play me your favorite song

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Summary

Yuta winks at him, and Sicheng bites back a smile, cheeks coloring under Yuta's gaze. Sicheng looks exactly like what Yuta was hoping for when he left his flat this evening. He's so damn cute. Yuta wants him.

Notes

So, yeah, I have no idea how this happened. One minute I was working on stuff with an actual deadline, the next I had 8k of yuwin in a google doc. The porn is only 3k of the entire word count. This is completely unbeta-ed, there was no time for anything I don't even know what's going on right now I'm so confused.

See the end of the work for more notes.

Tonight’s crowd is a good one. Good energy all around, dancing and singing along; some even sticking around to say hi after their set. Yuta recognizes a few of them from previous gigs. He’s, naturally, cornered by a couple girls while packing up his equipment. He complies by engaging them in polite chatter. That is until one of them runs a curious finger up his bass guitar -- Yuta doesn’t really like people touching his bass. He’s tempted to slap her hand off, but he decides to slip into his
on-stage persona and kisses her palm, taking advantage of her bewilderment to place the instrument in its case. Yuta can hear the girls squealing as he walks away.

It’s an overall good night. Johnny doesn’t drop a single drumstick and Taeil actually aces that one riff he’s been struggling with. Besides, they played at Spikes, so everyone is around tonight. It’s a tradition: whenever the 0 Mile plays at Club Spikes their friends meet up after the gig for a drink or two.

The three of them join the group after loading up their van. Yuta takes a second to acknowledge everyone who came over. There’s Jaehyun, Doyoung, Mark, Taeyong, Seulgi, and Sooyoung. Right next to Jaehyun there’s also a guy Yuta’s never seen before.

“Nice set tonight!” Seulgi says in lieu of a greeting, raising her glass. “Taeil managed the whole thing without choking!”

Everyone laughs, but Taeil is not amused. Choking on stage is kind of a taboo for him.

“He started drinking cough syrup before our shows,” Johnny confesses, peeking at Taeil from behind his beer. There’s a loud gasp somewhere among them and Doyoung cackles.

While Taeil is trying to explain himself Yuta’s eyes land on the newcomer.

He doesn’t look like anyone Yuta knows, so probably an acquaintance to one of his friends. This guy is wearing a faded Star Wars t-shirt, and he looks at the others as if he doesn’t know if it’s ok to join the conversation. There’s a faint smile on his lips as he watches it all, and when everyone laughs, he downcasts his eyes, smile widening. He’s cute.

Quietly, Yuta walks towards Star Wars guy.

“Hi,” he says, plastering his best smile on. Star Wars guy startles, turning around to face Yuta. “I don’t know you. I’m Yuta.”

“Ah, this is my first time around. Sicheng.” He answers, returning Yuta’s smile. He’s got nice lips, plump and rosy.

“Nice to meet you,” Yuta says. “Did you enjoy the set?”

“Sure! It was pretty cool.” Sicheng’s voice is soft, low. “Are you in the band?”

The question kinda throws Yuta off. It probably means that Sicheng hasn’t really seen the show. It’s either that or he hasn’t paid Yuta attention, which is worse.

“I play the bass guitar,” he shrugs, feigning nonchalance.

Sicheng hums. His eyes wander back to the bantering group, still discussing whether Taeil is drinking cough syrup or not. Somehow, Sicheng looks unimpressed. As if… The fact that Yuta is in an indie college band isn’t really a big deal. Yuta frowns.

Cleaning his throat, he asks, “So, Sicheng, what’s your story?”

Sicheng arches his eyebrows, blinking at Yuta. “What do you mean?”

“I mean what do you do?”

“Uh, I’m a student.” Sicheng nods, blinking at Yuta.
Silence.

Awkward silence.

And then, Taeyong is yelling.

“Oh hell no Nakamoto, stay the fuck away from my son!”

Eight pairs of eyes turn to where Yuta and Sicheng are standing. Taeyong stomps towards them and places himself in between, glaring at Yuta as if he’s stepped on his tail.

“What?” Yuta croaks, feeling himself being yanked backward. He wriggles around to meet Jaehyun.

“Leave Sicheng alone.” Jaehyun’s tone is dead serious, and Yuta is confused.

“What-- I was just talking--”

Sooyoung snorts, and Yuta glares at her.

“What did he tell you?” Taeyong asks Sicheng, who looks like he finds the whole thing funny.

“Don’t believe anything that comes out of Yuta’s mouth.”

“Wow, now that’s just mean. And uncalled for.” Yuta protests. “I was just introducing myself since none of you fuckers bothered to.”

“And we didn’t for a reason!” Taeyong exclaims, slinging a protective arm around Sicheng’s shoulders.

Sicheng just chuckles, seemingly entertained. “Hyung, we were just talking.”

“No!” Taeyong interjects. “Yuta is never just talking. There’s always a nefarious intent behind it all.”

“Where are those girls you were chatting up after the show? I bet they’d be interested in your sweet talk.” Jaehyun spits, stepping closer to Sicheng.

“Nah, they were too easy,” Sooyoung waves a dismissive hand. “Yuta likes a challenge, right?”

Snakes. Yuta is surrounded by snakes.

The arrival of someone named Donghyuck, one of Mark’s floormates, distracts everyone from the issue, and Yuta slips away to grab himself a drink. He looks around, trying to find that girl who touched his bass among the crowd. Yuta wasn’t really interested in hooking up with a girl tonight, his previous three conquests were girls and he thought tonight would be a good night for a little change. Sicheng looked exactly like what Yuta was hoping for when he left his flat earlier this evening.

“I’m sorry about them.”

