until the levee breaks

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by beanpod

Summary

So Kihyun thinks about it—about him—sometimes. Not often, because honestly, he doesn't have the time, but sometimes they'll be working through a routine or warming up before a recording session and he'll think about it, Hoseok's mouth, his hands—he has really beautiful hands, Kihyun has to give him that—the slope of his shoulders and the expanse of his forearms and wonders what if.

(He also thinks about the way his lips spread into wide smiles when he's happy, the way his eyes crinkle and seem brighter than the fucking sun. He'll think of the flush in his cheeks when he's excited, the way his fingers won't stay still.

Kihyun doesn't admit to that, though, he's too busy, he doesn't have the time.)

Notes

i was working on a whole different fic and then this wouldn't let me concentrate DAMN IT kiho is a whole force of nature, i tried to fight it and here we all stand.

so, like, this is the first time i write kihyun and he's always had this particular kind of vibe to me? so, like? idk, you may find him a little itsy bitsy angry but i feel like given their line of work they do get their emotions bottled up from time to time? so that's what this is.......in a way. this is just a lot of porn and feels, i have to admit at least that much, my feels were all over the place while writing this.
Thank you so much from the bottom of my heart to Mari for all the help and hand-holding!!

See the end of the work for more notes.

Thing is, okay, Kihyun's had a bad week.

Like, there's only so much he can put up with and some of the choreographers are really getting on his nerves. Kihyun knows, okay, he knows his body can't move that way. He's a pretty slim guy, yes, but he's not made of rubber. Last time he tried something this fancy he couldn't move his left knee for three whole days and the choreographer had the gall to give him the stink eye the whole time.

So Kihyun's over-stressed, under-fed, and—worst of all—pretty under-sexed.

(He admits it's probably been a bad month, in regards to the latter.)

It's not often that they use the showers at the company. It's necessity what pushes them in turns to use the changing rooms; practice isn't letting up any time soon and there's still a wardrobe fitting before any of them can go home. Kihyun's considering making eyes at one of the stylists so he can come back in the morning, when Changkyun steps off the showers.

Smug on top of wet is a good look on him, Kihyun notices distantly.

"Give the hand a break," Changkyun says with a teasing grin, and Kihyun, for all that he wants to punch his pretty teeth in, doesn't. When it comes to Changkyun, Kihyun knows his limits.

"Shut up," he grumbles, tightening the knot of the towel around his waist. He heads for his stuff as Changkyun laughs his ass off a few feet away, and promptly ignores the bastard because it's already fucking late as it is and all he really wants is to get home so he can sleep his five mandatory hours. He even has a medical order and everything.

And the thing is—God, there are so many things in Kihyun's life lately—yeah, he probably should give his hand a break.

(He's not even going to address the fact Changkyun was right out there in the changing room while Kihyun jerked off in the shower. He's not and you know why? Because after living together for this long Kihyun's come to know how every single idiot bandmate of his sounds when they come. Privacy? Kihyun can't remember what that is.)

But—and Kihyun is shit to admit this, granted, but it must be done—if there's one thing he knows how to live without is three meals a day. Orgasms? Not so much.

He hears a screech from outside, sounds like Hyungwon, followed by Hoseok's raucous laughter, and grits his teeth as he gets dressed.

Kihyun gets home one night to find the whole place deserted. One of Jooheon's kittens is curled on the couch, which means he must be coming back soon, face hidden under its fluffy tail. Kihyun greets it because there's no one else to greet and because he likes getting to say, "Hi, honey, I'm home," every once in a while, even though he gets no answer.
He heads straight for his room and dumps his stuff and flops face first on his bed, wallows in misery for about thirty minutes, and then hears the unmistakable timbre of Hoseok's voice from the kitchen.

When he walks by past the room, possibly on his way to the bathroom, he pokes his head in. Kihyun wants to throw a shoe at him—he shouldn't look so damn chipper—but that'd involve having to move and Kihyun isn't up for that right now.

"You look like shit," he says cheerfully, the asshole.

"Suck my dick," Kihyun grunts.

"Lovely," Hoseok says flatly, and leaves Kihyun the fuck alone. He's a smart asshole, at least.

Since there's nothing better to do, Kihyun gets ready for sleepy time.

Back in the trainee days sleep was for the weak and Kihyun barely managed to brush his teeth before getting some shut-eye. On the good days. Now, though, now he showers in five minutes, tired and groggy and just so fucking exhausted, washes day-old sweat away and towels himself dry, allows himself fifteen whole minutes between washing off and getting dressed to let the stress of the past few weeks fall away.

He steps off the bathroom in a cloud of steam and that clean/soapy smell carries him across the hall and towards his room. He spots Hoseok on the floor in the living room, a bowl of ramen and his computer on his lap while he watches TV.

"Night, fuckface," he calls as he gets into bed.

"Suck my dick," comes from across the hall around a mouthful of noodles.

