The Paradiso Lounge

by sugamins

Summary

“Do I have to pay you for that service?”

Notes

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Playlist

Important things to note about this story:
This story is pure erotica with a plot that contains incredibly explicit sexual content to a pornographic degree. I’m warning about this in advance to ensure you’re all aware. Explicit sexual scenes feature in all chapters, so I would advise not reading if you are uncomfortable with such content, or sexual content being the predominant content in a story. As tags specify: most of the content is BDSM and dom/sub sexual roles within a blossoming relationship, along with various kinks and sexual exploration. All content is consensual within the boundaries of experimentation and safewords, with plenty of aftercare and mutual understanding.
Once more, I would advise not reading if you’re uncomfortable with content that includes such themes as: sex harnesses, CBT (specifically cock cages), dildo training, dirty talk, spitting, humiliation, name-calling and public sex - in regards to Yoonmin. Other kinks will appear randomly in minor scenes outside their relationship as the story is predominately set in a leather bar, such as painplay. Not all kinks will include Yoonmin, but just know that a variety might appear in the background that you might not like/be comfortable with.

This story also features Jimin as a professional dom entertainer and dominant top in their relationship, so again, take this into consideration before reading. If you’re uncomfortable or unacceptable of the thought of Yoongi being sexually submissive as a submissive bottom and occasional power bottom - don't read this story as that is the sexual dynamics.
The first drizzle of rain hit the window soft and silent, little more than mist hanging heavy in the air. It was so light that Yoongi didn’t give it much more than a quick glance before dropping his gaze back down to his lap. The sight of his torn-up and worn jeans was hardly fascinating, but it was better than staring off across the bus aisle and making eye-contact with the other passengers.

Within seconds the drizzle turned into more of a shower as fat beads of rain connected with the pane and made an audible pattering sound. It was enough to make Yoongi lift his gaze up again, rolling his head to the side so he could stare at the window rather than through it. He shifted to slouch back against the understuffed bus seat and folded one leg over the other in a bid at getting more comfortable.

It might just have been the heart of summer, but that didn’t mean the rain was going to stay away. Spring always ended in a shower of rain, and the summer didn’t ever seem to stay dry for too long. After a mild or hot day in June there was always time for a downpour or even a storm with rumbling thunder and powerful lightning.

Yoongi was thankful that he had been smart enough to slip into his leather jacket tonight because it would keep his clothing mostly dry. It might just be nothing more than a light shower that would go away in a minute or two by the time he jumped off the bus. Or it might just end up being a heavy shower that would linger for the entire night just to piss him off.

Hopefully it was the former rather than the latter. Yoongi was hoping to stay indoors for most of the night if possible, but there was a chance that it might take him some time to find the right place. He might even need to go between nightclubs over the duration of the night to observe them all and find the best option available.

Yoongi studied the raindrops for a few seconds as they rapidly ran down the glass pane, creating a kind of bokeh effect because they made the neon signs hanging on the fronts and sides of the buildings out on the street blur into little more than colourful circles.

There was no telling what the neon signs were advertising, and Yoongi could barely even make out the exact colours because of the strong blur - reds blending into blues to make purple, and into yellows to make orange; blues blending with yellows to make green; and blinding white mixing between the different hues from the headlights of vehicles rolling down the opposite lane. The signs more than likely belonged to fast-food joints and restaurants - Chinese, Indian, Mexican, Jamaican...
and more; or bars and clubs because the streets were starting to become more commercial. There was a chance there was the rare ‘XXX’ adult book, video and entertainment store on the block or some other seedy businesses like massage parlours nestled here and there between the empty lots. But he was unable to discern what the letters or shapes of the signs were through the constant trickle of raindrops running down the pane.

After a few seconds of staring at the trickling raindrops Yoongi focused his vision on his reflection instead. It wasn’t as interesting to study as the bright and busy streets but at least he could see his features clear enough; the darkness outside creating the perfect canvas for the interior aisle lighting to illuminate and reflect his face onto the glass.

The first thing that Yoongi noticed were his eyes because they reflected the harsh lighting the most. He thought that he had nice eyes even when they were small, mostly because he had a delicate eyelid crease and thick eyelashes. But these days it was difficult for others to focus on the fine details when his eyes seemed to be ringed with dark circles all the goddamn time. It wasn’t from lack of sleep - god knows that he could sleep the day away if he wanted. It just seemed to be a thing now, like his constantly bruised and aching kneecaps or his gnawed nails and raw cuticles.

Right now, Yoongi’s eyes were half-lidded from lack of focus and peering at his reflection through several locks of black hair. His hair was a mess, just like always. It was mostly parted to the side to fall over his brow and down over his eyes, with a severe sidecut clipped right down to the scalp so that around his temple, ear, and all the way around to the back of the right side of his head was nothing more than stubble. Rough stubble, the kind that scratched at his palm whenever he reached up to run his fingers through his hair in a fidgeting manner.

There was a cigarette currently perched behind his right ear, the white and filterless stick clashing against his dark stubble. Said ear was filled with multiple stud piercings in his lobe and rook and a single dangling hoop, whereas his left ear had just a hoop in the lobe. The cigarette packet was shoved into the breast pocket of his red plaid shirt, which was open to expose a faded, black t-shirt. It had seen better days, just like his distressed and stained jeans - with little holes and cigarette burns straight through the thin material around the hemline.

The ghost of his last cigarette was still lingering in his mouth, clinging to his gum line so he could taste the tobacco whenever he moved his tongue around his mouth. As he did so the familiar press of metal rubbed against the roof of his mouth, the rounded ball of a barbell piercing knocking against the backs of his teeth as he stuck his tongue out to lick it along his teeth and inner cheek to savour some of the faint flavour of the tobacco.

Hanging around his neck on a thick lanyard was his camera - a Canon EOS 5. It was a hefty piece of hardware even though it was made from polycarbonate, with a tough body and a grip on the side that made it perfect for angling when taking portrait photographs. The weight was incredibly comfortable around his neck because it was so familiar to him by now, though he did know that some people
disliked the model because of this fact. He preferred it because he liked how easy it was to keep it steady, as it had a solid weight to the body when he was holding it in his hands.

Yoongi had slipped a fast lens onto the camera for the night, having assumed he was going to need it for the low-lighting that he would be shooting in. He would still have to play around with the aperture, constantly needing to switch it up by twisting at the ring whenever he moved around whatever club he might just end up in... supposing he could find a club, that was. At least the flash was built-in so he had no need to worry about that. It was true lifesaver when it came to shooting outside on the fly and having the option to use it when needed without having to snap the external unit into place and handle the awkwardness of the added weight and battery charge.

The camera battery was fully charged and currently switched off, just for the sake of it. Yoongi knew that the battery would last him for the entire night and then some because it was unlikely that he would even get through more than a roll of film, never mind the double figures a full charge could easily handle. Truthfully speaking, he would be amazed if he ended up using half a roll tonight.

That wasn’t Yoongi being pessimistic, it was him being realistic. He knew that it was silly to dream he could find exactly what he was looking for in a single night when it was probably going to take him the best part of night just to track down the right nightclubs for his subject, and a couple more visits to snap photographs - which he might or might not find satisfactory enough to present to his client.

From along the aisle Yoongi could hear the sound of loud hip hop music blaring from massive headphones, the constant low drone of conversation, and the rustling sound of newspapers and magazines. It was all just white noise to him by now because he had been listening to it for the best part of half an hour during the bus journey across the city. But he was almost at his destination and would soon be free from all the noise.

The sight of the bus stop finally coming up on the end of the street was visible through the droplets still streaming down the outside of the window. Yoongi got to his feet to walk down the aisle, jostled from side to side so that he had to take hold of the handles to stay steady and not stumble as the vehicle went over speed bumps and turned several corners. He made his way to the front and waited for the bus to pull into the stop, leaning against the metal rail as he stared out the front window.

After a moment of constant shaking the bus finally slowed down to pull into the stop and so Yoongi moved to exit the vehicle. The battered soles of his leather boots landed right in a puddle when he jumped off the final step, which luckily didn’t splash up all over his lower legs. It did little more than cause a hard ripple and splashing sound. He quickly stepped out of the puddle to move closer to the stop and not block the doors for any other departing and boarding passengers.

Yoongi brought his camera up to his face to power it up, the device making a soft whirring sound in
response to his touch. He heard the bus pulling away from the curb behind him but he didn’t spare a glance back over his shoulder to watch it roll off down the road with the rest of the constant flow of traffic.

As expected, the rain had petered down to little more than a light shower. But it was still so annoying feeling the drizzle in the air because it would easily soak him through in just a couple of minutes.

Yoongi quickly darted across the sidewalk to seek shelter, even if only for a moment. He found a closed store with an awning to stand under, and so he moved to hide under the slight stretch of material and wait for the rain to ease off.

“Well, shit,” Yoongi muttered under his breath, folding his arms across his chest to stick his hands in his armpits and keep them warm. He couldn’t help but roll back on the balls of his heels, feeling his back brushing against the metal shutter behind him as he settled in place and tried to find a modicum of comfort.

It seemed like the rain had been coming down forever before it finally eased off, though in reality it had been just a couple of minutes. Yoongi liked to think of himself as a patient person, but it was difficult being patient when he was both anxious and excited by what was lying in wait for him tonight. His latest commission was something unlike anything else that he had ever done before, for though he had snapped many photographs of other men with homoerotic undertones in the past he had never taken photographs of this level of erotic activity before.

Hell, calling it ‘erotic’ seemed like an understatement. It was really closer to pornography, and not even the softcore kind. This wasn’t passionate kisses; or hands tightly gripping in hair, around hips and thighs or wrinkled bed sheets; or even faceless nudes existing solely for the artistic interest and sexual arousal studying them created - it was sex and it was going to be illicit, maybe even degrading and filthy.

That was why there was an eddy of excitement in Yoongi’s stomach just thinking about it all. Even if he struggled to find some willing subjects for a night or two it was hardly like he was going to be bored out of his mind hanging around nightclubs, surrounded by half-naked and likely fully naked gay men and plenty of alcohol. He might just find the experience enjoyable, even if it seemed to be getting harder and harder to get enjoyment out of anything these days.

When it was finally dry enough to step out from under the store awning Yoongi did so, shoving his hands into his jacket pockets and comfortably slouching his upper back and shoulders. It might just be summer but there was a cold breeze in the air tonight that was trying its very hardest to cut through his layers of clothing and chill his skin.
As expected, the streets of Harlem were as busy as always even at this late-night hour, filled with droves of busy and excited tourists, people coming and going from work via personal and public transport, and the usual herds of consumers that seemed to never stop shopping in the city. At least the street that Yoongi was walking along was incredibly broad so it felt less crowded as he weaved his way between the constant slew of bodies in search of a space to slip through. But the wide street simply meant that there was a ridiculous amount of traffic flowing up and down the road; beeping horns sounding out every single time that the lights changed or drivers suddenly switched lanes and almost caused an accident. The sight of iconic yellow taxis squeezed here and there between the rest of the traffic broke up the predominate mixture of deep blue and black cars and the occasional flashy vehicle with red, silver, and white paint jobs.

Along with the sound of beeping horns came the sound of shouting voices: from the drivers, pedestrians on the streets, and various vendors that were trying to advertise their wares. A quick glance at the carts and kiosks as he passed them by revealed to Yoongi that there was everything from newsagents who sold newspapers, magazines, refreshments and cigarettes; to fast food trucks that were selling all kinds of food from hot to cold, savoury and sweet. The vendors hollered at everyone that passed by to drum up attention, but most locals were so used to tuning out the sound that they mostly attracted tourists who wanted to snap photographs of everything and sample whatever they could.

Yoongi made his way across several blocks, wanting to leave the more commercial area to try and find the best nightlife. There might just be a bar nestled somewhere between the different stores, restaurants, and business blocks. But he doubted that they would be worth visiting because they wouldn’t cater to what he was looking for. After all, he wasn’t looking for a regular gay bar but something much more specialised. It took him some walking until he finally saw something that might just help him find what he was looking for.

There were two men walking along the street in his direction and it was obvious from a glance that they were butch queens. That wasn’t assuming from the little things like their outward behaviour and mannerisms, but rather their clothing. They were wearing outfits that could only be described as fancy dress costumes so they both looked just like clowns. This meant they were clubgoers, clubgoers that had mostly certainly come straight from the underground gay scene.

Straight folk didn’t dress like that when they went to the clubs, not unless it was Halloween. Only gay folk dressed up in such costumes, imitating the still popular style that the Club Kids had brought to not only the nightclubs in the city but to the gay community in general. This meant he might just have found a little assistance - supposing that the queens would be willing to offer him said assistance, that was.

Yoongi decided to wait on the street corner for a moment, moving closer to the side of one of the buildings as to not take up room on the sidewalk. He took this opportunity to retrieve his lighter from his jacket pocket to spark a light and finally set his cigarette alight, thumbing at the wheel for several seconds and hearing it dryly clicking because it was almost out of igniter fluid. He finally managed to get the flame going long enough to set the end of the cigarette alight, taking a quick drag to get it
He exhaled a smouldering breath out of his nose a second later.

The reason why Yoongi was lingering on the street corner was because he was hoping to collar the queens as they passed him by so he could try and ask them some questions. He seemed far less intimidating if he waited until they were in his vicinity to speak to them, rather than approaching them and possibly making them uncomfortable. He doubted that any homophobes would dare step foot so close to what seemed to be a gay area to insult, frighten, or even attack anyone. But that didn’t mean everyone felt so safe in their little safe space, as getting too comfortable and thinking that they were equal and safe to exist outside of such spaces could be incredibly reckless.

Yoongi made a mental note to think of the queens as Harlequin and Pierrot, the thought making him snort to himself as he watched the two men walking along the busy street towards him with a great interest. They were holding hands and walking close together, which could have been a sign that they were a couple or just simply good friends.

Harlequin was wearing a bright red and black jumpsuit with a black beret, the material incredibly loose on his body so that it looked several sizes too large. On his feet there were a pair of double sole platform brothel creepers that must have been 5 or 6 inches tall in height. Instead of carrying a baton or toy weapon of any kind to match his choice character, he had the largest dildo that Yoongi had ever seen hanging around his hips on a harness belt - the sight making him feel the most powerful urge to whistle in appreciation. It might just be for show, but if it was for personal use…

On the other hand, Pierrot was wearing a full body white leotard that was incredibly tight, along with a thick neck ruffle. Either for the sake of modesty, or as a joke, he had a codpiece over his crotch that was made from white leather that was studded with gold spikes. On his head there was a silver party hat that just enhanced the jaunty aesthetic. He had a pair of matching studded cowboy boots on his feet, which were so ridiculous that they made the rest of his costume seem relatively normal.

They both had full faces of makeup - Harlequin opting for dramatic red lips and heavy eye makeup, and Pierrot going for bold black circles around his eyes and a whole face of white paint. The makeup completed the look, made them look so theatrical and ready to have some crazy fun in the clubs.

Yoongi lounged back against the brick wall behind him, trying to look casual and cool as he shoved his hands back into his leather jacket pockets. He glanced between the two queens and the road in turn in the hopes that they didn’t notice him staring right at them and feel intimidated; watching the crawling traffic with a great lack of interest until the perfect moment to strike arose.

“Hey, can I ask youse something?” Yoongi asked right as they passed him, just knowing that he was taking a shot in the dark but doing so because he had so little choice right now. “It’s ‘bout the gay clubs here in Harlem?”
“That depends on if you’re straight or not, darling!” Harlequin replied. He slowed down but didn’t come to a total stop, turning his head to look right at him.

Ah, yes, Yoongi could sense a hint of hostility there, at the mere mention of any heterosexuals trying to enter their safe space - potential ally or not. He hadn’t expected to encounter that reaction so quickly in Harlem, considering the fact that so many gay folk were becoming complacent with this ongoing change and didn’t get as defensive or vocal as they really should.

Yoongi wasn’t even mad that they had implied he might just be heterosexual because he was rather pleased to find that they also hated the fact more and more straight folk were starting to enter their spaces as ‘allies’ and ‘friends’ or for some ‘fun’ because they were bored of their own vanilla heterosexual spaces now. They owned almost the entire city save for the tiny homosexual zones that they had managed to build here and there in different neighbourhoods, and yet they were invading their safe space and taking even that away from them under the guise of equality.

Unless they were going to allow them to invade their heterosexual spaces without the threat of assault, discrimination, and death hanging over their heads they needed to get their asses out and stay out.

Fuck that.

“I’m a faggot too, but I left my costume at home and my dildo up my ass,” Yoongi retorted without missing a beat, reaching up to pull his cigarette free from his lips and breathing the smoke out his nose in a hard huff.

“Oh, honey!” Pierrot said with an obnoxious laugh, lifting his hand up to snap his fingers with flair. “I like your style! I mean, not your clothing style because you’re dressed like a soft stud! But still!”

“I ain’t straight, youse ain’t gotta worry ‘bout that shit,” Yoongi reiterated, wanting to drive the point home so they knew they could trust him. “I’m a photographer, a freelance photographer. I got a old queen client that’s interested in nightlife subjects, particularly the underground club scene. But I ain’t exactly sure where to find what I’m looking for ‘cos I ain’t from Harlem.”

“No, you’re a Bronx boy, huh? Well, we know all about that, girlfriend! What’re you looking for? We’d be more than happy to help you find it!” Pierrot offered, shifting to lean against Harlequin’s side in a slouch that showed they were both more than comfortable with the close physical contact.
“You can find everything here!” Harlequin added with great emphasis, having clearly warmed up to him after his sassy comeback. “And by that I really do mean anything! You wouldn’t believe it!”

“D’y’know where I could find a club that specialises in fetish wear? Maybe not specialises so much as caters to those kinda guys?” Yoongi asked, dabbing a hint of ash off the end of his cigarette and hovering it in front of his lips. “I’m thinking leather, latex, PVC - all that hardcore fetish shit.”

“Fetish wear, huh?” Pierrot repeated, rolling his eyes upwards and slightly to the side as he searched his mind for answers. He pouted his painted lips out as he thought this over, letting out a soft hum under his breath. “Now, you see, you can find guys that are into that shit in a lot of clubs. There’s always a leather queen or seven hanging around looking for something cute. But a speciality club? Let me think…”

“Cocks only?” Harlequin asked, raising a very good point that he hadn’t even thought to specify when listing the things he was searching for.

“Yeah, cocks only, no tits or pussy,” Yoongi said with a nod, breathing the next lungful of smoke out his nose. “My client wants butch queens, not femme queens.”

“Oh, then you’ll definitely want The Paradiso Lounge!” Pierrot announced, to which the other man made a hearty sound in agreement. “That club is hardcore! You’ll find fetish wear, you’ll find BDSM. I’m talking daddies and boys, doms and subs. Hell, you’ll find actual sex inside that club! Trust me, that’s what you’re looking for!”

“It’s not for the faint-hearted though, sweetie,” Harlequin added, giving a faux shudder as he reached up to tug on a fuzzy pom-pom on the front of his jumpsuit. “You might wanna down a couple of drinks the very second you step inside just so you’re tipsy enough to handle it all. It might just be me but that scene is too much. Trust me, I love cock, but the guys there can’t get enough of it!”

“But, honey! When the boys that work there are so good, can you blame them?” Pierrot asked in a camp voice, the pair of them bursting out into uproarious laughter. “Honey, honey, you need to check it out!”

“The Paradiso Lounge,” Yoongi repeated, saying the words slowly almost as if he could get a taste for them on his tongue. “’Y’know where can I find it?”
“On the corner going into West 125th Street,” Pierrot replied without a hint of hesitation. “You can’t miss it! Look for the big neon signs and you’ll find it, no problem!”

“A’ight, thanks. Before youse go… wanna strike a pose for me, huh?” Yoongi offered, holding his camera up and limply waving his wrist to draw attention to it.

“Oh, sweetie! You can use a whole roll of film on us if you want!” Harlequin said with much enthusiasm, moving to throw his arm around the other man and turning to face him.

As soon as the two clowns had found their ideal pose: pressing their cheeks together, linking their fingers, and turning to look at him with silly expressions on their faces, Yoongi brought the camera up to his face to squint down the viewfinder. He much preferred using the manual aperture option to the automatic. So, after a quick twist of the ring to lower the aperture number and allow more light into the lens from the surrounding streetlights and neon building signs, he hit the button to snap their photograph.

“Thanks, darlings,” Yoongi said, lowering the camera from his face and thumbing at the buttons and dial on the back to reload the next piece of film. “Stay safe on these streets, youse hear?”

“Always are, sis!” Pierrot called back over his shoulder, giving him a playful tinkle of his fingers to wave him off as they went their separate ways.

Just like that, Yoongi had an idea of where he should be looking for some photographs tonight… but there was a slight problem.

Yoongi didn’t come from Harlem and he rarely travelled into the neighbourhood, save for some trips to a camera store that a couple he was friendly with owned. This meant he didn’t really know where he was going. He had the street address of the so-called fetish club, now he just needed to find the goddamn place. It was going to take a bit of wandering and maybe some directions from a pedestrian, but he supposed that he would find the place eventually.

Yoongi looked up from his camera to scan the street that he was standing on, his eyes flickering over random pedestrian faces and the blur of glowing red and white headlights and taillights rolling up and down the road beside him in search of a street sign of some kind. It took him a moment to do so but he finally saw a series of green street signs sticking off a tall lamp post that alerted him to the fact he was on West 123rd Street. He took a slow and deep drag on his cigarette and held the smoke in his lungs before breathing it out through his nose. Then he started walking down the sidewalk again, dragging his heavy boots and keeping his head low to watch the tattered laces bouncing off the leather tongues with each step.
The logical thing to do was to follow West 123rd Street until he ended up on a main street and then hope to locate West 125th Street several streets away. Yoongi doubted that he had already passed the street because the two clowns likely would have guided him back in that direction. He just had to check each corner that he came across until he located the right one, which sounded simple enough.

It wasn’t at all surprising that he had had an encounter with two Club Kids lovers out on the streets because Yoongi quickly discovered that he was practically a stone’s throw away from a bustling gay neighbourhood. Upon exiting West 123rd Street on the corner he found himself on Lenox Avenue. He walked along the wide and long stretch of street until the sound of faded music and loud voices started to linger on the air, and so he followed the noise to find that it led him straight to the jackpot.

Yoongi came to a stop on the street corner, running his gaze down the length of the double sidewalk in front of him in complete awe.

Most of the stretch of the street was covered in bars, clubs, and the occasional fast-food joint that no doubt got quite a lot of business over the course of the evening. Every single one of the buildings were glowing from flashing neon signs in all colours, and the constant sound of pounding music coming from the interiors mixed together to create something that resembled a dull, audible headache.

Despite being a busy street there were hardly any streetlamps present to light up the area, and so the neon tubes on the building exteriors created vibrantly coloured illumination instead. This allowed him to see that the sidewalks were filled with people, so many people.

Yoongi saw that most of the people were butch queens - gay men dressed in everything from regular outfits that consisted of t-shirts and jeans; plenty of leather pieces; drag costumes complete with makeup and wigs; and garish costumes that looked to have been bought from thrift stores and Halloween stores and then combined together to create a unique look. The ridiculous costumes all around him reminded him of the two clownish queens that he had just met, which made him snort laughter under his breath.

Mixed in with these butch queens were femme queens, who were either wearing incredibly feminine outfits, makeup, and so much jewellery or were also dressed in ridiculous costumes with their faces painted so they looked to have come straight out of a pantomime. There were plenty of long and skinny arms and legs on show from the hemlines and sleeves of sparkling mini dresses, curvaceous busts and hips shoved into tube tops, miniskirts and hoochie mama shorts, and so many pairs of towering stilettos, glittering hoop earrings and bangles that Yoongi could almost hear the sound of the clicking heels and tinkling jewellery echoing from underneath the white noise of faded club music and rumbling traffic.
There were even lesbians in this area, who were just as varied at the others when it came to their fashion. There were femmes with their colourful makeup and feminine clothing, a lot of whom had long hair and were wearing stilettos to stand out against the other women. There were also the butches, like the studs and bull-dykes who were clad in denim, leather, plaid and more. They presented themselves with masculine energy or could very much believably pass for men at a glance and didn’t care in the slightest if heterosexuals thought that they were.

The sight of so many lesbians in the same area as the rest of the community was something relatively new because the largely segregated gay areas of the city were finally started to blend together to allow men and women to mingle. Not that long ago it would be difficult finding such a large amounts of lesbians in the company of their gay brothers unless it was at a ball, just like it would have been hard finding a variety of skin colours because white gay men had stayed well away from Harlem and refused to mingle with everyone else for such a long time. But now times were changing, and the terrifyingly recent and ongoing HIV and AIDS crisis in their community had been the start of several rapid social changes that were starting to roll out all over the city.

It turned out that discrimination from straight folk and the profitisation of their suffering at the hands of the pharmaceutical industry that was pedalling all kinds of pills and treatments for HIV that people with health insurance could hardly afford, and those without it just simply died, weren’t the only kinds of gross discrimination against their community. But they were starting to overcome past prejudices and segregation, and Yoongi thought that things were starting to look okay within the community these days. Not perfect, not by any stretch of the imagination, but good enough.

Although Yoongi had been given the name of a club to visit he still wanted to check with the rest of the local community to see if they had any other suggestions. They might just know about more places that would match what he was looking for, places that might actually be better than *The Paradiso Lounge*.

But before mingling with the clubgoers Yoongi retrieved his camera to try and snap a couple of photographs of the commotion out on the streets. After all, there was 36 pieces of film on a single roll and so he should have plenty enough left which with to take photographs in the club on this one roll alone - supposing that he found some subjects worth documenting.

So, after taking a couple of photographs of the colourful crowds of people and the glowing club signs, Yoongi started walking down the sidewalk again. There was a small gathering of butch queens lingering around one of the streetlights that were having an animated conversation; arms slung around necks and waists to stand close together as they passed around a joint.

Over the following encounters with groups of butch and femme queens, and the occasional lesbian that responded to his call, Yoongi was to discover a wide variety of club names popping up in conversation. *Kuntz, PinkPussy, Doll Room* - these were clubs that were quickly shot down as suggestions when he explained that he wasn’t looking for transsexual clubs because his client wasn’t
interested in such subjects. The one club name that kept popping up was always *The Paradiso Lounge*, where he was told that he would find exactly what he was looking for - cocks, fetish wear, and good old-fashioned fucking.

Despite all of the camaraderie and gayness all around him Yoongi quickly discovered that he was on West 124th Street, which meant that he was close to the club but not there yet. Following some directions from an amiable lesbian he exited the street, went back onto Lenox Avenue, and once more dragged his feet along the wide boulevard until the next corner finally appeared and he was finally on West 125th Street.

Pierrot hadn’t been lying when he had told him that he would find the club with ease, for just a single glance at one of the large buildings on the street revealed itself to be the club. The exterior was absolutely covered in neon signs of all sizes, one of the only buildings on the street that had them.

First, there was the obvious and largest sign that advertised the name of the club - ‘*The Paradiso Lounge*’. It did so in a sloping, cursive font; the neon tubes glowing a deep and vivid purple on black. The name was encircled by a halo of small lights that constantly flashed on and off, the tiny pink and red pinpricks drawing the eye right up towards the large sign.

Set beneath this sign and hanging from the exterior wall in neat rows were the following signs. They were all in small block print and crimson red as to not clash too much against the main sign.

‘*Adult Bar & Shows*’.

‘*XXX*’.

‘*Live & Nude Dancers!*’.

‘*Boys Boys Boys!*’.

Yoongi lingered on the sidewalk for a moment to study the exterior of the club before lifting his camera up to snap another photograph of the flickering signs. He took a moment to play around with the zoom and focus, wanting to really get the colours to pop on the dark backdrop of the building walls.

There was a crowd of people standing up and down the sidewalk outside the building, some of them
possibly waiting on taxis or perhaps waiting for friends to arrive so they could go inside the club together. They weren’t waiting to enter for the night because the club was already open, with a bouncer standing on the door to let patrons enter and possibly charge a cover fee.

God, Yoongi hoped that there wasn’t a cover fee because he could hardly afford to toss cash around tonight. He was running low as it was, was practically broke and was in desperate need of more money fast, and there was no guarantee that he was even going to find what he was looking for inside the place.

Should he take the risk and go inside the club even if there was a cover fee?

It wasn’t like Yoongi had much choice, he had to find some subjects somewhere in the city to photograph, and it seemed like his best chance to find fetish wear and BDSM photographs was going to be here in Harlem. Maybe in Hell’s Kitchen, though he had never been there before and was as clueless about the neighbourhood as he was with Harlem.

Yoongi wouldn’t find such a place over in South Bronx because he already knew all the establishments there: cocktail lounges, dance and disco clubs, karaoke bars, even sports bars, but certainly no BDSM, fetish and sex clubs. The gay establishments over in that neighbourhood tended to be more chill, though the dance and disco clubs could get a little rowdy and often attracted drag queens who were up for plenty of entertainment and fun.

Yoongi reached up to give his hair a rough ruffle, dragging his fingers through the mess of black tangles before rubbing them across the stubbly patch to the side. As he did so he took another drag on his cigarette, which was now little more than a stub because he had smoked it down to near nothing. Yet despite this fact, he felt anxious; probably because he was so excited about what he might just discover inside the club.

Yoongi tossed the cigarette butt into the gutter without much care, checking both lanes for any traffic before hastily crossing the road; his camera lightly bouncing around his neck from the thick lanyard. He passed the line of butch queens, giving them a series of quick glances as he headed straight for the door and saw that the bouncer looking over at him.

The bouncer was a tall man with braids and a sizeable gleaming stud in his nose. He was wearing a black leather t-shirt and trousers combination that complimented his deep black skin tone, which was a possible sign that this really might just be the place that he had been searching for.

Yoongi was anticipating that the bouncer would stop him and ask for a cover fee, but when he brought his hand up to get him to stop it was for another reason entirely.
“Now hang on there, short stuff. I’m gonna need to see some ID,” the bouncer demanded, refusing to step aside for him because he clearly didn’t think that he was legally old enough to enter.

“I’m 25,” Yoongi retorted, looking up at the other man and hating the fact that there were several inches of height between them because he looked so small in comparison.

“Ohuh, and guess how many kids walk their asses up here and tell me that too?” he argued, refusing to back down. “I’ve gotta be sure, little man. This’ an adult entertainment club, no under 21s allowed. If you want alcohol you better be telling the truth…”

Yoongi collected his wallet from his front jeans pocket, thumbing it open to show him his driving licence. It didn’t really matter that he had never used it to drive a vehicle before, it was good enough to get him into bars and clubs and allow him to purchase alcohol with ease. He moved to hold his wallet out to the bouncer, who leaned forward to squint at it and read the information in the red glow coming from the wall signs.

“Alright, no problem. Buy as much booze as you want, short stuff,” the bouncer said, straightening upright to lean against the door frame again. “This your first time in Harlem? You sound like you’re from The Bronx with that accent - feisty! I’m assuming so ‘cos you’ve got that big ole fancy camera right there.”

“Yeah, I’m a photographer, a freelance photographer. Hey, uh, this might sound kinda weird but what’s this place like?” Yoongi asked, closing his wallet and shoving it back into his jeans pocket. “I’m searching for some subjects for a client that wants fetish wear and shit like that, and I was told this club’s the best place for that in the whole of Harlem.”

“Oh boy, you’re in for a treat tonight,” the bouncer remarked, his lips splitting into a wide grin as he stepped aside. “I hope you packed some extra rolls ‘cos you’re gonna need ‘em…”

Yoongi hadn’t done so because he hadn’t thought that he would need that many exposures during his first night searching for potential subjects. But if he used the entire roll up tonight then at least he would know that this was the perfect spot to find many more photographic opportunities. He still didn’t know how much of his work that his client was willing to buy when he presented it to him because the old queen hadn’t given him an exact figure, but he was hoping for at least double digits - just for the hell of it.

Yoongi gave the bouncer a final glance as he moved to go down the flight of steps and enter the
club. It was pretty dark in the narrow stairwell and so he had to run his hands across the concrete walls and feel with the heavy soles of his boots for each step until he reached the bottom.

Stepping inside the club, the first thing that hit Yoongi was music blasting at such a loud volume that it made him instinctively bring his shoulders up with a flinch. It mostly consisted of grinding drums and a constant bass line, over which a man was aggressively rapping at a speed so fast that he could barely understand what he was saying. What he could catch just seemed to be the words ‘pussy’ and ‘cunt’ being repeated within a slew of expletives and other words that he couldn’t quite understand.

Pleasant.

The second thing that hit him was the lighting because most of the club was plunged into darkness, save for some areas that contained coloured bulbs and flashing strobe lights. Said strobe lights were built around cages that were both on the floor and dangling suspended from chains on the ceiling. They flickered so much that Yoongi had to squint to try and lessen his discomfort. It was a relief that he didn’t have a headache because the strobe lights would have made it even worse, and he wouldn’t at all be surprised if it triggered a migraine by the end of the night.

The coloured lighting inside the club was mostly in shades of deep blue and pink, the bulbs housed in shades that diffused the light to make it softer. The combination was pleasing and somewhat soothing on the eyes, and they blended together to create various hues of purple. Yoongi could see that the lighting was focused on a lot of areas where the clientele were sitting to drink and mingle with one another, meaning that they could see one another with ease.

Scantily-clad servers moved between the bar and sitting areas, carrying trays of drinks for the clientele balanced on their palms. Some of the buff men were wearing waistcoats, white cuffs around their wrists, and bow ties around their necks to look like sexy waiters. Their thongs were packed full with tips, the edges of the wrinkled bills spilling free from the waistband and sides. Some of the more effeminate men were wearing stockings with lace cuffs and frilly aprons around their svelte waists that brought to mind maids; their tips slipped down the cuffs of their stockings. The sight of naked asses free under the tied knots of the frilly and flimsy aprons wasn’t at all a surprise, and Yoongi just knew that they were walking around with their cocks hanging out - the thought making him gulp hard.

The strobe lights were all crimson red and they flickered on and off every second or so. They were so powerful that it was hard focusing on anything else, which Yoongi supposed was the entire point. They attracted the clientele right over to the entertainment, to the cages where hired performers would entice them and make them toss most of the contents of their wallets at them.

From his distance across the club Yoongi could really only see dark silhouettes dancing against the flickering lights: some moving sensual and slow, grinding their hips down low, stretching their
willowy or muscular limbs and rocking with the rhythm of the pounding bass line; others thrashing around inside the cages along to the manic lyrics of song, shaking their asses and hips to excite whoever was watching.

Yoongi knew that he would need to go over to those cages at some point in the evening to get a proper look at the performers. He could probably get some good photographs of the dancers, and if they were wearing any fetish wear they might just greatly appeal to his client.

What kind of queen wouldn’t enjoy photographs of almost naked pretty boys dancing in cages?

Yoongi could smell the yeasty scent of beer and cigarette smoke mostly, the scents mixing in with the pungent stench of sweat and semen. There was also the rich and earthy smell of leather, which signalled that a lot of the clientele must be wearing it, and the musky aroma of dozens of colognes. It was a lot to take in at once, but so was the rest of the atmosphere coming from the club.

It was intense. That was the exact way that Yoongi would describe the atmosphere - intense. He recalled the fact that Harlequin had told him to tank up on booze because the club wasn’t for the faint-hearted, and now he understood why he had said such a thing. Some men might step inside and find they hated the joint within mere minutes because of the intense and somewhat intimidating aura that The Paradiso Lounge gave off. It felt like the kind of club that existed for dedicated regulars, not everyone. Newcomers were likely brought to the club by friends and introduced that way, just to ease them into the scene.

Yoongi hadn’t even seen the apparent wealth of sexual deviancy that The Paradiso Lounge had to offer and already he was pretty certain that this was the right place. There was just something about it that pulled him in, that piqued his interest and made him want to see more. It was probably the fact that the atmosphere screamed lust and sex and was so obnoxiously and unashamedly homoerotic that it would make heterosexuals uncomfortable that attracted him so much.

If there was one thing that Yoongi liked it was seeing the straights cringe at the sight of the sight of a sexually liberated gay man strolling down the street with his ass hanging out during a protest march; or the Dykes on Bikes rolling through town and frightening them with not only their ‘unacceptable’ form of queerness but also their staunch feminism - which was equally as terrifying to the conservatives as homosexuality.

The club was positively crowded with men of all shapes, sizes, ages, and colours. From the skinniest and shortest to the tallest, fattest and most muscular, it seemed that anyone and everyone was welcome to flaunt their bodies and kinks out in the open.
Yoongi could see a lot of white faces all around the place, which was unlike usual because gay establishments in Harlem were often more filled with black and latino men. That might just be reflective of the fetish subculture. It might just be the result of failed attempts at trying to gentrify the neighbourhood, the thought of which was enough to make Yoongi turn his lips down in a disgruntled frown. Or it could just be that *The Paradiso Lounge* was the best fetish club in the whole of the city, and so men had come from several different neighbourhoods to indulge in their most extreme sexual fantasies.

Whatever the case, Yoongi could already see signs of fetish and BDSM culture all around him, mostly in the form of leather daddies and daddy’s boys that seemed to fill the club. Their leather clothing items came in many varieties: boots, caps, collars, gloves, jackets, shorts and trousers. There were harnesses covered in studs and metal rings, as well as leather chaps and assless trousers that showed off rounded and full buttocks. There were even some zipper masks and gags present tonight, along with fetish props like canes, handcuffs, leashes and whips.

Yoongi watched a particular daddy’s boy being fawned over by a gang of other men; receiving strokes to the head and being openly fondled like he was a toy to be appreciated by everyone. Judging from the fact he was wearing little more than tiny shorts and a collar with a leash that was connected to his leather daddy’s belt, that might just be the case.

Yes, Yoongi had found the right place for his client. Hell, he might just have found the right place for himself too because he was starting to get excited by what he was seeing. A little confused, sure, but excited nonetheless.

Yoongi moved away from the steps so that he could finally enter the club and immerse himself in the atmosphere. He reached up to instinctively nurse his dangling camera in his hands and keep a tight grip on it, turning his head this way and that to study the interior of the club.

The entrance steps were located to the far right of the club, with a large section of floor filled with sofas in front of it. On the far left of the interior there were several doors with signs above them that advertised what they were: bathroom, dark room, public room, and an unmarked one that had a bouncer standing beside the door. The middle of the club seemed to be a dance floor of some kind because there were quite the amount of men mingling in that space. The bar was located on the wall to Yoongi’s left, which had many stools placed along the length that a couple of men were sitting on. The wall to his right was where most of the dance cages were located; a couple more hanging in the corners and others placed on top of thick platforms to be visible from over the heads out on the dance floor.

As Yoongi weaved his way through the random gatherings of men that were drinking, dancing, and making out he noticed that there was a sizeable group of young men passing something around. It wasn’t a cigarette or joint, it wasn’t even some booze, though it was a tiny glass bottle from what he could see. They were pretty loud, loud enough for him to hear them laughing over the pounding
track coming from the sound system.

Yoongi saw that they were bringing the bottle up to their noses to take deep and hard sniffs of the contents before passing it to the next man. Some were using cigarettes instead, sticking the filters into the bottle and sniffing the soaked ends to get high from the substance. He saw the way that their bodies reacted almost instantly: their eyes growing huge and glassy; their heads jerking back hard; and a flush of colour appearing on their cheeks that showed just how powerful that the rush was.

One of the men noticed him as he passed them by and he let out a sudden sound before reaching out to grab hold of his elbow without warning.

Yoongi didn’t like being touched like that, especially not by strangers, and so he instinctively pulled his arm free from his grip to twist around and look at him.

“Hey, honey, you want some?” the guy asked, holding the bottle out to him in offering. “You look pretty tense, you should loosen up! Ha!”

For some reason this made most of the other men start laughing again, even when Yoongi didn’t understand the joke.

“What is it?” Yoongi asked, accepting the bottle from him and eyeing it with a great curiosity. “Is it some kinda party drug shit?”

“This shit right here? It’ll give you the best sex in the world!” one of the other men declared, his emphasis causing even more laughter from them - a sign of just how goddamn high they all were.

Yoongi saw that it was a small glass bottle with a removable lid. There was a colourful label wrapped around the brown glass, which was bright red and had the words ‘Rock Hard’ printed on it in bold, black letters.

That was it - nothing more, nothing less. Yoongi didn’t even know what the drug was because he didn’t go to these kinds of clubs, but he was pretty certain that it was an upper of some kind judging from the way the other men were acting.

Well, Yoongi wasn’t exactly planning on having sex tonight and so the main appeal of the substance didn’t exactly mean anything to him.
But Yoongi was no stranger to drugs having been around them for most of his life and every single night that he hit the streets in their community to observe the nightlife. He wasn’t averse to the occasional joint when he was out on the street searching for something to catch his eye, or maybe a downer with a glass of whisky if he was struggling to fall asleep (a rare occurrence these days). He was more than aware of the fact that drugs were destroying the gay community just as much as the AIDS epidemic was still very much doing every single day… but what was one hit in a club; huh?

“Fuck it,” Yoongi muttered, bringing the bottle up to his nose to take a hard snort of the vapours coming from it.

The rush was instantaneous, for Yoongi had only just inhaled when he involuntarily jerked his head back and rapidly blinked his eyes. It felt like the vapours had went right up his nose and straight inside his skull. He could feel a pulse pounding away inside his brain and he couldn’t help but clap his hand over his nose.

“Fuck, that’s strong!” Yoongi exclaimed, roughly massaging at his nose as he tried to control his compulsive blinking. He forced the bottle back into one of their hands, fearing that he might drop it because his body felt so jittery from the hit.

“Now go get some good dick, boy!” one of them declared, the other men letting out enthusiastic responses.

As he wandered across the club in the direction of the bar Yoongi started to feel the drug having an effect on him. His heart was soaring in his chest and it felt like his rib cage had expanded so far that it was no longer able to keep his heart trapped inside. It was beating at such a fast speed, but not in a way that felt wrong or hurt. It was more like a pressure had been lifted off his heart so it could finally beat the way that it was supposed to, and it felt so great. Blood and heat was being pumped around his body as free as could be and he felt fucking good.

But the strangest part about the powerful rush was that Yoongi felt so loose inside, his sphincter having grown relaxed to the point in which he was mildly frightened by the thought that his intestines might just start slipping out of his body. He knew that was such a silly idea but he couldn’t seem to push the thought away because it might just happen. He couldn’t help but reach behind himself to press his hand against his buttocks, just to give them a reassuring pat to make sure they weren’t spread wide open. He was also sporting a rather painfully hard erection, which had started rubbing against the inner zipper of his jeans in the most excruciatingly annoying way possible because he wasn’t wearing any underwear tonight.

Sitting down on one of the stools at the bar Yoongi was left in awe of how numb that his behind
really was. He could feel his buttocks, he knew they were there, but there was a numbness in the muscles that meant he couldn’t really feel the seat underneath him.

Was that supposed to happen?

Was that normal?

Yoongi didn’t really know, but he did know that he needed a stiff drink. He couldn’t really afford to shell out several dollars on a glass of whisky but he was in desperate need of something to wet his tongue and ground him after whatever the fuck had just happened. Just a single, that was all he needed, and he could mull over it for a few minutes whilst he tried to gather his senses.

Yoongi glanced up and down the counter for a moment, seeing that the seats either side of him were empty and that only one man was sitting relatively close to him. He was a typical white boy with a perma-tan and likely teeth whiter than the vest top that he was wearing, but at least he wasn’t blond and blue-eyed like usual. He studied him for a second before turning back to the counter in front of him. He couldn’t help but run his fingers over the polished wood because it looked so smooth, the light reflecting off the surface so brightly that it almost hurt looking at it.

In fact, all the lights seemed to be brighter right now, like the glowing ones set behind the bar on shelves on which bottles of alcohol were displayed and the flickering strobe lights when he twisted to look back over his shoulder at them. Shit, even the music sounded different, and he had to reach up to rub at his temples as he took a deep and steadying breath. He was just so excited that it was hard focusing on anything for longer than a mere second.

Yoongi spotted the bartender moving his way down the aisle behind the counter, and so he lifted his hand up to gesture as he said, “I’ll have a neat whisky, single. Uh… Glenfiddich.”

“Coming right up,” the bartender replied, as he moved to retrieve a square glass from the display behind the counter.

The bartender filled the glass up with a splash of whisky, the golden liquid lapping against the sides. He retrieved a napkin and moved to place it down on the counter in front of him, adding the glass on top.

Yoongi retrieved the glass and brought it up to his lips to take the first sip, wanting to sample it before mulling over it. If it tasted good he would be willing to savour it, but if it was cheap he would
knock it back in several deep sips and hope that it hit the spot. He had never drank Glenfiddich before, but it was the first bottle on the shelf that had caught his eye and so he had selected that one for the hell of it.

Even his throat felt strange, the muscles so relaxed and numb that he barely felt the liquid going down when he swallowed the sip of whisky. All he felt was a hint of coldness, no burn at all from the strength of the liquor. He could still taste it on his tongue though, which was a relief because it meant that he could enjoy the flavour. It was rich with a malty taste and a hint of honey, pleasing enough from a single sip and easily something that he could drink several glasses of without complaint.

Yoongi let out a hum as he placed the glass down on the napkin, running his tongue around his mouth and licking at his wet lips. Then he reached down to collect his wallet from his front pocket, pulling it free and thumbing it open.

“Hey, can I ask you a couple of questions?” Yoongi asked, fumbling with his less than steady fingers to collect a couple of wrinkled singles to cover the cost of the drink.

“Sure. What do you wanna know, huh?” the bartender replied, shifting to place his hands down on the counter and lean forward in a comfortable slouch.

“As you might be able to tell from the camera, I’m a photographer,” he explained, quickly gesturing at his camera as he shoved his wallet back into his jeans pocket. “I’ve done shots for, y’know, Next Magazine and shit like that. Well, tonight I’m looking for some subjects for a commission - consensual subjects, of course. I was told by some queens out on the streets that I could find some real good fetish wear shit here, and I can see exactly why they recommended this place!”

The bartender snorted at this, no doubt finding his words amusing.

Talk about stating the obvious.

Yoongi gave him a quick study before continuing his train of thought, eyeing his short buzz cut and the leather vest that he had on over his white shirt. He had several tattoos on his lower arms and chest, which were visible from under the rolled sleeves and the open neck of his shirt. He briefly wondered if the bartender was into the fetish scene too because his appearance seemed to hint so, and he guessed it would make sense that he would be a part of the subculture if he worked here.
“But what I wanted to know was what can I find in this club exactly? Like, what’s going on behind all those doors over there, huh?” Yoongi asked, limply waving his wrist in the direction of the doors across the floor.

“OK, so, first of all there’s plenty of sex to be found in here, kid. Just look around you, you’ll see it out in the open. You’ll find handjobs, blowjobs, maybe a little anal but it’ll be discreet. You ain’t gonna find something like outta one of those porno mags - naked guys pounding it out for everyone to see. At least not out in the open. That’s what the public room’s for. Most of what you’ll see out in the open is more… kink-specific. Oftentimes, it ain’t even explicitly sexual, it’s just a bit of play.”

Yoongi twisted on the stool to look back over his shoulder at this, searching the near sea of half-naked, denim and leather-clad bodies in the hopes of seeing what the bartender was talking about.

In the darkened corners of the club Yoongi could see couples engaging in public sex, or maybe it was semi-public considering the fact that they were very hard to see in the deep shadows. Hell, even some of the men that were dancing together on the dance floor were engaging in sexual activity as he could see quite a lot of hands shoved right down the front of trousers and shorts, and asses grinding back into crotches; so many zippers pulled all the way down. It was enough to make him gulp, his blunt nails scratching against the counter for a moment before he relaxed his fingers again.

Just like the bartender had said, there were also non-explicit sexual acts and play happening in front of him. From daddy’s boys and subs being paraded around like objects to be gazed upon and fondled for the pleasure of both them and other men or being spanked over knees until their buttocks were red raw for the enjoyment of their dominant partners; to men just simply admiring one another’s bodies with prolonged touches and kisses.

Yoongi could even see a guy on his hands and knees licking another man’s boots, his perky ass right up in the air clad in a skimpy thong that just added to the air of degradation and humiliation that they were both enjoying.

Jesus Christ, why did that make his aching cock twitch in approval inside his jeans?

Yoongi shifted on the stool to turn back around and face the bartender, wrapping his fingers around the glass just so he could keep a tight hold on it.

“Now, you might only be here to take photos and mingle in the hopes of finding models you can work with, but you’ve still gotta respect the etiquette of this establishment. There’s so much etiquette in this place that means a lot to the clientele, and you don’t wanna piss them off or else you’ll never get a photo of their ass. You see a guy with a closed collar or on a leash - don’t touch or talk to him.
Find his daddy, his dom, his partner, whatever. Talk to them first, then you can do whatever the hell you want with their permission. If a guy’s wearing an open collar or not wearing one at all, he’s free game. Talk to him, flirt with him, suck his dick if you want - no one cares about that.”

“Collars… a’ight, got it,” Yoongi mumbled under his breath, sparing another quick glance back over his shoulder at the bodies out on the dance floor. He could see that there were quite the amount of collars on display… and a lot of them were buckled and even padlocked shut. “Thanks, I didn’t know ‘bout that.”

“Now, the dark room. Don’t go in there without a buddy or partner, especially if you’re not comfortable with the thought of non-verbal consent to touching. You can’t take cameras into the dark room either. The flash ain’t allowed, it ruins the anonymity.”

“I’ll steer clear of the dark room,” Yoongi said, lifting his glass up to his lips and pausing for a moment to add. “Is there any fetish shit going on in there? Y’know, like chains and leather and whips?”

“Mostly just sex, anonymous sex. The men in there mostly want to touch each other, so, there’s a lot of fingering and handjobs. The same goes with the bathroom, you’ll find gloryholes galore in the stalls. I take it you know what a gloryhole is?”

“Yeah, I know what a gloryhole is,” Yoongi replied, giving the bartender a quick smirk from over the top of the glass before taking another deep sip. He let the whisky sit on his tongue for a moment, savouring the flavour before swallowing it. “Any rules I need to know ‘bout the bathrooms?”

“Not really. I think the only thing you need to know is that you can use the stalls for their intended uses, but some guys might still stick their cocks through the hole or watch you through them. Just tell them you’re not interested and they’ll stop. As for taking photos, you should probably just ask permission through the doors. Someone might consent and let you enter the stall with them or snap a photo of their cock; you know?”

Yoongi hummed at this, sticking the tip of his tongue against his cheek and then running it along his gum line to savour the remains of the sip of whisky.

Everything that the bartender had told him so far was incredibly useful and should help him find some subjects, although he was going to have to use his own charm and initiative to get the clientele to agree to him taking photographs of them. It might not be that hard getting men in fetish wear to agree to having their profiles and bodies photographed, but explicit sexual content might be a little more difficult.
“If you can’t find what you’re looking for out here or in the bathroom though, there’s always the public rooms in the back. But again… you might wanna bring a buddy. It’s hardcore shit back there.”

“What’s in the public rooms?” Yoongi asked, unable to stop himself from asking such a question because he was so curious.

“Trust me, you really need to see it to believe it. But I’ll tell you this - that’s where you’ll find the hardcore shit you’re looking for.”

With this the bartender moved to go back along the aisle to serve another patron, leaving Yoongi with no other choice to turn his head and watch him go. He stared at the studded back of his vest to see that there was a skull and the words ‘Stud Daddy’ pressed into the leather underneath it.

Yoongi dropped his gaze back down to his glass again, eyeing the splash of whisky before deciding to take another sip. He was in the act of doing so when he noticed that the perma-tan brunette was looking at him.

“Hey, you’ve got nice hands.” he said, running his gaze across the back of his hand because he had left it placed down on the counter between them. There was a breathiness to his voice that hinted he might just be stoned or high, or maybe just shy and a little nervous. “They’re not the biggest hands but they’re nice. Like, your fingers are long and all that, but mostly your knuckles and veins are just… hot.”

“Oh, thanks,” Yoongi said, glancing at his face before dropping his gaze to look down at his body to check him out. He didn’t even feel the need to be discreet because the other man most certainly wasn’t being discreet with him.

Perma-tan had a nice body, not too slim but also not very muscular. The front of his tight and tiny denim shorts had a sizeable bulge that showed he might be well-endowed.

If there was one thing that Yoongi liked in another man it was his cock. He wasn’t really into asses, and he could easily ignore a bland or unattractive face if what they were hiding inside their trousers was enough to excite him.

It wasn’t that Yoongi was a size queen, not at all. He had never been fucked by a man with a
monster cock or anything much larger in length than small or average, but he could most certainly
appreciate the fun that came with a big cock, especially if the girth was just as impressive. He had an
oral fixation that made itself apparent in his obsessive chain-smoking, nail biting habit, and his
tendency to be oriented towards enjoying giving blowjobs more than engaging in other sexual acts,
which might just explain why he found the visual appeal of a man’s cock so important to his own
satisfaction.

It might just be some subconscious envy at the back of his mind because of his own small size,
Yoongi didn’t really know. He just knew that he found cocks to be the most arousing part of the
male body by far, which was why his gaze had instinctively dropped to check out his crotch.

“Well, this guy certainly wasn’t shy, that much was obvious.

Yoongi was so stunned by the question that he found he was unable to reply for a few seconds. He
had never been asked to do such a thing before. Hell, a lot of the men he had been intimate with
hadn’t even liked him slipping his fingers inside them during sex or when he was giving them
blowjobs, and so being asked to fist another man was enough to leave him speechless.

“Uh, sorry, I ain’t into that,” Yoongi managed to mutter, feeling the most pressing urge to grab his
whisky and take another deep sip. He reached up to give his ear a quick tug instead, feeling the
different studs pressing into his thumb as he fiddled with them. “I like receiving and blowing guys,
so…”

“Oops, well it was worth a shot,” Perma-tan said with another laugh, retrieving his drink and moving
to get up off the stool. “Here’s hoping you can find a top as you cute as you.”

“Yeah, you too,” he said, lifting his glass in cheers as he watched him go.
As soon as the other man was gone Yoongi let his breath out in an uneven sigh, turning back to the bar in front of him. He had been in the bar for less than 15 minutes and yet he had already sniffed some kind of party drug and had a proposition for sex from a complete stranger. He was starting to figure out the kind of place that The Paradiso Lounge was - hedonistic, outrageous, and unabashedly queer.

On account of the fact he needed both hands to fully use his camera Yoongi decided to stay seated at the bar for a couple of minutes whilst he drank his serving of whisky. He didn’t sit facing the wall to run his gaze over the colourful bottles on the shelves, rather he twisted around on the stool to keep his eyes on the mass of bodies across the floor. He couldn’t seem to look away from the homoerotic displays that were happening all over the club, especially the unusual kinks like the boot licking that happened right out in the open.

Yoongi was really hoping that the rush from the party drug would hurry up and fade so the feeling of euphoria and intense arousal would leave him in peace. It was difficult not only focusing in his current flushed and hypersensitive state, it was also painful having a fully hard erection straining the front of his jeans; his cock head rubbing up against the zipper every now and again in a way that made him so very uncomfortable. Such a thing severely impeded his ability to walk and move around comfortably, and it would make squatting down to get certain angles for shots far too irritating.

But even as Yoongi’s racing heart started to slow down in his chest the heat still lingered under his skin, and his numb buttocks and raging hard-on didn’t seem to want to fade away any time soon. It might take a little longer to do so, even if the initial high had only been at its most intense for the short duration of several minutes.

As soon as he had finished his whisky Yoongi slowly got to his feet, nursing his camera in both hands with the lanyard still slipped around his neck. The ability to focus slipped right out between his shaking fingers once more, leaving him dawdling beside his stool for a moment. The temptation to linger around the edges of the club was overwhelming, but knowing that a great many men were also using the shadows for sex and passionate play meant that he might end up bumping into a couple, or a threesome, or however many guys were participating in fondling or spanking some cute toy for amusement and pleasure.

Yoongi knew that he should just pluck up the courage to go over to one of the more friendlier-looking leather lovers and try and strike up a conversation that could segue into a discussion about taking their photographs, maybe even having them model for him. But he was too scared to approach any of the men and try and talk to them.

The idea of having to shout over the music about how he was a photographer and yadda yadda, all
the while trying to focus on the other man when his brain was incapable of clear thought because of the flickering lights and pounding music was a little too much to handle right now. He was also intimidated by the etiquette of the club and the chances of making a mistake, like talking to an owned boy or sub and having to awkwardly explain himself to his daddy or dom as to not cause too much offence and upset.

Naturally, Yoongi ended up steering clear of the dance floor to edge somewhere between the centre of the room and the shadowy walls. As a result he found himself much closer to the dancing entertainers, who were dangling suspended above his head or trapped in cages in front of sofas so the clientele could sit and watch them perform whilst enjoying their drinks.

A great many of the dancers were wearing leather harnesses with denim or leather shorts and latex boots - some knee-high, some thigh-high, all of them sporting wickedly sharp heels. The dancers were widely varied in not only skin colour, body hair and looks, they also had all body shapes imaginable. They were incredibly muscular and super skinny, and there was even a chubby guy dancing for the men who liked their men chubby, cuddly and hairy.

Yoongi wanted to look at all the different entertainers that were currently performing before making a selection; choosing one to watch and study in the hopes that he might be able to snap some photographs and ask for their consent after they were finished their performance in regards to showing their faces or even selling the photographs.

Yet he had gazed upon perhaps half a dozen of them before he found one of the entertainers catching his eye, and so Yoongi slowed down to a stop in a space in the dancing crowd to crane his head back and look up at him - the cage dancer bathed in the constant flickering glow of the red strobe lights.

The first thing that caught Yoongi’s eye was the costume the dancer was wearing. He was wearing leather and metal chain fetish wear, the combination of the items attracting his attention because he was wearing the best costume by far that he had seen over the duration of the night.

The dancer’s upper body was clad in a black leather harness which consisted of two vertical straps that wrapped around the back of his neck and ran down his sides to connect to double waist belts. It had silver buckles placed along the lengths of the belts to adjust the tightness, the leather straps punched with many holes. On top of this harness he had added an upper body chain that was made from large and thick links of metal. It sat on his shoulders and wrapped around his upper chest, the two O-rings sitting an inch or so above his dark nipples.

As a result, the dancer’s upper body was more-or-less completely exposed from underneath the sturdy straps of leather. He had a left nipple piercing along with a tattoo around his bicep just above the elbow of his left arm. The tattoo was a band, which wrapped around his thick and firm muscle,
and his piercing was a ring that could have been made of silver or gold - it was too difficult figuring it out in the current lighting.

The dancer’s lower body was shockingly exposed because he was only wearing a thong - a thong that was little more than a front pouch with two strappy bands that ran around to the back from the top of the waistband and the sides of the pouch. Said pouch drew so much attention to his groin, to the bulge that was barely being contained within the layer of leather. Lastly, he was wearing a pair of over-the-knee latex boots with a needle-thin heel; the toes pointed and the material so glossy that it looked almost wet.

Surprisingly enough, Yoongi had noticed that a great many of the club entertainers and servers were wearing such boots. They seemed to be very popular in this scene. He couldn’t help but wonder if the clientele liked licking their boots just as much as they enjoyed getting on their knees and washing the toe caps of certain daddies’ boots with their tongues.

Just a single glance at the dancer’s toned and muscular body, so exposed from his fetish wear that it almost looked like he was naked, was enough to make Yoongi feel his mouth running dry. He might not be as big and wide as the muscle queens, who were parading their massive arms, thighs, and developed chests around so those with a thing for muscles could drool over them and maybe even request they be allowed to touch them, but he still had a great body.

The dancer’s arms were shapely just like his legs. His biceps were well pronounced whenever he clenched his muscles by folding his arms or grabbing hold of the cage bars, and his calves and thighs were thick so that they looked solid and strong. His torso was well defined: his chest developed enough to have a soft swell to it rather than look flat and wide, and his ribs and stomach dimpled here and there with strong muscles just like the expanse of his back. Even his sides were muscular, for he had just a slight dip around his waist that was only noticeable when he stretched, and the areas right above his sharp hip bones were what Yoongi could only think to describe as ‘meaty’ - as in he wanted to sink his teeth into those mounds of firm muscle and feel it dimpling against his teeth.

The sight of veins cabling under the skin of his forearms and the sides of his neck had Yoongi sticking his tongue out to wet his lips. He found his tongue was as dry as they were, and he left it stuck out between his teeth for a moment as he stared up at the cage dancer.

From what he could tell underneath the flickering strobe lights the other man had golden skin that contrasted against not only the black leather and latex, but his dark hair too. He was pretty certain he was Asian, judging from the couple of quick looks that he had gotten at his full face and not just slight glimpses. All that he could really see in great detail were his dark eyes and full lips, along with his hair. It was short with an undercut, the shaved back and sides much shorter than the top, which was currently styled swept to the side and back off his brow to fully expose his face and ears; in which he had many piercings, from studs to dangling chains. Unstyled it might just fall over his brow and frame his heart-shaped face and completely change how he looked - perhaps making him look
softer and lessening his sharp angles.

The cage dancer had body hair, that much was apparent. His armpits were unshaven, the sight obvious whenever he brought his arms up over his head. It was a light thatch, nothing too thick unlike some of the bears that Yoongi had seen in the club. He seemed to not shave his pubic hair too, though the light trail curling just above the pouch of his thong might just have been groomed. As for the rest of his body, he would need to get much closer to see.

Shit, Yoongi wanted to get closer to see what his face looked like because from what he could see… he looked good. He looked like a pretty boy, and pretty boys were his true weakness. He might just have a bad habit for gravitating towards much older men most of the time in search of experience and security, but if he saw a pretty boy then Yoongi often lost the ability to think straight. He didn’t really understand why, they just made him feel so nervous and boyish; reducing him down to little more than red cheeks and a blabbering mouth that never seemed to know the right words to say.

Yoongi found his feet moving on instinct, guiding him through the crush of bodies so he could try and get as close as he could to the suspended cage. He saw that there was a bouncer of some kind standing close-by, leaving enough space for the clientele to crowd around it or watch from the nearby sofas. Or at least Yoongi thought that he was a bouncer because he was fucking huge: tall and wide with a long ponytail, heavily tattooed arms, and a key ring dangling from his leather belt.

The glass bottom of the cage was in reach for taller men to place tips on it, and quite the amount of folded and wrinkled bills were scattered across the clear surface that the dancer was stepping on without a single care. Seeing the pointed heels of his boots standing down onto the cash made Yoongi feel another sharp streak of hot arousal between his thighs, his persistent and painful erection refusing to go away. As he got closer to the cage he saw a couple of men also moving towards the cage, reaching up and getting onto their tiptoes to slot folded bills between the metal slats.

Anyone a little too short to reach the cage required the dancer to squat down and reach through the slats to take the tip straight from their fingers. To Yoongi this looked far more preferable because they got to touch him, even if just by brushing their fingers against his as he accepted the bills from them.

Yoongi knew that he was supposed to be finding some subjects to take photographs of, but he found himself instantly drawn to the dancer because he would make quite a subject. Not only was he attractive and kitted out in fetish wear just perfect for his client, he didn’t have to fear approaching him right now like the other men. He could just stand below the cage and observe him, maybe snap a couple of photographs whilst he was busy performing to entertain the clientele.

The dancer wasn’t thrashing around to the constant EDM and smooth house music, rather it was as if he was dancing to his own song - one that was only playing in his head. His movements were
something else, something that transcended the other entertainers in Yoongi’s eyes because it looked like he wasn’t even trying to be sexy, it was just completely natural.

Maybe it was just his arousal talking but Yoongi thought that he moved his body like a man that knew how to not only give good love to his partner, but how to fuck him too. It was all in the way that he moved his hips: how he ground them in tight circles almost as if searching for that one spot that would make his partner cry out in pleasure; and the aggressive snaps whenever he snagged hold of the cage bars, his legs spread wide and his hips thrusting forward so he could rapidly pump them - his head thrown back and his mouth slack as if he was lost in ecstasy.

Watching the cage dancer sensually rolling his hips, his arms folded up over his head and his fingers threaded through his black hair, Yoongi felt like he was having a religious experience. It might just have been the party drugs wreaking havoc on his perception but it felt like everything else in the club had slowed down around him, that it might have even stopped completely. But he didn’t want to look away to check because that would break the spell that the other man had cast over him.

Yoongi could hear the music playing on the system, some steamy electronic track with plenty of saxophones and feminine orgasmic moaning and shouting interspersed with heavy breathing. He was still coming down from the drug rush and so the sound was slightly warped, but in a good way. The flickering strobe lights were as bright as the sun - burning the silhouette of the cage dancer into his very eyelids so he could still see him behind his eyes whenever he blinked.

A man approached the cage to tip the cage dancer, and though he was tall enough to slip the money onto the bottom he didn’t do so. Instead he lifted his arm up to gesture at him, to get him to take the bill from his hand.

The dancer suddenly dropped down into a squat on the glass bottom of the cage, spreading his thighs open so wide that Yoongi was convinced he was going to pop right out of the pouch of his thong. He slipped his legs through the slats to dangle them free from the cage, teasingly kicking his legs back and forth at the man. But when he tried to take hold of his foot the dancer pulled his leg away, cocking his knee up high in an amazing show of flexibility before thrusting it forward to dig the sharp heel into his bare skin of his chest. He didn’t push him away, he just kept his foot in place in a sign of complete dominance.

Yoongi wasn’t at all shocked to see the man snag hold of his ankle and turn his head to lick at the toes of his latex boot. From his position he could see the way that his tongue lolled free and traced round and round against the latex, lapping at the glossy material almost as if he was performing oral sex on his shoe, and then he moved the tip of his tongue upwards towards his knee; his hand sliding up to cup his shapely calf and give it a firm knead. As he did so he held the wrinkled bills out to him so the dancer could take them from his fingers and toss them down onto the pile of cash already sitting on the glass bottom of the cage.
Yoongi brought his camera up to his face, squinting through the lens to focus on the dancer’s dangling legs and lower body. He knew that he needed to be quick to snap a shot before he moved and he lost his chance, and so he twisted a dial on the back to enter continuous shooting mode. After zooming in to cut down on their slight distance he grabbed hold of the aperture ring to give it a quick twist to try and adjust the focus, and then he hit the flash button once to pop up the flash. When he snapped the photograph the flash went off automatically, and he kept his finger in place to focus the lens and take a couple of rapid shots in a row - changing his standpoint to mix up the angles a little before fully depressing the button.

The first shot was that of the back of the man’s head as he held onto the dancer’s leg, obscured so his face was not visible, the focus entirely that of his legs hanging free from the slats in the cage.

The second shot revealed just the slightest hint of the man’s profile, but not in a way that was identifiable. All that was really visible was a hint of the tip of his nose and the pink wetness of his tongue, the red strobe lights reflecting off the hints of saliva he had yet to wipe all over the toe cap of the dancer’s boot.

The third and final shot was so perfectly positioned and timed, for Yoongi had just moved a little bit behind them to try and get a more suggestive angle. The dancer reached behind the man to snag hold of his hair and pull his head away, the position highly erotic in nature. He snapped the photograph and then lowered the camera from his face, lifting his finger off the button as he gave the display panel on the top of the device a quick check.

As soon as the man had let go of his leg and walked away Yoongi expected that the dancer would have shifted to get back upright again. But he stayed seated for a moment longer, shifting to lean back on his wrists and parting his legs that little bit wider to brazenly display his crotch to everyone that was looking up at him. He reached up with one hand to brush his fingers through his hair, his back curved in an alluring position. His stomach moved in waves as he tried to catch his breath, rapidly lifting and falling so that he fancied he could hear the panting sound of him breathing.

Yoongi shifted to focus more on his upper body instead of just his legs, wanting to include his leather and chain harnesses, muscular torso, and his skimpy leather thong in his next shot. He snapped another photograph of him just as he stuck his tongue out to wet his lips, the strong inbuilt flash reflecting off his skin to reveal the unmistakable sight of sweat coating his body.

Rather than take another photograph Yoongi zoomed in to focus on his face for a moment because he had yet to fully see what he looked like. He saw that his eyes were small, mostly because he had heavy eyelids which were covered in dark eyeshadow and eyeliner, not only to emphasise them but also make them look larger. His nose was short and delicately pointed, with a bump high up on the bridge that looked to be the result of a past break. It didn’t ruin the overall shape and actually made
his nose look rather charming. His eyebrows were short and thick, his lips were incredibly full to the point in which they could only be described as plump, and a scattering of freckles covered his brow, throat, and rounded cheeks.

‘Gorgeous’ was the first word that came to his mind, Yoongi lowering his camera from his eye to stare up at him from over the top of the device. He couldn’t look away from him as he thumbed at the back of the device to hit the button and load the next piece of film by twisting the main dial, completely incapable of taking his gaze away from the other man for even a second.

The dancer moved to pull his legs through the slats and get upright again, moving away from the bars to stand in the centre and carry on dancing. There were some tips stuck to his sweaty skin, particularly around his buttocks and the backs of his thighs, which he reached down to hastily knock free with his hand. He swung his hips as he did so, slipping back into the rhythm with ease as he folded his hands against the nape of his neck and rolled his shoulders; the heavy chains shifting from the movement.

Yoongi felt someone brushing up against his back, a hand running down towards his behind to cup his buttock and give it a rather firm squeeze. He reached down to gently knock the hand away from his behind and let whoever it was know that he wasn’t interested. Then he shifted to move away from the mass of dancing bodies to try and find another good spot to observe the cage dancer from.

Over the following minutes Yoongi snapped a couple more photographs just for the hell of it: like one of the dancer flexibly bending forward to run his hands down and then back up his legs, his back curved so that his bare buttocks were the complete focus of his shot; and another one of him on his knees on the pile of the wrinkled bills, his hands gripping his thick thighs. He stared down the viewfinder just as the dancer jumped up to snap hold of the bars above his head, his arm muscles bulging as he pulled his legs up and dangled from the bars. The position was highly titillating, especially when he lifted his legs up and spread them wide enough to press the soles of his boots against the bars of the opposite cage walls.

Yoongi pressed his finger down on the shutter button but didn’t hit it hard, getting the device to focus on him whilst he was in this position - bathed in the red glow of the strobe lights with his muscles fully contracted; his biceps bulging, his thigh muscles straining, and his head rolled back. He saw his Adam’s Apple bobbing up and down as he swallowed hard and then dropped his head forward once more, his eyes closed and his lips slack and wet. His brow was covered in beaded sweat that ran all the way down the side of his neck, dripping from his jawline onto his chest.

Yoongi had just depressed the shutter button fully and made the camera flash when he opened his eyes, his gaze lingering somewhere around where he was standing.

Had the dancer just looked at him, or was Yoongi just assuming that to be the case? With all the
flickering strobe lights it was difficult seeing much at all, he could only see his eyes gleaming in the flash from his camera as he gently lowered himself back down to his feet.

Sadly, the dancer needed to get out of the cage because he was finished with his performance. There was no telling how long that he had been dancing for but it could have been as long as an hour or more without a single break. He shifted to kneel down on the bottom of the cage, collecting the assortment of bills together in one fist.

Yoongi could only watch in wonder as the bouncer lowered the cage back down to the floor by pulling a switch on the wall, and then he moved over to unlock the door with one of the keys from the keyring. He saw that it took some strength to twist the key and pull open the door because the metal was that heavy and reinforced, but at least that was a sign that the cage was sturdy and safe to perform in.

The bouncer held his hand out to the dancer and he actually moved to take hold, stepping out of the cage on the incredibly high and thin heels.

Unsurprisingly, the cage dancer was coated in sweat after such a performance, but he made no move to wipe it free from his face or neck just yet. He just let the bouncer guide him across the floor, the presence of the much bigger man on his arm meaning that not a single patron attempted to approach him. But they certainly turned their heads to look at him, particularly his softly jiggling buttocks as he strutted in his glossy boots.

It took Yoongi a few seconds to realise that he should approach the dancer now whilst he had the chance, so he could talk to him about the fact he had taken his photographs and he had liked his performance a lot (as his still throbbing hard-on could testify). He moved to try and weave his way through the crowd on the dance floor, ignoring calls from other men and more interested touches to his arms, chest, and behind.

But before Yoongi could hope to collar the dancer and speak to him he slipped into what could only be a dressing-room. The bouncer that had been escorting him stopped on the door and stood outside with the other bouncer to wait for him, seemingly so he could escort him back through the club again when he was ready.

Yoongi came to a stop to stare at the closed door, wondering if he could possibly talk his way into the dressing-room or if he would get kicked out of the club so fast that he would get whiplash. After a moment of arguing with himself under his breath he decided to just go for it, steeling his nerves and heading straight towards the door.
“This ain’t the bathroom, cupcake!” the bouncer that had been waiting on the door said, moving to unfold one of his arms and cross it over the door to form a sort of barricade. The man was huge, looked to be a bodybuilder type that had bleached blond hair and icy blue eyes. “I’m sorry, but you need to turn your little ass around!”

“I, uh, I’m a photographer!” Yoongi explained, having to raise his voice to a shocking volume to be heard over the pounding music. “I took a couple of photographs of that dancer, the one that went in there just then! I need to talk to him ‘bout ‘em and make sure he consents to me using ‘em! Can I go in there and talk to him?! I mean, it’s kinda hard to talk out here with this fucking music, y’know?!”

The two bouncers looked between each other at this, seemingly having a silent conversation about what he had just said. It was difficult ascertaining if they believed him and were just trying to decide if they should let him go into the dressing-room or if they were trying to figure out if he was lying.

But Yoongi was telling the truth, he really did just want to talk to the other man because he had several photographs of him on his camera and he knew that he needed to get his consent to use them. He couldn’t afford to waste this opportunity that he had, especially because it would mean having to come back tomorrow night and attempt to collar him once more between trying to find photographs of other men. Therefore, it really was for the best that he try and get the dancer’s consent tonight rather than tomorrow, or the next day, or the next day…

“Alright, but don’t you try anything! If I hear anything going on in there that I don’t like the sound of I’ll beat your ass so bad you won’t be able to take dick for a year!”

With that the bouncer moved his arm away, allowing him to enter the dressing-room.

Yoongi let his breath out in a sigh of relief, taking hold of the door handle to drag it down and push the door inwards to step inside the other room. As he shut the door behind himself he was surprised to discover that the deafening volume of the music was greatly reduced in the dressing-room. He could hear his ears ringing and he instinctively reached up to give them a quick touch.

The dressing-room wasn’t as cramped and small as Yoongi had been expecting, as he had imagined it would have been little more than a cubicle that might be able to fit a couple of men inside with a single dressing table. But he saw that the room contained a great deal more than that.

First, there were several dressing tables with mirrors. The surfaces were covered with various cosmetic products, bottles of talc and lubricant, and the borders around the mirrors were surrounded by bright white lights that would fully illuminate whoever was sitting on the stool. Across the room away from the L-shaped placement of the dressing tables there was a metal locker that had several
lockable containers for the entertainers and servers to use. There were various hooks on the wall on which items of clothing and costumes were hanging, along with a dress rail that had a selection of boots, shoes, and harnesses currently placed on it. The walls were painted a delightful blush pink and the flooring was dark and glossy wood, the room not bland and boring with white walls that were stained with nicotine like what he had been imagining.

Overall, the dressing-room looked pleasant, with the scent of dusty and sweet talc, the tang of sweat, and the musky aroma of cologne and leather hanging heavy in the air.

The dancer was sitting on one of the stools in front of the dressing tables. He had already removed his thigh-high boots, the latex having folded over and pooled across the floor in a glossy puddle. His legs were now fully naked, his golden skin smooth and slick with sweat and his bare toes prodding at the metal foot rest as he dabbed sweat free from his body with a fluffy-looking towel.

There was a cigarette currently smouldering away on the edge of an ashtray, which had a light pink lipstick stain smeared around the tan filter. Smoke furled up from the burning end to waft into the air, being breathed in by him before it could possibly hope to float up to hit the ceiling. Placed close to the ashtray was the stack of cash that had come from all the tips he had collected over the night. There was no telling what a lot of the bills were but to Yoongi it still looked like a lot of cash - possibly enough to pay his monthly rent with a little left over from just a single night of entertaining the clientele.

“You know, I could see you the whole time… watching me,” the dancer suddenly said into the towel, his voice muffled from the thick cotton as he dabbed at the sweaty skin on his brow. “Just because it’s dark in the club doesn’t mean that I can’t see, and I saw you staring up at me with those lovely little eyes of yours.”

For some reason, this made Yoongi come over so very shy. He found that he had lost his ability to speak, dragging his gaze away from the dancer’s reflection in the mirror. He dropped his eyes downwards, following the valley of his spine to the dimples in his lower back and the full curve of his buttocks, which were pushed up from the firm stool seat that he was sitting on. Unsurprisingly, this made him feel that little more shy and nervous, and so he had little choice but to roll his eyes back up to look at his reflection again.

Oh, god… could the dancer tell that he had an erection? Was it that obvious? Was he tenting at the zipper again? Did his t-shirt cover the crotch of his jeans well enough to disguise it?

Yoongi wanted to reach down to check but that might just draw more attention towards the tent in the front of his jeans. This left him with no choice but to try and push all thoughts about the aching problem between his thighs away to focus on what was going on right now.
“What can I say? You’re captivating,” Yoongi said with a soft shrug, finally managing to find his voice. He was glad to hear that it was pretty even, despite the lump sitting in his throat that wouldn’t go away no matter how much he swallowed. “Ain’t that the whole point? You’re there to captivate everyone and make ‘em lust after you until they can’t take their eyes off you. Right?”

“Hmm, I’m here to hype up the clientele, to encourage them to have fun and play with them. But you’re right, I do have a wonderful habit of inciting lust,” the dancer said, giving him a wide smile as he pulled the towel away from his face. “Did you take a photograph of me? It was hard telling if it was the strobe lights or a camera flashing when I was in the cage…”

“Yeah, I took a few, but I tried to not get any with your face in the shot. It was mostly body shots or shots from behind when you were dancing. I didn’t wanna include your face. A lot of my models are scared of having their face in photographs, y’know, ‘cos they don’t wanna be outed and all that shit.”

“Oh, but my face is my best feature!” he exclaimed with a sudden laugh, letting go of the towel to leave it hanging around his neck. “Don’t you think my face is handsome? Or did my ass distract you that much you didn’t even notice I had a face?”

Yoongi snorted at this, turning away from the dancer and bringing his hand up to try and hide his rather flustered smile. It seemed like he had noticed him staring right at his behind just a moment ago. He had hardly been discreet, though it had been a complete accident.

“That’s actually why I wanted to talk to you. I wanted to check you were a’ight with me taking photos of you like that,” Yoongi explained, dropping his hand from his face and giving the front of his jeans a quick check. Luckily, his long t-shirt was covering the crotch, and when he touched it he felt the familiar discomfort of the zipper rubbing against his sensitive cock head.

“Hang on, let me just slip into some more comfortable… and less distracting.”

The dancer shifted to get up off the stool and reached down to grab hold of the waistband of his leather thong. Just like that he dragged it free, the material slipping down his thick thighs and getting caught around his knees for a moment before he stepped from foot to foot to get it to drop to his ankles. The act of moving made his full buttocks jiggle ever so slightly, a sign that they were firm just like the rest of his body and not at all soft.

Yoongi was so shocked by the fact he had just removed his thong without a care for decency before he realised that such a thing would be pretty pointless.
Why would the other man care about exposing himself to him when he had just been dancing in a suspended cage to entertain and sexually entice every man in the club? It was just nudity, after all. There was nothing at all sexual about him slipping out of his thong so he could change into different clothing in the privacy of a dressing-room. If anything, it was completely natural for him to be so comfortable with nudity considering his job.

But the fact that Yoongi had had a raging hard-on ever since he had snorted that party drug and he found the dancer so unbelievably attractive that he might just have leaked inside his jeans in excitement watching him dance… Well, that made it difficult to look at him whilst he was naked without feeling even more heat pooling into his loins.

After slipping out of the thong the dancer towelled at his naked lower body, patting away the layer of sweat that was all over his smooth legs. As soon as he was dry he moved to go over to the locker, fumbling at one of the dial locks to open the compartment and reach inside to retrieve some things.

Yoongi saw that he had retrieved some of his belongings, which consisted of his clothes and shoes: a white t-shirt, leather trousers, and a pair of thick-soled, patent leather Chelsea boots that were placed on top of the folded pile of clothing.

The dancer placed the pile down on the dressing table, and then he collected the leather trousers to slip into them first. They were tight-fitting and so he had to take his time pulling them up his legs, sitting on the edge of the stool as he did so. But as soon as he had them up to his thighs he jumped up and tugged the waistband over his hips, tucking himself to the side, dragging up the zipper and buttoning the trousers shut.

“OK,” the dancer said, shifting to sit back down on the stool again. He collected his cigarette and glanced back over his shoulder at him as he hovered the stick in front of his mouth. “So, you said something about taking photographs of me, hmm? You want my permission to use them for something? Or to sell them? Is that what you’re asking, baby?”

The dancer had revealed himself to have a soft and husky voice, his accent certainly from the city and seemingly from Harlem itself. It was so soft that Yoongi was taken aback for a moment because he hadn’t expected his voice to sound like that at all. But he liked it, he liked listening to his voice and he found himself desperately hoping to hear it more and more over the duration of the night.

When he took a drag off the end of his cigarette the dancer revealed his hands to him and Yoongi got his first real glance at them. He saw that his fingers were covered in many platinum rings. The rings were either thick or filigree cut bands, and there was a stunning ring with little cut stones that looked like diamonds and aquamarines placed on his thumb. The other man had nice hands: short but thick
in the fingers and somewhat wide. His nails were rounded and well-cared for so that they looked so glossy in the lights from the mirror, and they were just a little longer than the edges of his fingers in a way that contrasted against Yoongi’s blunt and raw nibbled nails and cuticles. But despite this fact his hands didn’t look feminine because they were far too strong-looking, with tendons and veins rippling the thin surface on the back of his hands.

“Yeah, I, uh, I wanted your consent,” Yoongi replied in a soft mumble, reaching up to take his camera in hand just to fiddle with it. “It’s a long story, you probably don’t give a shit, I-”

“No, I don’t mind,” the dancer spoke over him, lifting his hand to give his wrist a delicate wave as if to brush his words away. “I find you fascinating. I’ve never had a man take photographs of me like that, at least I don’t think so. You’re the first person to ask for my consent when I’m performing anyway. But I don’t think I’ve ever seen your face in this club before. I know it’s big and crowded and I can’t see every face every single night. But if I saw your face just once I know that I’d remember it. Is this your first time in The Paradiso Lounge, baby?”

Yoongi nodded at the question, rubbing his thumb against the various buttons and dials on the back of the camera. He spared a quick glance down to eye the glowing display screen before looking back up at the other man.

“Are you here because you’re into this scene or is it something professional?” the dancer asked, bringing his cigarette to his lips to take a deep drag.

“It’s professional. I’m a faggot, I ain’t some straight guy tryna make a quick buck on us ‘cos he can smell the appeal of the Dorothy Dollar. As for the scene, I, uh, I dunno. Maybe? I think so?”

Yoongi paused for a moment, realising he really hadn’t needed to share that particular fact with the other man. He could have just told him that he was here to take professional photographs and left it at that, but his nervous mouth had said a little too much and revealed that he might just have an interest in some of the things he had seen in the club tonight.

“I’m, uh, I’m looking for models for a client, models into fetish wear and shit like that.”

“Oh, you want a model? Is that why you were taking photographs of me? You think I’d make a good model for your client?” he asked, the corners of his lips turning up in a rather pleased smile. It made his eyes narrow, crinkling at the corners as he hovered his smouldering cigarette in front of his mouth.
“I can’t pay you for your time but I can make it worth it. Can I, uh, can I take you out some place to grab something to eat?” Yoongi asked, trying his very hardest to sound confident and smooth even when his heart was pounding in his chest from his overwhelming nerves. “Y’know, so we can… uh, talk some more? I ain’t really supposed to be back here, the bouncer’s gonna beat my ass if I don’t leave soon.”

“OK, sure thing,” he replied, taking another quick drag off the end of his cigarette and breathing it out of his nose in a hard huff. “My shift’s basically over for the night, so, I’m sure Van won’t mind me slipping out a little early…”

Yoongi didn’t know who Van was but assumed that they were the owner of this establishment or some kind of manager that might run it on behalf of someone else. Judging from the name they might just be a she too, supposing that ‘Van’ was short for ‘Vanessa’.

“What’s your name, huh?” Yoongi asked, shoving his hands into his jacket pockets and leaning back against the wall. “Real or stage name, I don’t mind. I just wanna be able to call you something more than ‘Gorgeous’.”

This attempt at a flirtatious compliment was enough to make Yoongi let out an embarrassed laugh, a loud one that practically echoed off the dressing-room walls. He wanted to reach up and cover his face with his hand because he was so embarrassed by what he had just done, but he just hadn’t been able to control the nervous urge to laugh.

Goddamn, pretty boys always made him act the fool…

But whether he had looked like a fool or not the dancer actually let out his own sweet laugh. It was either because he had amused him with his antics or because he was flustered by his words and might just have liked the compliment.

“Jimin, you can call me Jimin,” he replied, shifting to fully turn around on the stool and properly look at him. “What can I call you, baby?”

“Yoongi,” he said with a fleeting smile.

Jimin, wow, what a nice name. It made sense that he had such a nice name when the rest of him seemed so lovely. It was also a Korean name, Yoongi noted, which meant that Jimin was Korean-American - just like him.
“Hmm, do you like Vietnamese food, Yoongi?” Jimin asked, bringing his cigarette back up to his lips to take another drag off the end. “I’m really craving some bò kho right now…”

Yoongi hummed in agreement, all the while thinking about how he would be happy to eat a fistful of dirt if it meant that he could spend a little longer in Jimin’s company. It seemed like the other man just had so much knowledge about the scene that he would be able to tell him about, and truthfully… he just simply liked looking at him and listening to him speak.

“I know a good place close to here. Just give me a couple of minutes to get ready and then we can go; OK?”

Jimin moved to stub his cigarette out in the ashtray, steadily breathing a lungful of smoke out of his lips so he could inhale it once more through his nose and savour the final drag. He reached up and grabbed hold of the metal chain harness to drag it off over his head and place it down on the table. The chain harness gave a loud *clunk* against the cheap wood, showing just how heavy that the metal links were. Then he grabbed his folded t-shirt off the dressing table and dragged it on over his head. The white t-shirt was incredibly tight-fitting with a v-neck, clinging to his torso so that the leather harness was still visible through it; the material stretched over the buckles, hoops and studs. His nipple piercing was also visible, the little ring and ball catching Yoongi’s eye and making him briefly fantasise about what it would be like to touch it through his t-shirt, to maybe even lick at it - the thought making him gulp again.

Because his leather trousers had no pockets Jimin collected his packet of cigarettes to hold them against his left bicep. He folded the bottom of the sleeve up to create a little pocket to carry them in, and then he quickly rolled the right sleeve up to match and balance the look. Next came his boots, which he dropped onto the floor and bent forward to slip his feet into and tug at the elasticated sides.

A tiny and curled lock of his hair fell forward over his brow and so Jimin reached up to brush it back in place with the rest of his sweat-soaked hair as he sat back upright again. Then he retrieved his pile of tips, quickly thumbing through it to split it into two smaller bundles that he folded over and slipped inside the sides of his boots for safekeeping.

Ji-min collected his metal harness and the latex thigh-high boots to place them inside his personal locker, and then he pulled something unexpected out of it.

Yoongi saw that he had a motorbike helmet in hand, which meant that he must have driven such a vehicle to the club tonight. It was black, a glossy black that was just like everything else Jimin seemed to like wearing - matching well with his leather trousers and harness.
Jimin pushed the locker door shut, the lock letting out a loud clicking sound. He reached up to press his hand against the back of his neck, giving it a quick massage because his muscles were no doubt sore from dancing all night long. He moved over to the dressing table and leaned forward, quickly studying his reflection in the mirror and turning his face this way and that as if he was checking that he looked good, that his makeup was still neat and not smeared all over his face. He reached inside the bowl of the motorbike helmet to collect a pair of leather gloves and a keyring that had been stashed inside, tossing the keyring into the air to catch it in his palm; the weighty key fob and keys jangling from the impact.

Just like that, Jimin moved to cross the dressing-room to get to the door. He pulled it open, glancing back over his shoulder and cocking his head to tell him to follow after him.

Yoongi shifted to stop leaning against the wall, pulling one of his hands out of his jacket pocket to reach up and give his nose a quick rub with his thumb. He sniffed hard, having fully come down from his high and yet still feeling some of the effects lingering behind; like his loose muscles, his persistent erection, and a faint lightheadedness that had now replaced the exciting rush of heat. He moved to follow after Jimin, who held the door open for them both just like a true gentleman would.

Stepping out of the dressing-room Yoongi’s ears were once more assaulted by the loud music that was pulsating through the air. He winced and brought his shoulders up in response, muttering a curse under his breath that he doubted anyone but himself even heard.

“Raphael, I’m gonna head out now, OK?!?” Jimin said, raising his voice to be heard over the pounding music. He was talking to the bouncer that had escorted him around the club, the one with the ponytail. “I know that it’s a little early but I’m sure Van won’t mind! My boys have bought enough drinks tonight to come and see me, so, that should make her more than happy! Hmm?!”

The sensation of something brushing against his arm caught Yoongi by surprise, which was exactly when Jimin wrapped his fingers around his arm just above his elbow. He was shocked by the physical contact for a few seconds, and then he felt him tugging him away from the dressing-room and in the direction of the dance floor.

Jimin had to guide him around the mass of bodies so they could leave the club, sticking to the side of the floor between the dance floor and the sofas for the sake of ease. Not only did this mean they didn’t have to push their way through, it meant that no one would attempt to approach either one of them in the hopes of striking up a conversation or maybe give them a playful fondle.

Yoongi saw that the cage Jimin had been dancing in was now empty, but the other entertainers were still performing in their own cages; both on the floor and suspended from the ceiling. He had to
squint because of the flickering strobe lights, looking from cage to cage before glancing at the back of Jimin’s head. He saw the way that the red light threaded through his dark hair, washing over his skin and white t-shirt so that he looked like he had been bathed in blood. Then he lowered his gaze down to look at his hand, which was tightly gripped around his elbow.

Upon exiting the club Jimin escorted him down the street so they could round the corner and go back down along Lenox Avenue. Yoongi saw that they were heading towards West 124th Street, which was still packed full with gay folk that were hanging out on the sidewalks outside the various bars, clubs, and restaurants. But Jimin wasn’t taking him to a fast-food joint or restaurant, rather he pulled him into a small parking lot that was built between two tall buildings.

There was just a single motorbike parked in the lot right now, along with a couple of rather worn-down and old-looking car models.

The Yamaha XV535 Virago was a hell of a motorbike. It had a great amount of chrome on display, particularly the exposed V-twin engine and the master cylinders. It had a quarter fairing that covered the front behind the handlebars, the sides, and the lower section, but still left some of the body uncovered to expose more chrome. Said fairing was painted a glossy black that matched so well with the chrome, along with the black leather seat. The grips were made from black rubber, and the small rear-view mirrors caught the nearby streetlights to reflect their yellowish glow back at their eyes.

It was really no surprise that Jimin owned a black motorbike. Yoongi had only known him for mere minutes but he could already see that the vehicle suited him well, and it was a beaut of a motorbike too.

Yoongi let out a sharp whistle that made Jimin laugh and then he turned his head to look at him. Standing side by side he noticed that they were almost the same height, the other man just an inch or so taller than him.

“I’m not gonna crash but I’d feel a lot safer with you wearing this instead of me, baby,” Jimin said, holding the helmet out to him in offering.

Yoongi accepted the helmet from him and he turned it around in his hands, eyeing it with a great deal of curiosity because he had never worn a safety helmet before. It wasn’t his first time on a motorbike, he had been on them many times before back when he had kind of been seeing a punk guy, until said punk’s heroin addiction had fucked it all up and left Yoongi with no choice but to end it. He hardly missed him, he had been a bit of an asshole that had been far too easily triggered into fits of frightening aggression and more than happy to live in a hovel because… fuck capitalism. However, despite having ridden on his motorbike neither of them had ever worn a helmet - state safety laws get fucked.
“Here.”

Jimin moved to take the helmet from him, having noticed that he was a little confused as to how he was supposed to pull it on and fasten it. He fiddled with the strange chin strap to loosen it before pulling it down over his head for him.

Yoongi felt the padding brushing against his hair and shaven scalp, breathing in the scent of faded tobacco and cologne that was still lingering in the leather from when Jimin had worn it earlier. The other man started fiddling with the D-ring chin strap, tugging the strap from one side to the other to slip it through and form a slipknot before pulling it back to fasten it in place.

“Cute,” Jimin said with a smile, giving the chin area of the helmet a joking stroke.

Yoongi was sealed inside the thick walls of the leather padding and sturdy plastic with the visor pulled down, meaning that his voice was slightly muffled as a result. He couldn’t feel his touch through the layers of the material but he still felt the need to bring his shoulders up as if he had made contact with his skin.

Jimin moved to pull on the pair of thick and quilted leather gloves and then he shifted to sling his leg over the side of the motorbike to sit down on the seat. He fiddled with the gloves, clenching and unclenching his fingers to stretch the taut leather before slipping the keys into the ignition.

Yoongi moved to join him on the bike seat, slowly lowering himself down onto it and moving his feet around until he managed to locate the passenger foot-pegs that he could place his feet on. He had to keep his legs pulled up pretty high to do so, his knees almost in line with Jimin’s lower ribs. He had two choices for holding on during the bike ride: snagging hold of the back edge of the seat with his hands or wrapping his arms around the other man’s waist.

After a moment of hesitation Yoongi settled on slipping his arms around his waist because it seemed much more secure. It was rather childish to think that Jimin would be uncomfortable with the close physical contact, considering the fact it was the correct way to ride as a passenger. He was just nervous at the thought of being able to touch his body like this, even if only just for a brief shared motorbike ride.

Jimin engaged the clutch and hit the starter button, the engine coming to life with a gentle rumbling sound. He gave the throttle a soft twist, shifting to press his foot down on the gear shifter before he gave the throttle another twist. As he let off on the clutch the motorcycle started rolling forward at a
slow speed, which sped up as he increased the throttle and released the clutch that little bit more. As soon as he had steered the motorbike out of the parking lot and onto the main road he was able to pick up speed, shifting between several gears before finding the ideal one.

On account of the fact the neighbourhood they were in was packed full of commercial establishments Jimin only had to drive along several streets to reach his destination of choice. But because the roads were so packed with traffic it meant they moved so incredibly slow, dragging the journey out that little bit longer.

Through the visor of the helmet Yoongi could see the neon signs and streetlights blurring into a mess of colours and vague shapes on the outer edges of his periphery. His focus was mainly on the road in front of them, his chin placed on Jimin’s shoulder because it was the most comfortable position whilst riding on the back of the motorbike. His bulky camera was trapped between their two bodies and it stopped him from pressing his chest against his back to get closer to him.

After roughly five minutes of travel Jimin had to do a U-turn to get into the opposite lane, pulling up against the curb outside the restaurant so the vehicle was facing oncoming traffic. He slowly rolled off the throttle first, pulling in the clutch as he applied some pressure into the front and rear brakes and slowed the vehicle down to a stop. He put his left foot down fully whilst he shifted gears with his right foot, and then he reached down to take hold of the keys and gave them a hard twist to fully kill the engine.

Yoongi shifted to climb off the motorbike first, stepping from foot to foot as he craned his head back to look up at the glowing sign set above the front door of the restaurant. ‘Phuong Pho & Noodle Bar’, the neon sign declared in red and green letters. The windows were filled with posters and menus, cheaply made but by no means a sign of the quality of the food inside. After all, Jimin had said that it was a good place to get some food and he trusted his tastes.

Jimin slipped the keys out of the ignition, climbing off the motorbike and balancing it on the kickstand. Then he helped him out of the helmet again, getting it in hand to carry it into the restaurant. He pushed the door open and held it for him, and so Yoongi moved to follow him inside.

The interior of the restaurant was rather dark, with deep brown wooden tables, flooring and counters placed here and there around the space, and dim ceiling lights and candles that created a soothing and private vibe. Potted plants helped keep the air light and fresh, and various traditional art prints were hanging on the walls that added a nice hint of colour. There was soft music playing inside the restaurant, the sound of low conversation coming from the patrons inside drowning it out and mixing with the various sounds of hissing woks coming from the kitchen.

Lastly, the air was filled with the scent of meat, herbs, and freshly baked dough, which made Yoongi’s empty stomach rumble under his ribs. He hadn’t eaten all day long, had had nothing but
cigarettes and black coffee to appease his hollow belly, and so being surrounded by so much fragrant food was almost like torture.

“Xin chào,” Jimin said to the middle-aged woman that was standing behind the counter, seemingly a greeting from what Yoongi could tell.

The lady returned it with a smile and a nod, which made Jimin give her a warm smile as he guided them across the aisle to get to an empty table in the corner of the restaurant.

The table was square-shaped with benches that were affixed to the wall beside it. The benches had deep red padded seat cushions that matched the glossy and laminated menu that was placed in a holder in the centre of the table. Along with the menu holder, there was a glass cup that contained a fat and flickering red candle, several kinds of condiments, and salt and pepper shakers.

When Yoongi sat down on the bench he was shocked to find that he still couldn’t feel the cushion underneath him. There was a sense of there being a solid object, he just couldn’t feel it despite the fact it had been some time since he had sniffed the party drugs at the leather bar.

“My ass… my ass right now is just…”

Yoongi couldn’t quite find the right words to say to finish this train of thought. All that he could do was wriggle on the padded bench to try and find a comfortable position, which was difficult considering that his buttocks were so numb. After a moment of restlessness he settled on bringing his legs up to place his feet down on the cushion, his knees cocked in front of him and his back against the wall. That helped lessen the strange numb sensation, even if his seating position wasn’t exactly suitable for a public restaurant.

“Yoongi, did you take something back there, at the club?” Jimin asked in a quiet voice, settling down on the opposite bench and spreading his own legs wide to get comfortable. He didn’t slouch on the padded seat, rather he kept his back perfectly straight in a sign of great posture. The bike helmet was placed on the seat beside him to keep the table clear of clutter, the keys and riding gloves tossed inside it as if it was some kind of display bowl.

“Yeah, I, uh, I sniffed something. I dunno what it was but I sniffed it and it made my head and heart grow so big, and I got a killer hard-on, and my ass feels like it’s wide open and-”

“Baby, don’t be taking shit that someone offers you in the club; OK?” Jimin spoke over him, cutting
him off mid-rant about his expanded sphincter and loose intestines. “That’s dangerous. You’re lucky it was just poppers. There’s guys in nightclubs all over the city trying to push hard drugs onto kids. The fucking crack wars are still raging here in Harlem, and heroin never goes away for too long.”

“I know all ‘bout crack wars, you don’t gotta tell me ‘bout anything like that,” Yoongi replied, picking at a loose thread on the knees of his ripped-up jeans. “I grew up in The Bronx, South Bronx, if you can’t tell by the accent. Poorest goddamn shithole in the whole city, and it’s still flooded with drugs and poverty like it has been for the past three decades. Let’s just say you get used to not eating if you grew up there.”

“It looks like you don’t do much eating,” Jimin remarked, dropping his gaze down to look at his legs before lifting his gaze back up to his face. “No offence meant, your legs are just ridiculously skinny. They make me wanna cry!”

Yoongi knew that this was a joke but, oh boy, did it cut close to the bone. It might just be that he didn’t have a large appetite to begin with, but it was hard developing a taste for food when he had grown up on little more than a single meal a day and he barely consumed that much, if anything these days.

“Hard to eat when you gotta pay the bills, Jimin.”

“Yeah, well, I grew up in Harlem, so I know something about seeing poverty. It mightn’t be as extreme as it is over in South Bronx, but it’s really something. Sure, a lot of it is just paranoid white people living around the area telling others that it’s a scary place. But I’m not talking about crime and gang shit. I’m just talking about poor folk in general, those struggling to pay the bills and rent every month.”

“All forms of poverty are extreme, are violent,” Yoongi remarked, letting go of the loose thread to bring his hand up to his lips and give his thumb nail a quick nibble. “Poverty’s a cancer that no one wants to cure, and it spreads like fucking wildfire. It don’t make you stronger, it don’t make you grow up humble and all that shit middle-class and rich people say to make ‘emselves feel better. It makes you grow up feeling empty inside… hollow, like something’s been taken outta your body and you just dunno what. Poverty’s the true human evil ‘cos there’s no reason for that shit to exist. It’s a war on innocent people and the fighting never stops, it just gets moved into Section 8 housing and left to rot…”

“Did you grow up in Section 8 housing, baby?” Jimin asked in a knowing voice, retrieving his packet of cigarettes from his shirt sleeve so he could thumb it open.
“Don’t y’know it,” Yoongi muttered, feeling a twinge of shame for admitting such a thing to the other man.

But Jimin’s face showed no pity, no pretend sympathy for him and his poor upbringing. If anything he seemed unbothered by it, almost as if he had expected as much or he had experienced the same thing too. He got a cigarette between his fingers and thumb and brought it up to his lips, and then he held the packet out to him in offering.

Yoongi pulled a cigarette free, tapping the tip against the tabletop in an impatient manner. He wasn’t sure whether to smoke it now whilst they waited for their orders to be prepared or if he should wait until after to savour it then.

Jimin collected the glass cup from the middle of the table to use the flickering candle flame to set his own stick alight, taking a couple of quick pulls on it before placing the cup down again. He had only just smoked a cigarette but it had looked to be just a couple of pulls for the sake of sating his craving, rather fully scratching the itch. Or maybe Jimin just had a bad habit for smoking cigarette after cigarette just like him, though that was mostly down to Yoongi’s anxious and restless nature. He found himself wondering what might just make Jimin smoke so heavily when he caught sight of sudden movement out of the corner of his eye.

The middle-aged woman that had been waiting behind the counter was moving right towards them to presumably take their order, a notepad and pencil in her hands. She was incredibly short and plump in a way that hinted she might have some children, all of her weight settled around her bosom and hips. She was wearing a black blouse and loose trousers with heeled pumps, her black hair cut in a severe bob around her round face.

“Are you ready to order?” she asked, her accent still rather strong but not at all in a way that made it difficult to understand her.

“Can I have the bò kho with a side of French bread, and a light beer?” Jimin ordered, not even checking the menu because he clearly had his order memorised. “What about you, Yoongi?”

“I’ll take the same,” Yoongi said, glancing up at the lady to see her rapidly jotting something down on the notepad page. “Except a glass of wine, red.”

“I’ll bring your food as soon as it’s ready,” she said with a warm smile, looking up over the top of the notepad at them. “I hope you will enjoy it.”
“Thank you, Kieu,” Jimin said, giving her a sweet smile and watching her walk away before turning his focus back to him. “You know, baby, you said something earlier about how you’ve never been to The Paradiso Lounge before. You didn’t seem surprised by what you saw for a first timer. A lot of queens that go to leather bars for the first time, they end up having to leave because they find it too… much, too strong to take in all at once. But you seemed to be handling it really well. What’s your secret, hmm?”

Yoongi thought this over for a moment before moving to grab the cup from the centre of the table. Fuck savouring the cigarette, he was going to need it to keep him calm enough to talk to Jimin right now. He shoved the stick between his lips and got the end smouldering, watching the candle flame dancing when he breathed the first weak drag out of his nose in a hard huff.

“I ain’t been to the club before but that don’t mean I’m new to this, Jimin,” he replied, placing the cup down on the table and slouching back against the wall. “I’ve seen some crazy shit during my time documenting the gay community here in New York City. You probably wouldn’t believe the kinda shit I’ve seen.”

“Oh, you document the community?” Jimin asked in an interested tone, retrieving an ashtray from the edge of the table to place it down in the middle for them to share. “Does that mean you travel around the city a lot? Snapping photographs of gay establishments and safe spaces? Going to the HIV and AIDS protests, and all the other marches and protests? Is that what you document?”

“I’ve been ‘round,” Yoongi said with a lazy nod, finding it far easier to study the glowing cherry of his cigarette than to hold the other man’s gaze. “I’ve been right to the heart of the community, y’know, the protests, the condom and needle drives, the fundraisers - the social aspect that keeps us going in this toxic society. But I’ve been to the fringes too like, uh, the radicals, the militants. The radical feminist lesbians, the pinko faggots; the kinda gays that exist in our community that the gatekeepers don’t talk ‘bout ‘cos they’re a threat to the heteronormative society far too many think we should accept a part in, rather than refuse to conform to.”

“What’s it like at the fringes?” Jimin asked in that same interested tone, hovering his cigarette in front of his full lips but making no move to take a drag off the end. He was positively arrested, unable to look away from him even when Yoongi was barely glancing at him.