Sicheng is standing to his left, leaning into the counter and looking at Yuta with soft, innocent eyes.

“They think I won’t be able to defend myself from predators,” Sicheng adds, wiggling his eyebrows at Yuta. “What are you having? I’ll buy.”

That’s an unexpected turn of events. Interesting, nonetheless.

“Just a beer.”
Nodding, Sicheng orders two beers, sliding one to Yuta over the counter when the bartender returns. “So,” Yuta says. “How do you know mom and dad?”

“Jaehyun and I did a group project together once,” Sicheng takes a sip of his beer. The way his lips wrap around the rim of the bottle is kinda mesmerizing. Yuta can’t help but stare. “I went to their house a couple times, that’s how I got to know Taeyong.”

“Are you in the engineering program as well?”

Sicheng hums. “You?”

“Communication,” Yuta responds. “Although I’m not sure I’ll ever graduate.”

“You seem to be pretty good with people,” Sicheng blinks. “I’m sure you’ll do just fine.”

Something about the way Sicheng’s eyes linger on Yuta makes him think it would be ok to ask for his number. Yuta wouldn’t usually waste time wondering, but Sicheng doesn’t look like a usual conquest. There’s a sparkle to his eyes, a quirk to his lips that intrigue Yuta. He wants to see more of it.

“Does Taeyong know you’re here?” Yuta inquires.

Sicheng shrugs. “I told them I needed some air.”

“Sicheng,” Yuta marvels. “You’re a wild child!”

When Sicheng throws back his head in laughter, Yuta has a chance to admire the line of his neck, how smooth it looks. Yuta’s hand would look pretty there.

“If I don’t go back they’ll start looking for me,” Sicheng says, slowly walking away. He wiggles his fingers at Yuta and turns around. Yuta watches him until he disappears. Definitely interesting.

Yuta finishes his beer before returning to the group. No one pays him mind, all engrossed in a stupid argument about Sasuke and Naruto’s relationship. Sicheng is the only one who notices Yuta’s return, fixing him with a secretive look. Yuta winks at him, and Sicheng bites back a smile, cheeks coloring under Yuta’s gaze. He’s so damn cute. Yuta wants him.

Every time he’s got some free time, Yuta wastes it all at the music store. There’s nothing in particular that he needs, he just likes to play around with the instruments, and the clerks (all already used to his lurking around) don’t really mind his presence.

Today, the piece that interests him is a banjo. Four strings, round shaped and all white. Yuta’s never played the banjo before, but it can’t be much different than the guitar. Carefully picking it up, he inspects the neck, the width of the strings, the range of the sound.

“This one has a separate resonator plate,” a clerk says, approaching him. It’s the usual girl; she always sees to Yuta when he visits. “Better for bluegrass.”

Yuta smiles at her, ready to ask if they have sheet music around when something behind her catches
his attention. It’s a familiar figure, dark hair and plump, soft lips jutting in a slightly natural pout. Sicheng. It’s been four days since they met, and Yuta’s been trying to figure out a way to ask Taeyong or Jaehyun about him without upsetting them. Well, perhaps that won’t be needed.

“Thank you.” He nods at the clerk, placing the banjo back.

Sicheng is looking at some mics when Yuta speaks, making him look up with wide eyes and arched eyebrows.

“Didn’t expect to see you around here, wild child.”

His lips stretch in an easy smile, and Sicheng gives Yuta a quick once over. “Were you expecting to see me at all?”

Yuta chuckles. He’s witty, Sicheng. But that’s fine, Yuta can handle witty. “Can I help you?”

“Oh, so you work here?”

“Not really, just trying to be nice.”

Something seems to cross his mind, and Sicheng squints. He then hums, shaking his head. “I’m looking for a present for my cousin. He’s into music, so I thought I would find something here.”

“Is he a musician?”

“Nah, he just… Likes music.” Sicheng shrugs. He’s wearing a red hoodie today, and it looks soft on him. Yuta wants to run both hands up and down Sicheng’s arms and feel the fabric. Just because it looks so soft.

“Perhaps you should have tried a record shop then,” Yuta says.

“Ah, well. I’m not really good at picking out gifts.” Sicheng shakes his head. “I guess I’ll just get him a band tee or something.”

Yuta nods, watching the way Sicheng looks around the store. This feels like an opportunity.

“I can take you to a record shop if you want,” Yuta suggests. “It’s my favorite one, I’m sure you’ll find something he’ll like there.”

That’s how he finds himself leading Sicheng halfway across the neighborhood. Tough Cookie Records is one of the oldest record shops around, tucked into an alley downtown. The current manager, Chanyeol, was actually the one from whom Yuta bought his current bass guitar. Chanyeol used to be in a band before graduating, but then his girlfriend got pregnant and he had to find a ‘real job’, which turned out to be this one.

Chanyeol tries to keep Tough Cookie old school -- no wifi or Spotify playlists --, and surprisingly they still get a fair number of customers. Yuta is one of them. Chanyeol lets him stick posters for 0 Mile concerts on the walls, it makes him feel like a true rockstar.

“How do you even know this place?” Sicheng asks.

Yuta waves at Chanyeol, who waves back from his spot behind the counter. “I’m friends with the manager.” He lightly pulls at the sleeve of Sicheng’s hoodie. “Come.”

There’s a wide section at the back that’s entirely dedicated to band tees and other paraphernalia, like skateboards with Blink 182 logos and Nirvana backpacks.
“What’s his favorite artist?” Yuta asks, looking at Sicheng. The latter stops for a moment, puffing out his cheeks as he thinks about it. It’s soft. Of course, it’s soft.