Kihyun smiles as he shoves his face into the pillow.


He's having dry cereal in the kitchen, spoon hanging off his mouth lamely as he checks twitter, when Hoseok walks in, laughing loudly into his phone. He's got his gym bag hung over one shoulder, his free hand clutching at his phone while trying not to topple over with how hard he's laughing.

Kihyun rolls his eyes at him, and goes back to his twitter feed.

"Sure, man, that sounds awesome," Hoseok grins brightly, talking to whoever is on the other end of the line, "Okay, yeah, sure, give me about an hour, though, I gotta shower. Get the good stuff, yeah? I'll be right over." He hangs up and drops his phone on the table. "Hey, what you up to?"

Kihyun shrugs, prodding cereal out of the back of his teeth with the tip of his tongue. "Just killing time before I have to get back to work again."

Hoseok drops himself across the table, fixes Kihyun with a funny look. "It's almost eleven. You don't have to get back to work again."

"Actually," Kihyun sighs, looking up at him, "I do. Jooheon is helping me out with this thing and he has a recording until ten. I'm supposed to meet him at the studio in, like, thirty minutes."

"That sucks," Hoseok says, and taps his fingers on the wooden surface. "And not in the fun way."

"No shit, Sherlock," Kihyun grunts, and follows with, "Have any plans tonight?"
"Yeah," Hoseok says, scratching at the side of his neck absently.

"Sounds fun," Kihyun mutters flatly, standing up to dump his bowl in the sink. "Alright, I gotta get my shit ready. You gonna use the shower?"

"Yeah," Hoseok says, standing as well. He looks anxious. "I'll be quick, though, promise."

"Sure," Kihyun replies.

Hoseok has sex. Not more than Kihyun does because that would be some outstanding fuckery to be pulled on him by the universe, but Kihyun knows for a fact he does.

Hoseok has this way about him that manages to pull at people's strings even if they aren't aware of it. Even if none of them are aware of it. See, there's something about Hoseok, right, the way he moves, the way he touches other people—Kihyun's been on the receiving end of that, he knows what the fuck he's talking about here.

So Kihyun thinks about it—about him—sometimes. Not often, because honestly, he doesn't have the time, but sometimes they'll be working through a routine or warming up before a recording session and he'll think about it, Hoseok's mouth, his hands—he has really beautiful hands, Kihyun has to give him that—the slope of his shoulders and the expanse of his forearms and wonder what if.

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Kihyun's watching three a.m cartoon reruns when Hoseok walks in. He's got this glow about him, his contours blurred softly, the tug of his mouth a frail thing. He's been thoroughly fucked and Kihyun only feels a little bit jealous that Hoseok's getting some while he's stuck producing some shit for their upcoming album.

"Good night?" he calls at Hoseok's slumpy form. He's got his t-shirt on backwards.

"Yeah," Hoseok says, leaning across the breakfast counter to grab a bottle of water from where their groceries haven't been unpacked. "Met up with this friend from high school? Hadn't seen him in ages."

That makes Kihyun pause his philosophical interpretation of *Sponge Bob Square Pants*. He looks at Hoseok again, takes in the way he holds himself, movements loose and relaxed, and yes, that's the way he gets when he's had sex, which either means what Kihyun thinks it means or Hoseok has some very interesting friends.

Hoseok makes his way towards the hall and it hits Kihyun like a punch, the way he walks: slightly awkward, slightly askew, and Kihyun knows Hoseok enough to know he wouldn't get drunk on a Wednesday, especially since they've got a lot of shit to do in the morning. Not even the half-darkness of the room can hide that fucking *I've-just-been-fucked* aura of his.

The air is suddenly very thick in Kihyun's lungs.
"Gonna crash, I'm beat," Hoseok calls over his shoulder, the sway of his hips obscene. Or maybe that's just Kihyun's brain.

It doesn't help that for the next couple of days all Hoseok can talk about is this friend of his, Hyunseuk. Kihyun barely pays attention to him because he's already swamped enough as it is, but the others seem overtly invested in this Hyunseuk dude and Kihyun kind of hates them for it because he's trying to work, damn it.

Hoseok goes out four nights in a row. He comes back rumpled and disheveled and like he's been fucked ten ways to Sunday and Kihyun itches all over, wants to hate Hoseok for being so—so easy, but at the same time wants to ask, what the fuck, man, how come I never knew you were into dicks as well?!

Maybe if he'd known he would've—

He would've what? Done something?

Kihyun clenches his fists, snaps at Hyungwon to fucking shut up about Hoseok's dick getting sucked and get back to work and promptly drowns himself in lyrics, notes and arrangements.

It goes to shit a few weeks down the road.

Kihyun's fucking pissed out of his mind, he hasn't slept in three fucking days, and he gets into this horrible argument with Minhyuk over who gets to sing the fucking riffs in the new song and Kihyun sort of wants to throw everything in their producer's face and yell Well, you fucking do it, then.