“Fascinating. There’s, uh, there’s a soul there; y’know? There’s some magic there that you can’t describe, you can just ‘bout touch it. Like-”

Yoongi shifted on the seat, finally plucking up the courage to look up at Jimin. He could see the candlelight reflecting off his dark eyes in a way that was almost hypnotic, that made it impossible to look away again.
“The feminists run shelters for abused women with nowhere else to go. Right? The volunteers there help care for children, they file police reports and handle all that shit for ‘em. They even have a pair of pro bono lawyers. But the shelters are defaced often, sometimes even attacked. I got this photograph back from ‘93 from over in Greenwich Village of the head volunteer in one of the shelters, this big, fuck-off bull-dyke that looks like she could snap my back over her goddamn knee, and she’s standing right next to a bullet hole in the wall beside the front door where some guy had shot at the place during the night.”

Jimin didn’t say anything in reply to this, he just stared at him - unblinking and almost unbreathing.

It was just then that Yoongi realised he hadn’t had another man listen to what he had to say like this in what felt like forever. He had gotten so used to being the lingering shadow with the camera at the protests, the drives and the marches, the clubs and the meetings, that he hadn’t really noticed the fact he didn’t talk like this that often. It seemed his mouth had been reserved for spouting the same spiel about being a photographer and requesting consent from his intended subjects that he had forgotten what it was like to just talk like this.

And it felt good, it felt really good.

Yoongi stuck his tongue out to wet his lips before adding, “I’ve seen the hate up close, Jimin, and I don’t mean just ‘cos I’ve suffered from it personally. I’ve seen what happens when queers get brave and stick their necks out too far, thinking that we’re doing better, that we’re becoming ‘equal’. What happens is some fucking hetero with a knife slits it. Or they use a gun. Or even a bomb, like what happened at Uncle Charlie’s. It’s why I like being on the fringes more. I feel like those gays are the only ones that know the truth ‘bout where we still stand in society.”

“It’s heavy though, baby. It’s heavy shit and not a lot us can stand the extra weight. We’re carrying enough baggage as is,” Jimin pointed out, knocking ash off the end of his cigarette with a hard tap of his finger. “Some of us like to try and be happy even when the community’s falling apart right in front of us.”

Yoongi made a soft noise at this as he brought his own cigarette up to his lips, not exactly an agreement but close enough. He might struggle focusing on happiness when he would never forget the things that he had seen over the last couple of years, but he could understand the sentiment. After all, it was human nature to seek comfort and happiness, and so why should they be any different?

“You grew up in Harlem, so you’ve been in New York City your whole life. How long have you been into the gay scene here, Jimin? Since you found out you liked cock? Or was it before then, a curiosity thing that made you seek out the queerness before you discovered you were gay?”
“When I was younger I used to like going to watch the ball. You know the ball, right? The ballroom here in Harlem?” Jimin asked, to which Yoongi nodded in agreement. He cupped his cheeks in his hands, something coming across his face that looked like a fondly nostalgic smile. “I liked going to dance out on the pier so I could take part in vogue-offs, more than walking the categories.”

“What categories did you walk in, huh?” Yoongi asked, raising his eyebrows at him to give him a curious look. “Lemme guess… you were a ‘Body Queen’ or something like that? You should flaunt that body wherever and whenever you can…”

“Obviously I walked in the ‘Sex Siren’ categories - ‘CatBoy’ because I like blending the masculine with the feminine… and I just wasn’t muscular enough for the ‘Senior’ categories. I did ‘Vogue Femme’ too, and some fashion categories - ‘Bizarre’ and ‘Fetish’. But I just didn’t have the dedication to keep up, I guess?” he replied, pouting his lips out for a few seconds as he thought it all over. “Have you ever walked in the ball before, Yoongi?”

“Do I look like the kinda gay you’d see at the balls, Jimin?” Yoongi retorted, almost taking offence at such a question. “That shit ain’t for me.”

“Why not? Why don’t you like it? Is it too camp? What about the Freedom Day Parade? Do you like that?”

“The Freedom Day Parade? Pft, you mean a bunch of the sissiest faggots imaginable wearing stupid costumes dancing on floats to amuse the straights? Shit, if it was the way it used to be, with the resistance and the fighting, the protests and the queerness. Now it feels more like we reached a level of tolerance with ‘em and they allow us to do these things, and we obey like trained bitches ‘cos just the fact we’re allowed to exist out in the open now is good enough. Gimme a protest placard and lemme climb a billboard and tell the straights to fuck ‘emselves instead. That’s the shit I like, Jimin.”

This made Jimin burst out laughing, but not in a way that was mocking him. It seemed like he was simply amused by his bluntness, which Yoongi had a bad habit of being unable to control. It sometimes sounded aggressive, but he was so far from aggressive that it was unreal. He could just about raise his voice to a shout, never mind get angry enough to get physical. His intense passion was the problem because he too passionate for some that much preferred gay folk like him be meek and thankful.

“Are you a punk, Yoongi? Are you into that queercore shit? You present yourself like you are,” Jimin remarked with a grin, slowly running his eyes down his outfit before lifting his gaze back up to his face. “Not going to the ball, hating the Freedom Day Parade because it’s too happy… Are you one of those angry gay punks that the straights are terrified of? I think I can see a Queer Nation patch
“Me? Pft, I wish I’d the integrity to be fully into that scene. I like having money a little too much to abandon the heart of consumerism, but I can get down with the ethos, y’know?” Yoongi said with his own laugh, reaching up to give his ear a quick tug and scratch.

“What’s the ethos, baby?”

“Fuck the broken system and fuck those uppity faggots who dictate ‘acceptable’ forms of queerness to make the straights like us and force us to fit into their fucked-up heterosexual world. Fuck the segregation of men and women in gay spaces and the exclusion of transsexuals from all forms of life - fuck all of it. I can get behind that.”

“We’re here! We’re queer! Get used to it!” Jimin declared with a cheer, perhaps a little too loudly considering the fact they were in a public restaurant.

“I’m more of a ‘dykes and fags bash back’ guy myself,” Yoongi remarked, which made Jimin giggle again as he dabbed more ash off the end of his cigarette. “Shit, even the community’s filled with that toxic mess these days, Jimin. Even faggots have a hierarchy system. If you ain’t a white butch queen from the suburbs, who the fuck cares bout you? Half the time, I feel straight folk are more welcome in the community than some of us. Y’know?”

“Of course they are! Didn’t you get the memo from a couple of years back, baby? We’re just like them now and that means they’re welcome in our community with open arms! We’re not allowed in their public spaces, mind you, but they’re free to invade our spaces. They say shit like we’re ‘born this way’, and we ‘can’t help it’. It’s ‘not our fault’ anymore. ‘God made us this way and God love all of us, even the homosexuals’!”

Yoongi couldn’t help but laugh at Jimin’s theatrical antics, finding the way that he threw his hand around and rolled his eyes so very amusing. Smoke wafted from the smouldering cherry of his cigarette with each wave of his wrist, floating around his head in a wispy cloud.

“They’ve gone from hating us to feeling oddly sympathetic so fast, Yoongi. It’s strange…”

“Fuck their approval and their goddamn sympathy. I don’t want it. I don’t wanna be like the straights, Jimin. No matter what they say, no matter what the pussies that try and seek their validation to fit into their world say. They raped, tortured, and murdered us for hundreds of years to try and
“Wow, I thought you weren’t into that scene, baby?” Jimin asked with a surprised look, which made Yoongi snort laughter behind his fingers as he took another drag off the end of his cigarette. “Don’t get me wrong, it sounds great. It sounds like it would be amazing to break away from those shackles and be so free. But it also sounds like a pipe dream to me. We’re bound by the confines of society whether or not we want to be, simply because there’s no true alternative available to us.”

“Mmm, dream of the life you wanna live, not the one you gotta,” Yoongi agreed in a soft voice, holding smoke in his lungs for several seconds before breathing it out his nose in a sigh. “That all sounded angry, right? Sounded bitter and stupid?”

“It sounded honest,” Jimin said with a soft head shake, moving to stub the remains of his cigarette out into the ashtray. He held the final drag in his lungs for a moment before letting it lazily waft out of his slack lips, breathing most of it in again on the next inhale in that funny little habit of his. “But it sounds like you need to step back from the anger and the hate every once and awhile and focus on yourself too, baby. You don’t belong with the mainstream queens but you’re not militant enough to join the radicals, so, you’re just floating in the space between - untethered. Doesn’t it ever get lonely not being able to fit in, even if just for a single night every now and again?”

“I don’t like focusing on myself. I’m afraid of what I’ll see, Jimin…”

Yoongi hadn’t realised just how long they had been talking for because he was shocked to see the lady that had taken their order was making her way over to their table with a tray in hand. He saw that there were two large bowls placed on the tray, along with a deep wine glass, and a pint glass and bottle of beer that was beaded with condensation.

“Here you are,” the lady said, setting their table with rolled-up napkins filled with cutlery first before quickly moving onto the glasses and bowls.

Jimin picked up the bottle to fill the pint glass up, the light beer golden in colour with little foam on top. It was no doubt a very weak beer in terms of alcoholic content, but it was likely for the best that Jimin avoid neat whisky and red wine because he had to ride his motorbike back home.

“Please enjoy your meal,” she said, placing the empty tray against her stomach as she stooped to give them a slight bow.
“Thank you,” they both said in unison, which made Jimin let out a sweet giggle as he placed the almost empty beer bottle down beside the pint glass.

Yoongi thought that he had a wonderful laugh, one that he knew he could get more than used to hearing over and over. There was a musical note to it, a lightness that made his lips curl up at the corners just listening to it.

The bò kho was a thick stew packed with egg noodles, beef brisket, and braised carrots and onions all floating in a deep red broth with sprigs of cilantro tossed on top. The scent of various spices wafted from the broth that pleased Yoongi’s nose, for he could detect chilli, garlic, lemongrass and rich tomato. The side dish was a short loaf of golden French bread that had been cut into slices and was the perfect accompaniment for dipping into the broth; unbuttered and fragrant because it had been freshly baked.

Yoongi picked up his wine glass first, holding it by the rim in the same hand that he was nursing the remains of his cigarette. He sniffed at the contents just for the sake of it, even when the only thing he knew about wine was that he liked drinking it. There was a smoky aroma coming from the surface that blended well with the smoke coming from his cigarette. The notes tasted like black cherries with a hint of chocolate, sweet but still smoky on his tongue in a way that he liked.

A quick glance up at Jimin showed that he was already eagerly tucking into his serving of the stew, a pair of long wooden chopsticks gripped between his fingers that he was using to stir at the mixture before he snagged hold of a mound of steaming hot noodles. He noticed that he was looking at him after a few seconds and so he gave him a quick smile around the bite, which he returned as he placed the wine glass back down on the table.

For the duration of their meal Yoongi thought it would be for the best that he not talk. It seemed like it was a smart idea to keep his passionate words to himself as to not disturb the moment that they were sharing together. Not only that, he was so ravenous that he didn’t want to end up choking on a packed mouthful of food in the middle of a discussion about erotic photography, his sorry state of living or some social and political waxing about the unfairness of a capitalist and heterosexual-serving society that hated men and women like them.

Yoongi was so hungry that just a single bite of the spicy stew was enough to make his mouth flood with saliva and his stomach rumble under his ribs. The serving of bò kho might just be large but he had a feeling that he was going to devour it all, the side dish of bread included. After all, he didn’t know when the next time he would end up eating a proper meal like this would happen over the next couple of days, between being too busy and distracted to eat and not wanting to spend any more of his meagre cash.

There was little more than shreds of carrot and onion floating in a hint of broth in Yoongi’s bowl,
along with a scattering of breadcrumbs left behind on the plate, when Jimin decided to break the momentary silence between them.

“Wow, we got so distracted that I actually forgot to ask if you liked doing what you do,” he said, dipping a final chunk of bread into the bowl to start mopping up the broth. “Is it fun… no, wait, fun’s not the right word for that, I mean—”

Yoongi started chuckling at this from over the top of his wine glass, just a splash left in the bottom that he was most certainly going to finish.

“-I mean, is documenting our struggling community and the evils of heterosexual society something that makes you happy?” Jimin continued with a mischievous grin, which somehow made Yoongi want to both reach over the table to slap at his arm and kiss him at the exact same time - both urges so sudden and unexpected that he was left reeling for a few seconds. “Is it the work you enjoy doing? Or the knowledge that you’re documenting real social history that so few people care about?”

“It’s all of it. It’s great. I enjoy doing this work, I love doing it, but it ain’t exactly the easiest way to live; y’know? These days… it ain’t going so good for me.”

“Why not?” Jimin asked, comfortably cupping his cheek in his hand. “Why isn’t it going so good, baby?”

Though Jimin gave him a forced pout it was obvious that he wasn’t feigning the hint of sympathy in his voice. The emotion was real, it just seemed that he had the occasional flair for theatrics.

“Well, there ain’t exactly a lot of demand for photographs of a bunch of faggots grinding on each other in a club; y’know?” Yoongi replied with a hard shrug, knocking the glass back hard to swallow the last of the wine in a deep gulp.

“Oh, that’s because you’re in the wrong market, Yoongi! You should focus on doing nudes instead, classy nudes! I’m sure there’s hundreds of old queens in this city that would snatch up nude photographs of pretty boys in a heartbeat!”

“Nudes, huh? You volunteering or something?” Yoongi retorted, dropping his gaze to stare at Jimin’s muscular chest.
“Oh, baby, you need to pay me for that!” Jimin exclaimed with another giggle. “When’s the last time that you got work, hmm?”

“A couple of days ago, I got a new client. But before that it was earlier this month. I, uh, I got a couple of shots in Next Magazine. Y’know Next Magazine, right?”

“Yes, I know the magazine - they have it in the club,” Jimin replied, and there was something in his voice that showed he was very interested in this. “How much did you get for selling the shots, hmm?”

“…Nothing, I got paid nothing for ‘em,” Yoongi mumbled, dropping his gaze to stare down into the empty bowl on the table. “It’s a free magazine, a community job. I did it to try and raise my visibility, so I’d something to brag ‘bout to my clients. But I dunno if it’s gonna actually help me.”

“OK, well, what was the article that they used your photographs for?” Jimin asked, flawlessly switching the tone of the conversation away from negativity.

“Uh, I’ve had a few photographs published in the magazine since they started. My personal favourite publication was from, uh, ‘93, and it was an old photograph from the ACT UP Women’s Caucus protest against the CDC and the gross inequality that women with AIDS faced in medical care. They ran ‘em with an article ‘bout the newly revised federal criteria for HIV status to include multiple female symptoms, which meant women could finally get Social Security benefits for AIDS. It was a big black and white photograph of the women that helped changed the law and save lives splashed over the headline: ‘Clinton finally got his ACT UP’.”

“Really? That’s amazing, baby! Your photograph was used for such an important article!”

“Yeah, this month it was just the usual photographs of couples to go with the slew of news updates ‘bout HIV. Tasteful, semi-nudes. Y’know, naked chests or their lower bodies still clad in boxers and briefs. Maybe one of ‘em fully dressed and affectionately holding hands or embracing. No heads though, Next Magazine has a strict policy of no heads unless it’s an out celebrity they can plaster all over the pages.”

“Do you have copies of the issues that you get printed in?”

Yoongi hummed at the question, wondering where exactly he was going with this.
“You should keep hold of the copies. I’m sure that it’ll help you out in the future, even if it doesn’t seem like it will right now,” Jimin continued, glancing back down at the bowl in front of him. He had been dipping the chunk of bread in it for quite some time, having gotten distracted talking with him, and it was now completely soaked and tinged red from the broth. “So, tell me about this new client. I take it he’s the reason why you were at the club tonight and snapping shots of me; right?”

“My client… he’s an old queen. He probably spent the best part of his young adult years hiding in a closet with a string of failed marriages and divorces. Definitely not the type to go out and party with the youngsters now, but more than happy to wank off to ‘em having fun.”

“Oh, so, he wants voyeuristic shots?” Jimin asked, giving the bread a final dunk in the broth. He let out that sweet laugh of his as he brought the sopping chunk up to his lips. “Wow, those old queens sure are nasty!”

“Not just sex, he wants more fetish-oriented shots. The poor guy probably never got to experiment with shit like that when he was younger, so, now he’s desperate to experience it in some way. Maybe not, he might just find it all artistic or something. I dunno, I’m just assuming.”

“Well, voyeurism, fetish wear - you can get all of that in The Paradiso Lounge, which I’m sure you figured out tonight. There’s probably a ton of guys that’ll agree to having pornographic photographs taken, but you’ve got to ask for permission first, of course.”

“I only ever take consensual shots, even if I ain’t including faces. I like to respect anonymity whenever I can,” Yoongi explained, knowing that he had already told Jimin about some of this but expanding on the subject just for the sake of it. “I was attempting to get some photographs tonight but, uh, I was a little too nervous to approach any of the guys and talk to ‘em. So, I just focused on you instead. That’s kinda funny, huh?”

“Oh, I’m not surprised that you were a little nervous in the club, baby. Like I said, the atmosphere’s very strong, it’s intense,” Jimin said around the bite of bread, a slight dribble of broth catching in the corner of his lips. “If you come back again tomorrow night I might be able to help you out. I’ll be on the floor, I’ll be servicing my boys, so, I can help you find guys; if you want?”


“Why do I work there?” Jimin asked, pausing in the act of retrieving his napkin to wipe at his mouth. “Well, the pay’s good, for one. I get paid far better to entertain in The Paradiso Lounge than anywhere else in this neighbourhood. Believe me, I’ve been in and out of the clubs here for the best
part of five years, and it’s easily the best one around. I get paid a decent wage and tips too. Hell, I’m Van’s favourite boy because I’ve got a following that come to see me whenever they can and they buy plenty of drinks every single time that they do. I’m important for business and knowing that I’m a valuable asset that helps keep the place going, it just feels great. Of course, that doesn’t make it easy to pay the rent. But I get by every month and for that I’m thankful. Sometimes, I’ve got enough paper left over to buy myself a treat or three, and I like it that way, Yoongi."

“You’ve been working the underground club scene for five years? That’s a long time, Jimin. How come?”

“Well, why do you think? It’s the best work available for me. It was the only work an 18 year-old high school dropout queen with no skills could get back then that wasn’t selling drugs or selling his ass, and here I am.”

Jimin paused for a moment at this to dab at his lips with the napkin, but it seemed like he was doing so to give himself enough time to find the right words for what he wanted to say next. He avoided his eyes as he did so, in a way that he had never done so before because he always held his gaze when they were talking.

“Yoongi, I’m a go-go boy and professional dom. I’m not a Stripper, I’m not a rent-boy or a whatever the fuck someone that entertains men in a glass box in an adult store peep show can professionally call themselves. I have fun. I’m not in danger and I’m not at risk - what more could I ask for? I mean, I literally have Raphael guarding my cage and escorting me around the club every single night so no one can touch me if I don’t want them to. So far as sex work goes, it’s pretty fucking good. I’ll take safety and security in that club over the dangers of selling my ass on the street any day, believe me.”

“Hey, don’t worry ‘bout that. You ain’t gotta explain all that to me. I ain’t judging you for whatever you sell, Jimin, be it your ass or goddamn grass. I wouldn’t give a shit if you were a rent-boy, seriously. I was just curious ‘bout why you ain’t moved into a different kinda job after that many years. I’ve always assumed that people transitioned into other jobs from this kinda lifestyle, but it sounds like you’re doing pretty fucking good for yourself. That’s great.”

Jimin visibly relaxed at this, bunching the napkin up and dropping it down on the table. It seemed like he had gotten a little sensitive because of his personal questions, as if he had thought that Yoongi was judging him in some way for his life choices and profession. But that was so far from the truth that Yoongi couldn’t possibly explain to him how wrong he was for even thinking such a thing.

“My turn to ask you a personal question, baby. Why are working as a photographer if business isn’t going so great for you, hmm? I know that you said you enjoy doing it, but why are you pursuing it when you feel like you’re struggling and getting nowhere?”
“I got a good eye and restless feet, so, I can’t stay still for too long,” Yoongi remarked, feeling the pressing urge to move said feet around on the cushion as he shifted to try and get more comfortable. “Also… I’m a high school dropout with zero skills that’s tryna make it, just like you. Shit, I didn’t even get to 18 before I was out on the streets tryna make it. I’ve been doing this for way too many fucking years.”

“You must be doing something right, clearly. A camera like that must have cost you so much money to buy. It looks expensive to me…”

“Mmm? Oh, I mopped this,” he said, lazily gesturing at the camera that was hanging around his neck.

“Even better! You saved so much cash!” Jimin declared with plenty of enthusiasm.

Yoongi could only snort laughter at this, even when it really wasn’t that funny at all. He reached up to give his ear a quick scratch as he explained, “I snatched it from a display and then went right back to the same store the next day to grab some film. Talk ‘bout fucking reckless. I was gonna sell it for some cash but… I found myself starting to like it. Next thing I know, I’m calling myself a freelance photographer and earning some dollars for snapping shots of random shit. That was a couple of years ago, but that don’t mean I’m doing great. When I say dollars, I mean dollars, I mean the bare fucking minimum. I’m surprised I still got an apartment to live in these days, and that’s the real truth.”

“What were you doing before that? Before you started selling your photographs?” Jimin asked, reaching over to play with the napkin; twisting it between his fingers and thumbs until the white cotton was wrinkled.

“Before that I was hanging ‘round with any guys I could find that would lemme crash with ’em. Mostly it was punks in communal squats. All they did was take hard drugs and fight every-fucking-day, but I’d a place to stay to keep me off the streets whilst I was working shitty jobs: mostly being a busboy, working in a barbers, even some construction work. The last guy I ended up with… that deal didn’t go so great, so, I figured out that I needed to do something to provide for myself and stop relying on other men.”

Yoongi paused for a moment, running his tongue around his mouth and tasting the lingering remains of tobacco, garlic and wine on his breath.
“I’ve sucked a couple of dicks before, Jimin. I ain’t proud to admit it, but it is what it is. When the rent’s due and you need a little extra, you either getting mopping or you get sucking. At least I know a couple of guys that are willing to pay me for my mouth. Can’t say the same for whatever I can snatch from the Estée Lauder counter at the mall…”

This made Jimin glance up from the napkin that he was playing with, his eyes growing rounded as he held his gaze. He shifted on the seat, turning his head to the side to glance across the restaurant before focusing on him again.

“Do I have to pay you for that special service?” Jimin asked in a husky and low voice, shifting to lean closer to him from across the table.

Yoongi couldn’t help but laugh at this, even when he was a little taken aback by what Jimin had just asked him. It didn’t seem like he was playing around with him, that he was making a dirty joke to amuse them both. But it just didn’t make any sense to him as to why he would be seriously asking him that question.

Jimin was the kind of guy that could get blowjobs from any guy that he wanted. Hell, he had a legion of devoted fans at The Paradiso Lounge that would be more than happy to suck him off whenever and wherever he wanted: in the club; outside in some dark alleyway; in his own place, where he could do whatever the fuck he wanted to them - free of charge. They would probably pay him for the service if he asked, he was that lusted after from what Yoongi could tell.

So why had Jimin just asked something that had sounded very much like a proposition for sex?

“I’m being serious, Yoongi,” he said, cocking his elbow on the table so that he could rest his chin on his folded fingers. His many platinum rings caught the light from the flickering candle flame, just like his dangling earrings. “Do I have to pay you for that special service?”

Jimin ran his tongue around his mouth almost as if he was chasing after the lingering flavour of the bò kho they had just shared. But when the tip of his tongue sharply stuck up against his cheek to distend it in an imitation of a blowjob it was obvious that he was doing so to playfully and sensually tease him.

Yoongi suddenly found that he was unable to breathe for a few seconds, his gaze focused right on Jimin’s mouth to see the pointed tip of his tongue darting free to lick at the corner of his full lips. He could feel his own tongue lying dead in his mouth, and so he tried moving it only for it to weakly press up against the backs of his front teeth. After a moment he finally found his voice again, a single thought coming to mind.
“No, I… I wanna suck your cock, Jimin,” Yoongi whispered in reply, dragging his gaze away to look across the restaurant for fear that their sordid conversation would be overheard.

“You wanna suck my cock, baby?” Jimin asked, still talking at a conversational volume as if he wasn’t at all scared that the other patrons might just hear such a vulgar thing. “You want me to fuck your mouth?”

Yoongi flinched at the volume of his voice even when it wasn’t that loud, squirming on the seat as he let his uneven breath out in a soft moan. He could feel prickling waves of shameful heat coursing through his body, up towards his cheeks and down into his loins. He knew that he should say something in reply to this, to maybe try and downplay the idea that he was that desperate for such a thing… yet he found himself nodding instead; swallowing a considerable lump in his throat with a hard gulp.

“Hmm, I’ve got an idea,” Jimin said in a soft voice, leaning over the table to get closer to him. This was a relief because it meant there were less chances of someone overhearing their conversation, even if it seemed like the other man had been hoping for such a thing. “You can take some… erotic photographs of me as a form of payment.”

“Erotic?” Yoongi repeated, painfully aware of how breathless that his voice was.

“You can sell those for as much cash as you want. To your client or any other man that’s interested,” Jimin continued, his gaze slowly shifting down from his eyes to his lips, then his throat and chest. “That’s a form of payment, right? Indirect payment, but so much better than nothing; hmm?”

Yoongi felt a little like he was in a cage right now, that Jimin was on the outside looking in at him - laid bare and completely exposed to his desires. There was something glinting in his dark eyes, a burning lust that he had never seen before, not even back in the leather bar when he had been in the zone performing for the clientele and oozing sex appeal, and especially not directed at himself like this.

Yoongi managed to mumble something that sounded like an agreement, shifting to shove his hand into his jeans pocket to collect his wallet.

“No, I’m paying for the food,” Jimin said, reaching over the table to take hold of his wrist just as he had gotten his wallet in hand and was about to thumb it open.
“I asked you out for food, Jimin, I really should-”

Jimin let go of his wrist to press his fingers against his mouth, effectively shutting him up with just a gentle hint of pressure from his fingers.

Yoongi felt his lips pouting out against his fingertips, his breath leaving them in a soft huff rather than words. For some reason that he didn’t quite understand he felt his face flushing with more heat, getting a strange kick of excitement from the fact that Jimin had just forcibly silenced him.

“Shush,” he whispered, his lips curling up at the corners in that teasing way of his. This clashed with the fact that he still had his fingers pressed against his lips. “Consider it a treat for treating me; hmm?”

Yoongi was actually thankful for the offer because he had blindly ordered their meal without even checking the menu. There was a chance that the meagre cash in his wallet might not even be enough to cover the bill that they had wracked up. Food and wine… shit, he had really dodged a bullet there.

Yoongi moved to shove his wallet back into his jeans pocket, hastily wiping his hands against his thighs. It was really no surprise that there was an outbreak of sweat on his palms right now, and he could feel more beaded perspiration clinging to his hairline too. His heart was racing as fast as it had been right after he had sniffed the poppers; the rush of excitement and sexual tension so palpable in the air between them that it could be cut with a knife.

Yet Jimin looked as cool as could be as he held his hand up to catch Kieu’s attention and request their bill. His hand didn’t even shake as he accepted the scrip of paper from her, quickly scanning it to check the charge. It was as if he was completely unfazed by what had just happened between them - the filthy words, the promise of sexual intimacy.

“Did you enjoy your meal? Everything was good?” Kieu asked, seemingly directing her question mostly at Yoongi because he had never dined at the establishment before.

“Uh, yeah. Yeah, it was fantastic,” Yoongi managed to reply, hearing a croaky note in his voice because his throat was suddenly so dry. “Thanks for the great meal.”

“Yes, it was as delightful as always,” Jimin added, giving the woman a warm smile and watching her going back across the aisle to serve another patron.
Jimin paid for the meal and left a tip, collecting his own tips from his boot to place the various wrinkled bills down on the table. He collected his leather riding gloves and quickly tugged them on, getting the keyring in hand as he got to his feet and cocked his head in the direction of the door.

Yoongi practically staggered to his feet, following him out of the restaurant and onto the curb. He stood perfectly still and let Jimin tug the helmet back onto his head and fix the chin strap in place for him with ease; his gloves brushing against the D-ring buckles. As soon as the helmet was in place he waited for the other man to sit down on the motorbike and then he climbed on behind him and got into position.

Just like that, Jimin was driving off down the street without a single word about where they were going. Yet sitting on the seat behind him, his arms tightly wrapped around his waist so he could feel the heat radiating from his body through his thin t-shirt, his chin resting on his strong shoulder, and the sound of the rumbling engine and vibrating seat underneath him, Yoongi found that he really didn’t care at all about where they were going. Jimin could drive halfway across the city into the night, chasing the constant sight of glowing neon signs along the horizon until the sun started to rise up into the sky - he really didn’t care.

The busy and commercial streets never seemed to come to end, the sidewalks always packed with at least a dozen pedestrians at all times. But as the minutes started to pass by the sights began to slowly change.

First, the flashing and vibrant neon signs started to fade away until there was little more than small glowing windows and streetlights illuminating the streets, and then the pedestrians thinned down in numbers until they started to see just one or two people travelling up and down the sidewalks. The final thing that disappeared was the traffic, the roads growing more and more desolate until just Jimin was left guiding his motorbike along several streets that were devoid of any other vehicles and all signs of life.

Jimin finally pulled the motorbike up against the curb, once more killing the engine and shifting into the neutral gear. He reached down to touch his knee, silently telling him that it was time to get off the seat. His leather glove rubbed against his bare skin through the tears in the distressed and heavily damaged denim, the contact making a shiver run down Yoongi’s spine as he climbed off the back of the motorbike.

Yoongi saw that the street really was dead and empty - not a single building window glowing from interior lights, no vehicles parked on the curbs, and even no traffic rolling down the lanes beside them or on either end of the street. He waited for Jimin to remove his helmet for him, which he quickly did so and left hanging from the handlebars from the long chin strap.
Jimin shifted to perch on the side of the motorbike seat, reaching down to take hold of the front of his trousers to pop the top button open.

Which was exactly when Yoongi realised what he was doing.

“Shit, what if we get caught, Jimin?” Yoongi asked, giving both ends of the street another quick glance just to make sure that there were no pinpricks of oncoming headlights coming down the long stretch of currently empty road.

“Oh, baby, we’re not gonna get caught,” Jimin said in that teasing voice of his, taking hold of the zipper and tugging it down. “So what if someone sees us? Isn’t that part of the excitement, hmm?”

Well, Jimin was right about one thing - the idea of getting caught was incredibly exciting. But Yoongi didn’t think that getting caught by the police would be so exciting, especially when it would mean spending a night in the cells and getting slapped with a charge for public indecency and a hefty fucking fine to show for it.

Yet when Jimin pulled the flaps of his leather trousers aside to reach inside and release his cock Yoongi found himself forgetting all about that.

Shit, he even forgot to breathe.

Jimin’s cock sprung free from his trousers with little resistance, already fully hard and begging for attention as it curved free from his groomed thatch of pubic hair. It was flushed dark with a hint of pink, cut so that his cock head was visible without him needing to gently roll his foreskin back; a prominent vein rippling down the underside of his shaft. He also freed his testicles from his trousers, letting them hang down heavy over the zipper - which were also dark and flushed with a hint of colour.

Yoongi saw that Jimin was no bigger than average, maybe just an inch or so. But he was considerably thicker than what he had been expecting and that was what excited him.

Oh, the want to just take that cock into his mouth right now…

Jimin pulled the ends of his t-shirt up to snag it between his teeth, holding it up so the lengths wouldn’t obscure the view. Not only that, it allowed him to expose his toned stomach and his leather
harness, which heightened the erotic effect a great deal. He shifted on the edge of the seat to spread his thighs a little wider, getting into the perfect position as he wrapped his glove-clad fist around the base of his cock.

Yoongi realised that he was supposed to be snapping photographs of him right now, but he had been so distracted staring at his cock that he had made no move to do so. He reached up to grab hold of his camera, getting the device into hand and quickly checking the display screen to ensure that the shooting mode was good before pressing the flash button with his thumb to get it to pop up again.

When Jimin had said that he could take erotic photographs Yoongi had anticipated that he had meant he could snap some nude, or at least semi-nude, photographs of him. That might just have meant whilst he was aroused, it might have meant him simply posing whilst in a state of undress. He had envisioned some full frontal shots, maybe even a couple of him bent over the motorbike seat or on his hands and knees from behind.

Yoongi had most certainly not expected Jimin to start masturbating for him, posing in front of the camera and not looking away once from the lens as he steadily pumped his fist. The dry and smooth surface of his gloves rubbing against his skin made a soft creaking sound underneath the slap of his fist connecting with his base.

Unsurprisingly, Yoongi’s hands were trembling as he brought the camera up to his face to try and take some photographs of Jimin. From his exposed torso and leather harness, to his gloved fist wrapped around his erection or his teeth snagged hold of the ends of his t-shirt - there were so many things that he could snap photographs of that screamed ‘erotic’ and ‘fetish’. He didn’t exactly want to snap photograph after photograph, after photograph because he wanted to actually get good angles and focus, but he did find himself depressing the shutter button much more rapidly than he had back in the leather bar.

Between taking snaps of the other man and thumbing to reload the next piece of film Yoongi couldn’t help but lift his gaze up to look at his face. He saw that Jimin was looking at him without a hint of embarrassment or shame, though there was a high colour to his cheeks that might be from arousal. The sight of his slightly crooked front teeth between his lips, the white cotton wrinkled and possibly even damp from his saliva, was something that Yoongi couldn’t seem to look away from. He just knew that he had to take a photograph of his lips, which were equally as erotic as the sight of his fist around his cock.

“Can I take a shot of your face, huh? Your lips?” Yoongi asked in a soft voice, almost whispering so the sound didn’t carry on the near silent air. “Shit, Jimin…”

Jimin reached up to pull his t-shirt free from his lips so that he could say, “Cup my face.”
Yoongi thought this over for a few seconds before shifting his camera into his right hand, balancing it by the vertical grip and hovering his thumb over the shutter button. He reached over with his left hand to cup Jimin’s face just like he had instructed, his fingers brushing against his cheekbone before touching his ear and the heel of his palm sitting on the rounded apple of his flushed cheek.

Jimin shoved the t-shirt ends back into his mouth, keeping the material between his teeth and muffling a moan before it could fully escape his throat.

As Yoongi was stared down the viewfinder at Jimin’s face he could hear the slapping sound of his fist pumping around his cock, and the noise was enough to make him pull his lower lip in and gnaw on it as he lightly pressed down on the shutter button to focus the shot. He had Jimin’s face, neck, and most of his chest in the shot, meaning that whoever gazed upon the photograph would feel just like they were the ones gazing upon his face; holding onto him during the moment of passion.

Yoongi let go of his face to quickly load the next piece of film so he could focus solely on his lips, getting the perfect zoom before snapping it. Then he went back to taking photographs of his body again, bending his knees ever so slightly to get on a better angle. He focused on his chest, like the metal harness rings set above his dark and currently hard nipples; and his waist, with the double leather straps squeezing into his sides; and finally his cock, as Jimin was still masturbating and seemed to be taking a great deal of pleasure from both the public display, the exhibitionism, and his very own photoshoot session.

After some teasing, Jimin moved to take hold of the ends of t-shirt to pull it off over his head. He tossed it over the front of the motorbike with very little care for where it landed, and then he held his right hand out to him.

“Spit on my hand,” Jimin demanded, giving his gloved fingers a series of twitches as if to hurry him up.

Yoongi was surprised by this unexpected demand and so he didn’t react right away. But after a moment of hesitation he ran his tongue around his mouth to gather as much saliva as he could before spitting right into the palm of Jimin’s hand, seeing the globule of spit landing on the leather.

Jimin took his cock in hand again and this time the friction was much more fluid because he had lubricant of some kind spread over the leather of his gloves - Yoongi’s saliva. This allowed him to pump his fist that much more quicker around his shaft, his breath hitching in his throat for the first time and his Adam’s Apple bobbing up and down rapidly as his lips quivered in pleasure.
Yoongi found there was little saliva left in his mouth when he tried to wet his lips, his grip tightening around his camera as brought the device back up to his face to take the next photograph.

“You wanna touch me right now, hmm?” Jimin breathed out, reaching down to cup his testicles in his left hand as he shifted on the seat. His hips jerked once when he curled his fingers around them and stroked them, his stomach rising and falling rapidly as he panted for breath. “You wanna suck my cock so much, baby boy, hmm.”

“Yeah, yeah, so much,” Yoongi breathed out, his hands shaking as he hit the shutter button and then thumbed at the dial on the back of the camera. “Shit, Jimin, so fucking much.”

Jimin progressed onto fisting at his cock head, pumping his fist around it so fast that it was almost a blur. The slapping sound was so loud that it was obscene, mingling with a series of soft moans coming from his parted lips because he was stimulating his sensitive head just right. He rolled his head back as he did so, the position making tendons and veins strain against his throat in a way that Yoongi just had to get a photograph of: his strained neck muscles and curved back, his widely splayed legs, and his slick glove-clad fist squeezed around his swollen and darkly flushed cock head.

But as fast as Jimin had started fisting at his cock head he suddenly stopped, taking a hissing intake of breath between his teeth as he dropped his head forward again to look up at him.

“Get on your knees. I’ve got a good shot for you, baby.”

Yoongi obediently hunkered down right in front of his legs, not wanting to ruin his chance at getting the perfect shot. He didn’t really know what Jimin was promising but he wanted a shot regardless, and he was hoping for something filthy; something like a cumshot right out of those cheap and nasty pornos that one of his ex-partners had used to play on the communal television so he could jerk off with his buddies.

Jimin gave his shaft a final stroke before wrapping his fingers just below the ridge of his cock head. His cock gave a slight twitch in his fist, a soft moan escaping him from the throb of pleasure.

Yoongi held his finger down on the shutter button for a moment to bring the lens into focus, staring down the viewfinder at Jimin’s cock until it was the exact moment to snap the photograph. It was right as clear and runny precum weakly dribbled out of his slit and rolled down onto his gloved fingers that he finally pressed down on the button, snapping a close-up shot of just Jimin’s fist wrapped around his leaking and wet cock.
Yoongi had only just straightened up when Jimin got off the motorbike seat and snagged hold of his elbow. He tugged him towards a slight alcove between two of the empty buildings, dragging him inside behind himself and pressing his bare back right up against the wall.

All that Yoongi could do was let go of his camera and leave it dangling around his neck by the trusty lanyard, freeing up his hands so he could take hold of Jimin’s waist instead.

Jimin’s gloved hands ran up his chest to take hold of his neck, making Yoongi shiver in delight from the ticklish sensation of his touch. He let his breath out in a soft gasp as he felt him pulling him closer, the sudden realisation hitting him that the other man wanted to kiss him.

Everything was happening so fast that Yoongi didn’t even have enough time to pout his lips out to meet his before Jimin was pressing a kiss against his mouth. It was surprisingly tender, all things considered; not at all a passionate kiss that would steal the breath right out of his lungs. This allowed him to pout his trembling lips out and return the kiss as his eyelids fluttered shut, a sudden weakness plummeting down into his legs that made his knees shake.

Jimin’s lips were so soft, quite possibly the softest things that Yoongi had ever been blessed to touch. There was so much warmth trapped within them, just like it radiated off the rest of his body in constant waves, and this warmth only added to the overall soft sensation of his lips.

Yoongi was only kissing Jimin’s full lower lip because it was trapped between his own lips in a passionate suck, the other man’s face turned slightly to the side, and so when Jimin opened his mouth to roll his tongue out it licked against his upper lip first. He couldn’t help but try and pull his head away in surprise, but because he still had his hands around his neck Yoongi just jerked in his hold with a soft gasp.

Jimin’s tongue was searching for his, his lips parted in want of something deeper, something more intimate.

Yoongi opened his mouth and pressed his lips up against his once more, his own tongue darting forward until he felt it brushing against Jimin’s tongue.

Jimin’s skin was so warm against his palms as he smoothed them over his waist, feeling at the taut muscles hidden under a light layer of fat as he shifted his hands down to his hips. The jut of his hip bones were so hard, so sharp that he almost felt like they could cut into his flesh. But despite this fact when he dug his fingers into the mound of skin set just above his full buttocks Yoongi felt it yielding to his touch; dimpling like it might just be the softest part of his whole body.
Jemin moaned into his mouth at his touch, both from his hands firmly gripped around his hips and his tongue as it licked against his between their open-mouthed kisses; the ball of his barbell piercing rubbing against his sensitive tongue. It seemed like he greatly enjoyed the sensation of him kissing him and this excited Yoongi and spurred him on that little bit more, made him dart his tongue out to slip it between Jemin’s lips to encourage him to suck into his mouth; to prod at his piercing with the tip of his own tongue. It didn’t really matter that it had so long since he had kissed another man like this and he was so nervous that he was shaking, he just wanted to hear and feel Jemin moaning into his mouth like that over and over again.

One kiss turned into two, two into three; each one blending into the next so fast that Yoongi couldn’t possibly keep track of them all. He could barely break the contact between their lips for longer than a second to try and catch his breath before Jemin was pressing their mouths together with enough force to mash their lips against their teeth. The descent from tenderness into passion was just as quick, for Yoongi found himself drooling and moaning into every kiss, his lips slick from a combination of their saliva and almost burning from every nibble and hard suck from Jemin’s teeth until they started to feel swollen.

Yoongi pressed himself up against Jemin’s body, desperately seeking something to ease the throbbing between his thighs. He had been so painfully stiff all night long and he just wanted to be able to finally feel more intense pleasure than just the constantly burning arousal coiled in his loins. He needed to feel something, anything, and he knew that Jemin was going to give it to him - his cock, right in his mouth just for him to suck on.

Just the thought of sucking Jemin’s cock was enough to make Yoongi grind forward against him, grunting into their kiss from the friction between their crotches. Shit, he didn’t even care that his sensitive cock head was rubbing against his annoying jeans zipper, the contact still brought him immense pleasure.

“Huh,” Jemin panted against his mouth, his back curving to press their chests together in response to the first slow grind.

When Jemin ended their next kiss he shifted one of his hands up the nape of Yoongi’s neck towards his hair to snag a tight handful. He dragged on his hair to pull his head back, exposing the front of his throat so he could press a kiss against it, right to the side of his Adam’s Apple. He kissed the same spot over and over for a moment, peppering his throat with the softest of kisses before darting his tongue out to lick at his skin.

Yoongi felt the hard press of Jemin’s teeth digging into his skin as he sucked a bite against his throat. The kiss was enough to make another shiver course through his body, all the way down to his toes - which curled up inside his boots like they always did so during moments of pleasure. Jemin’s fingers
dragged at his hair, his grip so tight that his scalp started burning from the roughness of the pull.

“Ah, ah,” Yoongi gasped, shifting his hands up from his hips to take hold of his shoulders instead. He felt the harness against his fingertips, the leather hot to the touch and just begging to be snagged between his fingers. He couldn’t help but grip onto the harness, pulling at it as he curved his lower back to grind their crotches together again.

Jimin sucked a kiss right against the front of his throat for a moment, his teeth lightly pressing down into his skin not enough to break the surface or even hurt, but just enough for him to feel their hardness. He was going to leave a bruise behind on his skin, a love bite that would remind Yoongi of their elicit public tryst just as much as looking at the erotic photographs he had taken of him. There was a hint of possessiveness from the act, marking his skin with his teeth just like how he had stuck the heel of his boots into that man’s chest during his cage dance - a total sign of dominance.

Upon breaking the kiss, Jimin reached up to place his hand on the back of Yoongi’s head and with a hint of pressure he pushed him downwards, down onto his knees in front of him.

Yoongi didn’t need telling twice, he just opened his lips wide and let Jimin take hold of his base to angle his cock and slip it right into his mouth. He could taste precum on his tongue already, salty sweet in a way that made him close his eyes with a strangled sound of pleasure. He enveloped his lips around his head to keep it in place and give it a playful suck for a moment.

Oh, Yoongi could feel his cheeks flooding with heat from his mingled excitement and shame. He barely even knew Jimin, had known him for less than a couple of hours, and yet here he was… so eager and on his knees with his cock in his mouth.

Like a fucking slut.

Yoongi slowly cheeked his cock head first before moving it up against the roof of his mouth, slightly to the side to allow him to accept some of his length inside his mouth. His lips were stretched taut around his girth, the sensation enough to make him moan in excitement around his cock as he reached up to take hold of his base with his left hand and hold it steady.

When he bobbed forward onto his shaft and let his cock slip deeper into his mouth, let it slide down into the very beginning of his throat, Yoongi felt Jimin’s hips trembling in response. They gave a little jerk, a hiccup escaping from his slack lips from the dual sensation of the wet heat of his mouth and the hard metal ball of his tongue piercing sliding over his cock.
“Oh, just like that,” Jimin gasped, placing his hand down on the top of his head and snaking his fingers through his messy hair to snag hold of it at the roots. The heel of his hand brushed against his stubble with a rustling sound, settling in place right above the shell of his ear. “Just like that, baby…”

Yoongi usually liked taking his time to ease into giving blowjobs, not only to prepare himself but because it just felt right taking some time to worship what was right in front of him.

On his knees in front of another man, it was impossible not worshipping their cock. Yoongi got so much pleasure from just running his palm over their shafts to feel their cocks, tugging back their foreskins and gliding them back over cock heads again so they could enjoy the sensation over and over. He liked cupping testicles in his hand to smooth at them with his fingers and thumb, to tickle at them until he made the more ticklish men squirm; their stomachs rising and falling as they contracted and then relaxed their muscles. Then he liked to kiss and lick at them, kittenish little licks all over their shafts and cock heads, and he even enjoyed catching one of their testicles in his mouth to give them long and slow sucks if the other man enjoyed him teasing them too.

But with them being in public and both so desperate to climax there was no time for such extended foreplay. Yoongi wanted Jimin’s cock deep in his throat, as deep as he could take without choking, because it had been so long and he was so needy, so hungry for it.

Yoongi reached down to fumble at the front of his jeans, settling for just dragging the zipper down enough for him to slip his right hand inside. The sensation of slick precum already leaking free from his slit against the lining of his jeans was no surprise at all, and so he wrapped his fingers around his shaft and started kneading at it in rhythm with his bobbing head. He felt like he was so close to climaxing already because of everything: the buildup of excitement all night long, Jimin’s kisses and praises, the heavy weight and taste of a cock on his tongue. He was probably going to orgasm before Jimin from the excitement of it all, his cock so sensitive to his stroking fist that the wet glide of his precum made it start burning and tingling.

As he took more of Jimin’s shaft into his mouth Yoongi had to let him slip down into his throat, and so he angled his head to help him do so. To try and fight the sudden urge to gag he started softly humming, which allowed him to keep his throat muscles relaxed so he could accept his cock more comfortably. He didn’t take him in to his base, stopping just short and breathing in deep and slow through his nose. Then he started bobbing his head again, moving steadily and shifting his fingers down to cup his testicles and teasingly stroke them.

“Fuck, baby,” Jimin groaned, rocking his hips forward off the wall so he could try and get him to swallow just that little bit more of his shaft. He let out a series of breathless sounds, deeply inhaling through his nose and exhaling out of his lips as he applied pressure to the back of his head to guide his rhythm. “Your piercing… fuck, it feels so good.”
Yoongi opened his eyes to roll them up and look at him, even when he knew that making direct eye-contact with him might just make him prematurely ejaculate in excitement.

Jimin was looking down at him from under his half-lidded eyes, his lips flushed and slick with saliva and a stray lock of hair hanging forward over his brow. He was watching him with that exact same look he had given him back in the restaurant, his gaze smouldering and heavy with lust.

Yoongi pulled off to his head for a moment, taking several quick and shallow breaths in through his nose. His mouth was so filled with saliva that he felt it escaping through the crack between his lips and Jimin’s cock in a weak dribble, and so he fully pulled off; a loud slurping sound escaping him as he released his cock and quickly swallowed the mess of saliva and precum that was in his mouth.

Jimin let out a soft whine and pulled him closer, wanting him to take him back into his mouth. He even snagged hold of his base to eagerly angle his cock at him, which gave a hard and hearty twitch and slapped against his lips.

Yoongi stuck his tongue out to wet his lips before darting it out and lapping it all over his swollen head, spreading more saliva onto his cock as he traced all around his ridge and underside and pleased him with the ball of his tongue piercing. It was such a teasing thing to do but he needed a moment to catch his breath before continuing. He rolled his eyes back up to look at him as he did so, rubbing his thumb over his own swollen and leaking cock head inside his jeans.

Jimin sucked his lower lip in gnaw on it with a hiss, his eyes tracking every loll of his tongue, every little lick and flick of the tip and glint from his barbell piercing - enjoying his own private show for as long as he possibly could.

Yoongi moved to run his tongue along the underside of his shaft, shifting his right hand over to place it against his thigh and press his fingertips into his skin. He followed the prominent vein with the hard ball of his piercing right to his base before angling his head and sucking his lips around Jimin’s left testicle. He felt the weight of it on his tongue, the firmness underneath the layer of smooth and hairless skin. It was hot in his mouth, the salt taste of sweat flooding his taste buds as he gave it a hard suck. He heard Jimin letting out a strangled sound from the ticklish sensation, and he lightly tugged on his testicle before relinquishing his hold and darting his tongue out to rapidly lick at his scrotum; feeling the other man’s thigh muscles trembling against his fingers.

“Shit, you look so pretty on your knees like that, baby,” Jimin praised, his voice husky and uneven because he was breathing so fast. He reached over with his left hand to cup his fingers under his chin, stroking the smooth and hot leather against his skin. “Such pretty lips, hmm. You look even better with my cock in your mouth…”
Yoongi let out a strangled sound as he moved to take him inside his mouth once more and swallowed his cock as deep as he could take. He was so close, so close that he was struggling to tell if he was leaking precum or actually right on the edge of his orgasm.

“Oh, fuck,” Jimin whined, snagging another handful of his hair with his left hand to keep a tight hold on either side of his head.

Rather than guide his head with his hands Jimin tried to hold him still and rock his hips instead, seeking out that little more wetness and friction against his cock so he could finally reach his climax. He thrust into his mouth, the first couple of quick and deep thrusts making Yoongi involuntarily clench his throat before he managed to relax again; breathing hard and fast through his nose. He had no control over his head movements, but he could still lift his tongue up and lick it against his underside; pleasuring him with his barbell piercing just because he knew that he enjoyed the added sensation.

Yoongi opened his eyes a slit to stare at the golden and sweat-slick expanse of Jimin’s stomach, just a mere inch away from his nose. He could see that his stomach was rapidly rising and falling in twitches, a sign that he was drawing close to his orgasm. He was trying so hard to not rock his hips too far forward into his throat in case he gagged; to take control and fuck his mouth deep and fast because he wanted to reach that raw pinnacle of pleasure. But he couldn’t control the little twitches and spasming rocks, his muscles thrumming under his skin as the familiar tightening in his loins started to take over.

Yoongi pulled his head away and released his cock just in time, right as Jimin ejaculated with a sharp cry of pleasure; his fingers tightening their hold around his fistsfuls of hair. The first string of cum shot out with a wet spurt right into his open mouth, splashing onto his lips and tongue and even far enough for spatters to hit the back of his throat and make him swallow on complete instinct.

Jimin’s cock twitched hard in his fist, another thick string of cum shooting free to coat his stuck-out tongue, and so Yoongi took him fully back in his mouth again, sucking his lips around his head as more cum spilled out all over his tongue.

“Oh-huh, fuck,” Jimin grunted, his voice choked up as he rolled his head back against the brick wall. His neck was cabled with veins that ran up to his sharp jawline, and his face and chest was flushed with a hint of colour from his climax.

As Yoongi hungrily sucked on his cock and felt his mouth filling with his cum as weaker dribbles spilled out of his slit Jimin bent forward over him. He sharply curved his flexible back to bury his face in his hair just like his fingers, muffling his breathless sounds of pleasure and breathing his hot breath against his scalp.
The bittersweet taste and feeling of Jimin’s cum spilling all over his tongue was what finally pushed Yoongi over the edge and made him chase after his own climax. He felt his throat contracting as he let out a choked moan around Jimin’s cock, an explosion of pleasure flooding his loins and shooting through his body in bursts of tingling heat. The throbbing between his thighs was so intense that his hips stuttered upwards with each pulse, his fist weakly pumping around his trapped cock as he messily ejaculated all over the backs of his fingers.

“*Hmm-mmm-fuh,*” Yoongi choked out, trying his very hardest to not forcibly swallow any of his cum; his eyelids fluttering shut from the intensity of his orgasm.

Over the next minute or so Jimin’s cock had deflated so much that it was limp in his mouth. There was little point in sucking on it now, not when there was a chance that it might be uncomfortable for him to be so stimulated. But Yoongi didn’t want to let go, not yet. It just felt so good having a cock in his mouth after so long that he wanted to savour the sensation for that little bit longer.

“Oh, such a good boy,” Jimin breathed out, nuzzling against his scalp with his nose and pressing soft kisses into his hair. “So good, hmm.”

Yoongi didn’t reply to this because his mouth was full, not only with Jimin’s cock but with his cum. He had yet to swallow it and so he slowly pulled off. He slipped his hand free from the front of his jeans to bring it up to his mouth and then he shoved his slick fingers between his lips to suck his own semen off them and let it mingle with the remains of Jimin’s cum. It was more bitter than sweet, adding a sharp and salty note to the mixture that made him moan as he pulled his fingers free with a loud and liquid *pop.*

Jimin lifted his head up to look down at him. He let out a breathless giggle as he reached down to wipe at his chin and lips for him, gathering the slightest spatters of cum free from his skin and then bringing his gloved thumb up to his lips.

Yoongi sucked the dribble free from Jimin’s thumb and then he swallowed hard, running his tongue around his mouth to chase after the lingering flavour as he let out a soft moan. He wiped his palm against the front of his t-shirt to clean away the slight remains of semen as he licked at his lips.

“*Come here, baby.*”

Jimin slipped his hands under his armpits to help pull him back onto his feet again. He shifted his hands over Yoongi’s chest and up to his neck, taking hold to pull him into an embrace.
Yoongi’s knees were shaking and so he had little choice but to lean against him, the other man supporting his weight in his hold. He felt the hot puffs of his breath against his ear as Jimin whispered, “I can see why you charge for that service.”

Yoongi turned his head to press his face against Jimin’s neck, nosing at it for a few seconds before pressing his own series of kisses against it. He could taste a hint of sweat on his skin as he did so, as well as feel the faintest thump of his pulse against his lips. His hands were far from even as he reached up to give his harness another firm tug, liking the way that it felt to hold onto the hot leather.

Jimin lifted up the ends of his t-shirt so he could slip his hands underneath it, brushing them all over his lower back as if he was in want of just touching his skin. Yoongi could feel his breath against his ear, frantic puffs escaping his slack lips as he came down from his climax until he rolled his head back against the wall with a soft groan.

“That really was a treat, Yoongi,” he purred, his voice deep and husky in a way that made a shiver of delight run down his spine. He turned his head to nose at his ear, and so Yoongi pulled his face away from his neck to let him press several kisses along his cheek to his lips. “Shit, I’ve never had a guy suck me off with a tongue piercing before. That felt so fucking good, hmm…”

Yoongi could only hum at this, far too focused on returning the kisses to possibly talk. He was coming down from his own climax, his head as light as a feather and his groin no longer hurting because his muscles had finally relaxed. He was so warm, so content that he could just let Jimin kiss him over and over for as long as he desired.

After giving him several more kisses Jimin moved to press their brows together, letting his breath out in a satisfied sigh. His hands settled around his waist so he could hold onto him for just a moment longer, just so he could savour the close contact that little bit more. When he finally relinquished his hold he reached up to cup his chin, pressing a final kiss against brow.

Yoongi fumbled to get his camera in hand, quickly checking the display before finally switching the device off. He moved out of the alcove on his unsteady legs as he tugged his zipper up, running his gaze along the road in front of them to see that there was still no sign of traffic or pedestrians in the area.

Jimin followed him out of the alcove, tucking his now flaccid cock inside his leather trousers and hastily zipping them up. He collected his t-shirt and dragged it over his head, the movement disturbing his hair and making a couple of short and wispy locks fall forward onto his brow.
“Do you want a ride back home, hmm?” Jimin offered, his voice still light because he was so relaxed from his pleasure. He shifted to sit down on the seat, reaching up to knock the loose locks back off his brow. “South Bronx, right?”

“I couldn’t trouble you, Jimin, it’s quite the ride and-”

“No problem, baby,” he said, giving his wrist a limp wave as if to brush away his words. “It shouldn’t be more than 15 minutes, right? What neighbourhood?”

“…Melrose, East 155th Street,” he said in a soft voice, rubbing his thumb against the camera command dial just so he had something to fiddle with.

Yoongi briefly wondered if Jimin knew enough to know that this neighbourhood was one of the poorest ones not only in South Bronx, but in the whole city. Probably not, considering the fact that he had grown up in Harlem and no doubt knew more about his own neighbourhood.

“OK, I might need you to give me directions once we get across Harlem River,” Jimin said with a soft laugh, grabbing the helmet from the handlebar and holding it out to him.

Yoongi leaned forward to get the helmet onto his head again, Jimin fastening it shut for him. Then he climbed onto the seat and settled into place, wrapping his arms around his waist and listening to the muffled sound of the engine rumbling as the other man twisted the keys in the ignition.

The drive across the city really didn’t take that long at all, perhaps 20 minutes or so including the time spent waiting in traffic and at red lights. Said traffic had started to trickle away because the current hour was finally late enough to no longer be considered night or day, rather that eerily peaceful twilight between both. Even the pedestrians had mostly disappeared off the streets, save for the random small groupings of people boarding and unboarding buses in their work uniforms: cleaners, security guards and the like.

Jimin had to guide the bike through several neighbourhoods and across Madison Avenue Bridge to cross Harlem River, the breeze coming in from the water blowing his hair back off his brow and cool enough to make his skin ripple with goosebumps. Yoongi couldn’t feel the cold because his leather jacket protected his skin, though he could feel it on his thighs through the sizeable tears in his jeans.

Though Jimin didn’t really know his way around South Bronx he didn’t ask for any directions, instead following the streets signs so he could locate East 155th Street after some drifting up and
There was very little on the short stretch of street save for a single apartment block, a couple of small business like a laundromat and a community centre, and a fire station. As a result it was completely empty at this hour, not even a single vehicle rolling down the road save for his motorbike.

Jimin pulled up against the curb and stalled the motorbike rather than fully kill the engine. He turned his head to look up at the apartment block, running his gaze over the short and wide brick exterior and many small windows with some interest.

Yoongi shifted to climb off the seat whilst he tried to remove the helmet. But the slipknot was so unusual that he couldn’t figure out how, meaning Jimin had to reach up with his hands and gesture for him to lean over. He had no choice but to do so, unable to free himself from the helmet without the added assistance.

Jimin loosened the chin strap with ease and then pulled the helmet free from his head. But before Yoongi could straighten up again he got the helmet into his left hand so he could place his right hand against the back of his neck, pulling him closer to press a final parting kiss against his lips.

It was just a single kiss, open-mouthed and tender, but it was enough to make Yoongi feel his cheeks flushing with a burst of heat; his shyness taking over in a way that it hadn’t done so in quite some time. There was just something so indescribably good about the fact that Jimin wanted to kiss him, that he desired his mouth for something more than just giving him blowjobs. He couldn’t even recall the last time he had been kissed by a man during or after a moment of sexual intimacy, willingly kissed by them and not simply them letting him kiss them whilst they fumbled with their belts and zippers.

Jimin wanted to kiss him, that was what his affectionate actions said. He also desired to share the sweet act of intimacy, and Yoongi couldn’t help but wonder if that meant that the other man liked him in some way. Even if only a little.

“Come back to the club again tomorrow, I might just be able to help you, baby,” Jimin whispered, pulling his head away and giving him a mischievous wink. Then he pulled the helmet down onto his own head, hastily fastening the chin strap to secure it in place. He was about to turn to face the handlebars when he suddenly reached up to shove the visor up, allowing him to say one more thing. “Don’t go climbing any billboards until then, OK?”

Yoongi snorted at this, stepping back off the curb and shoving his hands into his jacket pockets. He watched the other man pulling away from the curb, rolling into the lane so he could drive across the
neighbourhood and head back home to Harlem. Even when Jimin likely didn’t notice him in the wing mirrors he lifted his hand up to give him a farewell wave.

Upon letting himself inside the block a moment later Yoongi went up the narrow and dark stairwell to get to his room on the sixth-floor. He couldn’t help but drag his feet because he was so tired, hearing the soles of his heavy boots thumping on the carpeted floor with each plodding step.

The familiar faded sound of televisions playing and babies crying whilst their mothers tried to soothe them back to sleep echoed through the thin walls. But the noise was bearable, not at all the kind that kept Yoongi awake at night or made him lodge a complaint against any of the other tenants. After all, why would he do such a thing? They were all struggling to get by in a place like this and no one, especially not families and single mothers, deserved to be kicked out and risk losing their vouchers because of a little noise every now and again.

Hell, the block might just be an assisted living facility but that by no means meant it was a bad place. Sure, the wallpaper and carpet was outdated by at least a decade and could do with replacing because tobacco staining had long since tainted the floral wallpaper and ceiling a greasy yellow shade; and the heating system had a habit of going bust every couple of weeks and never seemed to give any of them that much hot water at all - but it was better than nothing. The four walls and roof over his head kept him safe at night and warm in the winter, and that was really all that he needed.

Yoongi was in the act of unlocking his room door on the landing when he heard footsteps on the stairs. A quick glance back over his shoulder revealed that his landlord was heading up them so he could no doubt talk to him…even though he didn’t quite understand why.

Keyshawn lived in the block on the floor right below him. He was a full-time chef that worked in a restaurant across the neighbourhood that had inherited the apartment block from his father several years ago. He was a fair enough man, who took no bullshit but was by no means stern. He just seemed to have been raised to be blunt and honest, two traits that Yoongi greatly appreciated - especially from a man that could have him kicked out of his home at absolutely any time.

On account of the hour Keyshawn was currently clad in night robe, pyjamas and a pair of fur-lined slippers; his salt and pepper clipped hair contrasting against his dark black skin tone. He had his reading glasses sitting on the end of his nose too, the lenses incredibly thick and set into mottled brown horn rim frames.

“Hey, son, I was wondering if I could talk to you about the rent?” Keyshawn asked, coming to a stop close to the top of the stairs and leaning against the bannister rail.
“What, uh, what’s the date right now?” Yoongi asked, feeling his heart skipping a beat or three in his chest in response to this question.

“It’s the 14th.”

“The 14th? But… there’s, like, over two weeks left until I’m due to pay. I don’t understand why you…”

Yoongi paused for a moment, glancing between the other man and the unlocked door as he figured out what was going on right now.

“Is this ‘cos I was late with the rent last month, Keyshawn?”

“You’ve been late with the rent for the past three months, Min,” his landlord pointed out in a solemn tone. “Now, you know I’ve been lenient with you ‘cos you’ve never been no trouble for me. You keep that room clean and you’ve never lodged but one complaint about the heating system, and everybody was complaining about the goddamn system.”

“So why the third degree?

“Well now, let’s do the maths, son,” Keyshawn said, reaching into his night robe pocket to slip out his black book and thumb it open. He fixed his glasses up his nose too, showing that this was serious business. “You’re paying 38 dollars a week for this room. Should be maybe 62… 63 dollars, something like that, if not for the project programme. That’s 150 dollars a month instead of 250, not including the random bills here and there. You’re lucky that’s all you gotta pay, even if you don’t see it that way.”

“Oh, c’mon, man! We both know I’m lucky to make 150 dollars a month! I’d to lie ‘bout my monthly income being 500 dollars to even get a place on the programme, y’know I did ‘cos I couldn’t get an application without the exact figure! But y’know I’m good for it, Keyshawn! I always get the cash to you, no matter what!”

“Listen, I’m letting you stay in this block solely on account of the fact I know two things. One: I kick you out and someone worst might come along, like addicts, dealers, prostitutes. I can’t have them lodged in this block, it’s housing families. Two: this is a project programme and if I kick you out then you lose your housing benefits, and I don’t rightly think that’s fair. But I gotta be upfront with you, son! I know you might just get that cash to me on time, and I know there’s a chance you might not
miss the due day. But that’s what I’ve been telling myself for these past three months and that ain’t changed yet.”

Keyshawn paused for a moment, shifting from foot to foot as he reached up to pull his reading glasses free.

“I ain’t gonna threaten you, son. I ain’t gonna tell you no big story about how I’m gonna throw your ass out to the curb for disrespecting me - no, nothing like that. But what I am gonna tell you is that you need to pay the rent on time this month. You just have too, alright?”

“I’ll… I’ll get that cash to you. It won’t be late this time, I promise,” he said in a quiet voice, fiddling with his room key and feeling the bumpy, metal teeth pressing into his skin.

Yoongi waited until his landlord had made his way downstairs before he entered his apartment room, pushing the door shut behind himself and fumbling with the locks to securely lock it. Then he slumped back against the door, letting his breath out in a weary sigh and closing his eyes as he reached up to press his hand against his brow.

It was really no surprise that Yoongi was coming down with a headache, all things considered. From sniffing poppers at The Paradiso Lounge and being assaulted by the flickering strobe lights and deafeningly loud music to having Keyshawn drop a bombshell like that on him - it made total sense that his brain was starting to painfully pound behind his eyelids.

“Fuck me,” Yoongi muttered under his breath, dropping his hand down to his side and opening his eyes again.

The inside of his apartment room was small but at least it had several rooms that were separated by ways of doors and walls. There was a lounge, a kitchen, a bedroom and a single bathroom, and each of these rooms had dark wood and outdated ‘80s geometric wallpaper in various colours and patterns. The wainscotting and door frames were painted with glossy and deep brown varnish to match the flooring. The lounge was pretty much bare of most decoration, save for a battered sofa, a television that he never really used, some potted plants, and a bust-up coffee table with a broken leg he kept propped up with a stack of newspapers and gay lifestyle and photography magazines. He also had some professional photography equipment stacked in the corner of the room: boxes of accessories, goods and backdrops, and a tripod frame.

Yoongi stepped out of his boots and left them on the floor beside the door, his bare feet padding on the flooring as he made his way into the bathroom to get cleaned up. He stripped out of his clothing as he did so, tossing his leather jacket through the lounge doorway to leave it on the sofa. After
vigorously brushing his teeth to try and rid himself of the lingering aftertaste of wine and cum, and hastily cleaning himself over the sink because the water was cold again and he couldn’t get a proper shower, he left the bathroom and went along the hallway to go into his bedroom; his camera dangling from his fingers by the lanyard.

Much like the lounge, Yoongi’s box bedroom was also bare of most decoration. In terms of furniture there was a single and rather small dresser that was packed with his scant amount of clothing, a black bag filled with dirty clothing on the floor beside it, and a mattress on the floor with two pillows, a duvet and several blankets messily strewn over it.

That was it - nothing more, nothing less.

On the floor beside his mattress there was a lamp, an ashtray filled with crushed cigarette butts, and a stack of *Advocate Men* magazines. He must have left one of them still open from last night, revealing a centrefold shot of a muscular, tanned and dark-haired man lying on a couch with his thick thighs spread wide open and his sizeable cock tucked to the side and curved over his stomach.

Yoongi used his toes to lift the pages up and shut the magazine and then he dropped to sit down on the mattress. He was naked and rather cold, and so he dragged the mess of covers and blankets over his lap to try and retain some heat.

There were strings tacked onto the walls all around his mattress, on which he had clipped a variety of photographs that he liked the most out of the many stacks that he possessed. At the bottom of his mattress there was a small box inside which he stored all the photographs he had printed and his roll of exposures, just in case he ever managed to get a client interested in his photographs and they wanted to purchase a genuine and large professional print… not that that ever happened.

Yoongi got his camera in hand to give it a quick check, powering it up and eyeing the glowing display screen. He saw that the battery was barely even drained because he had been shooting with just a single roll and there was still a small amount of film left to shoot with. He would need to bring an extra roll with him tomorrow night, just so he could smoothly change them in the middle of shooting and not have to waste a single piece of film.

Yoongi placed the camera down on the floor beside his mattress and then he shifted to lie back against the stack of pillows for a moment. He stared up at the cracked ceiling above his head as he listened to the faded sound of police sirens bleeding in through the thin glass pane of the far window. He couldn’t help but bring his hand up to start nibbling at his thumb nail and the skin around it in his usual anxious fashion. It took him a couple of seconds of rapid blinking until he realised that his eyes were starting to tear up, even when he didn’t want them to.
“Shit,” Yoongi muttered under his breath, hastily wiping at his eyes with the heel of his hand to force the unshed tears away. “Fucking… capitalism fucking eating me alive…”

Quite simply, Yoongi was in trouble. He had roughly two weeks to earn himself $150 to pay for the rent before he was out on the streets… and he hadn’t gotten close to earning that much since his last rent payment. He had gotten that cash from sexual favours; from letting some kinky couple he knew through an acquaintance have a threesome with him, which had really meant him blowing one of them whilst the other one had fucked him. After the unpleasant and lingering self-disgust created by that incident he had vowed to never do something that desperate again.

But there was a chance that he might just be able to make the rent on time. A single lifeline had been tossed out for him to grab hold of and he wasn’t going to let it go to waste.

Yoongi just needed to get those photographs for his client as fast as possible, and there was only one place he was going to find what he needed.

*The Paradiso Lounge.*
Money Shots

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was no raining falling tonight, though there was a feeling lingering in the air that there could be a light drizzle at some point in the evening. It was likely the result of the humidity, which had reached a level of heat that was unpleasant even in the early morning hours. This might just mean there was an incoming summer thunderstorm, and that wouldn’t surprise him in the slightest considering the uncomfortable heat.

Walking through the streets of Harlem, his leather jacket layered over the same red plaid shirt from yesterday and a wrinkled white t-shirt that was messily tucked half-in, half-out of his jeans waistband, Yoongi was really feeling the heat. But he needed his jacket for the sake of carrying some extra rolls of film because his jeans pockets alone couldn’t suffice. This meant he just had to grit his teeth and put up with the slight discomfort, which was somewhat his own fault.

Truthfully, Yoongi didn’t really need to wear the plaid shirt. But he just felt more comfortable wearing it because he felt strange without several layers of clothing between his skin and the air. In the winter this was a great quirk to have, in the summer… not so much. Being inside The Paradiso Lounge was going to be even more uncomfortable because of all the lights and the hundreds of bodies crowded inside the building that would make the interior of the club so incredibly hot.

Yoongi reached up to run his fingers through his messy hair, teasing at the lengths as he scratched at his scalp and then rubbed his palm against the stubbly fuzz on the right side of his head. He was careful to not knock the cigarette that was tucked behind his ear free because he couldn’t afford to waste a single one these days. He was trying to save this particular cigarette for when he was inside the club, just because it would help him stay cool and focused whilst he was busy taking photographs of the clientele tonight.

Walking past the various food trucks that were parked along Lenox Avenue was something akin to torture for Yoongi because he could smell the different scents coming from them. Once again, he had woken up at some point in the early afternoon hours and had black coffee and two cigarettes for breakfast because the meagre amount of cash that he had left meant he really couldn’t afford to purchase fresh groceries for another couple of days at least. Not until he got his hands on more cash to help him pay his rent. There was next to nothing left in the kitchen that wasn’t tinned food, which he was currently reluctant to open even when he was so goddamn hungry.

Yoongi glanced at a food truck as he passed it by, seeing a customer being handed a serving of
chicken and waffles in a foil tray. The sight of the fried chicken made him drag his gaze away and focus on his battered leather boots instead, watching the tattered laces bouncing around for a few seconds before glancing back up at the wide street in front of him.

Just like the previous night, and likely most nights, the streets of Harlem were incredibly busy and packed with traffic. Last night the busyness had been a little overwhelming for Yoongi as he hadn’t known where he had been going, but tonight he felt much more at ease. He was no longer scanning the sidewalks in search of glowing bar and club signs that might draw him in, or obvious gay folk that could give him assistance and directions because he knew exactly where he was going. He was on Lenox Avenue, making his way towards West 125th Street - where he would find The Paradiso Lounge in all its sexual glory. This meant he could stroll down the street without a care in the world, his hands shoved into his jacket pockets and his back comfortably slouched.

Yoongi’s lower back was a little stiff today and his knees were sore from kneeling down in the alcove last night; his skin lightly scraped in parts from the friction between his bony kneecaps and the gritty pavement. But mostly it was his throat that was hurting because he had been a little too enthusiastic when he had been sucking Jimin off. He had allowed him to go quite deep into his throat and even thrust into his mouth, which had triggered his gag reflex once or twice before he had managed to control it.

Yoongi had barely been able to talk above a husky drawl this morning when he had been talking on the phone with one half of the couple that owned the camera store he used for developing his exposures and professionally printing his photographs for his clients. Jayden had actually asked him if he was coming down with something, which had amused him to no end. It didn’t hurt to talk, but there was a dull twinge every now and again when he swallowed that was more annoying than painful.

Every time that a motorbike rolled down the road beside him Yoongi found himself constantly tracking it with his eyes, even when he knew there was no chance it would be Jimin riding the vehicle. It was silly, Yoongi knew that it was silly because he would be busy entertaining in the club right now, yet he just couldn’t control the urge.

Yoongi couldn’t help but think about the other man as he made his way along the seemingly never-ending stretch of Lenox Avenue. It made perfect sense that he would find Jimin almost constantly playing on his mind after what had happened between them last night, and not only because of their moment of sexual intimacy.

They had shared something more than just a passionate fling, having dined together and spent quite some time conversing about everything from their careers and interests to their thoughts about ongoing crises and discord within community. It had been so long since Yoongi had been able to just talk to another man like that, especially one as attractive and attentive as Jimin. Last night had been the best night he had had in quite some time, and so it was only natural that he found himself craving
more interactions with him.

Yoongi had been thinking about Jimin all day long when he had been awake, he was pretty certain he had dreamt about him dancing in the club last night too, and now he was going to see him once more. The thought excited him so much that he couldn’t help but pick up his pace, transitioning from a leisurely stroll into a rather fast walk. It took a couple of minutes of walking along Lenox Avenue and past the bustling gay nightlife scene that took up a great deal of West 124th Street before he was finally at the leather bar.

The street outside of The Paradiso Lounge had another small line of people waiting outside, but Yoongi paid them no heed because he had already taken several photographs of the exterior last night. No, the only thing that he was going to focus on tonight was what was inside the building, and so he needed to hurry up and enter the club.

Yoongi shoved his hand into his jeans pocket to collect his lighter. He hastily thumbed at it, trying to spark a light even though it was almost empty. He finally managed to do so after a moment of struggle, sticking the end of the cigarette into the flame to take a couple of quick drags and get the end smouldering. Then he shoved the lighter back into his pocket as he crossed the road to head inside the club.

Yoongi was expecting the bouncer to stop him and request to see his ID again, but the other man seemed to still recognise him from last night. It seemed unlikely that many Asian punks frequented the bar and so he likely stood out a lot against the usual clientele. That, and the fact he had his camera in tow, meant he should still be fresh in the other man’s memory.

“Alright, short stuff!” the bouncer announced with a grin, reaching over to give his shoulder a rather firm slap as he stepped away from the entrance. “Looks like we might have a new regular!”

Had it not been for the fact that Jimin worked at The Paradiso Lounge, Yoongi might very well have thought otherwise.

Sure, Yoongi liked the club well enough even with the irritating music selection they played because it was explicitly homosexual, and therefore it was the perfect safe space for him. He might have considered coming back every now and again with a few dollars to spare to grab a neat whisky and enjoy the entertainment. Maybe he would have tried getting with an older gentleman that looked to have cash and plenty of experience that might like a chain-smoking, grumpy partner that didn’t have many skills in life but sure knew how to use his mouth for more than just complaining.

But knowing that Jimin worked in The Paradiso Lounge meant that Yoongi had every reason
possible to come back here regularly. Not nightly of course, but often enough to try and spend some
time with him after his shift was finished and they could talk more, maybe have sex again. After all,
if he managed to woo Jimin enough he might just be able to see him whenever he wanted outside of
the club - maybe as intimate friends or maybe as partners.

Yoongi knew that he was aiming high, quite possibly well above his chances, but it wasn’t like he
had anything to lose.

If Jimin liked him enough to request one instance of sexual intimacy from him then that might just
mean he would request more and more. He didn’t need to find him attractive, or charming, or even
fun, he just needed to like whatever Yoongi could offer him enough to want to stay connected with
him. If that resulted in a blossoming and passionate romance, Yoongi was victorious. If it only
created a short-lived beneficial bond for them both until Jimin found a man that could satisfy him
better, or he cared for romantically, Yoongi supposed that that was life and he would just have to
accept it. It was better to gain happiness and fulfilment even if it was only temporary than to never
attain a sense of enjoyment at all.

As he made his way down into the basement Yoongi heard the sound of music blaring from the
speakers. It was only slightly muffled by the walls, which he could feel vibrating against his palms as
he made his way down the steps; feeling at each one with the toes of his heavy boots. There was
some tension swelling up from his stomach into his chest, the kind of tension that came from a
combination of excitement and nervousness. Hell, he was convinced that his knees would start
knocking together if he stood still for a moment.

After all, Yoongi had every right to feel this way tonight. It might just have been his first night in The
Paradiso Lounge yesterday; a night that should have made him more nervous because he hadn’t
known what was on offer in the establishment. However, he had been far more curious than nervous
last night because he had known that it would just be sex, which was much more fascinating than
frightening. But having witnessed some of the sexual acts going on out in the open: the fondling, the
humiliation, the parading of submissive boys, and the boot-licking - Yoongi was now confused,
conflicted by his own feelings of arousal and the enjoyment he had felt witnessing such acts.

Why did Yoongi like seeing those moments of domination, of degradation and humiliation?

Was it just because he had never witnessed the fetish and leather subculture before and so diving
headlong into the scene had taken him by surprise and piqued his interest? He supposed it was a little
like when a teenager stumbled upon dirty magazines or even pornography for the first time. Their
initial confusion and fear gave way to so much curiosity and a want to see more and more, even
when they knew that they would get in trouble or they were still frightened by it all and didn’t really
understand what they were seeing.
Did Yoongi want to do those things too?

Well, not all of it. Yoongi might just be fascinated by the boot-licking but he was pretty certain that he didn’t want to lick anyone’s boots. The front of their trousers, perhaps. The crotch of a studded leather thong, most certainly. He didn’t know if he wanted to be fondled by strangers either. He hadn’t really liked it when those men had tried groping his ass last night, but that had been unexpected touching.

The thought of being paraded around by someone like Jimin; maybe in a collar and harness, possibly wearing clothing that exposed his body in a way that usually made him feel uncomfortable? That did excite him in a way, even if he had never tried such a thing before. He didn’t know if it was the thought of being reduced to nothing more than a sexual object for entertainment, for men to look at him and know that he belonged to another man; or if it was the thought of being praised by said men, of knowing that they wanted to touch him and they weren’t allowed because he was locked to his man.

His man, who Yoongi could only keep thinking of as Jimin in his head, even when that wasn’t the case. That was just his desires taking over, making him indulge in a moment of fantasy before reality kicked in once more.

But these were not the only reasons why he was feeling so nervous. Yoongi now knew that Jimin worked in *The Paradiso Lounge* and that was more than enough reason to break out into a panic sweat. Returning to the club meant seeing him again, especially since he had told him to come back so he could help him find some more models for his fetish wear commission. When he was finished with said commission he would be able to seek him out any night that he wished to see him again, even if that only meant watching him dance in his cage and getting to enjoy his performances.

Upon fully entering the club Yoongi was once more assaulted by the combination of bright flickering lights and a pounding baseline and crashing cymbals. It was a different night and yet the music sounded practically the same to his ears, mostly because the instruments and beat were so similar between every track - possibly the results of samples or just reworks and remixes. Whatever the case, he knew that he was never going to be able to get used to the electronic tracks because he hated that style of music the most. It was just noise to his ears, loud noise that had been created on some machine without any care for rhythm.

A quick glance up at the suspended cages as he crossed the dance floor showed Yoongi that Jimin wasn’t currently inside one of them. There were many other go-go dancers performing for the clientele; showing off a wide variety of body types, their fascinating fetish wear, and their erotic dance routines.

Yoongi could also see that the sofas were packed full just like the previous night, countless men
sitting side by side and sharing laps whilst they enjoyed their drinks, mingled with one another, and savoured the entertainment that was happening right in front of them. Not all of them were clad in fetish wear or leather, though it seemed to be almost an unspoken rule that every man wear at least a leather jacket, boots and shoes, a vest, or collar and harnesses to make them blend into the leather bar scene. Luckily for him, his boots and jacket were leather and therefore made him pass for a regular.

Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised to see that some of these men were making out and even touching one another because he had already seen plenty of that last night. Whether it be on the sofas, the dance floor, or the shadowy spaces against the walls - sex was all around him and there was nothing to be embarrassed or frightened about.

But even when he knew what to expect the sight of more daddy’s boys in their closed collars being paraded around on leashes and fondled both sweetly and roughly by large, grabby hands that sank into their bare buttocks and thighs still left him reeling. Yoongi couldn’t help but wonder what it must be like being in their headspace; what it felt like to be that submissive and how it made them feel good. He guessed the only way to find out was to ask one of them personally… or maybe give it a try. The mere thought was enough to make him drag his eyes away from a passing leather daddy, reaching up to get his cigarette between his fingers so he could wet his lips and breathe a lungful of smoke out of his nose in a hard huff.

Yoongi was going to be careful in the club tonight, and this meant not accepting any drugs that might just get forced into his hands - be it a joint, an upper, or a little bottle of poppers. His first dabble with poppers had been both enjoyable and uncomfortable, and though the intense rush had really heightened his sensitivity to the atmosphere and made his experience feel that little more memorable, a pounding headache and sore loins the morning after most certainly wasn’t worth giving them another try.

Jimin was right, Yoongi really did need to avoid accepting anything that the guys inside the club might offer, even if taking some ecstasy and just wandering around in a state of euphoria without a hint of anxiety seemed like a great way to spend the night. It was better to be sober for the sake of focusing on his photography because that was the entire reason why he was inside the club tonight… except for seeing Jimin. He might grab a glass of whisky later if he felt like he had earned it, but no drugs. Especially not when there was a chance whatever he might take could be laced with something else, like glass in the pot or god knows what the idiots were spicing it up with these days.

That was why Yoongi tried his very hardest to avoid making eye-contact with any groups of men that might just be messing around with poppers or anything else that could make them loose for receiving, or stiff enough to keep an erection for hours. He didn’t want another two hour long hard-on, accidental or not. If he didn’t look at them they might just ignore him and not try to palm off their tempting treats like last night.

Yoongi couldn’t help but scan the serving boys as they weaved their way through the crowds,
eyeing their muscular and tanned torsos, leather waistcoats and bow ties; or their willowy limbs and perky asses, their thighs clad in sheer stockings and their nudity barely covered by the tiny aprons that were tied around their svelte waists. But there was no sight of Jimin within this sea of black and white uniform-clad servers, and that was when he recalled what the other man had told him over their late-night dinner.

Jimin had told him that he was a go-go dancer and professional dom, and neither of those things meant that he would serve drinks to the club clientele. If he wasn’t in the suspended cages then he might just be in one of the ground cages, or even flitting around the club with his private bodyguard, Raphael, performing his acts of public domination on whatever man requested his service… not that he really knew what this entailed.

Eventually, Yoongi managed to catch sight of the elusive entertainer across the packed club floor.

Jimin wasn’t dancing in a suspended cage tonight, rather he was locked inside one that was placed on the ground. There was a small platform that the cage was set upon, just a couple of inches in height unlike the tall podium cages. This meant he was dancing right in the midst of the clientele on the dance floor, within reach so that men would be able to reach inside and touch him if they so desired.

But Yoongi had a feeling that none of them would do so, or at least not with the knowledge that they were in control and he was submissive to their whims. He was more likely to snag hold of their wrists and knock their hands away, his powerful eyes cold and intense enough to make even the bravest of men have to look away from intimidation or in submission. He assumed that the regulars here knew exactly what kind of entertainer and man that Jimin was, and so they wouldn’t try such a thing.

More flickering strobe lights were built into the flooring around the platform to bathe Jimin in a deep red glow, a colour that was just perfect for him. He was standing on another bed of wrinkled cash, though he had allowed some of the men to slip folded bills down the low and tight waistband of his leather trousers. The cage was smaller than the suspended one too, meaning that he had less room to move around in and was restricted. But that didn’t stop him from dancing in the slightest. If anything, it might just be easier for him to utilise the bars for his erotic routines.

Unlike the previous night Jimin’s outfit of choice was far less revealing. He was wearing a leather bolero jacket with a high collar that had an O-ring buckle dangling from it, along with full sleeves that sadly covered his shapely arms. The jacket was so short that the top only covered his clavicle, leaving his chest and midriff fully exposed. His silver nipple ring glinted in the strobe lighting, catching Yoongi’s eye. His lower body was clad in tight leather trousers, which he had matched with a pair of boots that had a thick and weighty sole. There was no latex heels to be found tonight, but it seemed like he only clad himself in those particular boots when he was wearing something more revealing.
Yoongi could see tendons and veins rippling the surface on the backs of Jimin’s hands as he twisted to the side and grabbed hold of the bars to curve his spine and throw his ass back to suggestively roll his hips in tight circles. He was turned away from him, meaning he got to see this particular move from behind and take in the full sight of his hypnotic hips. He watched a fat bead of sweat rolling down the deep valley of his spine towards the waistband of his trousers.

Jimin suddenly dropped to squat low to the floor with his thighs spread wide open. As he started vigorously bouncing his hips up and down his dangling earring chain danced in rhythm with his frantic movements, catching the light from the strobe lights to twinkle - just like the thick layer of sweat on his brow and torso glistened in the powerful red lighting. He still had his arms stretched up over his head, his fists tightly gripped onto the bars to help him maintain his balance as he bounced his hips up and down over and over. The squatted position must have been hard on his leg muscles and yet he didn’t even falter, showing incredible stamina and strength.

Yoongi managed to drag his eyes away from Jimin long enough to power up his camera. He gave the glowing display screen a quick glance as he adjusted the settings, once more relying on auto flash and other preset modes to ensure he would get some decent photographs. He couldn’t rely on too many manual adjustments on a subject that was moving around as much as Jimin was or else he would end up with blurry and overall messy shots.

Jimin dived forward onto his hands and knees, his hips still very much rapidly jerking in rhythm with the pounding bass line coming from the speakers. His ass jiggled from the movement even within the confines of his tight leather trousers, especially when he spread his thighs wide and low to the floor and arched his back, assuming a position that instantly revealed to Yoongi what it would look like to get fucked down into a mattress by him.

Unsurprisingly, this erotic move caused a shower of bills to be tossed into the cage by the men that were watching his performance. The bills landed on his body, some of them sticking to his sweaty skin and others being knocked free with each hard buck of his hips. Yet Jimin paid them no heed, his gaze completely unfocused and staring straight off across the club as if he was lost in the moment; feeling nothing more than the music and lights, the heat of his body and the pounding of his pulse in his throat as he performed.

Jimin carried on simulating the sex act for a moment longer, his bouncing movements smoothly transitioning into something closer to sensual grinds and his fingers snagging hold of a bunch of the bills almost as if he was sinking his fingers into bed sheets. His heavily made-up eyes were half-lidded, his full lips slack as he was likely exhaling through them.

Then Jimin shifted to get onto his knees, still grinding his hips in constant circles as he brought his hands up and dropped a handful of wrinkled bills down onto himself. He rolled his head back hard,
his expression shifting into something that Yoongi thought looked like orgasmic pleasure as he ran his hands down his neck and chest towards his thighs.

As Yoongi weaved his way around a gathering of men to get closer to the cage Jimin finally noticed him. He was in the act of stroking his palms back and forth along his inner thighs and over his crotch as he rolled his hips and knees close together and then apart again in a suggestive move that looked just like he was riding another man. His zoned-out expression suddenly shifted, his gaze sharpening as he came out of the moment and stared up at him.

Jimin shifted to lie back on the bed of bills, stretching his arms above his head and cocking his knees in front of him. This position allowed him to bring his hips off the bottom of the cage and thrust them upwards in smooth rolls, once more simulating love-making and causing some more wrinkled bills to get tossed onto his body.

When Yoongi brought the camera up to his eye he wasn’t at all surprised to see something flashing across Jimin’s face - a quick smile that he reeled in as to not ruin the moment. He was supposed to be erotic: smouldering and possibly orgasmic, not smiling from ear to ear.

Before Yoongi could possibly hope to find a good angle to snap a photograph of him Jimin suddenly moved into a new position. He shifted to sit upright, his weight balanced on his wrists for a second or two before he pushed with enough force to launch himself back onto his feet with very little effort. He hastily knocked the wrinkled cash free from his sweat-slick skin before approaching the bars and leaning up against them, slipping his arms through the slats to reach out and run his fingers along the dangling loop of lanyard around Yoongi’s neck.

“Hey, handsome, come here often?” Jimin asked in a husky drawl, flashing him that lopsided smile of his. His back was curved so he could carry on moving his hips in smooth swings, just to keep his fans entertained during their brief conversation.

“Mmm, the whisky’s good, but there’s something else here worth tasting,” Yoongi replied around his cigarette, squinting down the viewfinder at him just to savour the sight of his gorgeous face, all bathed in the flickering red lights and dewy with sweat. He wasn’t even going to take a photograph, he just wanted to study him. “I got that sweet flavour on my tongue and now I want it more and more…”

“I’ve got plenty more sweetness for you, baby,” Jimin crooned, pulling his hand away from the camera lanyard to bring it up to his own mouth. He parted his lips, darting his tongue out to lick at his fingers in a way that made a delicious spike of heat plummet right down into Yoongi’s belly. “I know how much you liked swallowing it all down…”
Yoongi let out a nervous chuckle at this as he feigned fiddling with his camera, just to give him something to do with his hands. Here he was once more, flustered by a pretty boy and one with a filthy tongue. It was really no wonder why he found it hard to speak to him, never mind hold his gaze for longer than a second or two. He could feel some pairs of eyes on him from the crowd of men that were watching Jimin’s performance, but he tried his very hardest to ignore the prickling heat of their weighty gazes.

Jimin shifted to move away from the bars and take a few steps back in the small cage. He brought his arms up over his head as he did so, sinking his fingers into his hair as he carried on teasingly grinding his hips; his toned stomach muscles rippling from every movement. His confidence as he moved showed that he knew he looked good right now, that he was aware of the fact he turned on so many men who were no doubt having all kinds of fantasies about him as they watched his grinding hips and stroking hands, and his ass bouncing and shaking in beat with the electronic track blaring from the speakers.

Yoongi brought the camera back up to his face again to squint down the viewfinder at him. He saw that the strobe lights were wreaking havoc on the lighting because he was much closer to them than last night, meaning that he needed to move back a little to try and avoid the constant glare.

“Do you want me to pose for you, Yoongi?!” Jimin asked, having to raise his voice to be heard over the pounding music because of their distance. “Do I look good enough for your camera tonight?!”

Jimin had remembered his name.

Just hearing him saying it like that, slipping free from his lips as he danced so provocatively, was enough to make Yoongi’s breath leave him in a soft sigh of awe. It wasn’t that he had thought the dancer would have forgotten his name already, but there was something so indescribably good about hearing it being said. It made Yoongi feel like Jimin might just have been thinking about him the way that he had thinking about him all night and morning long; like he might just have been playing on his mind, lingering behind like the ghostly scent of cologne on his skin.

“Move, but move slow! Not too fast! You look better in motion!” Yoongi explained, glancing away from the viewfinder for a moment to look up at the other man. “I don’t wanna capture you posing, I wanna capture you in your element! Dancing!”

“Slow, huh?!” Jimin asked, as he shifted to lean back against the bars behind him. “Do you like it slow, baby?”

Yoongi knew that Jimin was teasing him again, a habit that he had revealed a few times over the
duration of the previous night. If the chance presented itself for him to make a suggestive or even lewd remark he went for it, quite possibly because he liked the fact he might make him get all flustered again.

“Do you like it slow, and deep?” Jimin asked, curving his back to bring his hips forward. Then he started rolling them in lazy thrusts, shifting his hands up the bars to snag hold of them so his fists were level with his shoulders.

Jimin enacted a passionate and slow fuck right in front of him, his legs spread wide apart to better anchor himself as he rolled his hips forward and slightly upwards on the end of each thrust. He rolled his head back against the bars as he did so, letting out a husky moan as he parted his mouth wide and let his smokey eyelids flutter shut. His movement was fluid, almost like a wave, and the way that his stomach muscles clenched and relaxed was so very enticing to watch.

Yoongi wanted to touch him, he wanted to feel the way that his body moved against his palm; all hot skin and slick sweat. But he couldn’t do so because he needed to take photographs of him instead. He watched him thrusting for a few seconds through the viewfinder, wondering if he should snap a frontal shot or focus on a select part of his body instead. There was no mistaking that Jimin looked good tonight, especially when he was pulling an expression that looked like he was mere thrusts away from climaxing. But there was something else that he wanted to focus on tonight - something much better suited for his client’s demands.

Yoongi settled on quickly activating eye control focus with a quick twist of the dial with his thumb, zooming in and settling his gaze around his chest and lower face to activate the mode and focus on it. He snapped a shot of Jimin’s muscular chest muscles: slick with sweat and exposed from under the top of his leather bolero; the O-ring buckle dangling over his prominent clavicle and glinting just like his small nipple ring. His fist was visible in the shot, tightly snagged hold of the metal bar beside his shoulder, as was his lower face so that his slack mouth was right at the top frame of the shot. He was bathed in the red glow of the flickering strobe lights, looking every bit the sex god that Yoongi knew he was.

There was no harness on display tonight, but Yoongi was certain he could get a couple of good shots of Jimin alone. He didn’t have a lot of film left on this roll so he might as well make the go-go dancer his main subject and use up the remains. If his client didn’t like the shots of Jimin enough to request professional prints of them he just knew that some queen would be willing to pay him for photographs of this tanned, muscular and sensuous boy in front of him. Hell, some of the men in this goddamn club might be willing to pay him for shots of their favourite entertainer, and Jimin had already given him explicit permission to sell any and all photographs of him for profit, including the pornographic ones from last night.

Yoongi was amazed by the fact that none of Jimin’s fans approached him and tried to touch his body whilst he was performing. He thought about how he had told him that no one got to touch him if he
didn’t want them to, that his job role as both a go-go dancer and professional dom didn’t give them permission to touch him like they could touch other performers. It was incredibly apparent tonight that he had been telling the truth.

As Yoongi loaded the next piece of film he glanced up just in time to see a man moving towards the cage, and so Jimin turned towards him to fully focus on him. He reached through the slats to take hold of the man’s hand, tugging it inside of the cage and guiding it towards his waist and then his behind to let him slip a tip inside the waistband of his leather trousers. The man took advantage of this fact to firmly cup his buttock in his hand, and in turn Jimin reached up to snag hold of his throat and pulled him right up against the bars of the cage. He was rough not teasing, the impact hard enough to make his fan visibly flinch.

Yoongi decided to take photographs of this too, rapidly snapping one of the man’s hands holding onto Jimin’s ass and another of Jimin holding onto his throat. His head obscured the other man’s face so that it wasn’t a part of the subject. When he snapped this photograph he was sure that he saw Jimin whispering something down his ear, his full lips curling up at the corners in that predatory smile of his as he pulled his face away again. The guy looked thankful that Jimin had damn near throttled him, an awed look on his face that Yoongi could very much relate to.

Jimin turned back around to face him and got down on his hands and knees on the bed of cash once more, assuming a position that seemed very liked by his fans. He curved his back to bring his upper body low to the floor, his ass held up high so he could wriggle it from side to side in a feline fashion. He raised one of his thick eyebrows, his expression shifting into something so very cocky that showed he was enjoying all the attention - not only from the other men, but from Yoongi and his camera.

Yoongi shifted to move around the cage to check out all the different angles, wanting to try and get the best shots possible of him. He could hear some of the men talking about him underneath the pounding music but he was so focused on Jimin that he couldn’t really make out what they were saying. It just seemed they were curious about the fact he was taking photographs and their favourite entertainer was very eager to model for him. He ended up moving to the back of the cage, weaving around the other men to squat down and get on eye-level with him.

Jimin twisted to look back over his shoulder at him, sitting on his heels with his spine sharply curved; his muscles rippling the surface of his tanned skin. There was a fine sheen of sweat all over his naked back, beaded droplets rolling down towards the waistband to soak into the wrinkled bills.

“Are you just here to take photographs of me tonight?” Jimin asked, once more lazily grinding his hips round and round in tight circles to continue entertaining his fans. “Am I your favourite model, Yoongi?”
“Yeah, I like you,” Yoongi replied without a hint of hesitation, hitting the button to snap the next photograph. He knew that his words carried more than one meaning, that it might just have sounded like he was confessing some feelings for the other man, but he was far too focused on snapping photographs to really care right now.

Jimin let out a husky laugh at this that clashed against his usual giddy giggle, rolling his head back hard as he did so.

When Yoongi went to load the next piece of film he glanced at the display screen to see that the rewind symbol was flashing on it. This meant that the roll was completely used up and needed replacing. On account of the pounding music coming from the speakers he hadn’t even heard the loud whirring sound the camera made when it started automatically rewinding the film back into the cartridge for removal.

“Shit, I’m outta film,” Yoongi muttered, giving the glowing screen a quick study before looking up at him. “Hang on, I’m gonna need to replace it…”

Jimin lifted his arm up to give his wrist a limp wave and then he hunkered down to start collecting his tips together from the bottom of the cage. He had to peel some of the bills free from his sweaty skin and gather them into his hand, accepting some more tips from men as they held their hands out to him in offering.

Yoongi saw the bodyguard from the previous night heading straight towards Jimin’s cage - Raphael. He reached up to slip his cigarette free from his lips and take several deep and quick drags off it, the stick now little more than a burnt-up stub. He had left it smouldering away between his lips whilst he had been snapping photographs of Jimin, and so he had only savoured a couple of drags on it.

“Are you finished, angel?”

Yoongi could detect a hint of a Hispanic accent in Raphael’s voice, but it was very subtle rather than strong. He had a surprisingly soft voice with a musical lilt to it, which completely clashed against his hulking physique.

Jimin hummed at the question as he rolled back on the heels of his boots, patiently waiting for the other man to unlock the door for him. He had a sizeable wad of cash gathered in his hand and he was still slipping the remaining bills out of his trouser waistband to add it to the pile.
Raphael moved to do so, collecting his keyring and quickly sorting through the keys before finding the right one. He slipped it into the keyhole, giving it a hard twist and then dragging the heavy door open.

Jimin stepped out of the cage, quickly reaching up to wipe at his sweaty brow and then shaking his hand to knock any beaded liquid free from his fingers.

“Raphael, this baby boy’s gonna be my bodyguard for the night,” Jimin said, reaching up to stroke his hand down the front of the man’s chest. His touch was gentle, surprisingly tender in a way that showed he must like him. The fact he had to stretch to just touch his chest made Yoongi aware of just how short they both were in comparison. He cocked his head in his direction, just so the other man would know who he was talking about.

“Him? The twink that walks like he’s just been rawed in the bathroom?” Raphael retorted, eyeing Yoongi in a way that showed he didn’t think much of him.

Yoongi could only stare up at him in shock, taken aback by his words. Wow, he had never said a single word to Raphael and yet the man had sussed him out just like that. He wanted to be offended but he was mostly impressed by his astute observation.

“We need to mingle, Big Man. You scare away my boys,” Jimin said with a playful pout, lightly smacking his hand against his chest. “Hmm?”

“Van won’t like you wandering around the place without me…”

“OK, then you can stick with us. But keep a little distance. You know none of my boys ever lay a finger on me first. They’re well-trained, I keep them in check.”

Jimin moved to take hold of Yoongi’s elbow to tug him across the floor in the direction of the dressing-room. Even though he had taken hold of him first Yoongi felt like he was the one latched onto his side instead, but he was hardly complaining. He would happily latch onto him all night long if Jimin allowed him too. Hell, he would let him drag him across the floor by his ankle if he wanted to.

When they entered the dressing-room together the security guy on the door didn’t stop them, the same blond guy from last night giving Yoongi a hard look but not shoving his hand out to block his path because he was on Jimin’s arm. He tried to not give the him a smug look, glancing back over
his shoulder to see that Raphael was also waiting on the door for them.

Stepping inside the dressing-room Yoongi was surprised to see a few of the serving boys having a quick smoke break in the corner. Two of them were wearing aprons and stockings and one of them was sitting in the lap of one of the masculine-presenting waiter boys; his thin arm slung around his neck. They were talking amongst themselves, sparing quick glances over at them and mostly focusing on Yoongi because he was obviously not one of the entertainers.

“Just give me a second, I need to freshen up,” Jimin said, snatching a towel from the table and dropping to sit on the stool in front of the mirror.

“Take your time, I don’t mind,” Yoongi said in a quiet voice, quickly glancing over at the serving boys again before focusing on him.

Jimin placed his stack of tips down on the dressing table, taking a moment to first wipe away his sweat and then touch-up his face. His eye makeup was more-or-less still perfectly intact and so he mostly just had to reapply some glossy and tinted lip balm onto his full lips. He used his pinky finger to do so, the act once more drawing attention to the many rings he wore on his fingers.

Perhaps noticing his reflection in the dressing table mirror Jimin paused for a second, studying him as he brought his lips together to spread the lip balm between them.

“Come closer, Yoongi. You don’t have to stand all the way over there,” he suggested, taking hold of the towel to dab at his neck and jawline again. “I don’t bite… unless you want me to.”

Yoongi snorted at this as he crossed the floor to draw closer to Jimin, who was busy towelling the lingering remains of sweat free from his skin. He reached up to take hold of his cigarette, dabbing a sizeable chunk of ash free from the end into the half-full ashtray on the dressing table. He was about to take another drag off the end when Jimin twisted on the stool to look up at him, and so he held the cigarette out to him in offering instead.

Jimin accepted the cigarette, bringing it up to his lips to take a couple of light drags off the end of the stick instead of lighting up his own. He had been dancing in the cage for so long without a break that he must really be craving a cigarette. He held each pull of smoke in his lungs for a few seconds before blowing it out of his lips, not exactly forming smoke rings but something close to them that lazily floated up towards the ceiling. Then he held the cigarette out to him again, and so Yoongi accepted it and shoved it back between his lips.
There was a slight smudge of eyeliner around Jimin’s cheekbone, no doubt the result of him wiping at his sweaty face during his routine. So Yoongi took hold of the towel to use the edge and wipe it free for him, his touch gentle but firm enough to budge the rather oily smudge of eye makeup.

Jimin gave him a thankful smile as he allowed him to clean his cheek for him, letting his eyes grow half-lidded in what looked like contentment. As soon as Yoongi had cleaned it away he collected his tips together and got to his feet. He went over to his locker to store the money inside the compartment until his shift was finished. But he also pulled some items out of the locker: a hat and set of gloves, both items made from black leather.

The hat was a military cap, with a low peak that was made from polished leather and a golden badge set above the brim that was shaped like cross. The gloves had a cut-out design that would expose most of the backs of his hands right down to his knuckles. Just a single glance at the accessories told Yoongi all that he needed to know - they were fetish items, more particularly dom fetish goods because they radiated a sense of authority and power when combined together.

Jimin made no move to slip the accessories on, rather he got them in one hand and reached over to take hold of Yoongi’s arm with his free hand to tug him across the dressing-room.

Upon stepping back out into the main area of the club Jimin guided him right over to the bar and proceeded to sit on one of the stools. He placed the leather accessories down on the counter, gesturing to Yoongi that he should sit right beside him, and so he quickly moved to do so.

“Daddy, two shots of whisky - straight, no chaser,” Jimin ordered, lifting his hand up to gesture with his fingers; flashing the bartender the peace sign. “No time for a nice whisky on the rocks, Yoongi. Knock this bitch back hard and swallow like a good boy.”

“I always swallow,” Yoongi replied without a hint of hesitation, running his tongue around his inner cheek to suggestively distend it.

“Hmm, I know, baby,” Jimin purred, his lips lifting in a lopsided smirk as he placed his elbow down on the counter and balanced his cheek against his curled-up fingers. “Oh! And a piña colada for Big Man too, Daddy!”

“Coming right up,” the bartender replied from along the bar, moving to collect some glasses so he could serve their drinks for them.
A quick glance back over his shoulder revealed to Yoongi that Raphael was indeed still following them around, though he was at least keeping his distance. The fact that Jimin had his own private bodyguard said a lot to him, and he recalled that he had described himself as a ‘valuable asset’ just last night when discussing how glad he was to be working in *The Paradiso Lounge* and not just any gay bar or club in Harlem. Well, it seemed that he was right about one thing - his personal safety was clearly important to his boss.

