next thrust was easier, Kyungsoo’s throat slowly starting to open up to the large intrusion. It had
been a long time since Kyungsso had last done this but as Jongin continued to thrust the phonology
professor could feel his body take over, knowing what it had to do. His eyes rolled back in his head
as Jongin continued to thrust, his hold on Kyungsoo’s hair tight.
With a curse Jongin gave a particularly hard thrust, keeping himself deep in Kyungsoo’s mouth and finally Kyungsoo felt his throat open up. Jongin kept up the pressure, forcing himself further into Kyungsoo until the smaller could feel the hair at the root of Jongin’s cock tickle his nose.

He gagged, his body protesting, and Jongin moaned loudly, pulling out sharply. A long string of drool connected the tip of his cock with Kyungsoo’s tongue and Kyungsoo would have moaned at the sight if he hadn’t been so preoccupied with gasping for breath.

The moment he had drawn a deep breath Jongin pushed forward again, pulling at Kyungsoo’s hair and forcing him down on his cock. Kyungsoo welcomed the rough treatment, his chest swelling with pride over being able to do such a good job.

Jongin snapped his hips roughly, forcing his cock down Kyungsoo’s throat with each thrust and Kyungsoo soon had drool running down his chin. Jongin didn’t let up, keeping his movements even but quick, making Kyungsoo struggle for breath. With each slide of cock over his tongue Kyungsoo could feel himself get pulled deeper and deeper into that space only Jongin seemed able to take him to. The space where all that mattered was Jongin’s pleasure and where Kyungsoo was just another tool to help him.

“Fuck! Baby.” Jongin growled, his cock far enough down Kyungsoo’s throat the smaller’s nose was pressing against his pubic bone. Kyungsoo felt his head swim at the lack of oxygen, eyes tearing and his legs shaking as they struggled to keep him upright. His throat worked, swallowing around the large member and Jongin let out a deep moan before finally pulling off.

Kyungsoo gasped, coughing. His jaw ached, his wrist smarting from the leather bound around them, and his mind was reeling from the rough treatment. He loved every second of it. He felt as if he had came a thousand times over but the hard cock still tensing his slacks was proof of the opposite. There was drool running down his cheek, tears beading in his eyes. He knew he must look completely wrecked right now. His cock gave another feeble twitch.

“Fuck, you really were made to suck cock. You’re taking me so well baby, open up once more for daddy.” Jongin tapped his cock against Kyungsoo’s lips and Kyungsoo obediently opened up once more. Slowly, almost gently, Jongin slid his cock inside this time. “You’re so hot and wet, your throat working so tightly around me. Fuck, ah! Baby! I can see your throat bulge. Do you like the feeling of daddy’s cock in your mouth? Do you like daddy fucking your holes nice and deep?” Jongin’s voice was strained as he slowly thrust in and out of Kyungsoo’s mouth, almost as if keeping himself back.

Kyungsoo hummed in lieu of nodding and the vibrations of his throat made Jongin freeze and bite
his lips hard. He stilled once more, cock halfway inside Kyungsoo’s mouth and Kyungsoo swallowed, patiently waiting for more.

“Fuck. Daddy’s gonna fuck your throat real good now baby. Will you be able to handle that?” Jongin asked, hand almost gently wiping away a tear from his baby’s eyes. Kyungsoo nodded eagerly. Yes, please! Cum down his throat.

Jongin shifted, taking a firm hold of Kyungsoo’s hair. Within seconds he had set up a brutal pace, keeping himself lodged deep down Kyungsoo’s throat and barely giving him enough space to breathe. Kyungsoo’s eyes rolled in his head, tears slipping down his cheeks as he felt Jongin swell in his throat. He was close, Kyungsoo could tell. But the exhaustion was starting to take over and with each snap of Jongin’s hip Kyungsoo could feel himself gag.

With an animalistic sound Jongin came, his cock swelling further before twitching, beginning to empty itself down Kyungsoo’s protesting throat. Kyungsoo pulled back and Jongin let him, the second spurt barely hitting the back of his throat before the third ribboned itself over his eyes, nose and mouth.

Kyungsoo gasped, coughing and feeling a large glob of semen exit is throat and run down his lips and chin. Jongin groaned, cock twitching feebly and giving a last weak spurt over Kyungsoo’s naked chest. His hands loosened their hold on Kyungsoo’s hair and Kyungsoo’s knees gave up, making him fall backwards and land against the opposite stall wall with a thud.

“Fuck. That was the hottest thing I’ve ever seen.” Jongin gasped, looking over at Kyungsoo with a tired but proud smile. Kyungsoo felt his chest swell again, his eyes unfocused but fixed on Jongin.

“And you’re still hard, what a good little baby boy.” At these words Jongin’s shoe rubbed against Kyungsoo’s front, teasing the still hard member. At a strangled cry, voice hoarse from the rough treatment of his throat, Kyungsoo came, his body shaking as white hot pleasure rushed through him, making his eyes cross as his cock sullied the inside of his underwear.

He could hear himself sob, feel weak as the aftershakes of his intense orgasm made his muscles tremble. Jongin immediately moved forward, stroking his sweaty hair away from his face. Kyungsoo pressed into the touch, seeking confirmation that he had done good, that he was a good boy.

“It’s okay.” Jongin whispered, pulling him close to his chest as he worked on releasing his hands from their bindings. “I’ve got you. I’ve got you.” He pulled the belt away and brought Kyungsoo’s hands forward, massaging the wrists. Kyungsoo’s chest heaved, emotions running haywire inside of him.
“Daddy.” He gasped, sniffing weakly. Jongin hushed him, rubbing his back as he quickly wiped up the mess on Kyungsoo’s face and front. “Did I do good daddy?” His voice was barely above a whisper.

“You did. Daddy is so proud of you. You did so so well my little boy.” Jongin replied immediately, pulling Kyungsoo closer and holding him firmly against his chest. Kyungsoo’s breath shuddered, his body still trembling. He was scared. He felt so small, so weak. He clung closer to Jongin.

“Come here baby.” Jongin spoke, stroking his hair as he helped him up on his feet. “Come on. Daddy’s got you. You’re okay.” He sat back on the toilet seat and pulled Kyungsoo into his lap, letting him rest against his chest.

Kyungsoo sniffed weakly, feeling better now that he had Jongin’s arms wrapped around his frame. The heat from Jongin’s body was making the scent of his cologne fill the small space and despite having only smelled the scent faintly before Kyungsoo found himself immensely comforted by it.

They stayed like that for a while, Jongin whispering to Kyungsoo how proud he was of him as the other slowly came back into his regular headspace. When Kyungsoo had stopped sniffling and started to squirm from the uncomfortably sticky sensation in his pants Jongin spoke up.

“We can’t keep doing this.”

Kyungsoo froze before looking up at Jongin with wide eyes, chest tightening. Was Jongin breaking up with him? He knew they weren’t dating but... He still had thought that... Three times...

“I’m sorry. I don’t mean it like that.” Jongin spoke, pressing a kiss to Kyungsoo’s forehead. “I meant that if we’re going to keep doing this, we need to talk it through beforehand. I can’t have you go through a sub drop in a public restroom more times just because we’re too stubborn to talk about our feelings.” Jongin explained, looking down at Kyungsoo with raised eyebrows.

Kyungsoo blinked, mouth opening wordlessly a few times over before he could regain his composure.

“I’m not the stubborn one.” He said and Jongin pinched his ass, making Kyungsoo twitch and slap his chest.

“Don’t lie to Sir.” Jongin teased, winking. Kyungsoo huffed, entertaining the idea of crossing his
arms for about half a second before realizing just how stubborn that would look. He wasn’t going to let Jongin win.

“Look.” Jongin began. “I like you. And I don’t mean I like having sex with you. I mean I like you, everything about you. Even your uptight emotionally constipated side.” Jongin continued and Kyungsoo felt a smile break out on his lips before he could stop it. Fuck!

“I like you too.” He mumbled out, trying to school his face back into his usually impassive look.

“Good. Then let me take you out on a real date. Not just quickies in your office or pretend meetings.” Jongin said, smiling down at him. The smile had Kyungsoo’s heart beat double pace.

“Fine.” He agreed, still struggling to hold back the smile. Jongin’s lips suddenly pressed against his, the kiss surprisingly gentle for what he expected of Jongin. Kyungsoo pulled away, giggles escaping him and he quickly slapped his cheeks with his hands to try and stop them.