“He likes… I don’t know. The Beatles? Everyone likes The Beatles, right?” Sicheng looks uncertain.

“If they’re normal, yeah,” Yuta nods.

Sicheng walks towards a wall of shelves filled with figurines. “I should get him one of these John Lennon dolls.”

“They are lame,” Yuta snorts. “Does he own a record player? I know I’d like to get a vinyl.”

Something seems to click in Sicheng’s brain, and he faces Yuta with enthusiasm. “He does! He posted something on Instagram about getting one last month!”

“There we go! Now vinyl records are pretty expensive nowadays, are you ready to spend some money?”

“Let’s see.”

The find Rubber Soul among the second-hand pile and Yuta ends up coaxing Chanyeol into giving them a good price. Sicheng doesn’t really take part in any of the negotiations, he watches behind Yuta and swipes his card when the time comes.

“It’s been a long time since you’ve been to one of our gigs, hyung,” Yuta mentions once Chanyeol hands Sicheng the record wrapped in craft paper.

“Oh, sorry man. You know, with the baby and all… All I’ve really done is work.” Chanyeol explains. “But I’ll try to show up next time.” He looks at Sicheng and hands a piece of paper. “Here, a coupon. You get 5% off on your next purchase.”

As they’re leaving the store, Sicheng pushes the coupon into Yuta’s hand. “Take it.”

He looks down at the piece of paper, a bit crumpled, and frowns. “Why are you giving it to me? You could come back and get that John Lennon figurine you liked so much.”

Laughing, Sicheng shakes his head. “I don’t think I’ll use it. And I wanna thank you for helping me out.” As he says it, his hand reaches for Yuta’s wrist. It’s a light touch, but it sticks, and the half-smile playing at Sicheng’s lips is… Curious.

There’s the hint of something behind his eyes, something that, Yuta would bet actual money on it, might be worth his while. The situation presents him with another opportunity. He could accept Sicheng’s coupon and acknowledge his fleeting touch as a gesture of gratitude. Then they’d part ways. Or.

“I have something better in mind.” Yuta taps his chin. “Buy me coffee.”


Yuta doesn’t let his disappointment show when he hums, averting his eyes. He knows the chances of them meeting again by chance are low, and somehow Yuta feels like asking for Sicheng’s number wouldn’t be a good idea. At least not now. The only thing he’s left to do is invite Sicheng to their next gig two weeks from now. So he does that.
“It’s at House 37. I think Taeyong is going, you could go with him. You won’t have to pay to get in, it’s all cool.”

It takes Sicheng a couple beats to reply. He puffs out his cheeks again, and Yuta files the gesture under ‘quirks and antics’.

“I’ll think about it,” Sicheng says. “Gotta go now. Thanks again for helping, it was nice of you.”

“No biggie.”

“See you around, Yuta.” Sicheng smiles at him and walks off in the same direction they came.

“House 37!” Yuta screams after him. Sicheng turns around, waving at him. “I’ll be waiting!”

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There’s a party happening after their gig. Someone Seulgi knows is celebrating their birthday -- Yuta doesn’t know the person, but he’s tagging along anyway. They’ve got no plans afterward, so why not.

House 37 is a new pub around the campus. It’s the first time they’re playing there, but Yuta already likes the place. It’s quite small, but it’s crowded with people. Some of them peek curiously at the stage while they’re setting up, others nod in recognition. They’re not the most popular band on campus, but sufficiently well-known that people still come around to watch even though their setlists are mainly composed of covers. Taeil says that’s what people like to hear anyway. Yuta doesn’t dream about becoming an internationally known artist, and he knows Johnny and Taeil have their own plans for the future, none of which involve playing professionally. He guesses that’s why they don’t stress too much about original songs and composing. They’re just… Having fun. Yuta likes playing the bass, he likes being on stage and he digs the great vibe. He just doesn’t see himself making a career out of it. He doesn’t even think he’s talented enough to be a professional musician.

They’re still setting up when Taeyong arrives, pulling Sicheng along. Yuta is surprised. He was hoping to see Sicheng tonight, but wasn’t really expecting him to show up. It opens a shiny new door to possibilities for the night that he hadn’t considered.

“Hey, loser.” Johnny greets Taeyong from his place behind the drums. “Where’s Jaehyun?”

Yuta doesn’t catch Jaehyun’s whereabouts; he tunes them out and focuses on Sicheng, looking undeniably soft in a plain black t-shirt. Yuta doesn’t know how someone can look cute in a plain black t-shirt, but Sicheng pulls it off. Somehow.

“I’m glad you made it,” Yuta says, smiling at him.

“I was supposed to be studying right now, but Taeyong wanted some company.”

“And how was it with your cousin? Did he like the gift?”

Sicheng’s mouth forms a little ‘o’, and he nods. “Yeah, he was really excited. Thanks for your help, really.”

Yuta waves a hand. “Stick around after the gig?”
Something flickers across Sicheng’s eyes, and his chin tilts slightly upwards. He blinks at Yuta, contemplating. “I’ll think about it.”

Yuta is used to being on the receiving end of the audience’s attention; stage fright is an unknown concept to him. That’s precisely why he doesn’t understand why he’s so jittery tonight. At the back of his mind is a thought; a chance. It’s all connected to the way Sicheng watches him. A hot, liquid stare that rolls all over Yuta’s body, makes him shiver with the sole weight of it. It makes Yuta’s hands sweat dangerously as he presses his fingers on the strings. Makes his mouth go dry, forces him to fumble after the water bottle sitting on top of a speaker box in between songs. Sicheng looks at him like he knows what he’s doing; like he’s expecting Yuta to bend and break on stage in front of everyone. It’s nothing like that the last time Yuta saw him, so soft and cute in his red hoodie. By the time they’re done with the set Yuta feels like he’s been stretched so thin his skin is sensitive. Some girls come to see him as per usual, one of them even suggests she’d be down to clown, but Yuta is barely paying attention. His eyes keep searching the crowd for Sicheng, and it’s annoying. He feels like someone just teased the fuck out of him and then ran away.