Whilst the bartender prepared their drinks Yoongi decided it was time to load his camera up with some new film. He thumbed at the command dial and then slid back the latch cover. This allowed him to pop the back cover free and slip his fingers inside the device to remove the full and reloaded film cartridge. He shoved it into his left jacket pocket and dragged the zipper shut to ensure that it wouldn’t slip out over the duration of the evening because he didn’t want to lose such a perfect roll of film. Then he collected the new cartridge and slipped it inside, holding it steady with one thumb as he took hold of the film tip and dragged it out of the cartridge to align the edges with a corresponding orange mark located on the other side of the device.

Satisfied the film was properly loaded and ready to shoot Yoongi snapped the back cover back onto the camera to seal it shut. He heard the device whirring as it automatically loaded the first piece of film for him. There, he had just reloaded the camera as easy as could be, having plenty of experience with the task and particular model. He noticed that Jimin had been watching him loading the camera like he found it all so very interesting.

Yoongi silently raised his eyebrow at him, imploring him to speak because he could sense that something was on his mind. It was in the way that he was holding himself: his comfortable sideways slouch, the fascination in his eyes.

Jimin looked between his camera and his face for a few seconds before saying, “I can see that you really love that camera, Yoongi. The way that you hold it, that you touch it sometimes when you’re talking like just feeling the plastic body brings you comfort. It’s nice, I like it.”

“Oh, yeah?” Yoongi asked around his cigarette, feeling the most pressing need to touch his camera but managing to fight the urge. “I, uh, I do find it kinda calming. I dunno why, it’s just one of those things, I guess?”

“I like it, I think it’s cute,” Jimin said, reaching over to give the camera lanyard another gentle stroke all the way up to his neck. Then he cupped his chin with his fingers, turning his face towards him to try and get him to hold his gaze. “But that’s just because you’re cute, Yoongi.”

Unsurprisingly, Yoongi burst out laughing at this compliment because he was both nervous and surprised. The smoked-down remains of his cigarette dropped right out of his lips to land on the counter, and so he grabbed the stub and tossed it into the ashtray; a scattering of ash left behind all
over the wood. He reached up to cover his face with his hand, wanting to cover his mouth because he felt so embarrassed about the fact he was smiling so much.

“What? You are! You’re cute, baby! And acting like that’s just gonna make me find you even cuter!” Jimin teased with his own giggle, as he finally pulled his hand away from his chin and allowed him to look off across the bar again. “The cutest fucking punk in the whole of NYC - that’s you, Yoongi.”

It was amusing how Jimin was once more completely different now that he was no longer performing in a cage. He was softer in a way, though still prone to the occasional moment of mischief and teasing. But even when he was no longer a smouldering sex god Yoongi found it just as unnerving trying to talk to him because everything about the other man just made him feel so flustered and nervous. But in a good way, in a way that he couldn’t recall any of his past partners ever making him feel.

Ordinarily, Yoongi might just hate being called ‘cute’ because it entailed that the man calling him cute was describing something like his height or maybe how goddamn skinny he was. They were never talking about his face. But coming from Jimin he could sense that he didn’t mean it in a condescending way, and considering the fact they were almost the exact same height it wasn’t a teasing remark either. He just enjoyed hearing it, most likely because it meant that Jimin might like cute guys.

The bartender moved to place their drinks down on the counter - two shot glasses topped to the brim with golden whisky, and a deep glass filled with a fragrant and sweet cocktail that had a slice of pineapple shoved on the side as a garnish.

Jimin picked up the piña colada and held it to out Raphael, who moved to accept the drink with thanks.

“I get free drinks,” Jimin explained with a quick smile, twisting back around on the stool. “But I only ever have one drink a night. Usually it’s a light beer, but I might have a shot of whisky when I’m finished for the night. I don’t hit the booze too hard, especially not when I’m working. What about you? Are you a seasoned drinker, hmm?”

“I like to drink,” Yoongi replied, shifting on the padded stool to fold his hands on the counter and get into a comfortable slouch. “Whisky and wine, mostly. I ain’t the kind to drink vodka. I’d rather drink fucking paint stripper.”

“Oh, so you like flavour?” Jimin asked with a giggle, taking hold of his shot and nursing it between
his fingers. “Do you drink for pleasure, not for getting drunk? Or is it more the social side of it all that you enjoy, like going to bars and being around other men?”

“I like the taste, so, I guess I drink for pleasure. I don’t really do the social thing, I prefer being alone when I’m drinking. But I, uh, I liked being with you last night when we shared that meal together. That was good, Jimin, that was real good.”

“Hmm, I enjoyed it too, Yoongi,” he said, giving him a soft smile that made his full cheeks lift up and his eyes narrow at the corners. “What about drugs? Do you take them? Or was the thing with the poppers last night something new, a little dabbling for fun that you don’t usually do?”

Yoongi thought this question over for a moment before replying, “I used to take uppers when I was with this guy, this older guy. He’d gimme ‘em before we fucked to help me get excited.”

“How come? Do you have trouble getting hard?” Jimin asked in a concerned voice, pausing in the act of bringing his shot glass up to his lips. “I’m sorry, I don’t mean to pry. I know a lot of guys that can’t get it up without drugs to help them. Years of self-hate and sexual repression can really fuck up your libido, you know?”

“No, I don’t have any trouble getting hard, but I never got to find out what sex was like without drugs until I stopped seeing him. He was dependent on ‘em, he’d been taking ‘em for so many years ‘cos of the scene, and so he just introduced me to ‘em right from the start ‘cos he thought I’d need ‘em too. Y’know, so many faggots in this city are hooked on uppers just to get hard, it’s ridiculous.”

“They chase the thrills the uppers provide: enhanced sexual pleasure, muscle looseness, stronger erections,” Jimin said in a quiet voice, fingering his dangling earring chain in a fidgeting manner. “But they don’t think about other shit until it’s far too late, and by that point they need it more than just for sex. They’re addicted, and the sad thing is they could’ve had much safer sex without the drugs and still enjoyed it.”

“Yeah, I won’t touch ‘em no more. Uppers, all those fucking party drug’s have helped spread AIDS through this community like wildfire. I count myself lucky I’m still negative these days, after the shit I’ve been through over the last couple of years. We need to stamp all the drugs out, but that’s easier said than done… What ‘bout you, huh? Do you have a nose for that shit? I don’t think you do, you don’t seem the type. But shit, I’ve met guys that looked as clean as could be at first who ended up chasing the dragon right in front of me.”

“I don’t do drugs, not even pot. I only smoke and drink, that’s it. I dabbled with poppers when I was younger for the sake of it. I used to bottom then, if you can believe that.”
“No, I can’t. I can’t believe it.” Yoongi remarked with a lopsided smirk, hearing the other man giggling at his disbelief. “A power bottom, surely?”

“I was a power bottom,” Jimin admitted with his own smile, still holding his shot glass up in front of his lips. “I liked receiving at first because I wanted to fuck my partners and know that I was making them feel good. I could only climax when I was in control because I’ve got very specific needs, but a lot of men couldn’t satisfy me in that position. Poppers helped me stay loose enough to pound away for as long as my partner could stay hard, so I could really deeply stimulate myself and reach my orgasm; you know?”

Yoongi hummed at this, all the while painfully aware of the fact he was starting to become aroused just listening to Jimin talking about sex. He was trying to not think about what it would feel like to pound Jimin just like that, to stimulate himself with his cock until he was trembling from the intense pleasure.

“Anyway, I discovered that I wanted to please my partners in another way, a better way, and the control involved was so much more greater. I don’t need poppers to stay hard and fuck for as long as I please. I can go an hour straight with minimal edging. And I mean fucking. I don’t mean tender love-making.”

Jimin paused for a moment to finally drink his shot of whisky, knocking it back hard and gulping it down. He placed the glass on the counter and stuck his tongue out to wet his lips, a flash of wet pink slipping out between his teeth and catching the glowing lights from the shelves behind the bar counter.

“Are you a power bottom, baby?”

Yoongi gulped at this, lifting his hand up to his lips to give his thumb nail a quick nibble. He wasn’t a power bottom because he didn’t really care about control or dominance in the slightest, but he would happily give it a shot if it meant he could fuck Jimin just like he had been talking about.

“Not really, I, uh-”

“You sucked me off like one,” Jimin added with that teasing glint in his dark eyes, which made him shift on the stool and stick his tongue out to wet his lips. “It was seriously the best blowjob I’ve ever had, baby, and that piercing… I’ve never been sucked off by a man with a tongue piercing before.”
“I, uh, I like using my mouth,” Yoongi muttered, feeling the most pressing urge to knock back his own shot just to wet said mouth. “I like… I like cock, Jimin.”

“You and every guy in this club, baby,” Jimin joked with a laugh, reaching over to give his thigh a gentle squeeze. “You’re such a blowjob queen.”

“I mean, I like cock. I like it in my mouth, my hand, my ass - I just love taking cock,” Yoongi admitted, bringing the glass up to his lips to knock the shot back in a hard swallow.

The whisky was hot and it burned on the way down, making Yoongi let his breath out between his teeth in a hiss. He could detect something sweet in the flavour, along with a warm kick that might just have been ginger.

Jimin made a soft sound at this, his hand still sitting on his thigh and his fingers gently massaging at his exposed skin through the tear in the distressed denim. He had his head balanced on his other hand, his curled-up fingers pressing against his cheek, and he was intently staring at his profile as he listened to him.

Yoongi sniffed hard, running his tongue around his mouth as he placed the empty shot glass down on the counter. He felt like he should say something else but he didn’t quite know how to do so. He could only run his fingers around the rim of the glass and focus on the way that the other man’s fingers stroked at his skin.

“Taking all those uppers though, Yoongi. What was it like getting off them?” Jimin asked, bringing their discussion back to drugs so they didn’t get too fixated on the subject of sex.

“Uh, getting off the uppers left me feeling pretty much dead for weeks, but I got through it. I wasn’t fully addicted, I’d only been using ‘em sporadically for a couple of months. I was in a new environment, so, that helped me kick the habit. It did blow my anxiety levels off the fucking charts though, and I struggle reeling that in now. I might bum a joint every now and again, but only from guys I trust to not spike it with any weird shit. It helps calm me down if I’m having a really bad day. I, uh, I’ve used downers a couple of times too, to try and help me sleep. But that’s rare. I usually don’t have trouble falling asleep these days. Some days I don’t wanna wake up at all, to be honest…”

“And sex? What’s it like now, without the drugs?”
“It’s better, I think it’s better,” Yoongi replied in a soft voice, feeling a sudden flush of heat diffusing across his cheeks. He sniffed hard again, the taste of the hot whisky still lingering on his tongue.

“Yeah? You think so?”

“Mmm, I feel things now. Y’know, not just numbness mixed with pleasure. I’m… I’m sensitive to it all, and that feels so much better, Jimin. With the uppers it was just mindless fucking for the rush, there was no emotion in it. Now… now I can bond with my partner, if I want to. I can take my time, I can get pleasure from the little things I never used to enjoy, like, foreplay and all that soft shit. Sure, I ain’t really found the right guy yet. My last flings just weren’t what I wanted, what I needed. But I’m holding out hope I’ll find him…”

“You didn’t take any poppers tonight, right? You’re not high?”

Yoongi nodded at the question, letting him know that he was most certainly grounded and not floating sky-high on poppers. He didn’t really know why Jimin was asking him these questions, but it felt nice talking about such taboo subjects with him like this. Even if he would much prefer doing so somewhere much more quiet and relaxed than The Paradiso Lounge, like somewhere they didn’t need to raise their voices to be able to hear one another.

Jimin shifted on the stool to lean closer to him, the padded seat creaking from under his weight. The scent of cologne and sweat wafted from his body in waves, which Yoongi breathed in as he stared down at the empty shot glass in front of him.

“Good,” he whispered down his ear, his breath hot against his skin and ruffling at a couple of wispy locks that dangled down over his sidecut. “I want you feel everything tonight. Every little touch, every single second that I’m inside you.”

“What’d’you mean, Jimin?” Yoongi asked in a whisper-soft voice, turning his head to the side to look at him. Their noses bumped together because they were that close, almost at kissing distance.

“I mean I’m hoping to spend the night with you,” Jimin crooned, his gaze completely focused on his mouth as if he was transfixed; desperate to kiss him. “I haven’t been able to get your sweet mouth out of my mind, baby. I’ve been thinking about you all day long.”

Yoongi wanted to tell him that he had been thinking about him too, that he had been on his mind the
whole time. Yet he found that he was incapable of speaking right now. He could only flick his gaze between Jimin’s eyes and lips in turn, hoping that he might just kiss him first because he was almost holding his breath in anticipation.

“That’s why you came back here, right?” Jimin continued, running his hand up his chest towards his neck so he could cup his chin with his fingers. “You wanted to spend the night with me too; hmm?”

“Yeah, Jimin. I wanted to see you again tonight, I seriously wanted to see you again, to touch you, I-”

Jimin turned his head to the side, pressing an open-mouthed kiss against his lips to cut him off in the middle of his reply and make his breath catch in his throat.

Yoongi pouted his own lips out to return the kiss, catching his lower lip between his to give it a gentle suck and hearing Jimin making a soft sound of pleasure from the intimate contact. His hand brushed along the counter, his blunt nails scratching at the polished wood before he relaxed his fingers again. He just had to reach over and touch him, his hand shaking ever so slightly as he snagged hold of his arm and felt the hot leather stretched over his toned biceps. Then he moved his hand up to his shoulder before brushing his fingers towards the front of his neck. He couldn’t help but touch the dangling O-ring buckle that was attached to his bolero collar, feeling at the warm piece of chrome and slipping several of his fingers inside to hold onto it.

“Oh, but I’ve got a surprise for you, Yoongi,” Jimin suddenly announced with that mischievous smile of his, as he pulled his face away and rubbed his thumb along his jawline in the most ticklish of ways.

“What kinda surprise?” he asked in a breathless voice, feeling his shoulders lifting up from his touch.

Sadly, Yoongi had to let go of his O-ring collar, but should Jimin not change his outfit for the rest of the night he knew that he would just have to play with it a little bit more. Maybe even catch it between his teeth to give it a teasing suck…

“You’ll have to wait and see. First, I need to help you find some subjects just like I promised. The ones for your commission; right?”

Yoongi hummed in agreement, relieved that Jimin had remembered the promise to assist him that he had made last night.
Jimin gave him a quick and final peck on the lips before shifting on the stool to look off across the club floor. He folded his elbows back on the counter, the position stretching his stomach muscles and pulling his waist in tautly in a way that just demanded Yoongi take hold of it and sink his fingers into his soft and warm skin.

“Ah, I’ve spotted your first model, baby,” Jimin suddenly announced, shifting to gesture with his hand. “You see that cute thing over there? The muscle queen wearing the jockstrap?”

Yoongi turned to glance back over his shoulder at this, following Jimin’s pointed finger to see there was indeed a muscle queen wearing a jockstrap across the floor. He was seated on one of the sofas with several other men who were wearing similar kinky athletic wear items, and their cosy spot wasn’t too far away from one of the dangling dance cages.

This so-called muscle queen was big: broad, tall and wide in a way that showed he either worked in a gym or did some form of sports for a living because he had the build of a professional athlete. His tanned body was almost completely exposed save for the tiny jockstrap that he was wearing; the cotton front pouch covering his genitals but the back little more than a thin rubberised thong. He had some body hair but he looked groomed rather than untamed like the big bears and daddies. He wasn’t in drag but he did have a full face of feminine makeup present that completely clashed against his masculine physique - heavily made-up eyes, shimmering cheeks, and a bright pink lip that looked like something Yoongi expected a femme queen to wear. He had curly black hair and some light stubble on his face, his cheeks and jaw chiselled in that way that most men envied because he looked to have been carved like some beautiful Grecian sculpture.

Studying the other man for a few seconds revealed to Yoongi that he looked good, which meant he was a good subject. His client would certainly be more inclined to purchase pieces if the subjects he had photographed were as attractive as this muscle queen was, he was certain of it.

“Oh, yeah?” Yoongi asked, turning his head to look at him again. “You think so?”

“Yeah, I wanna go play with him,” Jimin said in a sultry tone, which showed that he might just be excited. He quickly moved to collect his accessories off the counter and dragged the peaked military cap on his head first.

Jimin couldn’t exactly dance in a cap because it might come free during his routine, and he needed a good grip on the metal cage bars that the smooth leather gloves might not allow. But when he was moving around the club doing his other act, his professional dom routine, then the two props certainly helped add to the character that he was portraying. They made him look far more authoritative, especially the cap with the golden cross badge and the low peak that covered his eyes.
unless he rolled his head back and stared down his nose at his sub of choice.

“Play with him how?” Yoongi asked in confusion, not at all certain what this entailed but pretty excited nonetheless. All he knew for certain was it was sexual, and that was more than enough to get his heart beating a little bit faster in his chest.

“He’s a slut. He enjoys public humiliation and a little painplay. So, let’s go humiliate him, baby.”

With this Jimin dragged the cut-out leather gloves onto his hands and then he shifted to get off the stool, leaving Yoongi with no choice but to quickly jump to his feet and try to not stumble over his own stool in his haste to follow after him. He almost had to race after him to not lose him in the crowd of bodies that always filled the dance floor; bringing his camera up to his face to check the settings on the display screen.

When Jimin approached the group of men on the sofa he did so without a hint of hesitation, caring not for the chance that he might rudely interrupt their conversation. He just strode his way across the floor; his head and shoulders held high, his back perfectly straight, and an enticing swing in his hips that caught the eyes of a great many men that he passed.

Yoongi couldn’t help but drop his gaze down to stare right at Jimin’s ass, following the curve of his exposed middle and lower back down to the deep dimples above the waistband of his leather trousers. His body just demanded that a hand settle in place on it, either in the dip of his spine or even on his full and firm behind.

Upon reaching the sofa Jimin moved to weave around a couple of men to get to the muscle queen. The sudden sight of him looming over him made a look of complete shock flash over the other man’s face before it was replaced by something that Yoongi recognised - excitement and trepidation of what was about to come.

“Are you gagging for it again tonight, hmm? Already?” Jimin asked, shifting to lean right over the muscle queen until their faces were practically touching. His gaze was intense, his eyes completely steady and not at all flickering over the other man’s face because he was so confident in himself, so in control. “You big slut?”

Yoongi felt something stirring under his ribs at this, his stomach flipping up so high that he felt the most pressing need to gulp and force it right back down his throat again. He wasn’t at all surprised to find that his fingers twitched around his camera, instinctively tightening around the plastic grip as he stuck his tongue out to lick at his lips.
Just hearing Jimin say that word, ‘slut’, had caused a sudden and unexpected burst of heat to plummet down into his belly, and Yoongi was confused by the fact he had found this insulting word so very arousing.

“You’re never satisfied are you?” Jimin continued, his tone dipping low in a way that clashed against the soft and husky voice Yoongi was used to hearing coming out of his lips. “You’ve got this constant itch that needs to be scratched and I’m the only one that can do it right.”

Jimin reached out to run the backs of his gloved fingers down the side of the muscle queen’s face, his touch tender unlike his words. It was the touch of a man that was not frightened of intimacy, that enjoyed physical contact and knew exactly when to use it on others without making them uncomfortable. His stroke made the other man shiver, a tremble running through his body that he couldn’t hope to disguise.

“Do you wanna have your photograph taken, Slut? I’ve got a friend with me, a photographer. He wants pretty photographs of sluts just like you to sell to other men. Imagine that, all those men looking at you whilst they beat themselves off? Hmm, I’ll bet that turns you on, you fucking slut.”

Yoongi had to reach up and press his fingers against his lips at this, fighting the urge to let out a strangled sound because he could feel his cock starting to stir inside the tight restraints of his jeans. He could see the way that the corners of Jimin’s lips had curled up to reveal his teeth in a smile, but the smile was far from dazzling and warm. It was cold, predatory in a way that didn’t extend to his eyes. He was eyeing the muscle queen like he was a choice morsel that he was going to devour, that he was going to chew up and swallow down.

The other men on the sofa didn’t even move away as this scene unfolded in front of them, rather they stayed seated and simply observed what was going on. After all, they might just find this display of dominance sexually exciting too, and the fact that Jimin’s chosen target got off on being publicly humiliated…

Well, Yoongi was pretty certain that the muscle queen was going to blow his load tonight.

“Body,” the other man finally said, his voice surprisingly soft considering his appearance. “He can take photographs of my body, if he wants.”

“Hmm, you just love everyone seeing your body; don’t you?” Jimin asked, pulling his head back so he could stare down his nose at him from under the low brim of his cap. “That’s why you flaunt it for
every man in this club. You want them to stare at you, you want them to fantasise about fucking you. I’ve been thinking about what I want to do to you too, and it’s painful. Do you think a big man like you can handle it?”

“Do it, hurt me,” he replied without a hint of hesitation, something fervent in his voice that showed just how much of a spell Jimin had over him.

“What’s the safeword, Slut?”

“Chocolate.”

Jimin glanced back over at his shoulder at Yoongi, giving him a look that signalled he had permission to photograph them both - no more questions required.

It took Yoongi a few seconds to realise because he was still so stunned by what was going on. He let out a soft gasp as the realisation hit him, bringing his shoulders up and tightening his grip around his camera. Then he moved around behind Jimin, trying to find the best possible angle as he brought the device up to face to squint down the viewfinder.

Yoongi had auto flash enabled, along with eye control focus, and all that he needed to do was give the aperture a little twist here and there between shots depending on the subject because he had everything else set on a mode for low-level lighting. Almost all the lighting was coming from one of the nearby lights, casting a vivid shade of pink and light purple over the gathering of queens sitting on the leather sofa. It wasn’t the best but it would suffice for what he wanted. After all, less than perfect lighting just helped create that lingering feeling of seediness and it would make his photographs feel much more erotic and voyeuristic.

With the muscle queen, who Yoongi was starting to think of as ‘Slut’ in his head, having given him permission to include his body in the shots this meant he required certain angles to try and focus solely on that. Either low angles from behind and to the side of Jimin, or high angles with a downwards slant should be enough to get some good photographs without having to worry about cropping Slut’s face out during the editing and printing process. Although the other man had a handsome face it was really his body that deserved all the attention and would appeal to his client more, and so he didn’t at all mind the fact he couldn’t include it in the shots.

Jimin gave Yoongi a quick glance to check that he was ready and then he turned his sole attention back onto the other man. He lifted his right leg up to cock his knee, and that was when he planted the sole of his foot right down on Slut’s crotch because he had his muscular thighs spread wide open and was almost begging for him to do so.
Yoongi didn’t know how much pressure that Jimin was applying to his groin, he could only assume from the deep grunt the man let out that he was pressing down with considerable weight. But he did know that a shot of Jimin’s heavy-soled leather boot stepping down on the other man’s crotch was the kind of shot that he needed to take. It was tame in comparison to the kinds of things that his client might just be looking for, but that didn’t mean it wasn’t erotic in its own way. He almost scrabbled to find the best angle and focus for the shot, his hands less than steady as he grabbed hold of the aperture ring on the attached lens.

Yoongi was just about to hit the shutter button when Jimin suddenly moved. He grabbed the man by the throat and dragged him forward with a firm hand until their faces were once again practically touching. He was above him, staring down at him from a position that not only screamed control but power too.

“What? Does that really hurt? A big man like you and you can’t handle that? Pathetic. Are you a man or a pathetic slut?” Jimin asked, his expression teasing in a way that clashed against his deep and husky voice.

Just listening to his tone Yoongi would assume that Jimin was angry, that he was irritated and maybe even mad enough to lash out and hit someone. Yet despite the vaguely threatening air coming from his voice there was no outward sense of harm coming from the rest of him. He was just cold, almost expressionless, save for a glint in his eyes as they reflected the flashing strobe lights from across the floor and the slight upwards turn at the corners of his lips.

“I can handle it,” Slut replied, having to strain to talk because it seemed that Jimin really did have a strong grip on his throat. Perhaps not enough to choke him, but enough to let him know that he could… if he so desired.

Yoongi had just found the perfect angle and snapped the first photograph of Jimin’s boot boring down against the bulging front of the other man’s flimsy jockstrap when he moved again, catching him by complete surprise. The flash hadn’t even faded out yet, and he could only watch in dumb shock as Jimin twisted his ankle to the side to grind down against Slut’s groin; his weight no doubt crushing his testicles that little bit more but rubbing against his cock just right.

That was judging from the strangled cry that Slut let out in response. It was neither a moan or a grunt but something between the two, escaping from his constricted throat in a deep pitch.

““You can handle it, what?” Jimin asked, giving him a rather firm shake with the hand that was wrapped around his neck.
The hard back and forth jerk made a tangle of curled hair fall forward over Slut’s eyes, but the other man made no move to brush it back off his face. In fact, he hadn’t moved an inch since Jimin had stepped on him, his hands still limp on the sofa seat on either side of his spread thighs.

“I can handle it, Master,” Slut replied, closing his eyes and taking a sharp intake of breath in through his slack mouth.

Jimin lifted his foot up for a moment and Yoongi was certain that he was going to ease off on the pain, that he was showing the man an act of mercy because he had shown him proper respect. He didn’t expect for him to stomp his foot right back down on his groin mere seconds later, the impact hard enough for Yoongi to hear the meaty thump of his boot sole connecting with his body from where he was standing.

This time Slut’s reaction was far more lively. When Jimin stomped down hard on his groin his body jerked in response: his hands shooting up off the seat cushion to grab hold of his calf, his bare feet drumming against the wooden flooring, and his stomach clenching as he instinctively tried to curl inwards to protect his vulnerable genitals.

“Look at me when I’m talking to you,” Jimin demanded, his voice still in that low and deadly tone. “Again. Are you a man or a slut?”

“I-I’m a slut, Master,” he stammered, shifting underneath Jimin’s foot to curve his lower back in a way that Yoongi intimately recognised.

Slut was trying to stimulate himself, seeking that delicious friction against his throbbing cock by bringing his hips up just enough to rub against the sole of his boot. He had just been stomped on with enough force that Yoongi would have been curled up on the floor in a gagging and wheezing mess, with his poor swelling testicles cupped in his hands. And yet here he was - seeking more pain from his Master because it helped him get off.

“Huh-hmm,” Slut moaned, pressing his lips together to try and mute himself when Jimin gave another twist of his ankle to grind down against his no doubt aching crotch.

Yoongi felt like he wasn’t quite anchored in his body, like there was a part of him that was floating up above his head that was perilously attached by a thin string. His body moved on instinct to find different angles and a new focus, like Jimin’s fist tightly gripped around the man’s throat to dimple his tanned skin, yet it was as if he was sleepwalking. He hit the button hard, the sound of the shutter
closing with a loud *click* underneath the pounding electronic music coming from the speakers all over the club.

But it seemed like Slut’s reply wasn’t good enough for Jimin because he brought his free hand up to give him a slap across his face. He didn’t slap the man hard, not at all, but he did give his cheek a series of quick swats that were loud enough for Yoongi to hear - hot leather slapping against even hotter skin. The impact made Slut flinch, but he was unable to pull away because he was still holding onto his throat.

“Louder. Say, ‘I’m such a fucking slut, Master’,” Jimin instructed, hovering his hand beside his cheek so the implication was there that he might just slap him again if he didn’t do what he had told him to do.

“I’m such a fucking slut, Master,” he repeated without a moment’s hesitation. His right cheek was slightly pink from where he had been slapped, and there was more pink colour starting to diffuse around his hairline to show that Jimin must actually be gripping his throat pretty tight.

“Pull down your jockstrap, show everyone how much of a slut you are,” Jimin demanded, giving his ankle one more teasing twist down against his groin before pulling his foot away.

Yoongi was waiting for Slut to say his safeword any moment from now. Between Jimin shaking him by his throat, stomping on his crotch, and calling him insulting names to now demanding that he expose himself in front of the other men, surely he might want to stop at some point. This was a level of humiliation that bordered on sadistic, and that wasn’t even including the pain he had inflicted on his vulnerable genitals.

Yet Yoongi saw that Slut had let go of Jimin’s leg to grab hold of the front of his jockstrap, and he gave it a hard tug as he reached inside to free himself from the pouch of elasticated white material.

The sight of Slut’s cock, flushed dark from arousal and being stomped on, heavily rippled with veins that ran down his shaft to disappear into his thatch of pubic hair, and weakly oozing precum from his slit, was enough to make Yoongi gulp hard. Christ, his throat was so dry that he was going to need another shot of whisky after this. He could only gnaw on his lower lip as he stared at the sight of the other man’s erection, struggling to look away or even lift his camera up again to take a photograph.

Slut was not only being manhandled by Jimin now, he was also exposed to him and the other men that were drinking with him - which was about as humiliating as Yoongi could possibly imagine.
Could it get any more humiliating than this?

“Oh, look how wet you are,” Jimin crooned in a husky voice, moving to reach down and stroke at the head of his cock to gather some of the precum onto his leather-clad fingers. He brought his hand up to look at the clear slick that was all over his fingers, and then he held them out right in front of Slut’s lips. “Lick it up.”

When Slut opened his lips Jimin shoved them inside his mouth without a hint of hesitation, forcing him to lick at the soiled leather. He pulled his fingers free and wiped them over his lips to smear the lingering mixture of precum and saliva all over his mouth before giving him another hard swat to the cheek. The slap made the other man moan again, a tremble running through his body that showed he was so close to climaxing from excitement.

“God, you’re such a desperate slut,” Jimin whispered before letting out a husky laugh. “You deserve a little treat for being so good, just for me…”

Jimin reached down to give his cock a squeeze that was so firm and rough that Slut ended up ejaculating in response to his touch and the pain, a strangled sound escaping him. He still had his hand wrapped around the other man’s throat, craning his head back to force him to hold his gaze during his orgasm; to look up at him as his hips jerked up off the sofa seat and strings of semen shot up to splash back down on his stomach and splatter all over his tanned skin.

“Shit…” Yoongi breathed out, his voice so soft that he doubted any of the other men had even heard him speak. He was frozen in place, not even able to move a muscle or look away because he was so stunned by what was happening right in front of him.

Jimin straightened up and reached around to cup the back of the man’s neck with his hand, tugging him close to press his face right up against his bare stomach. The sound of his uneven breathing and gasps of pleasure were muffled against his skin, and Slut reached up to wrap his arms around his waist and almost hang off him.

Yoongi felt a twinge of jealousy at this, and not in a malicious or possessive way. He was just jealous that the other man had been blessed enough to get to press his face up against Jimin’s stomach, which would be baking hot against his skin and smell and taste like the sharp tang of his sweat.

“Oh, come here, big boy,” Jimin said with a grin, holding him close as he dropped his hand down on the crown of the other man’s head and stroked at his hair. “That was pretty intense, hmm?”
Just like that, Jimin had shifted back to the man that Yoongi was used to seeing. Gone was his dominance, his cold grin and low voice, replaced instead by soft and breathless laughter as he played with the other man’s curly hair.

“Was that good for you, darling?” Jimin asked, flexibly curving his back so he could press his face into his hair. He must have heard what the other man said even though his voice was so muffled because he let out another soft laugh that made his eyes sweetly crinkle at the corners.

Yoongi was surprised by the fact that Jimin didn’t just take his tip and walk away, having done his job and earned his pay. No, he actually stayed with the other man for a couple of minutes, gently stroking his hair and whispering soothing words to him after their rather intense sexual play to help calm him down and adjust to the rather dizzying mood drop that often came after sex.

But hadn’t Jimin done the same thing to him just last night… after their sexual experience out on the street?

Yoongi had never been held in another man’s arms and kissed and praised the way that Jimin had done so last night; his breath hot against the shell of his ear as he had tugged the ends of his t-shirt free from his jeans waistband to slip his hands up under the layers of clothing and stroke at his skin. Not after sex and most certainly not after a blowjob, he knew that much even after most of a bottle of whisky or a couple of pills. Jimin was the only man that had ever done something like that, that had showed him affection after sex and not just in the build-up to it.

As soon as the crashing comedown had passed for the other man Jimin relinquished his hold and straightened up again. He accepted his tip for entertaining him, taking the bills and quickly folding them up into his fist. He gave the muscle queen one more hair stroke and a wink before reaching over to take hold of Yoongi’s elbow and pull him away from the sofa.

It was only then that Yoongi realised he had taken just two photographs of Slut because he had been so shocked by what had just happened. Two great photographs granted, but not as many as he had been hoping for.

But how could Yoongi have possibly focused on taking photographs when he had just witnessed something like that? He had just watched a dominant and submissive scene happening right in front of him for the very first time, filled with humiliation, name-calling and painplay, and he was fully aroused as a result.
When Jimin met his gaze he just smirked, almost as if he knew that Yoongi was turned on to the point of discomfort after having watched him dominate and humiliate another man.

Did Jimin have any clue at all that every single time he had called him a slut Yoongi had been fantasising that the insult had been aimed at him instead? Had he noticed his shaking hands and the way he had been gnawing on his lips, confused about the painplay but so excited because of the public humiliation and name-calling?

Even though there was no way of telling, Yoongi couldn’t help but feel that Jimin knew he had gotten under his skin. Wherever they ended up tonight, be it another dark alcove on an empty street or even one of their beds, he had a feeling that the sex they had both spoken about was going to be intense, passionate and maybe just a little desperate.

It was a broad and tall man that caught Jimin’s eye from across the club next, most likely because he was wearing a pair of leather chaps that completely exposed his buttocks. The back of the man’s distressed denim vest had a large pink triangle stuck onto it with safety pins, and the words ‘Beefy Bear’ were punched into the material with metal studs.

It seemed like this might just be the man’s name of choice, and it was pretty much the perfect choice. He was beefy and he was a goddamn bear if Yoongi had ever saw one. From the thick layer of coarse black hair all over his arms and thighs, and even trailing up from the crack between his buttocks, it seemed like most of his body was covered in hair. It was a little too much for Yoongi, but he could understand why some men might be attracted to such a stereotypically masculine trait as thick body hair.

“Hey, big daddy bear!” Jimin teased, rolling his head back to look up at the tall and hulking man. “I like the look of that ass; can I try it on for size?”

Beefy Bear must be relatively new to the club because he stared down at Jimin with a rather confused expression for a moment - the short and well-built dom clad in leather that was looking up at him like he was more than capable of making him beg on his hands and knees.

“Master’s the best spanker in the whole club, I’m not kidding. He will leave you so raw you’ll still be feeling the sting tomorrow morning, Beefy,” one of his leather daddy companions quickly explained, which made the man’s eyes grow rounded with something that looked like awe and interest. “You seriously need to get your ass punished by him. You’ll never want another man to punish you after he’s finished with you.”

“What’d you say daddy bear?” Jimin asked, cocking his head to the side; his cap slipping down over
one eye. Yet his gaze was so powerful that he didn’t even need to fix his cap back in place, for just one eye conveyed all of his confidence and dominance. “Do you want me to punish that naughty ass of yours? It looks like it could do with a hard swat…”

Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised by the fact Beefy Bear decided to take Jimin up on his offer, even if only to see if he really was as good as the other men had claimed. He lowered himself down onto his hands and knees on the floor, assuming a position that presented his bare buttocks to him in offering.

Jimin shifted to straddle the man’s back without a hint of hesitation, settling in place and snagging hold of the back of his collar with his left hand to keep a tight grip. Then he reached back with his right hand and gave his bare buttocks a hard swat, the slap of his gloved palm connecting with his skin loud enough to make the man cry out in mingled pleasure and pain.

“Have you been naughty today, daddy?” Jimin asked, lifting his hand up again to deliver another firm swat. He didn’t hit him straight on with his palm for he seemed to slide it across the curve of his buttock instead, mostly using his fingers and the side of his hand rather than the heel or his palm.

“Yes, Master! I’ve been so naughty today! You need to punish me!” he barked out in response, his deep and masculine voice shifting in pitch until he sounded rather small and weak.

“Oh,” Jimin purred with that wicked smile of his, smoothing his palm over his no doubt stinging buttock to give it a firm squeeze. “Master’s gonna punish you so bad. You need straightening out, you need a firm hand to keep you in check, you big, bad boy.”

Yoongi saw his buttocks turning a shocking shade of deep red from the swats, yet Jimin showed no sign of stopping yet. He just gave him a kneading massage between administering the swats to delay the pain and satisfaction, to make the other man relax for a moment before spanking him once more.

Jimin hadn’t lied when he had promised to punish the other man’s ass. He spent several long minutes straddling his body, fondling his bare buttocks and swatting them over and over until his white skin was a startling shade of red; the kind of red that would radiate waves of heat off the surface of his skin. He varied the rhythm of spanks, from spacing them out every couple of seconds to swatting him over and over in rapid succession before squeezing hold of his stinging buttock. But the one thing that he didn’t change was the force of his spanks, as each one looked and sounded as hard as the previous hit.

To Yoongi it looked almost like Jimin was riding a horse, and he seemed to greatly enjoy it when Beefy Bear bucked underneath him and lifted his feet up off the floor. Maybe that was just a facet of the kink? Having a dominant man sitting on him like he owned him? He didn’t really know, he just
knew that the other man was certainly getting something from the act of punishment and pain.

Unlike Slut, who had gotten off sexually from the act of humiliation and painplay, Beefy Bear didn’t seem to want to be spanked for the sexual satisfaction, or at least that wasn’t the main reason. No, it seemed like being spanked was cathartic for him, that he found the act stimulating on all his senses. He was noticeably more relaxed after he had been punished by Jimin, an airy smile appearing on his face and a high colour flushing his cheeks almost as if he had just had a brisk workout. Why he looked positively delighted as he tipped Jimin for his service, even when his poor ass must have been stinging like hell.

As Jimin guided him around the club Yoongi was surprised by just how open and talkative that he was with the clientele. Even if the other men had no want of his services he still smiled at them and replied to the catcalls and compliments with his own sharp and filthy tongue. There was a real sense coming from him that he enjoyed this professional dom role a lot, which made plenty of sense. He had told him all about the fact he got off on making other men orgasm, and what better way to find sexual stimulation than through dominating men and servicing their favourite kinks better than anyone else ever could?

But as soon as Jimin detected the slightest hint of interest his smiles and talkative behaviour were quickly replaced by that cold and powerful aura he radiated when humiliating and hurting his ‘boys’. It was incredibly intimidating to be on the receiving end of his gaze when he was in his dominant headspace, but Yoongi supposed that was the entire point. His boys wanted him to intimidate them, to make them feel small, naughty, or weak because that was part of the whole experience for them. They weren’t looking for a sweetheart, they were looking for a man that would do whatever they desired, even if it was taboo.

For a quick exchange of tips Jimin was more than willing to let men touch, fondle, and even lick his exposed chest, back and stomach muscles. But not a single pair of hands went close to his crotch or buttocks because that seemed strictly off-limits. These men clearly had a thing for muscles and body worship, a common sexual kink that Yoongi was more than familiar with, and Jimin seemed to greatly enjoy being showered with adoring praises and lingering touches that revealed just how much other men desired him.

Much like Slut, Jimin had plenty more boys that wanted to be manhandled by him to varying degrees. Most of this centred around the obvious: public exposure and humiliation, spanking and choking, being physically restrained under his weight down on the sofas or even on the floor, and other acts of painplay like hair pulling, slapping, and stomping. But there were some that wanted more extreme acts of perverse nature to be inflicted on them: like being spat on and called disgusting and degrading names; or wanting their cocks to be swatted by his hand or wooden paddles until they were squirming from the pain and dribbling cum all over their stomachs and thighs; or even being made to lick the floor whilst Jimin pinned them down against it with a foot against the back of their necks to stop them from wriggling free.
Some of these acts were so obscene to Yoongi that he almost didn’t want to watch, but not because he was uncomfortable with what he was seeing. He was equally fascinated and turned on in parts, and there was no doubt in his mind that the hardcore pornographic nature of the photographs he was taking would appeal to some nasty queens if they were too extreme for his client.

As well as manhandling his boys Jimin also accepted tips for more gentle entertainment. He had obvious boyish twinks clamber to sit in his lap so that he could knead at their asses and thighs whilst he whispered vulgar things down their ears; sometimes lightly spanking them, maybe tugging on their hair or stepping on them for bad behaviour that they eagerly told him about. But there was a remarked difference in a lot of these punishments, showing just how much that Jimin had learned each of his boys varying levels of comfort, pain acceptance, and sexual satisfaction over the time that he had been servicing their sexual needs.

Yoongi noted that almost none of them said their safewords, and those that did so seemed more anxious than scared or in pain, or they were new boys that were experimenting for the very first time. But the ones that did say their safewords were more than safe with Jimin, for he stopped whatever he was doing instantly and went straight into physical and verbal comfort to calm them down and soothe them. He did the exact same for the ones that didn’t use their safewords too, delivering a generous amount of hair strokes and kisses, neck, shoulder and thigh massages, and plenty of whispered words that Yoongi never got to hear under the pounding club music.

As Jimin escorted Yoongi around the club more and more subjects started to appear just for him. There were men that were more than willing to pose for his camera in their own fetish wear, from leather, latex and chains to athletic wear like jockstraps and tiny and tight wrestling leotards that revealed the constant bulge of their genitals through the stretched Lycra. There were plenty more willing to flash just for him, unzipping their trousers to reveal both flaccid and stiff cocks in all colours, shapes and sizes imaginable; and some were even happy to strip down completely naked and spread themselves out across leather sofas, tables, other men’s laps - not even all of them requesting he only take body shots. And the amount of men that were eager to perform sex acts right in front of him was enough to leave Yoongi reeling.

Sure, some of them could have been drunk or even high from poppers and every other drug imaginable. But that was why Yoongi was cautious enough to not include the faces of any man that seemed a little wasted, even if they told him that he could do so. Their faces might not be getting plastered all over magazine pages and the walls of an art gallery, but he still felt like it was the right thing to do.

Yoongi snapped photograph after photograph, taking his time to try and get the angle and composition just right before hitting the shutter button. It was difficult working with subjects that weren’t used to being photographed, as well as the chaotic atmosphere and lighting, but he was pretty certain that he was getting something. That something might just be good, it might just be great. Only after the film had been developed would he find out.
There were some shots of daddy’s boys licking the fronts of the leather thongs and boots of their daddies: fresh-faced young men that looked like they could just as easily model for Advocate Men with their cocks hanging out as they did for his camera. He also got some shots of their half-naked and fully naked bodies stretched over laps and sprawled on the leather sofas to wantonly expose themselves.

There were even more photographs of men licking riding crops and other props and toys; or handcuffed in some way, their wrists attached to the waistbands of their own trousers or connected to leashes that other men were holding so that they could parade them around; or muted by ball and O-ring gags that stretched their mouths open and made it impossible for them to even drink.

Hell, there was even a man that allowed Yoongi to snap a photograph of the back of his head whilst he gave another man a blowjob through one of the bathroom gloryholes. There was something so strange about taking this shot because Yoongi felt almost like he was participating in some way, and Jimin watched it all from over the top of the stall, a smirk on his lips that showed he might just detect how much it was all getting to him.

The chaos, the sex, the dizzying mixture of pain and pleasure - Yoongi once more felt like he wasn’t inside his own body, that he was floating above it and his body was working on complete instinct to snap the dozens of photographs. He had to leave his mind for a little while to focus on his subjects or else he would never be able to take the photographs. He would be far too distracted, incapable of ignoring the constant dull throbs between his thighs and the racing pulse at the sides of his neck that made it hard to breathe and swallow.

Yoongi felt the camera eventually rewinding back to the start of the roll, which meant that he had used up the whole 36 exposures. That was likely the sign he needed to stop for the night, that he needed to get the two rolls developed and see what he had collected for his client rather than fill up another roll right away and end up drowning in photographs just for the sake of it. He was certain that he had some quality shots already, he just needed some time to reflect over them.

Jemin noticed that he had come to a stop to lean against the wall and examine his camera, and so he shifted to sidle right up against his side and sling his arm around him. His grip was firm, his hand slipping inside his leather jacket so he could squeeze hold of his waist; the thin flannel of his plaid shirt wrinkling between his splayed fingers.

“Are you finished, Yoongi?” he asked, having to talk at a loud volume to be heard over the blaring electronic music.

Yoongi hummed at the question, glancing up from the display screen to look at him. He wasn’t at all surprised to see that Jimin had worked up quite the sweat over the duration of servicing his boys, and he could feel a similar layer of slick sweat clinging to his own brow, chest and lower back that he
longed to be free from. He also wasn’t shocked by the sight of the many wrinkled bills that were slipped inside the waistband of his trousers, and he found himself wondering just how much the other man had made working tonight. The answer would likely be in the triple digits…

Jimin took hold of his elbow at this, pulling him back across the club floor in the direction of the dressing-room. This likely signalled that he was finished performing for the night, but it might just be that he needed a small break after entertaining all his boys to catch his breath and come down from the sexual high.

The first thing that Jimin did upon entering the dressing-room was collect his towel, dabbing all the sweat away from his face and body. Then he moved over to Yoongi, holding the ends out to give his face a gentle pat with it too.

Yoongi couldn’t help but start chuckling at this, batting at Jimin’s hands until he pulled them away from his face. He left the towel dangling around his neck instead, the white cotton clashing against the black leather of his bolero jacket.

“You worked up a sweat just then, baby,” Jimin teased with a little smile, reaching over to brush a messy fall of hair back off his brow for him. “It’s really intense out there, hmm? When everybody’s dancing and having a fun time?”

“Yeah, it’s fucking crazy, Jimin,” he agreed, giving the back of his neck a firm rub because the muscle was rather stiff from twisting into all kinds of positions to snap photographs.

“Do you think you got what you needed tonight, Yoongi?” he asked, moving to go over to his locker compartment to thumb at the dial and unlock it. “You took a lot of photographs. Every time I looked at you you were snapping a shot of something. I didn’t see you relax for more than a second to have some fun. You were so busy.”

“I hope so, yeah,” he replied, leaning back against the wall in a comfortable slouch. “Besides, I was having fun. Taking those photographs was… exciting for me.”

“Hmm, I bet it was,” Jimin remarked with a quick smile, reaching inside the locker to retrieve something. “Will you be coming back here tomorrow?”

“Uh, I dunno,” Yoongi admitted, fiddling with his camera just for the sake of it. “I need to hand in the exposures tomorrow and get it all developed so I can check the quality. That should take ‘bout a
day, so, probably not? Like I said, I dunno? Maybe I’ll come to… to see you again?”

“I’d like that, baby,” Jimin said in a soft voice. “I’d like that a lot.”

Unlike the previous night, Jimin didn’t have to remove most of his outfit to slip into something more appropriate for the streets. He only had to take off his leather bolero, exchanging the fetish wear item for a black v-neck t-shirt. It looked to be incredibly form-fitting so it would cling to his body like a second skin. He shoved his arms through the arm holes and bunched it up, lifting them up above his head to drag the t-shirt on.

“I’m gonna take you to meet Van,” Jimin said, just as his head popped through the neck hole. He took hold of the ends to pull the lengths down, quickly tucking the t-shirt into the waistband of his leather trousers. “Van’s the scariest bull-dyke you’ll ever meet, baby. But she’s good, she takes care of me and all the entertainers here. Plus, she’s got an interesting proposition for you.”

“Oh, yeah? What’d you mean, Jimin?” Yoongi asked, his curiosity piqued to the max.

“Patience, baby,” he replied, reaching up to brush a couple of small locks back off his brow. “There’s no need to rush to get to the good stuff.”

Jimin collected his cigarettes from the locker, shoving a stick between his lips and then storing the packet inside his rolled-up sleeve. He fixed the other one in place to match just like the previous night and then he shoved the door shut, the lock clicking loudly in the silence of the dressing-room.

Yoongi retrieved his lighter from his jeans to thumb the wheel for Jimin, setting the end of the stick alight with the flickering flame. This earned him a thankful smile and firm pat on the ass from the other man.

Upon exiting the dressing-room Jimin guided him across the dance floor and in the direction of the bar. Yoongi ducked under the partition to follow him into the backroom behind the counter, the pair of them going down a short flight of wooden stairs; Jimin in the lead with his arm reached back behind himself to hold onto his wrist.

The basement was mostly used to store various crates of alcohol to stock the bar with, but there was also a room that no doubt belonged to the manager of the establishment.
Jimin spared a quick glance back over his shoulder at him, his cigarette loosely dangling between his full lips and his heavy-lidded eyes visible through the thin waft of smoke curling up from the smouldering end. There were exposed lightbulbs hanging from the ceiling, which gently swayed from the force of the pounding music vibrating through the walls and flooring. The lighting was harsh white, but it didn’t washout Jimin in the slightest. All that it did was make his dark hair and eyes stand out in contrast against his tanned skin, along with the black band tattoo that was wrapped around his toned biceps.

The basement room wasn’t particularly big but it did contain a desk and an assortment of furniture, like a large leather sofa that was currently empty. The walls were covered in shelves that displayed various plaques and trinkets, as well as framed certificates that were no doubt the result of various inspections the establishment had passed over and over again.

There were many framed photographs hanging on the white walls, the subjects of which Yoongi recognised at a glance because he had seen so many of the prints before.

They were black and white shots of the black-haired pin-up queen, Bettie Page, dressed in a variety of fetish gear and lingerie and posing provocatively for the camera in states of semi-nudity and with props like riding crops. There were some of her spanking other women over her knees in softcore and male-oriented lesbian erotica, and other shots of her tied up with ropes and gags spread over beds for those that enjoyed bondage. There were even full frontal nudes of her wearing nothing more than black gloves, fishnet stockings and towering heels, her rounded and full breasts laid bare and her soft belly running down to a dark thatch of pubic hair; or turned away from the camera with her thighs spread wide open and her hands suggestively placed between them, her back curved to lift her perky buttocks up high and reveal the cheeky nub of one of her erect nipples.

Well, it was only fitting that the owner of a leather bar have dozens of photographs of the Queen of BDSM all over her walls. Yoongi could see a couple of male erotica models too, but it was mostly photographs of her.

Sitting behind the desk was the woman that they were looking for, who was currently poring over an assortment of papers that were spread across the surface with a large calculator and tumbler of beer at hand.

“Hey, mama!” Jimin declared with a massive grin, as he let go of Yoongi’s wrist and moved to go over to the desk. “I brought you a gift!”

“You brought me a gift?” Van asked, her voice shockingly rough with a strong Brooklyn accent. It sounded like she might just go through a hundred cigarettes a day, and considering the strong scent of tobacco lingering in the air and the filled ashtray on the desk that might just be the case. “Unless a man’s making me money he ain’t no gift to me, baby face. Now, c’m’here.”
Van was a big woman, not short or small in the slightest. She was just that little bit taller than them both even though she was only wearing Birkenstocks, and she wasn’t even a curvy woman. No, she was all muscle and fat, so thick that she didn’t even have much of a waistline. She was solid in other words, and Jimin’s description of her being the scariest bull-dyke ever looked to be perfectly accurate. She had a light black complexion and her hair was almost completely shaven down to the scalp, save for a fuzzy layer of tight curls on top.

Van was wearing a pair of loose jeans and a pastel blue man’s shirt, the sleeves rolled up her forearms and the top collar button undone. A leather jacket with a rainbow handkerchief knotted around one of the buckles was hanging on a wall hook across the floor, the back decorated with a large patch of a black fist that had been pinned onto the leather and punched with studs so that the message, ‘Bitch Fister’, was on display to all. She had no earrings in her ears, but she did have a metal stud in her eyebrow.

But scary bull-dyke or not, Van was unable to resist the need to toss her arms around Jimin; one hand cupping the back of his head and the other settling on his lower back as she pulled him into an embrace. She didn’t give him a kiss to the cheek, but she did ruffle at his hair and give him a rather motherly jostle in her arms.

“Yoongi, this is Van - leather mama to all us boys at the club,” Jimin explained, giving the woman’s upper arms a firm and friendly squeeze. “Van, this is Yoongi.”

“My little studmuffin told me all about you,” Van said, as she relinquished her hold on Jimin and gestured over at him. “In fact, he did more than tell me - he showed me. Sit down, honey. Can I get you a beer?”

Yoongi didn’t really know what this meant but he supposed he would find out soon enough. He glanced between her and Jimin for a moment before moving to lower himself down on the leather sofa. He felt pretty small sitting on the sofa because it was so low to the ground, especially as he had a habit of folding one leg over the other and thus appeared even smaller on the seat. But at least it was incredibly comfortable, creaking under his weight.

“Oh, a beer would be great, thanks,” Yoongi mumbled, folding his hands in his lap and turning his head to watch her exiting the room.

Jimin lowered himself down to sit on the edge of the desk, folding his arms across his chest to get more comfortable. The position drew attention to the tightness of his t-shirt, which exposed the gentle swell of his chest muscles and stretched around his bulk of his flexed biceps. He ran his fingers across his elbow, feeling at his smooth skin but not picking at it like Yoongi had a bad habit of doing
Yoongi’s cuticles and nail folds were practically skinless from his nibbling teeth, and his elbows were often pink from his constant picking and scratching. The temptation to start gnawing on his thumb nail was overwhelming and so he forced himself to lace his fingers together to resist the urge. He found himself playing with his tongue piercing too, tapping the ball fastening against the backs of his teeth whilst he tried to think of something to say to Jimin to break the momentary silence.

Van reappeared after a moment, a chilled bottle of Coors beer in hand with the cap popped free. She handed it to Yoongi and he accepted it with soft thanks, feeling beaded condensation sliding between his fingers and the cold and damp glass. Then she went back over to her desk and moved around various sheets of paper until she found what she was looking for.

“I believe that freedom of the press is one of the greatest things about a democracy,” Van said, as she lowered herself down into her desk chair; the leather groaning underneath her weight. “But journalists can’t do it all on their own. No, they need photographers to help ’em tell the story, those guys and gals that capture the perfect moment when words just can’t do any justice.”

Yoongi held his tongue at this, a little bit confused about what was going on but captivated nonetheless. She was obviously talking about him because she had mentioned photography and so he just needed to wait and see where she was going with this fascinating speech and how exactly this would segue into the proposition that Jimin had told him about.

“Now, my little studmuffin told me all about you and your work, and I can’t believe the thought never once crossed my mind that the queens that make Next Magazine might know a guy that’s a dab hand with a camera. But telling me about these things ain’t the same as showing me; y’know? Especially when it comes to something like art, like photography and all that. And I wanted proof, I wanted to see if you were any good, kid.”

Van paused for a second to look down at the papers in her hands, and then she started flicking between them. It appeared that she was looking rather than reading, like she might possibly be studying photographs.

“What can I say? He was right, you’ve got a hell of an eye and some talent. ’Course, most of these shots are political and not exactly what I’m looking for, but I like ’em. They’re important. It’s the more personal shots that caught my eye though, I gotta admit…”

Yoongi shifted on the sofa to try and get a look at the papers in Van’s hands, wanting to see what she was talking about. He was stunned to see that she was holding black and white printouts of
several of his photographs, the exact ones that had been featured in Next Magazine. There was everything from his ACT UP Women’s Caucus protest to shots of the first outbreak of Queer Nation ‘Queer Nights Out’ protests and sit-ins; to headless snapshots of half-naked partners engaged in intimacy that had been ran alongside the usual slew of HIV and AIDS awareness and advice editorials.

Where the hell had Van gotten those printouts from?

Yoongi rolled his eyes up to study the woman’s face for a few seconds before glancing over at Jimin. But the other man was giving nothing away, holding his gaze with a completely neutral expression as he breathed a deep lungful of smoke out of his lips. It was obvious that he was completely responsible for all this, but he wasn’t going to say a single word and ‘rush to the good stuff’.

“I think you’re doing a great job. Even if most of this city doesn’t think so. But when have any of us gave a shit about what the heterosexuals think, huh?” Van asked with a knowing look, placing the printouts down on her desk and giving a hard shrug. “Keep up the good work. Our lives, our livelihoods, our struggles - they deserve to be acknowledged in some way. We deserve the right to let the world know what’s happening to us, and your photos are a great service to the community, kid.”

“Thanks,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, running his thumb over the wet neck of his beer bottle. He had yet to take a single sip of the contents, even when his mouth was dry and he couldn’t seem to stop licking at his lips. “Can I, uh, can I ask why my personal shots caught your eye more, Van?”

“You see, I’ve been meaning to really start promoting this club a little more. Y’know? We’re a specialty establishment, we’re not for everyone and we value our regular clientele and their specific needs to the highest respect. But the fact of the matter is that I ain’t doing enough to drum up the business, to get our name out there where men can see it. You get me?”

“Don’t hurt to try it,” Yoongi remarked, taking a quick sip of the chilled beer before quickly adding, “It’s never a bad idea getting your name out there…”

“Exactly! Now, what I really need is promotional flyers for the club. We’ve never put promotional shit out there, not even a single flyer or poster! We’ve been operating business on word-of-mouth alone this whole time, and let me tell you - we’re lucky queens just can’t stop gossiping all day long.”

Yoongi snorted at this little quip, and a quick glance over at Jimin showed that he was also amused. Yes, a bunch of queens like them clearly couldn’t keep their mouths shut, judging from just how
thriving that the leather bar was.

It wasn’t that surprising to hear a place like this hadn’t been promoting itself that much because a lot of gay establishments were cautious when advertising their services, even now when they should legally have a lot less to fear.

Back in the day it had been the fear of being arrested, having the business shut down for illegal homosexual activities, or possibly being beaten within an inch of their life by the police and raging homophobes with nothing better to do than ruin someone else’s life. Now, there was still that same old dread of homophobic hate crimes, but it came in much more terrifying forms. Ever since the pipe bombing at Uncle Charlie’s, a lot of gay establishments were terrified of the thought of their safe space being hit by an extremist next, with another homemade pipe bomb that might kill someone this time… or maybe just a fully loaded gun instead.

“How long exactly have you been operating by word-of-mouth?” Yoongi asked, sticking his tongue out to lick the lingering hint of beer free from his lips. He wasn’t that big a fan of beer but it would do a great job at wetting his tongue, and the bottle gave him something to play with during their conversation.

“Next year we’ll be hitting the big 2-0,” Van replied, which meant that the leather bar had opened its doors for the first time in the year of 1975.

Just hearing this was enough to make Yoongi whistle under his breath, and the sound made the woman’s lips quirk up at the corners in a quick smile.

Van had been in the business since he had been 6 years old and Jimin had been around the age of 4; selling sex and sexual fantasies to every queen in town with a taste for leather, metal, and other taboo kinks that heterosexual society most certainly didn’t approve of. Even when they kept shoving their romantic fantasies in their faces in every-goddamn-thing from soap operas to films or had it plastered all over advertisements and billboards.

“Oh, you were in the business back when we couldn’t even legally fuck in this city? Impressive, that’s real fucking impressive, Van. How exactly d’you discreetly run a leather bar?”

“Honestly, honey, I dunno. But I clearly did something right, that much is obvious,” she replied, and this made Jimin giggle as he dabbed a chunk of ash off his cigarette into the ashtray on her desk.
“A’ight… promotional flyers, huh? What’re you thinking?”

“I want shots of Jimin, he’s the club favourite. I want the full deal too - chains, harness, props. You need to show men what this club has to offer, which is the stuff of their wildest sexual fantasies. My little studmuffin told me that you do these sorts of things, y’know, classy nudes, erotica and porno shots.”

“Mmm,” Yoongi hummed, bringing his hand up to his mouth to start nibbling around his thumb nail; all the while thinking about how he didn’t actually do ‘porno’ shots… or at least he hadn’t until he had snapped dozens of photographs of Jimin passionately masturbating on the back of his Yamaha XV535 Virago.

Technically, that might just make him a pornographer now, and Yoongi really didn’t know what to think about this.

“‘Course, we can’t have any extreme shots on the flyers. But there ain’t anything wrong with a perky ass in a thong, y’know what I’m saying?” Van asked with a knowing smirk, which made Jimin giggle in agreement. “And an ass like his ass? That’s the money shot right there.”

“Maybe Yoongi can get some real money shots all over me?” Jimin remarked with that mischievous glint in his eyes, hovering his cigarette in front of his lips.

Yoongi looked between Jimin and Van for a few seconds, wondering if she understood the filthy joke that he had just made. Maybe not, supposing that she likely wasn’t well versed in any pornography that involved men. But considering the fact that she ran a homosexual leather bar… she might just know all the lingo.

Rather than speak Yoongi just settled for knocking back another deep swig of beer, waiting to see if Van would continue explaining her idea to him.

“So, what I need is some photos of Jimin - the perfect poster boy for this establishment. I need photos so good they can be used on promotional flyers, and I think that you’re the right guy for the job, honey. So, what d’you think? You interested?”

It turned out that the proposition Jimin had told him about was none other than a job offer - a commission from another client. It was no wonder why he hadn’t wanted to tell him it about it earlier because he had wanted him to get the offer straight up from Van instead, and it actually felt pretty
great getting to the good stuff like this.

“I can... well, I can get the shots for you,” Yoongi replied, shifting on the sofa to lean forward ever so slightly. “But I can’t shoot here. I don’t have any professional equipment, the lighting’s just shit everywhere in the club - save for this room. If you want quality, I can’t give it to you here, Van.”

“What d’you mean, kid?”

“I’m gonna have to take the photographs of Jimin somewhere else, not inside the club.”

“Usually, on principle, I’d say no,” Van said without a hint of hesitation, shifting to sit back in her own chair. “I don’t trust any man to take any of my studmuffins out of this club. There’s too many sick bastards out there that would hurt or kill ‘em, or try and proposition ‘em for unwanted sex, or even pimp ‘em out on the streets. I’m not gonna let that happen to ‘em. I keep ‘em safe here, safe from the dangers and temptations that are waiting right outside that door in other clubs. But…”

Van twisted her chair ever so slightly to look over at Jimin, and so he turned his head to hold her gaze.

“Jimin told me about you and that leads me to think that you must know each other to some degree. Do you trust him, baby face?”

“Oh, I’m already more than well acquainted with him. Yoongi’s a real charmer, he’s so fucking good with his tongue…”

Jimin stuck his own tongue against his inner cheek at this, distending it in a cheeky imitation of a blowjob before taking another drag off the end of his cigarette. He gave Yoongi a wink, his lips curling up in a wicked smile behind his gloved fingers.

“You don’t need to worry, mama. I trust him, he’s safe,” he continued, breathing the smoke out of his mouth to once more inhale it through his nose in that funny habit of his.

“Alright, that’s what I like to hear,” Van said with a pleased smile, as she brought her hands up to clap and then briskly rub them together and looked back over at Yoongi again. “I’ll give you an advance to cover the printing and shooting costs, say... 100 dollars? You get the stuff ready and I like what I see, you’re looking at another 100 for the whole deal, kid.”
“Oh… oh, yeah?”

Yoongi was pretty certain that he could get some flyers printed out, *good* quality flyers at that, for less than the advance. He knew a gay couple that ran a camera and film processing store and they were more than capable of printing out exactly what he needed, along with processing and editing the film for an extra $5. Clients *never* paid him an advance for anything that he did, so he was constantly scrabbling to cover the costs of professional printing and hoping to earn enough back on his commission to make the deal worth it.

If Van was offering to pay an advance, and it was an advance that would actually result in a profit on the processing and printing alone…

“A’ight, deal,” Yoongi said, moving to hold his hand out to her in offering. “I can get the photoshoot done tonight, no problem. The exposures can be processed first thing tomorrow morning, that should take ‘bout a day. Then I can get some mock-ups done for you to check out, to see if you like ‘em, and if you do I’ll have what you want done in… what, two days? Maybe, three?”

“Two days? You serious?” Van asked in surprise, as she got to her feet and moved to take hold of his hand. Her grip was dry and firm as she rapidly shook hands with him. “Damn, I thought I’d be lucky to have ‘em ready in a week!”

“Also, gimme the details you want on the flyers. Like, free entry or door fees, special offers, the address - all that shit,” Yoongi said, giving her hand a final squeeze before letting go. “I’ll need it for the mock-ups.”

“Sure thing, I’ll be right back, kid,” Van promised, reaching over to give his shoulder a hard pat and then moving to leave the room again.

Whilst Van wasn’t present Yoongi realised that he had the perfect opportunity to talk to Jimin about what was going on. From the proposition to the printouts, there were so many things he wanted to ask him right now.

“Jimin, where the fuck d’you get those copies of my photographs from?” Yoongi asked, shifting to get to his feet and check out the pile of printouts on the desk.

“I know a couple of guys, baby. I’m in the know in the Harlem gay scene. I’ve serviced a lot of
important queens here in The Paradiso Lounge,” Jimin explained with a lopsided smile, placing his hand down on the desk to lean closer to him. “Anyway, one of them just happens to be involved with Next Magazine. So, I reached out to him last night and I asked if he had any copies of the old magazines, and he has them all archived. It’s only been going for about two years, but with it being a weekly publication there were a lot of magazines to get through. I was there for quite some time searching through them all. But thanks to the photograph credits on every page I was able to find all your published pieces.”

Jimin reached over to pick up the pile of printouts to slowly flick through them again. He skipped through the political photographs until he found the vaguely erotic ones, letting out a soft and interested sound as he studied a snapshot of two semi-naked young men with their hands shoved down the tight front of one another’s briefs.

“Van isn’t lying, you really do have a lot of talent, Yoongi,” Jimin said in a soft voice, the smouldering remains of his cigarette bobbing between his pouted lips. “I was right about you, my feelings never let me down. I thought that you had talent and you do, you have plenty of talent, and now you’ve got another commission, baby.”

“You seriously did all that… for me, Jimin?” Yoongi asked in wonder, shifting to perch on the edge of the desk beside him.

“Of course!” Jimin said, glancing up to hold his gaze. He got the printouts into one hand to reach up and take hold of his cigarette, taking a final drag off the tiny stub. “I hope you don’t take any offence at this, baby, but I know that you’ve been struggling with getting work because you told me so last night. I also knew that Van was looking into making promotional flyers because she’s talked about it a lot with me. She’s so particular about everything that finding a photographer was gonna be really hard.”

Jimin moved to stub the cigarette out in the ashtray at this, breathing his lungful of smoke out of his lips. He reached up to brush his fingers through his hair, knocking the slight locks back off his brow. It seemed like a bit of a habit of his, perhaps a sign that he had used to have longer hair at some point.

Yoongi breathed in some of the exhaled cigarette smoke because of their close proximity, holding it in his lungs for a couple of seconds before breathing it out too.

“But then I happened to bump into a very talented, very charismatic photographer just last night,” Jimin continued, shifting on the edge of the desk to twist his upper body and look at him. “Not only is he a pro at sucking dick, he’s also amazing with his camera and-”
Yoongi reached over to give him a playful but firm punch to his chest with the side of his fist, the impact hard enough to create a loud *thump*. Jimin let out a funny squeak as he reached up to clap his hand against his chest and the sound made him snort laughter.

“What?! Those were compliments! I was being nice, baby!” Jimin exclaimed, rubbing at his breast muscle and pretending that his punch had hurt him. “You’re amazing with your camera and your mouth, so, I told Van all about you and look at that! I got you another commission because I’m such a nice fucking guy!”

“You’re right, honey. You’re such a nice fucking guy, I should suck your dick again,” Yoongi retorted, and this made Jimin burst out into frothy giggles as he reached over to take hold of his cheeks and planted a kiss right in the corner of his mouth. The act was so sudden but tender that it caught him by surprise and made him chuckle. “What was that for, huh?”

“Does there need to be a reason to kiss you?” Jimin asked in a soft whisper, as he pressed several gentle kisses around his mouth and across his cheek.

Yoongi was just about to initiate his own kiss when he caught sight of Van entering the room again, and so he pulled his face away to end their brief moment of intimacy. He spared a quick glance back at Jimin as he did so, flashing him a nervous smile that the other man returned.

“Here, the advance,” Van said, holding a folded bundle of bills out to him.

Yoongi accepted the $100 with thanks, hastily slipping the cash into his wallet and thinking about the fact he had not only just gotten paid for something, he was set to make quite the profit too. Van had promised another $100 for the finished product, which meant he might just be short of the cash that he needed to pay the rent and not get kicked out onto the streets when he was done with the commission.

But Yoongi had to be careful because he needed to consider his other commission, and the printing costs for that might not be covered by his client upfront. He had had several encounters with clients in the past that had complained about the idea of paying anything before receiving their completed commission, but this new client had seemed far more amicable than his usual customers. Still, he might just need to hold off on paying the rent until he was certain that he could afford to finish the commission, even when he was so desperate to hand the money over to Keyshawn and just be done with the whole ordeal.

Better safe than sorry, even if he was cutting it close to the deadline.
Van moved over to her desk to grab a sticky note pad, which she got in hand and proceeded to start writing on. She was no doubt jotting down the flyer information that Yoongi had requested, as a good flyer not only put the establishment’s name out there, it also brought customers in with added incentives and information; like opening and closing hours, drink prices, and advertising any entertainment that was on offer.

“Right, here’s the club information,” she said, as she tore the sheet free and held it out to him. “Make sure it stands out, and I want those flyers to be eye-catching! You’re the photographer here, I’ll leave all that shit to you, kid.”

Yoongi accepted the sticky note, quickly eyeing the piece of pink paper before folding it in half and slipping it inside his jeans pocket. It would be safe and secure there until he was able to hand it over to his friend in the camera store, seeing as he would be living in these jeans for a couple more days at least.

“No problem, I know a thing or two ‘bout standing out from the crowd,” Yoongi said, moving to collect his beer and knocking back the cold remains in several deep gulps. “You’ll get nothing but quality from me, that’s a promise.”

“I expect quality from you, believe me,” Van said, as she shifted to sit back down in her padded leather chair. “I can tell you’ve got a passion for this and it shows in your published pieces.”

“OK, we’ll head to my place first so I can grab some of my favourite things, and then we’ll go to your place. Yeah, Yoongi?” Jimin suggested with a smile, wrapping his fingers around his elbow to get a good hold on him.

“Uhuh,” he hummed in agreement, all the while thinking about the fact that Jimin was going to be coming to his apartment and this meant they might just spend the entire night together.

“Make sure to bring the best, baby face. I’m talking the crop, the stockings, the heels and the cap. And kid, I know it’s hard resisting him, but try to not get too distracted by my studmuffin. If he has his way you’ll never get any work done and you’ll be walking funny for a week!”

“I’ll resist him,” Yoongi promised, hearing Jimin giggling at her lewd joke as he gently tugged him across the room. “Thanks for the beer, Van. I’ll get those flyers done A.S.A.P; yeah?”
Whatever Van said in response to this Yoongi missed because he was being pulled up the basement stairs. Between the creaking of the wooden steps and the loud music coming from the ground-floor, her voice was lost underneath the noise.

After exiting the backroom and ducking under the bar counter Jimin guided him back towards the dressing-room. Yoongi waited beside the door whilst he quickly retrieved everything that he needed from his locker: collecting his tips and storing them inside his boots, and grabbing the military cap, motorbike helmet and keys. Then they left the dressing-room, ready to leave the club for the night; Jimin in the lead like usual.

They were just about to pass the restroom when Yoongi gently pulled his arm free from his grip. “Hey, I, uh, I just need to go to the restroom. Take a piss, y’know?”

“Sure thing, baby,” Jimin replied, shifting to lean against the wall just beside the restroom door and reaching over to shove it open for him.

Yoongi stuck his tongue out to wet his lips, accepting the door from him so he could step inside the restroom. He saw that the lighting was rather dim instead of bright, the exposed ceiling bulbs a medium shade of blue, and the walls were covered in white tiles. The smell of antiseptic cakes hung heavy in the air, along with cigarette smoke and cologne, and luckily there was no strong scent of piss or vomit lingering from the urinals or stalls.

The restroom wasn’t empty because there was quite a few men inside, either standing at the urinals or sinks to use them or hidden away behind the stalls. There were more stalls than what was usually in a male restroom, Yoongi noted, and from the slight gaps at the bottoms of the locked doors he could see pairs of feet with trousers and underwear puddled around them, along with some men kneeling down on the floor.

The sound of masculine moaning, both low and high-pitched, husky and soft, came from the occupied stalls across the floor. It made Yoongi gulp as he crossed the floor to get to one of the empty stalls. He made sure to choose one that was empty on both sides, just for the sake of it.

Upon stepping inside the stall Yoongi thumbed the latch, locking it shut to seal him inside. He shifted to lean back against the wall for a moment, running his gaze over the interior of the stall to see that there was a toilet to the side and a gloryhole cut into the left wall right in front of him. The gloryhole was quite considerably sized, easily large enough to accommodate any cocks and even whole hands, and it was located roughly around where most men’s groins would be. On account of his short height it was a little too high for him, but that didn’t matter at all because he had no use for it.
Yoongi’s hands were far from steady as he unbuckled his belt and fumbled with his jeans. He popped the button open first before dragging down the zipper to shove his hand down the front. He wasn’t at all surprised to find that the inner lining of his jeans was slightly damp, but not from sweat. No, at some point during the night he had leaked a considerable amount of precum. He had been aroused for such a long time now, ever since he had started watching Jimin servicing his boys, and he was still throbbing hard and in desperate want of being touched. He didn’t even care if he had to touch himself, he just needed something.

“Mmm,” he breathed out, as he took his cock in hand and started touching himself.

Yoongi knew that he should probably hurry up because Jimin was waiting for him outside, that he should just rush. But he didn’t want to rush, he wanted to take a moment to feel pleasure because he had been excited all night long and he wanted to enjoy himself, as well as get some relief.

Yoongi tugged his foreskin back, feeling another hint of precum escaping that smeared against his fingers as rubbed his thumb around his slit. The heat and wetness made him swallow hard, and his own arousal made a flare of heat plummet down into his loins because he felt like he was doing something illicit by masturbating in a public restroom like this. His cock head was so sensitive that just thumbing at it made him suck his lower lip in to nibble on it, a tingle of pleasure shooting down his shaft that he wanted to feel over and over.

After a series of soft pumps of his fist Yoongi smoothed his foreskin back over his head to palm at it, only to tug it down once more with the next jerk of his wrist. He closed his eyes and took a deep and steadying breath, shifting his left hand from his side to smooth his fingertips across his stomach. The lower curve of belly was ticklish to the touch, made him take a sharp intake of breath as he ran his fingers down towards his open jeans flap.

Yoongi cupped his testicles in his left hand so he could stroke his fingertips across his perineum, the sensation highly pleasing even when it was so ticklish. It didn’t feel as good as when he stimulated his prostate, but he wasn’t going to start fingering himself in the stall right now. That was a little too much, he wasn’t that desperate.

Yoongi had just started rubbing firm circles against his perineum with his fingertips to make a hot spike of pleasure shoot up into his belly when he heard the sound of movement coming from the stall beside him. It was the soft thumping of shoe soles and rustling clothing, and it was quickly followed by a sharp wolf whistle.

When Yoongi opened his eyes he saw that Jimin was in the cubicle in front of him, squatted down to look at him through the gloryhole. All that he could really see was his eyes and lower face, but that was more than enough for them to be able to hold each other’s gazes.
“Were you planning on having fun without me, Yoongi?” Jimin asked, giving him a playful pout as he ran his gloved fingers around the smooth edge of the gloryhole.

“Shit, Jimin… what if I’d really been taking a piss, huh?” Yoongi asked in an uneven voice, feeling his face burning with so much shame that he couldn’t even look at the other man.

“I’m not into pissplay, baby,” Jimin retorted, his lips quirking up at the corners in that teasing way of his. “But I’m into watching pretty boys blowing their loads all over themselves.”

Yoongi was uncertain about what he should do. He still had his hands shoved down the front of his pants but he had stopped touching himself when he had realised that Jimin was watching him. His cock was grasped in his right fist, and it gave a soft and rather pathetic twitch almost as if it was trying to remind him to carry on masturbating. He wanted to carry on doing so, yet he couldn’t seem to move under the other man’s heavy gaze.

For a few seconds, Jimin just gave him that mischievous smile of his before he seemed to realise that he might be uncomfortable. He pulled his hand out of the gloryhole and dragged his gaze away to look around the stall instead as he said, “I’m sorry, Yoongi. Do you want me to leave?”

“No, no… I don’t want you to leave, you just surprised me,” Yoongi mumbled, nibbling on his lower lip as he stared down at his battered leather boots. “I, uh, I…”

Jimin shifted on the other side of the stall wall, getting into a more comfortable position as he looked at him again. He moved his hand back towards the gloryhole to slip his fingers through it and hold on, seemingly using it to stay balanced. He might just be doing so to tease Yoongi that little bit more, his black glove-clad fingers stroking around the hole so he could hear the gentle creak of the leather as it brushed against the wood.

“Did I make you hard, baby?” Jimin asked in a husky voice, pressing himself up against the cubicle wall as much as he could; almost as if he was desperate to be in the stall with him.

“Yuh-yeah,” Yoongi replied, sticking his tongue out to wet his lips. He didn’t move his fist just yet, rather he curled his fingers to press them against his perineum to stimulate it again; the contact making his thighs tremble as another jolt of pleasure coursed up his shaft.

Jimin was talking dirty to him through the gloryhole, and Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised by the fact
he was enjoying it so much. Just having Jimin watching him masturbate was something that greatly appealed to him because he got turned on watching other men masturbating and having sex, and being watched in return. But Jimin wasn’t only watching him, he was spewing sensual and filthy words just for him, to help him relax and fantasise about him.

“Oh, I made you so hard,” Jimin continued, his lips curling up at the corners in another mischievous smile. “How wet are you, hmm? Is it dripping down? Can I catch it on my tongue?”

At this Jimin parted his lips to stick his tongue out, the act revealing that he had a long and delicately pointed tongue that looked just perfect for inducing pleasure. He curled it upwards to give it a playful flick, his front teeth digging into the slick, pink flesh.

Yoongi wanted to feel that tongue curling between his lips and into his mouth. He wanted to feel it darting along the curve of his jaw and behind his ear to tease all his most sensitive spots; his body cradled in Jimin’s hold again. He felt his own tongue rolling out over his lower lip, the metal ball of his barbell piercing knocking against his front teeth.

“Shit, I’d rather have you dripping on my tongue, on my… my face,” Yoongi said in an uneven voice, his fingertips rubbing little circles into his perineum in search of that one sweet spot that would make him moan in pleasure. “Are you gonna… touch yourself, Jimin?”

“Why? Do you wanna watch me, baby? Do you want me to slip my hands down my trousers and play with myself, just for you?”

“Yeah.”

“Hmm, but then I can’t watch you touch yourself, baby,” Jimin pointed out, running his eyes down his body to settle his gaze on his hands. His gloved fingers resumed their tracing around the gloryhole, the languid act catching his eye. “You get so hard watching other men fuck and suck, and you wanna get off in front of me so bad. Don’t you, baby?”

Yoongi nodded at the question, a soft sound escaping him that bordered on a whimper. He didn’t even know what he wanted right now because he was so caught up in his own pleasure; he just really wanted to orgasm.

Jimin let out a sudden and sweet laugh as he exclaimed, “Yoongi, guys are beating themselves off all over the club! You can do it wherever you want, whenever you want. You don’t need to hide away
like this, you can watch and touch! Just act like a slut, baby!"

Yoongi took a quick gasp of breath at this, feeling a sudden frisson running all over his skin that made him tighten his grip around his cock.

“Oh?” Jimin said, the word escaping him in a soft and breathy gasp. His eyes widened as he stared up at him through the gloryhole, something coming over his face that looked like surprise. “Did you like that, baby? Did you like it when I said you should act like a slut?”

Yoongi couldn’t help but squirm at this, trying his very hardest to hold his gaze. He could feel his cheeks flooding with more heat, a prickling heat that he knew was shame. But the shame only brought him more twisted excitement, the kind that made him lightly squeeze his swollen cock head inside his jeans to make a hard throb shoot up into his loins.

“Is that because you’re a slut, Yoongi? Are you a little slut?” Jimin teased, his expression shifting once more as he gave him his most wolfish of smiles; one that displayed almost every single tooth and didn’t extend to his eyes. The blue restroom lighting gleamed off his dark eyes and silver earrings, threading through his black hair as he reached up to slowly run his fingers through it.

“Fuh…ck, Jimin. Shut up,” Yoongi groaned, slipping his left hand out of his jeans and reaching up to press his forearm against his brow so he could try and block him out. He couldn’t help but start slowly pumping his fist again, getting some glide between his shaft and palm because of all the precum. “I’m gonna cum if you call me that, fuck.”

“Oh, my pretty boy is such a slut,” Jimin crooned. “You’re so fucking cute. Has anyone ever told you that? You’re so fucking cute when you touch yourself, when you moan like that. Moan for me, slut.”

“Uh-hhh,” Yoongi groaned in a broken voice, rolling back on his heels so his hips could give a little twitch and allow him to thrust into his own fist.

“You wanna cum so bad, fuck, you’re starved for some good cock,” Jimin continued, pulling his hand away from the gloryhole and shifting positions again. It looked like he was on his knees, his arms stretched over his head so he could press his body right up against the wall. “I wanna slip my cock into this gloryhole, into your little hole, and give it to you so good.”

Yoongi moaned at this, lowering his arm from his face to reach down and wrap his fingers around
his shaft. He was steadily thrusting into his right hand, pumping his hips forward to force his swollen head into his tight fist and stimulate it with the rough friction, and so he stroked his fingers over his short length between thrusts to draw out as much pleasure as possible; his thumb pressing down on his shaft and his fingers rubbing against his underside. He was rocking back and forth on his heels, shifting his weight onto his toes as he thrust forward and feeling them curling up from the delicious throbs of pleasure, and then rolling down onto his heels as he dragged his hips back and felt his behind connecting with the stall wall.

“You could open the stall door. The noises you’d make as I fuck you good and deep would bring in an audience,” Jimin continued, and Yoongi was so very convinced that he was rubbing himself up against the stall wall. He might just have his crotch pressed against it, the pressure of grinding against the hard surface alleviating the need to touch himself. “So many men would get to watch you take my cock, slut. You’d like that, wouldn’t you?”

Yoongi let out a broken moan, a tangle of messy hair falling forward over his eyes as he nodded in agreement. He was so close, so close that he could feel a tightening in his tingling loins, but he just couldn’t seem to thrust into his fist fast enough.

“Fuck, Jimin, fuh…”

Yoongi climaxed with a breathless cry, a little whimper that got caught in his throat as his hips jerked forward in several spasms. He rolled his head back against the stall wall as the first burst of tingling heat flooded his loins and coursed up into his belly. He panted for breath from the hard throbs of pleasure between his thighs, opening his eyes just a slit to look at Jimin as he ejaculated all over the back of his hand and into his fist.

As soon as his orgasm had faded, Yoongi brought his hands up to his lips to lick the smears of semen free from his palms and fingers. He didn’t let it settle on his tongue for longer than a second like he had with Jimin’s cum, swallowing the bittersweet mixture and letting his breath out in a soft sigh of pleasure.

Jimin watched him cleaning his hand, his own tongue slipping free to prod at the corner of his lips as he tracked every lick and suck. Then he gave him a wide smile, his lips parting to show his teeth as he brushed his fingers through his hair to rake the short locks back off his brow again.

Yoongi tucked himself back into his jeans, fastening his zipper and button and then fumbling with his belt. He unlocked the stall door to step outside, seeing Jimin copying his actions out of the corner of his eye. He had just slipped the leather lengths back through the buckle and was in the act of feeding it through his jeans loops when he felt Jimin’s hand snagging hold of his elbow.
Jimin crowded him, using his body to steer him away from the stalls and across the aisle until Yoongi felt his back connecting with the hard and chipped wall tiles. He could only stare up at the other man as he tried to gauge what he was doing, his gaze flickering between his eyes and lips because he was anticipating a rough and passionate kiss.

But Jimin moved to bring his face close to his ear instead. He let go of his elbow to reach down and take hold of his wrist, pulling his hand towards the front of his trousers to press it against his crotch.

Yoongi felt the unmistakable sensation of Jimin’s erection through his trousers; his cock tucked up and to the side and straining against the tight leather so he could smooth his palm all the way along his shaft. A quick glance down between their bodies showed him that his erection was actually bulging enough to be visible to all that looked at his crotch, and the sight made him gulp hard as he curled his fingers around the girth of his shaft to hold onto him.

“Can you feel that, Yoongi?” Jimin whispered into his ear, applying pressure onto his hand to grind his palm against his erection. “Can you feel how hard I am? How much you turned me on?”

“Fuck, Jimin…”

“I’m gonna fuck you so good, Yoongi,” Jimin promised in that same breathy whisper. He moved to press their brows together, grinding forward against his palm. “You deserve it for turning me on so much. Fuck, the things I wanna do to you, the things I want you to feel when I’m inside of you.”

“You… you can take me here,” Yoongi stammered, his gaze flickering between his eyes and lips in turn. He wanted to just reach up and snag his free hand around the back of his neck, to pull him closer and kiss him. But he was frozen in place, pressed against the wall by Jimin’s body weight.

“Hmm, no,” Jimin said with a smile, pulling his hand away from his crotch to cup his chin in his fingers instead. His gloved thumb brushed against his lower lip, the contact making Yoongi pout his lips out to press a kiss against it. “I think I’ll wait. I wanna save all of my pleasure for later so I can enjoy fucking you that little bit more, baby.”

With that Jimin gave his chin a teasing tickle, and then he turned to cross the aisle to leave the restroom without a single glance back over his shoulder at him.

Yoongi was so stunned that he couldn’t move for a moment, leaned back against the tiled wall with his hands hanging limply at his sides. He saw a couple of the men over by the urinals looking right at
him and he couldn’t help but wonder if they had overheard what Jimin had just said to him, or maybe even heard what had happened in the stalls underneath the heavy breathing and moaning from the other couples.

The thought that they might have heard him getting off whilst Jimin had called him a slut…

Yoongi found his cheeks flushing pink with embarrassment as he moved to leave the restroom too, shoving the door with his shoulder. He saw that Jimin was in the act of retrieving his motorbike helmet from Raphael, who was waiting just a few feet away from the restroom. He had also placed his military cap down onto his head, the brim pulled down low.

Jimin wrapped his arm around his waist, slipping his hand right down the back pocket of Yoongi’s jeans to firmly cup his buttock and guide him across the club floor. It felt much nicer than being tugged around by the elbow. It also meant that Yoongi was able to take hold of his waist too, slipping his own arm around his body and snagging a handful of his tight t-shirt.

Upon entering the parking lot situated on West 124th Street Yoongi accepted the helmet from him, but he tried to fasten it himself this time because he knew that he needed to learn how to do it if he was going to keep riding Jimin’s motorbike like this. He pulled the helmet on, breathing in the scent of cologne and leather coming from the inner padding as he fumbled to try and find the chinstrap and D-ring buckle.

Jimin watched him doing so for a moment, a fond but amused smile on his face, and then he shifted to sit down on the seat. He laced his fingers together to stretch them, rolling his wrist and flexing his muscles; his leather gloves creaking from the movement. Then he reached up to place his hands behind his neck, stretching his elbows up over his head and rolling his neck and shoulders to loosen his no doubt stiff muscles.

Yoongi managed to drag the chinstrap along the bottom of the helmet, feeding it into the first set of metal rings and fiddling with it for a few seconds until he figured out how to get it through. Then he had to pull it back across, fumbling with the buckle as he tried to find a way to properly secure it.

“Need any help, gorgeous?” Jimin asked, twisting to look back over his shoulder and flash him a mischievous grin.

“I got it, honey,” Yoongi muttered in reply, the closed visor muffling his voice. But he was still clear enough for the other man to understand because he heard Jimin giggling as he finally snapped the chinstrap in place on the buckle. “See! Told you so!”
“Congratulations, baby! Do you want a pat on the head for that?” Jimin teased, as he turned back to the front of the motorbike and slipped the keys into the ignition.

Yoongi shifted to climb on the vehicle behind Jimin, lifting his legs up to balance his feet on the passenger foot pegs and getting comfortable on the padded seat. He slipped his arms around his waist to hold onto him, feeling the bulky body of his camera annoyingly dangling between their bodies so he couldn’t fully press his chest up against his warm back.

Jimin started the engine with the clutch and starter button, letting it softly rumble for a few seconds before twisting the throttle. He shifted gears as he let go of the clutch ever so slightly, increasing the throttle until he was able to pick up enough speed to shift gears and start rolling down the lane. It took a couple of seconds for him to reach the ideal speed and find the perfect gear and then they were sailing down the road with ease.

The journey to get to Jimin’s apartment block took just over 10 minutes because he lived in Harlem, and most of that time was spent waiting in traffic. Quite a lot of the roads that he needed to drive down were packed with vehicles and pedestrians because he had to get out of the popular commercial area first, but then he started to guide the motorbike down more residential streets instead.

Yoongi placed his head down against the soft slope of his shoulder, hating the sensation of the padded helmet but knowing that it was for the best to wear it. At least he could breathe in Jimin’s scent whilst he was wearing it, that delightful blend of masculine cologne and leather that the other man radiated, along with the tang of his sweat after he was finished dancing. He didn’t really focus on sight of the streets going past, preferring to let them blend into a blur of glowing streetlights and windows, flashing and vibrantly coloured neon signs, and faceless pedestrians that he could hear talking underneath the constant beeping, rumbling, and roaring traffic on the road.

Eventually Jimin did a U-turn to pull up against the curb and rolled off the throttle, letting the motorbike start slowing down as he pulled in the clutch and applied pressure to the front and rear brakes. After giving the gear shift lever a couple of bumps with his right foot he fully engaged the brakes, letting go of the handlebar to twist the keys and kill the engine.

According to a street sign Jimin lived on St. Nicholas Terrace, which was a road situated beside the sprawling and green park that shared its namesake - St. Nicholas Park. It looked like a nice neighbourhood, and the apartment block had a clean and pleasing exterior which hinted that the accommodation inside was just as attractive. It was a short block made of tan stone with about a dozen or so windows running up the various floors. There were no bars on the windows like the assisted living facilities that Yoongi was used to seeing all over South Bronx - as much a suicide deterrent as they were safety precautions for the children living inside the block.
Yoongi slipped up the visor on the front of the helmet to reveal his face as he got to his feet. But rather than stay standing he sat back down on the edge of the seat instead, reaching inside his leather jacket pocket to collect his packet of cigarettes and quickly thumb it open.

Jimin shifted to climb off the motorbike, swinging his leg over the front in quite the amazing show of flexibility as he got to his feet. He glanced down at him as he tugged down on the brim of his military cap and asked, “You coming, baby? You can have some coffee and wait inside. I just need to grab some of my good shit for the photoshoot.”

“Nah, I’ll wait out here,” Yoongi mumbled, slipping the cigarette free from the packet with his fingers and bringing it up to his lips. “You grab whatever you need, Jimin.”

“Sure thing, just give me a few minutes and I’ll be right back,” he promised with a quick smile, tinkling his fingers at him before moving to cross the sidewalk and go up the front steps.

Whilst Jimin was inside the apartment block Yoongi waited on the curb, smoking his cigarette and sitting on the edge of the bike seat. He couldn’t help but kick his feet back and forth, kicking at a stray piece of trash to knock it away and scuffing his already battered boots against the gritty concrete. He watched the candy wrapper fluttering across the pavement to land in the gutter, and then he glanced up at the glowing windows of the block. He knew that Jimin’s room was on the fifth-floor because the windows had lit up only after he had entered the building.

Yoongi couldn’t help but let his mind wander as he waited for Jimin to return, thinking about everything from the upcoming photoshoot and what might just happen between them tonight, and what had just happened back in *The Paradiso Lounge*. There was a lot to think about, to mull over now that he was alone for a moment and free from the chaotic atmosphere of the club, and all the flashing lights and pounding electronic music.

Yoongi might just have been hoping to spend the night with Jimin, both in the form of just being in his company in the club or sharing another late-night meal together after he had finished his work shift, or maybe even sharing more sexual intimacy with him. But he couldn’t have possibly imagined that this would have happened. Not only had he ended up with a new commission, a well paying commission at that, the commission was completely centred around Jimin. He couldn’t have asked for a better job than that because Jimin was a subject he already adored photographing, and it allowed them to spend more time together for the duration of the photoshoot.

Jimin was coming back to his apartment for a photoshoot, and he was bringing a variety of fetish wear items with him that he needed to slip into and model in front of the camera, just for him. His own private show, and Yoongi just knew that Jimin was going to turn it into a show. It was
impossible for him not to, he made everything into a show, a game, a naughty tease. If he had more leather fetish pieces to slip into, or little accessories and props to show off and play with just to make him get flustered, he knew that the other man would take full advantage and do so.

Yoongi was very much looking forward to it, but that was probably because he just really wanted to see Jimin slip into something sexy again… Preferably hot leather, though other materials would no doubt be just as pleasing in contrast against his tanned skin - like lace, satin and silk.

Maybe… Jimin might just be up for a nude photoshoot after he was finished snapping photographs of him for the club flyers?

“Mmm,” Yoongi hummed under his breath, feeling his lips curling up at the corners in a smirk as he hovered his cigarette in front of his mouth. “I’m such a fucking pervert…”

It was dirty thinking about such things, Yoongi knew that it was, but it was difficult not thinking about Jimin like this when he was always so sexual around him. It wasn’t like Jimin was a shrinking violet that blushed at the mere mention of intimacy. He was about as open and positive about sex as one could ever be, and he was more than willing to be provocative around him for the sake of enjoying his embarrassment. Yoongi had once thought that he was pretty relaxed and open talking about sex, but he felt almost prudish next to Jimin and his libidinous tongue.

So what if thinking about Jimin posing for nude photographs for him might just make him a ‘pervert’. Jimin would probably slip out of his trousers and strike a pose just for him without a hint of hesitation because he seemed to be even more ‘perverted’ than he was when it came to sexual kinks and satisfaction.

Yoongi really wanted to snap photographs of Jimin posing just for him in his apartment room: nude, semi-nude, wearing fetish wear, anything would do. This was partly because he wanted to appreciate Jimin as a subject, on account of his fantastic body and confidence in modelling for erotic photographs. But it was also because it was a sexual fantasy of his to have Jimin model for him like that: to be able to stand behind the camera and take in the sight of his unashamed nudity for hours on end, Jimin languidly moving to pose on the furniture, against the walls, on the floor; his positions getting more and more sexual as he got into it and brought them both immense pleasure not only during the photoshoot, but with the end results.

Just the thought of being able to look at Jimin’s naked skin through the viewfinder, but not being able to touch him…

A sudden shadow appeared in the room window and Yoongi saw the curtains being pulled aside so
Jimin could peer down at him; sitting on his motorbike and waiting on the street outside for him. Even though he couldn’t see his face because he was in the shadows Yoongi was certain that he was smiling, especially when he lifted his hand up to give him another little tinkle of his fingers.

Shit, Yoongi hadn’t had dick in a couple of months that he hadn’t been paid to suck, but just a single night with Jimin and he couldn’t seem to stop thinking about it. When Jimin had said that he was desperate for good cock he had been entirely correct - he was gagging for it at this point. Just hearing Jimin talking about how he was going to fuck him through the gloryhole had brought Yoongi to his first orgasm of the night, and he was very much hoping for one or two more after he had finished with the photoshoot. He was starting to get a little greedy, and he just knew that the other man would have something degrading and exciting to say about that.

Jimin hadn’t been lying when he had told him that he would only be gone for a couple of minutes, for he reappeared again before Yoongi was even finished fully smoking his cigarette. He squeezed the end out and awkwardly fumbled inside the open front of the helmet to slip the stub behind his right ear, breathing the final drag out of his nose in a hard huff. He didn’t want to toss a perfectly smokable cigarette away, not when he could set it alight again and finish it during the photoshoot.

Jimin had a backpack in hand, which looked to be filled with goods and quite weighty as it lazily dangled from his fist. He moved to hold it out to him, silently requesting that he wear the backpack whilst he drove the motorbike.

Yoongi accepted the backpack from him and he slipped his arms through the durable straps before shrugging it up onto his shoulders. It had some weight to it but it wasn’t too heavy, and he could hear the sound of clinking coming from inside - a sign that there was metal of some kind stored inside the backpack. This might just be the metal chest harness that he had seen him wearing last night, with the heavy chain links and rounded rings that sat on his chest right above his nipples in the most alluring of ways. Or it might be another metal item, and just trying to imagine what it could be piqued Yoongi’s interest as he reached up to fix the helmet visor back in place again.

“East 155th Street; right, Yoongi?” Jimin asked, as he shifted to climb onto the seat again.

“Yeah, that’s the place,” Yoongi replied, slipping his arms around his waist to hold onto him whilst he started the engine once more.

The journey to get to Yoongi’s apartment block took roughly 20 minutes, Jimin guiding his motorbike through the busy streets of Harlem and across Madison Avenue Bridge to enter South Bronx. The journey should have dragged and made him feel impatient, but it felt like they were both cruising the streets and so Yoongi was at peace for the duration of the ride. He got to savour the sensation of clinging onto Jimin’s warm back, his eyes closed as he listened to the softly roaring engine and the beep and rumble of the vehicles on the roads all around them.
Upon reaching the apartment block Jimin killed the motorbike on the curb right outside the building, the pair of them climbing off the seat to cross the sidewalk.

Yoongi reached up to fiddle with the chinstrap to remove the helmet, passing it back to him as he went up the front steps to let them both into the block.

Jimin followed him inside, going up the narrow staircase behind him at a languid pace as to not make too much noise. The stairs did have a habit of creaking, but the sound of their footsteps was muffled by the worn carpet and lost underneath that of the white noise coming from the other rooms in the block: blaring televisions, babbling and crying babies, and low masculine voices that echoed through the thin walls.

Yoongi was in the act of trying to work the stiff door lock when a sudden thought come to mind, which made his lips curl up into a quick smile as he twisted the keys. “I thought I had pay you for erotic shots, Jimin?”

“That was before I discovered I liked being in front of your camera, baby,” Jimin replied, moving to step inside the apartment room behind him. “Besides, I said you had to pay me for nudes, not erotic photographs, and I didn’t say that you had to pay me in cash…”

Yoongi shut the door behind them, dragging the chain lock across just for the sake of it. Jimin might just leave by the end of the night, but it was best locking the door until then. He dropped down to tug at his tattered laces and step out of his boots, his bare feet padding on the wooden flooring as he moved to go into the lounge. A quick glance back over his shoulder showed him that Jimin was also slipping out of his boots, leaving them beside the door as to not track dirt all over the wooden flooring.

“Do you have a pet, Yoongi?” Jimin suddenly asked, the question catching him by surprise because it was so unexpected.

“I can’t afford to take care of myself, honey. How am I supposed to care for a pet too?” Yoongi asked in a sardonic tone, as he gently placed the backpack down on the floor.

“Hmm, I pegged you for a cat lover,” he remarked, shifting to lean against the lounge door frame. “Low maintenance, but high levels of affection that make the painful scratches and the yowling all night long more than worth it.”
“Yeah, I love cats,” Yoongi said with a soft nod, hastily stripping out of his leather jacket and tossing it down onto the sofa armrest. Then he rummaged through his jacket pocket to collect the full film cartridge and get it in hand. “I love dogs too, so long as they ain’t bigger than me and try and bite my fucking hand off.”

Jimin let out a soft laugh at this, folding his arms over his chest to slouch in that cool and casual way of his. He looked very comfortable right now, completely at ease in his apartment because he clearly trusted him a great deal after their night of passionate intimacy.

Yoongi was struck by the fact Jimin had made such an assumption about him because it meant that he had been thinking about him. Jimin had looked at him and thought that he was a cat person, and this revealed that he had been paying plenty of attention to his behaviour and little mannerisms to get a feel for who he was as a person, which showed a great deal of interest in him.

“Make yourself at home, Jimin,” Yoongi suggested, limply waving his wrist to gesture at the rest of the lounge. “Uh, the kitchen’s just across the hall, in case you wanna grab something to drink. I think there’s some beers in the fridge. Bathroom’s down the hall too.”

Jimin thought this over for a moment as he removed his military cap and tossed it down onto his backpack. Then he decided to go along the corridor and straight into his bedroom.

Wow, Jimin really was making himself at home - he hadn’t even asked permission.

Yoongi watched him going before following after him to also go into his bedroom. It wasn’t exactly a mess because there was no dirty clothing strewn all over the floor, but there was an almost full ashtray and an empty coffee mug filled with grinds placed right beside his mattress.

Well, whatever, Yoongi was only human. There was nothing wrong with his home being a little messy, that was just a sign it was lived in. He was willing to bet that Jimin’s apartment was probably a little messy too, so there was nothing to be ashamed about.

Yoongi shifted to sit down on his mattress, placing his camera down on his thigh so he could remove the second full film cartridge. He did so with ease, not even needing to look at his hands as he slipped the latch cover aside to pop the back free and collect the cartridge. This meant he could look up at Jimin as he did so, seeing that he was standing over by the barred window to check out the view of the street down below.
Yoongi collected a canister from his film box, slipping the used film cartridge inside the black plastic container to safely seal it away inside. It also meant that he could stick a label around it to help him keep track of every single roll of exposures that he owned - which was a great many by now. He just couldn’t risk accidentally misplacing a roll because he wasn’t able to check any undeveloped exposures without completely ruining them.

After smoothing the small white label around the width of the canister Yoongi retrieved his marker pen to scrawl something onto it. He felt his tongue slipping out of the corner of his mouth, the tip curling up as he jotted, ‘Silverstein fetish commission #1’, onto the label. He did the same with the second roll he had just slipped out of the camera, only changing the number on the end. Satisfied that the film was secure and labelled for his associates at the camera store he grabbed a new cartridge of film to reload the camera.

Jimin looked away from the window, running his gaze across the bedroom until the tower of pornographic magazines and bottle of lube caught his eye.

“Oh, you read Advocate Men?” Jimin remarked, crossing the floor and bending forward to retrieve one of the copies and flick it open to check out the various nude photo shoots. “There’s some good centrefolds, but there isn’t any fetish ones. Some of these hunks would look so much better bound and gagged, you know?”

Yoongi thought this over as he looked up at Jimin, pausing in the act of reloading the film into his camera for a moment. He had to admit that Jimin was telling the truth, a lot of the photoshoots felt the same after awhile because they were all just soft and sweet nudes of attractive men lounging around in various states of nudity. Sure, seeing a well-endowed and ruggedly masculine man sitting with his thighs wide open as he perused a newspaper out on the porch was pretty hot...

But a pretty thing in a harness: the straps digging into his soft skin, his cock darkly flushed between his bound thighs? Or a daddy in hot leather: his tanned body muscular and rippled with veins, and his trousers bulging because of his raging hard-on? That was something that Yoongi would pay to see and most certainly enjoy more than a blond hunk with blindingly white teeth and blue eyes who looked so squeaky clean even with his flaccid cock dangling between his thighs.

“But don’t get me wrong, I love looking at hot men and big cocks, but it’s just too vanilla for me,” Jimin continued, his gaze flickering over one of the pages to take it all in. “There isn’t even any toys. I just don’t understand why they don’t have a centrefold of a pretty twink on his back, all spread open and fucking himself with a dildo just for me to watch…”

Jimin glanced up at him as he flicked to the next page, something glinting in his dark eyes that made
Yoongi swallow hard and turn back to his camera. He just knew that he had picked up on his reaction because he heard him making a soft and husky sound of amusement as he dropped his gaze back down to the magazine.

“Hey, do you wanna know something funny, Yoongi? One time I dominated a guy that modelled for a spread in this magazine, and he told me that it’s a thing for uncut men to have to tuck their foreskins back for nude photoshoots even when they’re not hard. Why do you think they’ve gotta do that?”

“It’s, uh, it’s more sexual?” Yoongi suggested, not at all sure what to say because he had never heard about such a thing before. “I think it might also be a cultural thing too, but I’m clueless, Jimin. Pornography’s fucking weird, a’ight, that’s all you need to know.”

Jimin thought this over for a moment before turning back to the magazine in his hands with a soft hum. He held it up in front of him on an angle, no doubt so he could appreciate one of the centrefolds. He ran his eyes up and down the nude model with an expression that looked almost like he was studying fine art, and then he flipped the magazine back around to carry on flicking through it.

“I don’t need to tuck for nude shots,” Jimin said with a lopsided smile, closing the magazine and dropping it back onto the pile because he had clearly lost interest in it. “But you already know all about that, right, baby?”

Yoongi didn’t reply to this, focusing on reloading his camera instead. There was very little he could say after all, Jimin was telling the truth. He had gotten very up close and personal with his cock last night and he was more than aware of what it looked like, what it felt like in his fist and mouth, and what it tasted like on his tongue.

Now that Jimin had mentioned his cock he found that he was thinking about it again… not that it had been off his mind for very long tonight.