“Come on, let me take you home.” Jongin said and Kyungsoo nodded, standing up on weak legs. His knees were aching from how long he had spent on them and his shirt was ripped from the middle of his chest and down. Jongin quickly helped him button the buttons that remained before neatly tying his tie around Kyungsoo’s neck and buttoning up the suit jacket.

“There, now you look like a prim and proper professor again.” Jongin said, giving his stomach a tap with his hand. Kyungsoo pushed his hand away, rolling his eyes.

I can’t believe you made up a whole meeting to make me join you on a date. You could have just asked.” Kyungsoo said as they exited the bathroom. He was ignoring the way he was leaning against Jongin to keep himself steady, instead pretending as if he was walking normally.

“I tried that but it didn’t work.” Jongin said, guiding him through the now much emptier restaurant. Kyungsoo briefly wondered what time it was before deciding he didn’t care. He had finished his workday before all of this after all.

“Besides.” Jongin continued. “I knew nothing makes you more excited than phonetics. So it wasn’t really that hard to trick you.”

“Wait.” Kyungsoo frowned. “Does that mean you made up the student who wanted to work with English Intonation patterns in Koreans with English as their second language?” He asked, feeling
disappointment fill his chest. He had looked forward to that essay.

“I’ll make it up to you.” Jongin promised, unlocking a sleek black car and helping Kyungsoo into the front seat. “I don’t want my little boy to be sad after all.”
Kyungsoo shifted in the car seat, not daring to look at the man next to him in the driver’s seat. Jongin’s car was nice. Brown leather seats, tinted windows and what Kyungsoo could only assume was a faux wooden dashboard. He didn’t know much about cars, or anything really, but he could tell that this one must have cost a fortune. Had Jongin really afforded this on a university professor’s salary?

“Your car is nice.” Kyungsoo said, hands straightening his jacket. The flimsy material of his bomber jacket was unfamiliar beneath his fingers. He was used to wearing a lot more clothes, especially around Jongin. Or well, around this Jongin. Not around daddy Jongin.

Kyungsoo looked down, feeling his cheeks heat up before forcing himself to compose himself again. He was still an adult, not some sort of teenager with a crush. He could keep himself under control under his date. Even if he happened to be looking like a model coming fresh from the walkway with his black turtleneck, suit pants and trench coat. His hair was down today, parted down the side and curling ever so slightly over his forehead. Just the mere sight of him had Kyungsoo’s heart speeding up, which was why he was not looking that way.

Pure self preservation. He still had his pride after all. He wouldn’t let Jongin have the satisfaction of turning Kyungsoo into a mess this early into their date.

“You like it?” Jongin asked and Kyungsoo could feel the other professor’s eyes on him. He made a non-committal noise, trying to figure out how to sit like a normal person. He put his arm up on the door next to him before realizing it probably looked stupid. But now he couldn’t take it away without looking even more stupid. He stubbornly didn’t look at Jongin.

“It’s the 2012 model. A little outdated but still good.” Jongin said and Kyungsoo nodded as if he knew what Jongin was talking about. He himself had a small fiat he had bought second hand from his older brother when he upgraded to some kind of fancy car. The left signal blinked at double speed but other than that it was good? Kyungsoo didn’t know. It wasn’t as nice as Jongin’s though so the other was probably right with his comment.

“You bought it new?” Kyungsoo asked, shifting in his seat again and pretending to look around the car as if assessing it. Oh, he could probably ride Jongin in the backseat without too much problems, so that was a nice feature at least.
“Yes, with the help of an inheritance from my great uncle and a lot of saving.” Jongin replied, taking a left into a residential area. Kyungsoo nodded, not really understanding why one would spend that much money on something that just broke down and cost more money.

“A man’s gotta have his toys.” Jongin said as if having heard Kyungsoo’s silent question. Suddenly a heavy hand landed high on Kyungsoo’s thigh, squeezing it firmly. Kyungsoo froze, eyes wide as he tried to figure out what to do. His head snapped to the side, taking in Jongin next to him.

The other was looking at the road in front of him, mouth open ever so slightly in concentration. His left hand was gripping the wheel, veins visible, and his right hand was possessively resting on Kyungsoo’s thigh. With one smooth movement he turned on the blinker and turned right, smirking as his eyes travelled over Kyungsoo.

Kyungsoo swallowed, any remark he might have had leaving his head as his blood rushed south. How someone could look that hot while driving was beyond him. With force he tore his eyes away from the sight, wetting his dry mouth as he tried to get himself back into control.

“You okay?” Jongin asked and Kyungsoo could hear the teasing tilt to his voice.

“Yes daddy.” His eyes went wide, his muscles locking up again. “Jongin!” He corrected quickly, hoping his slip up wouldn’t be noticed. “Yes, Jongin.”

Jongin didn’t reply, only giving his thigh another squeeze before he focused on navigating the parking garage. Smoothly the car rolled down the ramps and into the garage. Jongin’s spot was hidden away in a corner of the garage and Jongin expertly maneuvered his car into the spot.

Once parked Jongin unfolded his tall frame from the car, rolling his shoulders for a moment. Kyungsoo quickly unbuckled himself, movements stiff and jerky as he tried to compose himself. Their date had barely even begun and he was already acting like this.

Today would be the first time Kyungsoo saw Jongin’s apartment. They had gone on three dates previously. Twice to a fancy restaurant and once to the movie theaters. The restaurants had been amazing and Jongin had bought him desserts both time, but the movie had been really bad. Luckily Jongin had made it up for him blowing him in the seat. Kyungsoo still blushed at the memory of himself cumming down Jongin’s throat as a makeshift gag so no one would discover what they had been doing.

“You coming?” Jongin asked and Kyungsoo startled, looking up at Jongin standing next to the open car door. He had stopped half way out through the car, one foot on the pavement and one on the dashboard to push himself up when the memory of himself cumming down Jongin’s throat had flashed before his eyes.

“You coming?” Jongin asked and Kyungsoo startled, looking up at Jongin standing next to the open car door. He had stopped half way out through the car, one foot on the pavement and one on the dashboard to push himself up when the memory of himself cumming down Jongin’s throat had flashed before his eyes.

“Of course.” Kyungsoo spluttered, standing up almost bumping his head against the car ceiling. He pretended as if nothing had happened as he took a step away from the car, straightening his jacket and looking around for the elevator that would take them to Jongin’s apartment.

Jongin closed the car door with a small chuckle and Kyungsoo huffed, turning to give the other a glare. Jongin didn’t acknowledge it and instead begun walking towards a small recycling area a few meters away. Kyungsoo followed, discreetly taking a few running steps to catch up to the other. As they entered the elevator Jongin pressed the button for the tenth floor before leaning back against the wall, hands in his pockets. Kyungsoo clasped his own hands in front of himself, not looking at the other.
Sure they were dating now and sure Jongin had peeled every layer away from Kyungsoo before but that didn’t mean Kyungsoo was going to let go of his dignity in front of the other. He still had his standards. He wasn’t going to stand there and let Jongin laugh at him. He was an adult man who could take care of himself.

“You look good. You should dress casually more often, let go of the professor dress code” Jongin said, breaking Kyungsoo out of his thoughts. The phonology professor looked up, meeting Jongin’s gaze through the mirror wall.

Kyungsoo quickly looked down at himself. He had opted to wear his black skinny jeans, the ones he needed to do a little jumpy dance to get himself fully into and which made his ass look great. He knew, he had checked it out in the mirror. Other than that he was wearing one of his white shirts, buttoned up to the top as usual, and his blue bomber jacket. It wasn’t his usual casual style, which consisted of sweatpants and t-shirts, but it was something at least. (And no he had not spent hours picking out the perfect look that would make him look casually sexy without looking like either a teenager with a crush or like he was on his way to a lecture. He had only spent one hour.)

“The university calls for business.” Kyungsoo replied as an explanation for why he didn’t wear this style more often. Once again not at all because his wardrobe lacked almost any sort of in-between between work clothes and glorified pyjamas.

“Business casual.” Jongin corrected and Kyungsoo furrowed his brows into another glare. “And it was a compliment Kyungsoo. Not a jab at your fashion sense.” Jongin pushed off the elevator wall and took a step forward.

“Your ass look great in those jeans.” Jongin slid up behind him, still meeting his eyes through the mirror. “Ripe for the taking.” His lips slowly closed over the juncture of his shoulder and neck in a small kiss that was anything but innocent.