He’s helping Johnny pack his cymbals when he catches something on his peripheral vision. Sicheng is sitting by the bar, both elbows propped back on the counter and mouth slightly parted, as if he’s been watching Yuta for quite a while. Their eyes meet, and Sicheng runs his tongue over his bottom lip. Yuta fucking shudders. It goes down his spine so fast and strong he even shakes. There’s purpose in Sicheng’s eyes when he holds Yuta’s gaze the whole way from the bar to the small entryway leading to the toilet area. The eye contact breaks once Sicheng steps inside, but whatever spell he cast upon Yuta remains, keeping him transfixed and completely under Sicheng’s control.

Yuta drops the pedalboard he’d been holding and follows him.

The moment he walks into the male toilet, a pair of hands grabs him by the shirt and pulls him into a stall. It’s only when both of them are locked inside that Yuta manages to properly look at Sicheng. There’s haste in his actions, a fire that burns deep down Yuta’s gut reflected in his eyes. He doesn’t say anything. Instead, Sicheng drops to his knees and undoes his pants.

Okay, so this is happening. This is a thing that is happening right now, Sicheng just dropped to his knees and is dragging the zipper of Yuta’s pants down. Fuck. He uselessly thinks about asking Sicheng what he’s doing, why he’s doing what he’s doing. But it’s so fucking stupid because Yuta knows what he’s doing, and he also knows why Sicheng is doing it if the way they looked at each other out there is any indication.

Yuta curses, feeling Sicheng’s breath hot on his crotch as his underwear is yanked down and his cock springs free, already half-hard. Sicheng hums at the sight and wraps gentle fingers around him, thumbing at the slit when his hand pushes the flaccid skin back. He strokes Yuta painstakingly slow, tongue coming out to give the head quick cat licks.

Yuta’s hands naturally find their way into Sicheng’s hair, and it’s enough to make him look up. He hardly lifts his head, pinning Yuta with a gaze from behind his lashes. Fuck, he’s good. He knows what he’s doing. Sicheng knows exactly how he looks, and he’s playing his cards like a fucking professional.

His cock starts to leak, and Sicheng wastes no time in smearing pre-come all over Yuta’s length. It
makes the slide so much easier and better. When Sicheng takes Yuta into his mouth, he does so with his eyes glued to Yuta’s. His mouth falls open and his tongue comes out. He lets Yuta’s cock sit on his tongue for a long beat, then laps at it. Yuta moans, lets his head fall back on the hard brick wall, and Sicheng giggles. He fucking giggles.

“You like it?” Sicheng asks, voice dripping honey as if he’s not licking pre-come off Yuta’s cock. It’s baffling, really, that Taeyong would rule Yuta as potentially dangerous to Sicheng’s safety. Does he even know Sicheng?

Sure, Yuta’s been blown in bathrooms before. More times than he can count. There’s always a thrill that comes from the constant threat of being walked into, of someone noticing that there are two people (sometimes three) going at it right there. Yet, Yuta’s not sure it’s ever felt like this. Like his heart is about to jump out of his mouth and his brain is at risk of failure.

“Y-yeah.” Is all he musters.

Yuta’s been rendered speechless by a bunny-soft kid with plump lips and a dexterous tongue.

Once his cock has gone stiff, Sicheng grips it at the base and licks a fat stripe to the tip, then closes his mouth around it. Sicheng takes him in like he’s used to having a dick in his mouth, being mindful of his teeth, working his tongue on the underside in a way that drives Yuta absolutely mad.

“You looked so good up there,” Sicheng mumbles, lips closing around the head of Yuta’s cock. “Wanted to eat you up,” He goes down once, nose touching the hand that’s gripping at the base, then retreats with a slurp, a single thread of saliva connecting his mouth to Yuta’s cock.

Sicheng removes the hand gripping at Yuta’s cock and places both of them on Yuta’s thighs instead. He takes Yuta in again, going a little further this time, and it’s enough to make Yuta’s legs tremble. He moans once more, and Sicheng accompanies him, head bobbing as he sucks. Yuta pulls at his hair, bites back the urge to thrust his cock even deeper into Sicheng’s mouth.

There’s spit dripping down the side of Sicheng’s mouth, and Yuta thumbs it clean, rubs that same thumb up Sicheng’s jaw. He notices a single silver earring dangling from Sicheng’s ear, and lightly pulls at it. Sicheng makes a noise, and pulls away, panting the minute Yuta’s cock falls from his mouth. They hold each other’s gazes for a brief moment. Sicheng licks his lips and takes Yuta in again.

At this point, Yuta’s so far gone it would only take a mere look from Sicheng. The minute Sicheng holds him at the base and licks it again, Yuta is spilling on his tongue. He comes so hard his eyes fall shut, head thudding against the wall. Sicheng strokes it out, swallows everything Yuta gives him, then licks the remaining come from the tip of Yuta’s cock.

When he comes down from the high, Sicheng is standing in front of him. He licks white off his fingers with an obscene look on his face, fits the middle one inside his mouth for a full clean, lets it out with a pop.