The sound of scraping came from across the floor and when Yoongi looked up he saw that Jimin was checking out his dresser drawers. He was so stunned that he could only stare up at him for a moment, seeing that he was rooting around his assortment of oversized t-shirts, layered t-shirts, jumpers and hooded sweatshirts almost as if he was searching for something.

“D’you always root ‘round the place when people invite you into their homes, Jimin?” Yoongi asked, not at all offended by the other man’s actions but quite simply surprised by how bold that he was.
“I was looking for toys,” Jimin replied, pushing the dresser drawer shut. “Don’t you have any toys, Yoongi? What’d you use when you masturbate, huh?”

“My hand’s free,” he retorted without missing a beat.

“Oh, are you a lotion and dirty magazine kinda guy?” he asked with a giggle, his gaze shifting to focus on the tower of magazines again. “That’s cute, Yoongi.”

“I use lube, I ain’t 15…”

“Hmm, you just lie right there; don’t you?” Jimin remarked in that husky whisper of his. “Under the covers, maybe in your briefs… or completely naked? You just lie there, a dirty magazine in one hand and your cock in the other, and you just beat yourself off. How many times do you do that every night, baby?”

“How many times d’you beat yourself off, huh?” Yoongi asked in turn, feeling his cheeks flooding with heat because Jimin was once more talking dirty to him. He was trying to humiliate him, and he still didn’t understand why this turned him on so much.

“I don’t like cumming more than once a night,” Jimin replied without a hint of shame, his gaze burning into him. “I like edging until I can’t stand it anymore and I’m desperate. I make such a mess when I cum, baby. But one time, I fucked a guy five times in one night before I was too dry to fill him up with more cum. Your turn, Yoongi. How many times do you beat yourself off every night looking at your dirty magazines?”

“…Once, most nights. But sometimes I force myself to stay awake so I can just touch myself for as long as I can stand. Y’know, before I get raw and sensitive. I’ve fallen asleep doing that,” Yoongi admitted in a soft whisper, snapping the back onto the camera again to seal the fresh roll of film inside. “I usually cum three times.”

“Fuck, baby,” Jimin crooned, bringing his hand up to his face to run his gloved fingers over his lips. “Do you eat it? Do you lick it off your fingers after every orgasm or do you wait until you’re finished and then eat it? Or do you use it? Maybe play with it?”

“You like cum, huh?” Yoongi asked, rubbing his thumb across the command wheel to fidget with it.
“Yeah, baby, it’s one of my turn-ons,” Jimin admitted with no shame, his voice slightly husky because he was enjoying their dirty conversation so much. “I like making men cum all over themselves. I like filling them up with my cum. I like seeing it, playing with it, making as much of a mess as I can. What’d you do with your cum, Yoongi?”

“I suck it off my fingers and imagine it ain’t mine.”

“Fuck, that’s so hot, baby.”

“I ain’t gotta pretend tonight though, mmm?” Yoongi asked in a quiet voice, as he slowly ran his tongue around his mouth. “You’ll fill my mouth right up, Jimin.”

“Hmm, whatever you want, Yoongi - I’ll do it.”

“…Come into the lounge, Jimin, there’s more room there,” Yoongi suggested, shifting to get to his feet to cross the bedroom floor. “Also, my main equipment’s in there and that shit’s heavy. I don’t wanna have to drag it in here.”

“Sure thing,” Jimin said, as he followed him out of the bedroom, their soft footsteps padding out of rhythm on the wooden flooring. “I’d offer to help you out, but I don’t know how to set up professional equipment.”

“No problem, it’s only gonna take me a couple of minutes,” he replied, reaching up to run his fingers through his messy hair and scratch at his stubbly scalp.

In the corner of the lounge Yoongi had a variety of professional photography equipment, which he rarely used because he took most of his photographs out on the streets instead.

The first thing that Yoongi had to do was set up the backdrop, fixing the frame together and then sorting through his box of materials before selecting a sheet of red muslin cloth. He slipped it onto the pole and snapped it into the frame, smoothing his hands over it to ensure that it was free from wrinkles and perfect for the shoot.

“Back there, in the club… the way you, uh, you talked to those boys, the way you handled ‘em. That
was surprising. I know you said you were a professional dom, but I just didn’t expect you to act like
that,” Yoongi remarked, sparing a quick look back over his shoulder at Jimin to see that he was
sitting perched on the sofa armrest; his legs spread wide open in a sign of comfort. “How come you
don’t talk to me like that?”

“What? Do you want me to talk to you like that?” Jimin asked, raising his eyebrows at him with that
mischievous grin of his. “You liked it back in the club when I said those dirty things to you, baby.”

“I just don’t understand the transition, Jimin. How’d’you go from being this… this open and kind
guy into this controlling, dominant man? It’s like you’ve got two different personalities in one body
or something.”

“Well, it’s a character. I’m acting out a character for the boys, nothing more than that. Who I am at
the club isn’t who I am when I’m with you like this or when I’m shopping at the grocery store, or
whatever. I’m an entertainer, Yoongi, I entertain my boys and I make them feel good just the way
they like, which means taking control, being dominant, humiliating them to whatever degree that
they need. There’s nothing personal involved, I don’t judge what they want from me so long as it’s
not explicitly dangerous. I don’t have ‘sex’ with them, I don’t do anything that involves penetration,
but I do provide them with the means of sexual satisfaction through playing with them. If that means
stomping on their balls, I stomp on their balls. If it means giving them a little choke and calling them
a slut, I do that too.”

Yoongi hummed at this to show that he was listening to him, reaching up to smooth at the backdrop
with his fingertips. He had to get up onto his tiptoes to do so, feeling the soft muslin wrinkling
between his clenched toes.

“Some boys go looking for daddies or dominant lovers and they get hurt. They get abused, they even
get murdered by predators that know they can take advantage of them,” Jimin continued, the weight
of his gaze settling somewhere around Yoongi’s lower back because he seemed to be looking at his
ass. “Who the fuck cares about a faggot that got choked to death during a sex game gone wrong,
huh? The police don’t give a shit, Yoongi, they blame us and our community. The straights don’t
give a shit, they think we’re disgusting even when we’re not into BDSM and other hardcore sexual
practices. We need to look out for each other whenever we can, in whatever ways we can.”

“Mmm, I understand,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, shifting to step back and study the backdrop.
“And lemme guess… your way is by performing for ‘em?”

“Yeah, I feel much better knowing that my boys can come to the club and achieve sexual satisfaction
from me in a safe environment without any of those risks. We have safewords, we have medical
equipment on hand if someone gets hurts. But we actively encourage our boys to avoid inducing
bleeding because that’s a HIV risk. They can achieve the satisfaction that they desire in an
environment much safer than a locked apartment room or the backseat of a car. There’s a lot of boys that get off on voyeurism and need a place to watch or be watched to indulge in their sexual fantasies too. Dirty magazines and videos can only satisfy a voyeur so much before they need the real deal, before they need to hear skin slapping together and feel the heat coming off two lovers as they fuck just for them.”

Yoongi stuck his tongue out to wet his lips at this, wondering if Jimin was alluding to him with this statement. After all, he had relied on dirty magazines and the rare porno to satisfy his curiosity and sexual urges for quite some time now. But after visiting *The Paradiso Lounge* and seeing the real deal right in front of him... it really did feel like something else. It was more exciting, there was an overwhelming feeling of shame involved both watching and being watched that excited him, which he couldn’t feel by looking at magazines or watching video tapes. He understood exactly what Jimin meant about his boys needing something more extreme to satisfy their sexual urges because just a little taste was enough to have made him crave more and more.

“Do you think every boy that I’ve serviced likes it? Of course not. There’s been a few boys that have asked me to dominate them but they cave within seconds when they realise they don’t like it, and that’s perfectly fine. I comfort them, I calm them down and they just grab a drink and continue on with their night. I’m there so they can find out their kinks, so they can experiment with things they fantasise about but are too scared to try during hookups. I’m something safe for them, you understand? I’m safe and they can trust me to please them because they know that I get off on their pleasure too.”

“You get off on it?” Yoongi asked, twisting to look back over his shoulder at him.

“The control, the power, I enjoy it, yeah,” Jimin admitted, shifting on the armrest to clasp his hands between his spread thighs. “We all want something from sex, baby. We mightn’t be outwardly dominant or submissive in nature, we might not have discovered any kinks yet, but we all want something inside. Sometimes we want nothing more than for our partner to satisfy us because we crave our own orgasm more than everything else. Other times we want to satisfy them completely because we want to give them pleasure instead of ourselves. Sex is about giving and receiving, and I know that my control, my power, is giving them exactly what they need to climax. I get off on that, I’m not ashamed to admit that I get off sexually knowing that I have that power. The important thing is that I don’t use my power in a way my boys don’t want. That doesn’t make me a dom, that makes me an abuser.”

“Is it difficult reigning it in, y’know, controlling that power when so many of ‘em want it to escalate more and more?”

“No, I’ve always been staunch with safety and rules. If they want something that I know will hurt them I use my power to stop it. I’m in control, I shouldn’t act upon anything that could hurt them. If they want to be hurt beyond my level of consensual pain they’ll have to go elsewhere for that
satisfaction. I can only hope they understand there’s a reason for me having those boundaries, not only for myself but for their sake too.”

“It’s good that you got boundaries,” Yoongi remarked, letting the ends of the cloth drape across the floor and feeling the soft material under his bare feet as he moved to collect the rest of his photography equipment. He got the tripod in hand, carrying the bulky and weighty piece of equipment across the floor to place it down in front of the backdrop and start setting it up. “What won’t you do to your boys, huh? Is it specific shit or is there an entire, uh, an entire form of kinkplay you refuse to do?”

“Edge-play is too far for me, personally.”

“…What’s edge-play?”

“It’s the border between consensual pain, domination and restraints with the promise of safewords, and complete domination and pain with no rules. Edge-play takes it that much further until a dom is given complete control over their sub and they can do whatever they desire, no safewords allowed. The doms can hurt them, if they want. They can do things to them that they don’t like because they’ve got all of the control. It’s dangerous. I don’t like it. I don’t even choke my boys so much as… restrain them, put some pressure against their throat to see them squirm. You’d be surprised just how easy it is to trigger that fear response in them, to make them believe that the danger is there. Some of them even hold their breath when I grab hold of their throats. As for other things… I might piss on them, but only their bodies. I won’t piss in their mouths, I won’t shit on them. I definitely won’t cut their bodies and make them bleed.”

“Christ, Jimin! Is this still sex you’re talking ‘bout or torture?!” Yoongi asked in shock, twisting to look up at him as he adjusted the upper tripod legs to get them to the ideal length.

“Some men desire to be tortured, to be hurt,” Jimin said in a quiet voice, as he playfully tugged on the dangling chain of his left earring. “I just want my boys to know I won’t personally do that to them. Not only is it not allowed in the club, I don’t feel comfortable with the idea of removing our consensual agreement. That boundary’s there to remind them that my service is a transaction, just like every other form of entertainment.”

Yoongi made a soft sound in agreement at this, as he hastily tightened the tensioners to lock the spread tripod legs in the place. He had only just straightened up when he felt Jimin’s hands touching him; sliding over his sides and down to his hips. He froze up at the other man’s touch because he hadn’t even heard him getting up off the sofa, but then he relaxed with a sigh and leaned back into his arms.
“I could get off on doing that with you too, baby,” Jimin whispered down his ear, his breath hot on his skin and disturbing some wispy locks of hair. “Experimenting, discovering any little kinks that you’ve got hiding away in your darkest fantasies. I already know some things that turn you on. You’re into exhibitionism, voyeurism, and being called a slut.”

Yoongi involuntarily snagged hold of the tripod mount at this, his fingers squeezing hold of the hard plastic as he closed his eyes and listened to his voice. Jimin’s whispers always sounded so sinful, so loaded with lust just like his heavy-lidded and smouldering eyes. Just a couple of words and he could feel himself growing weak, trembling in need of his touch, his hot breath, mouth and hands roaming across all over his skin until he could hardly stand the ticklish sensations.

“I’ll even do it for free because I like you… and I wanna fuck you,” Jimin continued, shifting his hands across his hips in a teasing, sensual manner before taking hold of them and giving them a hard tug so his behind connected with his crotch.

Yoongi couldn’t help but gasp in surprise and from the rough impact, their bodies connecting with a thump that made his eyelids flutter open again. He heard Jimin laughing as he ground forward against his behind, his fingers tightening their grip around his hips to hold him in place.

“Do you want me to fuck you like that? Do you want me to make those fantasies reality and show you that I’m the right man for you?” Jimin whispered, guiding him back against his crotch in slow, circular grinds to rub his still semi-hard cock against his ass. There was a layer of denim and leather between them that sadly got in the way, but that didn’t stop him from grunting against his neck from the friction. “What’d you think, baby?”

“I think… we got a photoshoot to do,” Yoongi replied, lightly shrugging Jimin’s hands off his body to cross the lounge again. He glanced back over his shoulder as he added, “After that, you can fuck me until I can’t even remember my own name, honey.”

Jimin let out a pleased sound at this, almost a seductive purr as his lips split in a wide smile. It seemed like he had enjoyed hearing this, and that he was more than willing to attempt the challenge.

Yoongi retrieved two small umbrella lights from the corner of the room, placing them either side of the tripod and plugging them into the wall socket. He angled the umbrellas towards the ceiling so the soft white light of their bulbs would bounce off it and create a more pleasing and natural light for the indoor photoshoot.

Satisfied with the backdrop and lighting Yoongi went back over to the tripod to slide the camera base plate off the mount. There was a small hole in the bottom of his camera, and so he stuck the
corresponding screw into it to get the device in place. Then he slipped the base place back onto the mount, hearing it smoothly snapping back into place.

The camera was now locked onto the tripod and completely secure, and this meant Yoongi could now focus on finalising the preparations for the photoshoot. The first thing that he needed to do was switch the auto flash feature off in favour of manual flash, which he did by powering up the device and fiddling with the command dial and buttons. Next, he had to attach the detachable flash onto the camera, and so he collected his camera bag from his box of goods and hastily unzipped it.

The *Speedlite 430EZ* flash unit was placed inside the bag, along with some other external accessories, wires, and an assortment of elastic bands and gel filter slides.

Yoongi collected the flash unit to attach it to the top of the camera, hearing the satisfying and soothing *click* as it snapped into place. Then he retrieved the stack of gel filter slides to search through them before selecting the perfect one.

“What’s that thing, Yoongi? That funny thing you’re putting over the flash?” Jimin asked in a curious voice, moving to draw closer to him and get a good look at the tripod set-up.

“I’m adding a colour filter,” Yoongi explained, fitting the slide of deep red coloured gel over the flash box and getting an elastic band in hand. “It’ll colour the photographs for me, y’know, without needing to heavily edit it and all that shit.”

“Oh~” Jimin hummed, his lips pouting out in a way that showed he was fascinated. “So, with the filters you can take photographs of me in all different colours?”

Yoongi hummed at this as he carefully fixed the elastic band around the detachable unit, wanting to make sure that it was in the perfect position for the photoshoot.

“Do you use them because you can’t edit the film yourself?”

“I know a couple of guys that run a camera store, they do film processing too,” he explained, and he was concentrating so much on making sure everything was just right that he found himself pausing every couple of seconds. “They got a computer… with software I can hook my baby up to… so I can edit and professionally print the photographs for my clients for a decent price. They can help me do all the necessary editing, but these filters really help cut down on the need for that.”
“They process your film too? Don’t you do that yourself, Yoongi?”

“Honey, I can’t process my own film. I dunno how the fuck to do that,” Yoongi retorted, hearing Jimin giggling at his response. “I mean, I’m sure I could learn but I ain’t got the extra space for developing film in this apartment. I don’t mind having to pay though, they’re good business partners and good friends. They actually set up a website for me, if you can believe that. I can’t even access it unless I’m in their store, but I still got one for the hell of it. Sounds impressive to clients, though most of ‘em don’t have computers either…”

“So long as you’re still making cash from the processing deal, that’s all that matters; right?”

“You wanna know something, Jimin? That 100 dollar advance Van gave me? That’s more cash than I’ve made this whole month, and it’s for photographs I ain’t even taken yet.”

Yoongi pulled his hands away from the flash unit to give it a quick study. The gel slide was completely secure and should hopefully take great coloured photographs for him because the strong flash would project red lighting onto Jimin, as opposed to the standard white.

“Well, you’re gonna make double that when Van sees the finished product, baby,” Jimin pointed out in a soft voice, cocking his head to the side as he studied his face. “How much are you gonna make from the commission for your client? The fetish wear one?”

“Uh, it’s gonna be price per client-selected photos, so… 50 dollars a photo? 100 dollars for the printing expenses? I gotta get it all mounted and framed and everything. That costs cash, Jimin, I’m talking a lot of cash for bigger prints. I do fibre printing for the black and white prints and… shit, that’s all I’m gonna say.”

“No, 75 dollars for fetish wear shots, 100 dollars for voyeuristic shots,” Jimin suggested in a firm voice, clearly not digging his weak sales pitch attempt. “And 150 dollars for the printing expenses.”

“Honey, trust me, I’d never get that much for my photographs, I-”

“You’ll never get that much because you don’t ask for that much!” Jimin argued, raising his voice to effectively shut him up. “Yoongi, baby! Your photographs are art! You deserve to make money that can keep you going without needing to mop or suck dicks on the side! That means charging prices that reflect your effort and your skills! 50 dollars for a photograph just isn’t reflective of that!”
“I know, but I gotta sell ‘em and a client mightn’t wanna pay that much! I ain’t a professional photographer, Jimin! I ain’t displaying in galleries and shit, so, I ain’t got no right to demand that much cash!”

“Then you tell whoever’s refusing to pay to shove it up their ass and you find another client! You could sell those photographs to any queen at the bar! I’ll bet there would be a dozen or more that would pay for them if your client won’t! Especially the photographs of me!”

Yoongi could only sigh under his breath at this, fiddling with the camera just because it meant he had something to fidget with. He knew that Jimin meant well but he just didn’t understand how any of this worked, and he seemed to be under the impression that quality photographs deserved high-end prices simply because that was how most commercial industries worked.

But it just wasn’t the same as making clothes or trinkets, and Yoongi really couldn’t afford to ask a high price for professional prints because he might not be able to sell his work at all. He wasn’t a big name in the city, he wasn’t displaying his work in galleries and being talked about in the it circles. He was just another young gay man with a good eye for taking photographs who wasn’t afraid to delve into the homosexual nightlife in the city; both the softcore and hardcore sides.

“Look, I’ll start! I’ll pay you 75 dollars for a photograph! A big one! One of me and you together!” Jimin declared with much enthusiasm. “I want a professionally printed photograph of us, and I’ll pay you 75 dollars for the commission and 150 dollars for the printing costs!”

“…Are you serious, Jimin?” Yoongi asked, his voice barely that of a whisper as he turned his head to look at him.

“I’m buying myself a treat,” he replied, twisting on his heel to leave the lounge. He returned a moment later with some folded bills in hand, which he had retrieved from one of his boots. “Here’s the 150. You bring the photograph to me, fully printed in glossy black and white with a pretty frame, and I’ll give you the final 75 dollars to seal the deal.”

When Jimin held the money out to him Yoongi was so stunned that he couldn’t even move to accept it. All that he could do was stare at it for a few seconds, overcome with both gratitude and a surge of affection for the other man because this marked not one, but three small acts of care and sweetness that Jimin had displayed to him so far over the two evenings they had known each other: covering the bill for the food at the Vietnamese restaurant; telling Van about his talents to secure him a new commission; and now this - paying him for a professionally printed photograph.

“…Thanks, Jimin,” Yoongi said in a quiet voice, as he collected his wallet from his jeans and slipped
the cash inside. “I’ll make sure you get a fucking great portrait, yeah?”

“Of course it’ll be fucking great, we’ll be in it,” Jimin remarked with that dazzling smile of his.

“A’ight… grab that stool for me, Jimin,” Yoongi requested, gesturing at a stool that was placed in the far corner of the lounge. “We’re gonna need it for the photograph.”

Jimin moved to retrieve the stool for him, carrying it across the floor and awaiting his guidance as to where he should place it down. He did as he requested, moving it back and forth and from side to side on the lengths of the muslin backdrop until it was in the perfect spot in front of the camera. Then he shifted to sit down on the stool, so Yoongi would be able to adjust his camera and settings whilst using him as a model for reference.

“Yeah, just perch on the edge for me, just like that,” Yoongi said, taking hold of the tripod stand and twisting a knob that was set just beneath the camera. “That’s perfect, Jimin.”

Yoongi got the camera into position on the tripod, taking hold of the tilt handle to adjust the angle this way and that for a few seconds. He wanted to ensure that he would have the perfect angle for the photograph because he would be unable to see what it would looked like when he snapped the shot. It needed to be perfect for Jimin, as he didn’t want to get the exposures developed only to find out that it was a really bad shot and he would need to take more to try and get the quality that he had paid for.

As soon as he had the exact angle Yoongi tightened the knob with his left hand to secure it in place. Satisfied with this step he moved onto the next one: adjusting the settings on the device in preparation for the photoshoot. He fiddled with them for a moment, temporarily disabling the auto ISO, eye control focus, and image stabilisation and then activating the manual flash. Next came adjusting other features, like the aperture and zoom; using Jimin as his sole subject because he was unable to set-up the shot and pose in front of the camera at the same time.

Just like he had requested, Jimin stayed perched on the edge of the stool - slightly to the side so there was space for him to join him on the seat when he was ready. He was to the left on the stool, his back perfectly straight and his thighs spread wide open with his hands resting between them. He was still wearing his gloves, the leather dryly creaking as he laced his fingers together.

As soon as he had the perfect shot lined up Yoongi slipped another accessory into the side of the camera - the Remote Switch 60T3. He slipped the head of the accessory into the corresponding slot and unravelled the long, black cable to get the remote in hand. This would allow him to take the photograph without needing to hit the shutter button or rely on the self-timer, as he would simply
press a button on the switch instead.

Yoongi crossed the floor to join him on the stool, stepping over the trails of wires as to not stumble and drag one of the umbrella lights over. He perched on the slight hint of space left beside Jimin on the stool and reached up to try and neaten up his messy hair. He was going to look terrible on the photograph, in his wrinkled t-shirt and plaid shirt combination and his four day-old jeans that had cum stains dried into the inner lining.

Jimin was so neat and composed in comparison to him. There wasn’t a single lock of hair out of place, and he looked so casual and effortlessly attractive in his tight, black v-neck t-shirt and leather trousers, which were heavily wrinkled around the upper thighs and crotch to draw great attention to the impressive bulge inside them.

What a pair they made…

“You ready?” Yoongi asked with a quick and hard sniff, enjoying the warm scent of cologne and sweat that radiated from Jimin’s warm body.

When the other man hummed in reply Yoongi turned to look back at the camera, getting the switch in hand so that he could place his thumb over the shutter button.

Jimin suddenly shifted on the stool to grab Yoongi’s head in his hands, his grip firm but not rough as he held onto him. He leaned closer until he could feel the slight distance between their bodies, his breath touching his skin and his lips mere inches away from his cheek.

Yoongi was unable to do anything more than slightly bring his shoulders up in response to the unexpected contact. He couldn’t turn his head to look at him, couldn’t even roll his eyes because he was out of his periphery. All that he could do was stare into the lens as he felt Jimin moving to get closer to him, waiting for him to press the button and take the shot.

“On the count of three,” Yoongi said with a dry and uneven chuckle, rapidly glancing between the hint of Jimin’s face visible out of the corner of his eye and the camera lens in turn. “One… two… three-”

Yoongi hit the button right before he said the final number to account for his preferred timer setting, which would make the camera take the photograph a mere second later for the sake of stability. When the camera went off with a bright flash it caught Jimin just as he darted his tongue out to lick
the pointed tip against the patch of stubble above Yoongi’s right ear.

“What the fuck?!” Yoongi exclaimed in surprise, rapidly blinking from the flash as he twisted on the stool to look at him. The sudden movement freed him from his grip, Jimin’s hands sadly relinquishing their firm hold on his cheeks and jaw.

“Oh! That felt funny!” Jimin cried out with a giggle, reaching up to press his fingers against his plush lips. “Ah, that was so ticklish! I loved it!”

For a few seconds Yoongi could only stare up at Jimin with a dumbstruck expression, but then he felt the urge to start laughing bubbling up in his belly. It was his shoulders that gave in first, lifting up and down in hard jerks as he felt some silent chuckles escaping him, and before he knew it he was reaching up to press his hand against his face to try and hide his massive grin from him.

Jimin let out a giddy burst of giggles as he slung his arms around him and slumped against his side; his own body shaking from the force of his laughter. His arms squeezed around Yoongi’s upper body just right, holding him against his chest so he was caged by his body and pressed right up against his firm muscles.

“I had to do it, baby! I had to do it! I’ve been wanting to touch your stubble this whole time but I thought it would be weird asking! But I couldn’t help myself! I just had to lick it!” Jimin exclaimed around his giggles, jostling him in his arms until Yoongi lowered his hand from his face to snag hold of his lower biceps instead; squeezing his fingers into his taut muscles. “It feels so good!”

“You’re fucking crazy, honey,” Yoongi drawled, and this just made him laugh that little bit more before he buried his face in his hair to nuzzle at it.

Jimin’s nose went into the kinked mess of hair just above his sidecut, and his lips pressed right up against his prickly stubble to kiss at his scalp. The kiss was almost electric, the contact sending a shockwave of delight through Yoongi’s entire body and making him let his breath out in a soft gasp.

“Mmm, that’s nice,” he whispered, trying his very hardest to not bring his shoulders up because he didn’t want to knock his face away. “I like that, Jimin, when you kiss me like that…”

“Hmm, I like kissing you,” Jimin whispered in reply, pressing several more enticing kisses against his scalp before bringing his lips to the back of his ear to suck at the sensitive skin there.
“Oh!” Yoongi gasped, jerking on the stool so hard it was a miracle that he didn’t fall off it. But thanks to Jimin’s arms around his upper body he was safe. He had to turn his head to knock his lips away from his ear with a wheezy chuckle, seeing the mischievous grin on Jimin’s face because he had located one of his ticklish and sensitive spots.

“You liked that too, huh?” Jimin teased, moving to press their brows together to maintain an intimate level of physical contact. He had to slip one arm free from around his body to cup hold of his chin - an obvious sign that he was going to kiss him.

“Y’know that photograph’s gonna look fucking weird, right?” Yoongi pointed out, feeling their noses bumping together in a way that made another shiver run down his slouched spine.

“No, it’ll look beautiful and unique,” Jimin disagreed, turning his face to bring their mouths together and whisper against his lips. “Just like us, Yoongi.”

The first kiss that they shared was shy, a gentle kiss that was little more than their pouted lips coming together for a couple of seconds. But even that brief and sweet contact was enough to make Yoongi’s breath catch in his throat, his trembling fingers curling up tight around the remote switch as their lips came apart with a wet puckering sound.

Rather than let Jimin take charge to initiate the next kiss Yoongi did so, bringing their lips together and then parting them to catch his lower lip between them and give it a tender suck. He felt Jimin’s tongue licking at his upper lip, in search of his tongue, his open mouth, anything at all that he could touch to deepen their kiss.

Yoongi could barely catch his breath from the intensity of their kisses, each one so deep and passionate that they could hardly stand to break contact for a second or two. The hot wetness of Jimin’s tongue inside his mouth as he sucked and licked at it, his eyes squeezed shut so that he was blindly feeling with his lips and tongue. The hard press of their teeth behind their lips when they brought their mouths together too hard and fast, and when Jimin snagged his lower lip between his teeth to nibble and suck on it so roughly that Yoongi was convinced he would break the skin and leave his lips swollen and bleeding. The way that Jimin moaned into his mouth when he kissed him just the way he liked - it was so intense that he was left dizzy from it all.

But sadly Yoongi needed to end the moment of passion because he had a job to do. There was plenty enough time for kissing Jimin when he was finished with the photoshoot. They could kiss and fuck the whole night away if they wanted to, there was nothing stopping them at all.

When he pulled his face away Yoongi felt the other man trying to pull him back for more kisses, and
he had to free himself from his hold to stop him. Jimin actually let out a soft whine because he didn’t want to stop kissing him, so he moved to press a soft peck against the bridge of his nose to try and sate him.

Jimin reached over to take hold of his wrist, holding onto him to stop Yoongi from going over to his camera, but he let go again after a moment so he could do so.

The first thing that Yoongi did was turn on eye control focus again, which would allow him to focus on one particular aspect of his subject when he was taking a photograph. In Jimin’s case, this might be a part of his body that he wanted to draw the viewers’ eyes to the most. He set the self-timer with a two-second delay, just for the sake of it, and then he fiddled with his command dial to go between his saved and favourite modes.

Jimin reached up to take hold of the neck of his t-shirt and tug it off over his head. He got up off the stool and tossed it in the direction of the sofa without much care for where it landed, reaching up to brush fingers through his hair to rake it back off his brow. Then he squatted down to empty the contents of his backpack on the floor, spreading it all out so he could select exactly what he wanted.

Yoongi could see a couple of pieces that he recognised, like a metal chest harness and military cap, which had made an appearance for the first time tonight but seemed to be very popular in the club. But there were other pieces he had never seen before, like a pair of towering pump stilettos and a set of gleaming silver handcuffs.

Jimin selected the chest harness and pair of handcuffs, placing them down on the stool to slip into the items one at a time.

First, Jimin got into the harness by pulling it on over his head and letting the heavy links of metal fall down into place. It wasn’t the same one he had worn in the club last night that Yoongi was very fond of, rather it consisted of an O-ring buckle that was situated right between his chest muscles, with a thin chain that wrapped around his lower ribs and around his back to dangle down both sides of his neck - creating an X-shaped loop of metal across his torso.

Instead of slipping the handcuffs on his wrists Jimin placed them in the waistband of his leather trousers. One of the cuffs pressed up against his tanned skin and the other one dangled down from the slight chain to bounce against his upper thigh as he took hold of the stool and moved it aside.

Jimin took a moment to stretch his muscles, letting out a soft grunt as he worked his neck and shoulders to get rid of any lingering stiffness. The thin metal chain shifted from his movement, making a light and musical tinkling sound. He dragged his bare feet across the lengths of muslin
“OK, I’m ready,” Jimin declared, giving his harness a quick check to ensure it was in the right position.

“A’ight, move a little to your right, just… there, that’s perfect,” Yoongi suggested, giving him a quick thumbs-up when he moved into the correct spot. He grabbed hold of the tilt handle to give the camera another quick adjustment before securing it in place, and then he moved to squint down the viewfinder at him. “Take your time, Jimin. There’s no rush, nothing to worry ‘bout at all. Just get comfortable and pose for me, yeah?”

“I always take my time, baby,” he replied, shifting from foot to foot before moving into his first pose.

Jemin lifted his arms up over his head to stretch again, the position pulling his waist in to make it grow slimmer, expanding his chest muscles against the metal links of his chain harness, and making his biceps swell when he linked his fingers behind his head and flexed his muscles. Like his pubic hair his armpits weren’t shaven; the small thatch of dark hair clashing against his tanned skin, just like the curling trail of pubic hair visible from the low slung waistband of his leather trousers.

For some reason, Yoongi found the sight of his body hair arousing even when it was only light and not coarse and thick. It was probably because he was used to seeing men in erotic magazines with smooth limbs or light body hair. It might just be the underlying masculinity, or in the case of Jimin displaying his pubic hair, a sign of sexual intimacy.

Whatever the case, Yoongi forced himself to stop daydreaming and focus on taking the photographs. He watched Jimin through the viewfinder until he held the pose, taking a deep inhale of breath and holding it as he tightened his muscles to make them stand out that little bit more, and then he started snapping photographs of him with the remote switch - just to keep the camera completely steady and cut down on any risks of blurriness.

Jemin slowly moved in front of the camera, transitioning from pose to pose whilst Yoongi snapped photographs of him. Because of his harness he mostly posed in ways that attracted attention to his upper body, from flexing his arms and chest to turning around and stretching in a way that made his back ripple with strong muscles; his shoulder blades sticking up against his tanned skin and deep dimples forming in his lower back. The outfit wasn’t too revealing and so he didn’t pose too provocatively, rather he stuck to masculine posing that screamed he was more than willing to dominate other men.

After snapping a couple of photographs Jimin slipped the handcuffs out of his trousers and he held
them out to him as he asked, “Yoongi, can you handcuff me?”

Yoongi pulled his head away from the viewfinder at this, his eyes widening in surprise.

Handcuff him?

Jimin wanted him to handcuff him?

The look of absolute shock on his face made Jimin giggle as he waved his wrist to make the handcuffs dangle from his fingers, the light reflecting back at his eyes.

Yoongi slowly crossed the floor to accept the handcuffs and Jimin moved to turn away from him. He took hold of his hands, holding them behind his back with his less than steady hands to snap the handcuffs around his wrists; hearing the metal clicking as the links fastened shut. They were fitted to his wrists, but not tight enough to dig into his skin and cause discomfort.

Jimin posed with his hands cuffed behind him, glancing back over his shoulder and rolling his eyes to stare directly into the camera lens. The prop was just perfect for advertising the kind of place that The Paradiso Lounge was, and so Yoongi focused on snapping photographs of his toned back and cuffed wrists; most of them headless shots but still allowing a hint of Jimin’s slack lips and lusty eyes to appear right at the top edge of the frame.

As soon as he had snapped several shots Yoongi collected the key from the pile of fetish goods on the floor to unlock the first cuff for him. He left the key in the lock so Jimin could use it to open the second cuff and free himself.

“Hang on, I wanna get a close-up of you, honey,” Yoongi mumbled under his breath, darting across the lounge to grab the stool again. He placed it down in front of the camera, patting the leather seat with his hand to silently tell him to sit down on it.

Jimin shifted to sit down on the stool just like he had requested, turned to the side ever so slightly but still facing the camera lens. He brought his hand up to his face, parting his lips to curl and slip his index and middle fingers inside his mouth. The singular locked cuff dangled from his wrist in an alluring fashion, catching the lights to gleam back at Yoongi’s eyes through the viewfinder.

“Perfect, just like that,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, taking hold of the tilt handle to make the slightest
adjustment to the angle. Then he zoomed in until he had the perfect focus on Jimin’s bust. He snapped the first photograph and quickly added, “Hold that pose, Jimin… hold it just for me.”

Yoongi retrieved the military cap from the floor, carrying it over to Jimin to place it down on his head for him. The peaked brim slipped forward over his eyes and so Jimin reached up to fix it back in place with his free hand, letting out an amused sound around his fingers.

Jimin held the position to allow him to take an alternative photograph whilst he was wearing the military cap, and then he moved to snap the handcuff shut around his left wrist again. He placed the key between his teeth, bringing his hands up to hold them up in front of his chest as he cocked his head back to look down his nose at the camera lens.

Even when he was handcuffed Jimin still radiated so much power that it seemed like he was very much in control. There wasn’t a hint of submissiveness on his face, he simply looked like he was going to remove his handcuffs and snap them right around Yoongi’s wrists after he had had his fun posing with them; the thought making him gulp as he moved away from the camera and hit the remote switch button with his thumb.

A quick glance at the display screen revealed to Yoongi that he had taken 11 photographs so far, which meant there was still plenty more film left to shoot with. There should be more than enough for Jimin to change into other fetish wear items or introduce new props that he could seductively pose with, like the handcuffs, to mix up the photoshoot a little.

“Hey, Jimin, d’you bring any more outfits with you?” Yoongi asked in a curious voice, as he fiddled with the camera to zoom out and make some minor mode changes.

“Yeah, there’s two more choices. I wasn’t sure which ones to wear, so I thought variety was the best idea,” Jimin replied, too busy focusing on removing the handcuffs to even look in his direction. “What? Do you want me to slip into something sexier, baby?”

“How sexy we talking, honey?” he asked in a coy voice, pretending to adjust the camera whilst he studied Jimin out of the corner of his eye.

“Oh, just you wait and see…”

Yoongi could only watch from behind the camera as Jimin got up off the stool and carried it back across the floor. He started getting undressed, pulling the metal chain harness free to place it down on
the floor along with the handcuffs, cut-out gloves and military cap. Then he unbuttoned his trousers and dragged them down his thighs. It was a challenge getting out of the thick leather but he managed to do so, stripping down completely naked so he could change into something new.

The next outfit of choice that Jimin selected consisted of two items: a leather chest harness and a jockstrap that looked to be made from glossy black latex.

Jimin slipped into the jockstrap first, tucking himself into the front pouch and adjusting the rubber sides. The waistband was thick and stretched around the back, the sides running down and snugly cupping the curve underneath his buttocks. As a result of the taut rubber running around his very upper thighs, his ass was pushed up high and firmly supported within the jockstrap; deep dimples forming around the sides of his rounded buttocks.

The chest harness was one that Yoongi had never seen before - a sturdy black leather and silver metal piece. It had two thick shoulder straps that connected to a band across his upper chest by way of O-ring buckles, and a single and larger buckle dangled from the middle of the chest strap - which Yoongi assumed meant it could be connected another harness piece, leashes, or personal restraints like chokers and wrist cuffs. The leather was covered in various buckles to adjust it, and so Jimin slipped it on over his head and worked the silver buckles to tightly secure it onto his body.

“Hey, I’m borrowing this,” Jimin said, as he moved to grab his leather jacket off the sofa and proceeded to shrug his arm through one of the sleeves.

“Huh? Oh, sure thing,” Yoongi mumbled, turning his head to stare right at his exposed ass without a hint of shame. He might just get caught staring but that didn’t really mean a thing right now.

Despite their more obvious body type differences Yoongi’s leather jacket fitted Jimin just right because even though he was slim he had broad shoulders and a wide chest. This meant it was roomy enough to accommodate the other man’s more muscular physique. It felt strange looking at Jimin and seeing him wearing his old and battered leather jacket, complete with the random assortment of ironed-on patches of pink triangles, rainbows, and Queer Nation slogans.

Jimin reached up to take hold of the front of the jacket, pulling it closed over his naked torso and feeling at the leather lapels for a moment. He looked incredibly comfortable wearing the jacket, like he might just try and borrow it from him again in the future.

As soon as Jimin was dressed it was time to resume the photoshoot, and so he got back into his spot in front of the camera and proceeded to start posing for him again. He had been incredibly confident during his first experience modelling for him tonight, and it seemed like he was only set to improve
because Yoongi was once more blown away by how naturally he moved and looked behind the camera.

“Jimin, are you sure you ain’t done this before?” Yoongi asked with a dry chuckle, as he straightened up to eye him over the top of the mounted camera. “You’re so fucking good in front of the camera I can’t believe this’ your first time posing like this…”

“I pose like this every night in a cage, baby,” Jimin pointed out, taking hold of the sides of the leather jacket to tightly grip it and hold it open to fully reveal his harness. “A camera or a pair of eyes, it all feels the same to me.”

Yoongi softly hummed at this as he glanced at him through the viewfinder again.

If Jimin was confident enough to go-go dance and sexually dominate men under the watchful gaze of a packed leather bar it made complete sense that he might not feel nervous posing in front of just him and his camera. Still, cameras had a funny way of making people turn bashful, and Yoongi should know. He loved being behind the camera but hated being in front of it.

Much like the previous outfit, Jimin stuck to presenting himself in a macho fashion for this next round of photographs. He anchored his legs wide to make sure that his thighs were hard with muscle; he snagged hold of the harness rings until the backs of his hands were rippled with veins; and he shrugged the jacket down to his elbows and slouched against the backdrop, rolling his head back and bringing his hips forward in a position that made Yoongi think about the blowjob he had given him just last night.

Yoongi snapped a shot of him and pulled his face away from the camera, his voice a husky whisper as he said, “Shit, Jimin, you’re a little…”

“A little what, baby?”

“A little too sexual,” he finished with a dry chuckle, as he reached up to scratch the back of his ear in his usual nervous habit.

“How’s this for too sexual?” Jimin asked, as he slipped his hand down the soft curve of his lower stomach and shoved it right down the front of his restrictive jockstrap. “What about this? Is this good, baby?”
“I meant it in a good way, sweetcheeks,” Yoongi muttered, forcing himself to focus on his camera and not the way that Jimin was moving his hand around inside the jockstrap. He knew that he might just be rearranging himself for comfort, but he had a funny feeling he was doing something much more dirty. “Wait, what was it that Van calls you? Studmuffin?”

“Don’t call me that, Yoongi,” Jimin said, giving him a severe pout that made him looked immature and spoilt. It seemed he didn’t like him calling him that name, perhaps because it was silly and not at all macho like he desired to present himself.

“Get your hand outta your panties, studmuffin,” Yoongi teased, just knowing that it would get under his skin the way that Jimin had been getting under his skin tonight. He would enjoy getting to tease him for once, rather than be the blushing and stuttering fool that amused the other man all night long.

“No, take a photograph of me,” Jimin demanded, his voice suddenly dipping in pitch.

Yoongi had been in the act of slipping his half-smoked cigarette butt between his lips, wanting to finish smoking it for the remainder of the photoshoot. When he heard Jimin’s voice turning into that husky and serious timbre he found himself freezing up before he could collect his lighter from his jeans pocket. He rolled his gaze up to look at him, seeing that Jimin still had his hand shoved inside his jockstrap and that he clearly had his fingers wrapped around his shaft to hold onto his cock.

“Take the photograph,” Jimin repeated in that same husky voice. “We both know you want to. It’ll be something new for you to look at when you beat yourself off every night, baby…”

Yoongi held his gaze for a moment before slowly moving to check him out through the viewfinder; his cheeks growing warm with a flare of shame.

Jimin smirked at him, his gaze burning into the camera lens with so much fire that he felt like he was looking right at him instead.

Satisfied with the shot Yoongi pulled his head away and pressed the button on the remote switch, hearing the shutter clicking shut to snap the photograph.

For the remaining poses Jimin turned away from him again, glancing back over his shoulder or to the side to reveal his profile whilst he brazenly exposed his bare buttocks to the camera. He even stripped the jacket off and slung it over his shoulder, dangling it from his fingers as he posed with his other hand on his cocked hip in a rather campy fashion that made Yoongi smile to himself as he
snapped the photograph.

“A’ight, there’s… 13 pieces of film left,” Yoongi said, as he retrieved his lighter and hastily thumbed it to set his cigarette alight. “I think that should be enough film for a final round of photographs, Jimin. How’re you feeling, huh?”

“I feel great, Yoongi,” Jimin replied without missing a beat, giving him a quick glance as he crossed the lounge. “How do you feel about the photoshoot so far? Do you think we’ve got some good shots for the flyers? I know I look good, so, I don’t really have to try hard to achieve that. I just hope that I give off… strong vibes; you know?”

“You look fucking hot and you’re giving off all the right vibes,” Yoongi promised, shoving the lighter back into his jeans pocket as he breathed the first quick drag out of his nose in a hard huff. “I got quality shit right here, Jimin - high quality shit.”

This made Jimin smile as he reached up to start loosening the buckles on his harness, his fingers deftly working in a way that showed he had plenty of experience working with harnesses.

After stripping down naked Jimin squatted down to eye the remaining selection of fetish wear items and props, and then he retrieved something from the pile.

First, Jimin slipped into pair of light denier stockings that had a thick black band around the top, the elastic digging into his meaty upper thighs enough to create dimples in his skin. The sight of Jimin wearing nothing but a pair of almost sheer stockings, sitting on the floor with his legs splayed open to reveal his semi-hard cock, was enough to make Yoongi take a sharp intake of breath. He started choking on some smoke because he had forgotten about the smouldering stub still perched between his slack lips.

“Huh, shit,” Yoongi wheezed, pulling the cigarette free from his lips and thumping his fist against his chest. He saw that Jimin was looking at him with a surprised expression, and so he gave him a sheepish smile and mumbled, “Got a tickle in my throat.”

Well, Yoongi was telling the truth, he had gotten a tickle. Just not in his throat and rather right between his thighs.

Jimin collected another item from the pile of goods, which he slipped his feet through and proceeded to pull up to his lower thighs. Upon first glance Yoongi had assumed it to be a pair of satin shorts,
the kind that would cling to his crotch and ass just right so that everything was practically on show through the thin black material, but he rapidly saw that he was wrong with his assumptions.

Jimin was slipping into a satin thong, the material lustrous and very thin. It had a high waistband that would stretch up over his sharp hip bones, but it didn’t have a spacious crotch area for the sake of tucking - a sign that it wasn’t designed for men and was actually female lingerie.

Jimin got to his feet to step into the pair of stilettos, the needle-thin and tall heels elongating his legs by a noticeable amount. They made his muscles grow taut but also stretch to make his legs looked thinner overall. The heels were made from glossy black latex, with a high front platform and heel so sharp it could kill a man. Just imagining trying to walk in them was enough to leave Yoongi in awe, and he had a feeling that Jimin would be able to dance in them too.

Jimin reached down to take hold of the thong and finish pulling it up to his hips to tuck himself inside. As it was a thong for women he had to arrange himself carefully, holding his semi-hard cock against his lower stomach and to the side so it would leave enough room for his testicles inside the silken pouch. He fixed the waistband in place, just about able to fit inside without spilling free from the sides.

The satin thong clung to Jimin’s crotch like it was made from liquid, the thin material stretched taut over his tucked and stiffening cock. Yoongi could follow the curved length of his shaft all the way up to his head, the ridge straining against the satin just below the waistband because the tip of his cock was almost poking free. Even his testicles were visible through the material, snugly pulled up as high as they could go inside the pouch.

“D’you like that shit, Jimin?” Yoongi asked to break the momentary silence between them, fiddling with the remote switch in a restless manner.

“Do I like what?” Jimin asked, glancing up at him as he finished fixing the waistband of the thong in place up high on his sharp hip bones. It took him a moment to realise what he was talking about and then he let out a soft sound. “Oh? Do I like wearing lingerie? Hmm, I don’t mind it. I feel sexy wearing things like this when I’m dancing, and I know it drives my boys wild seeing me like this. I don’t really like it or hate it, but I do prefer being more masculine when I’m in my dominating headspace. You know? It’s just more comfortable for me that way. Do you like it, Yoongi?”

“What? Sissy boy shit? No,” Yoongi said with a vigorous head shake. He hoped he sounded casual and not at all like he was vehemently denying it in a way that could be construed as suspicious. “No, I ain’t into that shit. I mean, you look good like that, you look fucking hot, Jimin, but you always look fucking hot-”
Jimin burst out laughing at this as he hunkered down to collect his cut-out gloves and military cap, which he placed down on his head. He pulled the gloves on and flexed his fingers, the leather creaking in response, and then he grabbed the riding crop and got back upright. He slipped his hand through the loop on the handle, getting a good grip on the long rod.

“Sissy boy stuff though, I don’t like that shit…”

“Don’t knock it until you’ve tried it, baby,” Jimin retorted, lifting up the riding crop to slap it against his palm. The leather end connected with his palm with a loud swatting sound, the gold hardware gleaming in the bright glow from the umbrella lamps. “I think you’d make a pretty sissy slut.”

Yoongi pulled his lips in tight at this, trying to suppress his urge to wince because Jimin was once more making him feel humiliated.

A pretty sissy slut…

Jimin strutted across the lounge in his towering stilettos to get back in position, the heels clicking against the wooden floor. The stilettos made him swing his hips with each step to stay balanced, drawing Yoongi’s eyes right towards his thick thighs and full behind as he came to a stop in front of the camera.

Now that Jimin was wearing much more revealing clothing he started posing in ways that were more sexually provocative and explicit than earlier. From bringing the riding crop up to his chest, his thighs spread wide to draw attention to the bulging front of his thong; to holding the prop up to dart his tongue out and lick along the leather handle, the peaked brim having slipped over one of his eyes. He balanced the length of the riding crop against the back of his neck with one hand, striking several poses that Yoongi snapped photographs of: his hand on his hip; his fingers running along his lips; holding onto the brim of his cap; even holding the crop in both hands so he could flex his chest muscles with a severe curve of his back.

After Yoongi had snapped several photographs of him Jimin turned around and spread his legs wide, the riding crop gripped in both of his hands and pressed right up against the lower curves of his buttocks. The hard length of leather-covered plastic dug into the meat of his upper thighs, pushing his buttocks up and making them hang over the riding crop - the hint of fat and solid muscle just begging to be spanked.

When Jimin turned his head to side to reveal his profile, the sharp cut of his jaw and his delicately pointed nose catching the eye, Yoongi got him to hold the position. He moved over to check him out through the viewfinder, giving the tilt handle a slight nudge to adjust the angle until it was perfect.
Then he stepped away from the camera and hit the button on the remote switch to snap another photograph.

“A’ight, get down on your knees,” Yoongi instructed, moving to adjust the tripod legs again to lower the camera much closer to the floor. “Just gimme a sec, I gotta fix this…”

Jimin shifted to squat down first, twisting to look back over his shoulder at him. The rounded heel cups of stilettos pressed into his buttocks from the position, the elasticated stocking cuffs digging into his thighs.

With some quick adjustments to the legs Yoongi was able to bring the tripod down low enough to focus on Jimin again, and then he tightened the tensioners to lock them in place. He was also squatted down but the position was uncomfortable on his stiff knees, and so he shifted to kneel down behind the camera instead.

Yoongi quickly glanced down the viewfinder to make some adjustments with the tilt handle, making sure that he had the best shot possible of Jimin - including his full body, head, and stilettos in the frame. He focused on Jimin for a moment, getting the remote switch in hand to press the button with his thumb and take the next shot.

“Yeah, just like that,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, shifting to get back behind the viewfinder to study him. “Move a little, just a little, down on your knees.”

Jimin shifted to get onto his knees too, and so Yoongi snapped a shot of him in the new position: his back sharply curved, his arms held up high and cocked at the elbows, and his fingers sunk into his hair.

“Move nice and slow,” Yoongi continued, his face still pressed up against the viewfinder. “You look good in motion, Jimin…”

“Do you want me to move like I’m riding some good dick?” Jimin asked in a teasing voice, as he shifted to spread his thighs wide and low to the floor and then started grinding his hips in tight circles.

Yoongi knew that he should hit the shutter button to snap a photograph of Jimin, his hands on his knees as he ground his hips round and round and looked back over his shoulder directly into the camera, but he found himself freezing up for a moment to watch him.
Jimin shifted his hands up his thighs towards his crotch, and Yoongi couldn’t tell if he was moving his body suggestively for the sake of titillation or if he was just stroking his palms over the front of his thong to touch himself whilst he posed. Whatever the case, he snapped two more photographs of him and then requested that he turn around and face the camera.

Jimin took a moment to find the perfect poses, shifting and twisting this way and that with his legs folded and tucked to the side. Yoongi requested he stretch his arms up again and snap hold of his hair, the position making his waist look slimmer and resembling something cheeky and flirtatious from an old pin-up magazine. But his expression clashed against the usual toothy smiles that pin-up models wore, for he had his heavy eyelids half-mast and his lips wide open in an imitation of a moan.

Then Jimin shifted to lie down on the stretch of red muslin cloth, bringing his legs up in front of him to lightly cock his knees and folding one over the other; sprawled out on the floor with his arms up over his head. One of his stilettos dangled from his toes, just about ready to fall off in a way that was so natural and perfect.

Yoongi had to quickly adjust the camera to get an angled shot of him because he wanted to include his legs, exposed buttocks, and orgasmic expression in the frame. After he had hit the shutter button he heard the hard whirring of the device reloading the film into the cartridge.

That was it, Yoongi had used a full roll of film for the photoshoot: 35 photographs of Jimin posing for the flyers, and a single photograph of them together that he had requested as a commission.

“A’ight, all done, Jimin,” Yoongi announced, as he moved to place the remote switch down on the floor and started disassembling the tripod.

“All done already?” Jimin asked, slowly shifting to sit upright and reaching down to slip the stilettos off his feet. “Wow, that was fast, baby!”

Yoongi snapped the detachable flash unit free and removed the elastic band to take off the gel filter, and then he slipped the camera and base plate off the mount to take them apart.

Whilst he did so, Jimin moved to get upright and went over to his pile of goods to get changed again. He slipped into his leather trousers and stored the assortment of fetish wear items and props back into his backpack, but he didn’t shrug his t-shirt back on because he seemed to be comfortable without it.
Yoongi decided to just leave the tripod set-up in front of the backdrop for now. He got his camera in hand and left the lounge and go into his bedroom. He dropped to sit down on the mattress, folding his legs in front of him and shoving his hand into the box of film to retrieve a fresh film canister. He was in the act of removing the back of his camera when he saw movement out of the corner of his eye; Jimin leaning against the door frame to watch him.

“D’you want something to drink, huh?” Yoongi offered, as he transferred the full film cartridge into the canister and sealed it shut. He stuck a white label onto the side and grabbed the marker pen to scrawl a label on it. “Like I said, I think there’s some beers in the fridge. There’s instant coffee too…”

Jimin made a soft noise at this and then he moved to go back down the corridor again, presumably to go into the kitchen.

As soon as Yoongi had finished labelling the canister he loaded a new cartridge into the camera and snapped the back in place. Then he slung the device around his neck by the lanyard and followed Jimin down the corridor to go into the kitchen.

Yoongi entered the other room just in time to see him getting up onto his tiptoes to pull something free from one of the wall cupboards.

Jimin quickly glanced back over his shoulder at him, flashing him a quick smile that he shyly returned.

“Yoongi, let’s play a fun game,” he said, quickly turning around to hide whatever he had just grabbed behind his back.

“What kinda game?” Yoongi asked in a curious voice, moving to try and get a little peek at what he was hiding.

“Body shots!” he announced, letting out giddy laugh as he moved to reveal that he had an almost full bottle of Jim Beam whisky in hand.

Yoongi could only burst out laughing at this, reaching up to press his hand against his face to try and stifle himself. Trust Jimin to not only find a bottle of whisky that he had completely forgotten about, but to then suggest they play a drinking game with it right away.
“Have you ever done body shots before, hmm?” Jimin asked, as he brought the bottle up to study the label with an interested eye. He seemed to like what he saw for he let out a little hum and then moved across the kitchen to try and locate some glasses for them to use; snugly carrying the bottle in the crook of his elbow against his bare ribs.

“Nah, I ain’t done anything like that,” Yoongi replied with a soft head shake, fiddling with his shirt cuffs as he watched him collecting two shot glasses from a cupboard above the sink.

“Salt doesn’t work with whisky. What about… um, sugar? Do you have any sugar we could use, baby?”

“I’ve got some honey,” he replied, as he moved to go over to the cupboard and got up onto his tiptoes too. He pulled one of the doors open, reaching inside to collect a tightly sealed jar of honey which he held out to him. “Will that do?”

“That’s perfect, baby,” Jimin said with a pleased smile, shifting the shot glasses into one hand so he could reach over and take hold of his elbow.

Yoongi let him guide him out of the kitchen and back into the lounge. He sat down on the sofa, hearing the battered leather creaking under his weight, and then he slipped his camera free from around his neck to place it down on the coffee table with the jar of honey.

“I’ll start, I’ll show you what to do,” Jimin said with a big smile, as he shifted to get down on his knees in front of him. “Take your shirt off, baby, and your tee too.”

Yoongi shrugged his red plaid shirt down off his shoulders and let it puddle on the seat behind him. But rather than remove his t-shirt he just dragged it up to his upper ribs, snagging the folded material with his armpits to keep it pulled up and leaving his hand in place on his stomach.

“Seriously?” Jimin asked, shifting to place the bottle cap down on the table and bringing the bottle up to his face to breathe in the scent of the whisky.

“I don’t like feeling exposed and showing off my skin,” he mumbled, already feeling somewhat uncomfortable because so much of his torso was on display.

“It’s gonna be fun wrestling you out of your clothes later, Yoongi,” Jimin remarked with a
mischievous smirk. “I like my boys naked. Come on, baby! At least give me a little flash of your nipples! Just a little tease!”

Yoongi hesitated for a moment before tugging his t-shirt up that little bit more, revealing at least one of his nipples because the wrinkled material was bunched up around his chest.

Jimin got his shot glass in hand and he moved closer to him, running his gaze along his exposed stomach for a few seconds. It was as if he was trying to find where he wanted to place the glass, but Yoongi felt more like he was just taking in the sight in front of him, savouring even the slightest hint of nudity because he hadn’t taken any of his clothing off last night.

“I’m gonna take my first shot from here,” Jimin said, as he reached over to carefully slip the shot glass between his jeans waistband and stomach to keep it in place. “First, fill up the glass…”

Jimin poured whisky into the shot glass, adding another quick splash until it was almost full, and then he placed the bottle down on the coffee table.

“Now, this isn’t tequila so we can’t use salt and lime for authenticity but… that’s what the honey’s for,” Jimin continued, grabbing the jar of honey to screw the metal lid off and stick his fingers into the thick mixture. “Add a little honey to a spot on the body, anywhere you want, baby, and then lick it free and take the shot. But no hands! You’ve gotta use your mouth only; OK?”

With that Jimin moved to smear a hint of honey right on the soft curve of Yoongi’s lower belly, and then he darted forward to lap his tongue out and lick the sticky substance free from his skin.

Yoongi gasped at the ticklish contact, his stomach rising and falling in a soft twitch as the other man’s hot and wet tongue licked a broad stroke against his skin.

Jimin lowered his head down towards his crotch, going straight for the shot glass that was snugly tucked into his waistband. He got it between his lips and pulled it free, knocking it back hard to swallow the mixture of honey and whisky. Then he reached up to pull the glass free, giving him that mischievous grin of his as he said, “Your turn, baby.”

Yoongi slowly sat forward, letting his t-shirt fall back down to cover his stomach. He eyed the bottle of whisky and empty shot glass on the table before looking over at Jimin. Then he moved to retrieve his glass and patted his hand on the spare cushion, and so the other man sat down beside him and lounged back against the armrest.
“I’ll take my first shot from here,” he said, as he placed the glass in the hint of space between his thick thighs; Jimin clenching them together to hold it in place for him.

Yoongi stuck his fingers into the jar to gather some honey on them, running his eyes all over Jimin’s body before deciding to take hold of one of his hands. He tightly entwined their fingers together and turned it over to expose his wrist, smearing the honey onto his skin. Then he brought his wrist up to his mouth and parted his lips to suck a kiss against his skin, licking the honey free and savouring the wonderful heat that radiated from his inner wrist.

Yoongi shifted to drop his head right into Jimin’s lap, fumbling with his lips as he tried to get a good grip on the shot glass. He managed to do so after a few seconds, having to use his teeth to keep hold of the glass as he threw his head back and swallowed the whisky; the sweet and slightly oaken flavour blending well with the honey. He reached up to take hold of the empty glass, flashing Jimin a quick and rather proud smile because he had managed to not spill the contents all over them.

“Hmm, you’re good at this. But that’s because you’re so talented with your mouth, baby,” Jimin teased, as he collected the bottle from the table. “My turn…”

Jimin took his next shot from Yoongi’s jeans waistband again, but he licked the honey free from the side of his neck instead; the ticklish contact making Yoongi gasp and squirm against the armrest. Despite having collected the glass with ease for the first shot, he took a little longer for his second attempt. But that was mostly so Yoongi got to enjoy the sight of him leaning right over his crotch as he licked and sucked at the edges of the glass. But when he finally got the shot free from his waistband he did so without spilling more than a drop or two, which revealed he might just be an expert at this particular drinking game.

Yoongi hesitated in taking his next shot, completely uncertain about not only where he should place the glass, but where he should lick the honey from. He settled on getting Jimin to lie down so he could place the glass on his lower ribs, filling it up to the top and then smearing a blob of honey just below his navel. He had to lean over him to collect the shot, his weight balanced on his wrists and his hands placed either side of his hips; his fingers sinking into the leather cushion. He managed to drink this shot with just a slight hint of spillage, pulling the glass free to wipe the dribble off his chin and suck it from his thumb.

Jimin suddenly took hold of the ends of his t-shirt, dragging it up so Yoongi had no choice but to lift his arms up over his head and allow him to drag it off. He felt the most pressing urge to cover his chest with his hands, but Jimin grabbed hold of his wrists to pull them away and press them against the padded backrest of the sofa before he could properly do so.
“Don’t do that, Yoongi,” Jimin whispered, keeping his wrists trapped against the leather for a moment. “You look so fucking good right now. Don’t be embarrassed, I like seeing you like this - naked just for me. OK?”

“Oh… OK,” Yoongi stuttered, holding his gaze for a moment before glancing down at his bare chest. He could feel his cheeks flooding with colour, just like the familiar and tingling heat that plunged right down into his loins.

“Open your mouth, baby,” Jimin demanded, letting go of his wrists and cupping his chin with his fingers.

Yoongi allowed him to gently tilt his head back, parting his lips on command and instinctively rolling his tongue free.

Jimin got the shot glass in his hand so he could gently slip it between Yoongi’s open lips, the thin glass slotting inside with ease. It was cold in his mouth, with some weight to the thick glass.

“Good boy, hold that nice and steady for me,” he said in a husky whisper, quickly filling up the glass with another deep splash of whisky.

Jimin slathered the honey onto his left nipple and then he dropped his head down to lick it free, sucking his lips around his nipple to flick the end of his tongue against the small and hard nub.

Yoongi moaned at the contact and his tongue pressed against the glass in his mouth, his barbell piercing tapping on the cool glass. Jimin’s tongue was quickly flicking against his nipple, and it was both ticklish and incredibly pleasurable. The stimulation made it harden and grow that little more sensitive until he was almost keening around the glass.

Jimin took hold of him, his grip firm around his waist to force him to stay still and not spill the whisky all over himself. He should have moved to accept the shot glass but he was far too focused on sucking on his nipple; the pointed tip of his tongue tracing concentric circles around the nub until he was able to snag it between his teeth and apply a hint of pressure.

Jolts of sharp pleasure coursed down from his nipple towards his cock from the bite, building up pressure between his thighs until Yoongi grabbed at Jimin’s forearms; his blunt nails scratching at his skin as he squeezed hold of his arms. He let his breath out in a hard huff from his nose, a guttural sound getting trapped in his strained throat because of the shot glass still held in his mouth. It was a
broken whine, a pathetic and weak cry that he just knew Jimin would enjoy hearing because it revealed how desperate he was.

Jimin released his nipple after a moment and he moved to bring his face up to lean right over him. He darted his tongue out to lick at the contents of the shot glass, not even attempting to collect it with his own mouth and knock it back like the other shots. His probing tongue made quite a lot of the whisky spill over the sides to land on Yoongi’s cheeks and chin, some rolling down his neck to start pooling in the hollows of his clavicle.

Jimin moaned as he messily lapped at the whisky and moved to start licking the dribbles free from his skin, down the side of his neck towards his collar bones.

When Yoongi shivered from the ticklish contact he let out a rumbling laugh, running his hand up to take hold of his neck to hold him still. His grip was firm but not tight enough to affect his breathing, delivering just a slight hint of pressure to try and keep him pinned against the backrest of the sofa.

“I love how sensitive you are, Yoongi,” Jimin crooned, his thumb brushing against his bobbing Adam’s Apple. “Are you this sensitive deep inside, hmm? If I touch your cock when I’m fucking you will you start crying because it feels so good it hurts?”

Yoongi couldn’t possibly reply to this, he could only roll his eyes down to look at him; his body trembling in his hold.

Jimin finally moved to take the glass from his mouth, knocking it back hard and fast and reaching up to take it out of his mouth. Then he shifted to sit back down on the sofa beside him, grabbing the bottle of whisky and handing it to him.

Yoongi was onto his third straight shot of the game, but he had already had a shot back at the bar and a bottle of beer and so he knew that he was going to end up drunk. He wasn’t the best at handling his alcohol, especially not hard liquors, and so a couple more would get him completely wasted. But none of that mattered right now, not when the drinking game was starting to get heated and he could feel it progressing towards more sexual intimacy.

Much like the previous shot Yoongi got Jimin to lie down on the sofa, this time on his stomach to reveal his back and behind.

“I’m gonna take it right here,” he said, as he smoothed his palm over the deep dimple of Jimin’s
lower spine right above the curve of his buttocks.

Yoongi snagged hold of the waistband of his leather trousers, roughly tugging at them until Jimin reached down to pop open the button and unzip the fly. This allowed him to pull the back down enough to leave the waistband just underneath the full curve of his buttocks.

Yoongi placed the shot glass down in the deep dip in his lower back, seeing that it was surprisingly steady and didn’t topple to the side. He poured a splash of whisky into the glass to fill it up, trying to get it as full as possible before putting the bottle back onto the coffee table and shoving his fingers into the jar to gather some of the honey. Although smearing it onto his lower back was highly tempting, he ended up wiping the honey onto one of his buttocks instead.

Yoongi licked the smear of honey off his skin, letting it stay on his tongue as he moved to snag the glass with his lips and teeth and take the next shot. But in the process of knocking the glass back hard to swallow it he ended up spilling some over the sides, the whisky splashing down onto his skin.

“Shit,” Yoongi said, as he reached up to grab the glass and placed it down on the floor, hearing Jimin giggling because he had messed up his shot.

The spilled whisky gathered in the dimple above his buttocks first before overflowing and running downwards. Yoongi didn’t even hesitate, he just pulled Jimin’s buttocks apart so he could dart his tongue out and track the slight dribble of whisky as it ran down the valley between them. He could taste the nutty and sweet flavour of the liquor blending with the salty tang of sweat as he lapped the broad of his tongue all over Jimin’s inner buttocks and puckered entrance.

Jimin let out a soft sound at the contact, shifting on the sofa in response to his licking tongue. But before he could try and move Yoongi placed his hand down right in the dip of his spine to firmly hold him down against the sofa and carry on lavishing him with affection.

Jimin actually pressed the backs of his fingers against his mouth, suppressing something that sounded just like a whimper when Yoongi’s tongue once more lapped over his entrance. He reached behind himself to snag hold of Yoongi’s hair, holding him close to his body so he couldn’t even pull his face away to catch his breath.

Yoongi nipped at his buttocks, snagging his soft skin with hard bites that he then sucked open-mouthed kisses around - blending the slight pain with the sweetness. He found himself hoping that his kisses would leave behind marks on his skin, so that when he next performed in *The Paradiso Lounge* in his revealing fetish wear all his boys would be able to see the mottled bruises on his ass
and thighs and know that another man had left those marks behind on his skin.

“Get naked, Jimin,” Yoongi suggested between his messy kisses, the heat and rush of the whisky shots having emboldened him. “I wanna take… nude shots of you…”

Unsurprisingly, Jimin was just as eager to slip out of his trousers as he had imagined earlier in the evening. He didn’t even say a single word when Yoongi let go of him and allowed him to sit up on the sofa. He just reached down to snag hold of the waistband and start tugging his trousers down his thighs.

The first place that Jimin decided to start modelling was on the sofa, and he utilised several positions and angles so Yoongi could snap several photographs of him - each one drastically different to the last.

There were shots of Jimin lying on his front on the cushions, coyly hiding most of his nudity before he moved to press himself up against the back of the sofa and brazenly displayed his buttocks, glancing back over his shoulder at him with a teasing glint in his eyes. He twisted around to face the camera and stare down the lens, his thick thighs spread wide open with his calves resting on the armrests to expose himself; his stiff cock bobbing between his thighs with excited, hard twitches that made Yoongi gulp as he snapped more shots of him.

Jimin lounged on his leather sofa, his golden skin lit up by the automatic flash; his cheeks flushed with heat from the shots of whisky and the taste of honey on his tongue.

It was the stuff sexual dreams were made of.

Jimin shifted to sit down on the stool next, which was still placed to the side of the backdrop. He giggled as he clambered up onto it and spread his thighs wide, reaching back behind himself to hold onto the seat and curving his spine in the most alluring of ways. He bounced around on the seat so much striking all kinds of poses that it was a miracle he didn’t fall off it in his tipsy state.

Jimin was so into their erotic photoshoot that Yoongi was left in awe, following him across the lounge as he posed just for him: against the wall with his arms thrown up over his head and his back arched so his stiff cock curved up against his stomach; bent over the sofa armrest to present his ass to the camera whilst he looked back over his shoulder with a come-hither expression; and lying on the coffee table even when it was too small for him, his head hanging over the side and his knees tucked up against his chest.
Jimin eventually tugged him across the lounge and out of the door by his belt buckle, his grip so firm that Yoongi felt weak at the knees as he was pulled down the narrow corridor. He guided him right towards the bedroom, letting go of his belt to drop down onto his knees and crawl across the floor to get onto the mattress. Then he shifted to slouch against the stack of pillows, bringing his legs up to cock his knees in front of him and spread his thighs wide open.

Yoongi got down on his knees to join him on the mattress, still eyeing him through the viewfinder to try and take more photographs of him. He was so aroused that he could feel his cock uncomfortably straining against his zipper again, but soon enough it would be free and receiving the attention it craved so much.

“How’s this, baby?” Jimin asked in a sultry voice, reaching up to sink his fingers into his short hair. “Do you like this pose? I’m your favourite boy, right?”

“Shit, Jimin, d’you wanna fuck? ‘Cos I wanna fuck right now and-”

But Yoongi didn’t get to finish this question because Jimin moved to take hold of his hands to pry the camera out of his grip. He let him do so, reaching over to take hold of his face to pull him close for a kiss. He felt the other man’s hands snagging hold of his waist and then he was roughly flipped down onto his back on the mattress so Jimin could climb on top of him.

Yoongi instinctively grabbed hold of Jimin’s buttocks as he felt his lips trailing along his cheek bone towards his shaved scalp.

“What’d you want me to do?” Jimin whispered down his ear, his weight bearing down on him. “How do you want me to give it to you, baby? Just say the word and I’ll do it, just for you.”

“Rough, I want rough sex,” Yoongi whispered against Jimin’s neck, sinking his blunt nails into his buttocks that little bit more until he was certain he would leave more marks behind on his flesh. “Don’t treat me like… like something precious, like you don’t wanna break me. I want you to fuck me.”

“Hmm, I’m gonna fuck you like no man’s ever done before,” Jimin promised in a husky whisper, as he shifted his weight up onto his knees and took hold of the front of his belt. He tugged at the buckle, slipping the lengths through to open it up and reveal the top button. “I won’t be gentle with you. You’re desperate for my cock, so I’m gonna give it to you. I’m gonna pound your ass, Yoongi-”
“Oh, fuck,” he deeply moaned, his voice uneven because he was so breathless.

“I’m gonna hit that sweet spot over and over, baby,” Jimin continued, taking hold of his jeans to pop the button free and start working the zipper. “You’ll be moaning my name when you cum.”

“Huh, Jimin,” Yoongi breathed out, reaching up to press the backs of his fingers against his lips. They were quivering, just like his fingers because he was so nervous and excited in equal amounts. He could feel Jimin snagging hold of his jeans waistband, and so he lifted his hips up off the mattress to help him pull them down.

“Shit,” Jimin breathlessly moaned, pausing in the act of dragging his jeans down his thighs because he was staring down at his naked body. “Look at your cock. Oh, you really are a baby boy.”

Yoongi’s cock was uncut and small but thick, just a couple of inches in length even when he was fully hard. It was nestled within a light thatch of pubic hair along with his testicles, which hung close to his groin. Both were flushed pink, a deep blush pink without a hint of any other colour like his nipples, and there were no veins running all over his cock in prominent cables, just a hint of veins that gently rippled the surface of his shaft.

The pleasing sensation of his foreskin pulling back over his head as he finally reached full stiffness was enough to make Yoongi take a sharp intake of breath, and he rolled his eyes down to look at his cock. His foreskin had almost completely pulled back to expose his head, which was a darker shade of pink than his shaft and glossy and wet with precum, and so he reached down to fully tug it back behind his head.

Jimin moved to hastily drag his jeans free from his legs and toss them aside without a single care, his gaze still completely focused on his exposed groin. He shifted to lower his weight down onto his elbows again, smoothly gliding right between Yoongi’s spread thighs to bring his lips to his inner thigh and start pressing kisses against his smooth and sensitive skin.

Even though Yoongi had requested that Jimin fuck him, that he take him hard and rough until it might just hurt because he was craving the feeling of a cock inside him after so long, Jimin took some time to ease into it with foreplay. He was actually thankful for it because this helped calm his nerves and prolonged their moment of intimacy.

Jimin pressed the softest of kisses all over his inner thigh towards his groin, which progressed into him sucking bites into his skin that might just become love bites by the morning - much like the ones that Yoongi had planted all over his buttocks. He reached down to place his hand on the top of his head, sinking his fingers into his short hair to get a tight grip and lightly tug on his roots.
Jimin moaned at the slight burn from his tugging fingers, rolling his eyes up to hold his gaze as he brought his lips up towards his cock.

Yoongi gasped at the sensation of Jimin’s mouth enclosing his cock, fully taking his shaft inside until his lips were sealed right around his base and his nose was pressed into the soft curve of his lower belly and pubic hair. He didn’t even hesitate because he was small enough to not hit the back of his throat and make him gag, holding his gaze with his half-lidded eyes as he ran his tongue against his underside and gave him a gentle suck.

Jimin pulled his head away again a moment later to take his testicles inside his mouth first, opening his lips wide and guiding them in with his fingers before sliding his cock inside too. The pressure of being squeezed into his mouth was so intense that Yoongi couldn’t help but moan, especially when Jimin moved his tongue against his testicles and proceeded to hollow his cheeks in a firm suck.

“Huh-uh, fuck,” he hiccuped, squirming on the mattress and instinctively lifting his hips up to thrust at Jimin’s face, even when he was fully in his mouth right to his base.

Yoongi had never received oral sex before, even when it was his favourite sexual position to perform on other men. Though the sensation was highly pleasing he couldn’t help but feel like he would rather be in this position - Jimin’s cock in his mouth once more so he could suck him off like last night, only this time slower, deeper, more intimately. It didn’t feel wrong so much as unusual, a sensation that he may or may not be able to get used to in the future.

Jimin released him after a moment of gentle teasing, a string of spittle running from his lips to snap back down onto his throbbing cock. He caught his swollen head between his lips to suck on it for a few seconds, licking away the slick mixture of precum and saliva before releasing him again. Yoongi’s cock twitched to slap against his lips, and so Jimin pressed a kittenish kiss against it; moving his lips down the short length of his shaft to nose at his tightly curled thatch of pubic hair.

“I like tiny cocks,” Jimin whispered against his lower stomach, the hot puffs of his breath making Yoongi take another sharp intake of breath; his belly trembling to brush against his lips. “They’re so much more fun to play with, and they look cute when I use my toys on them. Oh, your chubby cock, all flushed red with a cock ring squeezed around it…”

Jimin reached up to teasingly stroke his fingers around the base of his cock, giving him a gentle squeeze that made Yoongi suck his lower lip to gnaw on it. His cock fit into his fist with ease, Jimin able to cover his entire shaft and cock head with his palm and fingers to stimulate him with just one hand; his other hand free to cup and fondle his testicles or roam across his thighs to hold one of them up in place so he could slot right between them and penetrate him. He could even finger him with his
free hand, and Yoongi felt his hand brushing along his inner thigh to slip between his buttocks, his fingertips rubbing soft circles around his sensitive entrance.

Yoongi closed his eyes and took a deep breath, anticipating the moment that Jimin would slide a finger inside of him. The ticklish sensation of his fingertips stroking at his puckered ring of muscles made him clench for a few seconds, but he managed to relax enough to stay rather loose.

“A cock ring squeezed around your chubby cock, a toy rammed inside your little hole,” Jimin said, his voice dripping arousal and his own cock raised to press against the curve of his toned stomach as he leaned over him. “Maybe a vibrator, so I can put it on the hardest setting and watch you squirm and whine as it pulses against your prostate until it milks you dry? Maybe a dildo, a thick one that stretches you open so wide your thighs are trembling? Just to prepare you for my cock, baby boy?”

“Fuck, I want your cock, Jimin,” Yoongi almost begged, pressing his fingers against his trembling lips to try and suppress the urge to whine. He was so turned on that he couldn’t even think, he could only feel the constant and powerful pounding between his thighs and his uneven heartbeat thumping against his ribs and throat. “Just give it to me, just put it inside me. Just… just the tip, I’ll cum with just the tip, fuck.”

“Roll over, let me get a good look at you,” Jimin demanded, giving the underside of his thigh a firm swat to encourage him to move.

Yoongi jumped at the swat with a gasp, feeling a slight sting that quickly faded away in mere seconds. But even the slight sting was incredibly pleasing as he rolled onto his front and slipped his arms under his pillow to display his behind to the other man.

Jimin parted his thighs to kneel between them, running his hands up the backs of his thighs to take hold of his buttocks. He gave them a firm knead and pulled them apart to wantonly expose his entrance to him before letting go again.

Yoongi felt his buttocks jiggling from the tug as they came back together, the sight making Jimin let his breath out in a deep groan and once more grab hold of them.

“Shit, baby, you’re so soft,” Jimin whispered, sinking his fingers into the soft mounds of his buttocks to tightly squeeze them again. “Soft all over, hmm. If I took you from behind like this I would get to watch your ass bounce back on my cock…”
Yoongi snagged hold of the bed sheets, closing his eyes and tracking the soft and moist press of Jimin’s open lips as he peppered kisses all the way down the valley of his back and the little knobs of spine that protruded against his skin. He pressed his face into his pillow, breathing in the faded scent of cologne and tobacco as Jimin sank his teeth right into his skin of his right buttock; biting down hard enough to make him gasp before releasing him from his hold with a quick kiss.

“Pose for me, baby boy, just for me,” Jimin breathed out, as he moved to get back up onto his knees and collected the camera off the bed. “Curve your back a little, show me what you’ll look like taking my cock.”

Yoongi shifted on the mattress to balance his weight on his forearms, lifting his hips up and curving his back just like Jimin had requested. He kept his face pressed into the pillow for the first photograph before moving to look back over his shoulder at the camera, his hair hanging forward over his eyes so he could barely see through the messy black locks.

Jimin snapped a second shot before reaching down to take hold of one of his buttocks, sinking his fingers into his skin to dimple it as he took a third photograph. Then he gave his ass another swat as he told him to roll over again, the light spank making him gasp in response.

“Have you ever done this before, Yoongi?” Jimin asked, eyeing him through the viewfinder as he settled in place on his back.

“No, I ain’t posed naked before,” Yoongi replied, shifting on the mattress for a few seconds as he tried to figure out how to pose for him. “I don’t like being behind the camera, I don’t look good in photographs.”

“No, baby boy, you look good on film,” Jimin praised, giving his thigh a gentle massage as he sat back on his heels. He still had the camera held up in front of his face, looking at him through the viewfinder with his index finger hovering over the shutter button. “You look so fucking good. Arms up, give me a little stretch, and open those sweet thighs too.”

Yoongi shifted on the mattress to bring his arms up over his head, crossing one wrist over the other on the pillows and folding his elbows. As he did so he spread his legs wide, the heels of his feet brushing against the wrinkled covers at the bottom of the bed and his knees slightly cocked. He stretched just like Jimin had requested, arching his spine until his ribs protruded up against his skin. He looked up at Jimin for a moment before dropping his gaze down to stare at his bare chest instead, struggling to look into the lens as the flash went off when he snapped the next photograph.

“Bring your legs up, up against your body, baby boy,” Jimin ordered, bringing his free hand up to
his face to stick his middle and ring fingers between his lips and coat them in saliva. He pulled them free, letting a dribble of spit run from between his lips and fingers before it snapped to run down towards his knuckles. “Let’s make these nudes a little more erotic, hmm?”

Yoongi shifted on the mattress, folding his knees and bringing his thighs up until they were almost touching his chest.

Jimin reached down to slip his hand between his thighs, angling his wrist to settle the heel of his hand against his perineum. He was able to slide his middle finger inside of him with ease, Yoongi accepting it without clenching because he was more than used to a little stretching. He wiggled from side from side to try and get into a better position on the mattress in response, snagging the pillow between his fingers to wrinkle the cotton case.

“You can take more than my tip, baby boy,” Jimin crooned, as he swirled his finger around in a circle to stroke at his inner walls; his touch enough to make him turn his face to press it against his upper arm and let out a soft moan.

“I’ll take your whole cock, Jimin, I’ll take you… balls deep,” Yoongi bragged, taking a sharp intake of breath when he felt Jimin also sliding his ring finger inside him. The stretch was more considerable now, but he knew that he could take another finger or two before he needed to take a moment to adjust to the sensation and not clench. “Mmm, huh…”

Jimin snapped another photograph of Yoongi lying in front of him: his legs spread wide open, his arms folded up above his head on the pillow, and his hand between right between thighs as he slowly fingered him. He tried his very hardest to look into the lens, trying to emulate Jimin’s smouldering confidence even when he felt so bashful and uncertain posing like this for him.

As soon as the shutter opened again Jimin shifted to lean closer, unable to zoom in because he was several fingers deep inside of him and he couldn’t operate the dials. He focused solely on his hand and Yoongi’s crotch, wanting to take a photograph of his fingers as he sunk them right in to his knuckles.

Yoongi brought his hand to his face to press the backs of his fingers against his lips at this, feeling his thighs trembling because Jimin’s fingertips had just brushed against prostate for the first time. His hips shifted in response to the contact, jerking but unable to lift up off the mattress because of the position he was lying in.

Jimin placed the camera back down on the mattress to lean over and grab the bottle of lube. It was placed right beside the stack of magazines, a large bottle of clear and runny liquid with a pump head.
“Lie down, on your back,” Yoongi suggested, taking the bottle of lube out of his hands and sitting up on the mattress to get onto his knees.

If there was one thing that Yoongi had learnt over the years it was that taking cock, regardless of length or girth, was much easier to do on top. The position allowed him to take control and accept Jimin’s cock at his own speed, inch by inch in soft rocks until he could take him fully inside, rather than let him guide himself inside and risk him doing so too fast, too deep for what he was comfortable accepting.

So, after smearing a liberal amount of lube on his erection, Yoongi shifted to straddle his lap and get into position; one hand placed on Jimin’s stomach and the other reaching behind himself to wrap his fist around the base of his cock. He spread his thighs wide and stayed on his knees, slowly lowering himself down towards his cock. He had to guide it with his hand, prodding and rubbing his swollen head against his entrance before he lowered himself down onto his cock and applied a hint of pressure to let Jimin slip inside.

Yoongi took a deep breath as he felt his muscles stretching around Jimin’s cock head with a brief and sharp sting, and he tightened around the beginning of his shaft on instinct. He tried to not clench, breathing slow and steady as he stayed in place for a moment, and then he pulled off and lowered himself back down onto his cock; stretching himself once more around his head to try and loosen himself in preparation.

Yoongi spent a couple of minutes just slowly riding Jimin’s cock, accepting just his head and an inch or so of his shaft as he adjusted to his thick girth and let the lube smear against his inner walls to help him fully accept him. As he let more of his length slide inside he let go of the base of his cock, no longer needing to hold it steady whilst he lifted and dropped his hips in soft rocks. He placed his hand down on Jimin’s stomach, brushing his palms over his firm muscles before settling them around his sides to hold onto him.

Yoongi slowly settled in place on his cock, letting his breath out between his lips in a hard huff. He closed his eyes and focused on controlling his breathing, trying to relax enough to stop clenching and unclenching around his shaft because it had been too long since he had been stretched open like this; so full with a cock that was both thick in girth and enough inches in length to rub against his prostate before he had even fully accepted him.

“Fuck, you weren’t lying,” Jimin groaned, lifting his hands up off the mattress to place them on his thighs. He shifted underneath him ever so slightly, sticking his tongue out to wet his lips. “Fuck, baby boy, fuh…huh, you’re so tight.”
When Yoongi rocked his hips upward on a forward angle and then back down again to sink down on his cock the stroke made them both let out noises of pleasure: his a breathy gasp, Jimin’s a deep grunt as his hands squeezed hold of his thighs.

Yoongi shifted to pick up the camera, giving the display screen a quick check before bringing the device up to his face. He focused on Jimin through the viewfinder as he started riding his cock, moving his hips slowly as to not shake the camera too much and keep the blurriness to a minimum.

Jimin started laughing at his, a husky rumble escaping from behind his teeth as he smiled at him. “Oh, baby boy really wants some dirty photographs, huh?”

“Yuh-yeah,” Yoongi replied, his own tongue curling free to settle against his upper lip as he tightened his grip around the camera.

“Hmm, you wanna look at photographs of me fucking you,” Jimin almost growled, rolling his head back to look down his nose at him as he shifted his hands around to grab hold of his buttocks. His grip was so tight, and he dragged his buttocks apart to stretch him just that little bit more. “Is my cock that good, hmm? Are you gonna finger yourself looking at these photographs and wish it was me inside of you?”

“Fuck, Jimin,” Yoongi hiccuped, picking up his rhythm and feeling his hands shaking as he hit the shutter button. He knew that the shot was going to be blurry as hell but he just couldn’t hold it steady enough.

Yoongi needed to stop taking photographs after a moment because he was unable to ride him fully without using his hands to try and stay balanced; the position far too strenuous on his thighs. He put the camera aside on the mattress so he could place his hands back down on his stomach again, balancing his weight between his wrists and knees for more fluid movement. He had finally found the ideal position and rhythm to start stimulating his prostate, each thump of his buttocks connecting with Jimin’s hips causing a jolt of pleasure to shoot along his shaft; pressure starting to build up in his belly.

Yoongi moved to lower himself down onto his elbows, so desperate to kiss Jimin whilst he fucked him. It was difficult getting into the right position to do so, but he managed to curve his back enough to bring their lips together. He felt Jimin’s cock slipping free at some point during his frantic bouncing. But just grinding down onto his hips and rubbing his sensitive entrance against the firm shaft of his cock and feeling his head almost sliding back inside of him was enough to make him breathlessly moan into their kisses. It didn’t even matter that he wasn’t being fucked by him, he was that excited by everything that was happening.
Jimin fumbled behind him to try and hold his cock steady, guiding it back towards his entrance for him. He brought his hips up off the mattress in a slight thrust, slipping back inside of him with ease.

Yoongi took a sharp intake of breath as his thick girth stretched him wide open once more. He was comfortable being stretched by now and so it didn’t hurt, but the sudden penetration did cause a slight burn that made him hiss between his teeth.

Jimin reached up to cup the back of his neck, holding him in place during their kisses as he guided his hips with his other hand.

The sensation of Jimin’s tongue rolling out between their lips to slip into his mouth just as his cock head pressed right up against his prostate was enough to make Yoongi shudder on top of him, bringing his hips up in a sharp jerk because the pressure was too much, too pleasurable to stand. But Jimin was shifting underneath him too, slowly thrusting his hips up into him to draw out every rock for as long as he could, and his measured strokes just kept rubbing against his prostate over and over until he lost all sense of rhythm.

Yoongi shifted to sit upright again, running his hands over Jimin’s slick chest muscles, grinding his hips in tight circles to draw out the burn and taking so much pleasure from the grunt that Jimin let out in response to his movements.

When Yoongi found his rhythm and started riding him again he didn’t do so slowly, coy and sweet like he had never done such a thing before. He curved his back and balanced some of his weight onto his hands to rock his hips up and down in a fast and fluid motion instead. He didn’t pound down too hard, not just yet, but he did move his hips as fast as he could in the awkward position.

Jimin grabbed the camera and turned it to the side to try and take some portrait shots of him. He had to let go of his buttocks to do so, but Yoongi was riding him so deeply that he didn’t really need his assistance. He had to prop himself up on one elbow to do so, squinting down the viewfinder before snapping a series of rapid photographs of him.

“Look into the camera, baby boy,” Jimin ordered, his voice low and filled with authority. “Don’t act so shy, not when you’re pounding my cock with that tight little ass of yours.”

Yoongi moaned at this, forcing himself to look into the camera lens and trying not to blink from the blinding flash when Jimin took the next photograph. His face was burning hot, so hot that his cheeks were no doubt flushed with colour, and he could feel sweat starting to break out on his brow from the exertion of riding the other man.
“I’ll bet that you’d get off looking at these photographs of yourself too,” Jimin continued, looking at him from over the top of the camera. “Fucking yourself on my cock, taking it so deep…”

“Huh-uh, baby boy’s a-a slut,” Yoongi half-moaned, half-whined as he rolled his head back hard and started pounding his hips down onto his lap.

Jemin shifted underneath him in response to the new rhythm and roughness, a series of breathless moans escaping him before he managed to suppress them.

“Fuck, I didn’t know that baby boy was this much of a slut,” Jimin groaned, putting the camera down to take hold of his waist again. “You move your hips like you take cock like this all the time. How many men have you pounded this week? How many cocks have you fucked yourself on, huh, slut?”

Despite the degrading and filthy words coming out of Jimin’s mouth he was incredibly gentle with his touch. His hands rubbed against his sides in soft circles and shifted up from his waist to his ribs before brushing up against the front of his chest to playfully thumb at his nipples.

“Juh-just you,” Yoongi said between pants, curving his back that little more to try and encourage Jimin to play with his nipples. His cock was throbbing with heat from each enthusiastic bounce of his hips, bobbing between his thighs and steadily leaking precum, which had dripped down onto Jimin’s stomach - a small pooling of clear slick sitting on his tanned skin.

“Just me? Oh, you must’ve been craving cock so bad. Is that why you’re fucking me like this, like a desperate slut?”

Oh, Yoongi felt so much tingling pleasure plummeting down into his loins at this that he could only moan from the sensation. He shifted to lean forward, snagging hold of the mattress covers and spreading his weight between his hands and knees. The new position meant that Jimin could move more easily underneath him, and so he gave his nipples a final playful thumbing before reaching behind him to take hold of his buttocks again.

Jemin didn’t thrust his hips up off the mattress so much as jab them; his hips snapping up into Yoongi’s buttocks so hard and fast that he couldn’t help but cry out in pleasure and pain. He let his breath out in soft grunts from the exertion, their bodies connecting with the sharp slap of skin against skin.
“Fuh-ck, Jimin, fuck!” Yoongi moaned, slumping down against Jimin’s thrusting hips because he didn’t have the strength to be able to move on top of him any longer. His thighs were so tired they were starting to turn numb, the mounting pleasure at the base of his cock making them tremble.

Sensing that his strength was flagging, Jimin shifted to sit upright and he hooked an arm around his waist. With a hard shove he flipped their positions around, driving Yoongi down onto the mattress so he was lying underneath him and he was bracketed by his shaking and sweat-slick thighs.

“Huh-harder, Jimin. Harder,” Yoongi begged, so caught up in his pleasure that he couldn’t even move to hold onto him; his arms up over his head and his hands resting on the wrinkled pillow.

“Harder, slut? Or harder, baby boy?” Jimin asked, his own voice uneven and his breath puffing out to brush against his flushed face.

“Buh-baby,” Yoongi hiccuped, feeling Jimin’s cock sliding right back inside him again. The sensation was enough to make him whine, his legs kicking up into the air. “Uh-hhh…”

Jimin took hold of his thighs first, moving to get them in the right position so Yoongi could clamp them around his waist and rest his feet in the dip of his lower back. Then he took hold of wrists to press them against the mattress, shifting his weight down onto his hands and knees and taking a series of deep breaths to ready himself.

Jimin pulled out of him and then roughly thrust back in right to his base, not even leaving an inch inside him to savour the heat and tightness around his cock head. He was penetrating him over and over, the force and speed so rough that Yoongi couldn’t possibly hope to suppress the noises he was making. He could only turn his head to the side to try and muffle them against the pillow, his eyes tightly squeezed shut and his throat straining from his whines.

Every single time that Jimin buried his cock in deep Yoongi’s legs kicked out in a spasm, his thighs tightening around his hips but his lower legs cocked at the knees and free to flail around. He was roughly stimulating his prostate as he thrust forward, the hard impact making a jolt of pleasure shoot up into his belly, and then rubbing against it once more to flood his body with heat as he pulled back out at the end of his thrust.

“Huh-huh-uh, that feels good; doesn’t it, baby boy?” Jimin asked between his shallow gasps for breath. He was thrusting with so much force that it was no wonder he was starting to get breathless; his bucking hips fucking him down into the creaking mattress so hard that Yoongi just knew his
buttocks and thighs would be covered in bruises by the morning.

“Yuh-yeah, fuck,” Yoongi hiccupsed out, their bodies connecting with a hard slap that made them both moan in pleasure. “Huh! Uh! Juh-Jimin!”

“It feels so good having a cock inside you, hmm? In your tight little hole?” Jimin teased, his voice dropping into the husky and sensual pitch that Yoongi adored hearing. His gaze was as burning hot as the friction of his cock thrusting deep inside him, and he stared down at him without a hint of fear or shame. “How does my cock feel, baby boy? Is it everything you were craving? Am I, huh-huh, am I the best fuck you’ve ever had?”

“The best, fuh-fuck, Jimin, the best cock,” Yoongi moaned, panting for breath as he arched his back up off the mattress in another spasm of pleasure. He was so close that he could feel a tightening in his loins, a sign that he was edging close to his climax. “Fuh-fucking me so good, huh!”

“The best? Hmm, only the best for my baby boy,” Jimin crooned, moving to bring their faces together and whisper against his lips. “You’re so tight, so fucking good around my cock. I could fuck you all night long, baby boy, uh-huh, I wanna edge myself over and over until I can fill you up with my cum.”

Jimin let go of his right wrist to allow Yoongi to reach down and start touching himself, running his fingers through his hair instead to get a tight grip on it.

Yoongi turned his head to the side again, but rather than try and muffle his moans of pleasure against the pillow he pressed his lips against Jimin’s biceps. After several sloppy and open-mouthed kisses he lifted his head up off the pillow to sink his teeth into the curve of Jimin’s shoulder, biting down hard just as the first hard contractions between his loins started and his orgasm hit. A burst of heat exploded outwards from the base of his cock, spreading down into his thighs first and then up into his belly before radiating all the way down to his toes; which curled up in a tight clench, just like his fingers snagged hold of the wrinkled bed sheets.

Jimin grunted in response to him tightening around his cock, changing his rhythm so he could stay deep and grind down into him; rubbing his sensitive prostate that little bit more with his cock head until Yoongi was oozing cum from the prolonged stimulation. His cock was twitching in his hold, throbbing with each pleasurable jolt so more waves of tingling heat coursed through his system and shooting hot strings of cum all over his belly to paint his sweat-slick skin.

“Hmm-mmm,” he moaned, his voice muffled because his teeth were still clamped around his shoulder.
Yoongi couldn’t help but tighten his hold on him, squeezing his thighs around Jimin’s waist and pulling him close until the other man’s weight was pressing down on him; not a single inch between their bodies as he roughly fucked him down into the mattress.

“Shit,” Jimin groaned directly down his ear, his breath hot and ticklish against his skin. He wasn’t able to pull out as far and thrust his hips forward into him like earlier, but he could still pull his hips back in a hard snap and then sink forward into him hard enough to make their skin slap together. “Moan for me, baby boy. Let me know just how good I’m fucking you.”

Oh, Yoongi’s orgasm was so intense that he could feel his back curving, his hips twitching upwards into Jimin’s in search of just that little more sweetness; desperate for his climax to last just another second or two. His eyelids fluttered shut, his eyes rolling up under them as the pleasure spread up through his body; bursts of colour erupting behind his eyelids that pulsed in rhythm with his pounding heartbeat.

“Jimin, fuh…fuck,” he whined, as he finally released his hold on Jimin’s shoulder. A string of saliva ran between his lips and his shoulder before snapping, splashing against his chin. “Oh… huh, yes, yes…”

Jimin ground down into him until Yoongi had fully ridden out his orgasm - several seconds of burning, tingling pleasure that left him breathless and trembling. But as soon as the pleasure had started to fade he started to grow sensitive, the stimulation making a brief but sharp pain shoot up his cock and causing him to grimace.

Jimin shifted on the mattress in response to his discomfort, pulling out of him and then shifting his weight up onto his knees. He hadn’t orgasmed yet but his erection was slick with a mixture of lube, precum, and some semen that had leaked out because he had gotten so close to his climax. He reached down to wrap his hand around his base, controlling the hard twitches for a moment as he tried to delay his climax.

“Huh-huh, fuck, Jimin,” Yoongi panted, his chest rising and falling in rapid waves as he tried to catch his breath. He was coated in sweat, so hot that could feel waves of heat radiating off his skin.

Jimin shifted to bring his head down to his stomach, lapping at the splatter of semen all over his skin before lowering his head between his still open thighs. He tongued at his entrance for a moment, licking broad stripes over his puckered muscles before jabbing the pointed tip inside. He could do so with ease because he was still stretched open from his cock, meaning that he could tease him that little bit more and savour the taste of his own cum on his tongue. Then he gave his deflating and sensitive cock another powerful suck, licking free the slightest remains of cum until Yoongi knocked
his head away with another soft whine.

“Baby boy, I wanna fuck your mouth,” Jimin breathed out, his voice husky and uneven as he moved to get on his hands and knees and hang over him. He shifted his weight onto one wrist to reach down and cup his cheek in his hand, running his thumb over his slack lips. “Huh…huh, to fuck you in both your little holes in one night, shit, I want it so much.”

“Stick it in my mouth, Jimin,” Yoongi growled, his voice raspy from all the gasping and moaning he had done. He was half-demanding he do it, half-begging at this point because he wanted Jimin to orgasm too, preferably inside him in whatever way possible. “Stick it my fuh-fucking throat. Fuck my face, I can take it.”

“Only greedy sluts get their faces fucked,” Jimin teased, as he slipped his thumb into his mouth to encourage him to start sucking on it - which Yoongi did with plenty of enthusiasm. “Are you a greedy slut, huh? Do you want my cock that bad you’re willing to choke on it?”

“I’m a slut for your cock,” Yoongi moaned around his thumb, feeling his tongue piercing digging into his skin as he lapped his tongue over it. “The best fucking cock I’ve ever had…”

Jimin moved to straddle his chest at this, his weight balanced on his knees and left wrist so he could curve his spine and lean over him. His thick thighs were spread wide around Yoongi’s shoulders and this, combined with his weight, meant that he was pinned down onto the mattress underneath his body and held in position.

Yoongi tried shifting underneath him to find that he could only move his lower arms and body because Jimin was sitting on his chest, shoulders, and uppers arms. He cocked his knees up and brushed his feet along the wrinkled covers before tightly snagging them between his toes, and then he bent his elbows to reach up and take hold of his thighs. The fact that he was incapable of movement and completely at the whim of Jimin’s desires made his already pounding heart skip that little bit more erratically in his chest and throat.

Jimin had to guide his cock by hand, his fingers wrapped around his base so he could point it down towards his lips. He rubbed his leaking cock head all over the open circle of his mouth to smear wetness on his skin until Yoongi stuck his tongue out; giving it a wriggle to teasingly lick at his head and encourage him.

“Mmm,” Jimin softly moaned through his closed lips, as he moved to slide his cock head into his mouth.
Even when he knew that he was close to climaxing, Yoongi wanted to give Jimin the best finish he would ever have. He closed his eyes so he could fully focus on giving him a blowjob, sucking on his swollen head before releasing him to trace around his hard ridge with the tip of his tongue. He wanted to use his tongue piercing as much as possible because he knew that Jimin liked the sensation of the metal barbell rubbing against his sensitive head and massaging the underside of his shaft. He made sure the curl his tongue to force the ball fastening out as far as it could go, staring up through his thick eyelashes just in time to see the metal ball prodding into his slit.

The sound of Jimin whimpering as he rolled his tongue around to tease his leaking slit with his piercing spurned Yoongi on, and so he shifted to lift his head up off the pillow again to try and take him into his mouth. He could feel his neck cabling with veins from the stretch, Jimin’s solid weight sitting on him and pinning him in place so he could only squeeze his fingers into his firm thighs; his blunt nails digging into his skin.

Yoongi could taste the combination of the lube, precum, and semen on his tongue, the mixture both unpleasantly bitter and sweet. He felt Jimin’s hand cupping the side of his head as he cheeked his cock and stuck his tongue out to lick his underside; tracing a prominent vein with the barbell to make the metal ball massage at his shaft as he dragged the tip of his tongue along it. He heard a series of wet slurps coming from his mouth as he sucked on his cock, his lips stretched taut around his thick girth in a tight seal and Jimin’s testicles resting on his chin because he couldn’t possibly fit them into his full mouth.

Jimin rolled his head back with a strangled moan of pleasure, his throat working as he swallowed hard several times and veins rising to ripple the surface of his tanned skin. Beaded sweat ran down the curve of his neck to roll down his chest. He stayed in place for a moment to allow Yoongi to accept his cock; the heel of his hand placed against his cheek and his fingers curled around the side of his head to sink into his hair.

After some prolonged sucking and teasing Jimin slowly lifted his hips up to pull out of his mouth, once more taking his cock in hand but this time holding it up against the curve of his lower belly. This allowed him to lower his testicles down onto his lips, silently requesting that he take them into his mouth instead. He rolled his head down to look at him, his gaze smouldering and heavy with lust.

Yoongi angled his head to get his left testicle into his mouth first, giving it a firm suck and pull to make Jimin let out a high-pitched gasp before cheeking it to try and accept his right testicle too. He could feel that they were heavy and swollen with heat just like his cock, and he could taste the salt of his sweat coating his skin as he started teasing them with his tongue and sucked and tugged on them to make the other man shudder on top of him and twitch his hips with needy whines.

Jimin let go of his cock to let it flop down into his face, his shaft falling to the side of his nose to rest
on his cheek and cock head forcing Yoongi to squeeze his left eye shut. The weight of the slap made him moan around his testicles, the sound muffled and mostly trapped in his throat.

The bright flash of the camera suddenly went off and Yoongi opened his right eye to gaze up and see that Jimin was taking more photographs of him whilst he was sucking him off. He stared into the camera lens for a moment, Jimin’s testicles in his mouth and his leaking cock sitting on his face, trying his very hardest to not flinch from the blinding flash when Jimin snapped a second photograph of him.

Yoongi forced his tongue up against his testicles, pushing them out of his mouth one by one with a wet popping sound so he could take his cock into his mouth again. He opened his mouth wide and lifted his head up off the pillow to do so, needing Jimin to let go of his hair and guide his cock inside for him.

“Nnn, you really are greedy for it, Yoongi,” Jimin groaned, his face still hidden behind the camera as he snapped another photograph of him taking more of his shaft into his mouth; the head of his cock starting to edge closer to the back of his throat. “You little cockslut…”

Yoongi let his breath out his nose in a hard huff, deeply moaning around Jimin’s cock from a mixture of excitement and shame. That was it, Jimin had finally found the disgusting insult that turned him on the most and made him feel his face flooding with prickling heat. Had he been capable of achieving another erection so soon after his first orgasm Yoongi would have been frantically beating himself off at this point.

“Hmm, I’m gonna fuck that pretty little face of yours,” Jimin said in a low and husky whisper, as he placed the camera aside on the mattress and then shifted to lean over him again; his weight balanced on his wrist and his head hanging forward. “Gonna cum in your sweet mouth, baby boy…”

When Jimin moved his hips Yoongi felt his shaft sliding down into his throat until his cock head was brushing against his uvula. He instinctively gagged and tightened around his cock from the sudden sensation, his lower back arching up off the mattress as he took a rapid series of inhales through his nose.

Jimin moved his hand from his cheek up to his hair instead, slipping his fingers through the messy and sweat-soaked locks on his hairline to snag a tight handful in his fist and pull it back off his face.

“Uh-uh, Yoongi,” Jimin gasped, his hips twitching in response to his throat clenching around his cock as he started thrusting down towards his mouth. His face was flushed with colour, veins rippling the sides of his neck and along his forehead because he was hanging his head forward to
Yoongi could feel tears breaking out at the corners of his eyes because he was straining that much, struggling to not gag again because Jimin was so deep in his throat and he was thrusting his hips down into his face so fast he was almost ramming his cock into his mouth. He started humming to try and relax his muscles, knowing that his throat was going to be aching tomorrow, just like his ass and thighs. But it was a good kind of ache, the kind he would feel for days long after his orgasm had faded that would remind him of this night; of what Jimin had done to him.

Yoongi rapidly blinked to let the tears gathering around his lash line roll down his cheeks into his hair, shallowly breathing through his nose and inhaling the scent of sweat that was clinging to his groin. He was almost clawing at his thighs as he squirmed under his solid weight.

Jimin thrust into his mouth as fast as he could in their awkward position, frantically fucking his face just like Yoongi had ridden his cock. He was rocking on top of him, his weight pressing down on his chest driving the air out of Yoongi’s lungs until he could hardly breathe. His fingers were tightly snagged in his hair, his testicles bouncing against his chin with a soft slapping sound that was almost lost underneath the wet sucking and slurping of Yoongi’s mouth and Jimin’s laboured breathing.

“Fuck, don’t swallow,” Jimin groaned, hissing through his teeth as he pulled on his hair hard enough to make Yoongi’s scalp sear with a sharp burn. He had to slide out to his cock head just before he ejaculated as to not shoot his load right down his throat, but he seemed to not want to pull out just yet - savouring the tight squeeze of his vibrating throat muscles around his cock. “Don’t swallow, baby boy. Keep it in your mouth, just for me. Hmm, uh…ah!”