He storms out of the conference room they use as their song-writing/arranging headquarters and flips Changkyun off when he says, "Dude, just chill," because Kihyun can't. Fucking. Chill.

What makes it all worse is that everyone is fucking late to the meeting: Hyungwon went out for food with some casting director or some shit, Joohoon and Changkyun had an encounter with their nutritionist, Minhyuk was fifteen minutes late but hasn't explained why, and Hoseok hasn't even bothered to show his ugly mug because they're clearly lesser beings that don't deserve him.

Hyunwoo and him have been working on this fucking song for the past week and the one time, the one time they ask for help, those little shitheads decide not to show up.

Kihyun's had it, really. He knows Hyunwoo is holding onto his anger because it's pointless to get into arguments when they have so much work to do, but Kihyun can't see past the hollowness in his stomach and the angry curl of anxiety in his chest, can't just let it go to deal with later because later he still has all this other shit to do.

He heads for the restrooms—stomps, more like, turns his back on Minhyuk and whatever snarky remark he'd been about to make—and is about to take a corner when he spots Hoseok and some unknown dude walking out of one of the unused conference rooms. He stops dead in his tracks for about two seconds before he's making his way over, casual as all fucks, and a cheery, glowing Hoseok smiles at him like Kihyun isn't working on two hours of sleep and five cups of shitty coffee.

He's like, "Oh, hey, man," and Kihyun doesn't care, he just walks past Hoseok, checks him hard on the shoulder with his own—which hurts him more than it does Hoseok, he's sure—and doesn't even acknowledge the smile Hyunseuk or what-the-fuck-ever his name is directs at him because he just doesn't care.
FUCK, Kihyun's blood boils.

No, there's no simmering, no—it goes straight from warm to boiling hot and it leaves him light-headed and shaky. It doesn't help that he's still pissed, has been for the better part of two hours of absolute shit and now this.

He turns with a glare and a, "Jesus Christ," heavy with sentiment, making a face as he holds his hands up and begs the lord for the ability to even. His voice echoes off the walls, angry, and he glares at Hyunseuk, "Fucking keep it in your pants, man. I know he has a great dick and everything but he needs to work, too, for fuck's sake."

The guy blanches and Kihyun doesn't stick around to watch if he's got an answer, he just walks into the bathroom and lets the door swing closed silently. And then he's braced on the sink, fucking fuming. Honestly, he's not sure what he's angry at, his shitty day, what Hoseok has clearly been up to for the last hour, what Hoseok has been up to for the last weeks with this guy, or what Kihyun isn't up to. It's all one big messy pile of emotions and Kihyun wishes he had the time and energy to pick his way through them, but alas.

"What the fuck," he tells Hoseok, because he obviously follows Kihyun into the bathroom, keeping the door from swinging closed. His friend is nowhere in sight. "What the fuck, Hoseok, you've been in here getting fucked while we've been losing our shit over this damned song all this time?"

"Kihyun—"

"No, fuck you," Kihyun gripes, and Hoseok lets himself into the room finally, the door swinging closed silently behind him. Kihyun closes the distance between them, gets up in Hoseok's space like he's about to head-butt him. Except Hoseok's too tall for that shit. Fuck him, honestly. "You don't get to fucking do this for a—a what? An easy fuck? We have work to do, you asshole."

Hoseok makes a face but otherwise remains silent. He's clenching his jaw and that's never good; Hoseok's the kind to talk it out, not to bite his words back. Kihyun steps back, shaking his head.

"I can't believe you," he groans, hands on his hips as he backs away and paces, of all things. "I can't fucking believe you brought him here of all places, too. He must be a really good fuck for you to go to all this trouble, huh."

"What is that supposed to mean," Hoseok asks dangerously low.

"Fuck off," Kihyun grits.

"Jealous?" Hoseok asks, and he takes a step forward.

Kihyun knows he isn't perfect.

He knows it like he knows his own name, knows for every virtue and skill he has, there are three undiscovered flaws about him. He knows he's got zero self-control when it comes to the most basic of emotions, he loves and he hates easily, way too easy. That's the thing, he supposes, that he doesn't know where the good starts and where the bad ends; Kihyun's a walking dilemma, a fucking contradiction, he wants what he shouldn't want, goes for the one thing he shouldn't go for.

Hoseok's face is carefully neutral but the corners of his lips are tight, his eyes bright and intense. "Kihyun." He sounds desperate. He's holding himself still, as if waiting for a punch, and it scares Kihyun how much he'd rather punch Hoseok in the face rather than—

"Shut up," Kihyun says, but it lacks heat and he knows and it burns a hole through his shirt, right
where his stomach is. He steps forward and halts, takes in the shape of Hoseok's shoulders, the way
his t-shirt clings to his frame in all the right places.

Kihyun hates it.