Yuta is dumbfounded. It’s like he’s lost all motor functions, only able to lean back on that wall, Sicheng looking at him as if he’s completely naked. Which has never been a problem, Yuta loves being naked. He loves having someone look at him like he’s enticing, like the sight of him can bring them to the edge. It’s partly why he likes being on stage.

Yet, Sicheng’s eyes unnerve him. Yuta knew there was a mystery to Sicheng since the moment he followed Yuta to the bar the night they met. He had no idea this was it. It’s unnerving, but he likes it. It makes his blood run hotter, his stomach twist and his hands sweat. Yuta likes it.
His eyes fall to Sicheng’s red, swollen lips and Yuta wants to kiss him. He’s not given the chance, though. Sicheng steps away, shooting Yuta a quick smile before leaving. He doesn’t even say anything, just slips out of the stall, leaving Yuta there with his pants mid-thighs and a heart beating too damn fast.

Yuta didn’t even have time to get him off. Sicheng is most definitely walking with a hard-on outside, and it’s probably uncomfortable. Yuta considers following him out, dragging Sicheng back in. He doesn’t. Preferably pulls his pants up and splashes some water on his face.

No one asks him where he’s been when he comes out of the toilet. Sicheng is nowhere to be seen, and Yuta doesn’t bother going after him.

He’s there at Seulgi’s friend’s party. It’s pretty crowded, but Yuta still manages to find Sicheng. It’s easy when Taeyong is attached to his hip. It makes Yuta curious to know how Sicheng managed to escape Taeyong back at the club. The memory of his dick in Sicheng’s mouth drags a shiver down his back, but Yuta shakes it off. He doesn’t plan on wasting his night ogling Sicheng. If Sicheng wanted what happened at that toilet stall to stretch into something, he wouldn’t have left the way he did. Yuta respects that. It leaves a weird aftertaste in his mouth, but he ignores it, deciding to grab a drink and mingle.

Mark is already drunk by the time Yuta finds him, that same Donghyuck kid wrapped around him. They seem close -- too close --, and Yuta is glad for Mark. He approves of anything that will help get Mark laid.

Perhaps Yuta should go find someone for himself. It’s a party, after all, that’s his party protocol. Except that tonight, he’s got no idea of what to hunt for. His mind is hazy, operating on minimum power. His eyes run around, even spot a couple interesting people, but no one incites him into pursuing anything. Yuta finishes his drink, and he’s still alone.

Somehow, he ends up on the dancefloor. Which is where he finds Sicheng a bit later.

Sicheng has his eyes closed, eyes swirling above his head, completely immersed on the beat. It’s like Yuta is a moth flying straight into a lamp. He steps closer, plastic cup falling to his feet. It’s creepy if he just crowds Sicheng, so Yuta remains near but doesn’t break into his personal space. It doesn’t take long for Sicheng to open his eyes and acknowledge Yuta’s presence.

There’s not a bit of surprise in Sicheng’s eyes when he spots Yuta. He reaches out and drags Yuta in by his thin silver necklace.

“You found me,” he says. They’re close enough for Yuta to smell alcohol in his breath.

Arms slowly winding around Sicheng, Yuta hums, “Were you hiding?”

Sicheng appraises him with hooded eyes, and even in his intoxication, they never lose brightness. “Wanted you to find me. What took you so long?”

There’s a screech somewhere around them, and a voice that sounds a lot like Taeyong’s is yelling at Yuta, but he tunes it out. He tunes out anything but Sicheng, and how loudly he’s resonating throughout Yuta’s body. With both hands in Sicheng’s hair, Yuta kisses him.

“It’s not an innocent kiss. Their mouths meet with intention, teeth clacking and bodies fitting against each other. Yuta slides his tongue across Sicheng’s, feels spit coating their lips as they glide. Yuta exhales into Sicheng’s mouth, and Sicheng nips at him, teeth teasing Yuta’s chin, his jaw. His hands find their way down to Yuta’s ass, and it’s too fucking much. Yuta had no clue when he first saw
Sicheng looking so sheepish and embarrassed to even talk. He had absolutely no clue.

Amid another open-mouthed kiss, Yuta notices himself getting hard again. Sicheng’s tongue coaxes his lips open, and Yuta moans.

“Wanna come home with me?” He suggests because there’s nothing he wants more right now than Sicheng.

“Yeah,” Sicheng breathes, nodding. “Yeah, please, take me home.”

He thinks Taeyong yells at him again, but Yuta couldn’t care less.

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Sicheng is not, by all means, shy. The moment they walk into Yuta’s apartment his clothes come off. He lets himself be pushed towards the bedroom, eyes never leaving Yuta’s, and Yuta is pretty sure he’s never seen anything more erotic than the way Sicheng falls back onto his bed.

Yuta crawls after him, settling himself over Sicheng, elbows on each side of his head. Cheeks beautifully colored, Sicheng smiles at him, biting his lower lip. One of his legs come up, and he curls it around Yuta. His hands tug at Yuta’s shirt as if he’s bothered by it, and Yuta catches the hint, quickly getting rid of it. He pulls himself up on his knees and downs his pants and underwear, kicking them off.

Yuta takes a second to appraise Sicheng, lithe body all flushed and taut, nipples already perky. Yuta aches to tongue them. His hand falls to his cock and he pumps lazily, aroused by how good Sicheng looks naked. On Yuta’s bed.

“Do you have any idea,” he huffs, mind clouded by lust. “How good you look right now?”

Sicheng smiles, biting on his thumb. “Did you bring me here to look, or are you going to fuck me?”