Jimin pulled out to his cock head just in time to ejaculate into his mouth with a series of stammered moans, his hand shaking before he tightened his hold on his handful of hair. His hips stopped thrusting as his muscles hardened, a powerful shiver of delight coursing through his body as he shuddered on top of Yoongi. He took several quirks gasps for breath and let them back out of his lips in hard groans, “Huh…huh-uh…nnn…”

Even though Jimin didn’t want him to swallow Yoongi felt some of his cum dribbling down his throat because of the angle that his head was on. But he managed to keep most of it on his tongue, the thick substance flooding his taste buds with that salty sweet flavour he loved so much. He kept Jimin’s cock in his mouth as to not miss a single spurt, savouring the hot splashes of cum painting his tongue and throat until little more than a weak dribble oozed out of his slit. Then he released him from his hold, sealing his lips tight as to not let any cum escape from the corners of his mouth.

Jimin’s cock twitched to slap down onto his mouth, a final weak dribble of cum spilling out of his slit to pool out on his cheek. He had rolled his eyes up under his fluttering eyelids during his orgasm and
so he rolled them back down to look at him for a few seconds; his gaze hazy with pleasure. Then he slowly shifted to stop straddling his chest and got between Yoongi’s still open thighs instead.

“Sit up,” Jimin said, taking hold of his neck in one hand and his upper arm with the other.

Yoongi let him pull him up onto his knees, slipping his own arms around his waist to try and press himself up against his body. He still hadn’t swallowed because he was waiting for Jimin to tell him when to do so, heavily and noisily breathing through his nose.

“Hmm, in my mouth, baby boy, right in my mouth,” Jimin whispered against his lips, angling his head slightly below his and opening his mouth to stick his tongue out invitingly.

Yoongi realised what he was requesting - Jimin wanted him to dribble or spit his cum into his mouth or maybe even transfer it during a kiss. He hesitated for a few seconds before pressing their mouths together, opening his lips and slipping his tongue into Jimin’s mouth to try and exchange the substance.

Jimin let out a throaty moan as he pulled his head away and broke the kiss, and Yoongi could feel a mixture of saliva and semen dribbling down his own chin.

Jimin’s skin was coated with sweat and was flushed from their love-making, a few strays locks of hair clinging to his damp brow that he hadn’t brushed free. Underneath his golden skin was a deep pink blush that made him glow, heat radiating off him that Yoongi could feel against his own body in waves.

Yoongi could see cum smeared all over his full lips, most of it sitting on his tongue, which he had curled up to stop it from dribbling down his chin. His eyes were half-lidded from lust and pleasure, his makeup having smudged in parts; the black eyeliner along his lower lash line a total mess.

Yoongi grabbed his camera to snap a photograph of Jimin with his slightly shaking hands, the flash going off in the dim lighting of the bedroom. As he loaded the next piece of film Jimin brought his fingers up to his face, his thumb, index and middle finger straight and his ring and little finger curled inwards.

Jimin shoved his two fingers between his slack lips, thrusting them in and out before scissoring them; his tongue trapped between his full lower lip and fingers. His cum smeared against his fingers first before running down between them, mixing with his saliva to turn into a runny mess. The act was so
obscene that Yoongi let out a soft moan as he snapped another photograph of him, hoping so very much that it wouldn’t come out too blurry.

The camera started whirring in his hands as the film went back into the cartridge, signalling that the roll had been completely used up, and so Yoongi pulled the device away from his face to study the flashing symbol on the display screen.

Somehow, he and Jimin had managed to take 36 photographs during their nude photoshoots and rough and passionate bout of love-making, and he couldn’t even recall having snapped that many shots when he had been on top. This meant that Jimin must have taken most of the shots, but Yoongi had been so focused on riding his cock that he must have not noticed the flash and click of the shutter as he had snapped the photographs.

Yoongi had a cartridge filled with 36 pornographic photographs, many of which included his own body and face in them. But he was a little too fuzzy from the intense pleasure of his orgasm to think about such things right now. He just wanted to lie down on the mattress and savour the post-coital bliss and warmth that had filled his body.

Jimin took hold of his face, his grip tight as he angled his head back to spit his cum back into his mouth. He did so messily, and Yoongi felt the hot mixture of semen and saliva splattering in his open mouth and onto his chin; a flare of shame coursing through his body as he held Jimin’s gaze.

“Fuck, I knew you’d look good after I’d wrecked you, Yoongi,” Jimin said, his chest rising and falling because he was still trying to catch his breath. He leaned close to press their lips together again, stealing the breath right out of Yoongi’s lungs and making his fingers twitch around his waist. “So fucking good…”

Between their passionate kisses Yoongi couldn’t help but swallow most of the cum as it was dribbled back into his mouth, letting out a moan of pleasure against the other man’s lips.

Jimin pushed him down onto the mattress with his weight, smoothly slotting himself between his spread thighs and settling down on top of him, and so Yoongi brought his arms up to wrap them around his neck instead.

For a few seconds Jimin just held him in his arms, their brows pressed together so Yoongi could feel smeared sweat and thin locks of hair clinging to their damp skin. He closed his eyes and almost waited for the other man to carry on kissing him, but then he shifted to lie down beside him instead. Jimin pulled him close to his body and pressed his lips against his sweaty hairline, their chests touching and their legs slowly entwining together.
“Shit, that was so… so hot,” Jimin whispered against his brow, one of his hands running down his back to snuggly cup his buttocks. “I haven’t fucked that hard in forever. I didn’t hurt you, did I, baby boy?”

“It hurt but it felt good,” Yoongi whispered in reply, shifting to tighten his arms around his neck. He could still feel lingering and faded pulses between his thighs, but it was less pleasurable and more just a pleasing warmth.

“Well, if it starts hurting you need to tell me, OK?” Jimin said, slipping his hand downwards to stroke his fingertips against his entrance. “You’re still pretty tight. You must’ve been taking small cocks before…”

“Nah, it’s been awhile,” he said, closing his eyes and focusing on the sensation of his stroking fingers. “I mostly suck guys off now, so, I ain’t received like that in months, Jimin.”

“It sounds like you need to be trained, baby boy.”

“Trained?”

“Yeah, you need to be dildo-trained,” Jimin explained, his fingers still steadily tracing circles around his loose entrance. “Look, Yoongi. If you wanna be fucked like that, that deep and hard, then you need to train yourself or you’re just gonna get hurt. I like it hardcore too, and I wanna make sure you can keep up and I don’t tear you open when I get a little rough. Believe me, you’ll regret it if you get hurt. There’s a reason why you’re taught to do the things that I enjoy, that I want to do to you. I mean, you do want me to keep fucking you; right?”

“Shit, honey, if I wasn’t so exhausted I’d want you to… to keep fucking me right now,” Yoongi mumbled, feeling himself starting to drift off in the other man’s arms.

Jimin let out that giddy giggle of his as he brought his hand up to place it in the dip of his lower back, and then he angled his face to give him another kiss.

Yoongi had just enough strength left to pout his lips out to return the kiss, his own lips curling up at the corners in a lazy smile. The last thing that he was aware of before he ended up falling asleep was the sensation of Jimin dragging the wrinkled covers over them and pressing a final kiss against his shaved scalp right above the shell of his ear as he whispered.
“Sweet dreams, baby boy…”

Chapter End Notes

Don’t forget to follow me on Twitter where you can find information on updates on this story, ways to support me as a writer, and find out about an upcoming exclusive story! :)
It was the sudden sound of a beeping horn slicing through the air that brought him out of his slumber with a harsh gasp of shock.

Yoongi jerked on the seat in response to the loud noise so hard that he ended up banging his head against the window pane; having slumped to the side and fallen asleep at some point during the lengthy bus ride. The pain was brief but considerable enough to make him grunt and reach up to clap his hand against his head as he shifted to sit upright again.

“Goddamn, the lights exist for a reason,” the bus driver cried out in annoyance, no doubt aiming his words at some fool who had just run across the street and nearly gotten hit by the incoming slew of traffic. “Dumb kids never been taught to cross a damn road…”

“Mmm, shit,” Yoongi groaned under his breath, his voice raspy because his mouth was so dry. He massaged at his tender skull for a few seconds before roughly rubbing at his eyes to try and make them stay open.

The bus ride had been so boring and quiet that Yoongi had somehow drifted off, and so he was incredibly thankful that a jaywalking buffoon had nearly got run over. It was incredibly reckless to fall asleep on a bus like this but he hadn’t meant to do so, it had been a complete accident. After all, falling asleep meant missing his stop, which meant even more time wasted having to backtrack to get to where he wanted to be for the night. He didn’t really have the time or energy to waste doing such a thing.

Yoongi slowly opened his eyes as he let out a series of sniffs, running his gaze over the aisle in front of him as he fully came around from his slumber. He was sitting close to the front of the vehicle and so he couldn’t help but notice a lady sitting just ahead and across the aisle from him with a pushchair, inside which a little boy was strapped and seated. He had a sippy cup in hand nursed against his chest and was currently staring right at him with a blank expression that showed he was bored out of his little mind. He had several stickers stuck all over his hands and cheeks, and a couple were even caught in his tight head of afro curls in a way that was going to be hellish for his poor mum to get out.

The kid had probably just heard him cursing under his breath and was trying to make him feel bad about saying such naughty words, and so Yoongi scrunched his face up a silly way to try and make him laugh. His best impression at looking like a little gremlin was enough to make the boy chortle
from over the top of his sippy cup and crack him a gap-toothed smile.

When the bus pulled in against the curb a minute or so later Yoongi got up to go down the aisle, grabbing hold of the metal bars to keep steady on his feet. His camera was dangling around his neck just like every night, loaded with a fresh roll of film even when he might not have a use for it tonight; the clunky plastic body gently bouncing off his chest from the thick lanyard.

Yoongi jumped off the bus the second the doors swished inwards, his boots thumping on the curb as he hastily moved away from the stop. Just like always, he collected his cigarette from its cosy spot behind his ear and shoved it between his lips before slipping his lighter out of his jeans to set the end alight. As he breathed the first couple of inhales out of his nose in a hard huff he started walking down the sidewalk at his favoured leisurely pace.

Yoongi had once more travelled to Harlem just last night, but he hadn’t done so to go to The Paradiso Lounge. No, he had had business to see to in the form of handing his rolls of film over to his associates to develop for him, and he was visiting the camera store once again to collect his exposures. He had already paid for the service, $5 for the four rolls of film, and this meant that he had 144 photographs to collect and examine today.

That was a lot of photographs, with the content of two of the rolls being the fetish wear commission for his client, one of the rolls filled with photographs of Jimin for The Paradiso Lounge flyers, and the final roll containing what could only be described as homemade erotica and hardcore pornography.

Unsurprisingly, Yoongi wasn’t looking forward to having to collect those particular exposures because he knew that his associates would have seen them during the development process. Sure, they had seen every single piece of his work he had gotten developed over the last couple of years, but that was different. His photographs might just be intimate because they captured a glimpse at the world through his eyes, but his subjects were never personal, nor he had ever appeared in any of the photographs that he had taken.

This time, however…

The camera store wasn’t located in the hubbub of the busy commercial streets of Harlem because it was right on the corner of West 134th Street-Amsterdam Avenue. But considering just how small the Harlem neighbourhood was, in reality Yoongi wasn’t really that far away from the popular gay nightclub streets at all. Riding on the back of Jimin’s motorbike it would probably take them less than 10 minutes to drive across the neighbourhood, and walking might take him roughly half an hour if he didn’t drag his feet so goddamn much… not that that would ever happen.
Instead of bars and clubs; fast-food joints; adult book, video and entertainment stores; and massage parlours filling up the block, this little patch of the neighbourhood was much more quiet. During the day it might get a little noisy as there was a public school just across the block, but other than that the businesses were small restaurants, bodegas and grocery stores, which meant there was certainly less foot traffic taking up the sidewalks at this late-evening hour. That made a nice change, and Yoongi enjoyed listening to the sound of his footsteps thumping against the paving flags as he strolled down the quiet street.

Yoongi couldn’t help but gaze through the windows as he passed the different stores, seeing the usual colourful posters tacked up on the glass advertising deals and menus to entice people in off the streets. It had been quite some time since he had stepped inside any of these stores because he had never needed to grab a bite to eat when there was always something available to snack on in the camera store. He knew there was a great Chinese takeaway joint across the block and a nearby Japanese restaurant had amazing sushi, but he wasn’t going to think about sushi right now.

The camera store was right on the corner facing in towards West 134th Street rather than out towards Amsterdam Avenue. It was a large building of three storeys that took up a decent amount of space. The outer walls were painted a soft cream, and the windows were framed with dark wood that matched the front door and had golden letters painted onto the glass panes that declared, ‘Harlem Camera: your life, one photograph at a time’, and, ‘Premium film development, printing and framing services. Camera accessories, film and hardware in store’.

When Yoongi pushed the door open the sound of the overhead bell was loud on the quiet air, so he instinctively glanced up at it as he stepped inside the store. The little golden bell danced on the metal bar once more as he let the door fall shut behind him, and after a quick study he dropped his gaze down to look over at the counter across the floor.

“Wow, someone’s up early,” Jayden sarcastically remarked, coming to a slow stop in the act of crossing the storefront floor. “I didn’t expect to see you for another couple of hours at least, Min.”

Jayden wasn’t the tallest of men but he was a couple of inches taller than Yoongi, and he still had an athletic build even when his high school football days were in the past. His black skin tone was best described as medium deep with a hint of a warm glow to it. He had a high-low fade, his hair just long enough to form into tight curls above the stubble around the short back and sides. His short hair fully revealed his ears, which had a single gold and diamanté stud in both lobes that matched the watch on his wrist and couple of thick band rings on his left hand. He was wearing his usual smart but casual look that consisted of a light blue button-down shirt with the sleeves neatly folded up his arms and the ends tucked into a pair of cream slacks. On his feet there would be a pair of light brown moccasins because he goddamn lived in those shoes, and his spectacles were sitting up high on his wide nose; the black frame thick and the lenses squared.

Jayden always looked smart in comparison to Yoongi, who was still wearing his favourite
combination of a massive t-shirt layered with a yellow plaid shirt and leather jacket, matched with his trusty distressed jeans… but at least he had had them cleaned at the laundromats with the rest of his clothing.

But the funny thing was Yoongi knew that Jayden wasn’t even putting in any effort to look that way, that was just the way he was. He didn’t think the other man even owned a t-shirt because he had never seen him wearing one before.

“I hate being awake, why’m I awake?” Yoongi drawled, as he balled up one of his fists and brought it up to his face to give his heavy and swollen eyelids another rough rub. “Could be dead to the world right now, mmm…”

“It’s 8pm, Min. Was that a joke, or…?”

Yoongi didn’t bother replying to this because he had a feeling the other man knew it most certainly wasn’t a joke.

Yoongi was pretty much nocturnal now, as he had very little need to be awake during the early day hours unless he was meeting clients, going to marches and protests to document the events, or visiting the camera store to drop off and collect his film and prints. As a result of these combining factors he rarely entered the store earlier than the evening hours - unless he was still caffeinated up to the eyeballs and awake the following morning so he could hand the film rolls over to Patrick when the store opened and then crash for the rest of the day.

“You’re here for your exposures, right?”

Yoongi hummed around his cigarette at this question, still in the act of rubbing at his swollen eyelids to try and force them to stay open.

“Well then, come on in, Min. Would you like something to drink?” Jayden asked, as he reached up to take hold of his squared spectacles and gave them a little adjustment. “Maybe a bite to eat?"

“Mmm, coffee would be great,” Yoongi replied, sniffing hard several times and running his tongue around his mouth; the ball closure of his piercing tapping against the backs of his front teeth. “What does a bite to eat mean, huh? You talking cold leftovers from that Chinese joint across the block or something? ‘Cos I’ll take ‘em if you guys ain’t gonna finish ‘em…”
“Well, we’ve some Cup Noodles in the backroom - beef. There’s also some leftover potsticker dumplings from dinner. I can toss them up with the noodles, if you want?”

“Shit, man, that sounds like a banquet to me,” Yoongi said, and he hoped that sounded like a joke and not the miserable truth. “Sure, I’ll go for some noodles and potstickers, Jay.”

“Alrighty then, coming right up!” Jayden said with a warm smile, as he moved to cross the storefront floor. “Sit down, Min, make yourself at home. I’ll tell Pat that you’re here.”

“Thanks,” Yoongi said, quickly returning the smile as he gave his scalp a good scratching with his blunt nails.

Jayden was one half of the couple that owned the camera store; the older of the pair and the one that most certainly handled all of the business and financial matters that kept the place running. He had studied business at Harvard, having kept his love of the arts and photography as a mere hobby for most of his young adult years before finally deciding to pursue his interests and open up shop in Harlem.

Much like Yoongi, Jayden knew what it felt like to grow up with cultural influence affecting his ability to accept himself as a gay man, and to be confident and happy with his current life as a direct result of those many years of fear and unhappiness.

In Yoongi’s case, growing up in a Korean-American family, it had been traditional gender roles coupled with a strict upbringing because he was a boy and his parents had had such high expectations for him to succeed in life. Both of these influences had greatly affected him in a negative way.

Yoongi had broken every single rule, even the unspoken ones. He hadn’t finished high school or managed to get a scholarship to get into college, he had never had a ‘proper’ job, he hadn’t gotten married or even had a girlfriend, and he had lost his virginity outside of marriage to some older man whose face he couldn’t even remember. Most importantly, he was unashamedly homosexual, and that was the one thing his parents just hadn’t been able to accept; the final nail in his failure coffin. That was why he had cut ties with them roughly six years ago and hadn’t looked back since, even when he really hadn’t moved that far forward with his life.

In Jayden’s case, what had affected him the most had been the struggle of growing up gay in an African-American household that had had a large patriarchal presence. Both his father and grandfather had had an important hand in raising him and his several siblings, and he had grown up battling the constant war between his own blossoming sexuality and what had been expected from
him, not only as a man but as one that had been raised as a Baptist.

Jayden just hadn’t been the boy that his father had wanted him to be because he had been a quiet maths nerd more interested in numbers than playing professional football, and Yoongi knew that he hadn’t seen his family ever since he had come out to them after finishing university over 10 years ago.

Although their upbringings were most certainly different: with Yoongi having grown up poor in Section 8 housing, his father a manual labourer and his mother working in a beauty salon; and Jayden having been comfortably raised by a lawyer mother and police chief father, there were still many lived experiences that they both shared. As a result, he felt like this had helped them bond as friends as well as associates.

Yoongi had met the other man in the most strangest of ways just a couple of years ago when he had first wandered into their store - a mopped camera dangling around his neck, his tongue fat and heavy from the downers he had been hitting for most of the night to try and help him sleep, and his fingers nimble but far from having perfected the art of snatching shit that didn’t belong to him.

Jayden had caught him that evening trying to pocket a roll of film that he had most certainly not paid for - the very grounds to call the police on him for being a thief and ban him from stepping foot inside their store ever again. Yet Yoongi had ended up sitting on their sofa with a mug of coffee in hand instead whilst he and his partner, Patrick, had tried to educate him on the reasons why he shouldn’t steal from others who were just trying to make it in the mean capitalist and straight world, just like him. Back then he had probably found the entire ordeal embarrassing and condescending and had probably muttered a lot under his breath, but that night had been the night that Yoongi had started to change himself as a person.

The next day, Yoongi had returned to slip a wrinkled bill across the counter to pay for the film that he had stolen from them, and it was pretty much history from that point.

The visits to the store had been tentative at first, as Yoongi had felt like he had been intruding on them and that they really hadn’t cared much for seeing his face when they had known all about the fact he was a thief and a borderline downer addict. But with every passing week he had started to realise that they hadn’t hated him for making such a foolish and selfish mistake, and that they had actually enjoyed hearing about the little things in his life he had been trying his hardest to change: like his separation from his asshole punk boyfriend; his decision to try and stop relying on downers to sleep and keep him numb all the goddamn time; and his growing interest and fascination with photography.

The two men had bumped into Yoongi at a very low point in his life. But unlike everyone else they had actually held their hands out and caught him whilst he had been falling, and for that he was
eternally grateful. Their sofa had always been a place for him to crash when he had nothing else, and there was always hot coffee on tap. It was like they saw him a little like a younger brother that they had a role to protect, and they did have a habit of taking care of him like one. Like feeding him every single time he stepped foot inside their store, for example.

Yoongi didn’t really know if he was a little brother or a stray cat, but when he was getting free black coffee and some Chinese food from it, he really didn’t give a shit.

Yoongi watched Jayden disappearing into the backroom and then he shifted his gaze across the storefront that was spread out in front of him.

The camera store was by no means large, but it was considerable enough to house a big backroom and decent-sized storefront on the ground-floor and a small apartment on the first and second-floors.

The backroom was situated directly across the floor from the entrance. The store supplies were kept in there, and it was also where the darkroom was located. Said darkroom took up most of the space in the backroom and Yoongi had never been inside it before, nor had he ever stepped foot inside any darkroom because, just like he had told Jimin that night, he didn’t know how to develop camera film.

The backroom connected to the upper floor via a staircase because Jayden and Patrick lived inside the building. Yoongi had been inside their apartment a few times for the occasional glass of wine and political debate over takeaway food, and he thought that they had a lovely home. Very warm, very clean and tidy even when it was so small, and able to fit a dog inside too - some mongrel he couldn’t possibly identify but was handsome regardless.

The storefront was where customers did one of several things: waited to be seen if the store was busy; waited whilst their orders were being collected; or where they sat and went over their order with Patrick, complete with catalogues for mounts and frames and sample pieces for first time customers that needed assistance finding what they wanted.

As a result, the storefront contained various items of furniture, most notably two leather sofas and a couple of beanbags on the floor, along with some glass and dark wooden coffee tables. These were placed close to the centre of the room, with a counter that had many shelves covered in camera film, accessories and models for purchase behind it to the far right of the floor; and a display wall covered in various frames and sample pieces to the far left.

Overall, the storefront was airy and light - the large windows letting in plenty of natural sunlight and the cream linoleum flooring and white walls giving off a clean vibe. It was a nice space that was very welcoming to customers, and Yoongi knew from personal experience just how nice it was to settle
down on the cushions of one of the plush sofas and maybe take a little nap.

So Yoongi moved to go over to the said sofa, lowering himself down onto it and collecting the cushions together to create a comfortable mound to slouch against. He might not have the best manners but even he wasn’t rude enough to put his shoes up on the furniture, and so he had to stretch his legs out in front of him instead. He let out a pleased rumbling sound as he curved his spine and sank down against the cushion mound.

“Are you sure you’re not coming down with something, Min?” Jayden asked in a rather concerned voice when he emerged out of the backroom a minute or two later. “You still sound so hoarse. But at least you’re not as bad as you were yesterday. God, my throat hurt just listening to you croaking!”

Yoongi snorted around his cigarette at this as he turned to look up at the other man, tracking him across the storefront until he was standing right beside him.

Jayden placed the bamboo tray down on the glass coffee table in front of him. It had three mugs of coffee placed on it, along with a Cup Noodle container that had a wispy steam floating from the surface that showed just how wonderfully hot the contents were.

“Coming down? Nah, more like going down,” Yoongi wisecracked, as he got his cigarette between his fingers and ran his tongue around his inner cheek. Even though he was comfortable he shifted just enough to snatch the food container off the table because he very much wanted to tuck into the noodles.

Jayden sharply glanced up at him as he straightened up again, his glasses sitting on the end of his nose. He looked like he was going to say something against this, like he had his own smart retort slipped up his shirt sleeves. But before he could open his mouth the sound of the backroom door swinging open caught them both by surprise.

“I’ve got the first batch, hot off the press, just like you ordered!” Patrick declared in a sing-songy voice, as he stepped out of the backroom. He lifted his hand up over his head to give it a little wave, drawing plenty of attention to the stack of envelopes he had clutched in his fist.

Patrick was the other half of the camera store pair, who Yoongi saw more often than Jayden when he visited because he spent a great deal of time in the storefront: accepting orders, receiving payments, contacting customers in regards to their orders, and presenting the goods to them.
Jayden was often the one hiding away in the backroom developing exposures and doing all of the printing work, whilst Patrick spent a great deal of time editing on the large Macintosh set behind the counter that was hooked up to printers in the backroom via many cables or preparing the mounting and framing of professional prints. They had a great thing going on because they balanced all of the day-to-day tasks without a single issue, and Yoongi thought they were perfect partners.

Unlike Jayden, Patrick didn’t have gentlemanly taste in his attire because Yoongi had never seen the other man wear a proper ironed shirt in all his time knowing him. He was much more prone to wearing double denim, flannel shirts, and maybe a chambray shirt if he was trying to be a little more neat - but that was rare. He might even get adventurous and wear something fun like his god awful tie-dye t-shirt, which Yoongi had insulted so many times by now that he had given up doing so.

It seemed that Jayden was a very patient man for putting up with seeing that disastrous item of clothing so often, and it was truly a testament of his strength that he hadn’t taken a pair of scissors to it by now.

Today, Patrick was wearing a paisley print pullover and jeans, one of his less adventurous looks but still rather bold and eye-catching. He had a pair of comfortable white sneakers on his feet, the backs and toes tired and scuffed from plenty of wear.

Patrick wasn’t from New York but had actually been born and raised in Boston before running away to the gay haven of San Francisco back in 1976 at the tender age of 17. He had ended up floating his way back across the country at some point in his mid-twenties to reside on the east coast again, where he had met Jayden and they had settled down to run a business and home together. He was from the usual Irish Catholic stock of blood that was rife all over Boston, with a head of carrot-red curls, brown eyes, and plenty of freckles on his pasty complexion. He also had the jovial nature of an Irishman, for he was always cracking jokes and smiling no matter what.

Yoongi envied Patrick’s zest for life; his constant smiles and enthusiasm that made everyone like him when they first met him. He wished that he had the energy to be like that, but it wasn’t like he purposefully chose to be the way that he was. It was his quietness coupled with his need to have some space every now and again that meant he just didn’t come across as friendly to others, despite the fact he was highly affable when someone made the conscious decision to interact with him first.

But what Yoongi envied the most was the fact that Patrick’s family were on relatively good terms with him even after everything that had happened in his life. A lot of families refused to accept a gay son even before he did something shocking like run away from home for several long years. But Patrick’s parents accepted him as much as they possibly could with the Catholic mentality of ‘love the sinner, hate the sin’ that Yoongi very much despised.

Sure, Yoongi didn’t believe that any of them should seek approval from the heterosexual world
because there was nothing to approve. Their lives were not up for debate no matter what straight folk liked to think, as disapproving of their existence sure as shit didn’t change the fact gay folk still existed. All it did was make life much harder for them in ways it never deserved to be - like no health insurance coverage for medication and treatment programs for HIV and AIDS-positive people, or being fired from their jobs and having their entire livelihoods ruined when someone forcibly outed them.

That was why Yoongi didn’t give a shit about what any heterosexual folk thought about them, even those that claimed they were allies. Too many people only started caring about their struggles when they knew they had gay family and friends, and before that point in their lives they didn’t give a shit. They simply ignored their suffering because it was irrelevant to their lives.

But goddamn… wouldn’t it feel nice to just be one of those gays that was happy and free and didn’t have the constant urge to fight injustice coursing through their veins?

“Shit, they’re all done already?” Yoongi asked around a mouthful of hot noodles, quickly checking them to not muffle his voice too much. “All four rolls?”

“You were the only customer that brought in film over the last couple of days,” Jayden explained, as he sat down on the opposite sofa, tightly laced his fingers together and placed his hands on his knee. “So, it was easy enough for me to develop them for you, Min.”

“It seems that Yoon’s fond of a little someone,” Patrick said, as he flipped open one of the envelopes and quickly checked a couple of the pieces. He found what he was looking for, selecting one of the photographs and slipping it free to bring it up to his face. “There’s so many photographs of this one guy, Jay-Jay - look at him.”

Patrick moved to draw closer to his partner, holding the photograph out to show it to him.

“Who’s the hottie, Min?” Jayden asked, glancing between him and the photograph with a great deal of interest.

Yoongi saw that Patrick had retrieved a photograph of Jimin, just like he had been expecting.

It was the close-up shot of Jimin wearing his peaked military cap, his gloved fingers shoved between his lips and the gleaming metal handcuff snapped around his wrist.
From his angle on the sofa Yoongi couldn’t see it in great detail, but he could see enough to tell that it looked like a great photograph.

“A muse, I guess you could say?” Yoongi replied, shifting to lounge back against the mess of throw cushions as he chewed a huge mouthful of noodles.

“You guess? Honey, you asked for four rolls of developed film and there’s so many photographs of this guy he basically makes up three of the goddam rolls!” Patrick pointed out in an exasperated voice, which made his partner let out a soft laugh. “I think he’s reached definite muse status at this point, yes?”

Yoongi made a noise in agreement at this as he forked even more noodles into his mouth. They were so hot that he had to huff air out of the corner of his mouth to try and not burn his tongue, but he was so hungry that he didn’t give a damn. He stabbed one of the fat potstickers with the fork tines to shove it into his mouth too, wondering what the filling might just be. He was hoping for chicken, and he was delighted to discover it was indeed ginger sesame chicken.

“Anyway, here you are, honey.”

There was a currently empty ashtray on the coffee table that was more-or-less exclusively there for him, and so Yoongi shifted to place the smouldering remains of his cigarette on the rim. Then he accepted the stack of envelopes from Patrick, placing them down in his lap and lounging back against the armrest again. He had to put the noodle container down on the cushion beside him for a moment to free up his hands, relishing the massive bite of noodles and single potsticker that he had shoved inside his mouth for as long as possible.

After a quick examination of the envelopes Yoongi selected the one that contained the photoshoot for *The Paradiso Lounge* flyers. He wanted to examine them first because he needed to choose the ones he would be getting turned into mock-ups to show to Van, and there was a whole roll of photographs to search through and select the finest choices from. It wasn’t like he had just a couple of shots of Jimin, he had 35 photographs of him - three different looks and plenty of different angles, poses and vibes that needed thorough examination and appreciation before he decided what the best ones were.

Yoongi had just pulled the stack of photographs free from the envelope when he saw the one that was placed at the front of the pile.

It was the portrait of him and Jimin, the one that Jimin had specially requested and paid him an advance for because he wanted it professionally printed and framed.
All the exposures had been developed in colour film even though Yoongi often professionally printed in black and white because that was what his clients requested. The photograph was glossy and free from even a single fingerprint, though a couple of tiny specks of dust clung to the surface.

Yoongi placed the stack down on his thigh so he could pick up just the single photograph and focus on it. He brought it up to his face, holding it between his fingers and thumb by the bottom corner.

In the photograph Yoongi could see himself sitting on the right side of the shot, facing the camera, and Jimin on the left, turned to the side - the both of them sharing the stool.

Yoongi’s upper body was on display along with just a hint of his knees so that his dishevelled red plaid shirt, oversized t-shirt and destroyed jeans combo was on display, and he was looking directly into the camera lens. From under his messy tangle of hair he was smiling, an awkward smile that didn’t quite extend to his eyes and revealed his teeth and gums but was somewhat endearing in a way. His face was clamped in Jimin’s gloved hands, his cheeks pushed up from his grip.

Yoongi’s funny smile completely clashed against Jimin’s expression, as he had been captured the very second that he had darted his tongue out to lick at his scalp. The pink stretch of his long and pointed tongue was visible, the tip pressed right up against his black stubble.

But that wasn’t the only contrast, for Jimin’s overall appearance was much neater than his: his hair in held in place save for a couple of wispy locks on his brow; his black v-neck t-shirt and leather trousers wrinkled around his biceps, chest and crotch in just the right way, the left sleeve having pulled up to expose his black band tattoo. He wasn’t looking at the camera, but his eyes were open and heavily lidded in a way that was incredibly enticing.

As he studied the photograph Yoongi couldn’t help but snort under his breath because he was both amused and pleased with it. He just knew that Jimin would be delighted when he presented the professional print to him because it was such a good shot - one that caught them both in a playful light.

“Hey, Paddy? You got the sticky notes for me? I gotta make some notes on these shots,” Yoongi said in a soft mumble, so engrossed by the photograph in his hand that he didn’t even look up at the other man.

“Sure thing, honey, just a moment…”
Yoongi heard Patrick crossing the storefront to go over to the counter and collect the sticky note pad and marker pen just for him. He liked leaving notations on the backs of all the photographs that he needed professionally printed and edited just to ensure he told his associates all the details. He knew that Patrick was always on top of every order and he never made a single mistake, but he just felt like he was lessening the burden of his workload by ensuring he did so for him.

“So, what are all the photographs for, Min?” Jayden asked, as his partner placed the sticky note pad and Sharpie marker pen down on the coffee table. “I know that you had a commission with, um, Harold Silverstein, right? The theatre director?”

Yoongi let out a soft hum in agreement, slowly looking up from the photograph to study the other man. He dropped his gaze down to the coffee table a few seconds later, eyeing the sticky note pad before moving to retrieve it.

“I got another commission, a fucking great commission. It’s for a leather bar,” Yoongi said, as he got the marker pen in hand to quickly scribble down the print details on the sticky note. He stuck his tongue out to lick at his lips as he did so, which were coated in grease from the noodles. “You gays ever been to a leather bar before, huh?”

“Do we look like we go to leather bars, Min?” Jayden asked, lifting his hand up to gesture at his bespectacled face and then raising one of his eyebrows at him. “Goddamn, when was the last time we went to a bar together, Pat?”

“I can’t even remember,” Patrick replied with a weary sigh, shifting to place a hand down on the backrest of the sofa to lean against it. The leather creaked from their combined weight, and Yoongi felt his shadow falling over him as he recapped the marker pen and stuck the note onto the back of the photograph. “But, hey, the wine flows cheaper at home and we’ve got TV, so, who needs bars? What’s it like in this leather bar, Yoon?”

“Oh, it’s fucking crazy,” Yoongi replied, as he got the pile of photographs in hand. He glanced up to look between them both as he rapidly explained. “Guys are fucking everywhere, and I mean fucking. I ain’t talking ‘bout discreet grinding on the dance floor, maybe slipping a hand down the front of some cute thing’s jeans. There’s sex out in the open, in the restroom, and in these backrooms they’ve got too, uh, a dark room and a public room. But I ain’t been inside those rooms yet.”

“That’s legal?”
“It’s like the bathhouses, Jay,” Yoongi suggested with a lazy shrug, turning his attention back to the pile of photographs in his hands. “So long as there ain’t prostitution involved you can’t stop people from fucking in public spaces designed for fucking; y’know? The straights have got their little swingers clubs and sex clubs too, don’t you forget. It’s all officially licensed.”

“And here I was thinking bars were for drinking,” Patrick remarked, bringing his hand up to press it against his chest all sassy-like.

“There’s entertainment too, for the kinda guys that wanna go there to drink and have a good time. They’ve got go-go dancers in cages. That’s who he is-”

Yoongi picked up the first photograph on the top of the pile to hold it up in front of his face and show them.

On the photograph Jimin was wearing his metal X-shaped harness and low-slung leather trousers, his arms up over his head to expose his armpits and his gloved fingers laced together and buried in his black hair. His biceps were fully flexed, just like his chest muscles, and his ribs ran down to taper into his waist ever so slightly from the stretch before flaring back out into his hips; his entire naked torso rippling with toned muscles from his macho pose. He was staring right out of the photograph, his heavily lidded eyes intense and his full lips parted to show a flash of his front teeth. The entire photograph was washed in red from the filter, though Yoongi would be sure to get Patrick to make some slight adjustments to enhance the depth and vibrancy before printing the flyers.

“Jimin, he’s a go-go dancer at the bar, and a professional dom,” he explained, moving his wrist to let both men get a good look at the photograph.

“Professional dom meaning… dominant,” Jayden said, his tone sounding more like a statement than a question. “Like sexually dominant towards other men?”

“Mmm, he entertains the regulars,” Yoongi added, not really feeling the need to explain much more than that because the other men could work it out for themselves. “Anyway, uh, the commission was to get photographs to make promotional flyers for the leather bar, using Jimin as a model for ‘em. I already ran into him the night before when I was looking for photographs for my client, y’know, Silverstein. We got talking… did a little bonding… he got me this flyer deal, so, yeah.”

Yoongi stopped talking at this to try and focus on the task at hand.
First, Yoongi needed to find the best photographs from the roll that were superior to the rest, and then he had to select the perfect choices from that selection that would become the mock-ups for the bar. Van hadn’t told him just how many she wanted in terms of variety, but considering the fact Jimin had worn several different costumes and posed with multiple props it only made sense that she would want more than one option.

Yoongi ended up shifting to sit forward on the sofa to spread the photographs all across the surface of the coffee table; comfortably slouched even though the waistband of his jeans and his tight belt annoyingly dug into the soft curve of his stomach.

“Wow, two commissions at once? You’re going places, Yoon!” Patrick remarked, giving him a pat between his shoulders that made Yoongi snort laughter under his breath.

Between selecting photographs from the pile Yoongi took quick breaks to sip at his coffee and shove more noodles into his mouth. He was careful to not spill or drip anything down onto the precious photographs because he wanted to keep every single one as pristine as possible, and a hot splash of coffee might just ruin the perfect shot.

There was something so surreal about looking at these photographs right now, just over a day after snapping them back in his apartment; Jimin posing for him like a professional model even when it had been his first proper time behind the camera. The coffee table was covered in vibrant red photographs, each skin-filled shot washed in crimson and black leather, latex and satin just like Yoongi had been fantasising that night - and it looked good. It looked fucking good, and he was sure that Van would appreciate his vision because it suited the bar so well. After all, Jimin spent most of his time cage dancing under the blood red wash of the flickering strobe lights, and so the sight of him posing bathed in red light should be incredibly familiar to everyone that had visited The Paradiso Lounge before.

After much deliberation Yoongi forced himself to narrow down his options. He selected three photographs from each costume that Jimin had worn for the sake of it, and a final tenth shot because he was torn between choices and he wanted Van to make the big decision.

From the photographs of Jimin in his X-shaped metal harness and leather trousers, Yoongi first selected a shot of him stretching and flexing his muscles over his head because that was an obvious choice. His second choice took him a little while longer because the photographs of Jimin with his hands cuffed behind his back were so good; like shots of him staring back over his shoulder into the camera with his lust-filled eyes and several more focused mostly on his body. Yoongi settled on a photograph of his body with just a hint of his lower face close to the top of the frame: his toned back and arms mostly on display and his hands folded in the dip of his lower spine right above his full buttocks. His final choice was the photograph of Jimin with his gloved index and middle finger shoved into his mouth, the leather military cap sitting on top of his head so that the golden cross gleamed just like the single cuff snapped around his wrist.
Yoongi had deliberated between the two variants of the photograph, with the cap and without the cap. But he had finally decided the peaked cap radiated more of that dominant aura that he was looking for.

From the photographs of Jimin wearing his borrowed leather jacket and harness combination with his rubber jockstrap Yoongi found it somewhat easier to select his choices. He went between one of him holding onto the front of his jacket and another of him tugging on the harness before choosing the harness shot, purely because it was more titillating. His second choice was one of Jimin minus the jacket, which was slung over his shoulder like a cape instead, and he was turned away from the camera to look back over his shoulder to show off his bare buttocks; the latex waistband of his jockstrap snug around his hips. His final selection was the shot of Jimin with the leather jacket bunched around his elbows: his thighs spread wide open, his hips thrust forward off the backdrop-covered wall, and his expression smouldering in a way that made Yoongi stick his tongue out to wet his lips as he placed the photograph aside on the coffee table.

From the lingerie and stockings photographs Yoongi had to select just three like the other costumes. But it wasn’t that difficult weeding out the suitable choices from the risqué and sexually provocative ones that might just be too explicit.

First, Yoongi picked the shot of Jimin faced away from the camera with the riding crop resting underneath the full curve of his exposed buttocks. He hesitated between selecting one of him posing with the riding crop and his military cap, and another of him on his knees turned away from the camera. But then Yoongi decided to choose the latter option because the way that Jimin was posed in his thong, the satin digging into his skin like the stocking band cut into the meat of his thick thighs, combined with the hint of his makeup-covered eyes from over the ball of his shoulder, just demanded that he choose it instead. His final selection was the shot of Jimin lying sprawled out on his back, his stocking-clad legs up high in the air with one of the heels dangling from his toes, his arms thrown out at his sides, and his head rolled back to stare right into the camera.

Jemin looked so good in that particular photograph that Yoongi knew he was going to end up sticking the developed shot on his wall, right within reach of his pillow so he could pull it free and just look at it sometimes.

Jemin, in his sissy boy lingerie, who should have looked like a submissive slut and yet still radiated an aura that showed he was in control, that he had the power and was going to do what he wanted.

Yoongi thought about how Jimin had told him that he would make a pretty sissy boy slut, and he found himself gulping hard as he placed the photograph down on the coffee table. He didn’t know about that, but he did know that Jimin looked pretty wearing the thong and stockings combination.
Yoongi’s final choice that he just couldn’t leave out of the selections was the close-up photograph of Jimin in his military cap and gloves, his hands held up in front of his chest trapped in his gleaming handcuffs with the matching silver key held between his teeth. It was a great photograph, the kind of shot that revealed the bar to be fetish-oriented from a single glance. But Yoongi simply preferred the other choice for the flyers - the close-up of him with his gloved fingers slipped between his lips. Still, he wanted to provide Van both options to see how she felt about the photographs because her opinion was the most important one of all.

Now that he was finished looking at the developed roll Yoongi collected the unselected photographs to slip them back inside the envelope. He placed it aside on the sofa for a moment, wanting to focus on the task at hand.

“A’ight, these ones, right here?” Yoongi announced, as he spread the various photographs across the coffee table. “These are gonna be the flyers, Paddy. Trouble is… I dunno which ones to pick without showing ‘em to my client. They’re all so fucking perfect for the flyers… shit.”

“Do you want me to do some quick mock-ups for you? I can knock all of those up into flyers in no time, say… 20 minutes with time for editing and printing?” Patrick offered, as he shifted to lean over the back of the sofa and eyed the selection of photographs. “5.8” by 8.3”?

“Yeah, yeah, that’d all be great,” Yoongi said with a grateful smile, as he gathered the photographs together to hold them out to the other man. “How much for the mock-ups?”

“I’m not going to charge you for a couple of mock-ups, honey,” Patrick said, taking the photographs from his hands and turning them around to quickly flick through them. “Who do you think I am, hmm? Alright! I’ll go get started on these mock-ups! I copied the digital files over from your camera before exposing the roll just like you asked, so, there’s no need to scan these babies into the machine. Have you got the details for me? The bar details?”

Yoongi reached into his jeans pocket to retrieve the folded sticky note that Van had given him, holding it out to the other man so he could take it from his fingers.

“‘The Paradiso Lounge’? Ooh, sounds naughty~” Patrick said with plenty of campy flair. “Like I couldn’t tell from those photographs! God, the boys these days really are into the craziest things!”

“Paddy, you’re 33,” Yoongi pointed out in a deadpan voice, hearing Jayden letting out a soft chuckle from the other sofa.
“Well, I feel goddamn ancient in comparison!” he argued back, as he moved to cross the storefront and get back behind the counter. “Everything feels so much more extreme now, you know? I remember seeing Grace Jones in San Fran back in ’77 during the Gay Freedom Day - that’s what it used to be called. Not the Freedom Day Parade. God, that was really something. She sang ‘I need a man’ dancing on that big float, that big disco float. That was the year we started using the rainbow flag too! I was 18 years old! As free as a little gay bird and…”

Yoongi turned his head to look at Jayden, giving the other man an eye-roll because his partner was once more going off on one of his dramatic tangents.

“The ones in these envelopes… I need a little longer to mull over the choices,” he explained, Patrick still very much ranting to himself about his halcyon days as a young gay man going out into the world all on his own.

“Take them with you. There’s really no rush, Min,” Jayden replied, lifting his hand to give his wrist a soft wave as if to brush away his worries. “Just think about your client and how important quality is before making your decision.”

“Mmm, I think I’ll probably show Silverstein these photographs and see what he’s interested in. Fetishes are a funny thing, he might love some of this shit and despise the rest; y’know? But also, Paddy, I got another request,” Yoongi said, as he shifted to collect the portrait photograph off the table. “The details are all on the back, but I need this shot professionally printed: black and white fibre print, 24” by 20”, mounted and framed in, uh, an aluminium frame - no finish.”

“Oh, that’s a cute photograph, Yoon! You two look like a sweet couple! Two baby gays in love!” Patrick said, accepting the photograph and turning it on its side to study it better. His remark made Yoongi snort laughter and reach up to press his fingers against his lips to try and hide his smirk. “So, 24” by 20” fibre print… framed. That’s going to cost you about 100 dollars, honey. Here, take the photograph back, I’ll just keep your sticky note for reference and the roll of exposures. Do you have the cash on you or do you want me to reserve the photograph so you can pay when you’re ready?”

Yoongi softly hummed at this as he accepted the photograph. He reached into his jeans pocket to collect his wallet because he had Jimin’s advance stored inside it. He rummaged it open, thumbing at the small amount of bills slipped inside the compartment before pulling them free. Then he got to his feet to go over to the counter, slipping the cash and the folded roll of exposures across the wood to the other man.

“I got a pretty boy that wants that specific shot professionally printed and framed, so, hurry your candy-ass up and get everything done for me; yeah?” Yoongi suggested, shifting to lean against the counter whilst the other man exchanged the cash for a hastily scrawled receipt.
“As charming as always there, Yoon,” Patrick muttered under his breath, his pen scratching against the thin piece of paper. “What are you hoping for? That he’ll love the print so much he’ll let you suck his dick whilst he studies it hanging on his wall?”

“Already sucked his dick, twice,” Yoongi retorted, instinctively tonguing at his inner cheek as he took the receipt from him and shoved it into his jeans pocket. “Let him fuck me too.”

“Please, Min, that’s a little too much information,” Jayden remarked with feigned disapproval.

“A little too much… Jay-Jay! Oh, my lord! Some of those are photographs of them doing it!” Patrick declared in a scandalised voice, as he slipped the exposures into a thin envelope and slapped the sticky note on the front. “Do you want to see them again?! Because I’ve had to look at them and believe me, if you think that’s a little too much then you’re in for a shock!”

“You know I never look at what I’m developing, I merely go through the steps and ensure that the exposures are perfect,” Jayden pointed out, as he reached up to fiddle with his glasses. “I’m just simply saying he should maybe not be so vulgar sometimes…”

“Where’s the fun in that, huh?” Yoongi genuinely asked, which made Patrick chuckle as he shifted to sit down at the computer desk. He turned around to look at the other man, seeing Jayden rolling his eyes behind his thick glasses. “If you think my throat sounds bad you should see my goddamn ass. I’m surprised I can even walk.”

“Wow, he was that rough?” Patrick asked in surprise, glancing over at him as the sound of the Macintosh booting up from standby came from behind the counter. “Were you OK with that, honey?”

“The hardest fuck I ever had but, Paddy, the best fuck I ever had, I’m serious,” Yoongi replied, as he crossed the storefront to sit back down on the sofa. He snatched up the Styrofoam container to continue eating, shoving the fork into the still hot mass of noodles and potstickers to gather some onto the metal tines. “Listen, not to get too vulgar-”

Yoongi gave Jayden a quick smirk at this just to wind him up, seeing the older man giving him the patented disgruntled father look that he had managed to master over these last couple of years.

“But I like that shit, and I like his cock too.”
“I just learned something new about you, Yoon. Something I didn’t really need to know,” Patrick said, the sound of clicking keys mixing with that of the roaring computer fan. “Thank you for that heart-to-heart.”

“So, are you two a thing now? You and this mysterious muse?” Jayden asked, as he shifted forward to collect his own mug of coffee and then got comfortable on the sofa. “A boy like that, whew, Min. He looks like he’s a real handful on the streets and, judging from what you just said, in the sheets too…”

“I, uh, I dunno,” Yoongi said with a soft shrug, hesitating in the act of shovelling a large bite of noodles into his mouth. “I ain’t… y’know, I ain’t asked him shit like that yet. Like, asking him if he wants to be a thing, a committed thing-”

“We call that a relationship, honey,” Patrick interjected in a know-it-all voice, which made him loudly scoff.

“But I like him,” Yoongi finished, quickly shovelling the noodles into his mouth because it meant that he didn’t have to reply to any more questions for a moment.

It seemed like Jayden was about to say something at this when the sound of the bell over the door rang out, the soft and musical peal catching their attention.

Yoongi saw a customer entering the store, a young-looking man with a tanned complexion and tousled hair that was parted in the middle like some Hollywood sweetheart. He studied him for a few seconds before glancing back down at his noodle cup, far more interested in the hot and tasty contents.

“Oh, are you here to collect an order? Just a moment, I’ll be with you now,” Jayden said, as he placed his coffee mug down and proceeded to get to his feet.

In the time that it took Jayden to see to the customer Yoongi just enjoyed eating his serving of food; the little hollow between his ribs satisfied with the quick but filling meal. As soon as said customer was gone it seemed like the other man had forgotten what he had been going to say to him because he fell silent on the matter.

Good, Yoongi didn’t really want to talk about Jimin too much right now. He really didn’t know what
to say in regards to questions about if they were a serious thing and other personal matters.

“Yoon, honey, come check this out and let me know that you think,” Patrick suddenly announced, catching him by surprise just as he had grabbed hold of his mug of coffee to wash down a bite of noodles.

“Uh, hang on…”

Yoongi got upright with a soft grunt, dragging his feet across the storefront as he took a quick sip of the hot coffee. He had to duck under the counter partition to stand beside Patrick, who was seated in the padded computer chair at the desk placed just beneath the wall display. He shifted to lean over his shoulder and get a better look at the computer screen, squinting at it for a couple of seconds as he took in the view in front of him.

The digital photograph file of Jimin in his metal harness was so crisp that it looked exactly like it did on the print, only Patrick had enlarged it in parts to ensure it would perfectly fit the flyer proportions. Yoongi saw that he had edited the photograph to heighten the vibrancy and produce a much deeper red just like he had been hoping for, as well as extended the upper section to create space for the flyer information. The name, *The Paradiso Lounge*, was printed in bold black above Jimin - standing out just enough to be visible but not at all distracting away from the photograph beneath it.

Patrick gestured at the screen with his fingers as he rapidly explained, “I’m thinking of positioning the bar name and address against the backdrop in black in each photograph. Even if I have to elongate it a little, like I did with this one. Well, I’ll use the backdrop in the suitable photographs and his skin in the rest. Otherwise all of this black leather is going to make it impossible to read the text. The bar information? That can go in white down below, right here. I might need to place a black band at the bottom of the shot just for the sake of it, in case it’s too hard to read without a solid background. But I think most of the shots will be just fine. So, after everyone’s finished ogling your little muse, they can read the handy information. Yes?”

“Mmm, great, that’s great, Paddy,” Yoongi said, as he slapped his hand down onto his shoulder to give it a firm squeeze. “Do that with all the mock-ups and it’ll be perfect; yeah?”

“Sure thing, Yoon. Just give me a little more time and I’ll have them all printed out for you,” Patrick promised, as he shifted to grab the mouse and started clicking at the taskbar to go between various folders and programs.

Whilst Jayden saw to a random assortment of clients that were coming in to collect their printed photographs and Patrick edited the different flyers, Yoongi mulled over his black coffee and took his
time searching through the envelope of photographs for his client commission just to check what the quality was like. It wasn’t a deep and reflective study for the sake of finding the right shots, just something to do to pass the time until Patrick was finished editing the flyer mock-ups.

Yoongi couldn’t help but think about what Jayden had asked - about him and Jimin being a thing. It was funny, they had only known each other for a couple of days and yet it seemed like they had shared so much because of their sexual intimacy. It didn’t feel like the time they had spent together was so brief, but it was likely because it had been so long since Yoongi had found himself attracted to another man as strongly as he was attracted to Jimin, and so every single second was a dizzying wave of emotions that always threatened to wash him away.

Could it be that Jimin felt the same way about him too; like he knew him on a stronger level because they had shared so many meaningful words and the deepest form of physical bonding possible?

Yoongi supposed that it was possible, and Jimin did seem to have a strong interest in him. But whether that was simple and natural curiosity, a longing to get him to open up to him so they could just continue being sexually intimate with one another, or because he genuinely wanted to get close to him and be with him - that was what he needed to figure out.

Was it too soon for him to ask Jimin if he wanted to be his boyfriend?

Yoongi really didn’t know because he couldn’t really recall having any of his ex-partners ever say such a thing to him. He had simply fallen into cohabitation with them after a couple of fucks and plenty of drinking and pills, and that had been that… until it had all fallen apart on him not long after.

Just the mere thought of asking Jimin about them entering a serious relationship made Yoongi feel nervous. He was a little frightened that talking about such things might make Jimin uncomfortable, should he be the kind of gay man that had a deep-seated fear of romantic intimacy, like so many others that Yoongi knew.

Whether it be for the sake of staying safely closeted and in a heterosexual relationship; an inability to divulge emotional and personal feelings and thoughts with someone else because they had never learned how to and had needed to keep everything bottled up through the years; or even just a plain dislike of commitment - there were so many things that might be going on in the other man’s head and personal life. But considering how comfortable and open that Jimin was at The Paradiso Lounge it seemed unlikely that he was closeted in his private life, and he seemed to be perfectly fine sharing his feelings and thoughts with him.

So what was it that scared Yoongi so much?
His own failed relationships and fear of once again being disappointed and hurt?

When he got to the photographs of Jimin masturbating on his motorbike Yoongi found his fingers slowing down as he flicked through each one. He studied them all with a great deal of interest until he reached the final shot, which was a close-up of Jimin’s leaking cock, tightly gripped in his leather-clad fist with a dribble of clear slick running down his shaft and onto the backs of his fingers.

Yoongi slipped the photographs back into the envelope to collect another envelope, the one that contained the hardcore pornographic nudes and sex shots of both him and Jimin. He wasn’t at all surprised to find his hands were less than steady as he got the glossy envelope in hand, and when he stuck his tongue out to wet his upper lip he tasted a hint of sweat clinging to the gentle dip of his philtrum.

Yoongi glanced over at Jayden for a few seconds before shifting his gaze over to Patrick. Both men were far too busy to even look in his direction, and so he quickly opened the envelope to peek at the photographs.

Just the sight of the first nude photograph of Jimin lying on his front on his sofa was enough to make Yoongi’s hands start shaking, and the subsequent shots of him on his knees looking back over his shoulder with his bare buttocks on show and then one of him lounged on the sofa with his thighs spread wide open to brazenly display his stiff cock made his breath catch in his throat. He heard a little wheeze escaping him as he hastily shut the envelope again.

No, Yoongi wasn’t going to look at the photographs right now. Not when he could feel his face flushing with warmth and a gentle heat pooling in the pit of his stomach that meant he was starting to get aroused and might just spring an erection. He had to place his hands down on his thighs to wipe his palms against the distressed denim because there was a slight outbreak of sweat clinging to them.

“Guess what?” Yoongi asked, just to break the silence that was hanging in the air and hoping to appear cool and collected.

“What?” Jayden asked in reply, without looking up from a spread of papers on the counter.

“I’m due to pay the rent in ‘bout two weeks… Actually, less than two weeks by now. Keyshawn’s already been on my ass ‘bout it ‘cos I kept paying late by, like, a whole fucking day. If I don’t pay the rent before the due date I’m out on my ass for good, no more chances.”
“…Are you serious, Min?” Jayden asked, slowly lifting his head up to look at him from over the tops of his glasses. “Do you almost have the money saved up?”

Yoongi could see Patrick glancing away from the computer screen to also look at him, his expression that of well-guarded concern.

“Uh, I’m set to make a bit of profit of these flyers, almost enough to pay for my rent, actually. But then there’s the fucking commission to think ‘bout. I can’t go tossing cash at Keyshawn to cover the cost of the rent if that means I can’t professionally print any of the photographs for Silverstein. Y’know? So, I’m probably gonna have to suck a couple dicks again…”

For a moment the camera store fell silent, and a heaviness was hanging in the air that made Yoongi feel incredibly uncomfortable. He wanted to say something to break the quiet but he just didn’t know what, and so he could only anxiously pull at the edges of his plaid shirt cuffs that were sticking out from the sleeves of his jacket; catching a loose thread between his fingers to tug and twist at it. He saw Jayden and Patrick exchanging a glance, seemingly having a silent conversation with one another that he couldn’t ever hope to figure out. It was funny how couples could do that, that strange melding of the minds so just a single glance said so many words.

“…Look, Yoongi. If your client doesn’t offer you the upfront advance for the printing costs of his commissions, and the cost is going to bite into your wallet way too much, we’ll put it on a kind of store credit thing. Yes? Like a tab,” Jayden suggested, as he reached up to push his glasses up the bridge of his nose again. “We’ll cover the additional costs for the professional prints, and when you get paid in full you can just pay back the tab. Yes? Not even all at once, just little bit little to make up the remaining debt until you’re all sorted.”

“Jay, youse guys need to stop giving me so much slack, man,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, as he gave the back of his ear a gentle scratch. “Youse just keep giving and giving and I’m taking and taking and I never give anything back.”

“Just until you get back onto your feet, Yoon,” Patrick suggested, smoothly taking over for Jayden; the other man making a soft noise in agreement. “That’s all. You’re not taking anything, you’re just getting some assistance until you can give back, hmm?”

“Yeah, but how long are youse gonna wait for me to get back on my feet, huh?” Yoongi asked with a quick laugh, and he had to drop his gaze down to stare at the envelope on his thigh because he felt so embarrassed. “It’s been a couple of years now, and I’m just worried that I ain’t ever gonna get back on my feet at this rate…”
“It takes time, Yoongi,” Jayden said in a soft, reassuring tone. “Nobody ever truly pulls themselves up from their bootstraps and gets very far on their own. We all need time and support to help us, and that’s the truth.”

“Yes, and that’s what family and friends are for too, honey - support,” Patrick added, as he started hitting several keys on the computer keyboard.

Yoongi let out a soft hum at this as he brought his thumb up to his mouth to start nibbling on his nail. He understood what they were telling him and he wanted to believe in his heart that they were right about how it might take him some time and plenty of support but he would overcome all adversity and stay standing tall. But it was hard focusing on such thoughts when he was so close to being evicted from his apartment right now.

Even when he knew that his friends only wanted to help him Yoongi felt bad about Jayden’s suggestion of opening a tab for him to pay back. It was because he knew that no other customer received such a privilege and he was so incredibly lucky to be extended such a lifeline. But there was also something shameful about it too.

Yoongi couldn’t even afford to pay $150 a month for rent without having to sell sexual favours or have his only friends provide charity because he couldn’t get any goddamn work.

$150.

Christ, no wonder he felt so ashamed of himself right now.

After a couple more minutes of silence musing Yoongi was dragged out of his thoughts by Patrick’s loud voice cutting through the air.

“OK! I’m printing the mock-ups now!” he declared, as he started rapidly dragging and clicking on the mouse.

A few seconds later the rumbling sound of the printer in the backroom filled the air, along with a series of beeps that signalled the machine was kicking into action. The roll of gloss paper was slowly pulled into the machine to begin the continuous printing process, and it made a hell of a noise as it printed the various images onto the sheet before emerging once more in the tray - ready to be cut into flyers.
It was a long and slow process and waiting for Van’s bulk order was going to take a ridiculous amount of time, but that was something Yoongi was just going to have to deal with. Hopefully he would have enough time to have them all processed and printed before the club closed, just so he didn’t have to delay giving Van her order.

Patrick had to go between the computer and printer several times, leaving each file to print and letting the ink dry before cutting it free from the roll with the guillotine blade and then queuing the next file. He hummed some jazzy-sounding song under his breath as he went between the two machines, leaving Yoongi to impatiently nibble on his fingers and nails until he finally emerged after several minutes with the finished mock-up flyers in hand.

“Here you go, honey! The mock-ups, just like you ordered!” Patrick declared, as he held the thin pile out to him.

Yoongi accepted the flyers with soft thanks, getting them in hand and turning them over to get a good look at them. The gloss paper was warm against his fingertips, fresh from the printer, and the ink was completely dry and fragrant.

“How late are you gonna be open until tonight, Jay?” Yoongi asked, as he quickly flicked between the mock-ups to check out the quality.

Just like he had known everything was perfect and free from visible flaws, and the red lighting effect was so vibrant that it was impossible to look away from the flyers.

And Jimin… boy, oh boy, then there was Jimin.

“Well, my insomnia is pretty bad these days, so, I’ll say it’ll probably be around midnight when I lock the door for the night. But if you do a special knock I’ll be sure to unlock the door, just for you,” Jayden promised, before quickly asking. “Why do you ask, Min? Are you planning on coming back later?”

“Yeah, I’ll be back tonight to order these babies if my client likes ‘em,” Yoongi said, holding his hand up to wave around the assortment of printed flyers with a limp jerk of his wrist. “Thanks for these mock-ups, Paddy, you’re a fucking saint.”

“Tell me something I don’t know, honey,” Patrick bragged with a cheeky smile and wink.
Yoongi left the camera store at a quick pace, wanting to jump a bus to get to The Paradiso Lounge as fast as possible. He could have saved himself some cash and walked there, only he didn’t know how to get to the leather bar from this part of the neighbourhood or how long it would take him to do so. Therefore, it was best to waste a buck and ensure that he got there as smoothly as possible and without any unneeded delays.

The bus was packed full of people and so Yoongi had to stand at the front, holding onto the dangling handle to stay steady on his feet; his camera lazily bouncing off his chest every single time that the vehicle rounded a corner or went over a speed bump, and the mock-ups rolled into a tube stuck inside his jacket pocket. He felt some of the passengers staring at him, but Yoongi was more than used to attracting stares every now and again.

Whether it be his sidecut, which people found unusual enough to scrutinise, or his lazy attempt at fashion that consisted of clothing he had found in thrift stores that looked more dishevelled and scruffy than cool and punk - they stared. The fact his leather jacket had several patches proudly ironed onto the lapels, like the infamous pink triangle, the Queer Nation logo, and the obligatory rainbow, those that recognised the signs recognised who he was too, and not everyone was willing to look the other way and ignore him.

No, quite a lot of people were content with staring at Yoongi in the hopes of eliciting some kind of discomfort. It was their privileged way of trying to make him feel like an invader in their little heterosexual world that should go back to hiding in the tiny gay neighbourhoods in the city without even having to say a single word to him. But they were going to have to work harder than that because he wasn’t at all frightened by the baleful glares from the women, and it was easy enough to ignore the more threatening ones coming from the men too.

The funny thing was they tried so hard to make him feel uncomfortable, and yet Yoongi knew that just his silent presence alone brought them more discomfort than they could ever hope to cause him. There was power in that knowledge, but he also knew to never get too proud of this fact. After all, not every homophobe was willing to endure their own self-inflicted silent discomfort and some were more than willing to get verbally and even physically abusive with him for simply existing in ‘their’ space.

Yeah, well, fuck them. Yoongi had every right to ride the bus just like anyone else because it was public transport, and it was about time that straight folk realised they didn’t own any public spaces at all, they just thought they did. Pretty soon Yoongi was convinced that gay folk would proudly display their queerness on the streets outside of their own safezones, and that the sight of men holding hands with other men, and women holding hands with other women, would be so mundane that no one would give a shit or have to die because of it ever again.
Talk about a pipe dream… and he wasn’t even wasted yet.

Yoongi jumped off the bus on Lenox Avenue after just several minutes, heading off down the wide and busy street to get onto West 125th Street. He had foolishly left his cigarette smouldering away in the ashtray back in the camera store and so he was craving another one already. It wasn’t just that his nicotine addiction hadn’t been sated, it was also because he was so goddamn nervous.

Yoongi was nervous because he was going to see Jimin again. He hadn’t visited The Paradiso Lounge last night, rather he had went for a long evening walk around his neighbourhood with his camera and had stayed at home for the night. He had had no need to go to the bar save for seeing Jimin. But he hadn’t wanted to appear too eager so he had forced himself to maintain a little distance instead.

Of course, that didn’t mean Yoongi hadn’t spent most of the night with his hand slipped inside his briefs, touching himself and thinking about the other man. It just meant that he had tried to not make himself seem so desperate because he was worried Jimin might end up finding it to be a turn-off.

There was being a desperate slut and then there was just being desperate. Yoongi was more than aware of the fact he was the latter, not the former. He felt a little bit like a puppy following Jimin around, only it was his dick wagging in excitement rather than a tail.

Jemin might just like this, might like having the knowledge that he had gotten under his skin and he couldn’t stop thinking about him, but Yoongi was still anxious about it all.

On the brief walk to get to The Paradiso Lounge Yoongi popped a cigarette between his lips and sparked a light so he could smoke it and try and calm his racing heartbeat. It was surprising how soothing the cigarette was on his nerves, but he knew that it wasn’t as soothing as a shot or two of whisky or a certain go-go dancer’s laughter and warm touch.

Upon reaching The Paradiso Lounge Yoongi had to wait on the sidewalk for a moment whilst a small group of men exited the building, along with another group who were waiting to go inside. It was relatively early in the evening compared to the usual time that he had been entering the club, which had been well past midnight, and so he couldn’t help but wonder how busy it might be inside. He knew that bars and clubs could open and close whenever they wanted in the city, so long as they adhered to the ban on selling alcohol between certain early morning hours, therefore it wouldn’t surprise him if there were customers inside the place at all hours of the day.

Yoongi was allowed inside the club without needing his ID checking, and he couldn’t help but notice the look that the bouncer gave him as he nodded at the door.
Yes, it seemed that his little joke about him becoming a regular was starting to come true. But seeing as the other man had seen him leaving with Jimin for two nights in a row, he should completely understand why.

As he made his way down the steps to enter the club Yoongi could both hear and feel the usual pounding music coming from the massive speakers across the interior. The current piece of music was another one of those aggressive hip hop tracks with a man spitting lyrics at the speed of light over the drumbeat equivalent of a heart attack, the lyrics often peppered with plenty of lewd sexual remarks and offensive language - particularly the word ‘cunt’, which seemed to be repeated over and over in a rapid chant just for the sake of it. He kept his hands placed against the walls for the sake of staying steady on his feet, feeling the drum line vibrating against his palms and fingertips almost like a pulse.

If the blaring music was the auditory version of a heart attack then the flashing strobe lights were the visual equivalent of an epileptic fit - which they would most certainly trigger. It was ridiculous how rapidly the bright lights flashed on and off every couple of seconds, pulsating in rhythm with the music until it was impossible to shut either one out and just focus.

Just like his two previous visits to the leather bar Yoongi found himself coming to a complete stop to take a moment to try and process it all. He stared down at his feet at first, watching the red lights flashing off the scuffed leather of his boots as he breathed in the scents all around him in deep breaths: alcohol, cigarettes, cologne, hot leather, and sweat. Then he slowly lifted his gaze up to look out across the mass of bodies that were currently crammed onto the dance floor and sitting at the spread of sofas and booths.

Even when it was just after 10pm The Paradiso Lounge was positively swarming with men. It made perfect sense that between the hours of 10pm and 1am the bar would be at its busiest for several reasons. It could mean that the early arrivals might not have left just yet whilst the newcomers were starting to flock. It could be many of the regulars had jobs that meant they couldn’t stay for too long, and so leaving before midnight was the best way to have a little fun without getting carried away and regretting it. Or it might just be that certain entertainers would perform at certain hours, and this just happened to be the most popular time for the best dancers and entertainers.

There was also the obvious fact that a lot of these men came to The Paradiso Lounge because it was a safe space for them, and so they might simply enjoy being inside the establishment without drinking, taking poppers, or sampling any other vice just because they could interact with one another and be happy without any judgement. Yoongi didn’t want to assume that none of these men had other hobbies like going to book clubs (the thought alone making him snort laughter to himself under his breath), but when one was so deeply entrenched in the BDSM and fetish lifestyle other hobbies might not spark that same level of excitement for them.
Yoongi ran his gaze across the throng of dancing bodies spread out in front of him, seeing the usual mixture of denim, leather and latex blending between flashes of exposed skin as men grinded against one another; hands slipping under the fronts of t-shirts and vests or down the waistbands of jeans and shorts. Then he shifted his gaze over the moving crowds that surrounded the dance floor, watching the masculine and effeminate serving boys carrying drinks trays and the clientele moving around the club to go between the bar and sofas or possibly the public and dark rooms.

As expected, it didn’t take long at all for Yoongi to find Jimin in the club because he was working in one of the dance cages tonight. He didn’t know if he ever took a night off considering his line of work and the fact he seemed to enjoy entertaining his boys so much. Plus, with pay that seemed good enough to keep him in his apartment whilst enjoying little luxuries without any worries, it would make sense that Jimin would take full advantage of all possible work hours to keep raking in the cash.

It was easy spotting Jimin without even needing to see his face. Yoongi could tell it was him from just a single glance, both because of his toned body and the way that he moved said body when he was dancing. He moved with rhythm, with purpose - not thrashing around in an energetic way in the hopes of grabbing the clientele’s attention so they might stop to watch and then tip him. He was dancing, Yoongi thought, dancing in a way that showed he had an actual talent for it. He might just be able to shake his ass, rock his hips, and squat down low as good as any other go-go dancer, but it seemed like he might have other dancing skills up his sleeve too.

Jimin was dressed in such a revealing way that Yoongi was stunned to the point of freezing up on the spot, his lips turning so slack that his cigarette almost dropped free to hit the floor. He felt someone bumping into him, a shoulder connecting hard with his upper back, and yet he just stumbled forward a few feet without even looking away from the dangling cage because he was that enthralled.

Jimin’s upper body was completely naked save for two obvious fetish wear items: a black leather collar and a pair of latex gloves that ran up just over his elbows. The collar was so thick in width that it covered most of his throat, and there was a silver buckle set into the top that had a large O-ring dangling from it. The leather was studded with spikes and rounded metal studs, and there was a thick metal chain with a leather handle dangling from the front like a leash that looked somewhat weighty. The gloves matched the collar, so glossy and tightly moulded to his arms that there wasn’t even a hint of a wrinkle in the material unless he folded his elbows to grab hold of the cage bars.

On his lower body Jimin wasn’t even wearing a thong like his first cage performance. No, he was only wearing his thin denier sissy boy stockings and towering stilettos, along with a latex cock and ball sheath. The black rubber was wrapped around his cock and testicles: the head of the sheath slightly pointed and the lengths ribbed and tightly stretched around his shaft. His genitals were fully encased in the glossy latex but everything else was completely exposed - his groin running up to his lower belly so that his pubic hair on complete display and his buttocks hanging free without a hint of coverage at all.
It was as if Jimin was wearing nothing more than a condom, and the fact the pointed tip was in fact a reservoir for semen meant that it actually could be used as one…

But the most shocking thing that Jimin was wearing wasn’t the cock and ball sheath, but rather the muzzle that was snapped around his lower face. It consisted of several pieces of metal that were melded to an upper and lower bar, which were held in place by a thick leather t-bar strap that ran around the back of his head and connected to the back of the collar. It didn’t obscure any of his face in the slightest, but it did create a barrier over his mouth almost as if he was dangerous; like he was some crazed beast.

Between his burning and intense eyes and sultry pout that was housed behind the pieces of metal, Yoongi thought Jimin looked more than deadly enough, like he might just sink those teeth of his into the skin of any boy he damn well pleased.

Yoongi watched Jimin dancing in the cage for a moment in complete awe, staring up at the other man in a mixture of arousal and shock. His almost naked body was covered in a thick layer of sweat that glistened in the flashing strobe lights. Beads were gathered around his hairline so that droplets coursed down his neck and chest to disappear into the dip of his navel and the thatch of his pubic hair. Sweat also ran down his back in rivulets to go down the valley between his buttocks in a way that made him want to lick the substance free from his no doubt baking hot skin.

Jimin had his arms held up to expose his armpits. His fists were tightly gripped around the bars, his legs were spread wide open, and his back was curved to allow him to lazily wave his bare buttocks down at the usual crowd of clientele that were watching his erotic dance routine. The metal chain of the leash accidentally got tangled up around his body as he rocked his hips, catching underneath his sheathed cock to get trapped between his latex-clad testicles and shaft.

But Jimin didn’t reach down to detangle himself from the metal chain, rather he tightened his grip on the leash handle and started tugging on it. The movement made his semi-stiff cock start bobbing between his wide open thighs, and this was enough to make wolf whistles cut through the air even underneath the pounding hip hop music.

Yoongi wasn’t shocked to see men tossing cash up onto the cage floor after this particular tease, nor was he surprised to find his cock stiffening so fast that it should have gotten whiplash.

Jesus Christ…
Jimin left the chain wrapped around his cock and he shifted to squat down low to the bottom of the cage, his thighs spread wide open and his hands placed on his stocking-clad knees. Then he started moving his hips in quick and hard circles in a way that made his bare buttocks softly bounce.

The act was so sexually provocative that Yoongi took a sharp intake of air and almost sucked his cigarette right down his throat. He had to reach up to take hold of it as he coughed out an accidental lungful of smoke.

All over the skin around Jimin’s upper thighs and the rounded curve of his ass Yoongi could see mottled marks; not dark enough to be ugly bruises but dark enough to stand out in contrast against his tanned and red light washed skin. There were even some raised marks that looked just like scratches, from where Yoongi’s blunt nails had sank into his skin during their passionate love-making, along with a deep and dark bruise on the curve of his shoulder that had come from his hard bite when he had orgasmed.

Yoongi had done that.

Yoongi’s thighs and buttocks were lightly covered with brown and purplish bruises from where Jimin had pounded into him when he had been fucking him; the collision between their bodies hard enough that he was still tender deep inside even now. It was in a good way, a rawness that made him feel good just like his hoarse and sore throat - both signs that he had been fucked just right.

But Jimin also had blossoming bruises and tiny scratches all over his buttocks and shoulder, which meant that Yoongi had left his own physical mark behind on his skin. Marks that Jimin could see when he looked at himself in the dressing table mirror.

Marks that he could feel.

As Yoongi stared at the bruises on his skin Jimin shifted his weight back up into his feet. But he didn’t do so to stand fully upright.

No, Jimin kept his back severely bent and his weight balanced on his fingers as he pressed his behind up against one of the cage bars and carried on shaking his ass enough to make his buttocks jiggle around the metal bar. He slowly straightened up as he shook his ass until he was almost standing upright; his back curved and his gloved hands running all over his chest to thumb at his nipple ring and tug on the metal chain of the leash.
Then Jimin suddenly started moving in a way that Yoongi could only think of as wild, his movements growing manic and somewhat violent as he dropped forward onto his hands and knees and started thrashing his head around. He crawled over to the opposite side of the cage to throw himself up against the bars, and so Yoongi could only study his back for a moment.

Jimin was entertaining one of his clients because he saw him reaching down to snag hold of his hair and drag on it, pulling at the man like he really was a wild animal. He was bent forward so that his ass was held up high in the air, the position making Yoongi gulp because he could see his sheathed genitals dangling between his open thighs and the bands of his stockings digging into the meat of his thighs.

Yoongi realised that Jimin was playing another character, that he was roleplaying as some wild animal of a man just to entertain his boys whilst he was dancing.

A man in a muzzle should have been a submissive man, yet Jimin was far from it because he was acting so wild. Wild in a way that was sexually aggressive, rather than meek. He was an animal in a cage but not because he was there to be stared like, more because he was too dangerous to be let free. This was the kind of act he couldn’t do outside of the cage because it wouldn’t have the same effect, and so he would likely go back to his cold and calculated character when he was dominating his boys.

Jimin shifted to get back to his feet with surprising ease, not even stumbling in his towering heels because he seemed to be so used to dancing in them. He gave his ass another series of hard shakes as he glared down at the men watching his performance, and the movement made the chain finally come untangled from around the base of his sheathed cock. He had just turned his attention back to the cage in front of him when he saw that Yoongi was standing a couple of feet away - staring up at him with wide and unblinking eyes, his mouth hanging open in shock.

“Jimin, holy shit!” Yoongi cried out, still very much hovering his cigarette in front of his lips. “Look at you!”

Even with a muzzle snapped over his face Yoongi saw Jimin’s dazzling smile from between the pieces of metal as he shifted to get down onto his hands and knees and crawled over to his side of the cage. He managed to find his own feet and take a couple of steps forward to get closer, just so they didn’t have to shout too much to hear one another.

That smile, that bright smile… was that a sign Jimin was happy to see him?

Yoongi didn’t know, but he felt his heart skipping in his chest in excitement at the thought that the
other man was as happy to see him as he was to see him again tonight.

“Hey, pretty cockslut!” Jimin teased, as he sat back on his heels with his thighs spread wide open, his hands snagging hold of the bars in front of him.

Yoongi knew that he should look up and hold his eyes but it was impossible not staring at the sight of his sheathed cock sitting right between his open thighs. Even underneath the pounding music he felt like he could hear Jimin’s husky laugh because he had been caught in the act, yet he didn’t feel much more than a quick flare of shameful heat spreading out across his face at this, and most of that had been caused by Jimin calling him a ‘cockslut’ again.

A pretty one at that…

“I-I’m sorry, I gotta go see Van real quick!” Yoongi said, raising his voice to ensure that he would hear him over the loud music and their slight distance. “I got mock-ups to show her! Y’know, the flyers?!”

“Oh! The flyers are ready?!” Jimin asked, his serious character slipping ever so slightly because he had caught him by surprise.

“Not yet! I, uh, I need her approval for ‘em! Listen, I’ll show you later, yeah?! First, I gotta get my ass back to the camera store to get the official flyers printed A.S.A.P.! Then I’ll come straight back to you! A’ight?”

“Sure thing, baby!” Jimin called with a quick smile, as he let go of the bar with one hand and slipped it through the slat to hold it out to him.

Yoongi hesitated for a moment, not entirely sure why he was holding his hand out to him. He took a couple more steps to get closer to him until he was within touching distance, and so Jimin stretched that little bit more to run his fingers through his hair before cupping hold of his cheek.

For a wild beast that was on a chained leash and wearing a muzzle Jimin was surprisingly tender as he ran his gloved thumb over his lips, which Yoongi pouted out to press a soft kiss against.

“Go make some money, baby!” Jimin called, as he brought his hand up to his face and stuck his thumb through the metal bars of the muzzle to press the kiss against his own lips.
“Yeah, you too, honey!” he called in reply with a quick laugh, reaching up to give his nose a rough rub with the backs of his fingers.

Yoongi stepped back a few feet to put some distance between them both, watching Jimin as he got back upright and turned away from him to continue his routine after their momentary reprieve. He dropped his gaze down to look at the clientele across the floor that were lingering around the bottom of the cage: some of them waiting to hand him tips, others no doubt wanting to be manhandled a little by him.

As soon as Jimin started dancing again Yoongi turned away from the cage to glance over at the bar. He saw that it was busier than the previous two nights he had been at the club, with quite a lot of men sitting and standing around the counter drinking and waiting for their orders. He hesitated for a moment to look back up at Jimin, seeing him lowering himself down into a low squat so his calf and thigh muscles flexed within his stockings, which he ran his hands over in a titillating fashion.

Yoongi moved to go over to the bar, weaving his way around groups of men that were dancing and making out on the dance floor and trying to avoid making too much eye-contact lest he attract the attention of more guys with poppers or other drugs that might try and tempt him into popping a pill or two. He was unable to apologise whenever he bumped his elbows into sides or backs because none of them would hear him under the now shrill electronic track screeching from the speakers, and so he tried to not slam into anyone just for the sake of it.

Upon reaching the bar counter Yoongi shifted up and down the stretch of polished wood to try and find a spot to stand at, hoping to locate the bartender so he could talk to him. He vaguely recalled that Jimin had called the bartender ‘Daddy’, which might just have been a nickname for him or might actually be a title because he had influence and power within the bar that had earned him such respect from the regulars.

The thought of calling another man ‘Daddy’ was enough to make Yoongi want to snort laughter under his breath because it felt so absurd. And yet he knew that he was going to end up doing it because he didn’t know how else to address the other man.

After a moment he caught sight of the bartender making his way back down the stretch of counter behind the bar, having just finished filling a tray with drinks for a macho serving boy. He glanced over the men in front of him, no doubt looking for one that was waiting to order or request a refill, and so Yoongi lifted his hand up to tinkle his fingers and try and attract his attention.

“Hey, uh, Daddy, I’m here to see Van,” Yoongi said, coming to a stop to slouch against the bar counter for a moment. “It’s ‘bout the flyer commission?”
“Sure thing, head on back, Twinkie Pie,” the bartender said, gesturing at the partition to let him know that he could duck behind the counter with him.

Yoongi didn’t know where the hell the other man had gotten that nickname from but he recalled that Jimin’s bodyguard, Raphael, had also called him a goddamn twink.

Had Jimin made a joke about him at some point, had the bartender himself thought of the nickname, or had the dancer said something to him about him that had led him to that conclusion?

Yoongi didn’t know, and so he just held his tongue and ducked underneath the counter to go into the backroom. He pushed on the door to go down the concrete steps at a quick pace, reaching into his jacket pocket to collect the rolled-up flyers and get them in hand.

“Hey, Van,” Yoongi greeted, as he stuck his head around the door frame to look in at the manageress.

Van was currently seated at her desk in the midst of doing something that looked like finances; judging from the large calculator sitting beside her half-empty beer bottle.

“Oh, it’s you again! Yoongi, right? Or was it Yoonki?”

“Yeah, Yoongi. I’m here ‘bout the flyers,” he rapidly explained, stepping inside the small office and anxiously fidgeting with the rolled-up tube. “The photoshoot went great, it went fucking great. I sorted through all the photographs, there was a lot of photographs, and I selected what I think are the best choices. I got ‘em printed out as mock-ups, y’know, samples, so you can check ‘em out and let me know if you approve of ‘em.”

“Oh, yeah? Samples?” Van remarked, as she pushed her desk chair back and reached up to clap her hands together. She briskly rubbed them together with an excited sound, which made him softly laugh, and then she held her hands out to him and wriggled her fingers. “C’m’here! Show ‘em to mama!”

Yoongi crossed the office to hand the flyers to Van, which she accepted and then placed down on the desk in front of her. When she started spreading them out across the rest of the papers on the surface she let out a surprised sound at the variety that he had presented her with, perhaps because she hadn’t expected so many different flyers or perhaps she was surprised by the visuals.
“Wow, there’s so many options!” she exclaimed, as she placed the last mock-up down and proceeded to run her gaze over them all. “Christ, kid! No wonder you need a little help picking! How many was there before you picked these ones, huh?”

“Uh, 35 photographs,” Yoongi explained, as he lowered himself down onto the edge of the sofa cushion. He slipped his hands between his thighs to try and stop himself from fiddling too much, just knowing that he would end up pulling on the loose threads of his distressed jeans or even start biting his nails again.

“Alright! Let me get a good look at these flyers. But I’ll tell you right now, Yoongi, I’m loving what I’m seeing,” Van said, shifting in her seat and moving to collect one of the flyers to study it more closely.

“Oh, yeah?” Yoongi asked in a soft voice, glancing up from the spread of flyers on the desk to look at her face.

“Oh, yeah, honey!”

Whilst Van went from flyer to flyer, studying not only the photographs of Jimin that he had selected but also checking the layout of the text so she could ensure that it was all good, Yoongi let his own gaze flicker across her office as to not stare at her too much.

Yoongi’s eyes shifted between the framed black and white photographs of Bettie Page and the softcore lesbian pornography with a degree of visual interest before focusing on one of a muscular torso of a man with his wrists bound together with rope; a loop of which was snagged underneath his erect cock and testicles to lift them up so they were almost in reach of his clasped hands.

Looking at the photograph made Yoongi think about Jimin’s dance performance in the cage - the way that he had accidentally gotten tangled up in the leash chain and had started tugging on the handle to simulate masturbation, the thick chain sitting right between his sheathed cock and testicles.

Yoongi found it difficult to swallow for a moment, running his tongue around his mouth to find that it was somewhat dry and feeling the metal ball of his piercing rubbing against the roof of his mouth. He had seen Jimin in handcuffs, but it hadn’t crossed his mind to get him to wear them during their impromptu nude photoshoot. He felt a brief moment of regret over this fact, but then he realised that there could very well be many more chances for him to get Jimin to pose with such props again in the future.
“You wanna know something funny?” Van suddenly said, as she lowered one of the mock-ups from her face to glance over at him. Her voice caught Yoongi’s attention, made him rapidly look between her and the erotic photograph in turn. “The only thing I told you I wanted from these flyers was that you make ‘em eye-catching because I trusted you as a photographer to get exactly what I would want and need. That’s all I told you and yet… it’s like you read my mind! Goddamn, kid! This is exactly what I was imagining, only a hundred times better!”

“Seriously, Van?” Yoongi asked in shock, fully dragging his eyes away from the bondage photograph to return her gaze. “You like ‘em?”

“Listen, kid. One, the photographs of Jimin, my little studmuffin, they’re fucking fantastic. Did you direct him, tell him what you wanted for the shoot?”

“No, Jimin posed himself for pretty much all of ‘em,” he replied, hastily adding. “I only told him when to change costumes or to get down on the floor - that’s all.”

“Hmm, of course Jimin did it all on his own. That boy, he loves attention and he loves posing. He was probably having the time of his fucking life, huh?”

Yoongi made a soft sound in agreement before laughing because the woman was completely correct.

Jumin really had been having the time of his life during their photoshoot. Not only because it had sexually excited them both whilst he had been posing, but because he had genuinely enjoyed being in front of the camera and displaying himself with the knowledge that the bar clientele were going to look at the flyers and also get excited by his erotic and provocative costumes, facial expressions and poses.

“Two, the red lighting? The red filter? Whatever it is you did, the colouration is fucking great,” Van continued, as she placed the flyer down to get another one in hand. “When guys look at these flyers and they see Jimin, looking like a little leather daddy and a sissy boy bitch - whatever they desire - they see that red colour on his skin. Then when they come to the leather bar and see my studmuffins dancing in the cages with the red strobe lighting? What they’ve been fantasising about, it’s right there in front of ‘em. Boys, boys, boys, just like the sign outside says. Live nude boys and dancers, just for their entertainment.”

“I thought ‘bout the lighting when I first entered the bar,” Yoongi explained, as he shifted forward on the cushion and stuck his tongue out to wet his lips. “I remember seeing the red lights and thinking…”
danger, excitement, and sex. I wanted to replicate that gut feeling in these flyers, that, uh, that exhilaration. Y’know?

“There’s something so erotic about red lights, right? Makes you just wanna fuck,” Van remarked, to which he hummed in agreement. “And speaking about fucking… the props.”

“Yeah, Jimin selected ‘em all. He selected the costumes too,” Yoongi replied with a slow nod, feeling a lock of hair falling forward over his eyes that he quickly knocked aside with his fingers. “I think he made the right choices. He wants everyone that looks at the flyers to know the kinda establishment this bar is.”

“And not to mention the fact the information on the flyers is just perfect. Readable, clear and concise, tells guys exactly what they need to know,” Van finished, placing the flyer down on the desk and shifting to fold her arms on the wooden surface. “Alright, so, decisions… decisions.”

After a moment of silent studying Van moved to start shifting the mock-up flyers across the desk.

Yoongi could see that she was separating them into groups, presumably one for the flyers she wanted printing and one for the flyers she wasn’t interested in.

“So, about these mock-ups, kid,” Van remarked, holding up two of the samples in front of her face to rapidly look between them. “This means the flyers are ready to be printed, right?”

“Yeah, I can head back to the camera and printing store, get ‘em all printed out for you before this place closes for the night,” Yoongi promised without a hint of hesitation, knowing that he could keep his word because Jayden had told him he would stay open just for him. “How many do you want, huh?”

“Gimme… 500, 100 of each of these photographs,” Van explained, and so Yoongi got to his feet to lean over the desk and look at her selections. “I’m gonna have the flyers left out on the bar for guys to take, so, I’m hoping that should be a good amount.”

The five photographs that Van had selected were as such: Jimin’s bare and toned spine with his hands cuffed behind his back, the bar title printed right beneath his sharp shoulder blades; Jimin with his military cap on his head, his wrists cuffed in front of his chest and the silver key between his teeth; Jimin wearing his borrowed leather jacket tugging on his chest harness; Jimin with the jacket bunched around his elbows and his latex thong-clad groin thrust out towards the viewer of the flyer;
and Jimin turned away from the camera in his sissy boy thong and stockings with the riding crop shoved up underneath the curve of his bare buttocks.

“And you see these ones, these ones right here?” Van said, as she moved to pick up two of the mock-ups from the rejection pile. “I’ve got a question.”

“Shoot,” he said, glancing away from the flyer pile to eye the mock-ups that she had selected.

Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised to see she had selected the photograph of Jimin wearing his military cap with his gloved fingers shoved between his full lips and the one of Jimin lying on the floor in his lingerie, stockings and stilettos, with his legs kicked up into the air and his head rolled back in ecstasy.

“I know I only asked you for flyers, but can you get these blown up bigger, like poster size? I’ll give you another… 100 dollars upfront for the printing costs if you can get me about 100 posters. I want these in poster form for outside on the bar walls and in the windows of a couple of gay businesses I know will let me display ‘em. Yeah? You think you can get that done for me?”

“I can get you the flyers tonight, no problem - all 500. The posters, uh, I might be able to get ‘em too. I gotta get the files edited and that can take awhile, but I’ll try and get ‘em all done for you. Yeah?”

“Alright, 100 dollars upfront. If you bring me back those flyers and posters tonight, before the club shuts, you’re looking at… 200 dollars for the flyer and poster bundle?”

“Posters cost a little more than flyers,” Yoongi said in a quiet voice, as he slowly looked up from the spread of mock-ups on the desk to hold her gaze. “225 dollars for the 500 flyers and 100 posters?”

Van didn’t reply to this right away and for a moment Yoongi felt a twinge of regret for trying to barter with her. He was never that good at doing so and he was always scared that he might come across as too greedy and put off the few clients he had managed to find by asking for that extra bit more.

But he was telling the truth.

Van might just be offering him a big amount of cash for this deal, but Yoongi knew just how much that said deal would cost to print and so he wasn’t looking at a massive amount of profit by the end.
After a moment of silent thought Van moved to hold her hand out to him in offering to let him know that she had accepted the deal.

Yoongi was so stunned that he didn’t move to shake her hand for a few seconds. But then he managed to control his body and moved to take hold of her hand and let her shake it.

Jimin was right, Van really was a bull-dyke with a tight grip like that, and she rapidly pumped their entwined hands thrice in a firm handshake before letting go again.

“Just give me a minute, kid, and I’ll go get that advance for you,” Van promised, as she moved to get out from behind the desk and crossed the floor to leave the office.

“Sure thing,” Yoongi mumbled, turning to look back over his shoulder to watch her go for a moment before turning back to her desk.

Whilst Van was absent from the office Yoongi picked up the pile that she wanted to be made into flyers and posters, rolling them up into a tube and once more slipping them into his leather jacket pocket. Then he collected the three remaining mock-ups and folded them up to shove them inside his jeans pocket, no longer needing them. He could feel his body thrumming with a mixture of excitement and nerves because he was so hyped by what was happening right now; his hands shaking at his sides until he slipped them into his jacket pockets to try and disguise his trembling fingers.

Van returned a moment later with a series of notes in her hand, which she held out to him in offering.

Yoongi accepted the money, eyeing the crisp green bills as he retrieved his wallet from his jeans and hastily slipped the cash inside.

“I’ll be as fast as I can, yeah? The printing can take awhile, but I’ll get ‘em to you before you close,” Yoongi promised, shoving the wallet back into his jeans pocket. “I, uh, I gotta hurry up and get my ass back here to see Jimin.”

“Oh, yeah?”
“Yeah, have you seen him tonight?” Yoongi asked with a quick and wheezy chuckle, reaching up to rub his palm against his stubbly scalp. “Shit, Van…”

“You like my little studmuffin, huh?” Van asked, as she sat down in her chair and settled back; the leather creaking from her weight.

“Yeah, I, uh, I like him,” he admitted, avoiding her gaze as ran his eyes across the photographs on her office wall. “He, uh, he’s very likeable, Van, and… y’know, talented.”

“Funny, Jimin was in this office just last night looking for you,” she said in a matter-of-fact voice, as she folded her arms across her chest. “I think he was hoping you would’ve come to see me over the flyers. He seemed disappointed when he found out you hadn’t come to the bar, and he had a cute little pout on his face when he dragged his feet back up the stairs.”

Yoongi was so surprised by this that he didn’t quite know what to say to Van, he could only stare at her as he slowly processed her words.

Jimin had come looking for him when he hadn’t showed up to the bar last night? He had actually tried to find him because he had been hoping to see him again?

“So, yeah, you might wanna hurry up your little bottom ass and go and see him again,” Van finished with a quick smile, before she turned her attention back to the papers spread across her desk.

Yoongi exited the office to leave the club as fast as he possibly could, even when the idea of leaving Jimin behind was practically torture. It wasn’t even because the other man was wearing something sexy and he wanted to watch him dancing. It was because he kept thinking about the way that Jimin had smiled when he had noticed him standing underneath his cage and the fact Van had told him he had been looking for him in her office last night when he hadn’t found him hanging around the club.

Even though Yoongi had been hoping that Jimin had been thinking about him, that he might have missed him when he hadn’t shown up at The Paradiso Lounge last night, a part of him had almost convinced himself that it was childish to think such things. Yet Van had just revealed to him the truth - Jimin had been looking for him. That was a sign he really had missed him, even if only a little.

After hitting the street Yoongi once more had to jump a bus to ride across the neighbourhood and return to Harlem Camera. Luckily for him the journey didn’t take too long at all, but it was so difficult staying still on the bus seat and not gnawing on his poor fingers; one of his legs anxiously
bobbing up and down without rest.

Upon reaching the camera store Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised to see that it was open because the sign was still hanging in the front window to let people know they could enter. It was only around 10:30pm and he knew the store would likely stay open until around 11pm before Jayden flipped the sign over and remained in the storefront working on orders or simply relaxing until he finally managed to get some sleep. The lights were all switched on inside, and there was a wonderfully warm glow coming from the large windows that cast some illumination out onto the sidewalk that washed over Yoongi as he moved to get to the door and pushed it open to step inside.

“Hello again, Min,” Jayden greeted with a quick and fond smile, as he looked up from a camera that he was attempting to fix; a spread of tools placed across the counter. “I take it everything went well with the commission?”

“Uhuh, it went fucking great, man,” Yoongi said with a vigorous nod, crossing the floor to get to the counter. “Where’s Paddy, huh? He asleep already?”

“He just finished dinner, so, he’s probably in the shower getting ready for bed,” he replied, as he placed a screwdriver aside on the counter to free up his hands. “Oh, bed. How I miss being able to lie down in our bed and just… sleep.”

“If I couldn’t sleep I’d blow my fucking head off, Jay,” Yoongi muttered, reaching inside his jacket pocket to collect the folded roll of mock-ups. “There’s only a couple of things in life that make it worth it: food, fucking, sleeping, and hot, hot showers.”

“And love. Don’t forget about love, Min,” Jayden added, as he folded his hands on the counter and watched him placing the mock-ups down on the glass surface. “That’s the most important thing. Now, what’s going on with these flyers? What do you need, hmm?”

“Uh, these five mock-ups, these ones right here?” Yoongi said, as he pointed at the pile he had placed to the left. “I need 500 flyers, 100 of each. And these two mock-ups over here? 100 copies, 50 of each, but as posters. Uh, 18” by 24”? She wants ‘em hanging on the wall outside the leather bar and in store windows, so, that should attract plenty of attention. Right?”

“500 flyers, 100 posters… whew, that’s a big order. That’s going to cost you about… 275 dollars,” Jayden said, furrowing his brow as he worked out the order cost for him.
“Goddamn, posters are expensive, huh?!” Yoongi cried out in shock, leaning against the counter and quickly looking over the spread of mock-ups. “275 dollars, a’ight… gimme a sec.”

Yoongi rummaged through his wallet, which currently contained the two advances that Van had paid him, along with a couple of old wrinkled notes and the remaining $50 from Jimin’s advance for his professionally printed photograph. He pulled it all out and dropped his wallet down onto the counter, thumbing through the bills to count them.

“…Shit,” Yoongi breathed out in a soft whisper. “She’s paying 225 dollars for the whole deal, but I only got, uh, 264 dollars as an advance on me right now.”

“OK,” Jayden said in a quiet voice, as he reached up to push his spectacles up the bridge of his nose. “How about we just-”

“I can pay you the 260, Jay, and get the extra to you first thing tomorrow to cover the costs and-”

“Yoongi, Yoongi, listen,” Jayden spoke over him, his voice soft but commanding enough to make Yoongi hold his tongue and listen to what he was saying. “How about we just consider giving you a small discount on the order because it’s a big one? Let’s say… 250 dollars for the bundle, yes?”

“260 dollars, I got enough cash,” Yoongi argued, not wanting his friend to knock a whooping $25 off the cost of the order because that was too big of a discount for him.

“I feel better rounding it down to 250,” Jayden persisted, revealing that he had little interest in bartering with him. Unlike with Van, however, Yoongi knew he wasn’t going to be able to negotiate this particular deal. “250 dollars and you go make me another mug of chamomile tea whilst I edit the files for the posters. Yes?”

Yoongi thought this over for a moment as he studied his friend’s face, not wanting to back down right away because he wanted him to know that he really was willing to pay $260 for the printing costs. But even though he put up the act he knew it was pointless bickering with the older man and that it was best to accept his offer and get the process started so he could return to The Paradiso Lounge and give the goods to Van.

“…Deal,” Yoongi said, holding the cash out to him.
Jayden accepted the cash, taking hold of his hand in his free hand to give it a quick shake, just like they always did so when sealing a deal. He placed the money aside for a moment to grab a scrip of paper and a pen, dutifully scribbling down a receipt for him that Yoongi could keep for reference.

“How long d’you think it’s gonna take?” Yoongi asked, impatiently tapping his fingers against the counter as he watched him jotting down the order details.

“An order this big? It’s probably going to take me an hour to get everything edited, printed, cut and packaged for you, Min,” Jayden replied, holding the receipt out to him in offering.

“Shit, I’m gonna take a nap after making you that tea,” he muttered, accepting the receipt and shoving it into his jeans pocket.

Jayden moved to go over to the Macintosh and load it up again, and so Yoongi crossed the storefront to enter the backroom and go into the small room that served as emergency kitchen.

There was nothing more inside said kitchen than a counter with a microwave placed on it; along with a cupboard on the wall that often contained cups of instant noodles, various wooden tea caddies and sachets of instant coffee powder, and maybe some tins of soup and other canned goods that Yoongi often ended up devouring when he was in the store.

There was also a water dispenser in the corner, and so Yoongi filled up one of the mugs with water, rummaged through the cupboard for the chamomile tea, and then he popped the mug into the microwave and set the timer.

Whilst he waited for the tea to brew Yoongi did some rough calculations. He was good at maths and so he didn’t even need to jot anything down; working out the sums in his head and softly whispering the figures under his breath as he watched the mug spinning round and round within the microwave.

Over the last couple of days Yoongi had received two new commissions on top of his client, Silverstein, and his fetish commission.

First, Van had commissioned the flyers and posters from him, and the sum of printing the goods was $250. She had given him a combined advance of $200 dollars and the bill for product was $225, making the commission $425 in total.
Yoongi was set to make $225 dollars on the flyer and poster commission alone, after the full advance $200 had been deducted.

Secondly, Jimin had commissioned a professionally printed photograph of the two of them, and the sum of ordering the print was $100. He had given him an advance of $150 for the printing cost and promised to pay $75 for the completed print.

Yoongi was set to make $75 from the professional print commission, after deducting both the $100 printing cost and the $50 leftover from the advance that he had needed to use to print the flyers and posters for Van.

There was also Silverstein’s commission to think about, but there was no telling just how much he was set to make from that particular deal. It could be a couple of hundred dollars if he was lucky, after the printing costs had been deducted from the bill.

Whatever the case, Yoongi was set to make $300 on these two combined commissions minus a couple of bucks for processing his film rolls. That was the kind of money he hadn’t seen from his photography in a couple of months now. He had been scraping together the bare minimum to pay for rent, and most of that had come from giving blowjobs to acquaintances rather than his actual craft.

But $300? It was such a small figure and yet Yoongi felt proud of himself for making such an amount. He felt proud because if he could reach that figure then that meant he could make even more cash in the future, if he tried hard enough and played his cards right. It was a nice boost to his confidence, one that reminded him he actually did have a talent for this, a talent he was going to get acknowledgement for someday soon.

As soon as the tea was finished brewing Yoongi collected the mug and carried it back into the storefront. He saw that Jayden was still standing over the Macintosh, one of the files open on the screen that he was in the act of readying for printing.

“I’m almost done editing the files, should only take me another minute, and I’ve set the first group of 100 flyers to start printing already,” Jayden explained, glancing over at him as he placed the mug down on the counter.

“Good, I’m gonna nap on that sofa. Wake me up when they’re finished, Jay,” Yoongi said, collecting the mock-ups from the counter and rolling them up to slip them back into his jacket pocket. Then he crossed the floor to throw himself down onto the plush leather sofa, curling up on the cushions to get as comfortable as possible.
Yoongi had only just closed his eyes when he heard Jayden’s voice calling out to him: soft, but not soft enough to be lost underneath the rumbling printer in the backroom.

“I’ve been thinking about the conversation we had earlier, about this muse of yours.”

“Mmm,” Yoongi hummed, letting him know that he was listening. “What ‘bout him, Jay?”

“Just… be careful, OK, son?” he suggested. “Pat and I have seen you go through a couple of men these last few years and to be completely frank with you, Yoongi, they were all trash.”

Yoongi snorted at Jayden’s words because it had been quite some time since he had last heard the other man be so brusque about something. He was always so mature with his words, never the one to let his emotions control him, and yet the subject of Yoongi’s disastrous attempts at relationships never failed to get under his skin and make him get a little spicy.

“You see, we know that you put on this big, mean punk routine, with the cursing and the spitting, and wearing boots too big for your goddamn feet-”

“Oh, shut up, man!”

“But we know that deep down you wear your heart on your sleeve,” Jayden finished over his indignant protestations. “Your torn sleeve, I should say. I know I’m jumping the gun here in assuming that you’re infatuated with this dancer - what was his name again?”

“Jimin.”

“Jimin, ah, yes, Jimin. I’m likely assuming things, but I just want you to know how I feel about the situation. That’s all. I’m not assuming that Jimin is a bad man, like the others, or even just not right for you. All I’m saying is be careful with your feelings, yes? Don’t do that thing you always do, when you get stuck between a casual fling and a committed relationship but you don’t understand where you stand, so, you just let another man use you until it all falls apart.”
“You ain’t gotta worry ‘bout me, Jay,” Yoongi promised in a soft voice, angling his head to roll his eyes and try to look over at him. “I mean, I like him. Yeah, I like him a lot, a fucking lot. But it’s a different kinda feeling to the rest, y’know? It’s like when I’m ‘round him my heart beats all funny and I feel so nervous and scared, but it ain’t ‘cos I’m scared of him. Not like the other assholes, when they started hitting the hard drugs or fighting with me all the fucking time. It’s like… the sex we’ve had is so good, but so’s the attention. And he’s giving me so much attention right now, I can’t believe it.”

“That’s good, Yoongi. It’s good when someone gives you attention,” Jayden remarked in a quiet voice. “Is he listening to you? Does he share and listen in turn?”

“Yeah, yeah, he listens to me ranting ‘bout social justice and cameras and all that shit, and he shares stuff too. Like ‘bout growing up in Harlem and what it’s like working in the bar scenes. He’s told me ‘bout himself. We talk, it ain’t just mindless fucking, even when fucking’s always on our minds when we’re together,” Yoongi admitted, feeling no shame in doing so. “But Van - she’s the owner of the leather bar. Van… she told me that Jimin was looking for me last night when I didn’t go to the bar, that he wanted to see me and he seemed, I dunno, sad that I wasn’t there.”

“He did?”

“Mmm, he was looking for me whilst I was at home, thinking ‘bout him. Ain’t that kinda funny? We’ve only known each other for a few days, but I really do think I wanna get serious with him. I’m just tryna find a way of saying that shit to him, that’s all. It’s hard, it’s so fucking hard talking ‘bout things like that when I dunno what’s going on in his head. But I can’t let a man like Jimin walk out of my life after a few rough fucks. I want a man like that fucking me for the rest of my goddamn life, Jay.”

Jayden let out a soft chuckle at this, finding amusement from his words even if he was being vulgar like usual.