The bathroom's overhead lights are yellow and warm, makes the dark tiles shine orange at certain
angles. It's suffocating, the warmth inside this room, with its mirrors on the walls above the row of
sinks, the stylish cut to the porcelain. Kihyun wants to run past Hoseok and never look back, wants
to get under his covers and take back time and pretend nothing ever happened, pretend Hoseok
hasn't crawled under his skin with no plan in sight of getting out.

"Kihyun," Hoseok says again, softer this time, and Kihyun says, "I didn't know you fucked guys."

Honestly, Kihyun should stop talking for forever. This is what happens when he doesn't sleep his
mandatory hours and doesn't eat his vegetables. Fuck these past few weeks, fuck them, because look
at what they've done, look at the things Kihyun ends up fucking spitting because he doesn't have his
wits about him.

"I'm sorry," he says, contrite, trying to look away. He clenches his fists, nails digging into his palms.

Hoseok makes a quiet sound, breath escaping through his lips and so close to Kihyun's it feels like
burning and shit, they're standing so close together, so close. There's a hint of a blush spreading
across the top of Hoseok's cheekbones and it makes Kihyun hot all over, because not once in his
wildest dreams he thought he'd get to see that happening right in front of his eyes and—though it
might be wishful thinking—because of him.

He watches Kihyun carefully as Kihyun takes the last step between them, and it hits Kihyun right
then that the back of Hoseok's waist is flush against the counter already, must have moved while
Kihyun paced. He touches two careful fingers against Hoseok's neck; blood is beating right against
his fingertips, a pretty flutter like Hoseok's eyelashes as he blinks at him, and follows the beat down,
dips under the collar of Hoseok's t-shirt where he can see the edge of a bruise, the weirdest, most
obscene contrast against Hoseok's pale skin.

He licks his lips. "I want to—" Kihyun says.

"Yes," Hoseok says hoarsely and Kihyun finally looks up, meets his eyes, half lidded and blown to
shit.

Fuck it, he thinks desperately.

Hoseok's legs open easily, he slumps a bit so Kihyun can press forward and fit in the cradle of his
thighs, groans when Kihyun bites his lower lip and kisses harder, when Kihyun rucks his t-shirt up
under his armpits so he can get his hands all over Hoseok's skin, the planes of his ribs, the expanse
of skin stretched over his sternum. Kihyun touches the pad of his thumb to a nipple, makes Hoseok
arch, their hips slotting together, and Hoseok buries both hands Kihyun's his hair, holding on,
exhaling wetly against Kihyun's mouth.

"Fuck," Kihyun mutters, panting shakily against Hoseok's jaw when he's done licking inside his
mouth. His lips feel swollen, wet, raw. "Turn over."

Kihyun can't believe they're doing this in a restroom where anyone could walk in but he's past the
point of caring, and so is Hoseok, if the way he pushes Kihyun away a little so he can turn around
and brace himself on the sink counter is any indication. He catches Kihyun looking at his reflection
and Kihyun aches for him, from the core of him, slides his eyes over every feature of Hoseok's, the
corners of his mouth as he tries to stay quiet, the flush high on his cheeks and disappearing down the collar of his t-shirt.

Hoseok's hips look soft and pale and fucking beautiful like this, his shirt still rucked and stuck under his armpits. The expanse of his back makes Kihyun's mouth dry, and he wets his lips hastily, still tasting Hoseok on his tongue. It's like skin can go for miles and with that thought Kihyun pushes Hoseok's sweatpants down to see how far it goes, kisses the bare curve of Hoseok's ass, fills his nose with the damp soap smell and asks, teeth itching, "Did he fuck you?"

"I didn't—" Hoseok starts, a shudder making his skin break in goose bumps under Kihyun's fingers when Kihyun nudges his legs even further apart, as far as his pants bunched around his knees will allow. He wants to ask what didn't you, exactly? but he's honestly afraid of what the answer to that might be or how much we wants to say tell me you didn't want him.

Kihyun cups an ass cheek in each hand, spreads Hoseok open a little and his breath hitches. And then—and then Kihyun's thumb catches on the rim of Hoseok's hole and slides right in.

Hoseok whines, low and needy and broken, but Kihyun barely hears it over the blood roaring in his ears, echoing off the mirrors and the walls. Hoseok is fucked loose, swollen, and Kihyun slips into a kind of fugue state—it's the only way he can explain what he does next, which is replace his thumb with his tongue and lips.

"Fuck," Hoseok says, jerking against the counter, knuckles white on the porcelain, "Kihyun, fuck."

He's never done this, he doesn't think. He gets the hang of it quickly, spurred on by the noises Hoseok pitifully tries to smother against his forearm and the idea of someone walking in hanging tight around his throat. He licks broadly at the rim of Hoseok's hole and flicks the tip of his tongue against his perineum while fucking two of his fingers in. Hoseok makes a sound like he's dying and it curls hot and heavy around Kihyun's dick, still trapped in his jeans and already aching—but it's secondary, he notices: chasing his own end is not as thrilling and sweet as fucking Hoseok's out of him with mouth and fingers is.