It’s everything. It’s his face, how rich and soft his lips look. It’s his luscious hair and smooth skin. His scent, the sound of his laughter. It’s the way he talks, so unabashed while watching Yuta with those big, docile eyes. Everything about him messes Yuta up. It’s like he’s taken by an undercurrent, powerful and inevitable.

He nods and lowers himself. Yuta sweeps Sicheng’s hair up and away from his forehead, tugs on the strands just a little bit so his chin will lift and make it easier for Yuta to kiss him. It’s slower this time, charged with desire.

Yuta asks, “How do you want it?”

“So this,” Sicheng says, never breaking the kiss. “Like this.”

So Yuta stretches him like this, sitting back on his ankles as Sicheng’s ass rests on his lap. By the time the second finger goes in, Sicheng is already squirming, moans rolling out of his tongue at the lightest touch. Yuta drags it out, massages his rim with a lubed finger, pushes his thumb just enough to have Sicheng’s eyes turning and his toes curling. Yuta pushes a finger in, searching. Sicheng’s back arches from the bed the moment Yuta finds what he was looking for. Sicheng whines, fingers feathering over Yuta’s wrist.
“What is it, baby?” Yuta asks, feigning confusion. “Talk to me.”

He prods at it again, and Sicheng moans louder, the hand that was reaching for Yuta now reaching for his own cock. Yuta bats Sicheng’s hand aside, which evokes another whine.

“T-touch me, please,” Sicheng pants, a few hair strands sticking to his forehead.

Yuta clucks his tongue, pushes a second finger in, picks up his pace. Sicheng starts rolling his hips, fucking into Yuta’s fingers, and although it’s hot, Yuta will have none of that. With a hand on his hip, Yuta stills Sicheng’s movements.

Sicheng moans and calls out Yuta’s name. “Don’t be mean to me,” he says.

“I’m not being mean, I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

“I’m ready, just-” his legs are starting to tremble, and Yuta can feel Sicheng’s gooseflesh on the palm of his hand. “I’m ready.”

They both move at the same time. Yuta takes his fingers out, and Sicheng reaches for the condom and lube Yuta placed near the headboard earlier. He seems to want to put it on, so Yuta sits back and lets Sicheng work.

Sicheng strokes him a couple times, makes sure he’s completely hard before rolling the condom down his length and coating him in lube. Then, he falls back and spreads his legs wider. Yuta rubs his palms over Sicheng’s thighs, squeezes them, and brings him a tad closer. He presses the tip of his cock on Sicheng’s entrance, grazing, tentative. Sicheng, who Yuta’s learned is impatient, whines, so Yuta gives in. He pushes the head in, careful and watchful, keeping an eye on all of Sicheng’s reactions. Little by little his cock goes in until he bottoms out, and oh god it’s tight. Sicheng’s walls enclose around him like he doesn’t mean to leave Yuta any room for air, and it’s maddening. It takes all of his strength not to start fucking Sicheng immediately. He wants to. Yuta wants to pull out and then thrust back in with all his might, drill Sicheng’s asshole until he’s flushed and pliant.

Yuta shuts his eyes, takes a deep breath, wills himself into not orgasming like a teenager.

“You okay?” He asks, caresses Sicheng’s thigh.

Nodding, Sicheng answers, “Yeah, move, you can move.”

Yuta does. Slowly at first, until he’s sure Sicheng is comfortable with his size. If it bothers him, he never lets it show. He’s got his mouth open, a hand on his stomach and eyes fixed on Yuta. The intensity of his gaze would have Yuta quivering if the tightness of his insides hadn’t already covered it. Sicheng is tight, but he’s also slippery, so it doesn’t take long for Yuta to find a rhythm.

The thrusts get increasingly faster, and every time Yuta’s hips slam against his ass, Sicheng wails. Eventually, Yuta shifts on the mattress; brings Sicheng’s leg a bit higher, pushes just a bit deeper. Deep enough to have him sobbing, and trembling, wetness clinging to his lashes and elbows on the mattress as he meets Yuta’s thrusts. It’s hot, he feels so fucking good. Yuta tells him that.

“You feel so good, baby, so good.” He lowers himself, mouthing at Sicheng’s neck. It warrants another one of those moans, a pretty, loud one that urges Yuta into marking him, biting at the soft skin of Sicheng’s shoulder. He feels Sicheng’s nails scraping his back, his legs wrapping around Yuta’s waist, heels pulling him forward.

Sicheng yanks him by his hair and kisses him, messy and wet, and also kinda desperate. It makes Yuta fuck him faster, hungry for the way Sicheng moans and sobs when Yuta’s cock reaches that
little spot. Sicheng throws his head back, chest arching just a bit, and it’s the perfect opportunity for Yuta to tease his nipples. Yuta licks; rolls his tongue around them until Sicheng is left shaking and breathless. Yuta gives both of his nipples the same amount of attention, gently biting around the area. He decides he really likes marking Sicheng’s body. It’s like signing a painting -- making sure everyone knows who’s responsible for this, who’s the author behind such a masterpiece. Yuta is not that much of an asshole, though, so he tries not to leave any marks where other people can see.

Yuta doesn’t feel like prying his mouth off Sicheng just yet, so he rocks his hips, thrusting into him languidly.

“Yuta,” Sicheng whines, hands gripping at Yuta’s ass, urging him forward. So freaking needy.

“Faster, fuck me-”

He sounds tired, ragged. When Yuta pulls up and looks at him, he’s meet with the most beautiful thing he’s seen in days. Sicheng is flushed all the way down to his chest, his hair matted to his forehead, lips glistening and red where his teeth had been worrying them. He’s beautiful. And so fucking sexy.

“You want it harder?” Yuta asks, spreading Sicheng’s legs wider.