“Goddamn, he got me good with his dick,” Yoongi muttered, reaching up to lazily scratch at his scalp. “Hit me with it so good it was like I ain’t ever been fucked before. Y’know? It was like a completely new experience, being fucked like that. And when he’s finished he does this thing where he just… holds me, holds me tight in his arms and kisses me. Shit, Jay, I need that.”

“You crave affection, Yoongi. That’s really no surprise at all. We all crave affection and the physical touch of others, even platonically, and you just never receive that level of affection that you need.”
“I need a man to hold me, not push me away… not like the others,” Yoongi agreed in a soft voice, slowing his teasing fingers down to a stop in his hair; a soft tangle of locks snagged around his knuckles.

Just like he had joked about, Yoongi really did end up falling into a light nap on the sofa whilst he waited for the flyers and posters to print. Because of the size of the order it was going to take a long time to complete, meaning that he just had to sit there and wait until it was ready.

Jayden wandered into the backroom with his steaming mug of tea in hand to check up on the printer and start cutting the first wave of flyers with the guillotine, and it was around that time that Yoongi ended up drifting off to sleep on the sofa; his head resting on the armrest and one of the throw cushions hugged against his chest.

It was only a light nap and so Yoongi didn’t dream so much as float in a tranquil state between consciousness and slumber - still able to hear the rumbling of the printing machines and the sharp slicing sound of the guillotine blade as it cut through the flyers, but not able to move any of his limbs because they were far too heavy. His breathing even slowed down to a deep and slow rhythm, as he inhaled through his nose and softly exhaled through his slack lips.

It seemed like he had only just drifted off to sleep when Yoongi felt Jayden’s hand dropping down onto his shoulder to give him a couple of gentle shakes to try and wake him up. He let his breath out in a hard snort, jerking his head up off the cushion and opening his eyes to stare up at the other man.

“It’s all done, Min. Everything’s printed and packaged for you. Here.”

Jayden had a bag in hand, a white plastic bag covered with a black printed illustration of a camera and the store name, ‘Harlem Camera’, underneath it with the address and contact information. It was bulging with goods: a large parcel placed in the bottom that was the flyers and the rolled-up posters held together with a thread of twine sticking up out of the top as the rolls were just a little too long to fully fit inside the bag.

Yoongi shifted to sit up with a deep grunt, hastily rubbing at his heavy eyelids to force them open and sniffing hard a couple of times. He dropped his head forward to give his stiff neck a quick attempt at a massage and then he rolled it back again with a weary sigh.

“What time’s it, Jay?” he asked, as he accepted the bag of goods from him.
“Almost midnight, the process took a little longer than I was expecting,” Jayden replied, reaching down to give his hair a quick touch to try and help flatten the usual mess and make it look more presentable. “I don’t know how Pat manages to get it done so fast, but that’s probably because I always hesitate when cutting the flyers. I’m always worried I’ll cut them wrong.”

“Nah, they’ll be perfect. Everything youse guys do is always perfect,” Yoongi remarked, as he slowly shifted to get to his feet and let out a loud yawn. “Thanks for this, Jay. Seriously, thanks.”

Yoongi left the camera store at a quick pace, crossing the empty and well-lit sidewalks to get back to the bus stop. The store bag dangled from his elbow and swung back and forth with each step, the package of flyers having a considerable weight to them. After waiting for a couple of minutes he boarded the vehicle and rode it across the neighbourhood for what would hopefully be the last time for the evening - save for the chance he might need to ride another bus back home to South Bronx.

After the brief ride Yoongi once more exited the bus and hastily made his way along Lenox Avenue to get to The Paradiso Lounge, which he entered a quick pace. He didn’t even hesitate, crossing the still packed dance floor to get to the bar so he could slip behind the counter and go down into the Van’s basement office.

As expected, Van was still in said office because it seemed like she stayed in the basement most of the time, no doubt keeping an eye on the nightly running of the leather bar, her employees, and making sure there were no problems whilst juggling all the daily financial elements of the business.

“Hey, Van, I got the shit,” Yoongi announced, as he held the bag up in front of him. It dangled from his fingers with a dry rustling sound. “500 flyers, 100 posters, just like you asked.”

“Hell yeah, kid! Bring ‘em to mama!” Van declared, once more clapping her hands together in excitement.

Yoongi moved over to her desk and placed the bag down on the surface, reaching inside to slip out the rolled-up poster tube and package of flyers. Jayden had fastened them all together with pieces of twine, and he had been sure to wrap some brown paper around the flyers to keep them protected from any damage.

Van went straight for the parcel of flyers, tugging on the twine and pulling away the brown paper to reveal the contents. She let out a pleased sound as she grabbed hold of one of the corners to flick through the pile and get a quick look at each of the designs.
Yoongi dragged on the twine to unknot it and let the posters unroll onto the desk. Then he selected one from the pile, holding it up in front of his body so it dropped down close to his knees; revealing the design to the woman because she had yet to see what a poster would look like.

“Holy shit, honey!” Van exclaimed, looking up from the flyers to run her gaze across the large poster of Jimin lying sprawled on his back in his lingerie and heels. “Yes, yes, yes! That’s perfect! That’s so fucking perfect!”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah!” she reaffirmed with a vigorous nod, letting go of the flyers to move over and give the posters a quick check too. “The quality’s fucking stupendous.”

“Stupendous,” Yoongi repeated with a quick chuckle, reaching up with one hand to cover his grin with his fingers; the poster dangling from his grip. “Is the size a’ight? You said you wanted it on the walls outside and in windows, so, I didn’t wanna go too big. But then I didn’t wanna order posters only a little bit bigger than the flyers; y’know?”

“No, these are perfect, kid,” she said, parting the pile of posters to get a good look at the other design - the one of Jimin with his gloved fingers shoved in his open mouth. “Seriously, I’m gonna have to get these babies pasted up on the walls as soon as possible, and in those windows too. As for the flyers, I’ll have ‘em out on the bar counter tomorrow the very second we open the doors for business.”

Yoongi knew that he should try and keep his cool and not look too happy about this, but he found he couldn’t help but smile because he was so pleased. It was one thing knowing he had made a great deal, but it was another thing entirely knowing that Van was actually very happy with her order. This was because it meant he had delivered not only good quality, but had went above and beyond expectations to really impress her with his work.

Delivering great quality content not only meant that she might commission him for something new in the future, but she could even recommend him to other people she knew that might need his service for their own businesses.

“Hang on, let me just get your payment, kid,” Van said, as she placed the posters back down on her desk. “I’ll be right back.”
“Sure thing,” Yoongi said, carefully placing the poster down on the desk to free up his hands again. He shoved his hands into his jacket pockets to keep from fiddling with the flyers and posters too much.

Van was gone for a minute or two before she returned to the office to hand Yoongi his payment for the promotional commission. He quickly collected his wallet to slip the money inside.

“Oh, and kid?” Van suddenly said, her voice catching him by complete surprise as he closed his wallet and shoved it back into his jeans pocket.

“Yeah?”

“The Freedom Day Parade’s coming up,” she explained, as she carefully rolled the posters back into a tube. “Every year, without a doubt, me and my studmuffins go out onto the streets down in Greenwich Village. We set up a stand, we sell non-alcoholic refreshments and give away free condoms with all purchases, as well as leaflets from local sexual health clinics to spread the word about HIV, hepatitis, the usual shit. We advertise the bar by word of mouth for those that want to spend the night having fun. But I’ve really been thinking that the best way to drum up the business for the day would be to hand out more flyers. You know, on the day. Serve ‘em a drink, hand ‘em a condom and a little flyer - nothing too big, smaller than these ones. Just to try and guide ‘em back to the bar in the evening. You know?”

“Sounds like a good idea, Van,” he remarked, wondering if she was going exactly where he thought she was going.

“Do you go to the Freedom Day Parade?”

“Nah, I ain’t ever went to the parade before. I ain’t too fond of it. The commercialisation of our cause and struggle being fed into the consumerist agenda, it kinda feels like gayxplotation to me; y’know?” Yoongi muttered, as he reached up to scratch at the back of his ear. He realised that his reply had sounded rather brusque, and so he quickly added. “Why’d’you ask, huh?”

“There’s about two weeks until the big day, so, there’s no rush. You interested in making a little more cash? Because I could really do with more flyers like these babies,” Van said, as she picked up one of the flyers from the pile and held it up to display it to him. “Yeah?”

Yoongi glanced between Van’s face and the flyer in her hand for a couple of seconds, seeing it was
the design that featured Jimin’s bare back and handcuffed wrists - *The Paradiso Lounge* printed across his red skin like a black brand. He realised that such a commission would bring in less cash than this one because she was only requesting an order of smaller flyers, but even that was easy cash to make with minimum effort required. Hell, even an extra $10 in his pocket was better than nothing, and so he would have to be mad or incredibly busy to turn down such an opportunity.

“Sure, Van, I’m down for making more flyers for you,” Yoongi promised, as he moved to hold his hand out to her in offering for a shake. “Just lemme know when. Y’know, pass the word along to Jimin so he can tell me when I come visit the bar.”

“Will do, kid, will do,” she said, taking hold of his hand to give it a final shake up fully seal the deal. “Now, go back out there and be gay as hell; alright? Grab yourself a drink, tell Daddy that Leather Mama said you could have one on the house.”

“Will do,” Yoongi replied with a quick smile, shoving his hand back into his jacket pocket. “Thanks for the commission, Van. I had a fucking great time doing it, and I’m glad you’re satisfied with the results.”

“No, thank you for making my investment worth it, Yoongi,” she said, quickly adding. “And speaking of satisfaction, ain’t there a certain dominant studmuffin waiting for you up on the dance floor? You shouldn’t keep a man like that waiting, honey…”

Yoongi left the basement office with a slight skip in his step as he went up the stairs, unable to fight the urge to smile because he felt so goddamn great tonight. Everything had just went so perfect today, and now he had the entire night off to just drink, take in the sights and sounds of *The Paradiso Lounge*, and spend as long as he goddamn wanted with Jimin… maybe even have sex and wake up with him lying in his bed again.

“Uh, Daddy, Van said I could have a drink on the house,” Yoongi said, as he quickly ducked under the counter and shifted to lean against the wood in a comfortable slouch.

“Oh, yeah? What do you take? Whisky? Glenfiddich, right?” the bartender asked, as he quickly placed a couple of drinks onto a tray for a pretty, effeminate serving boy.

“Gimme a glass of red, uh, Cabernet Sauvignon,” Yoongi requested, folding his elbow on the counter to rest his chin against his rolled-up fingers as he ran his gaze across the glowing drinks display behind the bar.
“Coming right up, Twinkie Pie.”

Yoongi scoffed at this, once more rolling his eyes at the teasing nickname. He was more amused than offended because he was taking it to be a compliment.

Twinks were attractive, if not a little predictable, and it wasn’t often that Yoongi was praised for being attractive in any way when he was surrounded by perma-tan white boys with toothy smiles, or gorgeous black boys with supple bodies, or boys that were just like Jimin - so confident and good-looking that they were almost unreal. It wasn’t that he thought he was unattractive, he just thought that he wasn’t the kind of guy to be modelling in Advocate Men or fawned over by men at this club.

Daddy added a liberal splash of red wine into a deep glass, which he slid along the counter for him to catch.

Yoongi did so, seeing the deep red liquid splashing against the curved sides in an alluring fashion. He nursed the bowl of the glass in his palm, the thin leg caught between his fingers, and he brought it up to his face to breathe in the scent. He took a deep sip and let it settle on his tongue for a moment, savouring the fruity flavour and slight hint of something spicy that made him swallow it with a satisfied hum.

Yoongi twisted to look back over his shoulder, running his gaze over the throng of bodies on the dance floor and the several dangling cages until he was able to locate Jimin’s cage once more.

Jimin was still dancing for his boys in his shockingly revealing outfit, currently lying on his back on the floor of the cage; his legs dangling free from the slats in the bars for men to touch, kiss and lick his stilettos, and his fully stiff and sheathed erection raised to curve back onto his sweat-slick stomach. His arms were stretched up over his head so he could arch his spine and thrust his chest out, his fingers snagged hold of the wrinkled cash as if he was lying on a bed and sinking his fingers into the bed sheets.

As Yoongi swallowed sip after sip of his wine, letting it stay on his tongue for a few seconds to appreciate the flavour, he observed Jimin from his position across the floor.

It was funny, it almost felt just like the night he had first laid eyes on Jimin from across the bar - and he was still as nervous thinking about approaching him to talk as he had been that first night too. Even after having spent a night of deep intimacy with him, Jimin made him feel so flustered because he was such a goddamn pretty boy; a pretty boy with a filthy tongue at that.
Yoongi just couldn’t help himself, he knew that he needed to snap some photographs of Jimin whilst he was dressed in this performance costume. The look was just too erotic to not take photographs of, and he also knew that he would end up masturbating to said photographs. He felt a flush of shame spreading out across his cheeks as he brought his glass up to his face to knock back the remaining mouthful of red wine. But it was a good flush, the kind of flush he always felt when something was turning him on.

There, Yoongi had bolstered his nerves with a nice glass of wine. That should loosen his tongue a little and make him more talkative, and so he grabbed hold of his camera to power it up as he made his way across the dance floor to get to the dangling cage.

When he brought the camera back up to his face to squint down the viewfinder Yoongi saw that Jimin was sprawled out on the bed of cash on his front; his chest resting on the bottom of the cage, his thighs spread open, and his back curved to lift his ass up high to allow him to rapidly clench and unclench his muscles to make his buttocks bounce. The metal chain leash was tossed over his back, the leather handle dancing in rhythm with the spasmodic jerks of his hips. He might just be dancing for the entertainment of the men seated on the sofas right behind him, yet his gaze was focused straight in front of him rather than back over his shoulder to look at them.

Yoongi reached up to take hold of the lens, quickly thumbing at the buttons and command dial to zoom in and focus on Jimin whilst he was busy shaking his ass. The bars got in the way and yet he found that he didn’t mind at all, he quite like the contrast between the cage bars and the slats of Jimin’s metal muzzle - an added hint of bondage that heightened the danger and wild aura that the dancer was trying to radiate.

When Jimin caught sight of him lingering underneath the cage with his camera in hand he slowed in the act of straightening up again. He got up onto his knees first and left his hands clasped between his thighs. Loose and wrinkled bills of cash were clinging to his damp skin, which he hastily peeled free and tossed back down onto the cage floor without a single care.

Then Jimin shifted to crawl towards him, his metal and leather leash dragging along the bed of cash between his legs as Yoongi snapped a couple more shots of him.

Jimin sat down, settling his bare and bruised buttocks down on the sizeable spread of cash and slipping his legs through the slats in the bars so they dangled right in front of him.

Yoongi saw the way that Jimin’s sheathed cock was pressed up between the cage bar and the soft curve of his stomach; the metal tightly clenched between his thick upper thighs because he was sitting right up against the bar. He had the bar gripped between both of his gloved hands, and he was teasingly stroking his palms up and down it in an imitation of performing a handjob as he gazed down at him from over the metal bar of his muzzle.
When Yoongi brought the camera up to his face to take another snap of him Jimin rolled his tongue out from between his lips. The pointed tip brushed against one of the bars of his muzzle, the metal digging into the wet and pink skin, and he closed one eye in a mischievous wink just as he hit the shutter button to snap the photograph of him.

Yoongi might not be able to reach the bottom of the cage without assistance, but he could easily take hold of Jimin’s ankles or calves because his feet were right there in front of his face. So he shifted his camera into one hand to reach up and try and do so, only for the other man to let out a soft giggle and move his feet away again.

Jimin gave a coquettish kick of his legs to avoid his hands, lifting his legs up high without even needing to curve his back because he was so flexible; his knees cocking up high enough to almost touch the cage bars with ease. He brought them down a second or two later, baiting him into trying again only to pull them away with another playful giggle, his lips splitting in a wide and toothy grin behind the metal bars of his muzzle.

Yoongi was about to give up trying to playfully grab at his ankles when Jimin brought his feet down to press the heels of his stilettos into the meat of his trapezius muscles. He felt the point of the heels pressing into his skin even through his multiple layers of clothing because they were so sharp, almost like needles. The smooth sensation of his stocking-clad calves brushing against his cheeks was enough to make Yoongi swallow hard, the tip of his tongue slipping free to wet his lips and the ball of his barbell piercing clicking against the backs of his front teeth.

Yoongi brought the camera back up to his face, squinting down the viewfinder up at him.

Jimin’s legs were visible at the very edges of the frame, bracketing the shot like they would bracket his vision should he slip his legs around his neck whilst lying on his back on a mattress. The sheer black material of his stockings matched well with the black latex sheath wrapped around his fully hard erection between his wide open thighs.

Yoongi snapped a photograph of Jimin staring down at him from his elevated position, his gaze heavy and hot with lust from over the top of his muzzle and his sweaty skin glowing red from the flashing strobe lights. Then he left his camera to dangle around his neck on the lanyard, wanting to give Jimin his utmost attention.

Yoongi’s fingers were far from steady as he reached up to wrap his fingers around Jimin’s right ankle, getting a good and tight grip around it to hold it still. He found himself pressing his cheek up against his calf first, not exactly nuzzling against the soft material of his stocking but close enough, and then he turned his face to press his lips against the rounded bone of his ankle.
Before he could possibly think about what he was doing Yoongi brought his lips to the pointed toe cap of Jimin’s stilettos, and then he pouted them out to plant a kiss directly onto the glossy patent leather. When he inhaled he could smell the warm scent of the leather, mixing with that of polish coming from the treated surface.

“What’s on your mind, baby?” Jimin crooned in a husky voice, cocking his head to the side. The metal chain leash dangled from the movement, the leash handle sitting on his thigh. “Have you been thinking about me again, hmm?”

“Mmm, I’m thinking ‘bout what it’d feel like to suck you off with that sheath on,” Yoongi rumbled against the toe cap of his stiletto. “What it’d feel like in my mouth…”

“You should suck it and see,” he retorted without missing a beat, his lips splitting into that wicked smile of his from behind his muzzle.

Jimin was in his dominant headspace right now because he was entertaining his boys, and this meant that he was going to receive the full brunt of his control and meanness - the realisation exciting him.

Yoongi rolled his eyes up to hold his gaze at this, just as a vivid mental image of himself getting up onto his tiptoes to try and get Jimin’s sheathed cock into his mouth flashed through his mind and made him tighten his hold around his ankle. He didn’t think he would be able to reach, but there was something that he could play with with his lips and tongue - something hot, smooth, and close to latex.

“Only if you promise to take it off before you cum,” Yoongi said, parting his lips to stick his tongue out between them; his front teeth digging into the soft skin. “So I can taste you on my tongue again…”

Before Jimin could reply Yoongi turned his face to dart his tongue out and lick the pointed toe cap of his stiletto. He found that there was little taste coming from the patent leather, save for a hint of the polish that had dried into the material. But he didn’t care about the taste right now.

All that Yoongi cared about was the burst of tingling heat that plummeted down into the pit of his stomach as he held Jimin’s eyes and saw something flickering across his face; the corners of his lips lifting up in a somewhat sadistic smirk because he clearly found the sight of him licking his shoes arousing.
Yoongi pulled his tongue back into his mouth, gathering more saliva onto it before darting it out again to lap his tongue all over the toe cap. He felt his piercing rubbing against the material - hot metal against hot patent leather. He alternated between broad strokes with the flat of his tongue before switching to rapid licks, teasing Jimin to remind him of just how talented he was with his tongue.

Jimin reached down to sink his fingers into his hair, his smoothly gloved fingertips rubbing against his scalp in a way that made Yoongi feel the most pressing urge to moan in satisfaction. He snagged a handful of his hair right at the front of his hairline, dragging it back off his face and tugging his head back hard enough to make his roots start burning from the roughness.

“Fuck,” Yoongi moaned, the word catching in his throat as his head was pulled back. He still had his tongue stuck out between his lips because he had been licking at his shoe, and he felt a thin string of saliva snapping to splash down onto his chin.

“You wanna taste my sweat and cum on your tongue that much, slut?”

Jimin curved his spine to lean forward, the position meaning he could press himself right up against the metal bar.

Yoongi saw the obvious way that he ground up against it, rubbing his sheathed cock against the cool metal to create pleasurable friction whilst he played with him.

“Just so you know, I’m so wet inside this sheath,” Jimin said in a low voice, which sounded just like a growl to Yoongi’s ears. “I’ve been leaking into it all night long. If I slipped it off my cock you’d stick your tongue inside it, hmm, you’d lick it clean, you greedy, little slut…”

“You can wear my fucking mouth as a sheath,” Yoongi moaned, turning his head to the side to dart his tongue out and try and lick at his stiletto again. He was too far away to do so, but he knew that Jimin was getting off on watching him trying to simulate oral sex on his shoe.

Jimin let out a giggle at this, but it was husky with arousal rather than giddy and sweet like it was when he was amused. He pulled his foot away and let go of his hair so he could slip his legs back inside the cage, and then he shifted to stand upright. He waved his hand at Raphael to gesture that he was finished performing before he squatted down to start collecting his tips from the flooring of the cage; grabbing the mixture of crisp and wrinkled bills and shoving them into one of his fists.
Yoongi stepped back whilst Raphael lowered the cage to the ground, holding his arm out to allow Jimin to take hold of him and step out onto the floor in his towering stilettos.

Jimin did so with a thankful smile, giving the bodyguard a quick stroke to his wide chest before sauntering over to Yoongi; his hips swinging in a provocative way to help keep him steady on the needle-thin and tall heels.

Jimin slipped his arm around his waist to guide him across the floor and straight in the direction of the dressing-room. He glanced back over his shoulder as he did so, something glinting in his eyes that made Yoongi gulp hard, his fingers twitching as he settled his hand down on the dip of Jimin’s lower back.

Upon entering the dressing-room Jimin went over to his dressing table to place the pile of cash down and free up his hands so he could remove his muzzle.

Yoongi hung back for a moment, watching him from his position beside the door because he didn’t want to intrude when there were other entertainers and serving boys present.

Jimin tugged at the buckle for a few seconds before managing to loosen it enough, snapping it free from the collar and dropping it down on the surface of the table with a soft sigh.

When he turned around to face him Yoongi saw the faintest red lines running across Jimin’s cheeks from where the metal bar and leather straps had dug into his skin after many hours of wear. He found he couldn’t look away from them as Jimin crossed the dressing-room floor to draw closer to him, and it was only when he felt his hands snagging hold of his face that he managed to blink and focus on what was happening.

Jimin pulled him close, bringing their faces together and pressing an open kiss against his lips that was far from chaste and shy. It was hungry and passionate, and Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised to find his own lips opening up to let his tongue slip inside his mouth as he reached up to grab hold of his toned biceps.

Yoongi was pulled across the dressing-room by Jimin’s guiding hands, neither of them pulling their faces away to break their heated kisses because they were so tangled up in the moment of passion. He felt Jimin’s body colliding with the dressing table with enough force to make him gasp into his mouth, and let go of his face to reach behind himself and feel at the table.
Jimin perched on the edge of the dressing table, the wood digging right into the meat of his buttocks and thighs as he snagged hold of Yoongi’s face again and pushed him down onto his knees between his open legs.

Yoongi knew there were serving boys right there across the floor: smoking, touching up their makeup, and just taking a quick break after hours of walking around the club in stilettos and having their asses groped. Yet that didn’t stop him from running his shaking hands up Jimin’s inner thighs to take hold and part them that little bit more so he could bring his head right between his legs and take his sheathed cock into his mouth.

Yoongi had given men blowjobs whilst they had been wearing condoms before and so he was no stranger to the taste of latex on his tongue - both the unflavoured and vaguely medical kind, and the cheap and equally unpleasant flavoured ones that he disliked. He had expected the cock and ball sheath to feel the exact same in his mouth because it was also made from latex, yet he found it to not be the case.

The sheath was significantly thicker than a condom and the lengths were ribbed to rub against his tongue as he started taking his shaft into his mouth. But despite the sheath being a barrier between his tongue and Jimin’s skin Yoongi still felt his cock starting to throb between his own thighs as he settled in place and started bobbing back and forth on Jimin’s cock.

“Fuck, you’re so eager to suck me off,” Jimin whispered in a husky voice, staring down at him from under his half-lidded eyes.

Yoongi opened his eyes to look up at him as he messily sucked his lips around the pointed tip of the cock sheath, playing with the reservoir and wondering if it really was filled up with a steady pool of sweat and precum like Jimin had told him. He had been both semi and fully hard the entire time that he had seen him dancing in the cage, and so he really might just have leaked enough precum over the several hours of sexual excitement to spill inside the sheath.

Yoongi didn’t care much for the thickness of the hot latex, but he did like the feeling of the ribbed length rubbing against his lips when he bobbed forward to take more of his shaft into his mouth with a throaty moan.

“What does it feel like in your mouth, huh? Do you like it, slut?”

Yoongi pulled off with a quick gasp for breath and mumbled, “Take it off, Jimin. It don’t feel as
“Oh, it’s not as good? It’s not as good because you can’t taste my cum?” Jimin teased, making no move to reach down and slip the sheath off. “Hmm, I know something better than latex - something soft and wet, something tight…”

When Yoongi slowly pulled the cock and ball sheath off he discovered that Jimin was telling the truth - he was wet with a combination of sweat and precum from being trapped in the tight latex all night long. He saw a fat bead of sweat actually forming on his cock head, which he caught on his tongue just before it dripped down onto the floor.

Yoongi was so excited that he didn’t know what to do for a few seconds, torn between tonguing at the sheath just like Jimin had suggested, taking him straight into his mouth to suck him off, or performing a tease on him by playing with his testicles and nipping little bites right up against his inner thighs.

But before he could make up his mind Jimin snatched the sheath from him, getting it into his fist and pressing the opening right up against his lips. This left Yoongi with little choice but to dart his tongue out and slip it inside the latex sheath, which still had heat trapped inside it from the other man’s body.

Jimin let out a throaty moan at this, his tongue curling free to lick at his upper lip as he watched him cleaning the inside of the sheath with his tongue.

Yoongi wasn’t able to get his tongue deeply inside, but he could indeed taste sweat and precum smeared against the inner latex lining, which he gathered on his tongue and rolled back into his mouth with breathless pants. Just tasting Jimin on his tongue was enough to make him drop one of his hands down into his own lap, pressing the heel of his hand against his crotch to grind it down and provide some friction and pressure for his trapped erection.

After making him clean the latex for a minute or so Jimin pulled his hand away, dumping the cock and ball sheath down on the dressing table because he was finished making him play with it.

This allowed Yoongi to get back into position between his thighs, taking hold of his cock with his free hand to angle it up and dart his tongue out to drag it up the length of his underside to the ridge of his cock head.

“Huh,” Jimin hiccuped, his thighs giving a gentle tremble before he clenched his muscles tight and
reached down to place his right hand on the back of his head. He stroked at his hair at first before snagging a handful of his messy locks between his fingers to keep a tight hold on him.

Yoongi ran the tip of his tongue and the ball of his piercing up a prominent vein that rippled over the underside of his shaft, knowing that this tease caused him so much pleasure. He did so slowly several times before focusing on his swollen and wet cock head; darting his tongue out in rapid licks and then pressing it down hard to lap it around his sensitive head with slow curls of his tongue.

Jimin rolled his head back with a deep moan, savouring every dart, every curling lick of his wet tongue until Yoongi pressed sloppy kisses back down his shaft towards his base. When he started licking at his testicles, which were coated with sweat and hot and heavy with heat, Jimin let out another little hiccup and shivered from the ticklish contact. But he made no move to pull his head away because he liked having every inch between his thighs teased, sucked, and played with.

Yoongi spent some time just lavishing Jimin’s cock and testicles with affection, not wanting to take him into his mouth and start sucking him off just yet because he was enjoying performing this extended foreplay on him. But there was only so much time he could spend licking and teasing before he needed to get more intimate, and so when he felt his arousal starting to crest and his own cock getting needy and in want of being touched he angled his head to finally take him into his mouth.

“Hmm, fuck,” Jimin breathlessly grunted, rolling his head down to look at him as Yoongi sealed his lips around his cock head and then started taking his shaft into his mouth, inch by inch. “There’s that softness, that, oh, that wetness.”

Yoongi stopped breathing for a moment as he accepted Jimin’s cock into his mouth, his heart pounding in his chest from excitement and his fingers trembling until he stuck his blunt nails into his skin. There was no latex sheath in place now to create a thick barrier between them, they were intimately connected - skin against skin, Jimin inside of him again just like he had been fantasising about constantly over the last few days.

“Stay right there, Yoongi,” Jimin breathed out, rolling his head back again to rest it against the dressing table mirror and shifting his hand from the back of his head to cup his face in both of his gloved hands. “Like a good little slut, just for me.”

Yoongi did as Jimin requested, slowly breathing through his nose and holding his head in place to keep his cock inside his mouth - his cock head right at the back of his throat and his shaft sitting on his tongue. He closed his eyes just so he could savour the sensation: the heat, the taste, the weight of his cock on his tongue; the baking waves of warmth emanating from his lower stomach; and the powerful aroma of his sweat that never failed to turn him on every single time he breathed it in.
There was no way of telling just how long Jimin made him stay like that, on his knees in front of him with his head shoved between his thighs; unmoving and playing the role of his human cock sheath just to fulfil their shared sexual fantasy. All Yoongi knew was that he heard movement in the dressing-room as the serving boys came and went, and he could feel the heat of their gazes settling on the back of his head as they stared at him. He could only imagine what they were thinking about him, and just the thought of degrading insults and judging gazes flooded his body with more throbbing waves of shameful heat.

Jimin eventually rolled his head down and opened his eyes to look at him again. His cheeks were flushed with colour that showed just how aroused he was, and Yoongi could feel the same heat radiating from his own pink cheeks.

Jimin gently tugged Yoongi’s head back until he was able to slide his cock out of his mouth; his lips relinquishing their tight hold around his shaft with a loud and wet slurp.

Yoongi didn’t want to stop just yet, he wanted to taste Jimin in all meanings of the word: the tang of his sweat, the runny dribble of his precum, and the thick salty sweetness of his cum when he made him ejaculate right into his mouth with a breathless moan of pleasure. He hadn’t even given him a proper blowjob, he had only just started doing so when Jimin had made him stay still, and so he felt like he hadn’t satisfied him yet.

“Fuck, I wanna taste you so bad, Jimin,” Yoongi panted, staring at Jimin’s cock head to see a tiny hint of cum beading in his slit. “Please, I’ll be your cock sheath, I-”

Jimin let go of his cheek to press his fingers against his lips, effectively shutting him up as he spoke over him, “I don’t wanna cum just yet, baby boy. That was just a game, that’s all.”

“Game?” Yoongi asked, his lips mashed up against Jimin’s fingers so that the word came out muffled.

“Hmm, a little sex game,” Jimin continued, shifting his fingers away from his lips to cup his chin instead. “Maybe, I’ll cum later? Maybe… I just wanna make you cum tonight?”

Yoongi felt like he was a few good strokes away from cumming right now; his poor aching cock neglected inside his jeans so desperate for attention. He thought Jimin’s words over for a few seconds before reaching down to take hold of his belt, tugging at it to try and open it up so he could work the front of his jeans.
“No, not yet! Not yet! God, Yoongi, you’re such a cute slut,” Jimin said with a giggle, and this made him let his breath out in a soft huff; his face flooding with more heat. “Oh… you’re not used to games?”

Yoongi shook his head at this, his gaze focused on the tiny bead of cum still caught in his slit that had yet to roll free. A little twitch of excitement might just be enough to make it shift, to make it drip down so he could catch it on his tongue.

Truthfully, Yoongi had never played sex games with any of his previous boyfriends because they had just had sex. That was it, no teasing or foreplay, nothing fun, exciting or naughty - just a quick fuck he might have been able to orgasm from if the other man had been capable of staying hard long enough (most of them hadn’t, especially his first older partner, who had been hooked on uppers just to get an erection), or if they had had a bit of rhythm to their hips and good pacing and hadn’t just thrust into him over and over before ejaculating.

Yoongi had never had a man play with him without one or both of them climaxing, and so he was both confused and strangely exhilarated by the fact that Jimin had gotten them both so excited and had then just… stopped.

“Hmm, well, I love games, and I love playing with pretty toys like you, baby boy,” Jimin whispered with a mischievous grin, as he moved his hands to take hold of his upper arms gave him a series of tugs. “Get up.”

Yoongi shifted to get to his feet, feeling his erection rubbing against his zipper like always as the rough jeans bunched up around his groin. Because Jimin was partially sitting on the dressing table he was taller than him and had to look down at him. He felt the other man taking hold of the front of his t-shirt to tug it up and slip his hands under the loose lengths to settle his gloved hands on his waist, and then he pulled him close to resume kissing him.

“I was waiting all night to see you yesterday, Yoongi,” Jimin whispered between their slow kisses, nuzzling his nose against his in a way that made Yoongi’s shoulders lift and fall in soft waves. His eyes were closed tight so he could feel each kiss that little bit stronger; could take more pleasure out of the gentle bat of his eyelashes tangling within his own. “You said you’d come to the club just to see me, but you didn’t show up.”

“Sorry, I was busy, Jimin, I-“
“Shush, shush,” Jimin breathed out, his lips curling up at the corners so Yoongi could feel him smiling during their next kiss. “You just wanted to tease me, right? I told you I couldn’t stop thinking about you, and you wanted to make me wait, wanted to make me sweat and squirm because I couldn’t have you.”

“…Maybe,” Yoongi whispered in reply, even though that wasn’t exactly the truth. But he had sensed that that was what Jimin wanted to hear, and so he decided to take the risk and say it to see what would happen.

“I couldn’t stop thinking about you when I was servicing my boys last night,” Jimin admitted, as he rubbed soft circles into Yoongi’s sides with his fingers. “I kept thinking about how I wanted to be pinning you down on the floor, and how I wanted to hear you whine and rut against me when I fondled your ass. I got so hard thinking about all the things you’d let me do to you, and I waited for you to come to the club so I could get off on making you cum. But you didn’t show up.”

“D’you touch yourself?” Yoongi asked, pulling his face away to hold his gaze. “D’you edge yourself thinking ‘bout me until you couldn’t stand it and you had to cum?”

“No, I don’t cum thinking about you, I cum inside you, Yoongi,” Jimin groaned in a low voice, shifting his hands around to take hold of his buttocks and pull him that little bit closer.

Yoongi let his breath out in a soft moan at this, catching his lower lip between his teeth to nibble on it.

“How many times did you beat yourself off last night, thinking about me fucking you?” Jimin asked, more than well aware of the fact that Yoongi had done so because he was that obvious.

“…Four times,” he replied, seeing the other man’s lips curling up into a pleased smile. “I couldn’t cum the last time, I was dry, but it still felt fucking good.”

“Oh, does baby boy want me to fuck him dry?” Jimin teased, letting out a husky giggle when he moaned at his filthy words. “Hmm, we’ll have to work our way up to that. You’re not ready for something that intense just yet…”

Jimin detangled himself from his arms to turn around and sit down on the dressing table stool, grabbing his towel to bring it up to his face and start wiping the copious amount of sweat free from his skin.
“Now,” he said, as he dabbed the towel around his jawline. “How did everything go with Van, Yoongi? Did the sale go alright? Was she satisfied with the commission?”

“Yeah, it went fucking great,” Yoongi replied, hovering behind him for a moment and studying his reflection in the mirror.

“It did? Oh, baby!” Jimin cried out in a happy voice, as he brought his hands up to clap them under his chin. In his reflection in the dressing table mirror Yoongi could see the way his eyelids narrowed at the corners from the width of his smile. “Tell me all about the deal! What about the cash, how much did you make??”

“Bout… 225 dollars,” he replied, moving to sit down on the stool to his right and shoving his hands between his thighs. “So, that’s a pretty great deal, Jimin. I’m outta the red and into the black right now, or so I hope. I just gotta try and keep the cash flowing in; y’know? Van ordered some posters along with the flyers, so, I got a little extra on top for the commission. The printing cost for posters is so expensive that it bit into my profits. She gave me 200 dollars as an advance, but it cost me 250 to print both the flyers and posters, so, I paid outta my own pocket.”

“Wow, you weren’t lying when you said it costs a lot of cash to print,” Jimin remarked, his eyes growing rounded with surprise; some eyeliner smudged around his lash lines.

“Yeah, but she paid me 225 dollars for the deal though, so, I still made a fucking great amount of cash.”

“Hmm, you deserve it for doing all that work, Yoongi. You worked hard, you produced the quality goods that Van wanted, just like I knew you would. I told you, you’ve got talent, baby, and I’m glad that mama recognised it too.”

Yoongi made a pleased sound at the other man’s praises, feeling his lips curling up at the corners in a smile. He often covered his little smiles with his fingers out of habit, one that was entirely self-conscious because he felt like he looked childish when he smiled. But he found himself not wanting to do so in front of Jimin. He just felt comfortable enough to not hide his face away, even when it meant that his gummy smile and the deep wrinkles around the corners of his eyelids were on total display.

Jemin glanced over at him as he patted at the back of his neck with the towel, his own lips splitting in a smile that exposed his teeth and his eyes almost disappearing within the folds of his heavy eyelids.
It seemed that seeing Yoongi’s smile was enough to make him smile too, even when he might not know why he was doing so.

“But wait… did you say she ordered some posters too, Yoongi?”

“Yeah, get used to seeing to your face plastered ‘round these city streets, honey,” Yoongi joked with another quick smile. “They ain’t too big, but you sure as shit won’t miss ‘em if you see ‘em on a wall.”

“Hmm, Van will probably get me to stick them up on the walls,” Jimin said, getting the towel in hand to wipe at his sweat-slick chest. “I’m surprised she didn’t offer you a couple of extra bucks to do so, Yoongi. She’s so cheeky sometimes.”

Yoongi let out a soft laugh at this, watching him wiping at his skin to clean away as much sweat as possible.

Jimin was completely naked save for his latex gloves and soft stockings; his cock and ball sheath currently placed beside the fat stack of tips he had been showered with once more tonight. Like usual, he seemed completely unbothered about his nudity because he looked as comfortable as could be - even when his erection was still sitting raised between his thighs from his thatch of pubic hair.

Yoongi was still coming down from his rush of sexual excitement and so he was finding it difficult to fully focus on their conversation. He was struggling to ignore the constant throbs of pleasure between his thighs, and yet Jimin seemed so very unfazed by their little sex game. He couldn’t help but look between Jimin’s face and his groin in turn, running his gaze down his flushed and rippled shaft and thinking about how much he just wanted to take him into his mouth again; his tongue slipping free to wet his dry lips.

“I, uh, I put in your order for the professional print this morning, Jimin. It should take ‘bout three or four days, and then I can present it to you,” Yoongi finally said to break the momentary silence between them, reaching up to scratch at his stubbly scalp in a fidgeting manner.

“Oh, I can’t wait!” Jimin exclaimed, letting go of the towel to leave it hanging around his neck to catch any rolling beads of sweat from his hairline.

“Actually, I got the photograph right here,” Yoongi said, as he gave his leather jacket pocket a firm pat. “I got all the developed rolls on me, I’d to pick ‘em up from the camera store. I got the mock-ups
for the flyers and posters too, if you wanna see ‘em.”

“Ah, do I want to see the photograph now? Or do I wanna wait for the real deal?”

Jimin thought this over for a moment as he leaned forward to take hold of his stilettos and slipped them off his feet. He placed them down on the dressing table, giving his feet a quick and firm rub because they were no doubt sore from being shoved into the shoes all night long.

“No, don’t show me. Not just yet, let me think,” he finished, hastily stripping the stockings off his legs and tossing them onto the counter.

“Sure thing, honey.”

After peeling his long gloves free Jimin once more patted the towel all over his body, trying to wipe away as much sweat as possible before he got dressed in his regular clothes. He retrieved said clothes from his locker and slipped into his usual outfit of choice: a white v-neck t-shirt, leather trousers, this time with zippers on the thighs and knees, and his pair of Chelsea boots and cut-out leather gloves. He had to tuck his still hard cock to the side as he fastened the trousers, the crotch bulging in a way that was unmistakable even at a quick glance. He tossed his used costume into the locker without much care, slamming the door shut and moving to drop down onto the stool beside him again.

“Hmm, my back is killing me,” Jimin groaned, as he reached up to place his hand against the nape of his neck and started kneading at it. “Shit, I’m glad to be free from those heels, baby.”

Yoongi hesitated for a moment, watching him rubbing at his neck to try and loosen a knot that had settled there over the duration of the night.

With the muzzle and collar combination it was really no wonder why Jimin had a stiff neck, just like his lower back might be hurting from dancing and stepping around in the towering heels.

Yoongi shifted to perch on the edge of the stool and reached over to place his hands down on his shoulders, giving them a slow massage that made Jimin let his breath out in a soft sigh of pleasure.

This was the man that Yoongi had woken up with just two nights ago: Jimin, free from any characters and his dominate headspace and simply back to himself again.
Yoongi had came around from the depth of his slumber to find himself wrapped up within Jimin’s arms, the pair of them so tightly entangled together that there had been no way of telling who had been holding onto who. It had been edging close to the afternoon hours at that point and yet Jimin had stayed in his bed for some time longer, kissing him whilst they had fondled at one another’s bodies underneath the covers: palming at their stiffening cocks and thumbing at their nipples. But Jimin had needed to leave eventually to get cleaned up, eat, and get ready for his work shift again. They had shared a coffee in his kitchen at least, all soft smiles and prolonged stares because it had felt so strange for Yoongi to have woken up with another man after so long spent sleeping alone.

Would Yoongi get to feel that experience again? Would Jimin come back home with him tonight or maybe even bring him back to his apartment on the back of his motorbike? Would they make rough but passionate love and fall asleep together so warm, so content?

Shit, Jayden was right - he really was in need of some affection.

Yoongi gave Jimin’s shoulders a deep and prolonged massage until he gently knocked his hands free with a thankful smile.

Jimin collected his tips from the table, quickly thumbing at them to separate the pile into two and then unzipping his trouser pockets to slip the cash inside. He got off the stool to retrieve his packet of cigarettes from the locker, once more storing them inside his folded t-shirt sleeve, and then he moved over to the door and cocked his head - silently telling Yoongi that he wanted to leave.

They left the dressing-room together, and then Jimin moved through the crowd of men hanging around the dance floor so fast that Yoongi became separated from him. But he saw him turning around to face him to keep them from losing sight of one another. Because of their short heights it was so easy to do so, especially when taller men moved between them, so he had to lean around them to keep the other man in his line of sight at all times.

Jimin came to a slow stop close to the centre of the dance floor and lifted his hand to curl his fingers at him, his tongue slipping free from his open mouth to run over his front teeth as he beckoned for him to come closer.

Yoongi slipped through the spaces between couples on the dance floor to reach him, and Jimin took hold of the front of his jacket to tug him close enough for their chests to bump together; his lips splitting in a wide and mischievous smile.
Jimin started swinging his hips from side to side as he slipped his hands up the front of his chest towards his neck, clearly because he wanted to dance with him.

But Yoongi wasn’t a good dancer. In fact, he never danced. He didn’t know what he was supposed to do with his own hands and body - save for awkwardly swaying from side to side completely out of rhythm with the pounding electronic track.

But before he could do so Jimin dropped down low into a squat in front of him, running his hands down his sides as he did so.

Yoongi couldn’t help but let out a chuckle at the move because it looked just like something that he did in his dance cage. He felt the other man’s hands snagging hold of his belt as he pulled himself back up again, the pressure of the belt digging into his hips highly pleasing.

Jimin took hold of one of his hands, making him spin around on the spot so he could cosy up against his back. Yoongi felt his groin grinding forward into his behind, the force making him stumble forward in surprise. Luckily the other man’s hands encircled his waist just in time, dragging him back and holding him in place to allow him to continue grinding on him.

“You need to move your hips, Yoongi!” Jimin said, raising his voice to be heard over the loud music. His hands slipped under the lengths of his t-shirt to wrap around his waist, his gloved palms rubbing against his bare skin and making a shiver of delight run down his spine. “Move with me! Come on! You were moving these little hips real good when you were riding my cock!”

Yoongi let out a startled laugh at this, reaching down to grab Jimin’s forearms to hold onto him as he tried moving his own hips in rhythm with him. He felt his chin pressing into his shoulder, and so he rolled his head back against him to lean into his body and tried to get a feel for the electronic track that was blaring from the speakers.

Yoongi found it easy to press back against Jimin’s groin as he ground his hips in tight circles, rather than shaking them from side to side and up and down like one of the cage dancers because he just didn’t have that kind of rhythm.

“Good boy!” Jimin praised, as he moved one of his hands up his ribs and ran his fingers over the slight protrusions of his lower ribs. “You really do know how to move those hips!”

Even when Yoongi was so self-conscious dancing on the packed dance floor, crushed between
dozens of grinding and shaking bodies and surrounded by heat, sweat and sex, he found his heart starting to pound in excitement. He liked dancing with Jimin like this, despite the fact he couldn’t dance for shit. It was fun, it was actually fun, even if he had never danced like this before. Shit, it wasn’t like he had done much dancing in the couple of gigs he had been to, or during the amateur music performances in packed basements filled with shouting, screeching guitars, and drugs because it had mostly been thrashing around and shaking with no rhythm at all.

Yoongi ground back against Jimin, feeling the other man’s hand running up his chest until he was able to start thumbing at his nipple. He gasped in response, arching his back from the ticklish teasing and grinding back into his groin that little bit more. He glanced down to see that his t-shirt had ridden up to expose quite the amount of his stomach, which made his cheeks heat up with embarrassment because the other men could see his body.

“I like how I can control your body with just my touch, baby,” Jimin purred down his ear, his voice husky enough to make another sweet shiver run down his arched spine. He was still teasingly thumbing at Yoongi’s nipple with one hand, and he shifted his other hand down right towards that ticklish spot just below his navel that made him squirm and whine. “The shit that I could make you do…”

Jimin moved to bring his lips to his throat, pressing kiss after kiss against his ticklish skin that made Yoongi let his breath out in a soft moan of pleasure. He shifted his own hand along the other man’s forearm to take hold of his wrist, guiding his hand down towards the waistband of his jeans in the hopes that he might just slip his hand inside and start touching him.

Jimin didn’t do so, but he did shift it down to take hold of the front of his jeans, cupping his groin in his hand and squeezing tight enough to make him gasp from the rough contact.

Jimin was grinding forward into his buttocks, the force driving Yoongi’s hips forward against his hand, which was squeezing hold of his groin hard enough to border on discomfort. But Yoongi didn’t care, it felt good, and so he pushed back against Jimin hard in the hopes he would grind into him that little bit more roughly.

Yoongi got so lost in the flashing lights, pounding music, and heat that he felt almost like he was high. He could see the other men dancing all around them and yet their faces were lost in a blur of red strobe lights: gleaming metal collar buckles, glistening sweat, and creaking hot leather. All that he could focus on was the feeling of Jimin’s lips and tongue trailing over his jawline and around his ear and the squeeze of his hand around his trapped and aching cock, until the other man twisted him around on the spot once more and dragged him into a tight embrace.

Jimin cupped his behind in both hands, holding onto him as they grinded against one another; their brows and chests touching, their breath mingling together as it escaped their slack lips in heavy pants.
Yoongi ran his less than steady hands up the tight front of his t-shirt, wrinkling at the cotton until he snagged hold of his shoulders. His eyes were half-lidded and so he could see Jimin through the thick spray of his eyelashes; the other man staring right into his eyes without a hint of shyness as he let his breath out in a deep grunt after one particularly pleasing grind rubbed him just right.

After several minutes of dancing in the packed crowd of bodies Jimin took hold of Yoongi’s waist from underneath his leather jacket. He snagged hold of his plaid shirt as he pulled him across the dance floor and in the direction of a stretch of tables and sofas that were placed against one of the walls, away from the entertainers in the dance cages and quite some distance from the bar.

This particular table was washed in deep blue neon glow, opposed to the usual pink and red lights that were set above the other booths across the club. Jimin shifted to sit down on one of the sofas, sliding along the seat and patting at it to tell him to join him.

“Georgie, honey!” Jimin called at a passing serving boy, just as Yoongi had sat down beside him. “Can we get… two shots of whisky, straight, just to start us off. An Old Fashioned, tell Daddy it’s me and he’ll know my brand. And Yoongi, what about you? I’m buying, baby.”

“Whisky on the rocks, Glenfiddich,” Yoongi said, glancing up to look at the serving boy to see that he was one of the effeminate boys: a young, light skinned black man with a bleached buzzcut, a face covered in soft makeup, and a frilly apron knotted around his svelte waist.

Georgie was gorgeous, simply gorgeous, and Yoongi imagined that he would get plenty of nice tips off the regulars when he brought them their drinks.

“Ooh, a simple, masculine man,” Georgie remarked in a teasing tone, glancing between them both for a moment before turning around to cross the floor and go to the bar; his exposed buttocks small but well-rounded from over the bands of his stockings.

“I like Georgie, he’s adorable,” Jimin said with a quick smile, as he shifted to settle back against the sofa cushions and spread his thighs wide open to get comfortable. “Not as adorable as you though, baby boy. But that’s impossible, right?”

Yoongi let his breath out in a hard snort at this, looking away from Jimin to glance off across the club because he had embarrassed him with this sweet compliment. He heard the other man giggling, clearly pleased he had made him get so flustered after everything that had happened between them tonight.
A simple and sweet compliment had Yoongi blushing and struggling to hide his smile away from Jimin, yet he hadn’t even hesitated in pretending to be his human cock sheath in front of other men in the dressing-room because that hadn’t made him get flustered in the slightest.

Life was strange sometimes…

“How come you’re ordering us some drinks, huh?” Yoongi asked, as he reached up to wipe at his brow. He wasn’t at all surprised to find perspiration beading on his hairline and smeared on his upper lip because the dance floor really had been hot, and all of that dancing had made him break out into a sweat.

“We’re drinking to celebrate your good deal, Yoongi,” Jimin explained, reaching over to place his hand down onto his thigh and give it a firm squeeze. “You deserve to have a good night tonight.”

“Mmm, I know one way to have a good night,” Yoongi remarked, turning back to look at Jimin and running his gaze down his body to stare at his crotch. “No games required.”

“Oh, are you mad that I didn’t let you cum? That I didn’t let you suck me off?” Jimin teased, as he shifted to lean closer to him and placed his chin down on his shoulder. “I told you, I don’t wanna cum tonight. I just wanna make you cum. Just be patient and let me make you feel good the way that I want. OK?”

Yoongi ran his tongue around his mouth as he thought this over, taking in the sight of Jimin bathed in the blue lighting from the wall lights set just above their booth table. Then he moved to press a quick kiss against his lips as if to seal their own deal.

The contact made Jimin hum, his lips curling up into a happy smile, and then he shifted to sit back against the sofa cushions again. He retrieved his packet of cigarettes, slipping one free to shove it between his lips and then holding the box out to him in offering.

Yoongi accepted it, slipping the stick into his mouth as he moved to pull the lighter out of his jeans and sparked a light with his thumb. He set the ends of their cigarettes alight with the flickering flame, the pair of them breathing the first inhales out of their noses in hard huffs to get the cigarettes smouldering.

Jimin let out a moan of pleasure as he reached up to get the stick between his fingers, holding a deep
drag of smoke in his lungs before letting it waft out of his full lips.

When Georgie brought the drinks to their table a couple of minutes later Jimin slipped some bills over to him to pay the costs for the first round. He handed them straight to him, rather than playfully slipping them inside the band of his stockings like other men might do so.

“Bottoms up, baby boy,” Jimin said, taking hold of his shot glass first to hold it out to him.

Yoongi collected his own glass, clinking them together before they both brought them to their lips and knocked them back hard. He gulped the shot down, the liquor hot enough to burn as he let his breath out from between his teeth in a hiss. Then he took hold of his whisky on the rocks to nurse it in his hand. The glass was cold against his palm as he brought it up to his face to breathe in the scent of the golden liquid.

Jimin’s Old Fashioned had a little citrus rind and dark cherry floating on the surface of the deep amber coloured whisky, the cracked ice creating a layer of condensation on the glass. He pulled the cherry out of the glass and brought it up to his mouth, parting his lips to catch it between them and licking his tongue all over the fruit. The cherry was a shade of red so deep it was almost black, and it clashed against the pink wetness of his tongue. He popped it in and out of his lips, playing with it in a teasing way that made Yoongi unable to look away from his mouth, and then he pulled the plump fruit free with his teeth and dropped the stalk down on the table.

“OK! Show me the photograph! I wanna see the photograph!” Jimin said around the cherry, giving an excited wriggle on the seat as he got his glass in hand.

Yoongi collected the envelopes from his jacket pocket, lifting up the flaps to check the contents of each one before finding the right choice. He slipped the photograph free and got it into hand, angling his wrist to show it to him.

“Yoongi!” Jimin exclaimed, as he burst out laughing and clapped his hand over his mouth. “Yoongi, baby! You look like a kid on school picture day!”

Yoongi couldn’t help but burst out laughing because Jimin was right - he did look like a kid on a school photograph with his awkward and toothy smile.

Hearing him laughing so hard made Jimin giggle that little bit harder and throw himself against his side to hold onto him; their bodies shaking from the force of their combined laughter.
“Wow, I love it, Yoongi, I seriously love it,” Jimin said, as he gently took the photograph out of his fingers to hold it up in front of him. “I can’t wait to see the professional print, to hang it on my wall. It’s gonna look so good.”

Jimin took a moment to study the shot, his lips curled up in a happy smile as he ran his thumb over the glossy corner of the photograph. He passed it back to him and so Yoongi put it back into the stack of photographs and then he slipped the envelope into his jacket pocket.

“Oh, are these the flyers?” Jimin suddenly asked, catching sight of the rolled-up tube slipped inside his other jacket pocket. He slipped the tube free, unrolling it and letting out a gasp of surprise when he saw the print on the first mock-up. “Oh, my god! Baby, these are amazing! Are these really the flyers?!”

“Yeah, uh, these ones are the flyers,” Yoongi explained, as he took the mock-ups out of his hands and quickly sorted through them to place each sheet down on the table. “And these two, right here, these are the posters Van ordered.”

“God, I look so sexy,” Jimin said with a husky giggle from over the top of his glass, which made Yoongi chuckle as he got his own glass in hand and took a quick sip of his chilled whisky. It was sweet on his tongue, mellow with a hint of oak that made him hum in appreciation. “I should model for Advocate Men, right?”

“Yeah, but I think you’re a little too sexy for that magazine,” Yoongi remarked, running his tongue around his mouth to savour the flavour on his palate. “They don’t have leather, riding crops and dildos in their centrefolds…”

Jimin giggled at this, running his hand up and down his thigh and giving it a series of firm swats because he had tickled him so much with his joke. It was also a great excuse to fondle his thigh too, which Yoongi most certainly knew he was doing. It was in the way that he squeezed hold of his thigh afterwards, firmly kneading at the hint of fat to sink his fingers in deep.

Over the first round of drinks they conversed lightly, mostly talking about the usual things that came to mind when they were together. It was nice just sharing the little things with one another, even if there wasn’t too much to talk about.

Yoongi talked some more on the subject of photography because it seemed that Jimin was fascinated by it, telling him as much about the development and printing processes that he understood whilst he
looked at the photoshoot prints, his gaze burning into each shot as he took it all in: his costumes, his poses, how attractive he was. It seemed like Jimin really did like knowing he looked good, and that might come from a place of vanity or self-esteem issues. There was no way of telling, but the one thing that Yoongi knew was Jimin looked fucking hot on the photographs, and he very much thought so too.

In return, Jimin talked some more about the bar and what it was like being a go-go dancer and professional dom entertainer. Just like Yoongi had been assuming from their previous conversations he was very passionate about his field of work and not at all embarrassed or ashamed about it. He also shared some more details about the Freedom Day Parade event that Van had told Yoongi about, the one that she wanted him to make more flyers for. It seemed that Jimin really loved going out to celebrate on the streets, and he told him that he often did so in his full dominant leather costume because it was one of the only days of the year he felt safe enough dressing like that outside of the bar. He also congratulated him on having secured another commission, even when Yoongi kept telling him that it was only small; that it didn’t mean that much at all.

As soon as round one was finished Jimin ordered round two, which consisted of two more straight whisky shots, a non-alcoholic cocktail for himself to stop him from getting too drunk to drive his motorbike back home, and another whisky for Yoongi - this time a double neat so he could mull over it for awhile longer.

Their serving boy, Georgie, brought them the drinks with the same efficiency and speed as earlier, earning himself another nice tip on top of the costs of the drink.

They knocked back the shots first, swallowing them hard and hissing from the heat and sting of the strong liquor.

“Jimin, I know you hear this shit all the time but, uh-”

Yoongi paused for a moment to sniff hard and roughly rub at his nose with the back of his hand. The words were right there on the tip of his tongue and yet he found that he couldn’t quite say them, and so he vaguely gestured at the mock-ups that were still spread out on the table with a limp wave of his wrist.

“You’re really beautiful,” Yoongi finally managed to say, the heat of the booze having filled him with more confidence. “You’re so fucking hot and I just-”

Before he could finish his bumbling attempt at a compliment Jimin moved to grab hold of his face and dragged him closer to start kissing him again.
Yoongi could taste alcohol and tobacco on his tongue, the sweetness of the fruits and whisky and the
smoke blending together on his breath in a way that was simply intoxicating. He moaned into his
mouth from the passion of their kiss, darting his own tongue out to lick at Jimin’s lower lip and then
snagging it between his teeth to give it a playful suck.

Jimin broke their quick and heated kisses to reach up and grab hold of the neck of his t-shirt, and
then he wrenched it off over his head and dropped it down onto the sofa without a single care.

Yoongi didn’t know why he was taking his clothing off but he wasn’t going to complain, not when it
meant that he got to run his eyes and hands all over his toned and sculpted torso and back.

Jimin placed the smouldering remains of his cigarette down on the top of his empty shot glass,
leaving it burn away to keep his hands free so he could take hold of Yoongi’s leather jacket and help
him slip out of it.

“Layers, layers, so many layers,” Jimin breathed out with an exasperated laugh, tugging at his yellow
plaid shirt to try and pull it down off his shoulders. “I feel like I’m unwrapping a gift, Yoongi!”

“I am a fucking gift,” Yoongi agreed, jutting his chin out in a smug fashion to make the other man
giggle.

Jimin managed to free him from the plaid shirt, the long sleeves flapping around as he tossed it down
onto the seat, and then he grabbed hold of him again. He pulled him so close that Yoongi couldn’t
help but try and climb onto his lap, his fumbling hands and neediness to get closer making Jimin
giggle into their kisses as he cupped his behind in his hands and pulled him right onto his lap.

Yoongi’s glass of whisky was left completely ignored on the table, his cigarette caught between his
middle and ring finger wasting away because he was far too distracted kissing Jimin; tasting him on
his tongue and feeling him with his fingertips. He knew that he could just spend the rest of the night
like this: sitting in Jimin’s lap with his thighs clamped around his hips, cradled in his tight hold and
pressing open-mouthed kiss after kiss against his lips that made the prickling heat between his thighs
softly throb in rhythm with his racing heartbeat.

“You really are a gift, baby boy,” Jimin whispered against his lips, his gloved fingers running over
the bumps of his lower spine. “I wanna strip away all these layers of clothing and then tie you up
with ribbons and velvet ropes…”
Yoongi let his breath out in a soft moan at this, dragging his mouth away from his lips to press little kisses against his cheekbone.

Just the thought of Jimin tying him up with velvet ropes was exciting enough, and the fact he might just own velvet ropes that he could tie him up with…

Jimin shifted underneath him to collect his cigarette and cocktail glass off the table. He nursed the stub of a stick between his fingers so he could take a pull off it and breathe it out of his lips; the thick smoke wafting up to hit him in the face.

Yoongi slowly breathed it in through his nose, savouring the smoke whilst he watched the other man sipping at his colourful and fruity cocktail. Then he moved to collect his own glass, sniffing hard and taking a deep swallow of the whisky without letting it settle on his tongue.

“Do you really think that I’m beautiful?” Jimin asked, his lips lifting up into a lopsided smile as he twirled his wrist to make the orange liquid lap against the sides of the deep cocktail glass.

There was something on Jimin’s face that showed he knew for a fact he was beautiful, he simply wanted to be praised and told that he was because it excited him in some way.

Maybe it was validation, maybe it just turned him on?

Yoongi didn’t know, but he did know that Jimin was the most beautiful man he had ever met and that no words he could ever say, or portraits he could ever snap of him, would ever be able to describe to the other man just how beautiful that he really was.

“Shit, Jimin,” Yoongi said with a soft chuckle, lowering his own glass from his lips. He hesitated for a moment before reaching over with his free hand to cup his cheek with his fingers. “You’re fucking gorgeous.”

Jimin let out a delighted purr at this, still rubbing his hand around the dip of his lower back in a way that Yoongi knew he could fall asleep feeling because it was so soothing, so good.

“I, uh, I told my associates at the camera store that you’re my muse,” Yoongi continued, feeling
Jimin leaning into his hold. “D’you, uh, d’you like that? D’you like being my muse?”

“Hmm, well, I’m your favourite boy, right?” Jimin pointed out, cocking his head to the side and hovering his cigarette in front of his lips; his cocktail glass dangling from his fingers. “It only makes sense that I’m your muse too… and the best fuck that you’ve ever had.”

Yoongi swallowed another deep sip of whisky and hummed in agreement, letting Jimin know that he was all of those things and more. He wanted to tell him about his feelings, about how he wanted to be something more than that too, but he still felt like he was lacking the confidence to say such a thing to him right now.

Let questions about feelings and relationships wait until next time, hmm?

Why not just enjoy the night together without any of those thoughts, those worries?

Just a whole night with Jimin, a night they had at least acknowledged their strong sexual lust for one another and that they had been thinking about each other when they had been apart.

Next time, Yoongi would tell him about his feelings next time.

“Shit, I gotta piss,” Yoongi muttered, placing his empty glass down on the table and awkwardly getting to his feet. He felt a hiccup building up in his chest, one that he was unable to quell as he reached up to press his fingers against his lips. “I’ll be right back, Juh-Jimin.”

“Don’t play with yourself this time, baby boy,” Jimin half-joked, half-teased, as he reached over to give his ass a playful swat that made him jump and let out another hard hiccup.

Yoongi was starting to feel tipsy now, after two straight shots, a single and double whisky, and a glass of red wine all downed in less than an hour or so. He was filled with warm liquor and an even warmer sensation that was infatuation, giddy infatuation with Jimin. He was drunk on listening to his giggles and his husky whispers, and his roaming and fondling hands that just couldn’t stay off his body for more than a minute whenever they were together.

Yoongi managed to get to the restroom to relieve himself and return to their table without getting lost in the crowd of bodies inside the bar or becoming disoriented because of the flashing lights and pounding music. That was quite an achievement considering the fact there was a lot of floor to get
across, and a lot of flirtatious men to have to squeeze his way between just to reach their table on his wobbling legs.

Jimin was seated at their table, washed in the deep blue lighting that had just the slightest hint of purple at the edges from another light across the stretch of wood. There was a soft smile on his face as he stared down into his now refilled cocktail glass, and Yoongi could see that his own square-based glass had been refilled with a single splash of neat whisky.

When Jimin glanced up and caught sight of him moving towards the table his smile changed, growing wider at the corners and shifting into that predatory look that Yoongi had started associating with him when he was in his dominant headspace. It was in the way that his dark eyes glinted in the blue lighting, like that of a big cat lurking in the jungle shadows waiting to pounce and sink its fangs into soft and yielding flesh. But as quick as his smile had changed it disappeared, Jimin getting his expression under control as he got his glass in hand and held it up to him.

“Final round, baby, enjoy,” Jimin said, toasting his glass of fruity cocktail against the side of his whisky glass.

Yoongi took hold of the glass before sitting down, returning the toast and seeing the honeyed liquid splashing against the sides as he dropped onto the padded seat beside him. He had only just slouched against the backrest when the other man sidled up against his side, getting so close that he could feel his breath and the waves of heat coming from his body on his bare skin.

“Baby,” Jimin breathed down his ear in a husky whisper. “I’ve just thought about the perfect way to congratulate you for sealing that great commission deal…”

“Oh, yeah?” Yoongi asked, as he brought his glass up to his lips to take another sip of whisky. He was barely even registering the flavour at this point, just the wetness on his tongue and the heat that travelled down his throat with each swallow. “What’d’you mean?”

“Hmm, I wanna get you out of those ruined jeans, lay you back on this warm leather seat, and I wanna just shove my face right between your thighs and eat your ass all night long.”

Yoongi swallowed so hard that he almost choked on his sip of whisky. It went down his throat fast and hard, leaving a much stronger burn than usual that made him cough. He reached up to thump his fist against his chest, hearing Jimin giggling as he sniffed a couple of times and ran his tongue around his mouth.
“Huh? Eat my ass?” he asked in mild confusion, wondering if he might just have misheard what he had said.

“My tongue all over your little hole, my tongue fucking you,” Jimin explained, as he stroked his fingers all over the exposed section of his thigh through his ruined jeans. He ran his gaze over his face before seeming to notice that he was confused, and his voice was filled with surprise when he asked, “Have you never had your ass eaten before, baby?”

Yoongi shook his head at this because he had truly never experienced such a thing, save for the fleeting moment that Jimin had slipped his tongue inside of him the other night to taste his own cum as it had weakly dribbled out of him. No man, boyfriend or otherwise, had ever fucked him with their tongue and so he didn’t really know what such a sensation would feel like. But he could feel stirring excitement building in his loins because it sounded like it would feel good.

“An ass as soft as yours deserves it,” Jimin stressed, as his hand wandered up Yoongi’s thigh to start playing with his belt. “Fuck, baby, I wanna do so many things to you, I wanna teach you so many things, so many pleasurable things. I told you, I get off on making you get off, and I know that I can make you cum again, and again, and again.”

“Does it feel good?” Yoongi asked in a breathless voice, and his fingers were trembling so much that he had to place his glass down on the table.

This question made Jimin let out that husky laugh of his, and then he shifted to bring his lips back over to his ear so he could whisper down it again.

“My tongue and your little hole, baby boy. I’m gonna spit on it, lick it, suck it, fuck it-”

“Oh,” Yoongi hiccuped, sucking his lower lip in to sink his teeth into it.

“-with my tongue. Oh, you’ve got a talent with that sweet mouth of yours. But wait until you see what I can do with my tongue. It’s fucking magic,” Jimin bragged, as he finally took hold of his belt with both hands to start working the buckle and open it up.

“Shit, Jimin, right here? What if someone sees us?” Yoongi hissed, as he snagged his fingers around his wrists to stop him from opening his belt.
“Don’t act like you don’t want men watching you getting fucked, you little slut,” Jimin retorted, pulling his face away from his ear to hold his gaze.

Yoongi studied his face for a moment as he thought this over, Jimin’s gaze burning into him so strongly that he had to shift his gaze away to look across the club.

Jimin was right.

Even when Yoongi was so anxious about the thought of getting caught in the act, said thought was also so exhilarating for him. It turned him on, it made him hard just thinking about other men watching him getting fucked by Jimin - both knowing they were getting off on seeing their sexual pleasure and that being watched was incredibly degrading. He didn’t understand why it excited him so much, but it just seemed like an extension of his exhibitionist tendencies that Jimin had tapped into and was helping him explore; just like he helped his boys explore their sexual fantasies.

When Jimin had dirty talked to him about fucking him in the bathroom through the gloryhole for others to watch Yoongi had orgasmed just imagining it, and now he was presenting him with the chance to get to experience such a thing with him, and it wasn’t even explicitly public. They might not even get noticed in the packed club, hidden away in the shadows away from the dance floor. But they might just… and wasn’t that the most thrilling part of it all?

Knowing that he might just gaze across the club and lock eyes with a stranger that was watching Jimin fucking him with his tongue?

Knowing that, just like in the dressing-room when he had substituted his mouth for Jimin’s cock sheath in front of the other entertainers, he looked like a slut?

Sensing that he might be uncertain Jimin let go of his belt and he reached up to cup his face in his hands, turning his head and get him to hold his gaze again. His voice was soft, clashing against the sudden flare of dominance from a moment ago as he asked, “Do you wanna try it, Yoongi? This is a safe space where you can experiment with your sexual fantasies, remember?”

“Yeah, I… I wanna try it, Jimin, but-”

“But if you’re uncomfortable we’ll stop,” Jimin finished for him, taking the words right out of his mouth so he didn’t have to try and stammer them out. “We’ll stop, baby boy. We’ll stop right away and go somewhere else - back to your place or mine. We can play there instead, if you’re
uncomfortable. OK?"

“Uhuh.”

“What’s the safeword, Yoongi?” Jimin asked, as he started slowly working his belt buckle again. “In case you want to stop? Or in case I get a little… mean?”

“…Whisky,” Yoongi said, all the while thinking about what he might just mean when he had said ‘a little mean’.

Jimin deftly unbuckled his belt and pulled the lengths through the buckle to open it up, leaving the ends to pool down onto the padded seat. As he did so he moved to get down on his knees in front of him, not exactly sitting under the table because he was pressed right up against the sofa; his head in the space between the bottom of the wood and Yoongi’s crotch.

After opening up his jeans Jimin focused on his boots instead, pulling at the tattered laces to undo them and then dragging them off his feet one by one. As soon as they were free he reached up to take hold of his jeans again, giving them a gentle tug until Yoongi lifted his behind up off the seat to allow him to pull them down his thighs. But Jimin didn’t stop there, he pulled them all the way off his legs and left them in a puddle on the floor, completely exposing his naked lower body without a hint of shame.

Yoongi was relieved by the fact the sofas were mostly in the shadows, as this meant his nudity might not be that noticeable. He gave the ends of his t-shirt a quick tug to try and cover his lower body, only for Jimin to knock his hands away and take hold of his bare hips.

Jimin gently tugged on his hips to encourage Yoongi to slide down the sofa cushion, doing so until his buttocks were free from the edge of the seat and his head was slumped against the backrest. He ran his hands over his thighs, parting them and spreading them open as far as Yoongi could stretch, and then he snagged his hands under his knees to lift them up and fold them back against the sofa seat. The bare heels of his feet dug into the warm leather, just like they had dug into the mattress and his lower back when they had been fucking in his bed.

Yoongi let out a soft sound as he closed his eyes, instinctively reaching up to press one of his hands over his face to hide how flushed his cheeks were, along with his quivering lips.

Jimin had him spread wide open, his genitals on display to anyone that might pass their table. Yoongi
was completely exposed and yet he was so aroused, bursts of heat plummeting down into his belly as
his cock gave a series of soft twitches from the throbs of excitement pulsing through his loins.

Jimin ran his eyes all over Yoongi’s inner thighs and buttocks, taking in the sight of the mottled
bruises that he had left behind on his skin with a smile. He seemed proud of himself for having
marked his skin, just like Yoongi had felt strangely proud of the bruises and scratches he had also left
behind on Jimin’s buttocks when he had noticed them earlier.

Jimin gathered a thick globule of saliva in his mouth and then he spat it right onto his entrance.

The sensation of his warm spit landing on his skin made Yoongi take a quick gasp for breath, which
he let out in a soft moan when he felt his tongue licking at his skin.

Jimin licked at the saliva, spreading it over his hole rather than licking it free almost as if he was
playing with the liquid. The slick layer between his skin and his tongue only heightened
Yoongi’s sensitivity, made him take another sharp gasp when he felt the pointed tip of his tongue
tracing circles around the puckered muscles of his entrance.

The contact was so ticklish that Yoongi’s hips jerked in response, his muscles clenching and his
thighs longing to squeeze together, only to be unable to do so because Jimin was holding them in
place. He felt a breathless moan escaping him, muffled by his splayed fingers as he rolled his eyes
down to look at Jimin.

Jimin had his head hovering just above his buttocks, his long tongue rolling free from his parted lips
to trace around his entrance with the tip. He was doing so to tease him, using just the tip because the
contact was light and even more ticklish as a result. His eyes were closed as he did so, and Yoongi
watched him roll the tip of his tongue round and round several times before rapidly flicking it over
his hole.

“Huh-huh,” Yoongi gasped, once again clenching from the ticklish strokes of his tongue.

Jimin took his time teasing him with the tip of his tongue, stopping every now and again to spit more
thick globules of saliva down onto his hole that he played with and spread around with his tongue.

Yoongi started to get used to the light licks and teasing whorls, clenching less and less with each
passing stroke of his tongue until he felt like he had reached a relaxed level and was starting to enjoy
the ticklish contact, rather than squirm from it.
Jimin started using the rest of his tongue next, easing his way into doing so by giving Yoongi’s entrance a dragging and slow lick with the flat of his tongue before rapidly darting the tip over and over; repeating this step until he had Yoongi’s breathing growing laboured and he managed to elicit a couple of soft moans from him. He moved his head closer to him as he started exploring his hole with his tongue that little bit more, and Yoongi felt the plush sensation of his lips brushing against his skin and the bridge of his nose bumping against his testicles.

“Fuck, Jimin, the things you can do with your tongue,” Yoongi groaned, staring down at him from under his half-closed eyelids. “Mmm, don’t stop, huh, just like that. Fuck me like that…”

Jimin’s face was just visible between his spread thighs, his lower face now hidden because he had his mouth shoved right between his buttocks. He had his eyes open so he could look up at him whilst he did so, his eyelids half-mast and covered in smeared makeup and his gaze heavy and hot with arousal. He was licking at his hole with so much intensity that his mouth was making wet sounds that excited Yoongi that little bit more; saliva running thick between his tongue and his skin because he was drooling that much, some of it running down his chin and possibly leaking down onto the sofa cushion.

Yoongi reached over to brush his fingers through Jimin’s hair, snagging a hold of the short lengths to get a good grip on it and hold onto him. This also meant that he could pull him closer, could apply pressure onto the back of his head to try and encourage him whenever he did something that felt nice.

When Jimin pressed his face right up against his buttocks and nuzzled at his entrance Yoongi couldn’t help but moan, the rapid up and down and side to side movements of his head helping him play with him more intensely with his tongue.

“Huh-huh, shit, that feels good,” Yoongi hiccuped, squirming against Jimin’s tight hold on his buttocks to try and move against him and drag out the pleasurable sensation. “Mmm, Jimin…”

It was so ticklish, and yet Yoongi found that he enjoyed the sensation even as it made his thighs shudder. He could feel his cock giving a hearty twitch in response to the hot and wet broad of Jimin’s tongue, which was rapidly lapping over his entrance and up to his perineum over and over, a sharp corkscrew of pleasure shooting up his shaft as a burst of tingling heat spread up into his belly.

Jimin nuzzled against his entrance for as long as he could before he needed to pull his face away and take a quick intake of breath. Yoongi saw that his full lips were flushed with colour and wet from spit, and he gave them a quick lick before bringing his face back down towards his spread buttocks. He shifted to place his cheek down against the soft curve of his buttock and then he rolled his tongue
out to give him one, two, three teasing licks with the pointed tip of his tongue.

“You want me to fuck you with my tongue?” Jimin asked in a husky voice, as he ran his fingers over his ticklish inner thigh before slipping it underneath to squeeze hold of it again.

“Yuh-yeah,” Yoongi replied, sticking his tongue out to lick his own lips. He glanced across the floor, making quick eye-contact with a couple seated at a table close to them and feeling his already flushed cheeks growing even hotter. “Eat it, fuck it - whatever, just stick your tongue in my ass, Jimin.”

“Oh, Yoongi, you fucking slut,” Jimin said, letting out a husky laugh as his lips split in a wide smirk. “Did you just tell me what to do?”

Yoongi couldn’t hold his gaze at this because he was so ashamed, and he knew that Jimin was aware of it too. Between knowing that some men were watching them to having gotten a little too demanding with his words because he was starting to feel needy, he could only drop his gaze down to stare at Jimin’s fingers, which were digging into the skin of his thigh deep enough to create dimples.

Jimin hadn’t told him that he couldn’t tell him what to do, but there was the underlying implication that Yoongi was being rewarded for being a good baby boy, and good baby boys didn’t demand things.

“You want my tongue in your ass?” Jimin asked in that low voice of his, the one that dripped dominance. “How much?”

Yoongi thought this question over for a moment before applying pressure to the back of his head, pulling him closer until he felt the plush sensation of Jimin’s lips pressing against his perineum.

This made Jimin laugh as he ran his hands up and down the undersides of his thighs, and then he hooked them under his knees so he could apply his own pressure. He pushed his knees up that little bit more until Yoongi was almost folded in half on the seat, and this meant that he no longer needed to spread his buttocks with his hands because his thighs were forced wide open from the position.

“Don’t act shy, baby boy,” Jimin said, that mischievous smirk still on his face. “Tell me how much you want it, hmm?”
“So bad, so fucking bad,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, hoping that he would be able to hear him over the pounding electronic music. “It feels so good when you fuck me like that, Jimin. Shit, you’re the best at fucking me.”

Jimin made a pleased sound at this that showed he had enjoyed being showered with praises, and then he brought his mouth back over to his entrance to spit more saliva down onto his skin. He rolled his eyes up as he stuck his tongue out to wet his lips, holding his gaze in a way that made Yoongi gulp because he knew what was coming.

When Jimin started eating his ass again he didn’t do so by playfully licking at his ticklish entrance, to make him squirm and flood his body with gentle waves of pleasurable heat. No, he stuck his tongue out to start prodding at his puckered muscles before sliding it through them for the first time.

“So bad, so fucking bad,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, hoping that he would be able to hear him over the pounding electronic music. “It feels so good when you fuck me like that, Jimin. Shit, you’re the best at fucking me.”

Jimin made a pleased sound at this that showed he had enjoyed being showered with praises, and then he brought his mouth back over to his entrance to spit more saliva down onto his skin. He rolled his eyes up as he stuck his tongue out to wet his lips, holding his gaze in a way that made Yoongi gulp because he knew what was coming.

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Jimin’s tongue rapidly darted in and out of him, so dexterous that it was almost as smooth as his hips when he thrust into him. The sensation was hot and wet as he thrust his tongue back and forth, still very ticklish because he was brushing it against his entrance muscles and flooding Yoongi’s body with even more heat every single time that the pointed tip slipped inside him. His mouth made a series of wet noises, from slurps to breathy moans as he relentlessly jabbed his tongue into his hole and spat inside of him to keep his inner walls lubricated.

But after some teasing prodding Jimin slipped his tongue inside to keep it in place instead; deeply thrusting it inside him without slipping it free. This created a somewhat different sensation that was less ticklish, more just pleasing. His tongue wasn’t thick enough to feel like his cock and stretch him open, but the tactile sensation was completely new because it was hot and wet in a way that felt more enjoyable than the glide of lube, and he got to enjoy the feeling of Jimin’s lips sucking around his hole too.

“Oh… huh,” Yoongi moaned, rolling his head back against the backrest and closing his eyes to fully savour the sensation.

This was like foreplay, only the best kind that Yoongi had ever experienced. Jimin couldn’t possibly bring him to climax with his tongue alone because he wasn’t stimulating his prostate or cock, and so he really could spend the whole night just eating his ass like he had said so earlier.

But even though the thought sounded fucking amazing, Yoongi couldn’t help but lift his free hand up off the seat to take his cock in hand and start stroking himself in rhythm with Jimin’s deeply
rolling and thrusting tongue. He wasn’t at all shocked to find he was wet with precum, which he smeared on his fingers as he curled them around his shaft.

Jimin reached up to gently knock his hand away from his cock. But Yoongi found himself taking it back in hand again a mere moment later because he needed to touch himself that much; was desperate for the dual sensation and a little stimulation. He managed just a couple of quick strokes around his shaft before the other man was forced to reach up and snag hold of his wrist to pin it down onto the leather seat, stopping him from touching himself whilst he carried on thrusting his tongue inside him.

“Shit, Jimin,” Yoongi almost whined, trying to pull his hand free only for him to apply more pressure onto his wrist to stop him. “You’re being mean…”

Jimin let out a deep sound at this as he rolled his eyes up to hold his gaze again, that rumble of his that sounded like he was pleased that he was making him start to get desperate. He slipped his tongue out of him to gather more saliva onto it, running it around his mouth before he spat on his entrance again and resumed spreading the hot slickness all around his hole with the broad of his tongue.

“Mmm,” Yoongi breathed out, his blunt nails scratching at the leather seat in response to the sharp tip of Jimin’s tongue as it traced concentric circles around his puckered muscles.

Yoongi let go of his hair to try and take his cock in his left hand, only for Jimin to quickly grab hold of his wrist and hold it down against the padded seat too.

This time Yoongi did let out a whine as he shifted on the seat, feeling Jimin laughing against his buttocks; his tongue curling up inside of him to brush against his inner walls.

This was punishment for him demanding that he fuck him with his tongue, he just knew it. Jimin was pinning him down and stopping him from touching himself because he wanted to be in control, and Yoongi felt a sudden flare of excitement coursing through his body when he tried to fight back against his restraining hands, only for Jimin to apply even more pressure to trap him in place.

“You want your reward that much, huh, slut?”

Yoongi’s thighs trembled at this, not only because he felt Jimin’s warm breath puffing out against his now slick entrance, but because his words had slipped right under his skin in that hot, shameful way that he desired so much.
Jimin had his wrists pinned against the seat and so Yoongi was unable to move to touch himself; his arms stuck out at his sides and his thighs spread wide open with his bare heels digging into the leather seat to wantonly reveal his nudity to anyone that not only passed their table, but happened to glance in their direction.

Yoongi was exposed: half-naked, his stiff cock pathetically pointing up to almost rest on the curve of his belly. Everyone that looked at him would know exactly what he was - a slut, a desperate, little slut that didn’t even care who could see him, he just wanted to be fucked so badly that he was willing to degrade himself this much.

“What? Does your little cock want attention now too?” Jimin teased, as he moved his head away and looked down at his erection. “You’re so fucking needy, Yoongi. I only have one mouth, so, what do you want? What’d you want more, hmm? Do you want me to fuck you with my tongue? Or do you want me to suck your cock?”

“My… my cock.” Yoongi panted, his fingers digging into the seat so tight his blunt nails might just rip at the leather.

“Oh, you know how much I like your chubby cock,” Jimin crooned, rolling his tongue out to lick at his lips and then lowering his head down to start lapping it against the underside of his cock.

“Oh-huh,” Yoongi hiccuped, watching him dragging his tongue all the way up to his wet cock head as he held his gaze; his eyes smouldering with lust.

Jimin took his cock into his mouth, taking his whole length inside and sealing his lips around his base; his nose buried in the light thatch of his pubic hair. He started sucking on him, moving his tongue around as he gently bobbed his head back and forth, a soft slurping sound escaping from his mouth that made Yoongi suck his lower lip in to start gnawing on it.

“Fuh-fuck, Jimin,” Yoongi whined at the back of his throat, shifting to roll his hips up off the seat to push up against his face and try to drag out the pleasurable friction as he sucked on his cock. “That’s so fuh…fucking good.”

Jimin moaned around his cock, the deep vibrations making Yoongi groan and roll his head back against the seat. He had hollowed his cheeks to stay tight around his girth, picking up speed to rapidly bob on his short shaft before pulling off to his cock head to noisily suck on that instead.
“Huh-huh-shit,” Yoongi stammered, straining against Jimin’s tight hands until he let go and allowed him to sink his fingers into his hair again. He lifted his head up to look down at him, watching Jimin releasing his cock from his mouth to once again dart his tongue out and drag it along the underside. His cock was wet with a mixture of saliva and precum, his deep pink and flushed skin glistening in the blue light coming from the light above their table.

“Does your little cock like that, slut?” Jimin teased, pressing a quick kiss against his swollen cock head. “Are you gonna cum because I’m finally giving you want you want? Hmm, you cum so fast. You’re so desperate but that’s fucking hot.”

“Nuh-not gonna cum yet,” Yoongi panted, sticking his tongue out to wet his lips as he watched Jimin parting his lips to take him into his mouth again. “Not gonna- huh, fuck.”

Yoongi gently tugged on Jimin’s hair to try and move his head away, wanting him to release his cock from his mouth again.

But Jimin was so focused on sucking him off that it took him a moment to realise, opening his eyes to look up at him when he pulled on his hair that little bit harder. He released him from his hold with a wet popping sound, a dribble of drool spilling down his lips that dangled down for a few seconds before snapping to splash down on Yoongi’s cock.

“My ass,” Yoongi groaned, so lost in his pleasure that he couldn’t even formulate proper sentences. “Tongue… your tongue… fuck.”

Jimin smirked at him at this, taking plenty of enjoyment from the fact he was so excited that he was mumbling nonsense. He made Yoongi fold his left arm across his body so he could press both his wrists down with just his left fist; freeing up his right hand and placing it down on his thigh.

“Of course you like me playing with your ass more,” Jimin said, that wicked smirk of his appearing on his lips as he ran his hand all over his inner thigh and then sunk his fingers into his buttock. “But…what if I played with both, hmm? What if I fuck your little hole with my tongue and I beat off that cute cock of yours too?”

“Please, Jimin, puh…please,” Yoongi almost begged, knowing that he sounded desperate but not at all caring because he just wanted Jimin to make him cum in whatever way he could.
Jimin stroked his fingers around his shaft rather than fully take him in his fist, his thumb rubbing and pressing against his underside in rhythm with his fingertips. He barely needed to move his wrist to tease him because of his short length, instead just massaging at his shaft as he moved to lower his face back down between his thighs and brought his mouth back to his entrance.

“Huh-huh,” Yoongi gasped, shifting on the seat in response to the dual sensation of his fingers and tongue. His feet dug into leather seat for a moment before kicking out in a hard spasm. He felt them knocking against Jimin’s shoulders, and so he placed them there to try and keep them in place; his toes curling up tight as he let out a broken moan of pleasure.

Oh, the dry but smooth friction of Jimin’s gloved fingers massaging at his cock and the sensation of his wet tongue slipping inside of him was so intense that Yoongi knew he was going to orgasm. He could feel his climax fast approaching, and when he rolled his head to the side and saw that the couple seated at the other table who had been watching them were touching one another it was enough to make his breath catch in his throat.

But just as Yoongi felt the delicious tightening in his loins, which signalled he was going to climax, Jimin let go of his cock and he pulled his head away to drop his chin down on his thigh.

“Fuh-ck, Jimin, fuck,” Yoongi whined, his body trembling because he was right on the cusp of his orgasm and he needed it, he needed it so bad. “Not another game, huh…huh, lemme cum. Shit…”

“Stick your fingers inside your hole and fuck yourself for me,” Jimin said, his voice low and dripping with so much authority that Yoongi gulped hard between his gasps for breath. “Show me how bad that you want it and I’ll play with you again…”

Yoongi let go of Jimin’s hair, his hand shaking as he reached down and slipped it between his spread thighs. He felt at his entrance for a moment, feeling a slick mess of saliva coating his skin as he got his index and middle finger in place and applied pressure against his muscles to slip them inside. He tightly clenched around them for a few seconds, his muscles clenching and unclenching in a series of quick spasms until he started moving his wrist to finger himself just like Jimin had demanded.

Jimin took hold of his hips to hold onto him, his grip tight enough to almost hurt as his thumbs pressed down on the sharp wings of his hip bones. He watched him fingering himself for a minute or so before telling him to pull his fingers out, and when Yoongi did so he gathered more saliva into his mouth to spit it onto his hole so he could use it as lubricant.

Yoongi sank his fingers back inside himself, spreading the hot saliva and then adding a third finger to stretch himself. The sight of his flushed muscles growing taut around his fingers made Jimin moan,
his fingers dimpling his skin as he tightened his grip around his hips that little bit more.

Yoongi looked down at Jimin, seeing that he was staring at his hand as he rapidly fingered himself. His gaze was half-lidded, his lips slack and his tongue slipped out just enough for the tip to be curled up against his upper lip. He looked like he was completely entranced by the act, like he was taking in the sight and hoping to burn it into his memory.

“Do you do this to yourself all the time?” Jimin asked in a low voice, as his hands slowly massaged at his hips. “Do you like fingering yourself like this, slut?”

“Suh-sometimes,” Yoongi stammered, trying to angle his wrist to find the perfect spot to prod at his prostate.

“It just doesn’t feel as good as a cock, hmm? A thick cock pounding into your little hole?”

“Nuh-no, I want your thick cock in my… my hole.”

Yoongi felt Jimin’s hand brushing against the back of his hand, his fingers running over his knuckles and then slipping over his fingers as he got his hand into position. A few seconds later he felt the sensation of Jimin’s fingertip prodding against his entrance muscles, followed by a sharp sting as he applied enough pressure to slide it inside too.

Jimin had just slipped his finger inside him, so that Yoongi now had three of his own fingers and his extra finger shoved in his ass to the knuckles. He was four fingers deep now, stretched taut around the combined girth of their fingers without the added assistance of slick lube, just saliva, and he was starting to feel the burn and sting from the considerable stretch.

“Oh, Jimin,” Yoongi gasped, sucking his lower lip in to bite it as they moved their fingers in sync for the first time: his saliva-coated fingers and Jimin’s hot leather-clad finger rubbing against his inner walls. “Fuck.”

“You want my thick cock in your hole,” Jimin repeated, his words making a prickling flare of shame spread across Yoongi’s cheeks even as a powerful burst of heat pulsed out from the base of his cock to run down into his thighs. “Hmm, you greedy, little cockslut. Fuck, that’s so hot, Yoongi.”

Yoongi hissed through his clenched teeth, wincing from the stinging stretch as their fingers sank
deep inside of him again.

Jimin took hold of his hand so he could take control, guiding Yoongi’s fingers and the rhythm so that he had all the control once more. He didn’t even look at their hands as he did so, he just stared up at his face to take in the sight of his flushed cheeks and quivering lips because he wanted to solely watch his pleasure.

Jimin reached up to take hold of his cock with his free hand and resume touching him. He didn’t do so slow, nor did he tease him like before, he just got a firm grip around his shaft and started rapidly pumping his fist in rhythm with their thrusting fingers to finally let him achieve his climax.

“Huh-uh-uh-fuck,” Yoongi hiccuped, his hips instinctively twitching in response so that he almost thrust up off the seat. “Yes, Jimin, yes-”

“Baby did so good today,” Jimin crooned, as he deftly palmed at his cock head to smear an ooze of precum all over his glove and his shaft to increase his pleasure. This made the friction from his fist turn smooth, the liquid glide between the leather and his skin starting to tingle. “You deserve a good treat for being such a good boy, and a little cockslut - just for me.”

“Huh, I’m a good buh-boy, I’m a fucking cockslut,” Yoongi groaned, the words spilling free from his lips because he was so close to his orgasm that he was desperate to cum. “Lemme cum, fuck, please, lemme cum.”

When Yoongi let go of the leather seat to sink his fingers into his hair instead, snagging hold at the roots to tug hard enough to hurt, Jimin let out a throaty moan and tightened his grip around his cock, which made a sharp jolt of pleasure shoot up into his belly and finally pushed him over the edge.

“You wanna cum?” Jimin groaned, even as the first string of cum shot free from his slit and splashed right up against the front of his throat.

“Yes-yes-ye-fuck!”

Yoongi orgasmed with a sharp cry of pleasure, his back arching and his hips thrusting up off the seat as he ejaculated all over Jimin’s throat and chest. Tingling heat flooded his body, along with hard throbs that made his thighs shudder as he threw his head back against the padded backrest. Jimin was still controlling their hands, thrusting their fingers in deep and rubbing at his prostate to drag out every second of pleasure for him.
“Oh-oh,” Yoongi brokenly moaned, gasping for breath as his hips weakly pumped up off the seat to thrust up into his tight fist. “Shit, Jimin…”

For a few seconds Yoongi was so lost in his orgasm that he couldn’t even move, he could only savour the intense waves of heat and jolts of pleasure between his thighs as he sank back down on the seat with a breathless grunt. He slowly reached down to knock Jimin’s hand away from his sensitive cock, and that was when the other man slipped their fingers free from inside him to stop massaging his prostate.

Jimin shifted to sit down on the padded sofa seat beside him, taking hold of his lax body to help him sit upright and then pulling him along the seat and onto his lap again.

Yoongi could feel Jimin’s erection straining through his leather trousers, digging into his buttocks and thighs as he settled down in his lap. He lowered his face to lick at the mess of semen still clinging to Jimin’s throat and chest before slumping against him, his body so heavy with pleasure that he just didn’t want to move another inch.

“Fuck, Jimin, that… that was…”

Yoongi couldn’t even finish his trail of thought, he could only let out a string of breathless noises and hope that the other man understood him.

Jimin pulled at the lengths of his t-shirt until he was able to get him to lift his arms up, dragging it off over his head and tossing it down onto the floor with the rest of his clothes.

Yoongi didn’t even care about the fact he was completely naked right now because his head was so foggy from his orgasm. He just settled against Jimin’s body again, his head slipping into the crook between his neck and shoulder so perfectly.

“Just sit like this for a little while, baby,” Jimin requested, as he slipped his arm around his waist to take hold of his thigh and pressed him up against his chest that little bit more. “Sit in my lap like a good baby boy. I want everyone to look at you and appreciate you, and wish that they were me.”

Jimin got another cigarette out of his packet and between his lips. He sparked a light with his half-empty lighter, breathing the first inhale out of his nose and then reaching up to pull the stick free from his lips. He got comfortable on the seat, slouching back against the backrest and yet still maintaining
“God, look at you, baby boy,” Jimin whispered, as he turned his head to look at him. Their faces were so close that Yoongi felt his lips brushing against his hairline, the soft contact making a shiver of delight run down his spine. “So soft, so sweet, and so fucking desperate for cock.”

Yoongi closed his eyes as he listened to him whispering into his hair, feeling Jimin’s gloved hand gently massaging at his thigh before moving up to his waist; his touch so gentle and soothing as he started to come down hard from his intense orgasm.

“So many men in this club would kill for a baby boy like you in their lap, and yet I’m the lucky one,” Jimin continued, his words making Yoongi softly moan against his neck. “They can look, but they can’t touch you. I get to make you blush, and moan and whine. I get to kiss you, to touch you. Fuck you and love you. They only get the fantasy, but I get all of you.”

All of him… Jimin had all of him, and Yoongi couldn’t help but wonder if Jimin realised just how much of him he really had in his hands right now.

Did he have any idea just how much that he wanted to ask him to be his partner? Did he know just how infatuated he had become with him, even when it was so fast and his surge of intense feelings both excited and frightened him?

Yoongi moved to pull his face away from Jimin’s neck to hold his gaze, his eyes half-lidded from his orgasm and his vision slightly blurred at the corners from all of the whisky. As he did so Jimin took another drag off the end of his cigarette, slowly breathing the smoke out of his full lips as he looked up at him.

“Jimin?” Yoongi asked in a soft voice, his gaze flickering between his eyes and lips in turn. “Am I… am I your favourite boy in this club?”

“Oh, Yoongi,” Jimin said with a wide smile, as he reached up to cup his chin with his gloved fingers. “You’re not my favourite boy, you’re my baby boy.”

“Does that mean I’m… special?”

“Yoongi, I don’t fuck my boys, but I fuck you,” Jimin explained, dabbing a hint of ash down off the
end of his cigarette into the table ashtray. “That’s because you’re my special baby boy. Now… am I coming back to your place tonight or are you going to play hard to get and make me spend the night all alone again, hmm?”

Yoongi didn’t even need to say a word in reply to Jimin’s question because he knew that his smile said it all.
The coffee was bitter, almost acidic as it left a strong flavour behind on his tongue. There wasn’t even a dribble of milk or creamer added to the brew because it was black, and even on the rare instance when Yoongi had white coffee he staunchly avoided adding sugars and sweeteners. That ruined a perfectly good cup of coffee in his opinion, and he had grown to love the bitter, tart, and even earthen flavour over the years.

Yoongi ran his tongue around his mouth as he gazed down into the dark contents of the mug. He watched steam wafting up from the hot surface to float up into the air and disappear out of sight just seconds later.

This particular roast was very earthy, flavoursome and warm on his tongue in a way that he liked. It might just be cheap instant coffee that Patrick had brewed for him in the back kitchen, but cheap coffee had the exact same effect on his system as pricey coffee so he really didn’t care. He just craved the caffeine buzz more than anything else.

After a moment of staring into the mug Yoongi rolled his eyes up to look across the storefront, his gaze naturally falling on the large windows. He was comfortably slouched back on the sofa with several of the cushions shoved behind his back and another one sitting on his lap that he was hugging against his stomach.

Even though it was the middle of summer and the weather had been pretty hot all day long, the current night climate was somewhat cool. There had been a light rain shower on the bus ride to get into Harlem earlier in the evening, and there was currently a light drizzle coming down.

Yoongi tracked the raindrops as they ran down the glass panes in little lines, bringing his mug up to his lips to take another sip of the black coffee.

Hopefully the shower would stop before he left the camera store because he didn’t want to get soaked through when he was out on the streets - even if he was going to be jumping a bus and only walking for a few minutes.

Yoongi studied the thin haze of mist that was floating around one of the streetlights outside; a fuzzy halo of rain that was lingering around the glowing orange bulb. He might just hate being out in the
rain during spring showers or in the autumn and early winter before said rain turned into sleet and snow. But he actually liked the occasional nightly walk through the light summer rain; not only because the rain was oftentimes warm but because it also helped him stay cool.

There was just something so beautiful about summer rain. Whether it be watching it running down window panes like this, drinking some coffee or smoking whilst sitting on his windowsill because he was having trouble sleeping, the window cracked open to let a cool breathe waft through the gap; or going out for a little walk and letting it soak into his hair and clothing until he felt more refreshed.

Yoongi had been sitting in Harlem Camera for a couple of hours now, having travelled to the store shortly after waking up in the late-afternoon hours. He had had no real reason to come to the store, save for making a phone call that he could do so quite easily on the payphone just down the street from his apartment block. But said payphone didn’t have free black coffee, a comfortable sofa, and companions to talk to… should Yoongi decide to start talking to them and not just muse over said coffee for a little while longer.

Patrick was currently standing behind the counter, working on mounting a photograph for a client by creating the perfect backboard and window mat that would frame the photograph before it was placed inside the actual frame. He was softly humming under his breath as he did so, the cluttering sound of him shifting things around on the counter as he went between various sheets of acid-free mounting boards and the random assortment of tools he was using.

Jayden was currently working in the back of the store, likely in the darkroom developing exposures and prints that Patrick would then mount and frame to get them ready for their clients.

Yoongi was waiting on his own print and so there was a small chance that Jayden was working on it right now. That would be kind of funny, and it would also mean that said print would be completed and ready to be collected in a couple of days.

It was Jimin’s professional print - the one that he had told him he loved last night when he had shown him the developed photograph and had then laughed about how much Yoongi looked like a kid on school picture day in it because of his awkward and toothy smile.

The exact same photograph that Yoongi had trimmed away with scissors to shove inside his wallet, kept safe behind the plastic window so he could look at it whenever he wanted.

Just like right now.
Yoongi shoved his hand into his jeans front pocket to retrieve his wallet. He flipped it open and held the wallet by the corner, bringing it up to his face to study the photograph. The colour photograph was slipped behind the plastic window, which created a glossy layer over the already glossy surface of the snapshot. But the added layer meant that he was able to rub his thumb over the plastic, gently caressing it over their faces as he smoothed out the slight wrinkles that had formed around the edges.

Jimin had called him his ‘special baby boy’.

His.

Just thinking about this was enough to make a shiver of delight run down Yoongi’s spine, his lips twitching up at the corners into a smile that he tried to control because he didn’t want Patrick catching sight of his happy expression and bombarding him with questions. It just felt so good knowing that Jimin thought he was special, that he had denoted ownership in a way that meant he wanted him, even if he had yet to say the word ‘boyfriend’ or ‘partner’ just yet. But that would come in time, he was certain it would happen when they were alone together and could have a heart-to-heart.

Yoongi was Jimin’s baby boy, and no other man could make feel good but him. And Jimin was his too - his lover, the only man that could satisfy him. That was why he couldn’t help but smile as he studied the photograph, filled with the happiness and knowledge that there was something special between them, something meaningful they could nurture and strengthen over time.

Jimin had once more come home with him last night and they had shared his bed and even more sweet intimacy before drifting off to sleep right around dawn. Yoongi had fallen asleep to the sight of the first rays of sunlight bleeding in through the barred window, cracking through the wispy clouds that had been washed across the lilac sky and falling upon Jimin’s naked body as he had lain on his back with his arms folded under the pillows; the short black locks of his hair plastered to his brow, his legs stretched out across the wrinkled covers, and his naked body coated in a mixture of their sweat and semen and marked from his teeth and blunt nails.

They had parted ways not that long ago. Jimin had gotten cleaned up and dressed whilst Yoongi had been slumbering away in bed, and he had woken him up just to press a kiss against his brow and say his goodbyes with the unspoken promise they would see each other again very soon hanging in the air between their lips.

That was why Yoongi was going to head straight to The Paradiso Lounge as soon as he was finished in the camera store. It was starting to edge close to 10pm now and so he felt like it was a good time to leave and head to the club.
But there was just one important thing that he had to do first.

Yoongi spared a quick glance over at Patrick, seeing that he was distracted with his current task. So he brought his wallet up to his face to press the quickest of kisses against the photograph before closing it shut and shoving the wallet back into his jeans pocket. Then he placed his mug of coffee down on the table and got upright with a soft grunt, wincing at the stiffness in his back as he dragged his feet across the storefront.

“Yo, Paddy? Can I make a call? Just a quick one? It’s important,” Yoongi requested, as he shifted to fold his arms on the glass counter and comfortably slouched his back.

“Sure thing, honey,” Patrick said, grabbing hold of the pastel blue telephone to push it along the counter towards him. “Don’t worry about it. You’ve only got to ask, you know you can always use it.”

“Thanks,” Yoongi said with a quick smile, as he took hold of the telephone to pull the clunky body close and then grabbed the smooth and rounded receiver to shove it in the crook between his head and shoulder. He had to rummage around his leather jacket pockets for a few seconds to try and find what he was looking for, pulling free half-smoked and forgotten about cigarettes, crumpled receipts, a condom so old it was now useless, and then finally the slightly wrinkled business card. “Shit, lemme see here…”

Yoongi squinted at the business card for a few seconds to try and read the tiny print. He really needed a pair of goddamn glasses and yet here he was - hoping that squinting would be enough to correct the issue.

“Are you calling your little muse?” Patrick teased with his own smile, glancing up at him as he finished sealing the window mat onto the backboard to keep the photograph mounted for framing.

“No, my client, Silverstein. But-”

Yoongi paused for a second as he punched the number keys, hearing a series of flat tones coming from the receiver every time that he hit one with his thumb.

“But I got an update ‘bout him…”
“Ooh, do give me all the gossip when you’re done!” he said in an excited voice, giving his slim shoulders a little wiggle.

Yoongi hummed at this to let him know he would, listening to the dull drone of the dialling tone as he waited for the other man to pick up and answer his call. It took most of the dialling tone before he heard a burst of static cracking down the line, followed by that of an inhale of breath.

“Hello. May I ask who’s calling?”

“Uh, hey. Good evening, Silverstein. It’s me, Min. Yoongi Min, the photographer,” Yoongi greeted, pausing for a moment to let the other man take this all in.

“Ah, yes, Min!” Silverstein said, talking in that same booming and cultured voice of his that revealed he most certainly had a background and career in the arts. “How are you these days? Is everything going good for you?”

“Huh? Oh, yeah. Yeah, I’m doing good, Silverstein. How’re you? How’s the, uh, the business going these days?” Yoongi asked, attempting to sound adult and cool. It had only been over a week since they had first talked, and yet he was talking to the older man as if it had been months since their last conversation and they were good acquaintances with one another. “Great, I hope.”

“Good, good. Everything is going very good. Ah, it’s as busy and dramatic as always. But that’s what makes working in the arts so exciting; hmm?”

Yoongi made a soft series of noises in agreement, just to acknowledge what he was saying.

“Sorry for calling, Silverstein. I understand you’re busy, but there’s something important in regards to the commission that I wanted to talk to you ‘bout. Is it a’ight to talk to you right now? I ain’t gonna keep you too long, I only got a couple of questions to ask.”

“No, not exactly, no. You see, uh, with the commission being such a huge thing, with all the different… fetishes, I thought it’d be for the best that I consult with you over the subjects I’ve been shooting this last week or so,” Yoongi rapidly explained, twirling the kinked cord around his fingers
so tight that it was a miracle it didn’t tear free from the receiver. “I want you to see the subjects and find your own, uh, how’d’you say… preferences in ‘em. If that makes sense? Y’know, a try it before you buy it kinda thing, uh-”

Yoongi let out a flustered laugh at this because he could hear just how much he was bumbling on and on, and he felt like he wasn’t making much sense at all. He knew exactly what he was trying to tell the other man and yet he just couldn’t find the right words to say.