Kyungsoo could only blink as Jongin’s hand snaked their way into his back pockets, long fingers kneading the soft muscles. His eyes were still locked with Kyungsoo’s, pupils dark as he slowly let his lips drag up the shorter’s neck and close around his bottom of his ear. A shiver went through Kyungsoo, a shuddering breath leaving him.

The ding of the elevator door opening had Kyungsoo jerking away from Jongin’s grasp. The literature professor slowly straightened up, seeming completely unbothered by the whole ordeal. Luckily no one was entering the elevator and Kyungsoo quickly hurried out, sucking in a deep breath. That Jongin could turn him into a quivering mess in the matter of seconds was not something he was proud of but he would be a complete liar if he said it didn’t make excitement shoot through him like a bolt of lightning.

“Come.” Jongin said as he walked past, his hand coming to rest Kyungsoo’s lower back. Kyungsoo quickly walked forward, noting the small row of bikes resting in the elevator area and the many doors. The stairwell seemed kind of shabby, the walls painted grey and the tiled floor equally as bland in colour, but the doors were fitted with modern electronic locks.

Jongin quickly keyed in his passcode and the door unlocked with a small chirp. Inside was a small hallway, separated from the rest of the apartment with a door and the pair squeezed together in the small space, toeing off shoes and hanging up jackets, before Jongin’s hand returned to Kyungsoo’s lower and the pair made their way into the apartment.

Kyungsoo didn’t know what he had expected, probably some kind of bachelor pad, but whatever it was it wasn’t what he was faced with. The apartment was small but stylishly decorated in blacks and
whites and minimalistic accessories. The kitchen was connected to the living room and Kyungsoo could spot the doors leading into the master bedroom and bathroom respectively from his position by the entrance. It didn’t look much bigger than Kyungsoo’s own place. In fact it looked slightly smaller. But it was homely in a weird way despite the sparse furnishing.

“So, this is me.” Jongin said, gesturing towards his space. “Tv, couch, bedroom, kitchen, bathroom in the door to the right.” He spoke, spinning around and pointing out each thing in turn as he mentioned them.

Kyungsoo nodded, slowly taking a few more steps inside.

“It’s nice.” He commented, looking back at Jongin.

“Do you really mean that or are you just saying that to be nice.” Jongin asked, sitting down on the armrest of his couch and arching his eyebrows at Kyungsoo.

“No, I mean it.” Kyungsoo replied, hands searching for his jacket to pull on and when coming up empty handed he settled for hiding them in his jean pockets. “It just wasn’t what I was expecting.” He continued, trying to fit his fingers into his tight jeans. Too late he realized the pockets on the front of his jeans were fake. He stopped his movements, disgusting his earlier fumbling as wiping his hands on his jeans and settled for just letting his hands hang down by his side.

“What were you expecting?” Jongin asked, a smirk growing on his lips.

“Well, based on your office I was expecting something messier.” Kyungsoo spoke honestly. Jongin’s eyebrows shot up again.

“Are you calling me messy?” He asked and Kyungsoo shifted, trying to figure out what normal people did with their arms usually.

“I’m calling your office messy.” Kyungsoo corrected.

“It’s an organized mess.” Jongin defended, crossing his arms and leaning back.

“Is that why you need me to help you find something once a week?” Kyungsoo asked with a roll of his eyes, staring down his boyfriend.

“No, that’s just so I can check out your ass as you bend over.” Jongin shoot back and Kyungsoo felt his eyes go wide, his cheeks colouring.

“Well, I- no.- that’s-” He spluttered, looking around the flat as he through through the many times Jongin had had him check under his desk for something, claiming his muscles were too sore from working out to do it himself.

“You’re cute when you’re flustered.” Jongin said, standing up again and walking up into Kyungsoo’s personal space. His hand came up to lightly grip Kyungsoo’s chin, thumb resting against his bottom lip. “And can you really blame a man? Your ass is too good to hide away.” He continued, voice low as he bent down close to Kyungsoo.

Kyungsoo could feel his cheeks burn, his heart beat having doubled in the span of mere seconds. He didn’t reply, waiting for what Jongin was going to do instead. The other professor’s breath was hot against his lips, their noses close enough Kyungsoo could feel a phantom touch caress his skin. He blinked, looking up into Jongin’s eyes. The irises were almost completely black from how his pupils were blown wide.
It would be so easy to just kiss Jongin. All he needed to do was to angle his head a little, to push forward, but two could play this game. So Kyungsoo held himself back, feeling their breaths mix as he stared down the other man. A satisfied smirk grew on Jongin’s lips, his fingers increasing their grip around his chin.

“You’re feisty today.” Jongin commented. “I like it.”

Kyungsoo felt a smile grow on his lips and was just about to teasingly cock his eyebrows at Jongin when he felt an arm around his waist and the world suddenly shifted. He let out a cry of alarm, reaching out to brace himself against Jongin’s back and waist as the other lifted him up over his shoulder.

“Put me down!” He demanded, twisting to try and get free. Jongin’s grip around his waist and legs were strong though, making sure he stayed folded securely over the other’s shoulder- “Jongin put me down!” He tried again, slapping the other’s waist to get his attention.

He could hear Jongin laugh and felt the grip around his thigh tighten, squeezing the supple muscle between strong fingers. With a huff Jongin bounced him, moving him so his hip was resting over Jongin’s shoulder instead of his stomach and chest. Kyungsoo screamed, gripping Jongin’s waist in a death grip.

“I swear to God if you drop me!” Kyungsoo cried, wanting to kick his legs to be put down but not daring to. Not when his head was practically upside down.

“Shush you know I would never drop you.” Jongin said, turning around on the spot. Kyungsoo huffed, resuming his slapping of Jongin’s side to get the other to put him down.

“Stop it Kyungsoo.” Jongin spoke as he started walking in a leisurely pace. Kyungsoo couldn’t see where to but considering there was only two other rooms in the apartment outside of the one they were in now and one of those were the bathroom it wasn’t too hard to guess their destination.

“Put me down.” Kyungsoo demanded again, increasing the strength of his slaps. He could walk on his own! He was a fully grown man! And this wasn’t even close to romantic!

The sharp smack of a hand hitting flesh cut through the apartment and Kyungsoo gasped, feeling the imprint Jongin’s hand had left behind on his ass.

“Behave.” Jongin said sharply, not even waiting for Kyungsoo’s reply before pushing the door into his bedroom open. Kyungsoo swallowed, trying to get his breathing back under control. He knew that logically they would end up in this situation (he would have been disappointed had they not but Jongin didn’t need to know that) but he wasn’t ready for it to come so quickly. Usually Jongin liked to tease a lot more before putting his foot down. Although if Kyungsoo thought back things had always gone from teasing to serious within the blink of an eye with Jongin.

With a huff Jongin tipped him off of his shoulder and down onto the bed. Kyungsoo bounced on the mattress, head spinning both from having been carried and from the aura Jongin was emitting.

Slowly Jongin placed a hand on his chest, eyes locking with Kyungsoo’s. The hand didn’t push, it didn’t do anything to keep him down except rest there as a silent command. Kyungsoo licked his lips, breathing heavily as he waited for the next move.

“Do you remember what we discussed the last time?” Jongin asked and Kyungsoo nodded. “Answer me baby.”

“I remember.” Kyungsoo spoke, swallowing thickly. “Sir.”
Jongin’s eyes fluttered shut, a pleased smile growing on his lips. “Then you remember that you can stop this anytime you want.” He spoke seriously, eyes opening to lock with Kyungsoo’s again. “What’s the safe word?” He asked.

“Penguin.” Kyungsoo replied, voice breathy. He moved his hand to his chest, placing it over Jongin’s. “I trust you Jongin.” He said, not blinking as he looked into Jongin’s eyes. Never once had Jongin demanded too much, or hurt him, or crossed any limits. He could read Kyungsoo, could tell what he needed and how he needed it. Kyungsoo knew Jongin would care for him.

Jongin stilled, blinking as he looked into Kyungsoo’s eyes. He seemed almost surprised for a second before he bent down, placing the gentlest of kisses against Kyungsoo’s lips. Kyungsoo kissed back, holding on to Jongin’s shoulder as they broke apart and rubbed their noses against each other.

“What have you planned for me, Daddy?” Kyungsoo whispered, smiling as Jongin instantly reacted to the word.

“What makes you think I’ve planned something for you baby?” Jongin whispered, their faces still close to each other. “Do you think you’ve been good enough for that, for daddy to reward you?” He asked.

“I’m a good boy.” Kyungsoo breathed, chasing after another kiss but Jongin moved back before he could connect their lips.