Hoseok comes with a curse and a sob and it's beautiful, one hand crammed between the counter and his dick, fucking himself on Kihyun's tongue, hips swaying obscenely, thighs shaking. Kihyun leans back on his haunches, breathless and aroused as all fucks, watches the imprints of his fingers on Hoseok's thighs flood with red and wants to bruise, wants to bite into them and suck marks there, wants to bend him in half and fuck him until he cries.

"Kihyun, Kihyun," Hoseok says, a whisper, a whine, turning around and pulling him up, kissing him open and dirty, like he's looking for the taste of himself, raw on Kihyun's tongue. He cups Kihyun's cock through his pants, mindless of his lying in a pool around his feet. "Kihyun," he says again, feverish, the skin of his hips burning hot under Kihyun's hands, "Kihyun, come for me, I wanna feel you—"

"No," Kihyun rasps, bites on the flushed edge of Hoseok's jaw, trying to put distance between them—their mouths, Hoseok's hand on him, his still clutching at Hoseok's hips. "We have to—" Hoseok kisses him again, slightly softer, less hurried but still deep enough Kihyun can feel it in his gut—"We have to get back to work."

Hoseok nods, rather absent as Kihyun pulls away. His eyes are unfocused, his mouth bitten red. He's breathing hard, chest heaving, and he's supporting himself with one hand on the counter behind him and one on Kihyun's shoulder and his pants are still on the floor around his ankles and his dick is just there, pink and softening and he looks so—Kihyun's breath catches, mouth watering a bit.
"Yeah," Hoseok says, and Kihyun steps further back; another step and it's like everything between them cracks, "yeah, we should head back."

Hoseok nods again and Kihyun waves a hand to the side, which Hoseok thankfully takes as his cue to pick up his pants while Kihyun does his best to clean up the come splattered all over the counter with a wad of tissues from the dispenser. The sight of it makes his face burn hot, and he's distantly aware that he's still half-hard in his jeans. It makes his gut churn but refuses to acknowledge it, and has to conjure up a lot of weirdly specific thoughts to make it go away completely.

He throws the tissues in the bin and listens as Hoseok washes his hands, moves to the remaining tap to do the same. He pushes for soap twice, then rinses for a whole twenty seconds. Rinses his mouth for good measure, too, and not once dares to look up; he might find Hoseok looking back and the idea is too much to bear.

So they right themselves as best they can without engaging in conversation for a couple of minutes until Hoseok clears his throat and says, "You should go in first. I'll join you guys in a couple of minutes."

Kihyun nods, spares one last glance at him—he still looks disheveled and flushed and so, so beautiful—and says, "Don't you dare be late again," before walking out into the bright hallway lights.

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They don't talk about it. They don't talk at all. For all intents and purposes, Kihyun never tongue-fucked Hoseok in the third floor bathroom of the company building.

They have to fly to Japan in a few days and the preparations for that are hell, which Kihyun greets like he would a punch because the sooner it's over with, the faster he gets to sleep.

Time is spent going through tracks and meetings and new choreographies to define the new concept and Kihyun loses himself in the rhythm of it all, eats and sleeps (fitfully, most of the time) and gets up to do it all over again the next day.

Hours before they have to be in the airport, Hongsik walks into the kitchen and announces that there was a problem, "well, not really a problem—more like an issue," with their plane tickets and three of them will have to stay behind and catch the next flight.

He says, "Kihyun, Hoseok and Changkyun, you'll have to stay behind, kids, plane leaves tomorrow at noon, one of the other managers will take you to the airport, and I'll pick you up there to get you to the hotel." He fixes Changkyun with a look. "Try to behave until tomorrow."

"I feel called-out, for some unbeknown reason," Changkyun says testily.

"We all know the reason," Minhyuk says to the room at large.

They start trickling out after that and then there's only Changkyun, Hoseok and Kihyun sitting in the living room. Kihyun leans forward and rests his elbows on his knees, looking at the floor and avoiding everything in general, ready to spend the next twelve hours stuck on this couch because there's no way he'll be able to sleep in the same room as Hoseok when there's only the two of them.

Hoseok's sitting on top of his luggage and Changkyun's got his hands shoved in his jacket's pocket, looking ready to go out. Kihyun's stomach twists into knots; if he leaves Hoseok and him alone he doesn't know—
"I'm going to the store," Hoseok says abruptly, standing up and looking anywhere but at Kihyun. He addresses mostly Changkyun as he asks, "Want me to get you guys something to eat?"

Changkyun nods and starts rattling off a whole list of snacks and drinks because Hongsik isn't here and he might as well take his chance. "You got all that?" he asks Hoseok. "I can text you the whole list."