“I, uh, I got some developed exposures already,” he added, finally getting a hold on his nerves so he could give him all the important facts. “That means I got photographs, plenty of photographs I can present to you. Yeah? So, I was contacting you today to try and schedule an, uh, a consultation so you could look at ‘em.”

“I see. Well, that makes perfect sense to me, Min. After all, I usually purchase my art directly from galleries, where I’m able to study each piece in front of before making a purchase. I think it’s a very smart idea of you to showcase your pieces, so I can study it all and select those that I like.”

“Yeah, yeah, that’s what I thought so too.”

“How is… the 22nd? Would that be an acceptable date for you? I can pencil you in for a consultation?”

“The 22nd? That’s Wednesday, right?” Yoongi asked, glancing over at Patrick just in time to see him giving him a quick nod. It was currently Sunday, which meant that said consultation was just three days away. “Uh, d’you got an exact time in mind?”

“Let me see,” Silverstein said, letting out a couple of soft tuts as he thought this question over. He might just be getting a scheduler out of his pocket to check it, just in case he had to find a way to fit him into his busy schedule.

Yoongi lowered his voice to a soft whisper as he covered the receiver mouthpiece with his fingers. “Hey, Paddy? You got a pen?”

Patrick passed him a pen without saying a word, which Yoongi grabbed and got into hand. He turned the slightly wrinkled business card over so he could scribble the consultation information on a blank section of the card - just to make sure he wouldn’t get confused and make a mistake.
“Are you available for 11am?”

“11am? Yeah, sure,” Yoongi replied, wondering if he was even going to get any sleep the night before or if he would just heavily caffeinate himself to avoid missing the appointment. “The same place as last time? The, uh, the mansion over in Yorkville?”

“Yes, the same place. Do you need the address?”

“Nah, I remember it,” Yoongi said with a soft head shake, even when the other man couldn’t see him. “11am, Wednesday, over in Yorkville. A’ight, that’s great, Silverstein. I’ll get everything prepared and see you then.”

“Fantastic, Min. I look forward to seeing your subjects,” Silverstein said, and there was an audible smile in his voice that made Yoongi feel very relieved because it showed a great deal of interest in his work. “I will see you on Wednesday. Until then, have a pleasant evening and take care.”

“Yeah, you too, Silverstein,” he said with his own smile, listening to the silence on the end of the line until it cut with a crisp crackle that signalled the other man had ended the call.

Yoongi let his breath out in a heavy sigh as he moved to drop the receiver into the cradle. It felt so good to finally be rid of it, to have finished the phone call because he hated receiving and initiating calls.

“Fuck, I hate talking on the goddamn phone,” he muttered, as he reached up to rub his fingers through the fall of his hair on his brow and roughly brushed it back off his face. It stayed up for a second or two before once more dropping into place, as messy as always. “How’d’you do it everyday, huh, Paddy?”

“Well, I’ve gotta do it,” Patrick pointed out in a matter-of-fact voice. “Besides, I’m much more cheery than Jay-Jay, so, it’s better for business that I man the phone.”

“Mmm, so long as you don’t start nattering…”

“Hey!” he cried out, pretending to be insulted but failing miserably because he was far too campy. “Oh, but speaking of nattering… I want that juicy gossip now, honey!”
Yoongi let his breath out in a soft chuckle at this, and he ran his gaze along the counter for a few seconds before moving to collect his serving of coffee. He took a deep sip and then nursed the mug between his hands, drawing some comfort from the heated porcelain as he lowered himself down onto the armrest of the sofa.

“A’ight, so, I went back to the club last night, after Jayden printed out all the flyers for me. Van, the owner of the leather bar, she also ordered some posters too, so he had a big order on his hands,” he rapidly explained, instinctively reaching up to start rubbing at his nose with the backs of his fingers in his usual nervous habit.

“I know, I heard. Jay-Jay told me all about it this morning,” Patrick said, as he smoothed his fingers over the mounting board to make sure there wasn’t a single air bubble trapped between the two pieces of card. “You made a nice profit from the commission though, right? He said something about how you seemed to be getting a really good deal from the order.”

“Yeah, I made a lot of profit, more than I’ve made from my photography in a couple of months, Paddy. Uh, 225 dollars or so.”

“Wow, that’s great, honey! But back to the subject of pretty boys! So, you went back to the club, he was working there, probably shaking that impressive butt of his to make the boys go wild. What happened next?”

“Like I said, I went back to the club and sorted everything out with Van. Then I went looking for Jimin. He finished his shift not long after that, so, we had some drinks together. He was buying the rounds. Shit, I drank so much whisky last night,” Yoongi admitted with a quick chuckle, hiding his grin behind his fist like usual. “But he, uh, he said something to me, when we were in the club. He said that I was his ‘special baby boy’.”

Patrick glanced up at him at this as he turned the mounting board over, and Yoongi was pretty certain he saw something flitting across his face that looked like a quick smile. It seemed like he was pleased by this news.

Well, Patrick had called them a cute couple when he had told him about Jimin last night, and so he was probably happy hearing this.

Seeing his quick smile was enough to make Yoongi also smile, which he tried to hide behind the rim of the mug as he took another deep sip of coffee.
“Ooh, his special boy,” Patrick crooned, as he placed the mounting board aside for a moment. “I saw that little smile just then, honey! You like that, you like being his special boy, huh?”

“Yes, I like it,” Yoongi admitted with a soft chuckle, lowering the coffee mug from his lips to nurse it in both hands again. “I like feeling special. I like knowing that he… cares ‘bout me, even if only just a little.”

“Of course you do! It always feels good knowing that someone you care about cares about you in return,” Patrick said, and his words almost seemed to echo what Jayden had said to him just last night - about attention and affection and how good it was receiving both things. “And you do care about him, right?”

“Mmm, yeah, I care ‘bout him,” Yoongi agreed, dropping his gaze down to look at the coffee mug he was nursing in his hands. “I wanna spend time with him, I wanna be with him; y’know? Like, I wanna share beds with him and be the first thing he sees when he wakes up and the last thing he feels in his arms when he falls asleep, and I know that shit’s corny but-”

“There’s nothing wrong with corny! It’s worked just fine for Disney all these years!” Patrick joked, which made them both laugh. “I’m serious, Yoon. There’s nothing wrong with saying things like that, even though I know a part of you likes to pretend that you’re a hardcore punk-”

“I am a hardcore punk!” Yoongi interjected in a scandalised tone.

“-that finds romance and sweet things nasty and weak,” his friend continued over him, almost as if he hadn’t even heard his childish protests. “But I stand by my point! It’s OK to feel good about things, to feel happy about things. I know that you haven’t exactly had the best experiences with romance with your exes… those goddamn jackasses.”

Yoongi made a soft sound in agreement at this, even when the term ‘jackass’ was a serious understatement for some of his ex-partners.

But Patrick wasn’t the type to curse much or say bad things about others, and so the fact he had called those men such an insult really showed how much that he disliked them.

“But just because they were trash and they hurt you doesn’t mean that you should expect the same from future romantic endeavours,” Patrick finished, as he started moving things across the surface
behind the counter; the sound of different objects clattering against the wood. “So, if this muse of yours… Jimin?”

“Yeah, Jimin,” he confirmed with a quick nod.

“If Jimin makes you feel good then embrace that goodness! If he makes you want to sing from the rafters about how incredibly gay you are, sing your little gay heart out, honey!” Patrick declared with his usual level of campiness, as he threw his arms up high in imitation of some Broadway performer. He had to raise his voice to be heard over Yoongi, who was laughing so much at his antics. “I’m serious! Now, I know that Jay-Jay’s probably worried about you because you’re so sensitive, and I understand that he might want you to approach this with logic to save yourself any potential heartache. But when you’re developing feelings for someone, when you’re falling in love with them, there’s no such thing as logic. Believe me, he was far from logical with me.”

“I’m too stupid to be logical,” Yoongi said with a quick grin, and this made the other man laugh even though it was such a self-deprecating thing to say. “Yeah, he told me to be logical about it all but maybe not the way you’re expecting. He basically said that I need to be upfront with my feelings and not just fall into my usual trap, y’know, when I don’t ask those important questions and I just hang ’round until they get bored of me. And he’s right. I need to be upfront with Jimin and I was… kinda. I asked him if I meant something to him and he said I was his special baby boy, so, now I know that I can talk to him ‘bout my thoughts and feelings without stepping over any boundaries.”

“Oh? So you asked him and that’s when he said that to you?” Patrick asked, letting out a series of interested noises under his breath. “Here I was, assuming that he said something first and it was you all along. Good, Yoon, that’s really good. I’m so glad that you took the big step first and let Jimin know that you’re interested, that you’ve got feelings for him you don’t want to bottle up or go to waste.”

Yoongi’s voice was soft as he said, “Ain’t no way I could waste this opportunity, not with him. There’s something ‘bout Jimin, Paddy, and I just crave it. He makes me feel high, but he ain’t bad for me like a drug. It’s just this… euphoria.”

The camera store fell silent at this and Yoongi took advantage of the moment to bring the mug up to his lips and gulp down the remaining mouthfuls of coffee. It had cooled down quite the amount and so it didn’t even burn as he knocked back the deep swigs of coffee and then let his breath out in a soft sigh.

“…A’ight, well, I gotta go, Paddy,” Yoongi declared, as he placed the empty coffee mug down onto the glass table and then snatched up his jacket. “I’ll probably drop in on Wednesday after my consultation with Silverstein to put in some orders, supposing he’s interested in any of my subjects. If not then… I’m kinda fucked. So, fingers crossed he likes something. Yeah?”
“Before I forget! I also updated your webpage with some information about the commission!” Patrick called, just as Yoongi was in the act of dragging on his leather jacket. “I added some of the digital files - the completed flyers. They’re on your archive, just so you can impress your new clients with even more examples of your successful work, honey.”

“Thanks, Paddy, you’re the best,” Yoongi said with a grateful smile, as he shoved his hands into the spacious jacket pockets. “Now, if only I could look at my own fucking webpage!”

“Oh! Also! That print of yours should be ready to be picked up on Wednesday!” Patrick added, almost like an afterthought. “So, I’ll be sure to have that all mounted and framed for you.”

“Great, Jimin’s seriously gonna love that print. Talk to you later, Paddy!”

“You too, honey!”

Yoongi left the camera store with something close to a skip in his step as he made his way back to the bus stop so he could jump one of the vehicles and travel across the neighbourhood to The Paradiso Lounge. The bus pulled into the stop just a mere minute after he had reached it, and so he boarded it and grabbed a seat close to the back to stay out of the way of boarding and disembarking passengers. He comfortably settled in place on the padded seat, folding one leg over the other and slumping back against the gently vibrating wall as he watched the nightly views passing by outside the raindrop speckled window.

Upon getting off the bus on Lenox Avenue Yoongi quickly made his way down several streets, passing through the busy commercial and gay area until he was finally at the leather bar. He was starting to get so very used to the loudness out on the streets by now, for it seemed like the surrounding area was always filled with gangs of gay folk at all late-evening and early morning hours. Well, with it being one of several obvious safe spaces for them in the neighbourhood they were going to stick to such streets for as long as possible.

Right there, plastered to the outer wall of The Paradiso Lounge, Yoongi could see several of the promotional posters.

The posters had been pasted up onto the wall in a group of four - two copies of the two variants placed side by side to cover up a great deal of the brick wall because they were so large. They had been smoothly pasted into place so barely even a wrinkle was present on the surfaces, which had also been pasted over to create a layer of protection to stop the colours from fading and the weather
from wearing them away.

The outside of the club looked so much better now there were promotional posters that advertised its wares, and the way that the glowing and flashing neon signs cast various shades of purple, pink, and red over their glossy surfaces just made them catch the eye that little bit more.

Yoongi couldn’t help himself, he just had to power up his camera and take a photograph of the outer wall of the club - just for the hell of it. The posters were still perfectly fresh and he wanted to keep a little record of what they looked like, just so he could look at the snapshot in the future and be proud of the work that he had done.

“Looks good, huh?” the bouncer remarked from his spot in the club doorway, his arms folded across his impressive and wide chest. He was watching him as he moved up and down the sidewalk to get a good photograph; his camera held up in front of his face and the lanyard still caught around his neck.

Did the bouncer know that Yoongi was the one who had taken the photographs and printed the posters for Van? Was that why he was remarking on them, as a way of complimenting his hard work?

Or was there a chance that he didn’t know and he was just striking up a brief conversation with Yoongi because he had noticed him paying attention to the posters?

It was possible, but Yoongi had a feeling that the bouncer was aware of the fact he had created these posters. Mostly because the other man knew that he was a photographer and he had seen him leaving the leather bar with Jimin several times over the past few nights.

“Yeah, they look as good as I was hoping they would,” Yoongi said with a quick smile, squinting down the viewfinder for a few seconds before hitting the shutter button to snap the photograph. “Have any of the regulars said anything ‘bout ‘em to you?”

“Yeah, a few,” the bouncer replied, moving aside to clear the entrance door so he could enter the club. “Seems like they want some posters for their own walls.”

Yoongi snorted at this as he let go of his camera and left it dangling around his neck.

Goddamn, that was a great idea. He would love having one of these posters plastered onto his
bedroom wall too, or maybe the ceiling so he could see it when he was lying in bed. Sure, the original photographs were great for clipping onto the strings that he had tacked on his wall. But they were only small and he desired something much bigger; something almost life-sized, if possible.

Yoongi gave the wall a final study before crossing the sidewalk to go through the entrance door, slowly going down the concrete steps to finally enter the club.

_The Paradiso Lounge_ was as busy as always and so Yoongi didn’t really pay this much heed. He had gotten so used to the leather bar being packed full of clientele that he probably wouldn’t notice a difference unless the bar was practically empty. Whether it be a hundred men or a thousand men inside, the figure didn’t matter to him because the massive crowd still felt the exact same to have to wade his way through every single night. The fact that the flashing strobe lights, neon lighting, and pounding music always felt the same every single night meant there was an instant sense of familiarity whenever he stepped inside the club - like he was returning to a place that he was incredibly fond of or that he had a strong liking for.

Considering the memories that he had made so far in the club _The Paradiso Lounge_ really was a place of fond and exciting memories for Yoongi. But it wasn’t just the sense of belonging and atmosphere that he had a liking for…

As Yoongi made his way across the floor he couldn’t help but look up at the dance cages in the hopes of catching sight of Jimin inside one of them. He knew that he might not even be dancing tonight, that he might be down on the floor servicing his boys instead. But it was a hell of a lot easier looking for him in the floating cages than it was trying to spot him through the slew of bodies on said floor. There were just too many men inside the club, like always, and this made it incredibly difficult to spot even an eye-catching and gorgeous man like Jimin in their midst - especially when they were both rather short.

When it came to crossing the dance floor it was much easier sticking to one of two possible routes to get around the challenge: to the left where the bar was located, which still had a lot of men hanging around but was much easier to navigate without having to shove his way through the crowd; or to the right where all the sofas and private booths were located, which was far less crowded than the alternative paths.

This evening, Yoongi found himself more drawn towards the bar path purely because he was standing close to that side of the interior. So he slowly made his way around the edges of the dance floor to weave around the small and loose gatherings of patrons that were waiting for their drinks.

“Yoongi! Hey! Over here, baby boy!”
Yoongi felt his heart shooting right up into his throat at this, at the sound of Jimin’s voice cutting through the low buzz of conversations and the pounding music from across the floor. He turned his head to try and track the sound, rapidly glancing around himself until he realised that the other man’s voice had been coming from close to the bar.

Jimin was seated on one of the stools at the bar counter, slouched against the polished wood with his elbow folded on the surface but still maintaining his perfectly straight posture. There was a cocktail glass placed on a napkin beside his hand that obviously contained a non-alcoholic cocktail: a bright pink and creamy-looking concoction on cracked ice that had a cute rainbow umbrella and straw resting on the rim.

Jimin was dressed slightly different tonight because he wasn’t wearing any of his entertainment costumes. He also hadn’t slipped into his usual casual outfit that consisted of v-neck t-shirt to expose his strong chest muscles with a pair of skintight leather trousers to showcase his thick thighs, full behind, and impressive bulge. That seemed to be what he liked wearing after a long and hard work shift because it was comfortable; certainly more comfortable than thigh-high latex boots and thongs so tight they must suffocate and squeeze his poor testicles to the point of discomfort after prolonged use.

Tonight, Jimin was wearing a vest top that had a high front and deep arm holes that exposed not only all his arms but a great deal of his shoulders, armpits, and even his upper ribs. It was like a muscle tee, only it was tightly moulded to his torso to compliment his toned body, and it was made from silk rather than cotton. It was a deep red shade that complimented his dark hair and golden skin tone, and the material looked like it would be smooth and lustrous to the touch. His trousers of choice were leather, like always, with a high waistband that had a thick belt around it that pulled in just above his hips. They were fitted all the way down his shapely legs to his ankles - the ends tucked inside his suede Chelsea boots.

Even when Jimin wasn’t wearing one of his costumes and he was clearly dressed in something casual, he still managed to look so good. He had style, that much was clear.

Yoongi could learn a thing or two from him, but he didn’t really care much for dressing well and spending his meagre cash on clothing. Not when he could buy perfectly fine vintage items from a thrift store that had been worn and patched up over and over. Items that were clearly better quality than the current pieces that were hanging on store racks that ripped after being worn just once.

“Hey, Jimin!” Yoongi called, his lips splitting in a massive grin that he didn’t even try and hide for once. He squeezed his way between two groups of patrons, trying his very hardest to not bump elbows or slam shoulders with them. “You taking a break, huh?! Or are you finished with your shift already?!”
“It’s my night off tonight, but I knew that I’d be able to find you here!” Jimin explained with a wide smile, tracking his movements as keen as a hawk; his eyes twinkling in the glowing lights from behind the bar. “I did consider going to your apartment to see if you were home, you know, so I could ask if you wanted to come out with me tonight! But then I thought… no, he’s gonna come back here! He’s gonna wanna see me again, and I was right!”

“Yeah, I wanted to see you again,” Yoongi said with a quick chuckle, no longer needing to shout to be heard because they were now just a few feet apart. “I ain’t gonna pretend, not like the other night. I really wanted to see you again, Jimin.”

Jimin picked up his cocktail glass, bringing the straw to his lips as he asked, “Do you want a drink, baby?

“I can buy my own, it’s a’ight,” he replied, as he shifted to sit down on the free stool beside him. He wriggled on it to get more comfortable, glancing up and down the lengths of the counter to catch sight of the bartender heading right their way. “Uh, Daddy, a glass of red.”

“Cabernet Sauvignon, right? Coming right up,” he replied, as he turned away from them to retrieve one of the deep and fancy wine glasses from the overhead rack display.

Yoongi comfortably slouched on the stool and folded his elbows on the counter, watching the bartender slipping the glass free and then moving along the bar for a few seconds. Then he turned his head to look at Jimin, seeing that he was still looking at him as he sipped at his drink. Jimin’s lips were softly curled up at the corners in an obvious smile, one that he couldn’t help but return.

“Hey,” Yoongi greeted once more, letting out another chuckle from his combination of happiness and nerves.

“Hey,” Jimin greeted in return, seemingly sensing his nervousness. He moved to place his free hand down onto his thigh, and the weight and warmth of his palm had an instant calming effect on Yoongi and made him let his breath out in a soft sigh. “You come here often, handsome?”

Yoongi recalled that Jimin had used this playful pickup line on him before, just a couple of nights ago in fact. He had asked it in a sultry voice when he had been dancing in the cage whilst he had been snapping photographs of him, and he also recalled that he had had his own witty comeback.

“Yeah, I come here for that sweetness, remember?” Yoongi said with a grin, and he heard Jimin
letting out a soft giggle in response. “That sweetness I just can’t enough of, that I just keep craving more and more.”

“Well, baby boy, come here and taste a little of that sweetness,” Jimin suggested, as he leaned across the slight distance between them and angled his face for a kiss.

Jimin didn’t move to take hold of his face, to cup his chin or neck in hand to pull him closer.

This meant that Yoongi had to do so himself.

The thought of kissing Jimin without a glass of something strong in his system would have been enough to make his palms break out into a sweat just a single evening ago. But Yoongi now felt emboldened with the knowledge that Jimin had feelings of some kind for him, and so the thought of kissing him whilst he was sober no longer seemed to frighten him.

Yoongi didn’t even feel his hands shaking in the slightest as he turned his face to the side and leaned closer to press a chaste kiss against Jimin’s pouted lips.

The taste of Jimin was sweet on his tongue, as when Yoongi darted the tip of his tongue out he tasted the balm that he had smeared onto his lips to make them soft and glossy - sugary sweet with a hint of something that might just have been strawberry. It was intoxicating, the sweetness of his lip balm clashing against the warm and masculine scent of his cologne in a way that left him craving more.

Yoongi couldn’t help but press another kiss against his lips, and another, until Jimin moved to place his cocktail glass down and slipped his arms around his neck to drag him closer. He almost slipped off his stool, shifting onto the very edge so he could slip his own hands around Jimin’s waist.

Breathing in his scent: hot leather, musk, and something woodsy that was enticing; feeling the silk of his vest top against his fingers, which was warm from his skin and just as soft to the touch; and tasting that sweet lip balm on his lips mingling with the fruity scent lingering on his breath when he opened his mouth to deepen their kisses - this was what Yoongi had been thinking about all evening long. This was what he had been craving, what he had been missing in the scant hours that he and Jimin had been apart, and he didn’t know if he was going to be able to stop kissing him.

Though their kisses were gentle rather than rough, there was a sense of desperate passion coming from Jimin that revealed he was taking a great deal of pleasure from their intimacy. It was in the way that he chased after his lips each time that Yoongi broke their kiss just to take a quick intake of
breath; his flushed and slick lips parted and his tongue rolling out in search of something to lick against. Or the way that his hand cupped the side of Yoongi’s throat, his thumb rubbing against the edge of his jaw and stroking at his skin almost as if he was starved for touch. He even let out a soft moan into his mouth between their kisses that showed the depth of his longing, a moan that made Yoongi’s fingers seize a tight handful of his vest top to wrinkle the smooth silk.

“Glass of red,” Daddy suddenly said, his voice cutting through the air right beside them and forcing Yoongi to end their kiss in surprise.

“Huh?” he mumbled, twisting on the stool to stare at the bartender for a few seconds in complete surprise before he realised that he had just served him his drink.

Yoongi could see something on Daddy’s face that looked like amusement, like he found the sight of them kissing funny for some reason he didn’t quite understand right now. He found the most pressing urge to let out a sheepish laugh because they had been caught in the act, which he managed to reel in just in time.

Sadly, Yoongi had to disentangle himself from Jimin’s hold for a moment. But that didn’t stop the other man from slipping his arms around his neck again and pressing his lips against his cheek and throat over and over, softly moaning between the little kisses in a way that made a shiver of delight run down his spine.

Yoongi collected his wallet from his jeans pocket to slip out a couple of wrinkled dollar bills and cover the costs of the drink with a tip.

A glass of red wine was a little bit more pricey than a neat whisky and so Yoongi was going to limit himself to just the single glass. After all, he had been drinking quite a bit more than usual these last couple of nights, and he had been the hitting hard liquors too rather than just a beer or two or maybe a full glass of wine.

Well, at least it was just booze. It could be worse. Yoongi could be hitting the booze and drugs, like he had been not that long ago - downers to get him to sleep, uppers to get him hard and excited for a quick fuck with whoever he had been sharing beds with for that month. Last night was the first night in awhile he had really hit the whisky hard, and so he just made a mental note to not have another hardcore binge session with Jimin for a couple of days at least.

But Yoongi didn’t even take a single sip of the red wine because there was something else that was demanding his attention right now - Jimin.
Yoongi shifted on the stool to turn and face him again, snagging his hands around Jimin’s waist to hold onto him as the other man moved his face away from his neck to hold his gaze. He didn’t even hesitate and turned his face into another kiss; his mouth open in preparation for Jimin’s tongue. He felt his lower lip catching between his lips, which he gently sucked on until Jimin broke the kiss and brought their mouths together again so he could fully slip his tongue between his lips.

One of Jimin’s hands ran up to cup the back of his neck, his grip so firm that Yoongi couldn’t possibly pull his head away again. But he didn’t want to, he wanted Jimin to hold him so close, so tight in his arms that it almost hurt; that he felt a little crushed and had to gasp for breath against his lips. He almost wanted to climb into his lap, to wrap his legs around his waist and settle in place just like he had done so last night.

“Shit, Jimin,” Yoongi breathed out. His hands shifted up to touch his chest and feel at the firm muscles underneath his thin silk; sinking his fingers into them. “I could just kiss you all night long…”

“Hmm, and I could fuck you all night long, so, we should do both at the same time,” Jimin said with a teasing smile, which Yoongi felt against his lips as he gave him another chaste and gentle kiss.

Yoongi had no possible way of telling just how long he sat perched on the edge of the stool, cradled in Jimin’s arms kissing him over and over. He had his eyes closed and so he could only gauge it from the different tracks pounding from the speakers across the floor. But it was hard doing so when he was so caught up in their intense intimacy. One piece of electronic music blended into the next so smoothly that it was almost impossible figuring out if the tracks had even changed in the first place.

But it was Jimin that finally ended their moment of intimacy. He let go of the back of his neck as he gave him a final kiss on the lips, one that Yoongi didn’t want to end. He couldn’t help but move to keep their lips together for just a couple more seconds, hearing the wet puckering sound of them coming apart as he opened his eyes to try and hold his gaze.

Jimin moved to grab his packet of cigarettes from the counter, thumbing it open and smacking the bottom to snag hold of one of the sticks with his teeth. He pulled it free, holding the tan filter between his teeth as he held the packet out to him in offering so he could take one too.

Jimin seemed to like smoking light cigarettes, but at least his favourite kind wasn’t too light and still had a great body that Yoongi liked. He still much preferred heavy and filterless varieties, the kind with a strong flavour that other smokers couldn’t stand; that might just make them choke on the harsh flavour and smoke.
Yoongi accepted one of the sticks, pulling it free from his fingers and shoving it into his mouth. The dry filter rubbed against his equally dry lips.

Jimin grabbed a house lighter from the bar counter, thumbing at the wheel to spark a light that they both stuck their cigarettes into. They took quick drags off the ends to get them smouldering and then breathed the thin smoke out of their noses. Then he placed the lighter back down on the counter, shifting to slouch against it with his elbow folded on the wooden surface and his chin resting in his free hand. The position allowed him to focus fully on Yoongi; turned away from the glowing bar display because the dozens of bottles clearly didn’t hold his interest.

No, it seemed like Jimin had something much more fascinating that he wanted to observe right now and it was him.

Yoongi really didn’t know how to feel about the fact that someone as captivating, as enticing as Jimin seemed to be so focused on him when he was neither of these things. The one thing he did know was that it made him feel special, made him feel like a ‘special baby boy’, and he was pretty certain the other man knew this fact too.

Yoongi pulled the cigarette free from his lips to hold it between his index and middle finger. Then he took a slight sip of the red wine, savouring the fruity and spicy taste on his tongue. He glanced between the glass and Jimin’s face for a few seconds before swallowing the sip and giving him a timid smile.

“Hmm, are you gonna say, ‘hey’, again?” Jimin asked with a knowing smile, which made them both laugh. “Gonna give me a cute look and say it until I kiss you?”

“Nah. I got a little tongue tied, but I’m good now,” Yoongi said, lifting his hand up to his lips to take a quick drag off the end of the cigarette. He held it in his lungs for a few seconds, breathing it out of his nose as he watched Jimin sipping at his cocktail. “Today was your day off, huh? D’you do anything at all?”

“First of all, I caught up on some much needed rest because you’re really tiring me out, baby boy,” Jimin replied, and the emphasis in his voice made Yoongi chuckle from over the top of his wine glass. “I pampered myself and played with my cat. She’s so needy. Honestly, Yoongi, you’ve got a lot in common. After that I went grocery shopping, and then I came here right around opening to see if any assistance was needed in getting the place ready for tonight. And now here you are.”

“Mmm, here I am.”
“What about you, baby? What have you been up to since I left this morning?” Jimin asked, his voice deepening in pitch because he was talking around a lungful of smoke.

“Shit, Jimin. The very second you left I went right back to sleep,” Yoongi admitted without a hint of shame.

This made Jimin burst out laughing, expelling the lungful of smoke from his lips as he reached up to clap his fingers over his mouth. The wispy smoke wafted up around his head only to disappear seconds later, floating up into the darkness above the purple lighting coming from behind the bar.

“I went to the camera store before coming here, so I could call my client. Y’know, the fetish commission client?”

“Oh, yeah? Is everything OK with the commission, Yoongi?”

“Yeah, I was just organising a consultation with him so I can show him my subjects so far and see if he wants to purchase anything. I’m gonna be seeing him on Wednesday, so, here’s hoping I can make a good deal with him; yeah?”

“I’m hoping you can make a fucking great deal, Yoongi,” Jimin said, as he grabbed his cocktail glass and held it out to him in a call for a toast.

Yoongi brought his wine glass over to knock the two glasses together, the clink lost underneath the pounding music and constant drone of voices from across the bar.

Jimin lifted his glass up to take another sip from his straw, and so Yoongi knocked back a deep sip of the wine to complete their little toast.

It was as he was placing his glass down on the counter that Yoongi caught sight of the pile of flyers placed just a few feet away: left out for any of the men that came over to order drinks to pick up and have a look at and even take out of the bar with them - should they desire to do so. He had a feeling that a lot of men might just do so once they got a good look at the flyers because it was basically free softcore erotica.
“Shit, Van didn’t lie when she said she’d be putting the flyers out right away, huh?” Yoongi said with a quick chuckle, as he stretched across the length of the bar to snatch one of flyers from the pile and brought it closer to his face to study.

“Nope! She really likes the flyers, Yoongi.” Jimin knocked a chunk of ash down into the ashtray with a hard thump of his index finger and then hovered the cigarette in front of his full lips. “It makes perfect sense, they look fantastic and they fit into the bar so well.”

“Mmm, I saw the posters outside too,” Yoongi said with a soft smile, as he ran his gaze over the photograph of Jimin’s muscular back and the silver handcuffs that was printed on the glossy flyer page. “I can’t believe how good they look.”

“You should believe it, baby. You’re fucking great with that camera and you’ve got so much talent,” Jimin praised, moving to place his hand down on the back of his neck so he could give it a firm stroke that made Yoongi stick his tongue out to wet his lips. “You need to start thinking about your photography in a more positive light. Confidence is sexy, yeah-”

“‘Sexy?’ Yoongi repeated with a sudden laugh, looking up from the flyer to hold his gaze.

“It’s sexy,” Jimin reaffirmed with a nod, before continuing. “It makes you stand out to clients in a good way, Yoongi, and I understand that that’s not an easy thing to do. It’s hard to be confident, especially about a talent that can be critiqued so often and a lot of people really don’t understand or care for. But there’s something there, believe me. I don’t think you can see it, but sometimes you just get this look when you’re so focused behind your camera and it’s sexy! It’s sexy because you look confident, and I just wish you were that confident about your photography all the time.”

“Yeah? You think so? You think I’m… I’m sexy sometimes?” Yoongi asked with an uncertain smile, one that trembled a little at the corners.

“Hmm, you’re gorgeous all the time, and sometimes you’re sexy too,” Jimin said with his own smile, tightening his grip on the back of his neck and giving him a soft jostle.

“This’ sexy, Jimin,” Yoongi said, as he turned the flyer around to show it to him. “Not me and my camera, wearing cum-stained jeans with eyebags as black as my fucking hair.”

“Yeah, but you took the photograph, Yoongi,” Jimin pointed out without missing a beat, and his reply caught him by surprise. “Your vision made that photograph sexy.”
Yoongi turned the flyer around to give it a final study, slowly running his gaze over the glossy surface. It dawned on him that Jimin was right in a way, even if it was not the way that he was fully intending.

Sure, Jimin looked good on the photograph because he always looked good. But it was his vision behind the camera that had taken the photograph and made it what it was - a softcore pornographic shot of an attractive and handcuffed young man.

Maybe that didn’t make Yoongi sexy so much as show he was attuned to what was erotic to consumers, that he understood sex in a way that allowed him to depict it artistically rather than crudely. But he still understood what the other man was trying to say.

Jimin found his vision attractive, and he found it sexy when he got to watch him taking photographs - not only of him but other things too. That might just explain why he had been so eager to pose nude for him that night, as they had both been getting plenty of sexual excitement from that particular photoshoot.

Yoongi placed the flyer down on the bar counter with a soft sound, bringing his hand up to his lips to take a deep drag on his cigarette. He glanced along the bar just in time to see another patron collecting a flyer from the stack, some young-looking man wearing a vest top and tiny denim shorts that was staring at the photograph so intently he almost walked right into another man that was moving to get to the bar.

Over the following minutes Yoongi found his nerves starting to simmer down, just like they always did so when he was around Jimin. They would flare up right before he got to see him, when he was travelling to the leather bar, or even just thinking about him when he wasn’t around, before reaching an apex the very second that he saw him again. But after he had listened to Jimin’s husky and soft voice for a couple of minutes and he had felt the warmth of his hands upon his body, he realised that there was really no need to be scared.

Jimin was only human, just like him, even if his aura seemed to radiate much more strongly than everyone else in the room. He was talkative but not overly so, and just like he had showcased over their conversations so far he was a fantastic listener that genuinely seemed to care about what Yoongi was telling him - even if he didn’t really know what he was hastily mumbling about whilst he gestured far too much with his hands.

This was what Yoongi was having trouble understanding right now. He understood why Jimin might have had just a solely sexual interest in him because he was skilled to some degree and more than willing to indulge in his filthiest sexual fantasies. But knowing that Jimin also cared about him as a
person, that he wanted to listen to him talk and spend time with him that wasn’t just mindless fucking like all the other men he had called his partners… that was going to take time for him to fully accept. It made him feel so happy but also so strangely frightened, and the exhilaration caused a kind of high that he just didn’t want to end.

Yoongi was in the midst of considering ordering another glass of wine when Jimin suddenly moved to lean closer to him, bringing his lips to his ear so he could speak without having to raise his voice to a shout.

“Do you wanna go someplace else? Someplace less crowded where we can have some fun, baby?”

Yoongi was about to reply that he would be more than happy to when the realisation hit him that Jimin might just have asked him out on a date. He hadn’t said that word exactly, but the implication in his words was more than apparent. It was his night off and Jimin wanted to spend it with him by going out together, and that was the very definition of a date.

Unsurprisingly, Yoongi felt his heart shooting up into his throat as he mumbled, “Uh, yeah, sure thing, Jimin.”

“Daddy! Can you pass me my shit?!” Jimin called down the bar, and Yoongi saw the bartender flashing him a quick thumbs-up in the midst of preparing more drinks to place on a serving tray.

As soon as Daddy was finished preparing the drinks for the serving boy he ducked under the counter right in front of them, pulling free whatever belongings Jimin had brought with him for the evening. It might just be a jacket, maybe a bag of some kind seeing as his leather trousers only had small back pockets.

Yoongi was surprised to see that Jimin had actually brought two motorbike helmets with him tonight, rather than the usual one. There was the black helmet he had been wearing every time they had shared his motorbike, and there was a new one that he had never seen before. The new helmet was mostly black with bold red stripe details running around the visor and all over the rounded dome, and the red paint was slightly metallic so that it gleamed in the lighting coming from behind the bar.

The fact Jimin had two helmets meant that he had been planning on not only seeing him again tonight, he had been anticipating that they would go out together too - on what Yoongi was more than certain was a date.
This made Yoongi smile to himself as he accepted the red and black helmet from Jimin, and he placed it down in his lap so he could grab his glass and quaff down the last mouthful of red wine. He swallowed it hard, sniffing a couple of times before reaching up to rub at his nose; cigarette smoke still wafting from the smouldering end of the stick that was trapped between his fingers.

Jimin hastily stubbed his cigarette out in the ashtray and then he got off the bar stool, his own helmet dangling from his fingers by the chinstrap and the keys clutched in his fist. After shoving his packet of cigarettes into his back pocket he reached over to take hold of his upper arm with his free hand, and so Yoongi let him pull him up to his feet and guide him across the floor to leave the club.

Even when it was his night off Jimin still had various patrons in the club call out to him. Yoongi assumed that most of them were his boys or clientele that liked his dances. As he gently tugged him past the slew of bodies on the dance floor Jimin was sure to call back to them, to acknowledge their greetings or reply to their questions about if he was leaving for the night. He also blew kisses and winked at those that called out compliments to him, and when one particularly large bear asked him where he was going Jimin shouted back that he was going on a date.

A date.

There, Jimin had officially said it - they were going on a date tonight. Where to, Yoongi didn’t have a clue, but absolutely anywhere would be perfect. Hell, they could spend the entire night sitting on a park bench and he wouldn’t even care because this meant they would be alone together and could talk for as long as they wanted.

Upon exiting The Paradiso Lounge Jimin escorted him around the corner and onto West 124th Street so they could enter the parking lot. This time there were vehicles parked inside the small lot, in the form of several old-looking car models that had seen better days a couple of years ago.

Yoongi tossed the remains of his cigarette into a puddle and then he quickly turned the helmet over in his hands to check out the padded interior and chinstrap before bringing it up to his head to slip it on. He really was starting to get used to fastening it without Jimin’s assistance, for it only took a couple of seconds of fumbling to feed the strap through the D-ring, wrap it around the piece of metal, and then slip it back under his chin to securely fasten it.

Of course, in the time that it took him to do so Jimin had already fastened his own helmet tight and was seated on the motorbike, waiting for him to climb onto the back. He had the visor pushed up so he could hold his gaze, but he would most certainly tug it down to protect his face before he started the engine.
Yoongi quickly slipped out of his leather jacket, holding it out to Jimin in offering because he was worried that his upper body would get cold. Riding on the motorbike during the night with the wind hitting them at full force it could get quite chill, and Jimin was only wearing a thin silk vest top. At least he had his plaid shirt to protect his arms from the cold, even if the material wasn’t that thick.

“Here,” Yoongi said, his voice slightly muffled by the thick padding and hard plastic of the helmet.

For a few seconds Jimin stared at the battered leather jacket like he was confused as to why he was holding it out to him. He might not feel uncomfortable right now, or he simply might not want to wear it. After all, he had travelled to The Paradiso Lounge without needing a jacket, and he might like the sensation of the cold breeze against his skin whilst he was riding on his beloved motorbike.

Just when Yoongi thought that he might refuse to take the jacket from him because he didn’t want to wear it Jimin moved to take hold and gently pulled the jacket out of his hand. Their fingers brushed together as he did so, the gentle contact sending a little jolt up his forearm that made his fingers tremble. He shoved his hands into his jeans to try and disguise his shaking fingers as he watched him slipping into his jacket.

Jimin lifted his right arm up to shove it through the sleeve, and as he did so his vest top shifted to cling to his chest. The circular bump of nipple ring was visible through the thin silk, as were the nubs of his hardened nipples because he did seem to be cold. He tugged his left arm through the sleeve and reached up to take hold of the lapels, smoothing them down into place and wriggling his shoulders to get comfortable in the leather jacket.

“Thank you, Yoongi,” Jimin said with a quick smile, shifting on the seat to slip the keys into the ignition. “Your jacket is so comfortable I could totally fall asleep wearing it.”

“I’ve done that so many times I’ve lost count,” Yoongi remarked, as he climbed onto the back of the motorbike and lowered himself down onto the seat. He slipped his arms around Jimin’s waist to hold onto him, hearing him giggling as he reached up to tug the helmet visor down to protect his eyes.

Jimin started the engine and slowly rolled his motorbike out of the parking lot, shifting gears to pick up speed as he drove along the wide stretch of road to cruise through the streets of Harlem. As he did so Yoongi noticed that a lot of the queens out on the street followed them with their eyes; the attractive, gleaming vehicle grabbing their attention just as much as the leather-clad driver that was steering it.

Just like the last few nights, Yoongi had no clue where Jimin was taking them. He just knew that the other man seemed to know the Harlem streets like the back of his hand and that he had a destination
in mind. Wherever that might be, he was just going to have to wait and see. But one thing that he knew was that there was a wealth of gay-friendly establishments in the neighbourhood, and so there was a large selection of entertainment just waiting to be explored.

Because of the rainy weather the temperature was noticeably lower than it had been over the past week. The helmet blocked quite a lot of scents from the street, like the cloying and unpleasant exhaust fumes of surrounding traffic and built-up trash lying in the sewer grates. But even without being able to smell the sweet aroma of petrichor Yoongi could sense that the air was damp because he could feel it against his bare skin. It was a tangible sensation, almost as if there was a mist lingering in the air that signalled more incoming rain.

Just like Yoongi had been anticipating the wind was pretty chill as it buffeted the motorbike, streaming over the top to hit them both. The long ends of his plaid shirt started streaming out behind him from the force of the wind, and it even dragged at his t-shirt to make it cling to his torso. The ends of his t-shirt were tucked in to stop them from blowing up too, though the wind tried its very hardest to try and pull them free from the waistband of his jeans. His plaid shirt was made from flannel but even that couldn’t fully protect him from the cold, which cut through the thick material to chill his poor skin.

But knowing that Jimin was comfortable wearing his leather jacket, which was warm from his body and smelled just like him - that made the cold worth it.

Jimin had been driving along the bright city streets for just a couple of minutes before he pulled up against the curb to park his motorbike on the corner of West 119th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. He quickly killed the engine and pulled the keys free before reaching up to remove his helmet. His hands were pink from the cold wind because he hadn’t been wearing any gloves tonight, and Yoongi longed to envelope them in his own hands to try and warm them up for him.

There were a random assortment of vehicles parked here and there along the double stretch of sidewalk. Yoongi could see several commercial buildings that were glowing from bright, interior lights - the windows revealing the sight of busy restaurants, supermarkets, and even something that looked like a lounge bar. It wasn’t a particularly packed section of the long stretch of street, but there were still some small businesses that made it more commercial than residential.

As he shifted to get off the motorbike seat Yoongi couldn’t help but glance this way and that as he tried to figure out where exactly Jimin had taken them. He would have thought it was the lounge bar, only the sight through the windows revealed it to be a straight establishment and so that meant it most certainly wasn’t the right place. Another establishment caught his eye because of the glowing, neon signs built into the front of the building.

So Yoongi focused his attention on it as Jimin took hold of his hand and started walking down the
sidewalk towards the building. He felt his chill fingers slipping between his, his grip tight, and he folded his own fingers over the back of his cold hand to try and share some of his heat with him.

There was a large, hot pink sign placed above the entrance doors. ‘La Discothèque Rose’, the vibrantly flashing sign declared - pulsating just as much as the strobe lights back in The Paradiso Lounge did so. On the end of this sign there was a disco ball, the neon tubing flashing every couple of seconds to make it appear that said disco ball was rotating round and round when it was actually stationary. More glowing signs underneath this advertised the establishment as having, ‘Disco night every night!’ and, ‘Food and drinks!’.

Jimin had taken him to a disco.

A disco, the kind of place where people went to dance for fun.

“Ah, Jimin! I fucking hate discos!” Yoongi complained, as he came to a stop and dug his heels down against the paving flags just a few feet away from the building.

Jimin was still holding onto his hand and so their arms stretched out between their bodies for a second or two before his resistance pulled him back a step and made him twist to look back over his shoulder. He raised his eyebrows at him with a confused expression on his face, quickly glancing at the exterior of the building before turning back to look at him again.


“I just do, I hate ‘em,” Yoongi mumbled, slowly running his gaze over the glowing exterior signs.

“Well, I like discos, baby boy,” Jimin said with an impressive pout, one that was obviously supposed to make him feel bad for making such a fuss. “It’s fun to go out dancing! Why’d you hate fun so much, huh?!”

Yoongi glanced away from the neon sign to look at Jimin, and that was when he noticed there was a small group of men making their way inside the disco. They were dressed up in vintage fashion, presumably for fun, and they were wearing a mixture of items from jumpsuits and high-waisted flared trousers in bold colours and ridiculous prints to ruffled shirts and tiny bra tops and feather boas, along with plenty of makeup.
Yoongi didn’t need to look twice to know that they were homosexual, just like them, and not just because of the costumes they were wearing. No, the thing was although the men were dressed up for the disco-themed club they weren’t wearing costumes for the sake of some laughs. The men in bra tops and makeup were just that - men in bra tops and makeup. Not a joke, not a comedy costume, just them presenting themselves the way they were most comfortable, the way that they liked looking and feeling.

“Y’know, it’s all this sissy, faggoty shit,” Yoongi muttered under his breath, dragging his gaze away from the loud and happy group to stare down at his battered boots.

“So what? You’re a faggot, Yoongi,” Jimin pointed out in a matter-of-fact voice, which made him suck his lower lip in to start gnawing on it; catching the chapped skin between his teeth. “What’s wrong with that, huh?”

“Ain’t nothing wrong with it…”

“There’s nothing wrong with sissy boys. In fact, I like sissy boys,” Jimin continued, as he thrust his chest out in a way that looked rather boastful. “I think they’re cute. I like how soft they are. Here’s some queer activist thoughts for you, baby.”

Jimin paused for a moment as he thought his words over, trying to find the best way to speak into existence whatever was floating around in that beautiful head of his. He tightened his hold around his hand as he did so, giving it a firm squeeze that Yoongi returned.

“Fuck the straights that think we can only be macho body queens or sissy boys, Yoongi. Or that we’re either bull-dykes or lipstick lesbians. OK? We’re more than that and we can be whatever we want, including those things or even a mixture of those things. Stop rejecting these forms of…of normalised mainstream queerness just to spite straight folk that apply their own heteronormative values on them without our consent just to make us fit into their rigid and unwelcoming heterosexual world. It’s counterproductive, you’re only hurting yourself and us.”

Yoongi thought this over rather than speak because he wanted to take the time to fully process the other man’s words. It was a lot to take in at once, but even without deep musing on the subject a part of him knew that Jimin was right.

Yoongi had been rejecting these forms of queerness solely based on the fact they were the types that heterosexuals had begun to categorise them as, with little or no care for the fact that they weren’t all one thing or the other. He had gotten so hung up on their ignorance that he had been ignorant himself, almost blaming these types of gay folk because their heteronormative-rejecting subcultures
were constantly under threat and invisible in the heterosexual world.

But it wasn’t even their fault that these things were happening. It was just like Jimin had said: macho body queens and sissy boys, bull-dykes and lipstick lesbians - they had only become normalised because straight folk could apply their own values onto them, and that was something that none of them had ever asked for or ever wanted.

“‘Forms of normalised mainstream queerness’,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, shifting from foot to foot with his hands shoved deep inside his jacket pockets. “That’s good, honey. I like that. I don’t think any aspect of queerness has been normalised yet, but-”

Before Yoongi could finish his rambling thought Jimin moved to cup his face in his hands and pulled him close to bring their lips together in a kiss. He cut him off just like that, and Yoongi could feel their lips curling up into smiles in the midst of the kiss. It was enough to make him let out a chuckle against his lips, and Jimin slowly pulled his face away to hold his gaze again.

“Now, are you gonna come inside and shake that sweet, little ass of yours to some bad disco music with me? Or am I gonna have to turn your belt into a leash and drag you inside?” Jimin asked in a husky whisper, and even though he was obviously joking around there was still a hint of dominance in his tone that made this sound like a real threat.

Yoongi stuck his tongue out to wet his lips at this, carefully thinking his question over for a few seconds. Then he gave him a slow nod to let him know that he would enter the disco with him, that he didn’t need to drag him inside; kicking and screaming.

Jimin’s lips parted in a wide smile, a dazzling one that made his eyes crinkle at the corners and revealed the true depth of his handsome looks. He moved to give him another quick kiss in the corner of his lips, and then he took hold of his hand to once more tug him along the sidewalk so they could step inside the building.

The first thing that they needed to do upon entering the disco was go over to a counter and pay for entry because there was a small fee to get onto the dance floor. It was placed just a few feet away from the doors, and it was a short stretch of polished wood behind which a worker was standing. There were several framed vinyl albums hanging on the wall behind her, the glass gleaming from the many ceiling lights and revealing the vibrantly coloured covers of various disco, funk and souls albums that no doubt played over the music system each night.

Yoongi ran his gaze around the interior of the disco as Jimin pulled him towards the check-in counter, taking in the full sight in front of him with a curious eye. He could hear disco music
pounding from the speakers, which was playing at a loud volume but nowhere near as loud as the music that played at The Paradiso Lounge. It was some smooth track that consisted of a steady bass and drum line, tinkling keyboards, and a deep-voiced male vocalist layered on top with some sweet and harmonious female backing singers.

The flamboyant group of men had just finished paying for entry and they were in the act of going down a small set of steps to get onto the dance floor. Said dance floor was a massive stretch of light wood that was currently packed with bodies. Vivid coloured lights beamed down onto them from spotlights that were attached to the ceiling. Placed around the edge of the dance floor on a slight platform were some tables and padded benches, which people were sitting on as they sipped at their drinks and dined on the small snacks that were served inside the joint - mostly finger food that was light and easy to eat whilst dancing.

Hanging above the dance floor there was a massive, rotating disco ball. The tiny metallic squares all over the ball reflected the spotlights so that little specks of light danced around the wall in rhythm with the slow rotations.

Well, it wouldn’t be a disco without a disco ball.

“This’ your idea of someplace less crowded, huh?” Yoongi asked, and his voice was dripping with so much sarcasm that Jimin let out a quick laugh and reached over to give his behind a quick series of thumps. “And here I was thinking you were gonna take me out for coffee…”

“Hmm, there’s plenty of time for food and coffee later, baby boy,” Jimin promised, as he slipped his fingers inside his back jeans pocket and steered him over to the counter. “First, we’re gonna have a little fun.”

“Hey! Welcome to La Discothèque Rose!” the lady behind the counter greeted with plenty of enthusiasm. But it seemed natural enough to Yoongi, like she actually liked working in the place and wasn’t forcing it for the sake of good customer service. “The entry is 10 dollars each, but we have a special date night offer for couples! Just 15 dollars! Are you a couple?”

“Yes, we’re a couple,” Jimin replied without missing a beat, which caught Yoongi by surprise simply because there wasn’t a hint of fear or uncertainty in his voice.

“Alright, that’ll be 15 dollars!” she said with that same amount of enthusiasm. She didn’t even look fazed by the fact they were a couple, but Yoongi supposed that working in a disco that was clearly popular with gay folk meant she must be used to such things. “Would you like me to hold onto those helmets for you?”
Jimin handed the two helmets over to the worker so she could place them under the counter for safekeeping, and then he collected his wallet from one of his back pockets.

Before Yoongi could even think to collect his own wallet from his jeans pocket Jimin had thumbed his wallet open and placed several bills down onto the counter to cover the costs for the disco entry. The bills were mostly straight, but one or two had some wrinkles on them that showed they might have been tips from the leather bar.

The worker collected the bills, quickly checking them as she moved to go over to the till. After slipping the money inside the cash register she grabbed something and placed it down on the counter. At first Yoongi thought that it was a sheet of paper, but a prolonged study revealed that it was in fact a sheet of paper wristbands that had ‘La Discothèque Rose’ printed along the length in bold, black letters.

Jimin held his hand out in offering and Yoongi saw the worker peeling one of the wristbands free from the sheet. She wrapped the piece of paper around his wrist, the sticky edges sealing together to secure it in place.

Yoongi realised that he also needed to have a wristband secured around his wrist, and so he tugged the cuff of his plaid shirt up just enough for her to do so.

“There you go!” she said, as she secured the wristband in place for him. “Now you can hit the dance floor and have some fun!”

A quick glance over at Jimin showed that he was smiling from ear-to-ear and looked so very happy, and so Yoongi tried to smile too. He hoped that it didn’t look too forced because he didn’t want the other man to think that he wasn’t enjoying his company. He was, he was enjoying it more than words could ever describe. It was simply the fact he couldn’t dance and therefore had no interest in going to discos that meant he wasn’t feeling very enthusiastic right now.

Yoongi let Jimin guide him across the entrance area and down the steps to get onto the dance floor, and then he turned around to face him and grabbed hold of both of his hands to pull him close.

“Just follow my lead, baby!” Jimin said, having to raise his voice to be heard over the music because it was much louder down on the dance floor. “Don’t even think about the fact you’re dancing! Just let the rhythm guide your body instead!”
“A’ight!” he called in reply, as he quickly glanced at the people that were standing close to them.

The dance floor was packed full just like back in *The Paradiso Lounge*, and Yoongi was painfully aware of just how little room there was to move around and even breathe.

Jimin tugged him away from the steps, pulling him deeper and deeper into the crowd of bodies on the dance floor until he managed to find a good spot. It was as close to the centre of the dance floor as they could possibly get, and the disco ball cast a myriad of tiny, colourful lights down onto them.

They were still surrounded by other people, both men and women; some wearing vintage clothing to match the disco theme, others just wearing nice clothes, like sparkling mini dresses, halternecks and skirts, and patterned shirts and slacks. But there was still a little room for them to groove without awkwardly bumping into anyone else. That was a relief because Yoongi knew that he was not only going to step all over Jimin’s poor feet, he was likely going to knock elbows with anyone that wandered a little too close when he was trying his very hardest to dance.

Over the following minutes Yoongi discovered that the disco actually played a wide variety of music and not just old disco and funk tunes. There was some modern pop and plenty of timeless pop divas like Diana Ross and Madonna, and a couple of classic rock and emotional ballad songs even came on so that couples could slow dance, if only for a few minutes between the constant and energetic dancing. Sure, most of the tunes that blasted from the wall speakers were the classics by Earth, Wind & Fire, Kool & The Gang, KC & The Sunshine Band, The Pointer Sisters and more, but at least there was a mixture of sound that meant the disco would appeal to a lot of people.

Not Yoongi, of course. He wasn’t a fan of most of the tracks, but at least it was something other than the pounding electronic beats he had been hearing constantly playing at *The Paradiso Lounge* for the last few nights. He could understand why people liked these kinds of songs because they were at least catchy and fun. The same could not be said for pulsating, headache-inducing electronic shit, as he could never understand how people liked listening to that.

But Yoongi didn’t really care that the music wasn’t his favourite type because there was something else that very much was - Jimin.

Jimin, who was happily dancing to every single song that came onto the system. He sang along to quite a lot of them too, and this revealed to Yoongi that he had quite a lovely singing voice - husky and sweet on his ears, and capable of going low and high depending on the song. He did so with gay abandon, not at all bashful or embarrassed that everyone else on the dance floor could hear and see him dancing away. He was having far too much of a good time to care, and his good vibes were starting to rub off on Yoongi.
There was just something so surreal about seeing Jimin dancing and singing like this, playfully bouncing his hips and swinging his arms; his head bopping along to the rhythm so that his dangling earrings bounced around his jawline. Yoongi was so used to seeing him shaking his ass and gyrating in a dance cage, and yet here he was - grooving along to some funky disco track without a hip thrust in sight. There was no sensual pouting and smouldering eyes either, for Jimin was grinning enough to make his eyes almost disappear into the folds of his eyelids, his parted lips revealing his dazzling and white smile.

Goddamn, seeing how happy that Jimin was to be dancing with him like this was enough to make Yoongi smile too, and he felt himself starting to loosen up so that his own dance moves didn’t seem so awkward and stiff. Sure, he was really doing nothing more than rocking his hips and swinging his arms at his sides, his shirt cuffs flapping around his fingers. But he felt a little less self-conscious at least, and he even tried to do a few more adventurous dance steps - not exactly jiving away but giving it his best shot.

Unsurprisingly, his burst of energetic twisting and shaking made Jimin start giggling, no doubt because he looked so silly dancing like this - a short and scrappy punk with messy hair and even messier clothing, trying his goddamn hardest to find a little rhythm in his bones.

“See! You’re having fun!” Jimin said around his laughter, as he reached over to grab hold of his hands.

Yoongi let out a chuckle at this, letting the other man swing their arms from side to side as he tried to copy the way he was moving his feet. He stepped closer to him, their arms coming up between their chests and then swinging out as they stepped back again in some jazzy dance step. When they stepped close Jimin even added a cheeky shoulder shimmy, and with some effort he managed to imitate that step too.

Well, Yoongi could hardly argue against this. He was having fun, but he was pretty certain that it had everything to do with Jimin and not the fact he was in a disco right now. At least the dancing wasn’t that bad, was actually kind of fun even if his poor lungs started to protest from the exercise and demand he sit down and light up a cigarette instead.

Yoongi had no clue at all how long they had both been dancing away before the endless slew of funky and upbeat tracks was finally broken by a much slower, more sensual soul song. It was a song by Whitney Houston, one that he vaguely recognised but didn’t recall the name of because it was at least a decade old. It felt like they must have been dancing for close to an hour because he was really exhausted and in dire need of a break, and there was a thin outbreak of sweat clinging to his hairline that made his messy hair stick to his brow.
Jimin moved to slip his arms around his waist and pull him close, just like a great many other couples were doing on the dance floor.

Yoongi ran his fingers up the front of his silk shirt to slip his hands around the back of his neck and hold onto him. He felt Jimin’s hands settling in place to cup his behind, his grip firm and pleasing, and then he was pulled close enough for their chests to come together. Their faces were close enough for a kiss, but before Yoongi could try and move to give him a quick peck that no one else might even see, Jimin brought their cheeks together instead.

The smooth and round expanse of Jimin’s cheek brushing against his was enough to make Yoongi take a deep and slow inhale as he closed his eyes. His skin was so soft, so warm, and the scents coming from his body were so soothing to breathe in and hold in his lungs until he could almost taste them on his tongue. Cologne: masculine, woodsy and warm, a scent that he couldn’t possibly identify but longed to breathe in every single night. Leather: from his trousers and borrowed jacket, which also gave off the scent of cigarette smoke because it was trapped in the material.

Yoongi felt strange being so intimate with Jimin in public like this; their cheeks pressed together, his arms around his neck, and the other man’s hands cupping his behind as they softly swayed from side to side. He couldn’t recall the last time he had been publicly intimate with another man in a space that wasn’t exclusively gay - save for the blowjob incident in the alleyway. But that hardly counted as they had been hiding in the shadows on an empty street, in public but far from being seen.

It wasn’t that Yoongi was unused to displaying his sexuality in predominantly heterosexual spaces. He did so often during queer protests with his brothers and sisters, like kiss-ins and other party activities that often attracted them a great deal of negative and even hateful attention. But there was a difference between displaying his homosexuality with a large group of fellow fags and dykes that had his back and were all looking out for one another and displaying it like this, when it was only him and Jimin.

But there were other gay folk inside the disco too, and so Yoongi supposed that this was a friendly space, even if it wasn’t their space. It was a shared space, the kind of space that Queer Nation had been fighting for for these last five or so years - a space where absolutely anyone could exist without fear of judgement or danger.

Alright, so maybe the disco was a great place…

Jimin took control of their bodies so that they could sway in beat with the sensual song. He gently nudged Yoongi’s feet with his own until he got used to the steps, the pair of them slowly turning on the spot over and over again.
Yoongi didn’t want to open his eyes because he wanted to stay in the moment: softly swaying in Jimin’s arms, breathing in his scent, and savouring the warmth of his body against his for as long as possible. But Jimin eventually moved to press their brows together instead, once more bringing their faces close enough for a kiss.

The lights from the disco ball were slowly shifting across Jimin’s face - tiny flashes of pink, purple and red dancing over the curves of his cheekbones, along the bridge of his nose, up into his hair where they threaded themselves through the black locks, and across to his earrings, which glinted back at Yoongi’s eyes.

God, Jimin was so beautiful. He was the most beautiful man that Yoongi had ever seen and somehow, against all odds, he was the special man that he was cradling in his arms tonight.

As the slow song dragged on and on Jimin stole a kiss from his lips, then another, and another, until Yoongi was left dizzy from the constant affection. It didn’t even matter when the track finally finished and more upbeat pop music started playing because Jimin just wouldn’t let go of him. He held on tight, so tight that Yoongi felt like he could just melt into him; into his soft and warm body.

Yoongi was finally receiving that affection he craved, that he wanted more than anything else. A good fuck was one thing, but such a high level of affection made him feel loved, made him feel wanted in ways that he rarely got to experience before. Just like he knew how to satisfy him sexually, it seemed that Jimin was well attuned to what he needed emotionally too.

It was around midnight when they finally left the disco, and by that point Yoongi was looking forward to going somewhere that had comfortable chairs he could just slouch in and not have to move a muscle for a little while. He was so out of shape that it wasn’t even funny anymore, but he guessed it was his own fault for living as close to a sedentary lifestyle as possible, living off small amounts of junk food, and smoking far too many cigarettes every single day.

On the contrast, Jimin didn’t look exhausted in the slightest. But he was a go-go dancer that was more than used to dancing for hours on end without a break, and so he had barely worked up a sweat out on the dance floor.

From the disco, Jimin guided his motorbike down the streets of Harlem once more, presumably in search of place where they could grab a bite to eat or some coffee just like he had promised earlier.

This time the cold wind was pleasant on Yoongi’s flushed and sweaty skin, and he savoured every hard gust as it buffeted the motorbike and dragged his plaid shirt out behind him like a cape. If it wasn’t for the fact exhaust fumes would hit him right in the face he would have pulled the visor up to
let some of the cold air cool down his face too.

After several minutes of rolling down the busy streets and waiting in traffic Jimin pulled up against the curb once more; slowing his motorbike down to a crawl and then killing the engine to park it in place. As he let off on the clutch and moved to collect the keys from the ignition Yoongi slipped his arms free from around his waist to reach up and start unbuckling the helmet. He glanced across the sidewalk as he did so, seeing a very familiar sight just a couple of feet away.

It turned out that Jimin had brought them to the same Vietnamese restaurant that they had went to the very first night they had met - *Phuong Pho & Noodle Bar*. It was the joint with the delicious food, great wine, and even greater atmosphere that Yoongi had liked a lot, and he couldn’t help but smile as he dragged the helmet off over his head and reached up to run his fingers through his messy hair.

Yoongi shifted to climb off the motorbike seat first, the helmet dangling from his fingers by the chinstrap. He glanced over at Jimin to see that he was in the act of removing his own helmet, his pink-tinged and likely slightly numb fingers working the buckles to loosen the strap.

As soon as he had loosened the chinstrap Jimin dragged the helmet off, tossing his head back as he did so to knock a couple of stray locks away from his brow. He reached up to rake them back into place with his fingers, just to keep his hair off his face. Then he shifted to climb off the bike too, taking hold of Yoongi’s elbow with his free hand to guide him across the sidewalk and into the restaurant.

Yoongi was starting to get used to this little habit: a hand around his elbow, a hand around his waist or sitting in the dip of his lower back. He was used to some of his taller exes slinging their arms around his neck, which had used to make him feel protected until it had started making him feel small and weaker than them. But the one thing he liked the most was when another man held his hand rather than just grabbing hold of his body. He might just need to take charge and start grabbing Jimin’s hand before he could take hold of him, just until the other man got the message and started taking hold of his hand instead of his elbow.

The restaurant had a decent amount of diners inside but it never seemed to get packed full. That was likely because it was such a late-hour at this point and the kitchen would probably be closing within the next hour or so to stop any more orders being placed before closing time. In the earlier evening hours it might just be the kind of place that had people waiting at the counter to be seated, considering how good the food and prices were. Said counter had the same middle-aged lady standing behind it, who Yoongi recalled was called Kieu.

Just like that first night Jimin greeted Kieu with a friendly smile, and then he escorted him over to one of the empty tables. This time he selected one right in the far corner that had several empty tables between them and the other patrons. This meant that their dining experience felt more private and a
little more intimate - more like a date.

Yoongi sat down on the padded seat first, sliding along the leather so that Jimin could join him instead of sitting on the opposite side of the table. He placed the motorbike helmet down in the space between his thigh and the wall, seeing Jimin slipping out of his leather jacket out of the corner of his eye because the restaurant was cosy and warm enough to not need the added layer.

Rather than place his helmet down between their legs Jimin decided to place it down on the floor by their feet; tossing his keys inside the bowl for safekeeping. Then he settled in place on the seat, spreading his thighs wide to get comfortable and resting his back against the padded backrest.

Yoongi didn’t even care, he wanted a cigarette right now. He would usually wait until after a meal to light up and savour a smoke, but he needed to one just to settle down his racing heartbeat. He reached over to take hold of his leather jacket, searching the pocket to collect his packet of cigarettes and lighter. He had finally replaced the almost empty one with a fresh disposable, meaning he no longer had to thumb at the wheel over and over to try and spark a light.

As he pulled a cigarette free with his fingers Yoongi offered the packet to Jimin, angling his wrist so that he could take one if he so desired. He knew that the other man might not like his brand of choice, Natural American Spirit, because it was much heavier than the ones he liked to smoke. But seeing as Jimin always shared his smokes with him it only seemed fair he do the same in return.

Jimin pulled a cigarette free from the packet without a hint of hesitation, slipping it between his lips so that Yoongi could set the end alright for him after lighting his own stick. He took a quick inhale to get the cigarette smouldering, which he breathed out again in a sudden and hard cough a mere second later.

Yoongi saw the way that his eyes widened in surprise, almost comically so, and he reached up to take hold of the cigarette and get it between his fingers and thumb. He studied the stick as the remaining hints of smoke escaped him in a series of coughs, staring at the filterless cigarette like he had never seen one before.

“Shit, you like them strong, huh?” Jimin asked between his coughs, his voice turning raspy as he reached up to massage at the front of his no doubt burning throat.

“Go hard or go home, gorgeous,” Yoongi remarked around his own smouldering cigarette, the stick bobbing between his pursed lips.
Even when he was still coughing on the smoke Jimin managed to let out a laugh. There were tears clinging to his lash line from the force of his coughing, but he managed to get himself under control after a few seconds and clear his lungs of the heavy, pungent smoke.

“Shit, these remind me of what my dad smokes,” Jimin said, as he turned the stick over to study the logo printed on the paper. “He smokes these really heavy cigarettes. Like, the smell was always clinging to his clothes and skin even hours afterwards because they were that strong. I mean, I assume he still smokes them. I haven’t seen my family in quite a long time so I don’t have a clue…”

“Mmm, my dad smokes ‘em too,” Yoongi mumbled around the stick. “I used to sneak ‘em out of the packet and light up when I was skipping class. Took me forever to stop choking on ‘em and smoke a whole stick without feeling dizzy. Now, I can’t stand smoking anything other than these sticks. Everything else feels weak or tastes fake to me.”

Jimin was about to risk another pull off the cigarette when he noticed that Kieu was heading right towards their table, and so he stopped himself. After all, he was going to find it hard ordering whilst hacking up a lungful of smoke.

Just like that first night Jimin ordered bò kho with a side of French bread and a light beer, as it was clearly his favourite meal. Considering just how delicious and filling it had been it was really no surprise why he liked it so much.

Yoongi, on the other hand, wanted to sample something different to see what else the restaurant had on offer. After giving the menu a thorough study he ordered phở xào and quẩy with a glass of red wine, which he hoped would taste as good as the last meal he had sampled at the restaurant.

Kieu took their orders and left with the promise of bringing them their meal as soon as possible, that same warm smile on her face.

Yoongi shifted to settle back against the padded backrest at this, assuming his most comfortable slouch as he took lazy drags off the end of his cigarette. It felt so good to be able to finally relax after all of the dancing and flashing lights of the disco, which had really taken it out of him. He had just reached the first mellow wave from the nicotine and let his breath out in a satisfied hum when Jimin glanced over at him.

“Are you tired already? After just that little bit of dancing?” Jimin asked with a teasing smile, giving him a quick up and down look to take in his slouched posture.
“Yeah,” Yoongi mumbled around the cigarette, rolling his head to the side to hold his gaze. “I hate exercise, Jimin. I don’t care if it makes me live a longer life, I barely wanna reach 30 these days.”

This made Jimin roll his eyes with a soft laugh, no doubt finding his jokes about being self-destructive and living fast only to die young very predictable.

Well, it wasn’t exactly a joke, but Yoongi didn’t feel the need to point out this fact.

“How are we gonna fuck all night long if you get tired this easily, baby boy?” Jimin pointed out, as he placed his hand down on his thigh and gave it a firm knead.

“Pft, I can fuck all night long,” Yoongi retorted without missing a beat, reaching across the table to collect the ashtray. He knocked a chunk of ash free from the end of his cigarette with a hard tap with his forefinger. “I don’t need stamina to take dick, honey. I can just lie there and take it without moving a muscle.”

This time Jimin did more than let out a soft laugh, he burst out laughing. He had reach up to suppress his loud giggles with his fingers to try and not attract too much attention to their table.

The sound of his sweet giggles was enough to make Yoongi start chuckling too, amused by both Jimin’s laughter and his own dirty joke. He was a little bit surprised that he had cracked such a joke because he often tried to be discreet in most public places, and yet the other man just brought out a rather naughty side of him that seemed to care less and less about the chances someone might overhear their vulgar conversations.

“Howmm,” Jimin hummed, as he moved to bring his face close to ear. “I guess you don’t need to move that much when I’m holding you down.”

Yoongi stuck his tongue out to wet his lips at this, a final chuckle escaping him as he hovered his cigarette in front of his mouth. He felt the most pressing urge to say something in reply, yet he found that he could only stare down at Jimin’s hand, which was still sitting on his thigh and gently kneading at his exposed skin through an ample tear in his jeans.

Trust Jimin to turn his playful joke into something salacious and make him blush.

Yoongi could feel heat spreading out across his cheeks that he knew the dim lighting of the
restaurant wouldn’t fully disguise. After a moment of thought he managed to find his tongue again, and so he softly mumbled, “I like that shit, Jimin.”

“You do? You like being held down, baby?” Jimin asked in a husky voice, as he cocked his head to try and get a better look at his face; his own cigarette smouldering away between his fingers. “You like being pinned down against your mattress, or up against a wall, so you can’t move and can only take it?”

Yoongi nodded at the question, taking a quick drag off the end of his cigarette just to stop himself from gnawing on his lower lip.

Just the thought of a pair of hands grabbing hold of him, fingers sinking into his hips and thighs to hold him still, or snagging around his wrists to pin them against whatever surface he was pressed up against…it was enough to make a soft warmth plunge down into the pit of Yoongi’s belly. A strong man, a muscular man like Jimin, who had the strength and weight behind him to really trap him in place so that he could do nothing at all but squirm from every deep and hard thrust? That was the kind of sexual fantasy he longed to experience, and if Jimin wanted to include a couple of toys, like those handcuffs of his…Yoongi was more than eager to try it.

Jimin’s voice dipped low as he whispered, “Oh, I wonder what else you like…?”

Over the following minutes they naturally fell into light conversation, though it was mostly Jimin teasing him about his terrible dancing skills. There was no more talk about stamina and possible sexual kinks, but Yoongi had a feeling that Jimin was simply biding his time and waiting for the perfect opportunity to broach the subject. Nothing sexual escaped his focus for too long, the other man was simply obsessed with the subject.

In the end Jimin couldn’t smoke the cigarette because it was far too heavy for his tastes and he kept coughing on the smoke, and so Yoongi just accepted the remains from him to smoke it down to a stub too. He didn’t want to waste a good cigarette, not when he had to pay so goddamn much for a packet these days. The cigarettes were a good slow burner, which meant that there was still a decent amount left to smoke whilst they waited for their food to be served. The two cigarettes left Yoongi feeling pretty mellow, his heart no longer racing because he was relatively calm from the heavy dose of nicotine.

Kieu brought them their meal after some time, carrying the tray over to their table and quickly setting it for them. She placed down napkin bundles filled with cutlery; a glass of red wine, an empty glass and bottle of beer that was beaded with condensation; and the various bowls and plates that contained the different dishes. The scent of the broth, cooked meats, and spices was enough to make Yoongi’s stomach rumble, his mouth flooding with saliva as he eagerly ran his gaze over his serving of food.
“Please enjoy your meal,” Kieu said, as she placed the final plate of freshly baked bread down onto the table for them.

“Thank you, Kieu,” Jimin said with his usual bright smile, moving to grab his bottle of beer so he could pour most of the contents into the empty glass.

“Thanks, I'll enjoy every single bite,” Yoongi remarked, as he unravelled his napkin to grab his chopsticks. He wasn’t even exaggerating, he was going to devour the meal until there was nothing left but grease marks on the porcelain.

The phở xào smelled absolutely delicious, the stir-fried noodles, beef and vegetables steaming hot as Yoongi stirred at the mixture with his chopsticks. The quản也正是 great, the breadsticks deep-fried to a crisp golden shade and no doubt crunchy. He couldn’t wait to sink his teeth into the bread, but first he wanted to sample the main dish and discover if it tasted as good as it looked.

Jimin tucked into his serving of bò kho with much enthusiasm, dipping a chunk of bread into the thick red stew to let it mop up the juices whilst he grabbed a steaming mound of egg noodles and started blowing on them to cool them down. He waited just a few seconds before shoving the bite into his mouth, clearly not that fazed by the heat. He let his breath out in soft huffs, wisps of steam coming out of his parted lips as he checked the mouthful of noodles and beef brisket.

“You really like bò kho, huh?” Yoongi remarked with a smile, as he gathered his first mound of noodles and a chunk of beef and held the chopsticks up in front of his face; leaving the food to cool for a few seconds. “D’you eat out like this often, Jimin? Can you cook?”

“I can cook. I’m not bad at cooking,” Jimin explained, sticking his tongue out to lick at a smear of broth that was caught in the corner of his lips. “But there are so many people that are much better at cooking than me, who can make dishes I can’t but I enjoy eating the most. So, I just prefer eating their cooking instead.”

This made Yoongi softly chuckle, bringing his own chopsticks up to his mouth so that he could shove the mixture of noodles and beef inside. He had to bite down to sever the long noodles, sucking them into his mouth and lowering the rest down onto the plate as to not make a mess.

Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised to find that the phở xào tasted as good as it smelled, the noodles firm and chewy and fried in a rich mixture of garlic, soy sauce, white wine and something that might have been anchovy, oyster or mushroom stock because there was a mild note that balanced out the
saltiness and tang of black pepper. The artichoke, courgette and sugar snap peas were crunchy and contrasted against the beef, which was tender enough to fill his mouth with juice.

The quizzes was also delicious, the breadsticks lightly salted with a crisp and golden outer layer and soft inside. Not only that, but the glass of red wine complimented the entire meal, the smoky aftertaste blending so well with the beef that he might just have to order a second glass.

“Can you cook, Yoongi? Are you any good at it?” Jimin asked, grabbing the sopping chunk of bread from the stew with his chopsticks so he could shove that into his mouth next. His cheeks were swollen with food, and when he closed his mouth around the bite more juice spilled free from the corner of his lips.

“Mmm, I’d to learn how to cook to feed myself. But that don’t mean I eat fancy,” Yoongi said, as he reached over with his free hand to gently wipe at his mouth with a napkin for him. He didn’t want anything dripping down onto his vest top and ruining the soft silk. “Nothing like that…”

Jimin sat still and allowed him to wipe at his face for him, his lips pouting out so he could wipe away as much of the juice as possible. The liquid left a deep red stain behind on the white cotton, which Yoongi tossed onto the table without much care. He realised that he could just as easily used his fingers to wipe at the broth, maybe even his mouth - kissing away the little dribble in a way that would have been cute, maybe kind of romantic. It was too late for that now, but should the opportunity arise again later he would be sure to take it.

“What’re you good at cooking, Yoongi?” he asked, chewing his mouthful of food a few more times before swallowing it all down.

“I make a mean Cup Noodle, a’ight, I-”

“Yoongi!” Jimin exclaimed, his witty reply catching him by surprise and making him burst out laughing. He actually dropped his chopsticks into the bowl, clapping his fingers against his mouth to cover his grin as he started giggling.

“I get those tinned hot dogs, y’know, I cut ‘em up and toss ‘em in there. Add an egg, for nutrition,” Yoongi continued over Jimin’s frothy giggles, the other man smacking his arm over and over from the force of his laughter. “Listen, for just a couple of dollars I’m living off one a meal a day for a whole week, and it’s a filling meal at least.”
“I get that, baby, I totally get that. But hot dogs and eggs?” Jimin asked, and the disgusted look on his face was enough to crack them both up again. “That’s bad, that’s so bad!”

“Don’t knock until you’ve tried it, honey!”

Between bites of his own meal Yoongi couldn’t help but offer some to Jimin, feeding him little bites from the end of his chopsticks just because he liked watching the other man eat. There was just something so nice about it that he didn’t really understand, he just longed to see Jimin enjoying things: be it dancing, eating, making love. He supposed it was just nice having someone that he could lavish attention and affection on, seeing as it had been so long since he had last fed another man like this.

In return, Jimin dipped some of the quẩy into the spicy stew stock to feed Yoongi bites of the sopping wet bread. He hummed in appreciation of the flavour, suddenly reminded of just how good the bò kho tasted. He really didn’t know which dish was the best, and he couldn’t help but wonder how good everything else on the menu might just be.

“So, Yoongi,” Jimin suddenly said to break the silence that was hanging between them. He grabbed hold of his napkin to reach up and wipe at his lips, cleaning away a hint of broth that was clinging to them. “Remember the night we first met and I asked you a couple of questions?”

Yoongi hummed at this from over the top of his glass of wine, wondering what questions he was thinking of. There had been a lot of questions asked that night, not only in the club dressing-room but also the restaurant whilst they been sharing a meal just like this.

“I asked you if you were into the scene, the whole fetish and kink scene, and you said, ‘maybe’?” Jimin continued, as he spread the napkin across his lap again. “You said something about how you didn’t really know, but you thought you might be into it. Has that changed at all? Do you still have an interest, or were you just excited by the atmosphere and thought you might be into some of the things you saw?”

“Uh, well…”

Yoongi took a moment to reply to this, trying to not only organise his thoughts but find the right way to say them. There were so many things floating through his head that he felt dizzy for a few seconds before he managed to get himself back under control.
“I’m interested,” Yoongi finally replied, as he shifted to place the wine glass down on the table. “I wanna experiment with you.”

“OK, baby boy. Tell me the kinds of things that you wanna experiment with. Is there anything that comes to mind, hmm?”

“I wanna try being…uh, being submissive,” Yoongi said in a whisper-soft voice, so quiet that he had to lean closer to Jimin to make sure that he could hear him over the rest of the noise coming from the restaurant. “I don’t wanna just bottom for you. I wanna submit, y’know? I wanna know what it feels like to have that lack of physical control and so much trust in you to take care of me, to make me feel good. I want you to dominate me, Jimin. Like you do to your boys.”

“You like that lack of power,” Jimin reiterated, as he reached over to cup the back of his neck in his hand; his thumb stroking at his skin. “You like it when I call you names, when I humiliate you.”

Yoongi hummed at this, struggling to hold his gaze for longer than a second or two because he felt dirty talking about things like this. He found himself thinking about how Jimin had called him a slut when he had been eating his ass in the club last night, and how much it had turned him on feeling that exposed; how good it had felt when the hot waves of shame had blended with the waves of pleasure until his body had been trembling from the rush.

“Are into leather? Do you have a thing for any materials? Leather, latex, rubber?”

“I, uh, I like leather,” Yoongi said with a soft nod. “I dunno if I like it enough to be into the leather scene like the guys back in the club, but I like it.”

“What do you like about it?”

“I like how it keeps me warm, and how retains heat when you touch it, so you can feel that warmth; y’know?” Yoongi replied, as he reached over to place his hand down on Jimin’s thigh. He rubbed his palm over his leather trousers, stroking the warm and smooth material. “I like the smell, that earthy smell. Especially if there’s some smoke clinging to it.”

Jimin let out a hum at this as he moved to collect his glass of beer, one that sounded like he was agreeing with him. It was pretty clear that he had a thing for leather too, seeing as he lived in the material both inside and outside the club.
“You know, there’s a trend in the leather scene for older or more experienced kinksters to give old belongings to newcomers,” Jimin explained, hovering his glass in front of his lips. “It’s a good way to make them feel welcome, to bring some comfort because the scene can be pretty intimidating at first, when you’re trying to find your place and learn the codes and social aspects.”

“Oh, yeah?” Yoongi asked, as he let out a soft sound of interest. “That sounds like a good idea. I’ve been wondering how rookies found their place in the scene ‘cos it seems very…rigid to me. It’s like everyone has a place, but finding that place takes time. I just assumed that rookies experimented to try and find their place. The Paradiso Lounge seems like a great place to experiment.”

“Hmm, there’s a lot of experimenting for those that are into leather. You know, I should give you something,” Jimin suggested after a quick sip of beer, moving to place his glass back down on the table. “One of my old leather pieces. I’ve got a lot of leather, and latex and rubber. I’m sure there’s something I could give you.”

“You ain’t gotta give me anything,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, as he grabbed a strip of quẩy from the plate. He tore into it to get a chunk in hand and toss it into his mouth.

“I need to give you your first dildo,” Jimin said in a matter-of-fact voice. “You need to start training your little hole for me, baby.”

Yoongi swallowed his mouthful of bread so fast that he almost choked on it. As he forced the bite down he felt his face flooding with heat, so much heat that his cheeks were probably bright pink.

God, Jimin really had no shame at all. He never lowered his voice when talking about sex with him, even if they were in a straight-appealing establishment and they should really keep such matters on the down-low to avoid attracting too much negative attention. Talking about gay matters was one thing, talking about hardcore BDSM practices and sex toys was another thing entirely.

“So, I should give you some leather too. Your first dildo and your first leather piece.”

When there was little left but slight dregs of stew, thin pieces of noodle and slivers of vegetable stuck to the greasy bowls, and tiny breadcrumbs left behind, Jimin ended up ordering a small dessert for them to share. It was coconut and coffee ice cream and jelly, which he told Yoongi tasted as good as it sounded. Whilst they waited for it to be served they settled back against the padded bench seat - content from their filling meal.
Jimin collected his own cigarettes to slip one between his lips, having been unable to smoke the one had given him.

Yoongi turned down the offer of another cigarette because he was still relaxed from the two he had smoked earlier. He just slouched against the padded backrest of the seat and breathed in the smoke coming from Jimin’s cigarette instead, savouring his feeling of contentment for as long as possible.

There was something playing on Yoongi’s mind, a question that he had been wanting to ask all night but was still uncertain about. After telling Jimin all about how he wanted to be sexually submissive to him and let him take care of him, he had found himself wondering if he should ask the other man if he would be his boyfriend. He knew that he was his special baby boy, but he wanted something stronger than that, something substantial like a real relationship.

Yet when he rolled his eyes over to look at Jimin, who was smoking his cigarette and watching the slew of pedestrians walking up and down the street outside, he found that he didn’t quite know what to say to him. It took him several minutes of deep contemplation and plenty of hesitation to find the right words, and the courage, to broach the subject.

Yoongi’s voice was soft as he finally asked, “Jimin, last night, when you said I was your special baby boy…what’d’you mean by that?”

Jimin glanced over at him as he crushed the remains of his cigarette into the ashtray, raising his thick eyebrows in a way that seemed imploring; like he was asking him to elucidate a little bit more.

But Yoongi couldn’t really say anything more because it was Jimin that needed to explain himself. He was the one seeking answers, that needed him to tell him what he had meant by his sweet but somewhat confusing words. He had been agonising over them since last night and was desperately hoping that he had meant that he liked him, that he wanted to be with him, but until Jimin said those words with his own mouth he was going to be unable to find much peace.

Jimin let his final drag out of his lips, the cigarette smoke wafting around his face as he said, “I like you, Yoongi. I’m not seeing any guys and I assumed that you weren’t either, you know, seeing as you’ve let me stay over at your apartment twice now, you clearly live alone, and we’re fucking all the time.”

Yoongi made a soft noise at this to let him know that his assumptions were correct - he was very much single.
“I’m not saying that we’re a thing right now, but we could be…if you wanted to?” Jimin explained, shifting to fold his arms across his strong chest and assume that casual and cool slouch of his. “Do you do that, Yoongi? Are you a dater? Or are you a casual guy that prefers flings to commitments?”

“I’m a committed guy, even though every guy I’ve ever committed to was, quite frankly, a cunt,” Yoongi explained, letting his breath out in a weary sigh. He heard the other man giggling that sweet laugh of his, clearly tickled by his blunt words. “D’you, uh, d’you wanna give it a go? Y’know, to see if we fit together right?”

“Oh, we fit together just fine, baby boy,” Jimin whispered, as he unfolded one of his arms and tapped his fingers along the padded seat until he was able to grab hold of his behind and give it a teasing squeeze.

Yoongi’s shoulders shot up at the sudden contact, and this just made Jimin giggle that little bit harder. He felt his own lips curling up at the corners from the sound because the joy in it was so infectious, and he couldn’t help but drop his gaze down to the ashtray in front of them because he had come over so very shy again.

Goddamn, Jimin always knew how to get him so flustered. Whether it be his overt sexual advances or simply just a cheeky joke or sweet compliment, it seemed like even the little things were enough to make Yoongi’s face flood with heat and his heart skip a beat or three in his chest.

“Yeah, Jimin? You seriously wanna…be with me?”

“Yeah, Yoongi,” Jimin confirmed with a nod. He dropped his hand down onto his thigh again because he seemed to like placing it there. “Why’d you seem so surprised, huh?”

“I, uh, I dunno,” Yoongi said with a soft shrug, and he had to fight the urge to bring his hand up to his mouth so he could start nibbling on his nails. “I guess it’s a mixture of things? I ain’t had a…a boyfriend like you before. Y’know, someone attractive and clearly in control of his life, rather than some old queen that can’t get it up or a punk addict.”

“Hmm, boyfriend,” Jimin repeated, letting out a noise that could only be described as a purr as he folded his elbow on the table to rest his cheek against his curled up fingers.

“I can’t believe that someone like you would wanna be with me,” Yoongi finished, feeling no need to mince his words with the other man.
“Well, Yoongi, you’re fun to be around, even if you’re a little stubborn. But that’s part of your charm,” Jimin pointed out without a hint of hesitation. “I like the fact that you’re stubborn about things, it’s fun to play a little game of pushing and pulling with you because I know that I’ll always win in the end.”

“Oh, yeah?” he asked with a teasing smile, trying to act contrary even when it was obvious that Jimin was right.

“Also, you’re intelligent, and I just love listening to you talking about things. Even if it’s just your photography, instead of deep and meaningful things like social justice, I just…love listening to your voice, Yoongi.”

“You won’t like listening to my voice when I start nagging. You ain’t heard me nag, honey.”

“You haven’t heard me nag either!” he pointed out with a quick laugh. “But shush, shush, shush!”

Jimin brought his hand up to his face, pressing his fingers against his lips to effectively shut him up and stop him from interrupting him whilst he was talking.

“Stop cracking jokes and talking yourself down when I’m saying nice shit about you!” he demanded, and this made them both laugh. “I’m being serious, baby boy. I’m telling you the truth. I like spending time with you and I don’t think I could possibly tell you how much in words alone. Just trust me when I tell you that I wanna be with you, Yoongi. I wanna be your boyfriend. I wanna take care of you and experiment with you just the way you want, so I can make you feel good and you have that sense of security. OK?”

When Jimin moved his fingers away from his lips Yoongi softly whispered, “I trust you.”

“OK? Well, if we’re gonna seriously try this, Yoongi, then we should set some ground rules first; alright?” Jimin suggested, to which he nodded in agreement. “The first rule: no one else fucks you but me, and I fuck no one else but you. That’s important, the most important rule that neither of us can break. Yeah?”

Yoongi was quick to joke, “Shit, Jimin. I ain’t gonna need to chase after more cock the way you fuck me.”
“I can satisfy you the way that you need, baby, just like you satisfy me so good. You don’t need another man inside you but me,” he said in a soft whisper, as he shifted his hand up from his thigh to cup the back of his neck again. His touch was so ticklish and pleasing, made Yoongi lift his shoulders up with a soft sigh. “But it’s not just about sexual satisfaction, it’s about safety; OK? We can’t be together but keeping a cute thing secret on the side because if you fuck a guy and catch something serious from him, I’ll catch it too. If I fuck a guy and catch something serious, you’ll catch it too. Yeah? There’s always gonna be a life and death risk involved in committed relationships in our community now, Yoongi, and I’ve risked everything on you so far. Please, don’t make me regret it.”

“Have you ever been cheated on?” Yoongi suddenly asked, wondering if this was why the other man was so adamant about this particular rule.

“No, I’ve never been cheated on or cheated on someone before,” Jimin replied with a soft head shake. “All of my breakups have been mutual, mostly because my exes couldn’t handle me. That’s not a joke, I mean I seriously require a high level of affection and attention and I felt lonely even when we were together, so, it was best to end it. And the sex, oh, the sex. A lot of them liked me taking their cock all the fucking time, at least until I started to fantasise about giving them pleasure in other ways. Turns out most guys don’t like taking cock every single day…”

Yoongi snorted at this remark, all the while wondering if he could handle such a thing. The way he was feeling right now he would take cock multiple times a day if possible, but only time would tell if he had the stamina to keep up with Jimin and his obviously intense need for sexual satisfaction. One thing that he did know was that he was at least more than capable of giving him the affection and attention he craved.

“I’ve been cheated on ‘bout a dozen times, and not even by the same guy,” Yoongi admitted, reaching up to scratch at his stubbly scalp. “There’s been multiple men in my life that’ve cheated on me. Dated a guy once, walked in on him fucking another man in our bed, and the piece of shit tried to turn it into a threesome.”

Yoongi paused for a moment to let this sink in, seeing the way that Jimin was intently studying his face.

“Believe me when I tell you I ain’t gonna cheat on you, Jimin. I ain’t that kinda guy. I’m committed, some would say to a fault. I let some of my exes walk all over me just ‘cos I didn’t wanna be the one to break it off and possibly hurt their feelings. The thought of cheating on someone…nah, fuck that shit.”
“I’m sorry that happened to you, Yoongi. You’re a good man, a kind, sweet man. You don’t deserve that, no one does,” Jimin said in a soft voice, as he gave his neck a firm squeeze. “About my job…”

“Yeah, what ‘bout it, honey?”

“I know that with my job you might get jealous because I’m servicing my boys. My job is sexual, I completely understand if you ever feel concerned about that fact and worry I mightn’t be fully committed to you. But I don’t fuck any of my boys, Yoongi. I never have and I never will. I don’t want that getting in the way and causing any trouble between us because I’m not gonna break my promise to stay faithful to you. You’re the first man I’ve met in the club that I’ve been intimate with, and that’s the complete truth.”

“Jimin, you ain’t gotta say all that. I trust you. You told me that you don’t fuck guys for cash - you don’t fuck guys for cash. I’m the one with a dick in my mouth by the end of each month to pay the rent, not you. I should be the one promising I ain’t gonna be selling sex.”

“Please, promise me you won’t do that, Yoongi,” Jimin asked, as he shifted on the seat to lean closer to him. “Remember, think about the risks that you’ll be putting us both in. If you’re in financial trouble, that’s what you come to me for. OK?”

Yoongi made a soft noise at this to let him know that he would do what he had asked, even if he often relied on sexual services to get by each month and pay rent. But now that Jimin was his boyfriend he knew there must be something, some other way that he would manage to pay his rent without resorting to such drastic things.

“I won’t get jealous of your boys ‘cos I know once you’re finished servicing ‘em for the night I’m the only man that you want,” Yoongi bragged, puffing his chest out ever so slightly. “And I ain’t gonna suck dick for cash no more, I promise.”

“Thank you, Yoongi. Seriously, thank you,” Jimin said with a smile, as he moved to press a kiss against the corner of his mouth. “I’m just so relieved that you trust me, and that you’re willing to accept my job and not let that get in the way of what we’ve got right now because I think that we’ve got something special, baby.”

“I do too,” Yoongi agreed, his lips curling up at the corners from his sweet kiss. “You make me feel things I ain’t felt before, not this strongly, Jimin. I’ve been wanting to ask you for days if you would be my boyfriend, but I kept pussying out.”
“You know, when we met in the club that very first night I thought you were really cute and I took a chance by accepting your offer,” Jimin admitted, his own lips curling up into a shy-looking smile. “I was really hoping that you would stick around some more and not just disappear on me, so I could get to know you better. But I didn’t think that I’d be calling you my boyfriend this fast!”

“For a guy that doesn’t exercise I can move pretty fast,” he joked with a lopsided smile, which made Jimin giggle again.

Yoongi was starting to notice that he had a habit of making the other man laugh, and this made him feel so good he couldn’t help but let out a little chuckle.

“But speaking of fucking - you’re not sore yet, baby?” Jimin asked, his voice filled with genuine curiosity.

“I like feeling sore,” Yoongi replied, confidently holding his gaze even when he could feel his cheeks starting to burn up again. “That tenderness, that slight sting deep inside? That means I’ve been fucked good.”

“Hmm, a baby boy that beats himself off until he’s dry certainly likes feeling raw and sore,” he said in that husky whisper of his, the one that always sent shivers of delight straight down his spine. “I wonder how sore you’ll be tomorrow morning, hmm?”

Kieu brought them their serving of dessert after several minutes of waiting, placing a deep bowl down on the table that had two spoons resting against the sides. Inside the bowl were several scoops of creamy white ice cream, the scent of coconut wafting from it in strong waves, along with diced cubes of dark coffee jelly.

It looked both delicious and interesting, and Yoongi was incredibly curious about what it would taste like. He collected one of the spoons to gather some jelly onto it, and he was surprised to find that it tasted both milky sweet with a bitter hint that balanced out the sweetness just right. The coconut ice cream was even sweeter, so sweet that he couldn’t help but let out a pleased hum as he sucked it off the spoon.

“God, Yoongi, you’re so fucking cute,” Jimin said in a soft voice, watching him eating the dessert with his cheek balanced against his curled up fingers.

Yoongi paused in the act of gathering another bite of ice cream and jelly, giving him a surprised look
that just made his boyfriend laugh as he gathered some of the dessert onto his own spoon.

But Jimin made no move to eat the bite himself, rather he held it out to him in offering. So Yoongi accepted the spoon in his mouth and sucked the blob of soft ice cream free. He felt a smear catching in the corner of his mouth, and just like he had been hoping Jimin moved to press a kiss against his lips so that he could lick it free for him. The sensation of his tongue darting out to lick against his lips made him moan, turning his face into a kiss.

Yoongi didn’t even care about the fact they were in a restaurant and that the other patrons might stare at them. All that he cared about was kissing Jimin right now. He was pretty certain that they had kissed more times over the duration of the night than they had over the last couple of days, and yet no amount of kisses seemed to be enough to sate either one of them. Hell, he was more than happy to let the ice cream melt away just so he could carry on kissing him over and over.

But Jimin pulled his face away after a couple of quick kisses so he could resume feeding him little mouthfuls of the dessert; his lips curled up into a happy smile as he watched him eating.

Although Yoongi made sure to feed Jimin bites of the ice cream and jelly he was pretty certain that he ended up eating most of the serving. But it was obvious that Jimin didn’t care at all because he had clearly gotten just as much satisfaction out of feeding him than he had eating the dessert. He was probably just glad to see that he was eating a full meal, considering the fact he knew he often went without for the sake of saving his cash.

As soon as they were finished Jimin called Kieu over so he could get their bill. After she had placed the sheet of paper down on the table he got it in hand to check the charge. But before Yoongi could possibly see what the cost for their dinner was he folded it in half and then reached into his pocket to collect his wallet. He slapped enough cash down onto the table to cover the costs of their meal with a generous tip, and yet said wallet was still filled with quite the amount of cash.

“I know one last place to go before we head on back to your place,” Jimin said, as he retrieved his helmet and keys from under the table and then shifted to get to his feet.

“Oh, yeah?” Yoongi asked, as he got his motorbike helmet in hand and scooted along the seat to stand up. “Where?”

“Hmm, just you wait and see, baby boy…”
Upon exiting the noodle and pho bar Yoongi slipped into his leather jacket and the helmet, and then he joined Jimin on the bike seat.

Just like that they were off across the neighbourhood again, heading to whatever destination that his boyfriend had in mind.

Yoongi was starting to get so used to riding on the motorbike that it no longer felt strange during those first few seconds of acceleration as the vehicle started rolling down the road at a fast speed; the seat vibrating beneath him with powerful roars. He actually enjoyed it, and he couldn’t help but wonder what it felt like for Jimin to be behind the handlebars; in full control of the vehicle with that raw power underneath him.

Jimin guided the motorbike across the various blocks of Harlem until he was driving through West Harlem, skirting the lowest perimeter of St. Nicholas Park and then continuing east through the blocks of the new neighbourhood. This was one part of the city that Yoongi hadn’t visited in full before because he had only dipped his toes into the outskirts of the neighborhood whilst visiting Harlem Camera. He noticed that they were drawing close to the waterfront after roughly 10 minutes of constant sailing along the various roads, and that seemed to be the destination that his boyfriend had in mind.

Jimin slowly curved out onto the parkway to start driving along the waterfront, joining the slew of traffic that was rolling up and down the double lanes of the massive road. There was a footpath coming up on the right of the road, which he swerved his motorbike onto without a hint of warning.

Yoongi was pretty sure that he had just illegally boarded the footpath, but there was no way he could pull up against the side of the road because it was such a large parkway. Whatever the case Jimin didn’t seem to care at all that he might get fined for such an act, which possibly hinted that he had done this before, maybe many times.

Jimin slowed the motorbike down to a crawl as he guided them along the waterfront, and Yoongi turned his head to see that there was a pier stretching out across the water, connected to the waterfront by way of narrow walkways. There were several of them, short and wide stretches of concrete supported by thick columns, and the waterfront itself was a stretch of land right to the side of the parkway that was roomy enough to fit a decent amount of people on.

Jimin had taken him to the pier, the one that overlooked Hudson River. Yoongi had never been this far west in the neighbourhood before, and so he had never even seen the pier, never mind visited it. But he did know that it was a popular place for gay kids to go, mostly when they were out having vogue-offs, or they needed a safe space to sleep that was fully exposed and meant that they were at less risk of being attacked or even grabbed by predators like they would in parks and other public spaces.
The area surrounding the pier was rather desolate, most likely the result of no funding going into renovating the area into something more useful to the public, and more safe. But Yoongi was certain that the space could be turned around, even if it wasn’t that big at all. There was a great view of the river from the pier, and the sight of New Jersey across the skyline, all lit up and glowing at this late-night hour, was pretty nice to take in.

But would an area that was obviously frequented by gay kids ever get funding to be turned around into something better? It seemed unlikely, highly unlikely.

Jimin parked his motorbike on the stretch of the waterfront, pulling up close to the safety railings so that he could lean it against them and not park too close to the parkway.

Yoongi quickly climbed off the back and fumbled his helmet free whilst he killed the engine, turning his full attention towards a group of youngsters who were currently messing around on the pier. They were blasting music from a rather bust-up looking boombox that had seen better days when he had been a teenager - an obvious hand-me down. But they were having plenty of fun regardless of this fact.

After climbing off the bike seat Jimin removed his own helmet, and he moved to hang it from the handlebars by the chinstrap. He took the helmet off Yoongi too, also slipping it around the handlebars so that they didn’t have to carry the bulky helmets around.

Jimin took hold of Yoongi’s hand, pulling him along the waterfront and in the direction of one of the narrow walkways so they could get onto the pier. There was a happy skip in his step as he did so, one that was so infectious that Yoongi would have skipped along with him if not for the fact that he was too tired to do so.

The strong scent of brine was hanging heavy in the air, strong enough to cover the unpleasant exhaust fumes coming from the parkway behind them. It came from the waves as they lapped out across the Hudson River, crashing against the concrete support columns hard enough to throw curds of foam and a thin mist into the air that was salty and so pleasing to breathe in. The waters were currently black at this late-night hour, but during the daytime they were likely a steely blue the same shade as East River.

“I love the water,” Jimin suddenly announced, as he shifted to toss his arms around the railings and leaned against them. “There’s just something so beautiful about water; don’t you think so?”
Yoongi hummed in agreement as he retrieved his camera, quickly checking that it was powered up before bringing it up to his face to squint down the viewfinder. He had been so focused on having fun and unwinding with Jimin all night long that he had forgotten to snap some photographs of him at the disco, which would have made such lovely shots - Jimin, dancing under the rainbow-tinged lights with a dazzling smile on his face.

Yoongi knew that the quality of any photographs he took out on the pier wouldn’t be great because the lighting was far from perfect. But with some fiddling with the aperture and setting the mode onto a preset option for getting landscape shots, he managed to find something suitable so he could snap a photograph of the skyline in front of them.

“I think it’s the sound of the waves,” Yoongi remarked, as he lowered the camera from his face and thumbed at the buttons and dials on the back of the device. “Maybe the smell? I dunno, just breathing it in and listening to the waves splashing is kinda soothing; yeah?”

“Hmm,” Jimin hummed, his lips curling up at the corners in a dreamy smile that showed he really was feeling so content right now; so serene and at peace.

Yoongi turned away from the skyline so he could focus on his boyfriend instead, wanting to get a photograph of him whilst he was gazing out across the waters. He switched modes and shifted around ever so slightly until he was able to get a good angle, and then he snapped a shot of him. The flash reflected off the wet surface of his eyes and his dangling earrings, made him rapidly blink and then turn his head to look at him.

Jimin gave him that dazzling smile of his before turning back to look at the river, which had clearly arrested his attention. Judging from the look of nostalgia that was on his face it had been quite some time since he had last came to the piers, and Yoongi couldn’t help wonder if it held some special memories for him; memories that he wanted to share with him now that they were lovers.

After all, Yoongi knew that the piers were an important place to Jimin because he had frequented them in his gay youth, back when he had been dreaming of the ball and that flamboyant side of gay subculture rather than the hardcore BDSM and leather bar scene. He could only imagine the kinds of memories that he would have from hanging around a place like this, the things that he might have seen and participated in whilst he had been over in South Bronx; a couple of years younger than he was now and probably already hitting the booze and cigarettes pretty hard, maybe even on the prowl for an older man to take care of him because he had blossomed into his sexuality far too young, far too fast.

After a few seconds Jimin held his hand out to him, twitching his fingers in a way that signalled he wanted him to give him something. It took Yoongi a few seconds to realise that he was requesting the camera, and so he quickly thumbed at the dial to load the next piece of film and then pulled the
strap off over his head to place the camera in his hand.

Jimin accepted it, moving to get a good hold on the vertical grip as he turned it on its side and then brought it up to his face. He squinted down the viewfinder at him, his full lips pouting out in a sweet way because he was so focused on studying him.

“Huh? What’re you doing?” Yoongi asked with an embarrassed laugh, throwing his hand up to cover his face before his boyfriend could snap a photograph of him. “No, don’t! I hate having my photograph taken!”

“You didn’t hate it when I was taking those nude photographs,” Jimin pointed out, making no move to lower the camera from his face. “Come on, baby! Let me take a photograph of you! I want a nice one! I want one I can put in my wallet!”

This caught Yoongi by surprise, and he slowly lowered his hand so he could peek at him from over the tops of his fingers.

Jimin wanted a photograph of him to put in his wallet? Just like the one that he had stashed inside his own wallet?

After a moment of hesitation Yoongi dropped his hand and moved to fold his arms on the railing instead. He knew that he should pose for Jimin, but he didn’t really know how he should do so.

Should he act casual and gaze out across the waters? Or should he look into the camera, maybe give him a little smile?

Yoongi eventually settled for looking into the camera and when he parted his lips in a slight smile, the corners trembling ever so slightly, Jimin let out a soft cooing sound and snapped the shot of him.

“Adorable,” Jimin said with a smile, as he moved to slip the lanyard around Yoongi’s neck for him; the weighty camera dangling from the ends and bumping against his chest.

Yoongi turned away from the waters to look back at the crowd of kids that were dancing and hollering on the waterfront behind them. He shifted to fold his elbows on the railing behind him, comfortably slouching as he ran his gaze over them all.
“I used to come here a lot of couple of years ago,” Jimin said in a quiet voice, as he turned away from the river to also look over at the group of kids. “Back when I went to the ball, remember I told you that I used to go to the ball?”

“Mmm, back when you were a ‘Sex Siren’,” Yoongi said without looking away from the kids, who were throwing themselves around on the ground with so much enthusiasm that he just knew they would have skinned elbows and knees.

“Hey, I’m still a sex siren!” Jimin cried out, reaching over to give his upper arm a firm swat that made him snort laughter. “Wait, what was I saying? Ah, you distracted me! I was gonna start talking about important things!”

“Sorry, honey,” Yoongi mumbled in an entirely unapologetic voice, and he heard the other man scoffing because he had clearly seen straight through his act.

“I’ve got a lot of good memories about this pier,” Jimin said in a soft voice, as he settled back against the railings and folded his toned arms across his chest. “I had my first kiss here, and my first handjob.”

“You can remember your first handjob?” Yoongi asked in wonder, sparing a quick glance over at him.