“Are you though?” Jongin questioned, suddenly increasing the pressure on Kyungsoo’s chest. “You’ve been nothing but mouthy since you came here. You’ve been demanding and don’t think I didn’t notice how you ignored me in the car earlier.” He raised an eyebrow at Kyungsoo who blinked, licking his lips.

“I’ll be good.” Kyungsoo whispered and Jongin tutted, shaking his head.

“That’s what you say every time. That’s what you promised when I told you to be quiet in the movie theatre, but were you?” Jongin asked and Kyungsoo looked away, knowing he had almost gotten them discovered with his whimpers. “And you’ve been dressing like a tease, is that something good boys do? Because it looks like you’re nothing more than a little cock slut hungry for a fucking.”

The last words were practically a growl as they left Jongin’s lips and Kyungsoo’s breath hitched, his hands fistig in the sheets for a short moment.

“And you know what happens to little sluts.” Jongin continued, the hand on Kyungsoo’s chest slowly creeping upwards until it wrapped around Kyungsoo’s throat. The pressure was barely there but Kyungsoo could still read the touch as clearly as if Jongin had spoken the words. Don’t move. Listen to me and obey.

“They get punished.” Jongin whispered, eyes locked with Kyungsoo’s. Kyungsoo’s eyes fluttered shut, his breathing laboured as he swallowed. He could feel the pressure of Jongin’s hand as his throat worked. “Do you understand baby?”

“Yes sir.” Kyungsoo whispered, looking up at Jongin again who smirked down at him, his hand still planted firmly against Kyungsoo’s throat.

“Get up, I want you naked and bent over by the end of the bed within the minute.” Jongin ordered, not even looking at him as he stood up and made his way over to an empty chair in the corner of the room. Kyungsoo blinked, trying to process the order. Right, get naked.

He sat up, his fingers shaking as he fumbled to unbutton the buttons of his dress shirt. It had been so
long since they had last done anything like this. Last time had been when Jongin had spanked him in his office. The memory Jongin strong hands holding him down, picking him apart as he spanked him made Kyungsoo’s dick twitch, his already tight pants growing tighter.

He swallowed, blinking rapidly to clear the image from his head. He would be good for Jongin and take his punishment as a good boy. He would listen to his daddy and let him do as he pleased with him. He wouldn’t get distracted by memories and he most certainly wouldn’t demand, no matter how much he wanted it.

He finally managed to get his shirt off of him and tossed it aside before pulling off the t-shirt he wore underneath. When the fabric was away from his face his eyes landed on Jongin sitting in the chair at the corner of the room, watching him intently. His legs were spread wide, the bulge of his cock visible despite Kyungsoo knowing it couldn’t be more than half hard already. His lips were parted ever so slightly, his eyes dark with arousal as they roamed over Kyungsoo’s naked skin.

Kyungsoo swallowed, tearing his eyes away and standing up to work on his jeans. His gaze kept moving around the room as he tried to get his shaking hands to cooperate, the anticipation in his chest building with each second. With a huff he pushed the pants over his hips, very much aware of Jongin’s eyes on him.

He swallowed, struggling to force them down his legs instead of just turning them inside out like he usually did at home. That wasn’t particularly sexy. As he switched legs, struggling to get the jeans over his foot his eyes landed on Jongin’s drawers and a collection of plaquets and small cups. They looked like the kinds Kyungsoo had gotten when he had been a kid and played soccer. But that wasn’t what had his breath catching in his chest. Next to the plaquets were a picture of Jongin in full riding garb, complete with knee high riding boots, leather gloves and a riding crop. The gloves in question lay on the dresser along with the crop.

Kyungsoo didn’t realize how absorbed he had gotten in the sight before he tipped over, yelping and catching himself on his elbows. He could hear Jongin tutt behind him and shame filled him, his cheeks burning as he closed his eyes. Of course Jongin had noticed, how could he not.

“Are you getting distracted, hm?” Jongin purred as he got closer and Kyungsoo felt another hot wave of humiliation wash over him. He didn’t reply, didn’t dare move as he heard Jongin come to a stop next to him, felt the other’s eyes rake over him. There was a sound Kyungsoo couldn’t place, a moment’s pause and then something cold caressed his neck. Something soft, almost skin like.

Kyungsoo heard himself moan out loud as the realization hit him that Jongin was caressing down his naked back with the riding crop, leaving goosebumps in its wake.

“You like the riding crop do you?” Jongin asked, stilling his movements and letting the small leather flap at the end rest just above the hem of Kyungsoo’s underwear. He let out a deep chuckle that went straight to Kyungsoo’s cock. “Why am I not surprised, a slut like you, of course you would like it.”

Kyungsoo hung his head, closing his eyes at the words. He just wanted to be good but he couldn’t deny how true the words were. He couldn’t deny how the mere thought of Jongin in his riding clothes, the leather boots and gloves, turned him on. He couldn’t ignore that he wanted nothing more than to feel the impact of the riding crop against his skin over and over again. He truly was a slut and not at all the good boy he pretended to be.

“Up.” Jongin ordered, giving the lightest of taps against Kyungsoo’s behind with the crop. Kyungsoo scrambled to follow the order, still not daring to look at Jongin. “Here.” Jongin pointed at the end of his bed with the crop and Kyungsoo quickly tore the pants off his legs, stumbling slightly as he moved over to the bed and positioned himself where Jongin had indicated.
“Spread your legs.” The riding crop tapped the inside of his thighs and Kyungsoo slowly moved his feet to the side, spreading his legs. His cock was quickly hardening against his abdomen, twitching with each touch of leather against his skin. His breathing was heavy, his shoulders tense as he waited for Jongin’s next move.

Slowly, so Jongin could stop him if needed, he turned his head, looking over his shoulder. Jongin was standing behind him, eyes dark and the outline of his cock on his pants clearly visible. He had rolled up the sleeves of his turtleneck, strong tanned arms on display. Kyungsoo could see the veins as Jongin changed grip on the riding crop and felt his cock twitch again.

“Wider apart slut. Don’t pretend to be shy now.” Jongin said, tapping his knees again and Kyungsoo shifted his feet further apart, feeling the cool wood of the bed legs against his skin. It wasn’t a comfortable position and Kyungsoo couldn’t help feeling exposed, especially since Jongin was still fully dressed.

The riding crop travelled up the inside of his legs, around the swell of his ass before teasingly moving down his crack, ghosting over his hole. Kyungsoo didn’t dare breathe, every muscle in his body was tense.

“Don’t move.” Jongin ordered and the next second the riding crop was gone but the electric spark it had left stayed with Kyungsoo, coursing through his body and mixing with the conflict of emotions in his abdomen. He wanted to be good so bad, but he needed Jongin to pick him apart. He needed to be bared, to be used and abused until he could barely remember his own name. His chest felt tight as shame over his own desires mixed in with the arousal in his guts. He didn’t want to have to be punished, but he couldn’t deny that he loved the punishment more than anything.

“Bend over.”

Kyungsoo slowly lowered his upper body, bracing himself with his hands until his chest hit the bedding. The bed was just slightly to low for it to be comfortable, his hips were still in the air despite how widely his legs were spread. To make it more comfortable he started inching his feet to the side but the harsh impact of a hand on his ass had him freezing, a whine leaving his throat.

“Did I say you could move?” Jongin growled, roughly grabbing his foot and moving it back to where it had been a moment earlier. Something soft touched his ankle, snaking around it once, twice, before Kyungsoo felt Jongin’s hands pull the silk band tight and fiddle with it. His other ankle soon got the same treatment before Jongin’s fingers travelled up his leg, touch featherlight and almost tickling him as it passed over the back of his knee.

Kyungsoo’s leg jerked but couldn’t move more than half an inch, the silk tightening around his ankle and keeping his foot in place. Jongin had tied it to the leg of the bed, making sure that Kyungsoo couldn’t move away even if he wanted to.

“I know I can’t trust you with staying still slut.” Jongin voice, hoarse with arousal, filled the room. His fingers slid higher up, now on the inside of Kyungsoo’s thighs and dangerously close to his sensitive balls and premium. “I’ve had to tie you up every time. You really can’t control yourself around cock can you?”

The fingers slid between his legs, expertly avoiding his balls and teasing the sensitive skin at the root of his cock. Kyungsoo whimpered again, biting his lips.