Hoseok rolls his eyes. "I think I remember all the variety of fritters you just asked." He clears his throat and Kihyun looks up and their eyes meet. "Do you want anything?"

"I, uh," Kihyun swallows painfully, shakes his head once, stiffly. "No, I'm good."

Hoseok leaves with a nod and a, "I'll be back in a few," and then Changkyun sits carefully next to Kihyun on the couch. His eyes are sharp and focused and they give Kihyun the hives because Changkyun's always been perceptive, always; he might come off kind of aloof some days, and he brushes things off easily when they don't concern him, but it doesn't mean he won't notice stuff. Kihyun gazes back levelly in his best 'I have nothing to hide' impression, even if he knows it comes off as 'Please don't ask what's happening because I don't know it myself'.

Changkyun purses his lips. "I sort of wanna ask, I sort of wanna stay as clear as possible from all..." he waves a hand vaguely between Kihyun and the last spot Hoseok stood at, "this."

"You're wise for your age," Kihyun says, running a hand down his face and looking away.

Changkyun hums and tosses him the remote. "Pick something to watch," he says, "I'm bored with this conversation already."

Kihyun takes it for what it is and turns the TV on.

Hoseok returns half an hour later with three bags full of junk food and dumps everything on the floor, between the couch and the TV. He gives one of them to Changkyun with a, "This is all yours, buddy, go wild," and then rummages through the other two, his back to Kihyun.

He pulls a couple of cans of soda and hands one to Kihyun without looking at him.

Kihyun wants to lob it across the room but that would be rude, wouldn't it? He takes it, their fingers brush, and he mumbles a breathless "Thanks," while Hoseok turns back to his mess of assorted sweets. Kihyun watches as the back of Hoseok's neck pinkens, and his stomach twists into knots again, tighter this time, and they all focus back on the TV in silence except for the crinkle and rustle of Changkyun's food.

After a couple of episodes of Doctor Who, Changkyun yawns loudly and stretches as he stands. "I'm going to bed, guys," he says, already half asleep and scratching at his tummy, "see you in the morning."

Kihyun's heart stammers off rhythm, and from the floor Hoseok says, rather defeatedly, "Yeah, good night."

And then it's just the two of them. Kihyun doesn't—he doesn't want to be here. He wants to grab his stuff and haul ass to—to his room, maybe, but that's where Hoseok sleeps, too, so there isn't enough running away Kihyun can do to just... not deal with this right now. He spares a glance to Hoseok's stiff form on the floor and finds his shoulders in a tense, straight line, still facing the TV.
"And then,

"Are we ever gonna talk about it?" Hoseok asks.

Kihyun presses his lips together. Seconds tick between them and then Hoseok turns around, and his eyes are hard, his mouth a flat line. "Kihyun?"

Kihyun is breathing hard. His chest aches for reasons he can't quite identify and he shakes his head, looking away. "I don't think we should do that."

"So you're telling me," Hoseok starts, voice still low and quiet between them, and god, Changkyun is just a fucking wall away, Kihyun can hear him in the bathroom, "we're not gonna talk about you getting me off before a team meeting?"

"Oh my god," Kihyun hisses, burying his face in his hands. He wants to tug at his own hair in despair and then at Hoseok's in anger, but not the time or the place. "Can you fucking shut up about it? Do you want Changkyun to find out?"

"I don't care if he finds out," Hoseok mutters, rolling his eyes. "He's practically asleep already, anyway." Kihyun scoffs at that and Hoseok bites his lip; Kihyun wishes he wouldn't do that because it tugs at his gut in a way he's not sure he can ignore. "Look, Kihyun, we gotta talk about it, okay? We can't just—"

"Ignore it?" Kihyun spits, and suddenly he's angry, because Hoseok's been ignoring it for days and he doesn't get to do this out of fucking nowhere. "You've been doing just that, so fuck you." At that Hoseok's lips twitch, like he wants to make a witty remark, but seems to keep himself in check. Kihyun appreciates it more than he can explain.

Hoseok shakes his head, "You're fucking impossible, you know that?"

Kihyun laughs darkly through his nose. "That's rich coming from you."

"What's that supposed to mean," Hoseok counters, frowning, and he's suddenly closer, knee-walking towards Kihyun, and it's unfair, so unfair, how beautifully earnest and confused he looks right now as he kneels in front of him, even in the dark and barely illuminated by the glow of the TV. "I'm the one who wants to talk this through and you're being all childish about it."

 Fuck him. Fuck him, because Kihyun knows, he knows, okay, he doesn't need it pointed out to him. And honestly, what does Hoseok even want.

"Why did you do it?" Hoseok asks, barely a whisper, and his eyes are so bright, damn it, so expressive, and Kihyun wants him, wants him in a way he never lets himself want anything at all. He doesn't say it, doesn't know how to say it exactly, and he just shakes his head and looks away, breathing hard again.