“Harder,” Sicheng breathes, head lolling to the side, hair a complete mess on the mattress. “Faster, please.”

Yuta nods, mesmerized by how good, how fucking ethereal he looks like that, and fucks him faster, harder, deeper. Sicheng wails, a hand gripping at the bed sheets and the other blindly reaching for his cock. He must be close, Yuta thinks. He looks so far gone, so lost in pleasure that his own strokes are sluggish. Yuta pumps him instead, pulling his hand out by the wrist.

Sicheng doesn’t warn him before his cock is spurting come all over Yuta’s fist. Sicheng absently licks at his own fingers -- three all at once inside his mouth. Yuta doesn’t think he’s aware of what he’s doing, and it makes it even hotter. Makes that fire in the pit of Yuta’s stomach sizzle and burn broader inside him. A few more thrusts and Yuta is emptying himself into the condom, hipbones flush with Sicheng’s ass.

Yuta collapses next to Sicheng, pulling out in the process, and they lie there in silence for a while.

Against all his wishes of lying motionless in bed, Yuta climbs off and grabs some tissues from the bathroom. While he’s there, he discards the condom and cleans himself. Once he’s back in bed, Yuta wipes Sicheng gently, trying not to stimulate his oversensitive areas. The only indication that Sicheng is awake is the soft, comfortable noise he makes as Yuta touches him. He barely moves.

“You can spend the night if you want,” Yuta says, tossing the tissues on the floor.

When Sicheng hums, Yuta settles down next to him and pulls the covers over both of them.

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Yuta never checks the time when he wakes up. He just grunts; pushes his face into his pillow and turns around.

Sicheng is right there, and still blissfully asleep. Yuta watches him for a second. He looks so
peaceful. Is he dreaming? Is he going to freak out once he wakes up? Will he remember he went against his hyung’s wishes like a rebel teen? Will he remember how he felt when Yuta was inside him?

Instead of musing any further, Yuta stands up and realizes he’s completely naked. His clothes are all over the room. He pads around picking them up, making sure to sort what his and what’s Sicheng’s. He folds Sicheng’s clothes and places them neatly on the bed.

After he’s pulled a pair of sweatpants on, Yuta thinks about breakfast. Should he worry about that? He’s never cooked any of his one-night-stands breakfast before. He doesn’t even cook himself breakfast most days. All he does is go next door to Johnny and Taeil’s apartment and munch off whatever they’re eating. He can’t just ask Johnny to cook him and Sicheng breakfast, though. What he can do is make some coffee. It doesn’t take much, he’s just got to let the coffee maker work.

While Yuta waits for it to get done, he sits on the couch with his guitar on the lap, legs stretched out to rest on the coffee table. He strums a few chords to songs he’s gotten used to playing, attempts others he’s still picking up. Sicheng wakes up somewhere in the middle of that. Yuta isn’t sure if it’s a natural occurrence or if the sounds of his guitar drifted into the bedroom.

Sicheng stands by Yuta’s bedroom door, wearing only his boxer briefs and the t-shirt he wore last night. His eyes are puffy, and there’s a line across his cheek that’s probably from the pillowcase. Yuta’s heart skips an awful beat.

“Morning,” he says, feeling weak and pathetic.

“Morning,” Sicheng replies. “Do I smell coffee?” He never waits for Yuta’s answer, promptly making his way into the kitchen and searching the cupboards.

“Second door to your left,” Yuta instructs. He goes back to his guitar, the sounds of Sicheng going around the kitchen like an odd, but perfect background score.

When he comes back to the living room, Sicheng has two mugs in his hands. One, he keeps to himself. The other is presented to Yuta, who grabs it and mutters a quiet ‘thanks’. Sicheng sits next to him, eyes on his guitar.

“What are you playing?” He asks.

It’s not the question Yuta’s expecting, but he’s happy to answer anyway. “Stuff. Alice in Chains. Have you listened to them?” Sicheng shakes his head, sipping at his coffee. “You probably have, but you didn’t know what you were listening to.”

“I’m musically illiterate, you must know,” Sicheng says, tilting his head. His hair is in complete disarray, but he doesn’t appear to be bothered by it.

“Well, then we gotta change that, don’t we?” Yuta points out and places his guitar on the coffee table before drinking.

Sicheng seems to find amusement in something he said, “You’re gonna change that?” It sounds like a challenge.

“If you want me to.”

They maintain visual contact for a bit. Then, Sicheng is sighing. “So,” he says. “Last night happened.”
There it is. That’s what Yuta was expecting.

“It did,” he says, blinking at Sicheng. “How do you feel about it?”

“I feel,” Sicheng averts his eyes for a second, then looks back at Yuta. “Normal. You?”

“I feel like Taeyong tried to stop us at some point last night,” he winces at the memory, the vague thought of having heard Taeyong yell at him to step away from Sicheng.

That seems to surprise Sicheng, who frowns at Yuta at the same time a smile plays at his lips. “He did?” When Yuta nods, Sicheng hums in contemplation. “That’s funny, I never heard anything.”

Silence floats around, and Yuta picks his guitar back up.

“Hey, superstar,” Sicheng calls, and when Yuta looks at him, he has his chin resting on a palm, the elbow propped on his knee. “Play something for me.”

The request has the tips of Yuta’s fingers tingling, a soft, squishy thing inside him. He smiles, adjusting his grip on the guitar. “What do you want me to play?”

Sicheng just shrugs, saying, “Your favorite song.”

Yuta strums F.