“Is that why you always kept to yourself in your office? Because you knew that if you didn’t the temptation would become too much?” The fingers slowly circled his cock. “Tell me baby slut, what would you have done if I hadn’t been there to fuck you into your place? How long would you have
lasted before you had dropped to your knees and begged for cock?”

Kyungsoo closed his eyes, breath hitching as Jongin slowly stroked up his cock, grip so light it was barely there. He could feel his hips twitch but the position he was in didn’t give him any leverage to thrust into Jongin’s hand, not that the other would allow to him anyway.

“I don’t need cock that badly.” Kyungsoo defended. A lie, they both knew it but he had always been too prideful for his own good.

“Oh, you don’t?” Jongin asked, the hand immediately leaving Kyungsoo’s shaft and making the other let out a frustrated goan. “Then should daddy just leave you here?”

Kyungsoo bit his lips, knowing that no matter what he answered it wouldn’t lead to anything good. If he said yes he wouldn’t put it past Jongin to actually just leave him, hot and bothered, cock aching. But if he said no then he would be admitting to how needy he actually was, how badly he longed to just be filled and fucked until he could barely form a coherent sentence.

“I asked you a question.” Jongin spoke, voice dangerously low. His hand was gripping Kyungsoo’s thigh tightly, reminding him of the power he held over the smaller. Kyungsoo bit his lip, a thought entering his head. A thought he hated but that almost made him moan. If he kept disobeying Jongin’s punishment would be harsher.

“I see how it is.” Jongin muttered after a second’s pause, disappointed. Kyungsoo immediately regretted his decision. He didn’t want his daddy to be disappointed with him. No! No he would stop being a cock hungry slut and be a good boy. He would obey and be good.

“I’m sorry daddy!” He gasped, twisting on the bed so he could see Jongin clearly. “I’ll be good from now on.” He promised, feeling dread fill his chest as Jongin sent a look his way, eyes dangerous. He had the riding crop grasped firmly in his hand, grip so tight Kyungsoo could see his knuckles were whitening.

“Yes sir.” Kyungsoo replied, feeling more shame fill him. He had been so bad. He deserved the punishment.

“I don’t want to see you disobey again. I don’t want to hear you talk back. I want you to obey and be a good little boy for sir.” Jongin said, leaving no room for Kyungsoo to do anything but nod and repeat his answer once more.

Jongin’s hand fisted in his hair, forcefully pressing Kyungsoo’s face into the mattress and making him straighten out his spine again. It stayed there for a moment longer, making sure Kyungsoo knew he wasn’t supposed to move.
“Count out loud. Don’t try to stop me.” Jongin said, giving his head a push before letting go of his hair. Kyungsoo swallowed thickly, trying to brace himself for what he knew was coming. But before he had the chance to do so the first lash of the riding crop landed across his cheeks.

Kyungsoo felt the air being forced out of him. It stung much more than Jongin’s hand had done. Much more than it had imagined it doing. Heat bloomed across his cheeks where the leather had struck and Kyungsoo could already tell that it was going to leave a mark.

But at the same time he could feel the heat in his abdomen build, his eyes rolling as he grasped at the sheets.

“One.” He forced out, his voice strained.

The word had barely left his lips before the riding crop impacted against his skin again, making him groan again as the sting grew in strength before starting to ebb away. Fuck. Fuck. He shifted, trying to pull his legs closer together but the silk ropes stopped him.

“Two.”

This time there was a pause before Jongin struck him, just long enough that Kyungsoo had time to relax again before the pain hit him. He pressed his head against the sheets, biting his lips. It hurt so good. His skin felt as if it was electrified where Jongin’s riding crop struck.

“Three.”

Strike four, five, six and seven came in quick succession, striking each of Kyungsoo’s cheeks twice. Kyungsoo gasped, whimpered and let out a cry as the last lash licked his sensitive skin. He tried to squirm but once again the bindings around his legs stopped him. This was much worse than to have his hands bound. With two simple ties Jongin had managed to stop him from doing much more than claw at the bedding as he tried to ground himself in the sensation.

He gulped down breath after breath as he tried to regain control of himself again. His ass felt as if it was on fire, the aching sting from the lashes lingering longer and longer and mixing with the burning sensation. Finally he managed to draw in a deep enough breath to count out the lashes.

Jongin was unrelenting in his spanking, showing no mercy as he struck Kyungsoo’s cheeks over and over again. By the 10th lash Kyungsoo was crying out with each strike. By the 14th fat tears had begun dripping down over his cheeks. His erection never went down though. In fact, which each strike Kyungsoo felt the knot in his abdomen tighten and soon it was aching almost as bad as his cock and ass. He rubbed his face against the cheeks, trying to muffle the cries as the riding crop made contact with his ass again.

“Eighteen.” He sobbed, the word a broken moan as his hips twitched in search for any fraction. Jongin was smart. He the awkward position did not only make sure Kyungsoo could barely squirm, forcing him to take what was given to him. It also made sure he couldn’t rut against the bedding. Whenever he tried to bend his knees they would bump into the thick mattress and anytime he tried to either spread his leg furter or close them the silk bond would stop him.

He felt helpless under Jongin’s wishes, his desire burning with both want and shame over how much he was liking this. Another lash, another cry, another surge of pleasure of his spine. Kyungsoo panted, his chest heaving as he fist his hands in the sheets, almost pulling them loose. He could hear Jongin chuckle behind him, the first noise he had made since the spanking started, and another wave of humiliation crashed over him.
“Nineteen.” Kyungsoo groaned, sniffling and awaiting the next strike. It came a second later, stronger than the other’s had been and Kyungsoo screamed, his whole body twitching for a second. He could feel Jongin move behind him, feel the leather of the crop stroke over his sensitive skin. It ached as much as it soothed and Kyungsoo’s chest shook with another sob, sweat beading on his skin from the pain and pleasure.

“I would have never taken you for such a pain slut.” Jongin purred, giving Kyungsoo’s ass a light tap with the crop. “Count the last one like a good little boy.” He ordered.

“Twenty.” Kyungsoo sniffed, voice thick.

“Good.” Jongin praised and Kyungsoo felt himself relax, his tears slowing as Jongin hummed behind him, regarding the marks he had left behind. “You’re still rock hard.” He chuckled again and Kyungsoo could feel the crop move down towards his tightly drawn balls.

A sharp, light, flick of Jongin’s wrist brought the riding crop up against the underside of Kyungsoo’s heavy cock, making him gasp as pleasure exploded behind his eyes. The tightly wound ball in his guts tightened, making his whole body tense for a second before it all ebbed away. Kyungsoo sobbed, frustration filling him. He was right at the brink and Jongin knew it. Knew he could make Kyungsoo suffer this way too.

“Please.” Kyungsoo pleaded, turning his head to look at Jongin behind him. His skin was shining, sweat decorating it too, and the sight had Kyungsoo’s knees feel weak. “Please fuck me. Please Sir, please. My hole needs it.”

Jongin smirked, letting the riding crop fall to the side as he ran a hand up the smarting skin of Kyungsoo’s backside. With rough fingers he spread Kyungsoo’s cheeks, rubbing a thumb over the sensitive rim. Kyungsoo’s breath hitched, his hips weakly pushing backwards to seek out more contact.

“What makes you think you’ve deserved it?” Jongin asked, still teasing the sensitive skin around his hole. “Greedy sluts like you, demanding to be fucked. I really should let you go a round around the department. Would your greedy hole be satisfied then, hmm? If I let them all fuck you until you were loose and leaking cum down your legs. Until all you could think about was when the next cock would fill you. Until you became nothing but the departments little slut. Would you stop begging them?” Jongin asked, pushing roughly against Kyungsoo’s rim with his thumb. It burned, the dry stretch, but Jongin knew not to push too hard.

Kyungsoo bit his lips, his head swimming. One side of him wanted to beg Jongin no, to tell him that he would behave and that he wouldn’t demand anything anymore. He would be good, so good. But the other side of him told him to just give in, to become a little fuck toy for Jongin, to submit and give in to his every wish.

“Daddy.” He gasped, forgetting the ban on the word. “Please, please.” He didn’t know what he was begging for more than release. The pressure around his rim lessened, Jongin’s hands travelling from his ass up his side until they were stroking his back gently.

“Don’t worry. Daddy knows you did good.” Jongin whispered, gently pushing Kyungsoo’s bangs away from his forehead. “But baby boy you know you don’t deserve daddy’s cock yet. You know you’re a cock slut. You spoke back to daddy earlier, telling him you didn’t need his cock or any cock. So you won’t get any cock until you’ve proved to daddy you can behave.”