"I don't know, Hoseok," he says at last, biting at the inside of his cheek. "I don't know."

Hoseok leans closer then and they're too close, god, way too close, if Kihyun wanted he could close the distance between them and kiss Hoseok breathless. (He wants to, yes, but that's beside the point.)

It's Hoseok who makes the decision for the both of them, leaning closer and closer still until the tip of his nose brushes along Kihyun's and Kihyun can feel Hoseok's chest pressed to his knees. It's instinct, and something else, that makes him spread his knees, lets Hoseok push himself closer until he fits in the space between his thighs and their lips are nearly brushing. Hoseok asks, "You were jealous, weren't you? Tell me, Kihyun." His fingers on Kihyun's thighs make him inhale sharply. "I
liked it," Hoseok whispers softly between them, and God, Kihyun is shaking, he thinks, he's going to vibrate out of his own skin, "I liked your mouth on me. I liked your hands on me." His fingers trace circles on Kihyun's thighs, burn through the fabric of his jeans. "Liked yours better than his."

Kihyun's fingers are curled into fists, resting on the couch. He clenches his eyes closed, lets Hoseok drag his lips along the corner of his mouth, the edge of his jaw—god, he's such a fucking tease, he's such an asshole, Kihyun *hates* how much he wants to shove him to the floor and fuck him until he cries.

"Asshole," Kihyun mutters with feeling, opening his eyes to glare at Hoseok.

Hoseok's lips twitch, one hand on Kihyun's sternum, the other one on the button of Kihyun's jeans. "Rich," he says, pushing back on Kihyun's chest a little and thumbing his jeans open, "coming from you." He does it because he knows Kihyun *hates* having his words thrown back at him and Kihyun wants to kick him in the face, but he's already half hard in his pants and Hoseok's knuckles send shivers through him as he drags them down the length of his dick as he pulls the zipper down.

Hoseok watches him closely, and they're still somewhat breathing the same air, Kihyun can almost taste the sugar from his soda but refuses to close the distance between them first.

"I wanna suck you off," Hoseok says, and their lips brush together for a brief, brief second. He ducks his face, kisses under Kihyun's chin, over his Adam's apple, lips warm warm warm, "Please, let me suck you off, Kihyun."

"Fuck," Kihyun whispers and he has to touch, he needs to have his hands on Hoseok so badly. He unclenches his fists and buries fingers in Hoseok's silky hair, hears him gasp wetly against his neck at the touch, and his dick twitches in his pants, Hoseok's fingers digging into the tops of his thighs.

"Fuck, Hoseok, you're so—"

Hoseok spreads Kihyun's thighs further apart, shoves a hand between his jeans and Kihyun's underwear, cups him firmly in his broad palm. "Please," he murmurs, kissing a trail up Kihyun's neck that makes Kihyun swallow a moan, and he feels so hot under his clothes, so fucking hot, already so fucking breathless, "please, Kihyun, let me. You wouldn't let me get you off that time, and I wanted to, I wanted so bad to make you come—"

Kihyun kisses him. He tugs on Hoseok's hair sharply, making him whine, and brings their faces close together. Hoseok's lips are parted and red and Kihyun can't help himself, can't help the sharp intake of breath and another tug of hair; it makes Hoseok's lips fall open further, a gasp caught around his tongue. So Kihyun kisses him, kisses him to shut him up, kisses him because he *has to*, and Hoseok melts against him, one hand coming to cradle his face while the other one still palms at his dick, and god, Kihyun could come like this, he thinks, his tongue in Hoseok's mouth and Hoseok's hands on him, and it would still be *so good.*

Hoseok makes a breathy sound into the kiss, half a whine, and Kihyun's drunk on the sound, bites at the tip of Hoseok's tongue, the flesh of his lower lip, wants to bite him all over so he can hear that sound again and again and again. Kihyun's so hard he *aches,* so hard the tip of his dick is peeking over the waistband of his boxers already, and Hoseok's there in a heartbeat, first his thumb in circles over the slit and then his mouth, hot and used, the tip of his tongue with kitten-like licks.

Kihyun slumps back into the couch, his hands still on Hoseok's hair, and just watches through the heaviness in his eyelids, through the glow of the screen, and Hoseok's already so fucking eager, his hands tight on Kihyun's thighs, his mouth in what's uncovered of Kihyun's cockhead. He's making a mess of Kihyun's underwear, spit and pre-come and sweat, but Kihyun can't find it in himself to care, because Hoseok's mouth is the only thing he can focus on and he needs *more.*
Pausing momentarily, Hoseok pulls off his dick with a wet sound, blinking up at Kihyun. He licks his lips, drops a tiny kiss on Kihyun's tummy, and whispers, "Be quiet," before shoving Kihyun's underwear as far as it will go while his jeans are still in the way. Hoseok wraps his lips around the tip of his dick and Kihyun bites down on his lip so hard he thinks he's going to break through the skin; it feels so fucking good, hot, wet and tight when Hoseok hollows his cheeks and sucks.