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Taeil’s voice booms into the microphone, thanking the crowd for coming, and one last bead of sweat makes its way down Yuta’s neck. He gulps down water, unplugs his bass, undoes the strap and starts packing up things. The usual stuff, but still a good night.

It’s also pretty usual that people flock around them after the set, some offering help with the equipment, some to congratulate them, others to, well, flirt. This last group used to be Yuta’s favorite.

A curious hand finds the body of his bass, and Yuta puts his best smile on, making sure it’s blinding when he tells the pink-haired girl, “Don’t touch my bass guitar, please.”

He doesn’t wait to see her reaction, securing the bass into its case and moving to help Johnny with his drum set. Last time he lost a pedal piece somewhere in the middle of Club Spikes. He’s been extra careful (and grumpy) ever since, so Yuta and Taeil come around to help him pack.

However, Yuta gets distracted from the task at hand when a familiar call of “Hey, superstar,” comes from behind.

“Sicheng, my man,” Taeil says, rolling out a cord. “How did you like our set? We played your song.”

“Yeah, I know,” Sicheng replies Taeil, but his eyes are on Yuta. The smile on his face is also for Yuta, and that has him giddy and silly at the attention.

When Yuta’s arms fall open, Sicheng wastes no time, quickly burrowing in. Hebreathes into Yuta’s neck. Yuta has an arm around Sicheng, the other stroking his hair fondly. He smells good, but then
Sicheng always smells good. It’s one of the reasons why it was nearly impossible for Yuta to avoid falling for him. That and his tongue. Sicheng’s tongue works like magic.

“Did you tell ‘em it was my song?” Sicheng asks, pulling away from Yuta’s embrace but not really. His hands rest at Yuta’s shoulders, a sneaky one sliding at the back of his neck.

“We only practiced it because you like it so much,” Yuta explains, searching Sicheng’s eyes. There’s something he can’t quite translate flickering in his gaze. “It’s in all of your playlists. Isn’t it? Did I get it wrong?”

Sicheng is quick to shake his head, “No, I like it! But only because it reminds me of you.” The way he says it it’s a bit sheepish. It makes Yuta frown. “You know. It’s the song you played for me that one time. We were in your apartment, and I asked you to play something.”

Oh yeah. Yuta recalls it now, fresh in his memory as if it happened yesterday. Sicheng asked Yuta to play his favorite song, and he strummed Rooster by Alice in Chains. It wasn’t his favorite song, he only played it because he wanted Sicheng to hear it. He’d asked if Sicheng knew Alice in Chains and the answer was negative, so Yuta just… Played it for him.

“Ah!” He exclaims, and laughs. “You’re right!”

“So is it really my song or is it our song?” Sicheng asks playfully.

“That’s quite a depressing song.” Yuta likes the idea of them picking a song, though. “We could always choose another.”

At that, Sicheng pouts, “But I fell in love with you to that song.”

Yuta is taken aback. That happened quite early in their journey. Although he knows he was doomed the moment he laid eyes on Sicheng, he’s always thought that it had taken Sicheng a bit longer to give in. They only started dating three or four months after meeting (and falling in bed together), and Yuta had to literally work for it. Sicheng was not easy to win over, so, naturally, Yuta’s always thought he hadn’t fallen as quickly and easily as Yuta had. Above it all, there was Taeyong and Jaehyun who insisted on being vocal about how very much against this relationship they were. Yuta swears that at some point, Taeyong shed actual tears. It was no easy feat, becoming Sicheng’s boyfriend.

In a way, Yuta understands their concern. Before Sicheng he was a wayward child. Yuta had sex with different people for breakfast, lunch, and dinner pretty much every day, and Taeyong and Jaehyun were always watching everything unfold front-row. They were there the day a guy Yuta slept with and sneaked out on threw chocolate milkshake on him. Taeyong and Jaehyun were essentially the ones who wrestled that physiotherapist away from Yuta before she could yank all his hairs from his head. He knows he was… Erratic, but that was pre-Sicheng.

Sicheng changed the whole picture. It wasn’t easy for Yuta to convince Taeyong and Jaehyun (especially Taeyong) he wasn’t pulling any stunts, but he did it.

“Really?” He asks just for good measure, and Sicheng nods. “We can keep it if you want.”

“Okay,” Sicheng says. “Only until we find another one. It’s got to have me falling in love with you all over again, or else it’s not gonna work.”

Yuta laughs, chest completely full with so much love and adoration for this one person. He cups Sicheng’s cheeks and brushes the apples of his cheeks with his thumbs. “Sounds good to me.”
Sicheng smiles, and pecks his lips once, twice, three times until Yuta kisses him properly.

“Hey,” Johnny calls. Yuta turns around to face him, hooking an arm around Sicheng’s neck. “We’re going to Burger King. You guys coming?”

Yuta peers at Sicheng. “You hungry?”

“I am if you’re paying,” he replies, and it makes both Yuta and Johnny laugh.

“We’re coming,” Yuta says, kissing Sicheng’s lips one last time.

“Alright, then we just gotta load the van.” Johnny is subtly trying to get Yuta to quit slacking and help them. The message is received, so he steps away from Sicheng (reluctantly).

“I’ll meet you out front,” he says, and Sicheng nods, winking at him before spinning on his heels.

Yuta watches him go, focusing his gaze on Sicheng’s ass and how snug it is in his black skinny jeans.

It’s an overall good night. Usual, but that’s precisely what makes it so good.

End Notes

After they’d been dating a while Yuta wouldn’t stop wondering if Taeyong and Jaehyun were actually in love with Sicheng. Because, you know, he’s extremely jealous.

(LOL. I'm sorry.)

Thanks for reading this! Leave me a comment, maybe? <3

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