Kyungsoo sniffed, nustling his face against Jongin’s hand and nodding. Daddy was right. He had to deserve Jongin’s cock. He had to prove he could still be good.
“More spanking?” He asked, blinking and looking up at Jongin.

“Shhh.” Jongin hushed, giving his cheek a light pat before straightening up again. “No more spanking. Daddy has something else in mind.”

Kyungsoo blinked lazily, lashes still wet from tears, as he watched Jongin round the bed and walk up to the bedside table where he pulled out a bottle of lube from the top drawer. Kyungsoo lifted his head, eyes glued to Jongin as the other walked back, the distinct click of the cap opening echoing through the room.

What was Jongin planning? Kyungsoo twisted on the bed as Jongin disappeared behind him but a gentle but firm hand on his hip forced him back in place. Kyungsoo swallowed, every muscle tense as he waited for Jongin’s next move.

Something cold landed on his lower back, slowly dripping down his crack. Kyungsoo flinched, trying to move forward and away from the coldness but once again his bonds stopped him. The mixing sensations of the burning heat from the welts running across his ass and the cool drip of lube against his rim had his head spinning.

Jongin’s hand moved from his hip and down to his cheeks, spreading them and making sure to aggravate the sensitive skin. Kyungsoo whimpered, precum beading on the head of his cock as he thought about what a mess he must look. Ass red and swollen, hole glistening with lube, cheeks stained with tears and cock hard and aching.

One of Jongin’s hands left his cheek, the other still firmly spreading him, and the next moment Kyungsoo felt a touch against his rim, barely there but enough to have him sigh in pleasure. He couldn’t deny that his whole body was screaming at him to beg to get fucked. But he would be good. For Jongin he would be good. For Jongin he would obey.

Slowly, ever so slowly, Jongin’s index finger sank into him. Kyungsoo groaned, trying to push back but the hand spreading him open stopped him. Jongin controlled exactly how much he got and when he got it. It was torture, the way the finger stopped at the second knuckle before equally as slowly pulling out again.

“Your hole is so hungry, trying to suck me back in.” Jongin commented as he sank his finger back in Kyungsoo. “It knows you’re nothing more than a cock slut, a set of holes for me to fuck and use as I please.” Jongin continued to slowly press inside, finger feeling impossibly long. Kyungsoo groaned, mouth hanging open at the sensation of finally being filled. It did nothing to lessen the hungry ache in his abdomen.

Slowly Jongin’s finger stretched him, the pressure just enough to remind Kyungsoo of how he craved daddy’s cock. He whined, trying to press back to get more, to get it rougher, to get it faster, but Jongin’s hand was strong as it held him in place, his finger never once speeding up as he worked it in and out of Kyungsoo.

By the time a second finger was added Kyungsoo’s knees was shaking from the effort of keeping him upright, a fine sheet of sweat covering his skin as he tried to not just shamelessly beg for more and more. When Jongin had started fingering him he had thought he would finally get some release, that his hole would finally stop aching for the need to be filled, but with each thrust of Jongin’s finger the need only grew, the frustration making him whine and his eyes tear.

“Daddy, daddy please! I need, I need your cock so badly!” Kyungsoo begged, throwing pride out of the window as the delicious burn from being stretched filled him. The fingers in his ass stilled, the grip on his ass increasing until Kyungsoo was gasping from pain.
“Patience, slut. You’re supposed to convince me you can obey Sir but instead you shamelessly beg for your own needs.” Jongin growled, roughly pushing his fingers inside and making Kyungsoo wince from the sudden stretch. “Don’t forget who’s in control.”

“I’m sorry Sir.” Kyungsoo sniffed, ashamed. He pressed his face into the bedding. It was wet from sweat, tears and drool, proof over how Jongin was slowly picking him apart. Jongin was in control. Sir was in control. Kyungsoo would obey. He would be good for his Sir. He bit his lip as Jongin’s fingers continued their slow thrusting, holding back the need to scream in frustration.

“Lemme see.” Jongin mumbled and the thrusting stopped, knuckles pressing against Kyungsoo’s rim. Kyungsoo could feel them bend inside, almost as if looking for something, and the next second his eyes rolled back in his head as pleasure exploded from the point Jongin’s fingers were pressing against. He could hear himself brokenly moan, feel a large dollop of precum roll down the head of his cock.

As suddenly as it had come the pressure against his prostate disappeared and Kyungsoo was left panting, his cock twitching as it longed for release. Jongin’s fingers were still in his ass and Kyungsoo sobbed as he realized how tantalizingly close they were. His release had never been closer yet never further away.

The free hand clutching his cheek let go and the next moment the fingers were sliding out of him. Kyungsoo sobbed, pushing back to keep them inside himself but he couldn’t move more than an inch before the awkward position he was in stopped him. Jongin had truly thought of everything to make this a true punishment.

“You said you didn’t need cock.” Jongin spoke behind him, his hand returning and spreading Kyungsoo’s hole. “But I knows you’re lying.” Kyungsoo could feel something against the rim, cold and hard. “I know you’re such a slut you could get off with anything up your greedy hole.” The thing pressed inside. It was slim and textured. The end of it was thicker than the rest and as it moved deeper Kyungsoo could feel it was almost completely stiff.

With a broken moan Kyungsoo realized it was the riding crop that Jongin was feeding inside him. He hid his face in the bedding, chest heaving as needy sounds were forced out of him with each inch of the crop.

“So I will teach you a lesson.” Jongin continued, dragging the round end of the crop over his prostate as he pulled the crop back out. Kyungsoo’s body spasmed at the contact, his eyes rolling as his mouth hung open in a silent cry of pleasure. His body was strung so tightly the barest touch to his cock would have him cumming. But just like before it hung untouched between his legs.

“I will fuck you with the riding crop and you will cum.” Jongin spoke, the words leaving no room for argument. The crop was pushing back into him, pressing over his prostate again and Kyungsoo reached behind himself, trying to stop the slow torture. Jongin caught his wrists in a tight grip, quickly pulling out the crop again. Kyungsoo’s arched.

“Look at you.” Jongin sneered, speeding up the thrusts of the crop. “You truly are a slut. Made to be fucked. You don’t even care as long as you have something stuffed up your hole.” The crop pressed harder against his prostate and Kyungsoo heard himself make a throaty sound, halfway between moaning and choking. He couldn’t take it. The pleasure was too much. He was shaking, his gaze unfocused as all he could think of was the pressure on his prostate and the aching of his cock. He could feel the precum run down his cock in a steady stream, making him even more aware of how ignored it was.

“Say it. Say you love getting fucked by the riding crop.” Jongin ordered with hard thrust.
“I love it!” Kyungsoo screamed, his voice hoarse. “I love it. I love it when Sir fucks me with the riding crop.” He gasped, dimly aware of the words he was speaking and of the shame mixing in with the pleasure in his guts. “I am nothing more than a hole for sir to use. My hole will love anything sir fucks it with.” He continued, voice slurred as he tried to breathe and talk at the same time.

“I want to be a good boy but I’m not, I’m just your whore daddy. I’m just—” He gasped as the thrust sped up, his next words turning into garbled messes as he could do nothing but lay there and take it, take the pleasure Jongin was forcing on him. He could feel his orgasm approaching, could feel the tightening of his abdomen increase to almost unbearable levels.

With a strangled cry he came, his cock spraying thick ropes of cum over the bedding. It was almost painful, the snap of the tension so sudden and so strong Kyungsoo’s mind was sent reeling. His hole twitched, forcing the crop into his prostate over and over again and making his body spasm. He felt boneless. All he could feel was the intense pleasure from his ass and the release of his cock.

He whined, his hands falling limply to the side as Jongin let go of them. His chest was heaving, struggling to get enough oxygen in his system. His head was swimming. He felt far away. Far far away. His hole twitched weakly again and Kyungsoo groaned, wishing Jongin would pull the crop out but at the same time dreading the feeling of being empty again.

Unmovingly he waited for the crop to move, for Jongin’s touch, for anything. Nothing came. Kyungsoo whined, feeling his already uneven breathing speed up.

“Daddy’s still here.” Jongin said from behind him. Kyungsoo relaxed, a fine tremble running through him as he shifted his tired muscles. The crop was rigid inside him, pushed deep and impossible to ignore. He tried to brace against it, to force it out, but his muscles were far too tired. All he could do was lay there limply, waiting for Jongin’s next move. He truly was nothing more than a fuck toy for daddy’s pleasure.