"Fuck," Kihyun whispers as Hoseok's finger wrap around the base, giving the length a firm, slow stroke. Hoseok smirks up at him and Kihyun wants to both slap and fuck the look right off him. "Hoseok," he whispers, and there must be something in his voice or on his face, because Hoseok whimpers and takes Kihyun's dick into his mouth in one go, all of it, cheeks hollowed and lips tight. He's good at it, sucking dick, and it makes Kihyun's insides flare hot, makes him angry and possessive and that makes him even angrier because what the fuck, just what the fuck.

His hips lift off the couch a little, and Hoseok takes it in stride, only a small sound scaping him that Kihyun feels around his cock like the sweetest of victories. He tugs on Hoseok's hair a little and Hoseok seems to curl in on himself, his mouth more eager and his noises getting louder and Kihyun shivers at the thought, at the possibility of doing this again without having to worry about being overheard, and his skin tingles everywhere, his orgasm a lot closer than he'd thought.

"M'gonna come," he mutters, heat coiling at the base of his spine and Hoseok sucks harder if possible, makes Kihyun arch off the couch almost all the way. He swallows around the tip of Kihyun's cock and falters a little; Kihyun thinks he'll pull off and finish off with his hand, which he's cool with, but Hoseok looks determined when he blinks up at him, eyes shiny and wide. Kihyun knows what he's about to do and part of him wants to stop him. The other part—a larger one, admittedly—wants to sit back and enjoy.

Hoseok takes a deep breath through his nose and slacks his jaw and then there's tight heat around Kihyun's cockhead, so fucking tight, and his fingers clutch at Hoseok's hair harder, his hips moving in small bouts, upwards, upwards, until Hoseok's lips are spread around the base of Kihyun's dick and his eyes are watery and rolling back, and god, that's what does it, that's what tips Kihyun off the edge he's been clinging to for the past week.

He comes so hard his entire body is one big aching knot that seems to unravel, and he knows he's loud, he knows and doesn't care, rides it out into Hoseok's mouth and throat until he slowly floats back into awareness, until Hoseok makes a small, whiny sound as he licks stray come off the base of Kihyun's dick and it twitches against his lips.

And like this: mouth red and used, cheeks flushed and eyelashes sticking with unshed tears, this is the most beautiful Hoseok's ever looked. Kihyun traces a pink cheek with his thumb, chest still heaving for air and, blinking slowly and sitting up groggily, cups Hoseok's face and draws him closer. Hoseok goes easily, soft and pliant, lips already parted when Kihyun kisses him. It's wet and openmouthed and Hoseok clutches at him, his thighs, his shoulders, presses impossibly closer and whines into the kiss when his hips bump into the edge of the couch.

"Kihyun," he whines, "Kihyun, please—"

"Touch yourself," Kihyun tells him softly, still cupping his face. Hoseok makes another choked-off sound, eyes blinking slowly open, and Kihyun kisses his slack lips again, and again, until Hoseok scrambles for his zipper, and he's breathing so loudly Kihyun has to kiss him into silence, deep and dirty until the only thing he can hear besides the noise of the TV is the unmistakable sound of Hoseok stroking his already leaking dick.

Hoseok makes another whimpering sound and Kihyun pulls back, nipping on his lower lip. He
glances down, at where Hoseok is pumping his dick quickly, and his own gives a pathetic little
twitch. He traces Hoseok's cheeks with his thumbs, gently, kisses the side of his jaw, watches in
fascination as Hoseok's cock leaks pre-come down his fingers. "Oh, Hoseok," he breathes, both in
awe and arousal, still thick in his veins, "fuck, look at yourself."

"Please," Hoseok whispers, fist frantic now, and his eyes are clenched shut, his lips are bitten red,
and Kihyun wants.

"Okay," Kihyun says, kissing him again, "okay, Hoseok, come, you can come," and Hoseok whines
as he comes, hot and messy and all over the couch, his fist, and the floor. Kihyun kisses him deep,
still cupping his sweet, sweet face, kisses him until they're both breathless, until Hoseok's breath
hitches and Kihyun's ribcage catches fire.

- They don't talk about that, either. They sit in the car quietly, Changkyun between them with sleepy
groans, and don't talk. They sit on the plane with their earbuds on and when their elbows touch
briefly, Kihyun flinches and feels like his heart is ready to beat right off his chest, but they don't talk
about it.

(He looks at Hoseok through the corner of his eye and finds Hoseok looking at him, too, and it
spreads between them, the tension and the heat and the knowledge that they both might want this,
and it sets shakes on Kihyun's fingers as he reaches for his bag and follows Changkyun through and
out of the plane.)

End Notes

i appreciate kudos and comments so leave some of those if you'd like! also, let me know if
you need me to tag something specific!

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