“Daddy.” He panted, focusing on bringing his arms up to his side.

“Shh...daddy will fuck you now. He just needs to take a picture. You’re too pretty to not eternalize soo. Such a good little boy, listening to daddy and taking everything given to you so well.” Jongin spoke and Kyungsoo could hear the sound of a camera going off. His eyes fluttered closed, his entire chest aching with humiliation and his cock giving a weak twitch.

“Sore.” He slurred but Jongin hushed him again, praising him for how well he was doing, telling him how he knew he could take daddy’s cock as well and how pretty he looked all fucked out. The words wrapped themselves around Kyungsoo, pulling him deeper into the feeling of being nothing more than daddy’s good little slut.

“Here we go. Daddy’s got you” Jongin spoke, a warm hand finally touching him and Kyungsoo moaned at the contact, pushing into it to get more. Jongin’s arm wrapped around his chest, helping him up on his elbows for a moment as he propped a pillow under his hips. The extra height meant Kyungsoo finally had something to rest his hips against. His daddy was so kind.

Jongin laid him back down, making sure to push his hair out of his face before slowly pulling the riding crop out of his ass. Kyungsoo gasped, feeling his hole close as the round head plopped out. He felt empty, uncomplete. He whined, missing the feeling of something in his hole. Daddy was right. He needed his hole to be filled at all times. With what didn’t matter.

“Shhh.” Jongin stroked a hand up his spine, the slicked up head of his cock running over his crack in a silent promise. “Daddy’s gonna fuck you good. Fill you up like you need.” He promised as he slowly pushed against the rim. The tired muscles gave way easily, opening for the fat cock.
Kyungsoo gurgled again, his eyes widening at the stretch. Jongin’s thumbs stroked the small dimples on his lower back as they encircled his waist, making sure the pressure was slow and even, never too much.

Finally he bottomed out, his thighs pressing against Kyungsoo’s backside. Jongin was slightly too tall for the position, forcing Kyungsoo up on his tiptoes. Kyungsoo’s legs shook as he fought to stay up. He would be good. He would let daddy use him.

With equal care Jongin started thrusting, grinding his hips into Kyungsoo’s and making the smaller gasp and groan at the feeling of being filled to the brim. Jongin was so big inside him, seeming bigger than before. He was all around him, his scent enveloping Kyungsoo and his touch encircling him.

“Daddy’s gonna fuck you know baby.” Jongin hissed, pulling out further before thrusting in, working up a steady rhythm. “I’m going to show you baby how good you’ve been. My cock will make you feel so good.” His hips snapped forward, forcing the air out of Kyungsoo and making his head roll back in his head.

“So pretty. You’re like a doll, so hot and tight around me.” The thrusts were hard, rough and unrelenting. Kyungsoo gasped with each, breathy little moans leaving him as he could do nothing more than lay there and take it. “I should keep you like this. Tied up, ass stuffed, ready to go whenever I need it. You would like that, wouldn’t you?” Jongin asked, pulling Kyungsoo’s hip back to meet each thrust.

Kyungsoo nodded, moaning as he thought of it. Daddy would treat him right, would make sure he never felt empty, that he always felt good. He would be so good for daddy at all times, making him feel so good.

“I should bring you to the office, let- ah- let the others have their turn with you while I taught. You would moan prettily for them too, right baby.” Jongin groaned, moaning as the words made Kyungsoo tighten around him. Kyungsoo nodded again, his mind flooded with pleasure and greedily needing more, more, more.

All he could think of was the steady pounding of Jongin’s hips, the way the other was filling him so completely, making him feel whole. Jongin’s hands were so large around his waist, pulling roughly as he increased the speed once more, brutally thrusting against Kyungsoo’s prone figure.

Kyungsoo gasped, legs shaking, chest trembling with each breath, his eyes glossed over as Jongin’s cock ground relentlessly against his prostate. The pleasure felt almost secondary to everything else. What mattered was the noises Jongin made, how he talked about how good Kyungsoo’s hole felt, how he was being so good for his daddy, how he was making daddy so happy.

“Fuck baby, fuck. I’m close.” Jongin growled, letting go with one of his hands to grab Kyungsoo’s shoulder instead, forcing him back on his cock with greater strength. Kyungsoo whimpered, feeling full, too full. The relentless thrusting against his sore backside ached and the swirling of pleasure inside him was building too quickly, overwhelming him. He reached out to grab Jongin’s hand, needing to ground himself.

“Will you cum too, will you be good and cum for daddy?” Jongin’s rough voice asked and Kyungsoo gasped, tired hands clawing at the sheets as the head of Jongin’s cock rubbed his insides, sending sparks up his spine.

“Can’t.” He gasped, shaking his head. “Daddy, Can’t I- ah!” He bit his lips, his toes curling as Jongin gave a particularly strong thrust. In a matter of seconds the sensations had gone from a
pleasant buzz to a raging fire, filling him to the brim and making him feel as though he would burst.

“Shh, yes baby. Let daddy help you. You get so wet and tight when you cum. Let be a good boy and let daddy feel that.” Jongin hushed, bending down over him and covering him with his chest. Kyungsoo gasped, reaching out behind himself and grasping at Jongin. His hand slipped around the sweaty skin before regaining purchase on the other’s hip, feeling the muscles work in tandem with the powerful thrust.

“Trust daddy okay. Daddy will make you feel good.” Jongin whispered, wrapping a strong hand around Kyungsoo’s throat. Kyungsoo nodded, eyes fluttering shut. He trusted daddy, he knew daddy knew best. He knew daddy would always take care of him.

Slowly Jongin started squeezing, keeping up the rough snapping of his hips. Kyungsoo gasped, his eyes rolling in his head as the oxygen was slowly cut off. He could still breathe, but barely, every breath a struggle. He blinked, wheezing as he felt the pleasure overwhelm him, his body giving in to the intense feelings.

“Cum for me baby.” Jongin growled in his ear, letting go of his throat and letting air rush down his lungs. Kyungsoo felt his second orgasm of the evening rush over him, his vision going white as the pleasure reached its climax, making every muscle in his body tense up. He vaguely heard Jongin groan out his name above him, felt the other’s cock twitch inside him, felt himself fill even more.

He gasped, gulping in breath after breath as his eyes rolled in his head, his body shaking as it tried to relax his overstimulated muscles. He could feel himself drool, his mouth open in a long, silent moan as he slowly started coming down from his intense climax.

“Fuck, fuck baby. Fuck.” Jongin gasped, slowly rolling his hips as he rode out the last of his own orgasm. “You’re so good for me baby Soo, too good to daddy.” His lips pressed against the back of Kyungsoo’s neck and Kyungsoo shivered, breathily moaning again. He couldn’t move, his muscles refusing to cooperate.

Slowly Jongin pushed himself up, their sweaty skin separating with a sticky sound. The movement had Jongin’s softening cock shift inside him, almost slipping out. Jongin’s finger’s pulled at his cheeks, feeding the cock back inside before pulling out in one smooth movement. Kyungsoo gasped at the empty feeling. He could feel himself gape, large globs of cum running down his perineum.

Keeping a steadying hand on his thigh Jongin quickly worked on untying the silk bands around Kyungsoo’s ankles, and the moment he was free Kyungsoo could feel himself start slipping down the bed. He didn’t even try to stop it, knowing his legs were too weak and that he was far too gone to do anything.

“Oh baby.” Jongin laughed, easily catching him in his arms. “You’re really gone, aren’t you.”

“Daddy.” Kyungsoo gasped, leaning his head against Jongin’s chest. His daddy was here, he didn’t need to do anything. He had already given himself completely. Jongin controlled what happened to him now.

“Daddy’s here.” Jongin confirmed, scooping Kyungsoo up into his arms. Weakly Kyungsoo clung to the other, letting himself be carried without protest. He had no idea where they were going but Jongin was there, so he was okay.

He could feel Jongin sit down, the sound of water running and a minute later he felt himself being lowered into a bath. Jongin pulling him close to his chest as the water rose around them, relaxing his tense muscles.
“My little boy, so trusting.” Jongin whispered, using a cloth to wipe the crusted drool and sweat from Kyungsoo’s face. Kyungsoo sighed, blinking lazily as he took in his surroundings. They were in Jongin’s bathroom, in the tub. The water smelled faintly of roses and Kyungsoo could see the other had put something in it.

He moved his tense muscles, feeling himself slowly return to himself. Something rose in his chest, something he couldn’t place. He pressed himself closer to Jongin, breathing heavily. Suddenly a tear rolled down his cheek, and then another, and another.

“Baby, baby are you crying?” Jongin asked, wrapping his strong arms around Kyungsoo’s small frame. “Did I hurt you? Was I too rough?” He asked, sounding worried. Kyungsoo sobbed, trying to form words.

“No.” He shook his head, sniffing as the feelings swelled in his chest, everything feeling too small. It was like the orgasm before, too much too quickly. Overwhelming. He didn’t know why though. He looked up at Jongin, trying to convey how confused he was.

“Do? I- I’m- you like me right?” He finally got out, his whole chest aching with loneliness. He didn’t understand. Why was he feeling like this.


“But- but-” Kyungsoo hiccuped. “I’m- more than just baby.” He cuddled closer to Jongin, not wanting to be swept away by the clashing emotions inside of him. On one hand the gentle touch of Jongin’s lips on his skin, the warm arms, were making him feel safe and loved, but an overwhelming part of him that Kyungsoo couldn’t place just felt vulnerable for some reason. Like he was hurt.

“I know. I like you, Kyungsoo. All of you.” Jongin reassured, running a hand through his hair as he comforted the other. His hands were strong, protective, still Kyungsoo couldn’t stop the tears. “It’s okay Soo. Let it out. I’ve got you.”

Kyungsoo sobbed, pressing his face against Jongin’s chest and listening to the other reassure him of how loved he was, of all the little things he liked about him, like the way he would get excited over food, or how organized he was, or how he could make something as boring as vowel classification system the most interesting thing in the world.

They stayed in the tub for a good 20 minutes, Jongin helping Kyungsoo return back to himself and clean himself. Wrapped up in a large towel Jongin lead him back to the bedroom, dressed him in a pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt that smelled of Jongin and let him cling to him as he ordered them food.

Together they moved over to the couch, Jongin pulling Kyungsoo down so he could lay against his chest before turning on the tv to some drama or another. Kyungsoo sighed, feeling sore all over but more relaxed than he had been in weeks. He couldn’t remember the last time he had an orgasm as mind blowing as that. Probably never.

“I didn’t know you used to ride.” He commented, stretching his aching legs out on the couch. Jongin’s arm was resting around his middle, playing with a loose thread of his t-shirt.

“Yeah. It was my childhood. Grandpa owned a horse and he taught me how to ride when I was just a kid. I’ve been riding ever since. I used to do dressage. Competed even, that’s where all the prize cups and the like are from.” Jongin replied, pressing his lips to Kyungsoo’s hair as he talked.
“Really?” Kyungsoo asked, sighing deeply. Jongin was a little uncomfortable. He shifted until the other’s hip bone stopped digging in to his lower back.

“Yeah, I wasn’t that good though. Went to regionals a few times but nothing better than that.” Jongin replied. “I still ride sometimes, when I get the chance.”

“Is that why you have the riding crop?” Kyungsoo asked, looking up at Jongin who cleared his throat.

“Yeah, about that...I know we hadn’t planned using it but it felt right for the moment you know and I made sure to use a condom around it so you wouldn’t catch something from it so it was safe you know and—” Jongin rambled on. Kyungsoo frowned, not used to seeing Jongin this unsure of himself. The Jongin he knew was self assured. He always did the right thing and he knew it. He didn’t second-guess or tried to explain himself.

“Jongin.” Kyungsoo interrupted, grabbing the hand still playing with the loose thread to make sure the other was listening to him. “I would have told you if it wasn’t okay. And I trust you. I know you would never do anything dangerous to me.” He said looking Jongin in the eyes.

Jongin blinked, swallowing once, before a smile broke on his lips. It wasn’t his usual smirk but it still made Kyungsoo’s chest swirl with butterflies.

“Sorry. I just. When you cried. I got so scared I had actually hurt you.” He admitted quietly. “I don’t want to be that dom.”

Kyungsoo felt his heart swell, his own lips spreading into a wide smile. With straining muscles he scooted up, pressing a deep but short kiss to Jongin’s lips.

“You aren’t. And thank you for this. I really needed it.” Kyungsoo whispered against the other’s lips. Jongin quickly pushed closer, returning the kiss slow and sensually.

They had discussed the scene last week after Jongin had walked in on Kyungsoo almost tearing his hair out from stress over the number of late assignments and the huge pile of tests he had to grade. It was the first time they had tried something that intense and Kyungsoo guessed he hadn’t been the only one who had been nervous.

“You know I’m always here to help you destress, Professor Doh.” Jongin spoke as they pulled apart, the familiar smirk now on his lips. Kyungsoo rolled his eyes, not at all bitter over the fact that the only time Jongin used his title was when they were having a moment.

He turned back around with a huff, ignoring Jongin’s chuckle and making sure to dig around extra hard as he settled in between the other’s legs.

Five minutes later Jongin returned from the door, having collected their food. Kyungsoo pushed himself into a sitting position, eyebrows raising as he watched what Jongin was unloading on the coffee table in front of them. Two pizzas, a large coke, a chocolate milkshake (Kyungsoo claimed it before Jongin had time to fully unload everything), some chicken wings and a large box of fries.

“I thought this was supposed to be a date.” Kyungsoo commented, sipping on (his) the chocolate milkshake.

“It is.” Jongin confirmed, stuffing a chicken wing in his mouth.

“Fries?” Kyungsoo asked, raising his eyebrows. All the other dates they had been too Jongin had always spoiled him to nice foods and expensive wines and although he knew that wouldn’t be
realistic to expect every time the jump down to take out fries was quite a drop.

“Fries, a date food.” Jongin said with a wink, holding out a fry for Kyungssoo to take. Kyungssoo blinked at him. “Don’t tell me you’re going to discuss semantics with me. I have a masters in literature, I can argue any interpretation.”

“Semantics isn’t about interpretation.” Kyungssoo shot back.

“Ah yes, that’s why sense has such a clear cut definition is it?” Jongin asked. “Or why we can clearly draw the line between polysemy and homonymy. Not to mention hyponymy and meronymy and where to draw the lines between the classifications.” Jongin raised his eyebrows with a hum, the same hum he gave whenever he was asking Kyungssoo a question as his dom. The same hum he used when he knew he was right.

Kyungssoo gave him a deadpan glare, not wanting to admit that he might be right. Honestly Kyungssoo didn’t know. He didn’t recognize half the words Jongin had used.

“I almost tanked semantics my first year in uni.” Kyungssoo admitted into the pizza. “So you might be right but that’s only because I can’t prove you wrong.”

“NO!” Jongin gasped, eyes wide. “No don’t tell me you, the biggest linguistics nerd there is, almost failed a linguistics class.”

“I am a phonetics nerd. The rest of linguistics can go kiss my ass.” Kyungssoo muttered and Jongin burst out into a loud laugh, slapping the coffee table hard as he laughed.

“You’re the best.” He sighed, grabbing another chicken wing and moving back to the couch, chuckling quietly as he pulled Kyungssoo close to himself. “I’m so happy you were so uptight and easy to tease or else I might have missed out on the cutest little phonetics nerd in the world.” Jongin cooed, pulling Kyungssoo close. Kyungssoo shoved his fries into Jongin’s face.

“Shut up Professor Kim.” He grumbled, trying to hold back the smile as he grabbed some new fries for himself.

“Or what, Professor Doh?” Jongin shot back with a wink before groaning loudly as Kyungssoo elbowed him in the side.

“My ass is too sore for your ego right now.” He said with a glare and Jongin laughed again, apologizing and promising he could kiss it better if Kyungssoo wanted. Kyungssoo didn’t.

They spent the rest of the evening cuddled up on the couch, stuffing themselves with junk food and occasionally kissing. Jongin was kind enough to carry Kyungssoo to bed after the other one had almost fallen asleep, the exhaustion from their earlier scene deep in his bones.

Jongin helped him get ready, always there with a steadying hand whenever his legs wobbled or his emotions flared up again. They went to bed cuddled up close, Jongin firmly wrapped around Kyungssoo and Kyungssoo’s face safely tucked into Jongin’s chest.

As Kyungssoo looked up at Jongin’s sleeping face, somehow still beautiful despite the light snoring, he couldn’t help but be grateful over how prissy past him had been, considering it had gotten him here. A place where he felt warm, safe, loved and cared for.

End Notes
If you liked this fic, please consider leaving a kudos or a comment, I really appreciate all of them <3

Also! feel free to check out the rest of the fics in this series and my other fics! :3

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