“Yeah, all three seconds of it,” Jimin replied, which made them both snort laughter. He smiled for a few seconds before his expression shifted into something more serious, more somber. “You know, a lot of kids used to sleep out in the open here. Runaway baby gays, but also suburban kids that had run away from home in search of something more. There was a lot of drugs floating around the area then, so, as you can imagine a lot of them got hooked. First on crack, then heroin. It started to get normal finding out that someone had been found dead out on the pier during the night. If the winter snow didn’t kill them then the drugs did. Or AIDS, that was popular around here too…”

Yoongi made a soft sound at this as he reached over to slip his arm around his waist, pulling Jimin close enough to let him cosy up against his side. He felt him shifting to do so, and then he heard Jimin letting his breath out in an uneven exhale, one that was supposed to sound like a laugh but was closer to a breathless sigh.

“Shit, you really don’t think about how fucked up it all is until you look back on those days, huh?” Jimin asked in a soft whisper, as he ran his too-wet eyes over the kids. He was rapidly blinking in a
way that looked like he was trying to hold back tears, and it really wouldn’t surprise Yoongi if he started crying. “Kids, Yoongi. Fucking kids, sleeping rough and smoking crack because their parents kicked them out onto the streets for being gay, for being transsexual…and nothing’s fucking changed. It’s still happening right now. But it’s getting better…right?”

“It’s getting better,” Yoongi agreed in a soft voice, as he gave his waist a gentle and soothing squeeze. “You don’t win a war in a single battle, Jimin. Our queer brothers and sisters are still fighting, and we’ll probably still be fighting for our rights for decades to come, just like every other minority in this country. But I do think things are getting better.”

Jimin let his breath out in a soft hum at this, and it seemed like that was what he had needed to hear right now.

Even when Yoongi was a pessimist at heart and he was more than well aware of just how unprotected queer folk were right now, he wasn’t stretching the truth to put his boyfriend’s mind at ease - things were improving for men and women like them. It was just taking too long, far too long, and whilst politicians sat their twiddling their thumbs over important matters more and more violent attacks and murders were happening to their community; forced outings that ruined lives were unfolding in states with no basic protections for them; AIDS-related deaths were still happening all over the country; and little kids were homeless out on the streets with nowhere to go. Then there was that constant sense of dread that their already endangered rights could be stripped away from them at any moment, even after all of their campaigning, fighting and suffering.

But things were getting better…or so Yoongi hoped.

Jimin suddenly shifted to step away from the railings and cross the pier to get back onto the narrow walkway. It was obvious that he was doing so to go over to the kids, and so Yoongi moved to follow after him; his camera in hand.

Upon drawing closer to the gang of kids Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised to see that most of them were really young. They were teenagers at oldest, maybe a couple of them old enough to be seniors in high school, but most of them certainly still freshmen and sophomores if that. The little femme queens might just be all dressed up in their glitzy dresses and makeup to look like pop stars, the boys might just be wearing their streetwear looks so that they looked cool and hip, and the girls might be dressed in a mixture of both styles, but boldly coloured and printed Lycra - leggings or...
cycling shorts; and other items like sporty tracksuits, tie-dye vest tops, and cool baseball caps. They were also wearing plenty of jewellery, even though most of it looked to be made from beads, plastic, and cheaply plated metal rather than the real deal. There was no telling if they were all from Harlem or if some of them were runaways from other parts of the big city that had came all the way to this neighbourhood seeking the fabled gay sanctuary that they couldn’t find anywhere else. They could have even jumped a Greyhound and travelled here to get away from home in another city or state, as a lot of runaways did so.

Whatever the case, one thing was obvious to Yoongi - they were all happy. They were all giggling and grinning from ear-to-ear as they danced and cheered one another on, chanting supportive things like, ‘werk, werk, werk’, and, ‘yas, queen’, in their best MC voices.

When the kids noticed them approaching they didn’t exactly settle down, but they did lower the volume of their chanting and cheering. It was almost as if they were worried they might be coming over to scold them for making so much noise. So Yoongi hung back ever so slightly, not wanting to crowd the kids in case it made them uncomfortable in any way.

“Please tell me that you’ve got some Miss Diana Ross on that tape,” Jimin announced, placing his hands on his cocked hips as he looked down at them all.

This was enough to make the kids burst out laughing, their initial reservations having subsided because they realised that they were gay, just like them, and they weren’t going to yell at them.

“I know balls queens when I see them, and no self-respecting ball queen would ever walk without Miss Diana playing on the system,” Jimin continued over their laughter, his lips splitting into a wide and friendly smile. “You should be practising to her music, or Miss Chaka Khan. Then you’ll feel like real queens, believe me.”

“Honey, I’m a whole queen!” a little femme queen that looked all of 13 bragged, as she swung her tight braids back behind her shoulder; the colourful beads on the end clinging together. She was holding a feathery fan in her hand that she had been dancing with, and Yoongi saw that her nails were covered in sparkly nail varnish that was sweetly immature and clashed against her attempt at acting all grown-up.

“Are any of you in Houses?” Jimin asked, as he accepted the fan from her and spread it open to look at the fluffy pink feathers.

In response to this question Jimin was bombarded with half a dozen excited replies as the kids started hollering again. It was incredibly difficult understanding what most of them were saying because
they were shouting so much, their voices all layering over one another so that it was impossible
differentiating one reply from the other.

But Yoongi was pretty certain that most of them had replied that they weren’t in Houses but they
really wanted to be, as well as reeling off the dozens of Houses that they adored the most. He didn’t
recognise any of the names because he was so out of touch with this side of gay life in the city, but
he recognised a lot of them as famous fashion houses, supermodels and even female celebrities that
were classified as the modern divas or the old and beautiful classics of the black and white
Hollywood days. Yes, it seemed like these kids were obsessed with the ball and its culture, just like
Jimin had used to be when he had been their age.

“I belong to a House, I belong to the legendary House of Coco,” Jimin said, talking over the excited
kids as he rapidly opened and closed the fan in front of his face. He was slowly curling his wrist
round and round, loosening his muscles as he played with the fan. “I don’t go the ball anymore, but
I’m still a House kid through and through. I was a ‘Sex Siren’-”

“Ooh~” one of the boys crooned, which made the rest of the kids burst out laughing and take up his
call to tease him.

“Hey, baby gays like you babies shouldn’t be in the ball watching the naughty walks!” Jimin
exclaimed with a flustered laugh, playfully fanning himself as if he had come over all embarrassed.
“You’re too young for that sexy shit!”

Yoongi snorted laughter at this, reaching up to rub at his nose to try and disguise his grin.

Here Jimin was, telling these kids that they shouldn’t be at the ball watching the ‘Body’ and ‘Sex’
categories because they were too young for that shit, when he had probably been hooked on it when
he had been their ages too.

Femme queens in tiny bikinis, shaking their tits and asses for the baying crowd, and butch queens in
thongs so tight that everything was on show.

Yes, the ball most certainly wasn’t child-friendly, but then neither were the shitty horror films that
kids grew up watching every single day - the nasty, cheap ones filled with sexy high school girls that
got hunted down and slaughtered by a blood and sex-crazed slasher, oftentimes in their goddamn
panties. At least the gay babies sneaking their ways into the ball weren’t seeing graphic violence and
sexual violence that was supposed to be ‘entertaining’, especially when a lot of them might just have
been abused at home or whilst out on the streets because of their sexualities and gender identities.
“But I wasn’t just a ‘Sex Siren’,” Jimin continued, still very much rapidly shaking his wrist to fan at himself; the breeze disturbing the loose and short locks that were hanging over his brow. “I also did some fashion categories, and I vogued too. I used to love doing vogue-offs out here on the pier when I was younger, when I was a baby just like all of you.”

“You can vogue?” one of the girls asked, her mousey brown hair pulled back in a high ponytail and her clothing consisting of a more masculine-looking tracksuit and sneakers.

“Bitch, I can vogue!” Jimin bragged with a sassy snap, and this was enough to make the kids start laughing and hollering again. “Give me something with a good beat, let me show you how we vogue in House Coco!”

One of the boys shifted to start hitting buttons on the boombox, rapidly fast-forwarding through the current track until he located the one that he was searching for. When the music started playing Yoongi was surprised to hear that it sounded a little bit like the music that played in the leather bar, only it was less aggressive and had a much more mellow sound to the electronic beats.

Jimin let out an appreciative hum at the choice, as he started rolling his shoulders and stepped from foot to foot to loosen up his muscles.

As he did so Yoongi moved around the group to try and get a better look at him, wanting to watch his vogue performance in full because he had never actually witnessed such a routine in reality.

When Jimin started walking forward he did so in a strut, swinging his hips with a fierce look on his face and lifting his arms up over his head in sync with each forward kick of his leg. It looked like he was walking on a catwalk, only his movements were far too exaggerated; almost feline in the way that his limbs loosely swung back and forth. He strutted right up to the very front row of kids and then he suddenly dropped low to the ground.

Yoongi was convinced that he was going to do one of those drops like he did in the club cage, the squats that allowed him to thrust his ass out and bounce his buttocks with each hard and fast rock of his hips. Except he didn’t pull such a move, he did something completely different.

Jimin kicked his left leg straight out as he folded his right knee and got into a squat, the heel of his boot thumping against the hard pavement. He brought the fan up to his face and started moving his hand in slice-like movements, the feathery ends brushing against his throat and cheeks as he threw abstract shapes around his head with his hands. He moved his wrists and hands so fast that he was
almost a blur, and Yoongi could just about track each movement - his mouth hanging open in complete awe.

Now, Yoongi had seen Jimin dance before. He had watched him performing his sensual go-go dancing routines, which were far too sexual to show to a bunch of kids. He had seen him dancing for fun at the disco, which had once more revealed his good rhythm and obvious love of dancing. But he had never seen him dancing like this before, like a professional dancer that should be in the music videos and backing up massive pop divas during their world tours. He was so shocked that Jimin had been hiding this level of talent away like this, sharing it only with fellow gay folk at the ball a couple of years ago and not with the whole world.

After moment of flexible wrist movements Jimin snapped the fan shut and pressed it against his brow. As he did so he comically swooned backwards, his eyes rolling up under his lids in a way that made the kids giggle. This displayed his tremendous flexibility, for Yoongi saw his back curving enough for the back of his head to almost touch the ground.

Jimin snapped back up a mere second later, jerking his wrist hard to open up the fan again and then rapidly fanning himself with it. The movement disturbed the loose locks on his brow and made the neckline of his thin vest top ripple. His expression was feisty once more, the face of a man that knew he looked good, that he was perfect in every single way.

When Jimin jumped back up to his feet and started strutting around the walkway, his hips swinging in that exaggerated, feminine way, it was enough to make most of the kids jump to their feet and start dancing and hollering too. They were as stunned by Jimin’s performance as Yoongi was, except they were more than happy to join in with him, whereas he was struggling to move enough to close his goddamn mouth.

Even when Yoongi knew that he should be taking this all in unfiltered, that he should be living in the moment and not thinking about anything else but the excitement and joy that was going on all around him, he couldn’t help but snap some photographs of Jimin and the kids that he was dancing with.

How could he resist the urge when Yoongi was witnessing something rare and beautiful right in front of him - Jimin interacting with a bunch of kids that might not have even been born when they had been kids; who hadn’t experienced the same things that they had growing up but still had similar lived experiences regardless of this fact? It was like old meets new only he and Jimin were still young - they just felt old because the gay community had been through so much hell over the last decade and they had seen so many people die before reaching their current ages.

Yoongi managed to get his camera in hand and start snapping some photographs, mostly focusing on Jimin but capturing a couple of the kids when they start dropping to the ground and moving their hands to try and copy his moves. He found his lips curling up into a smile as he took it all in, slowly
shifting his camera from his boyfriend to the kids in turn as they strutted and kicked, twisted and
dipped, and threw their hands around enough it was a miracle they didn’t slap one another in the
face.

“Vogue! Vogue! Vogue!” the kids started chanting, and that was when Yoongi realised that they
were trying to get him to start dancing like that too; that they had noticed him standing aside and not
joining in with their madness.

“Let’s see your moves!” one of the boys suggested, which made them all start shouting in agreement.

“Yeah, c’mon!”

“Stop taking photos like you work for Vogue and just vogue!”

“Oh no! I can’t vogue!” Yoongi said with a quick laugh, surprised by just how camp his voice and
the limp wave of his wrist was because he usually tried to suppress such things whenever possible.
But it seemed that being around the kids and Jimin, who was exaggerating his campy side to make
them all laugh, had had a serious effect on him too. “I seriously can’t dance!”

“C’mon! Anyone can vogue if they try hard enough!” the little femme queen with the colourful
beads pointed out, as she thrashed her head around to the loud music coming from the boombox.

“No, he really can’t dance,” Jimin explained with his own breathless giggle, as he slowed his
movements down and fanned at his face instead. “My boyfriend’s terrible at dancing! Don’t make
him dance!”

His boyfriend.

Jimin had just called him his boyfriend.

Never mind dancing for joy, Yoongi felt like he might just start flying through the air from the
sudden rush of joy that shot up into his chest. It felt like the butterflies in his stomach would carry
him away, up off the pier and across the river as light as a cloud.
“Well, what can he do with those skinny hips?”

At this question Jimin shot the kids a knowing, sidelong smirk, and this made them make noises so shrill they almost sounded like they were screeching. It was enough to make Yoongi wince before letting out his own laugh, shocked by just how loud kids could be sometimes.

Before they left the kids Jimin made sure to talk to them and check how they were all doing; asking them questions about where they were currently living, what they were doing out on the streets at this hour, and wanting to know that they had somewhere safe to go for the night. He talked a little bit about the balls and the legendary queens that he had seen walking during his time as an active House member, and Yoongi listened to this as intently as the kids because he was still learning about the ball scene.

Jimin also made sure to stress about stranger danger and give the rather embarrassing talk about sex that had them all groaning and covering their faces with their hands in a way that made Yoongi smile. But he was right to do so because it didn’t matter how young these kids were. They needed to learn about these things before the time come and it was too late for them to ask questions, especially when the risk of catching HIV was a very serious and real threat. They might just find it all embarrassing and gross, but a couple of years from now they would hopefully understand the important messages that he was telling them and stay safe.

Sadly, they weren’t able to stay with the kids for too long because the night was starting to give way to the early morning hours. When Jimin decided it was time for them to go he had to give the kids many hugs because they wouldn’t let him leave without doing so, and it was as they were making their way back over to the motorbike that Yoongi heard something pretty sweet.

“Hey, don’t you think his boyfriend was kinda cute?” one of the boys asked in a quiet voice, one that he clearly thought they wouldn’t be able to hear.

“Daevon’s got a crush! Daevon’s got a crush!” a girly voice taunted, which was backed up by a chorus of coos and comical gags.

“Do not!”

Yoongi had to fight to not laugh at this, not wanting the kids to know that they could hear them. A quick glance over at Jimin showed that he was also having to fight the urge, his lips curled up in a grin that revealed he was seconds away from cracking up with laughter.
The journey to get to Yoongi’s apartment block over in Melrose took around 20 minutes, yet the time seemed to fly by much faster than that. It was likely because the traffic had started to trickle away in parts until some roads were completely empty, and the sidewalks had so very few pedestrians moving up and down their long lengths.

Jimin had to leave West Harlem via Hudson Parkway and travel back into Harlem, and then he followed the massive stretch of West 125th Street for as long as he could before turning onto Madison Avenue. They passed so many stretches of commercial buildings on this busy road, like cafés, restaurants, boutiques, and even a tattoo and piercing parlour, but most of the businesses were now closed at this early morning hour - save for *The Paradiso Lounge,* of course. That was still open and filled with men who would be drinking, partying and fucking away until the closing hour.

After crossing Madison Avenue Bridge Jimin was over in South Bronx, and this was usually where he needed a little help from the street signs to find where he was going. But it seemed that he had a great memory because he didn’t even hesitate as he took a sharp left to start driving along the stretch of Park Avenue, and then took a right to get onto East 151st Street. After that there was just a brief ride along Melrose Avenue before he was pulling up right outside Yoongi’s apartment block.

Jimin slowed his motorbike down as he did a U-turn and pulled up against the curb. He rolled off the throttle and squeezed in the clutch as he applied some pressure to both sets of brakes to park the vehicle in place. After shifting gears with his right foot he twisted the keys and gave them a hard twist, cutting off the engine just like that and killing the motorbike dead.

Yoongi climbed off the bike seat and removed his helmet again, and it was thankfully the last time he would have to do so tonight. He dragged it off with a sigh of relief, holding it by the edge so that his fingers curled around the side and pressed into the inner padding. He moved to get to the door and waited for his boyfriend, who was slowly crossing the sidewalk and removing his helmet at the same time.

They entered the block as a pair, Yoongi instinctively taking the lead to escort him up the stairs and to the right floor. As per usual the faded sounds of televisions bled through the thin doors, along with childish babbling and hushed female voices that were trying to get said children to go back to sleep. He reached into his pocket to collect his door keys, and he had just gotten them in hand when he saw something unexpected happening on the landing in front of him.

Yoongi came to a slow stop on the top of the stairs because he was shocked to see that Keyshawn was standing right outside of his apartment room door. His landlord was in the act of sticking something to the door, shoving a push pin through a sheet of paper with his thumb to stick it onto the thin piece of wood.

“Hey, man, what’s going on?” Yoongi asked in an uncertain voice, giving him a quick smile that
“I was just posting a reminder about the rent, son,” Keyshawn said, as he turned away from the door to look at him. His gaze rapidly jumped between him and Jimin for a moment before settling on him, and he gave him a smile that was supposed to be reassuring. “Just in case you forgot, you know? Happens to the best of us sometimes, and it was pretty late when we had that conversation.”

Yoongi went across the landing to get to his door, angling his head to squint at the sheet of paper and see what it was. It wasn’t an eviction notice, not yet. It wasn’t even a ‘pay rent or quit’ notice because he was yet to be overdue on the rent day unlike the previous months. But what the reminder was was the physical representation of the hangman’s noose around his neck starting to cinch that little bit tighter; the rope starting to press into his skin enough to chafe and make it hard to swallow without feeling it slowly choking him.

Yoongi was running out of time.

“Can you excuse us for just a moment?” Jimin suddenly asked, as he took hold of Yoongi’s arm and gently pulled him away from the door.

“Of course, son,” Keyshawn said, lifting his hand to wave it at them as he moved to stand in the stairwell; the steps softly creaking under his weight.

Jimin gave him a quick smile as he came to a stop in the corner of the landing, Yoongi’s back practically pressed up against the outdated and greasy wallpaper.

“Yoongi, what the fuck’s going on?” Jimin asked in a low whisper, leaning close to him to make sure that his landlord wouldn’t overhear their conversation. “You haven’t paid your rent yet? What? Why not? When is it due?”

“Uh, I dunno…10 days, maybe?” Yoongi mumbled, awkwardly scuffing the toes of his boots against the carpeted flooring. “Listen, I was late on payments for a few months by just a couple of days. But I still paid it each time. And I actually got the cash for this month’s rent right now, but I just can’t pay it yet.”

“Why not?”
“I dunno if my client’s gonna pay me an advance. I need the cash just in case so I-”

“Yoongi.”

“I gotta keep hold of it just in case,” Yoongi finished over him, refusing to back down because the other man needed to know all the facts upfront. “Just in case I need to pay for the prints.”

“Then you know what to do - you tell him to shove it up his ass and you find another client,” Jimin said in an unwavering tone, refusing to look away from his face and even shifting to resume doing so when he turned his head away from him. “Yoongi, baby, I’m being serious.”

“I can’t do that, I need his cash, Jimin,” Yoongi whispered in exasperation, lifting and dropping his shoulders as he let his breath out in a hard sigh.

For a moment Jimin held his tongue, preferring to remain silent so he could think it all over and formulate a proper response. He folded his arms over his chest as he did so, his gaze slowly shifting over his face but not looking away for a single second.

But Jimin just didn’t understand. Yoongi wasn’t refusing to pay the rent to try and make some big statement, some anti-capitalist tantrum because he thought money was the root of all societal ills in the world; nor was he trying to play the system and push his luck for as much as he could in the hopes that he would garner pity and get a free ride.

Yoongi physically couldn’t pay the rent because the only cash he had on him was shoved inside his wallet right now, and if that went and he needed more cash to order professional prints for Silverstein without an advance then he couldn’t do so. The cash was his safety net to make sure that he could finish his commission, and so his rent was just going to have to wait for a couple more days. As soon as he had has his consultation with Silverstein over the commission then Yoongi knew it would be all good. Keyshawn just needed to give him that little more slack and then he would have the rent paid before the due date.

It was cutting it close, far too close, but it was the only thing that Yoongi could do right now because had no other choice.

“OK…OK, here’s a deal,” Jimin said to break their temporary silence, as he reached up to press his gloved fingers against his lips to give them a little rub. “You pay your rent tonight so you don’t end up getting kicked out onto the streets; yeah?”
“…Yeah,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, his gaze shifting between his eyes and lips in turn as he wondered where he was going with this.

“And if you have issues with your client, with the advance costs or anything like that…you come to me; OK?” Jimin finished, and when Yoongi let out a sudden sound his eyes widened in surprise. “What? What did I say? What’s wrong, huh?”

“Shit, Jimin, not you too,” he whispered, as he shifted to slouch back against the wall and dropped his gaze down to stare at their feet. “My associates at the camera store keep offering me fucking tabs and discounts ‘cos I can’t afford to pay for anything and it makes me feel like shit. Y’know? Like, I fucking hate it that people keep offering me these lifelines ‘cos I can’t do anything by myself. Can’t feed myself, can’t pay my rent, can’t even print for my clients without needing fucking charity.”

“You hate the fact that people care about you enough to wanna keep you off the streets?” Jimin asked with a gentle raise of his eyebrow.

Yoongi glanced up at him at this, holding his eyes for a few seconds before dropping his gaze back down again. He didn’t quite know what to say in reply to this question because it wasn’t what he had been thinking about at all, and Jimin had caught him by surprise with his completely different and incredibly honest perspective. He hadn’t thought about it like that because he had been so focused on the negative rather than a positive, even if said positive was only a small comfort.

Jimin cocked his head in the direction of the stairwell as he whispered, “Pay him the rent, Yoongi.”

Yoongi opened his mouth to speak but no words could come out, his lips silently moving for a few seconds before he shut them again. He ran his gaze across the scuffed toe caps of his boots and the almost flawless surface of Jimin’s beloved suede Chelsea boots.

Rather than press him for a reply and put even more pressure on him, Jimin gave him some time to think. He didn’t stare at him in a way that made him feel uncomfortable, shifting his gaze over to look at the sheet of paper on the front door instead.

“Keyshawn?” Yoongi called after a moment of contemplation, as he slowly dragged his feet to step around Jimin and draw closer to the stairwell. He reached into his front pocket to slip his wallet out of his jeans, his hands far from steady as he thumbed it open and eyed the crisp bills that were shoved inside it. He slipped a couple of the bills free before holding them out to his landlord. “Here, the rent.”
Keyshawn eyed the bundle of cash for a moment, and then he moved to take it out of his hand and thumbed it to count the bills. Satisfied that he had paid the rent in full he moved to go up the final steps to get onto the landing again. Then he took hold of the notice and gave it a hard tug, tearing it free from his door because there was no need for any reminders now.

Just listening to the notice paper crisply tearing in the silence of the stairwell was enough to make Yoongi let his breath out in a sigh of relief.

There, the hangman’s noose had been withdrawn...for now. He had been granted a reprieve for another month or so, in which he needed to find enough money to pay for the following rent charge before due date so he could prove to his landlord that he should keep him housed in the block because he was a good and reliable tenant.

“I’m relieved, son,” Keyshawn said, as he folded the paper up between his hands and shoved it into his night robe pocket. “It’s like I told you that night, I don’t wanna have to remove you from this block. You’re a good tenant, Min. I only wish you were able to pay on time more often so we wouldn’t have even had this problem in the first place.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll make sure he’s on time from now on,” Jimin promised, giving his landlord a dazzling smile that made the old man softly chuckle.

Keyshawn didn’t even have a clue who Jimin was because this was the first time they had encountered one another. He probably thought they were friends, supposing that neither one of them were giving out the kinds of vibes that might hint they were something far more intimate. Whatever the case, he seemed to be taking Jimin up on his promise to keep him in check.

As Yoongi unlocked the front door he heard the sound of Keyshawn going down the staircase to go back into his room and get some proper sleep. It took some fumbling with the key to work the lock, and when he pushed the door open and stepped inside he spared a quick glance back over his shoulder to look at Jimin. His boyfriend flashed him a smile as he followed him inside the apartment room, one that he shyly returned.

The first thing that Yoongi did upon entering his apartment room was slip out of his boots and leather jacket, which he hung on a hook on the wall beside the door. He retrieved his packet of cigarettes and lighter and transferred them into his jeans front pocket, and then he placed the motorbike helmet down on the small hallway table. As he moved to go into the bathroom he heard Jimin copying his actions; the dull thunk of the heavy plastic connecting with the wood.
After relieving himself and hastily washing his hands Yoongi left the bathroom and went down the narrow hallway. A quick glance into the kitchen revealed that it was empty, and so he came to a stop in the lounge doorway to look inside the other room and see that Jimin was sitting perched on the battered sofa armrest; his hands loosely clasped between his muscular thighs and his head angled to study the pages of a photography magazine that he had left open on the rickety coffee table.

There was something so strange about seeing Jimin just chilling inside his apartment like this, even though he had done so several times already over the past week. It still felt like it was a dream of some kind, like some wonderful fantasy that Yoongi didn’t want to wake up from because he would find himself lying in bed alone, without the warm press of a strong pair of arms wrapped around his waist.

Yoongi couldn’t help but take a moment just to silently study him whilst Jimin was distracted, shifting to lean back against the door frame and shoving his hands into his jeans pockets. As he slowly ran his gaze down his body he found his eyes kept wandering up to his throat, which was fully exposed from over the top of his silk vest top. The gentle bump of his Adam’s Apple protruding out from his golden skin, down to the sharp wings of his clavicle that ran across to his rounded shoulders, one of which was still bruised from his teeth…his attention was completely arrested by such sights. He stuck his tongue out to wet his lips as he felt a gentle stirring between his thighs - not enough for his cock to start stiffening but just enough to make him aware of the fact that he was starting to get aroused.

“Hey, you want something to drink? Coffee?” Yoongi offered, as he lifted his gaze up to look at his face.

“Coffee would be nice, thanks,” Jimin replied, glancing away from the magazine to give him that bright smile of his.

“Coming right up, gorgeous.”

Yoongi turned on his heel to cross the hallway and enter the kitchen, feeling the wooden flooring transitioning into cool and smooth linoleum against the soles of his bare feet.

The kitchen was a small rectangle-shaped room, with a stretch of counter, sink, and stove built into the wall directly facing the door. The refrigerator was shoved into the far left corner, the chunk of white clashing against the dark wood and teal-coloured walls but matching the white stove. The only window was a small one on the right wall, which just about big enough to let a decent amount of air in and out of the kitchen, should he end up burning something and need to clear out the noxious smoke. The room was so small that it seemed pointless even having a table, but there was a small one placed to the right side of the room that was pushed up against the wall and had just two chairs shoved underneath it that he never bothered using.
Yoongi filled the kettle up with water and placed it onto the stove, leaving it to boil whilst he potted around the kitchen. He was trying to find some clean mugs so that he didn’t have to wash the ones in the sink, which were filled with cigarette stubs and spoons. But after a thorough search of the cabinets he sadly discovered there were no clean mugs, just glasses for shots and wine.

“Goddamnit,” he muttered under his breath, as he collected one of the mugs to examine the soggy mass of cigarette butts still floating in the cold mixture of this morning’s coffee.

Well, maybe if he didn’t keep forgetting to clean the dishes he wouldn’t be having this problem…

Yoongi was in the act of cleaning the first mug when he heard Jimin entering the kitchen, his bare feet softly padding on the cheap linoleum. The scent of cologne and cigarette smoke wafted from his body as he moved to lean against the counter beside him, a smouldering cigarette caught between his full lips.

There was something hanging in the air between them, and Yoongi felt like they hadn’t really finished talking about what had just happened out in the hallway - the issue with the rent. It had happened so suddenly, and though it had been concluded without issue it still felt like they hadn’t really discussed the matter properly because his landlord had been present and they hadn’t been able to get more personal with one another.

Yoongi could sense that Jimin still had thoughts on the matter that he wanted to share with him, yet he was either holding back because he was worried he might be uncomfortable talking about it, or he was trying to find the best way to broach the subject again.

“That was fun, huh?” Yoongi asked to break the silence between them, shooting him a quick smile as he placed the clean mug aside on the drainboard and then grabbed another one from the sink. “I dunno ‘bout the disco but-”

“You loved the disco!” Jimin interjected with a wide smile, speaking over him and making him let out a series of sheepish chuckles because he had been caught out. “You don’t have to pretend around me to look cool, Yoongi. I saw the way you were shaking your sweet, little ass on the dance floor, just for me. You were having so much fun!”

“Mmm, only ‘cos you were there with me,” he pointed out, hearing the other man making a soft noise in agreement as he breathed a lungful of smoke out of his lips. “Everything’s more fun when you’re ‘round, honey.”
Yoongi stuck the mug under the tap, feeling the hot water burning at his fingers as he started washing it under the hard stream. There was something cathartic in watching the water washing away the ash and grinds, the porcelain coming clean with each passing second.

“I, uh, I’ve been thinking ‘bout what you said just then in the hall, that people care ‘bout me enough to not wanna see me out on the streets,” he said in a soft voice, as he turned the mug over in his hands and saw the grinds running down into the sink in a wash of water. “You’re right, Jimin. You’re totally right, but I guess I ain’t used to that feeling of stability; y’know?”

“Yoongi, baby, there’s nothing wrong with needing help. I’m sure your friends at the camera store must’ve told you that too, but it’s true,” Jimin said, as he moved to knock a blob of ash free from his cigarette down into the sink. It was washed away within a mere second, pulled down the drain by the constant stream of water. “Pride’s a bitter pill to swallow, but pride isn’t going to keep you safe on the streets. If I needed help do you know what I’d do, hmm?”

Yoongi didn’t reply to this because he was so focused on the task at hand. But he did give him a quick sidelong glance to let him know that he was listening to him, that he was hanging onto every single word.

“I’d go to my friends because I know they’d help me,” Jimin continued in a matter-of-fact voice, folding his arm to bring his cigarette back up to his lips. “I know it’s not very punk to have friends but-”

Yoongi scoffed at this before letting out a laugh, and he wished that he had been standing close enough to give him a firm elbowing in the ribs.

“But you should be relieved that you’ve got friends, baby boy,” he finished with a soft smile. “Friends that care about you, that don’t want you homeless on the streets. And a gorgeous boyfriend that wants to take care of you in more ways than one, and speaking of taking care of you…”

Yoongi had just turned off the tap and placed the mug down onto the drainboard when he saw the cigarette being tossed into the sink. Then he felt Jimin’s hands encircling his waist and before he knew it he was being spun around and picked up by the other man. He instinctively reached up to grab hold of his biceps with his wet hands, wrapping his fingers around them to hold onto him as his feet left the flooring.

Yoongi let his breath out in a laugh as he was lifted up and placed down onto the counter. He felt so
giddy sitting up on the counter and he gave his legs a quick and childish back and forth kick before Jimin parted his knees to slip between his thighs and press their bodies together.

When he felt their brows touching Yoongi closed his eyes with a soft sigh, savouring the way that Jimin’s fingers cupped his chin and angled his face so he could press the first chaste kiss against his lips. His own fingers were less than steady as he reached over to take hold of his waist, feeling the thin layer of silk wrinkling against his slightly damp palms. But he wanted to feel his warm skin and so he pulled the ends of his vest top free from the waistband of his trousers to slip his hands underneath and really hold onto him; to feel skin against skin just like he could feel his boyfriend’s lips pressing against his.

Jimin let his own breath out in a soft moan between their kisses as Yoongi’s hands roamed over his bare skin: his palms rubbing against the slight dip of his waist, his fingers tracing the deep dimples and valley of his spine, and his thumbs pressing into the sharp wings of his hip bones that protruded out above the waistband of his leather trousers. His hand shifted from cupping his chin to move along and settle on the back of Yoongi’s neck instead, his fingers splaying across the hard bumps of bone and tangling in the stray and wispy locks on the back of his neck. He turned his face into the next kiss to deepen it, his lips parting as he rolled his tongue out and slipped it between the ply seams of Yoongi’s lips.

Jimin pulled at the sides of his plaid shirt, tugging it down off his shoulders to his elbows and encouraging him to slip out of it. He did so slowly, not at all rushing him like he had done so in the club last night.

Yoongi had to let go of his waist to do so, quickly shrugging his arms free from the sleeves to get out of the shirt and then reaching over to take hold of him again. As he slipped his hands underneath the ends of his vest top he felt Jimin’s full lower lip catching between his teeth, and so he gave it a gentle and playful suck before letting go. It bounced back from the tug, supple and slick with saliva and flushed in want of more kisses.

Jimin’s hands shifted down to the front of his jeans to start tugging at his belt. He slipped the lengths free from the belt loops and then tried to work the buckle without looking because they were still caught up in the midst of a deep and passionate kiss.

“Jimin,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, with just a hint of a whine that he knew would either make his boyfriend giggle or would turn him on that little bit more. He reached down to place his hands on top of his, holding onto them but not pulling them away from his belt. “No fucking, I’m making coffee.”

“Hmm, no fucking, not yet,” Jimin replied, his lips curling up into a grin as he opened his eyes a crack to hold his gaze. “I just wanna get you outta…those clothes. You wear too many clothes, baby.”
Yoongi could only snort laughter at this as he pressed another kiss against his lips because Jimin was right - he did wear too many layers. Right now he was only wearing a thin t-shirt and jeans, but even that seemed too much for the other man. He moved his hands away so that Jimin could finish opening his belt for him, feeling the leather digging into his sides as he tugged and pulled at it.

It took Jimin a minute but he managed to pull his belt open. He let go of the ends and started working his jeans button and zipper, and this time he was able to do so with ease rather than fumble because the task was so simple.

Yoongi had to break their kiss and lean back, shifting his weight onto his wrists so he could lift his hips up off the counter. This position meant that Jimin could tug his jeans down to his thighs and finally free him from the layer of clothing.

Jimin did so, dragging them down in one clean tug to his knees and then hunkering down to free his legs from the tangle of battered and threadbare denim. He let his breath out in a soft giggle as he did so, one that made Yoongi’s lips curl up at the corners.

Yoongi shifted to sit back down on the counter, and when Jimin straightened up again he moved to grab hold of the front of his vest top before he could try and kiss him again. He tugged it up to his chest, getting a good grip on the silk so he could drag it off over his head, and Jimin lifted his arms up to help him do so. He tossed the vest top onto the counter rather than the floor, not wanting to ruin the precious material with any dirt, and then he grabbed hold of his bare waist to pull him back between his open thighs so they could carry on kissing.

“Soft, soft, so fucking soft,” Jimin whispered against his lips, as his hands roamed across his inner and outer thighs; his fingers finding the best spots to sink into every little hint of fat and dimple his skin. “It’s no wonder you bruise so easily…”

“Look who’s talking,” Yoongi mumbled in reply, as he shifted his fingers along to press them down against the bruise on the ball of his right shoulder.

“Fuck,” Jimin exhaled, and that was a sign that the bruise was still very tender to the touch. He pulled his face away to hold his gaze, and Yoongi gave him his best mischievous smirk as he pressed his fingers down against the bruise again, knowing that it would hurt him just that little bit, in a way that was good; like nails digging and scratching across skin.

Jimin shifted to bury his face in the crook between his neck and shoulder and Yoongi felt him
sucking a kiss against his throat that rapidly turned into a hard bite. He gasped from the firm press of his teeth, instinctively bringing his shoulders up in response to the unexpected contact and snagging hold of his biceps.

Jimin held on tight for a moment before loosening his hold and sucking a kiss against the spot, repeating the act over and over until there would be a love bite left behind on his skin. He moved his hands from his thighs around to his buttocks, his fingers sinking into his bare skin and roughly kneading at them in a way that made Yoongi sink his own teeth into his lower lip.

“Fuck, Jimin, that feels good,” Yoongi groaned, rolling his head to the side to encourage him to give him more kisses. He shifted his own hands across to his back to dig his blunt nails into the skin just below the sharp wings of his shoulder blades, slowly dragging them down with each bite until Jimin breathlessly grunted against his throat and moved to bring their lips together again.

Between hard and fast kisses Yoongi felt Jimin’s fingers snagging hold of the ends of his t-shirt, and then he dragged them up to his neck to fully expose his torso and groin.

Jimin let out a husky moan as he ran his gaze down his body, taking in the sight of his naked skin. From his wide chest and deep pink nipples down the slight bumps of his ribs to the curve of his stomach between the sharp jut of his hip bones, to the thatch of his pubic hair from which his cock was raised; half-hard and flushed from excitement.

Yoongi felt that same old embarrassed blush spreading out across his cheeks, even when he was starting to get used to being naked around Jimin. There was just something about exposing too much skin that always made him feel shameful, and he just knew that the other man was well aware of this fact.

“Hmm, we’re in the kitchen and I can’t think of anything better to eat than you,” Jimin almost purred, as he lowered his head and sucked a kiss around the small aureole of his right nipple.

Yoongi shivered from the contact, his back arching and his stomach trembling because the kiss was so ticklish. He couldn’t stop a soft moan from escaping when he felt his tongue lapping around his nipple, each wet lick making it harden into a little nub that was so sensitive to being bitten, tugged, and teased between his teeth.

“Every little inch of you, from your head down to your toes,” Jimin continued, as he peppered several kisses across his chest to focus on his left nipple next. “I wanna taste it…”
When the kettle started whistling to signal the water was finished boiling Jimin leaned over to twist the stove dial, turning off the heat with a quick flick of his wrist so that it wouldn’t interrupt them.

But making coffee was the last thing on Yoongi’s mind right now. He was far too distracted following the slow descent of Jimin’s lips as he pressed kiss after kiss against the soft swell of his stomach all the way down to his groin.

Just like he had been hoping Jimin let go of his t-shirt to take hold of his hips and applied some pressure to make him slouch back against the wall. The position was just perfect for slipping his head right between his thighs because his buttocks were now hanging over the edge of the hard wooden counter, and as Yoongi got his weight onto his elbows and settled into place he watched Jimin rolling his tongue out to curl it up into a point as he gave him a filthy and mischievous wink.

“Mmm, Jimin,” Yoongi said in an uneven voice, sucking his lower lip in to gnaw on it as his boyfriend hunkered down and brought his head right between his spread thighs.

Jimin pressed several light kisses down the stretch of Yoongi’s perineum, working his way down until he was able to dart his tongue out and lick his hole; his tongue hot and wet in a way that made him gasp.

“Huh,” Yoongi breathed out, as he rolled his head back against the cool wall and closed his eyes. “Mmm, like that, uh, like that…”

Jimin wasn’t gentle and playful like last night, when he had taken his time to ease him into the new sexual position to ensure that he liked it, that he was comfortable with it. This time he was much more enthusiastic with his tongue as he rapidly darted it over the puckered muscles of his entrance, each ticklish lick making Yoongi tremble and fight the urge to squirm because he didn’t want to knock his face away as he was enjoying it far too much.

Jimin snagged hold of his buttocks to pull them aside and better expose his entrance, shoving his mouth right up against his skin so that he could slip his tongue inside him and start fucking him with it. He spat against his hole, not even bothering to spread the hot mixture properly as he pressed the pointed tip of his tongue against his muscles and then pushed forward to slide it inside.

Yoongi reached down to sink his fingers into Jimin’s hair at this, snagging a tight hold on the short lengths as he brought his thighs together and squeezed them around the sides of his head. He wanted to hold him in place, to trap him there and encourage him to keep his lips pressed right up against his skin so that he would carry on fucking him with his tongue, just the way he liked. The wet slurp of Jimin’s mouth mingled with his breathy moans of pleasure and the gentle slap of his buttocks against
his cheeks every single time that Jimin wriggled his head from side to side whilst he lapped his tongue over his hole.

But Jimin spent just a minute or two teasing him with his tongue before he moved his head towards his inner thigh and started pressing more kisses against his skin. The sudden lack of heat and wetness made Yoongi let his breath out in a soft whine, which mingled with the wet sound of Jimin’s lips as he sucked kiss after kiss across the smooth expanse both of his inner thighs.

“Fuck, Jimin,” Yoongi grunted, as he shifted to stop leaning against the wall. He was now able to look down at him, watching Jimin pressing open-mouthed kisses against the bruised and scraped bumps of his prominent kneecaps. “Why’d you stop, huh?”

“Hmm, I thought you said no fucking?” Jimin asked in a mischievous tone, as he snagged hold of his ankle and angled his head to press more kisses against his calf muscle, all the way up the soft curve to the back of his knee.

“That was before you slipped your tongue inside my ass,” Yoongi retorted whip-crack quick, hearing his boyfriend giggling against a ticklish spot on the back of his knee. “God, that feels so good. I love it when you use your tongue, honey.”

“And I love it when I feel your body responding to me,” Jimin said, as he shifted to stand upright and slipped between his thighs again. He cupped his cheeks in his hands, bringing their faces close so he could press their brows together. “The trembles when my lips touch you. The shudders when my fingers stroke all over your skin, especially your cute cock. The way your little hole tightens around my cock right when you cum, fuck, baby boy, I love it. I love feeling what I can make your body do.”

Yoongi let out a soft sound at this, a little purr of pleasure because his boyfriend’s words had made another hot flush spread out across his cheeks. The sound was cut off by Jimin’s lips when he pressed a chaste kiss against his mouth, and so he pouted his lips out to return it.

“Oh, thank you for that nice snack, baby boy,” Jimin teased with a naughty giggle, as he pulled his face away to hold his gaze. “I would have eaten more but I’m still full from dinner.”

“Next time, skip dessert and just eat my ass instead,” Yoongi suggested with a smirk, as he felt Jimin slipping his arms around his waist to lift him up off the counter. He slipped his own arms around his neck, holding onto him because he didn’t want him to place him down just yet. “Then you’ll have enough room for more than just a snack…”
“Oh, I’ll bet baby boy would love me to lay him down on a table and eat him out in front of everyone,” Jimin agreed, the huskiness in his voice making Yoongi gulp hard as he lifted him up higher. “I could slather dessert all over your little hole and lick it all up.”

“Fuck,” Yoongi breathed out, wrapping his thighs around his waist as the other man cupped his buttocks in his hands to fully support his weight. He was above Jimin now, looking down at him from several inches of elevation, and he could see the look on his face as he carried him out of the kitchen and down the hallway to enter his bedroom.

It was a look that made his heart start beating that little bit faster in his chest because Yoongi could see just how turned-on Jimin was. His eyes were smouldering in that way he adored, the way that meant he was going to lavish him with affection because he was craving sexual intimacy, and Jimin always gave him plenty of affection before, during, and after sex.

Jimin lowered them both down onto the mattress, getting onto his knees first so that he could place Yoongi down on his back and let him settle in place. Then he shifted to get onto his hands and knees and crawled along the mattress to get into position to lie on top of him. He pressed kiss after kiss all over his lips and cheeks, each one so gentle and soft, so filled with love.

Yoongi moved underneath him, turning his head from side to side to encourage Jimin to kiss his neck too. He was starting to enjoy being kissed there, even when each kiss made his shoulders shoot up because he was so ticklish.

“How, baby? Get the photographs from our photoshoot,” Jimin suddenly suggested in a soft whisper, as he rolled off him to settle down on the mattress instead. “I haven’t seen them yet. I wanna see what they look like.”

“Sure thing,” he said, turning his head to give him a final quick peck in the corner of his lips before disentangling himself from his arms.

Yoongi was in the act of crawling down the mattress to get to the box at the bottom of his bed when Jimin reached over to give his buttocks a playful swat. He couldn’t help but jump in response, and he heard the other man giggling at him.

“Fuck you,” Yoongi drawled with a quick grin, reaching behind himself to tug down on the ends of his massive t-shirt to try and cover his bare buttocks.
“Oh, I’ll be fucking you, baby boy,” Jimin agreed, as he shifted to fold his arms under his head and assumed a comfortable slouch against the stack of pillows.

The cardboard box at the bottom of Yoongi’s bed was filled with a variety of photography equipment. It was mostly empty and full canisters that contained developed and undeveloped exposures; unused rolls of film; and envelopes filled with developed film that he liked to keep for reference and clip onto the strings on his wall to display his favourite photographs.

As a result, Yoongi had to take a moment to check through the various envelopes to find the right one. There were quite the amount of envelopes shoved inside the box, but luckily for him the envelopes that contained the most recently developed film weren’t buried underneath canisters and rolls of film and so he pulled them out of the box with ease.

Yoongi heard the sound of clinking metal and he glanced up just in time to see that Jimin was working his own belt, undoing it so that he could slip out of his leather trousers. He shifted to sit upright, wriggling out of the tight leather and then tossing his trousers aside on the floor without a single care.

For a few seconds Yoongi was so distracted looking at Jimin that he stopped checking the envelopes. It was hard not staring at his boyfriend as he moved to collect the pillows and stacked them up against the wall; his knees cocked up in front of him and his thighs spread wide open to reveal the sight of his stiffening erection. When he moved to settle back against the wall his cock bobbed between his thighs and then gave a hearty twitch, curving back to almost settle in place against his lower stomach.

Just the sight of his darkly flushed head and shaft, with that prominent vein that ran all the way down his underside only to disappear out of sight between his weighty testicles, was enough to make Yoongi’s breath catch in his throat. He was completely entranced by the sight of Jimin’s cock, and the urge to stick his tongue out to lick at his lips was so strong that he just had to do it. He felt his fingers tightening around the envelope and the crinkling sound that it made was what brought him back to reality.

Yoongi dragged his gaze away from Jimin as he opened the envelope, quickly checking the first photograph to see that it was the photoshoot for *The Paradiso Lounge* flyers and posters. The second envelope that he grabbed was the right one because the photograph of Jimin lying naked on his couch was right at the front of the pile, and so he glanced back over his shoulder at his boyfriend as he got the envelope in hand.

“Come here, baby boy,” Jimin said in a sultry voice, as he patted his hand down on the mattress
between his spread thighs.

Yoongi slowly crawled along the mattress again and shifted to sit between Jimin’s open legs. He let him slip his arms around his ribs to hold onto him as he comfortably slouched back against his chest, feeling the instant waves of body heat that were radiating off his bare skin.

“Mmm, you’re so warm,” Yoongi said in a soft voice, as he placed his free hand down on his thigh to give it a slow stroke. “It’s nice.”

Just like the rest of Jimin’s body his thigh was so smooth and firm: thick with muscle but with a light layer of fat on top that was nice to squeeze his fingers into. His thighs were softer than his biceps for sure, which Yoongi liked snagging hold of only to feel solid muscle rippling away under his skin. But they weren’t softer than his buttocks, which were so rounded and full that he could barely completely cup them in his hands.

Jimin didn’t say anything in reply to this as he moved to get more comfortable. He placed his chin down on Yoongi’s right shoulder, tightening his hold around his ribs with his left arm to hold onto him and shifting his right hand over to place it down on his thigh too.

Yoongi flipped the envelope open and pulled the pile of photographs free. He tossed the envelope down onto the floor, getting the pile into both hands so that he could flick between the photographs with ease.

The sight of the first photograph made Jimin let out a quick laugh, no doubt getting plenty of amusement from seeing his own nude photographs. There might just have been a hint of embarrassment in his giggles, but certainly no shame because the other man wasn’t the type to feel shame over such things.

Yoongi let him study the first photograph for a few seconds before snagging hold of the top corner and moving it to the back of the pile to reveal the next photograph to him. It was the shot of him up on his knees on the sofa, pressed up against the backrest to expose his buttocks and looking back over his shoulder in a very tantalising way.

“I wanted to take nude shots of you so bad that night,” Yoongi admitted with a sheepish chuckle, and he heard his boyfriend letting out another soft giggle. He felt his chest vibrating against his back, and the sensation made him want to just melt into him; to have Jimin tightly wrap his arms around his own chest and just hold him all night long. “Honestly, honey, I know a good subject when I see one and you were just made for nude modelling.”
“What can I say? I like posing, and I liked being admired and worshipped,” Jimin said, as Yoongi moved onto the next photograph. “Being behind the camera, just for you, it feels so good, baby.”

“…Fuck, Jimin, this photograph,” Yoongi said in a breathless voice, as he studied the shot of Jimin lounged back on the sofa; his thighs spread wide open to rest his calves on the armrests so that he could fully expose his genitals.

“Oh, you like this one?” Jimin asked, angling his head ever so slightly so he could look between his face and the photograph. “What’re you thinking about right now, looking at it?”

“I wanna climb on top of you and just pound down on your cock,” Yoongi admitted, a hot corkscrew of shame and excitement shooting up into his belly.

Jimin let out a pleased purr at this, one that just made Yoongi feel even more aroused.

Out of all the nude photographs of Jimin this one just seemed to turn him on the most. He had studied all of them and yet found himself constantly drawn back to this shot because there was just something about it - the position or maybe his expression.

“Well, you’ve got that accessory, right? The one that lets you take photographs from a distance?” Jimin pointed out, and Yoongi hummed in agreement. He was talking about his remote switch of course, the one that he had used during the photoshoot. “I think we should take some more dirty photographs one night. You, me, the sofa - you pounding that little ass of yours on my cock. You could take me both ways and get some shots of you from behind and the front. Hmm, shots of your little hole stuffed full of my cock, and shots of you looking right into the camera whilst you fuck yourself good and deep…”

Yoongi stuck his tongue out to wet his lips at this, his fingers far from steady as he took hold of the photograph and moved it to the back of the pile. He just knew that they were going to end up doing something like that - breaking out his tripod and accessories so they could get more pornographic photographs.

Just thinking about the positions they could hold for the camera, and the sexual acts they could perform…

The following photographs were all nude shots of Jimin posing around his lounge: against the wall,
his golden skin standing out in contrast against the light and outdated floral wallpaper; leaning over the sofa armrest to present his ass to the camera; lying on the coffee table and balancing on the stool in various enticing positions. All of the different poses showcased his fantastic body, as his muscles were bulging and rippling under his skin in every single shot.

The final nude photograph was one of Jimin lounged on the mattress: his knees cocked up in front of him, his thighs spread wide open, and his elbows folded so that he could sink his fingers into his hair as he gazed out of the shot with an orgasmic expression on his face. This was a photograph that was so good Yoongi could imagine it being in one of the gay pornographic magazines he liked reading. Maybe not Advocate Men but one of the more hardcore ones - the type that showed real raw fucking alongside dirty photographs and lurid erotica stories; that had such degrading and disgusting titles printed on the covers like, ‘Young, Hot…& Full of Cum!’; and, ‘ASSault: how much can this bottom take?!’.

When he moved onto the next photograph Yoongi couldn’t help but let out an embarrassed huff at the sight of himself on his elbows and knees with his face pressed into the pillow. He heard Jimin making a soft and surprised sound at the sudden switch, and then he shifted behind him to lean that little bit closer and get the best possible view of the photographs.

They had reached the start of Yoongi’s nude photographs, the ones that Jimin had taken of him before they had started having sex. Yoongi had also looked at these shots, but the shame he had felt studying them alone was nothing compared to the shame he felt doing so with Jimin present.

Yoongi was in the same position in the next photograph, only he was glancing back over his shoulder through his messy fall of hair. The wet gleam of his eyes was just visible through the thick locks, along with his hint of his flushed cheeks. The next photograph was the exact same only Jimin had grabbed hold of his buttock with one hand to sink his fingers into the soft mound of skin. But the following photograph was completely different because he had rolled over on the mattress to lie on his back instead.

In this photograph Yoongi was lying in a position similar to the one that Jimin had been lounged in, only he was lying down on the mattress and his arms were stretched up over his head enough to curve his spine and make his ribs protrude up against his skin. His knees were cocked, his thighs were open, and his cock was fully hard and pointed upwards from his thatch of pubic hair - flushed deep pink, his foreskin tugged back and softly wrinkled to reveal his cock head. He was looking into the camera, trying his very hardest to look sensual and not nervous.

Yoongi was about to place the photograph at the back of the pile to reveal the next shot when Jimin moved to take hold of his wrist and stopped him. He turned his head to glance back at him, seeing that he was staring at the photograph with a great deal of interest; his eyes shifting over it and his lips slack, the tip of his tongue pressed up against his upper lip.
“God, Yoongi, look at you,” Jimin whispered, and Yoongi tried his very hardest to not squirm in his hold when he felt the warm puff of his breath against his skin. “You were so unsure about posing for me and you said something about how you look bad on film. But look at you, look how fuckable you look.”

Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised that he was so aroused just looking at the photographs, especially the photographs of himself - though he didn’t quite understand why. He should have found Jimin’s photographs far more arousing, but the mingled excitement and shame that he felt looking at himself seemed to turn him on that little bit more.

After a few more nude shots of him lying on the mattress, all ply and soft, there were a couple of shots of Jimin fingering him. The first photograph was taken from a distance, which showed most of his body and even the lower half of his face; his arms folded up over his head to reveal the light bush of his armpit hair that matched the dark thatch between his open thighs. The second photograph was a focused shot of only his groin and Jimin’s hand, his middle and ring finger buried inside of him to the knuckle.

The sight of his darkly flushed muscles clenched around Jimin’s fingers was enough to make Yoongi suck his lower lip in to start gnawing at it. He heard Jimin’s uneven exhale, felt his breath against his neck as his hand shifted ever so slightly.

Jimin had had his right hand placed down on his bare thigh to hold onto him whilst they had been looking at the photographs, his palm resting on his leg and his fingers lightly dimpling his skin in a way that was comforting and pleasing. But as Yoongi had started becoming more and more aroused by the photographs his hand had started shifting up his thigh towards his groin until it was sitting right on his crotch.

Yoongi turned his head to look at Jimin, studying his profile for a few seconds because he was so distracted looking at the photograph. His expression was hard to read, but his eyes were half-lidded and smouldering in a way that showed just how turned-on he was. He saw the way that his gaze moved over the photograph held between his fingers, shifting over his splayed thighs and the vivid pink flush of his genitals against his lightly tanned skin.

Jimin turned his head to hold his gaze and there was something on his face that made Yoongi gulp and turn back to look at the pile of photographs. He moved onto the next shot, which was a slightly blurry snap of Jimin lying on his back on the mattress that he had taken whilst on top of him. So he quickly moved between the following snapshots until he finally located one of himself that Jimin had taken.
Yoongi felt Jimin’s fingers curling over the bulge that was hidden underneath the lengths of his t-shirt. There was just a thin barricade of cotton between their bodies, but it didn’t block the heat of his palm in the slightest.

“See that? That’s what I get to see every time I fuck you,” Jimin whispered against his ear, his breath hot and ticklish as it disturbed a couple of loose locks that were hanging free around his ear.

Yoongi sucked in a quick intake of breath from between his slack lips, staring at the photograph of himself riding Jimin’s cock. He could see just how wrecked that he was: his eyes glassy from the flash; his cheeks, chest and neck flushed pink from arousal; his lips slack and in the midst of moaning just when the photograph had been taken.

“See how good you look when you’re taking my cock?” Jimin continued, as he slipped his hand underneath the lengths of his t-shirt and he gave the underside of his shaft a firm stroke.

Yoongi responded to his touch instantly, his hips jerking forward and his lower back arching as he chased after his hand and sought just that little bit more contact.

It was just like Jimin had said, his touch was enough to make his body respond - desperate, needy, in want of so much affection. A single stroke and he wanted more and more, needed more to scratch that sexual itch deep inside him.

Yoongi shifted the pile of photographs into his left hand so he could snag hold of his wrist and guide his hand back down between his thighs. He heard Jimin letting out a husky laugh at his neediness, which made him let his own breath out in a strangled moan as he slipped his hand under his t-shirt.

Jimin curled his fingers around his shaft, gently rubbing his thumb over his exposed head to trace his soft ridge. He tugged his foreskin back over his head and then smoothed it over it again, the sensation making Yoongi moan. The act made a slight hint of precum that had been trapped under the thin layer of skin dribble free, which he gathered against his palm.

Jimin’s left hand roamed all over his body as he started touching him, moving away from his ribs towards his lower stomach to brush his fingers across the soft curve of his belly. Yoongi was so ticklish there that he couldn’t help but tense up from his touch, his feet shifting across the covers; his toes clenching tight and his knees folding ever so slightly before he managed to relax again.

“Say it. Say, ‘I look good taking your cock, Jimin’,” Jimin demanded, his voice filled with authority
and dipping low enough to make a shudder of delight run down his spine. He grabbed the ends of his t-shirt and pulled them up again, dragging the material out of the way so he could move his hand more freely.

“I look guh-good,” Yoongi hiccuped, once more tensing up from a jolt of pleasure that shot up into his belly.

“A little more, baby boy, a little more,” he whispered, as he roughly stimulated his head with his palm, his fingers dragging up and down his short shaft over and over.

“I look good taking your cock, Jimin,” Yoongi finished, letting his breath out in a hard huff as he felt Jimin’s fingers cradling his testicles. When he gave them a gentle tug it was enough to make him jerk his hips again, a series of stutters escaping his slack lips. “Fuh-fuck, Jimin, fuck, that feels—”

Jimin shifted to retrieve the bottle of lube from the floor beside the stack of dirty magazines and hastily pumped some onto his hand. He left it on his palm for a moment, letting it warm up as it pooled out over his skin.

Yoongi was already steadily leaking precum, but the lube was far more wet and provided better pleasurable friction. Just the sensation of Jimin spreading it over his shaft was enough to make him suck his lower lip in to sink his teeth into it.

Jimin tightly wrapped his left arm around around his ribs again to keep him in place as he rapidly jerked him off so that Yoongi could only squirm in his hold; his heels digging into the mattress to allow him to lift his hips up and thrust up into his fist - the heat of his palm, the wetness of the lube creating the most exquisite wet glide around his cock that he was desperate for.

Yoongi was aware of the fact that Jimin was fully hard because he could feel his erection trapped between their two bodies. His shaft was pressing into the curve of his lower back, and it was impossible figuring out if it was just sweat gliding between their skin or precum that he had leaked from the friction every single time that Yoongi squirmed back against him. Whatever the case, the heat of his cock pressing into his spine just excited him that little bit more.

Yoongi rolled his head back against his bare shoulder, breathing in through his nose and out of his lips in breathy pants because he was already starting to edge close to his orgasm. It was all happening so fast that he couldn’t possibly try and pace himself, he could only get swept away by the strong waves of pleasure. It was probably because Jimin had teased him once again like he had done so that night in the dressing-room; playing a game with him in the kitchen by teasing his hole with his tongue just enough to leave him craving more and then stopping so suddenly.
Yoongi got so lost in his pleasure that he completely forgot about the photographs. They no longer held his interest and so he placed them down on the floor, freeing up his hands so that he could take hold of Jimin instead. He placed his left hand down on his thigh and sank his fingers into his skin, reaching down with his right hand to snag hold of his lower forearm and feel the tendons in his wrist rippling the surface of his skin with each rapid pump of his fist.

Yoongi suddenly orgasmed with a deep grunt, his hips sharply jerking up and his muscles hardening as the first throbs of pleasure spread out from his loins; down into his shuddering thighs, and up into his sweat-soaked belly. He was filled with a sudden and wonderful warmth, which made him slump back against Jimin’s chest with a throaty moan, and he felt the liquid heat of semen splashing down onto his lower stomach as he ejaculated all over himself.

Jimin carried on pumping his fist around his shaft as he rode out his orgasm to drag out the pleasing friction for him, each quick jerk of his wrist making more tingling waves of pleasure shoot up his cock into his belly. But when he focused on squeezing his fingers around his leaking head Yoongi had to knock his hand away because it was uncomfortable. His cock head got so sensitive right after his orgasm and he didn’t like it being touched or squeezed, but it did feel nice having his shaft stroked.

When he was masturbating Yoongi often focused on his shaft right after his first climax, which he would massage during and after his orgasm to keep his cock hard until his sensitivity decreased and allowed him to work up to his next orgasm. It worked for a few times before his sensitivity increased to the point of discomfort and he felt raw and had to stop, but by that point he was usually exhausted and fell asleep right away.

Jimin gave his shaft a couple more teasing jerks before releasing his cock from his hold. His fingers and palm were slick from a mixture of lube and semen, and so he brought his hand up to his mouth in offering.

Yoongi parted his lips to let Jimin slip his fingers between them. He could taste the slightly unpleasant flavour of the lube on his tongue, but the taste of his cum was strong enough to overpower it as he sucked his fingers into his mouth right down to the knuckle. He heard Jimin letting out a breathy sound of pleasure as he hollowed his cheeks around his fingers and sucked on them, licking at his skin to clean away his cum before pulling off with a soft *pop*.

“Baby boy really likes being beat off, hmm?” Jimin asked with a teasing note in his voice, his gaze rapidly flickering between his eyes and slick lips in turn.

“I didn’t mean to cum that fast, shit,” Yoongi breathed out, sticking his tongue out to lick at his lips.
and clean away the lingering hints of semen. “I was just excited, Jimin, and it felt so fucking good.”

“It’s OK, baby,” he said in a soft voice, as he pressed a couple of kisses against the side of his throat; his nose bumping against his skin in a ticklish way. He was kissing the spot that was currently covered in pink blemishes from his earlier biting and sucking, which might just darken into bruises shaped just like the ring of his teeth by the morning. “There’s nothing wrong with cumming a little too fast. It happens sometimes, it’s normal. It felt that good?”

“Mmm, the best handjob I’ve ever had,” Yoongi confirmed with a nod, as he reached down to clasp his still hard cock in his fist and carried on massaging at his shaft. “And I’ve had a lot of handjobs, honey.”

This made Jimin start giggling as he pressed his face in the crook of his neck between his head and shoulders, and the contact was so ticklish that Yoongi couldn’t help but bring his shoulders up in response; his grip tightening around the base of his cock.

“…Are you still beating yourself off, baby?” Jimin asked in surprise, having just noticed that he was touching himself.

“Mmm, I don’t wanna go soft yet,” Yoongi explained, as he slowly kneaded at his shaft. “I wanna stay hard so you can fuck me.”

“You want me to fuck you already?” Jimin asked, and when he let out a deep and slow hum it made him move to press his lips against his ear so he could whisper. “You little slut. You just blew your load all over yourself, and now you want my cock inside you too? You want my cock that much, huh?”

“I want it, fuck, I want it so bad,” Yoongi replied in a breathless voice, knowing that they both got off on hearing him acting so desperate and needy.

It took Yoongi a little while to reach that level of arousal where he was hard but no longer sensitive, where he felt comfortable enough for more sex. In that time Jimin just kissed the slope of his neck and ball of his shoulder over and over; delicate kisses that could easily lull him to sleep as his hands massaged at his waist and thighs. His own erection was still trapped between their bodies, throbbing hard and rubbing against the bumps of his spine whenever Jimin shifted behind him.

“Mmm, I’m ready,” Yoongi finally said, as he opened his eyes and rolled his head to the side to look
Jimin leaned close to give him a quick kiss on the lips, and then he gave him thigh a firm tap to silently tell him to move.

Yoongi shifted at his touch, leaning forward so that Jimin could move out from behind him and then lying back on the mattress with a soft sigh. He had to reach up to fix the pillows, getting as comfortable as possible as he stretched out on the sheets; his bare feet bumping against the wrinkled mess of covers at the bottom of the bed.

“When I asked you what you wanted to experiment with you said that you want me to dominate you, that you crave that lack of control but knowledge that I can take care of you, that I can make you feel good,” Jimin said, as he shifted to kneel between his open legs. He placed his hands down on his thighs, gently rubbing and massaging at them in that way that seemed to be a habit of his. “Hmm, I think I know what I wanna do to you tonight. We don’t need any toys, any props. All I need is for you to be a good baby boy and let me do all the work.”

“What? What’d’you wanna do to me?” Yoongi asked, sticking his tongue out to wet his chapped and dry lips.

“Tonight, I wanna edge you all night long,” Jimin whispered, shifting his weight onto his hands and knees to lean over him. “I wanna make you get so close to cumming over and over, Yoongi, until you can’t even think, can’t even speak because you want my cock inside you that much. Do you like the sound of that, baby boy? Do you want me to keep stopping just before you cum, only to pound into you over and over so the pleasure doesn’t stop?”

Yoongi could only nod at this because his throat felt like it had restricted to the width of a straw. It was as if Jimin knew every little desire, every dirty secret and sexual fantasy that he had kept hidden away for so long now, and he wanted to let him finally experiment in ways he had never been able to do so before.

“What’s the safeword, baby boy?” Jimin asked, as he shifted his weight onto his left wrist so he could cup his face in his hand and stroke his thumb across his hot cheek. “We’re gonna start using a safeword from now on, OK? When we’re experimenting, when we’re trying new things during sex. Remember, if you feel uncomfortable, if you want me to stop because I’m doing something you don’t like - you just say the word. The word lets me know that you really want to stop, no questions asked. So, what’s our special safeword, baby?”

“…Paradiso,” Yoongi said in his own soft voice, the word coming to mind instantly and spilling free...
from his lips so naturally.

This made Jimin start laughing and he tossed his head back hard as he let out a burst of giggles. The sound made Yoongi’s lips curl up into a soft smile even when he didn’t know why he was laughing, simply because the sound of his laughter was that infectious.

“Paradiso?” he asked around his laughter with a smile, lowering his head to hold his gaze again; his earrings dangling from the movement. “Oh, baby boy, I’m gonna take you to paradiso.”

Yoongi moved to try and take hold of his waist, but before he could do so his boyfriend moved to stop him.

Jimin snagged hold of his wrists and brought them up to pin them down against his pillow as he said, “No touching, baby boy. You’re cumming untouched tonight, with nothing but my cock hitting that sweet spot over and over.”

“Untouched?” Yoongi asked in surprise, turning his head to glance at his trapped wrist for a moment before looking back up at him. “I-I can do that?”

“Hmm, I’m gonna give it to you so good,” Jimin whispered, as he shifted to settle in place between his spread thighs with a smooth rock of his hips. “You won’t need to play with yourself, baby boy, not when I’m fucking you down into this mattress; my cock in your little hole, pounding the cum out of you.”

“Shit, Jimin,” Yoongi whimpered, his fingers rolling up against his palms until his blunt nails dug into his skin; forming fists just like how Jimin’s fists were tightly squeezed around his wrists.

“I wonder how much I can fuck out of you?” he asked in that same low and husky whisper, his hips grinding down against his and their cocks trapped flush between their stomachs.

“Fuck me until I’m dry, Jimin,” Yoongi half-begged, half-demanded, squeezing his eyes shut tight and sucking his lower lip in to sink his teeth into it from the friction between their lower bodies.

“Oh, baby boy, I’m gonna fuck every last drop out of your balls and fill you up with my cum instead,” Jimin groaned, his breath hitching in his throat because he was so excited, so turned on by his own dirty talk. “I’m gonna fill up your ass, fuck, gonna make it run down from your little hole.”
Yoongi could only let out a strangled moan of pleasure at this, so caught up in Jimin’s lurid sexual fantasy that he was also starting to fantasise about such things. Just thinking about Jimin thrusting inside him as long as he could stand, pumping him full of cum all at once or even over and over in loads until he couldn’t possibly fuck him again because they were too raw and he was too dry…

“Fuh-fill up my ass and my throat,” Yoongi hiccuped, as he brought his knees up close to his chest to rest his heels against his lower back and get into position underneath him. “Shit, Jimin…”

Jimin let go of his right wrist so that he could reach over and thumb at the bottle of lube, pumping an ample amount onto his palm. He reached down to spread it over his cock, and then he took hold of his base to angle himself and press up against his entrance; his cock head smearing lube around his muscles as he teasingly rubbed it over them.

Yoongi took a sharp intake of breath as he felt Jimin applying pressure to enter him. He accepted his head first, and then a hint of his shaft as he let his breath out in an uneven exhale. The stretch made him close his eyes, his throat working for a few seconds before he managed to swallow. He turned his head to the side to press his face against his upper arm, trying his very hardest to not clench as he kept his breathing regular and slow.

“Good boy,” Jimin sighed, as he took hold of his right wrist again. His cock was inside of him deep enough that he didn’t need to guide himself with his hand, and so he was using just his hips to slide in deeper and deeper. “Just like that, stay nice and loose like that…”

As soon as Jimin had fully slipped inside of him he shifted again, balancing his weight between his forearms and knees so he could move his hips in the first gentle and slow rock. He didn’t pull out so much as rock into him, his cock staying deep and slowly rubbing up against his prostate.

“Mmm-huh,” Yoongi moaned, instinctively clenching around his cock as his thighs shuddered from the thrust. He felt Jimin moving on top of him again, moving his hips in that same gentle rock as he tried to find a good rhythm. “Fuck, Jimin…I’m so full.”

“You’re all filled up with my cock, Yoongi,” Jimin said, his voice dripping with lust and making him let out a broken and muffled moan against his arm again. “Just the way you like, just the way you… need. Look at me, baby boy.”

Yoongi rolled his head back on the pillow at this, looking up at Jimin through his thick eyelashes because his eyelids were half-mast. His face was hot from shame and pleasure, and he found that he
could only look at Jimin’s lips because holding his gaze whilst he was fucking him was too much for him to handle.

“God, you look so fucking good when you’re taking my cock,” Jimin repeated in that husky whisper of his, his words making a jolt of pleasure shoot up into Yoongi’s belly and another moan escape his slack lips. “So pretty…”

“Pretty?” Yoongi repeated, his sweet compliment having caught him by surprise.

“A pretty baby boy, a pretty, little thing just for me to play with,” Jimin continued, as he lowered his head to bring their lips together.

With each steady rock of his hips Jimin kissed him over and over again, his tongue brushing against his in rhythm with his body. He was so gentle tonight, taking his time with Yoongi and going slow instead of frantically and roughly fucking him down into the mattress like their last instances of sexual intimacy, and it felt good. It felt good even when Yoongi liked it rough because he was being loved tonight, not just fucked. Jimin was making love to him, his hips smoothly rolling into him and his lips pressed against his so every single second that he was inside of him was just filled with affection and intimacy.

Yoongi found himself starting to relax as a result of the kisses so that he no longer felt the urge to clench so much, and this meant that his boyfriend could move more freely; could increase the rhythm and speed of his thrusts. He wanted to wrap his arms around his ribs and drag him closer to encourage him but he couldn’t do so because Jimin had his wrists pinned down against the stack of pillows, and so he could only dig his heels into the dip of his lower back to apply some pressure in the hopes that he would respond to his needs.

When Jimin started to roll his hips a little harder, his slow and deep thrusts becoming quick snaps, their kisses started to grow more passionate too, until lips were being sucked and bitten hard between teeth and they were grunting and moaning into each other’s mouths.

Jimin was fucking him so good, each thrust rubbing the ridge of his cock head against his prostate and making pressure start to build up deep inside of him. The stimulation wasn’t hard enough to make Yoongi cry out in pleasure, not yet, but the constant rubs from his head and shaft were starting to make his body flood with waves of heat and make precum start dribbling free from his slit all over his lower stomach.

“Uh, fuck,” Yoongi gasped, his hips spasming from a hard thrust that had rubbed against his prostate just right. He brought them up in a jerk, slamming into Jimin’s hips only to feel them being forced
back down into the mattress at the end of his next thrust. This one felt even better, a jolt of pleasure shooting up the length of his cock as his hips jerked again. “Oh-huh, Jimin, huh.”

Jimin shifted at his moans, balancing his weight up onto his wrists to lean over him and spreading his knees to better anchor himself. The new position allowed him to thrust much harder and faster, and so he took a steadying breath and then picked up his rhythm.

Jimin thrust into him hard and fast until Yoongi was a shuddering, moaning mess underneath him, his own breath leaving his lips in pants and deep groans because the friction was so intense. Then he shifted his weight back onto his forearms, lowering himself down on top of him again.

“That’s it, baby boy,” Jimin whispered down his ear, his breathing ragged from exertion.

“Mmm-huh,” Yoongi moaned in agreement, his eyelids half-mast from the mounting pleasure right between his thighs. “Fuck, Jimin, I’m gonna cum…”

Jimin suddenly stopped rocking forward at this, slipping his cock right out of him without warning so that Yoongi was left clenching around nothing; his entrance muscles quivering from his approaching climax.

“Huh-huh,” Yoongi gasped in surprise, his eyes shooting open to stare up at him. “Jimin?”

“Not yet, baby boy,” Jimin said, shifting his face away from his ear so he could press their brows together. “You can’t cum just yet.”

It took Yoongi a few seconds to remember that Jimin was going to edge him tonight because he had gotten so tangled up in his pleasure that he had completely forgotten. This meant he wasn’t supposed to orgasm just yet, even when the throbbing between his thighs was so intense that he felt mere seconds away from climaxing. He liked this feeling, but he didn’t like feeling empty because Jimin had pulled out of him so suddenly, just when he had been clenching nice and tight around his shaft.

“Do you wanna cum, baby?” Jimin asked with a mischievous smile, one that showed he already knew the answer to that question.

Yoongi nodded at the question rather than speak, and he heard his boyfriend letting out a husky laugh in response.
“Hmm, then be a good pillow prince and let me fuck you over and over until I want you to cum,” Jimin said, as he pressed their lips together in a kiss.

Yoongi was left lying there underneath Jimin, pinned down onto the mattress unable to touch himself, unable to do anything at all except return his kisses. His weight was pressing down on him, trapping him in place just like he had fantasised about back in the restaurant. It felt so strange being right on the edge of his orgasm but not being able to reach it, and he didn’t know if he wanted to stay stuck in this moment of pleasure or if he wanted to reach the pinnacle and experience the far more powerful rush of his orgasm instead.

All that Yoongi knew was that it felt good for him and he was enjoying it, just like he knew that Jimin was enjoying fucking him.

As soon as Jimin had gauged that his build-up had petered away and he was no longer close to his climax he reached down to take hold of his cock and once more guided himself inside. He didn’t need more lube because there was still a slick layer coating both his cock and Yoongi’s inner walls, meaning that he was able to slide inside of him with ease.

“Fuck, that heat,” Jimin groaned, as started thrusting into him again; his rhythm more steady than gentle and slow because he was comfortable accepting his cock now.

Yoongi let his own breath out in a soft moan, and when he tried to move to slip his arms around his ribs to hold onto him he realised that his wrists were still being held down.

Jimin was still pinning them down onto the pillow, stopping him from not only moving but also reaching down to touch himself because he wanted to be in complete control of his climax. If Yoongi could touch himself then he couldn’t be edged, and so Jimin had no choice but to hold his wrists down because he had no form of restraints on hand to do so for him.

But Yoongi wanted to hold onto him so much, to wrap his arms around his ribs or reach up and sink his fingers into his hair. He tried fighting back against Jimin’s hold only for him to tighten his grip, surprised to find that he actually enjoyed the feeling of being restrained so much.

“Let go, I wanna touch you,” Yoongi mumbled with a spoilt pout, as he wriggled underneath him to try and free his wrists.
“Hmm, no, baby boy. You just wanna touch yourself,” Jimin disagreed with a knowing smirk, steadfastly holding onto his wrists and refusing to let go for even a second.

“I don’t, I wanna touch you,” Yoongi argued, even though his boyfriend had seen straight through his little act. When Jimin started laughing he tried his very hardest to keep a straight face, his lips twitching at the corners. “No, I wanna touch you, I wanna… Fuck, Jimin.”

“You wanna touch yourself,” Jimin said, moving to bring his face close to his ear so he could whisper. “You wanna beat yourself off because you’re such a needy slut.”

Yoongi moaned at this, feeling his fingers curling up until his blunt nails dug into his palms as Jimin pressed an open-mouthed kiss against his throat. The sensation of his lips sucking another firm bite into his skin made him squeeze his thighs around his waist, his toes tightly clenching from the ticklish and pleasurable kiss.

But once again, just as Yoongi was teetering on the edge of his climax, his body flooding with powerful heat and his loins tightening in preparation of his powerful orgasmic contractions, Jimin’s thrusting hips came to a total stop so he could settle down on top of him instead. He didn’t pull out like the first time, rather he stayed deep inside and just stopped moving his hips.

“Huh-fuh- Jimin,” Yoongi hiccuped, squeezing his eyes shut tight and furrowing his brow as he took several quick gasps for breath.

The reaction was instantaneous. Without Jimin thrusting into him there was no more stimulation, and without stimulation he was left trapped in that moment between his build-up and his orgasm - unable to attain those final seconds of pleasure and stimulation that would make him finally climax.

“I juh…just want your cock, Jimin,” Yoongi panted, as he turned his head to the side on the pillow and tried to catch his breath. His brow was now coated with so much sweat from their love-making that he could feel it rolling down his face to soak into his hairline and the pillow, even more beads running down his neck and inner thighs like ticklish fingers.

“Hmm, my cock’s already inside you,” Jimin whispered against his throat, letting out a rumbling giggle that travelled from his lips to his skin. “I’m balls deep in your little hole, baby boy. I can’t get any deeper.”

Yoongi could only let out a whine at this because he couldn’t seem to think straight. The words were
right there on his tongue, but he just couldn’t say them because he was unable to focus on anything more than the hard throbs of pleasure between his thighs and the orgasm that had once again been denied to him.

Shit, how could Jimin enjoy doing this to himself?

How could he spend a whole night edging his way up to his climax only to stop himself each time right before the final burst of pleasure?

It felt so good building up the pleasure over and over, but without that extra couple of seconds of intense pleasure it just felt…empty to Yoongi. It made him crave his orgasm more and more, which was exactly what Jimin wanted. He wanted him needy, he wanted him crying out his name and begging to cum because that was all a part of his sexual fantasy for tonight - knowing that he was bringing him so much pleasure that he just couldn’t stand it and he needed to finish.

“Fuck, you’re so hot when you’re this needy,” Jimin groaned, still making no move to resume thrusting his hips. “You’re so desperate for my cock, huh? It’s that good you want more and more?”

“Guh-give it to me,” Yoongi moaned, so desperate to orgasm now that he didn’t even care how needy he sounded; how pathetic he looked.

Once more Jimin made him wait until his orgasm was no longer in reach and he had to build up the pleasure all over again for him. The waiting gave him plenty of time to relax and come down from his own build-up because he was also edging himself, and if he didn’t pace himself right he would end up climaxing. Sweat was beaded against his hairline, rolling down his neck to dip down onto his chest like it was no doubt rolling down the deep valley of his spine, and there was a pink flush under his golden skin that was spreading out across his cheekbones.

Yoongi didn’t know how intense it felt for Jimin being edged like this, but he didn’t think that it could feel as intense as it did for him. Nothing could feel as intense as the sensation of reaching the very edge of his climax, only for it to be snatched away from him before he could enjoy it.

Yoongi wasn’t at all surprised by how quickly he started to build back up to his orgasm because he had almost climaxed twice already before Jimin had stopped him. As a result he was still riding the faint waves of pleasure from those build-ups, and so when Jimin started fucking him again he felt himself getting lost so quickly once more. His prostate was so sensitive from the prolonged stimulation that each deep thrust was starting to burn, flooding his body with intense heat and tingling pleasure.
“God, Jimin, lemme cum this time,” Yoongi begged, gasping for breath as he squirmed underneath him. He was so desperate that he didn’t even feel embarrassed holding his gaze anymore. It was impossible feeling more shame at this point. “Lemme cum. I’ll cum so much, I promise. I’ll make such a mess, just for you.”

“Oh, you want it so bad,” Jimin groaned, his hips stuttering for a few seconds before he managed to recover and find his rhythm again. “How bad do you want it? Huh, tell me, baby boy?”

Yoongi stuck his tongue out to wet his lips and he felt a dribble of saliva escaping the corner of his mouth to run down his cheek and soak into his sweaty hairline. He couldn’t possibly find the words to let Jimin know how badly he wanted to orgasm and so he just let out a throaty moan instead.

When Yoongi’s muscles started tightening and he was once more mere seconds away from that rush of pleasure Jimin had to reach down and snag hold of the base of his cock, his grip tight to try and stop him from achieving his full climax. He cut him off just in time, though Yoongi did feel a dribble of cum shooting free to splash down onto his stomach just as his fingers squeezed around his cock.

This time Yoongi did more than let out a whine because he had been denied his orgasm right at the very last second. He let out a bark of a moan that got caught in his throat, his muscles clenching tight as he rolled his head back on the mess of pillows in total frustration.

Yoongi wanted to cum.

Yoongi wanted to cum right now but Jimin wouldn’t let him.

“No flexing, no flexing,” Jimin instructed, because Yoongi was rapidly clenching his inner walls around his cock to try and get that little more stimulation that could help him orgasm.

The very second that Jimin let go of his cock to take hold of his thigh and give it a firm squeeze Yoongi reached down with his free hand to snag hold of his cock and start weakly pumping his fist in the hopes of finally achieving his climax.

“No,” Jimin said in a firm voice, as he grabbed hold of his wrist and dragged it away again. “You’re not cumming yet, baby boy. I’m not done fucking you.”
It seemed that Jimin was starting to lose his ability to edge himself too because he quickly resumed rocking into him when Yoongi was still coming down from his mounting climax - a sign that he also wanted to feel something stronger that the constant edging was denying them both.

“God, I could fuck you all night long, Yoongi,” Jimin grunted, as his hips started smoothly grinding down into him; each thrust ending in a hard upwards snap before he rolled his hips back again.

Yoongi’s own hips jerked upwards from each of these thrusts, each stroke against his prostate making more torturous waves of pleasure spread out into his trembling and sweat-slick thighs. He could hear himself moaning over and over but he didn’t really know if he was saying words or just making noises. He seemed to be losing control of his body as well as his voice, his hips weakly spasming up into Jimin only to be driven back down against the mattress with the next thrust.

“Once I’m inside of you, huh, I don’t wanna pull out,” Jimin continued, his voice deep and husky with pleasure. “I’ve never…fucked a hole as good as yours, fuck.”

Yoongi couldn’t take it anymore.

It was just too much, too much at once.

Jimin was making him feel so good but he couldn’t stand another second of being edged. He needed to orgasm right now or he was seriously going to blackout, he knew that he was. His head felt like it was completely floating above his body, connected by just a thin string of pleasure that could snap any second from now.

“Puh-Paradiso!” Yoongi suddenly cried out, the word tearing free from his throat in a rasp because his throat was so hoarse and dry from moaning and panting.

Yoongi was shocked by how suddenly Jimin stopped rocking into him, his entire body tensing up tight almost as if he had just climaxed himself. He stayed frozen in place for a second or two before pulling out of him, shifting his weight back onto his elbows so he could cup his face in his hands and hold onto him.

“Hey, baby boy, I’m right here,” Jimin whispered, brushing sweaty clumps of hair back off his brow for him.
Yoongi’s hair was dripping sweat just like the rest of his body, which had no doubt started soaking into the sheets underneath him to leave the cotton damp. He could taste it when he stuck his tongue out to lick at his lips because there was beaded perspiration clinging to his philtrum; the salty tang sharp on his tongue.

“I’ve got you,” Jimin continued, as he dragged his fingers through the sweat-clumped locks and then dabbed at his brow for him.

“Suh-shit, Jimin, shit, I gotta cum, huh, I gotta cum,” Yoongi stammered, twisting and turning his head in his hold because he was so lost in his pleasure that he couldn’t think. He could barely even see, his head was swimming that much from the heat and the intensity of being edged that his vision was blurry and starting to pulse at the edges in rhythm with his racing heartbeat.

“Oh, Yoongi,” he said with a soft laugh, running his thumbs across his flushed cheeks to wipe away more beads of sweat. “It’s OK, baby boy, just breathe, hmm? Just breathe, calm down, I’ve got you. You’re OK, you’re safe.”

“Please, puh-please, Jimin,” Yoongi whined, closing his eyes to try and force away the sudden wash of dizziness.

“Shush, shush, it’s OK,” he crooned, as he shifted on the mattress to get up onto his knees.

Jimin gently rolled him onto his front first, and then he tugged him up into a sitting position by slipping his hands under his armpits. He pulled him upright with ease, not struggling to handle his weight in the slightest even when he was so limp right now.

But Yoongi could barely sit up because his body was so heavy. He dropped his head forward to rest his chin against his chest, slouching back against Jimin to stay upright because his shaking thighs were too weak to possibly support his weight.

Jimin collected the pile of photographs from the floor right beside the mattress, which had fanned out across in a mess. He got them into hand, quickly sorting through them to grab a handful before tossing the rest back down onto the floor.

“I want you to cum on these photographs, baby boy,” Jimin said, as he quickly spread the shots across the mattress in front of him to form a layer on the sheets.
Yoongi saw that Jimin had selected the pornographic photographs of him: the blurry ones of him riding his cock and sucking him off, and the ones of him being fingered that he had taken with his less than great photography skills.

“I know that you’re gonna beat yourself off looking at them when I’m not here to fuck you. So, you’re gonna get off all over your photographs, just for me. OK?”

Yoongi wasn’t able to reply to this because he was still so caught up the moment. He couldn’t move his tongue to try and make a noise in agreement, not even little hum or grunt. All that he could do was give a slow and hard nod, his head lolling on his neck to make sweaty locks of hair fall forward over his eyes.

“I’m gonna make you cum so good,” Jimin promised in a low and husky voice, as he ran one of his hands down the valley of his spine and then applied a hint of pressure against his lower back. “Lie down, baby boy. I’m gonna give it to you. The best you’ve ever fucking had.”

Yoongi moved to lie down on the mattress, spreading his thighs wide and slipping his arms under his pillows so that he could bury his face into them and breathe in the scent of tobacco and sweat that was trapped inside the wrinkled cotton. He didn’t even bother lifting his hips up, leaving Jimin to control his body for him because he just didn’t have the ability to move right now. Just moving his arms had felt sluggish because his muscles were so limp and heavy, and so his partner was going to need to do everything for him.

Jimin climbed on top of him, bracketing his spread thighs with his own and settling in place over his back. He was able to reach down and slide his cock inside with ease in this new position, slowly slipping his shaft in inch by inch until his hips were pressing down into Yoongi’s buttocks and he was lying on top of him with his full weight; his chest against his back, his lower face pressed into his hair.

Yoongi let out a soft sound as he buried his cock inside of him right to the base, taking some pleasure from the sensation of being stretched open and full again. He was pinned down on the mattress by his weight, unable to move his body and completely trapped in place - in the perfect position for Jimin to just pound down into him over and over. His fingers snagged hold of the sheets under his pillow, gripping a tight handful just like his toes curled up into the covers.

Jimin anchored himself on his elbows as he snagged hold of his forearms and pinned them down too. But he didn’t shift to get up off him to lessen the weight that was pressing him down into the mattress. No, he seemed to like being in this position a lot, probably because it was very dominant but also incredibly intimate; their bodies so close that it was almost like they could melt together in the throes of their pleasure.
Yoongi also liked it because he was pinned down and unable to move, not strapped in place by cuffs, harnesses or restraints of any kind but simply just by his partner’s body. This meant that Jimin had to do all of the work for him, letting him just lie there and take it until he achieved his climax at long last.

Jimin started thrusting into him hard and fast, not pulling out but staying deep so that he could roughly fuck him the way that Yoongi liked the most. His testicles connected with his buttocks, bouncing up and down with each thrust to slap against his skin; heavy and firm with heat. He tried to keep his breathing slow and steady, but just a few seconds of rapidly rocking his hips into him was enough to make his breathing become irregular as he exhaled through his lips. His breath was hot against Yoongi’s scalp, just like glide of the lube inside him as Jimin fucked him down into the mattress.

“Mmm,” Yoongi moaned, turning his face to the side on the pillow as he gasped for breath. He felt the most pressing need to start panting again, his heart racing in his chest so fast that no amount of breath seemed to be enough. “Yes, Jimin, huh.”

“Hmm, fuck,” Jimin grunted into his hair, his hips stuttering for a moment before he recovered. He had lost all sense of rhythm and was just frantically pumping them as fast as he possibly could in a desperate attempt at bringing them both to their climaxes at long last. “Huh, you’re so good at taking my cock. Fuck, you’re such a good boy, Yoongi, such a good baby boy.”

Yoongi could do nothing more than squirm and breathlessly whine underneath him. He couldn’t move, he couldn’t even bring his hips up because Jimin was lying on top of him with his considerable weight and pinning him down onto the mattress. He kicked his legs around with each squirm, his feet bumping against his and his toes clenching in the wrinkled mess of blankets and covers at the bottom of the mattress as the first hard contractions exploded outwards from his loins.

“Mmm-mmmmmm-huh,” Yoongi brokenly moaned, each hard thump of Jimin’s hip colliding with his buttocks making his breath catch in his throat. He felt his cock twitching between his spread thighs, bobbing in rhythm with the hard collision between their bodies and spilling his load all over the photographs that were trapped underneath him.

Yoongi’s orgasm was so intense that it was unlike anything that he had ever felt before. He felt his muscles hardening and then quivering from the hard throbs between his thighs, and the rush of tingling heat coursed up his body so fast that his eyes rolled up under his eyelids. His breath left his lips in a wheeze and he couldn’t even cry out. He managed to gasp for breath after a second or two, letting it out in a squeaky moan as he completely lost his head - his vision cutting and then coming back with flashes of colour around the edges; and his hearing muffled from the hard beat of his pulse at the sides of his throat. His fingers and toes started trembling, losing their ability to clench around
the sheets and covers with every powerful jolt that shot up his shaft and into his belly.

Yoongi was pretty certain that he was moaning words at Jimin, that he was letting out little cries of ‘yes’, along with a slew of curses. But he didn’t really know if he was saying these things aloud, or if they were right on the tip of his tongue and he thought that he was. He was so lost in his intense moment of pleasure that he had also lost his senses, once more feeling that strange sense of detachment from his own body.

Jimin suddenly pulled out of him, right on the cusp of his orgasm. The first strings of cum spurted out to splash down all over his buttocks and entrance as he groaned, “Oh, fuck, baby.”

Yoongi felt the thick strings hitting his skin, the hot and runny liquid splashing and then running down the curves of his buttocks to dribble down the backs of his thighs and even over his testicles. Then he felt the liquid heat of semen spilling inside of him when Jimin slipped his cock back into his hole and rapidly pumped his hips, so he could fully finish inside and fill him up with cum just like his favourite sexual fantasy.

“Hmm,” he grunted through his tightly clenched teeth, letting out a sharp hiss as he rode out his climax; pressing right up against his buttocks to grind in deep. “Huh-huh-uh.”

Yoongi lifted his heavy head up off the pillow to glance back over his shoulder at him, letting his breath out in a weak whimper.

Jimin slowly pulled out of him with a final moan, rolling his head back as his eyes fluttered shut. His cock gave several hard twitches, little more than weak squirts of cum escaping from his slit to splash down onto his skin. Then his cock drooped to settle on the curves of his buttocks, starting to grow soft and limp after his orgasm.

Rather than collapse down on top of him in a slump, Jimin rolled over to land on his back on the mattress beside him with another deep groan. There was just enough room for them both to fit, their upper arms touching and their feet bumping together on the mess of covers at the bottom of the bed.

For a few seconds Jimin just lay there, breathing hard and fast with his eyes squeezed shut as he savoured those final fleeting moments of pleasure as his orgasm faded out. His chest was rising and falling from each rapid inhale and exhale, coated with sweat just like the thick layer of perspiration that was clinging to his face and neck.
Yoongi was still panting for breath, in through his nose and out through his slack lips every second. He could feel a dribble of drool escaping the corner of his mouth to soak into the cotton, along with the beads of sweat running down the side of his face from his hairline. He wanted to move, wanted to reach over and grab hold of his lover so he could drag him into his arms, but even that amount of movement was too difficult for him to do right now. He was telling his arm to move, to slip out from under the pillow and stretch towards him, and yet it just wasn’t doing so. All that he could do was stare at Jimin from under his heavy eyelids, his vision still swimming and pulsating at the corners like he was going to faint.

Jimin slowly moved to sit upright with a deep grunt, reaching up to run his fingers through his own sweat-clumped hair as he ran his eyes across the floor. He located the camera and so he stretched to grab hold of it, getting it in hand and studying it for a few seconds before realising that it was still powered-up and ready to take photographs. He shifted his weight onto his knees, getting into position between Yoongi’s still spread legs as he brought the camera up to his face to squint down the viewfinder at him.

“Oh, baby, I made such a mess,” Jimin groaned with a soft laugh, the bright flash from the camera and the shutter snapping shut with a crisp sound as he snapped a photograph of him. “I wanted to… to fill you up with my cum but then I thought about getting a photograph and I…I just had to cum all over you instead. Hmm, cumshots are my favourite shots in dirty magazines…”

As soon as he had snapped the photograph Jimin shifted to place the camera down on the floor beside the bed. This freed up his hands and allowed him to take hold of his hips, his grip firm but not too tight as he lowered himself down onto the mattress between his open thighs.

Yoongi was still lying with his face pressed into the pillow, his arms slipped underneath it because he just couldn’t seem to move much more than his head right now. Jimin pulled his hips up off the mattress, and so he managed to get his elbows underneath him just enough to push and lift his head up off the pillow. He felt the familiar sensation of Jimin’s tongue lapping all over his skin, cleaning the mess of semen free from his buttocks, the dip of his lower back, even his upper thighs and testicles. The sensation was highly pleasing normally, but he felt even more hypersensitive to the warm wetness of his tongue because every touch just seemed to feel stronger; his skin still tingling even after his orgasm had already faded out.

After cleaning away the mess of semen from his body Jimin shifted to get back on his knees, his hands moving down to give his buttocks a series of firm kneads. He ran his gaze over the visible spread of snapshots on the mattress beneath Yoongi, eyeing the cum-splattered photographs with his half-lidded eyes; his cheeks flushed pink from both exertion and his orgasm.

Yoongi had ejaculated onto the photographs just like he had requested. There was a considerable amount of semen splattered over not only the photographs but the sheets too, and it had shot out across so much of the spread. He would have ordinarily been shocked by the amount because he had
never ejaculated that much at once before: shocked, excited, and fascinated. But he was far too numb to process this fact right now. He could barely even keep his head lifted up off the pillow because that seemed to take far too much energy, and he longed to just drop his hips back down to lie on the mattress again.

Jimin shifted to pick one of the soiled photographs up from the pile. It was the photograph of Yoongi’s lower body with Jimin’s fingers buried deeply inside of him to the knuckles; his entrance muscles flushed dark and slick from saliva and his testicles and stiff cock visible right at the top of the frame. Now it was covered in a thick splatter and tiny specks of semen, the white substance obscuring some of the photograph. He brought it up to his face to study it for a few seconds before holding it out to him, bringing the photograph right in front of Yoongi’s lips.

Yoongi didn’t even think because he was so out of it, he just lolled tongue out to lick at the photograph to clean it just for Jimin because he knew it was what he wanted. As he lazily licked his semen free from the surface of the photograph he heard Jimin softly moaning, no doubt finding the act incredibly erotic. He lapped at the photograph with his tongue over and over in kittenish licks until Jimin moved it away from his face and dropped it back down onto the pile.

Yoongi was dragged up off the mattress and into Jimin’s arms without even having to move a single muscle, which was good because he was still unable to move his sluggish limbs. He slumped against his chest, practically sprawled across his thighs with his legs lazily strewn over the soiled photographs.

Jimin was still sitting upright on the mattress and so he more-or-less pulled him into his lap so he could cradle him in his arms. Yoongi felt the lingering mess of semen smearing between their bodies, which had now cooled down a considerable amount and was no longer hot, unlike the glide of their sweat-slick skin rubbing together.

“Come here, baby.” Jimin whispered against his hair, as he slipped his arms around his sides to cup his behind in his hands. The position allowed him to not only cradle him in his arms, but also start kneading at his buttocks in a way that was incredibly soothing on his sore muscles. “Come right into my arms and just let me show you how much I care about you.”

“Jimin?” Yoongi asked, struggling to speak because his head was still so foggy, so free from thoughts that it was almost as if he had just woken up from a deep slumber and he was going to drift back off to sleep again. “What...happened to me? Why...my body...I couldn’t move my body when you were fucking me, I felt so heavy and...and my head was empty?”

“I think you went into your subspace, baby,” Jimin said in a soft voice, as he tenderly massaged at his buttocks. They were starting to ache from their love-making and being stretched so much, just like his inner thigh muscles and lower stomach.
“Subspace?” he asked, rolling his gaze up to study the slope of his neck; his gaze shifting over the scattering of freckles on his sweaty and golden skin. He couldn’t hold his gaze in their current position, his face pressed up against his firm and strong chest muscles. “Huh?”

“It can happen during sex when you’re being submissive, or just during sex in general for some people,” Jimin explained, his hands still softly kneading at his sore and stiff muscles to help them loosen up and relax. “All of the chemicals in your brain, endorphins and things like that, they flood your body when you get a powerful rush of pleasure and they can have a major effect on everything: your emotions, your pain threshold, even your ability to think and speak. It’s almost like entering a trance because of the endorphin flood, and a lot of subs reach such a chemical high from the pleasure that they lose control of their bodies and minds. It’s normal, baby boy. It’s completely normal, so don’t be scared that it happened to you.”

Yoongi made a soft sound at this, closing his eyes so he could focus on the pleasing sensation of Jimin’s hands massaging at his buttocks and the steady and hard pounding of his heartbeat coming from his chest. He was struggling to fully focus on what Jimin was talking about, but from what he had been able to process it sounded just like what had happened to him.

The multiple rushes of pleasure from Jimin edging him for what felt like the entire night had all accumulated together and made him reach that strange state in which his body had felt different and his head had just floated away until he had felt like he wasn’t even inside his body anymore. It wasn’t exactly an out of body experience, but it was something that had been incredibly close to his old drug highs and yet completely new at the exact same time.

“That’s why I’m there to take care of you when you slip into your subspace,” Jimin continued, his lips brushing against his damp hairline. “A good dom always takes care of their sub when they’re vulnerable, to make sure they don’t get hurt because they lose that sense of…consciousness. They lose their heads and all control over what happens to them. Did I take care of you, Yoongi? Was I good to you? Did I make you feel safe?”

“Mmm, felt good, felt fucking good, but…now I feel…”

Yoongi was unable to finish this reply because he couldn’t find the words. It wasn’t that they were on the tip of his tongue and he just couldn’t get them out right, rather his entire mind was blank of any kind of thoughts. He felt Jimin’s hands stilling in the act of massaging at his buttocks, almost as if his sudden silence had caught his attention.

“Hey, hey, baby. Look at me, look at me,” Jimin suggested, as he shifted to try and get a good look at his face.
Yoongi felt him angling his head back, forcing him to hold his gaze even when he wanted to stay curled up against his chest and just float in that strange emptiness until he did one of two things: snapped out of it or drifted off to sleep.

“How’re you feeling right now? Can you describe it for me?” Jimin asked, a hint of concern in his voice that Yoongi was just about able to register in his current foggy state. “Good? Bad?”

“I…I dunno,” Yoongi mumbled, furrowing his brow as he tried to grab hold of something, anything that was inside his head. “I feel empty. I don’t like it, not like before.”

Jimin shifted to lie him down on the bed without another word and hastily knocked the soiled photographs down onto the floor. He ran his hands down his chest and sides as Yoongi settled down on the pillow, gently rolling him onto his side and then grabbing one of the other wrinkled pillows that was crumpled up against the wall.

“Here, curl up right here,” Jimin suggested, handing him the pillow so that he could hug it between his arms. Then he grabbed hold of the covers, tugging them up to around his ribs to cover his nakedness. “I’ll be right back, baby boy. Just get comfortable, hmm. It’s OK. I’m gonna make you a nice hot cup of tea and then I’m gonna help you feel better.”

Jimin was gone for a couple of minutes, the sound of him pottering around the kitchen echoing on the air as he boiled the kettle on the stove again to prepare a cup of tea. He was softly singing under his breath as he did so, just to keep the apartment from falling silent because it might make Yoongi feel even more uncomfortable.

Whilst he was gone Yoongi just stayed in place in bed, lying on his side with the pillow tightly hugged in his arms and his legs pulled up in front of him so he could assume the comfortable and protective foetal position. He felt so small right now, especially because he was buried underneath the covers; his face pressed into the fragrant pillow as he slowly breathed in and out and tried to not panic. He didn’t know where this sudden drop in his mood had come from, or why he felt so strange, but he just wanted Jimin to come back to him and touch him again.

When Jimin returned a couple of minutes later he had a mug in one hand and a bottle of lotion in the other. It was the aloe vera lotion that he liked to keep in the refrigerator and apply after hot showers during the summer, the cool liquid bringing him plenty of relief and keeping his skin moist and supple.
Yoongi followed him with his eyes, rolling them around to track his movements because his body still felt too heavy to possibly move on his own.

Jimin placed the mug down onto the floor and then he shifted to lower himself onto the mattress behind him. He lifted the covers up to reveal his naked body again, rolling Yoongi onto his back and getting the bottle of lotion in hand to squirt some into his palm and then spread it between his hands. Then he shifted to take hold of one of his thighs, the sensation of the lotion making Yoongi take a sharp intake of breath in surprise because it was so cold on his skin.

Jimin carefully and tenderly kneaded at his heavy limbs for him, massaging the lotion into his skin around his buttocks, hips and thighs because they were tender after their love-making. As the runny lotion dried he dropped his head to press kisses against his skin, his lips pouting out to shower plenty of affection on the still present bruises all over his lower body that would likely darken and spread by tomorrow morning after another rough love-making session. He spent several minutes just doing this little act of care, which gave Yoongi something to focus on other than the unease that was growing in his belly.

“It’s OK to cry, if you feel like you need to cry,” Jimin whispered, as he settled down beside him on the mattress and slipped his arm around his ribs. “That’s a perfectly natural response to having a sub-drop, baby boy. Don’t be ashamed, don’t feel bad, I promise you it’s completely normal. It’s happened to me so many times in the club.”

“Nuh…no, I don’t think I need to cry,” Yoongi mumbled, deeply furrowing his brow as he felt Jimin cosying up against his side, their feet bumping together under the covers. “I don’t, I feel fuh-fine, I-”

Which was exactly when Yoongi burst out crying, a sudden wave of emotions hitting him so hard that he was left reeling for a few seconds. He brought his hands up in front of his face, which were shaking so badly that he couldn’t quite seem to hold them in place to try and cover his face.

Just like before with his quick reactions to the safeword Jimin reacted without missing a beat. He shifted to knock his hands away from his face, cupping his cheek in his hold to turn his head towards him.

Yoongi instinctively tried to pull away from him in embarrassment, but Jimin refused to let him do so. He grabbed hold of his shoulder so that he could roll him onto his side instead and pull him into his arms. He didn’t even looked shocked by what was happening, and his hands were completely steady in a way that showed he was calm and not at all frightened - unlike Yoongi.

“Let it all out, baby boy, just let it all out,” Jimin said in a soothing voice, entwining their legs
together under the covers as he pulled him close enough for their sweat-slick chests to press together. “What’s going on in your head, hmm?”

“It fuh-felt fuh-fuh-fucking good, but I feel weird, I duh-dunno,” Yoongi stammered, once more filled with a strange wave of emotions that he couldn’t seem to process; that left him feeling detached from himself and suddenly cold all over. He felt both empty and full at the same time, and this clashing combination was likely why he was struggling to understand what was happening to him right now. “I dunno, Juh-Jimin.”

“Talk to me, baby boy,” Jimin said in a soft voice, as he moved his hand around to the back of his neck to cup it in his hold. His palm was warm against his skin, comforting during his moment of addled distress. “I’m here to listen, to give you comfort. It’s OK, you can talk to me about it all.”

“I duh-dunno if I can - fuck,” Yoongi hiccuped, taking a quick gasp of breath that he let out in a low moan. “My huh-head feels funny, huh. Why do I-I feel funny?”

“You just had a very intense emotional and intimate moment,” Jimin explained in a calm and quiet voice, as he dabbed at his damp cheeks to wipe away his tears for him. “Your body just went through a lot, baby boy, and your mind too. But it’s OK, you’re safe right now and I’m right here with you. It’s hard coming back down to reality again after that high, I know. I know, baby. But you know that you’re safe, right? I made you feel good, didn’t I? I didn’t hurt you or frighten you; hmm? I didn’t break your trust?”

“I know, I-I trusted you,” Yoongi replied, sniffing hard a few times to try and regulate his breathing and rapidly blinking a couple of tears free from his wet eyelashes. “It felt…good, felt so good. It ain’t you, suh…shit.”

“I’m so happy that you trusted me, Yoongi,” Jimin continued, once more wiping the fresh tears off his cheekbones with the curve of his thumb. His touch was so gentle that he barely felt the contact. “All I wanted to do was bring you pleasure, to make you feel good. Making you feel good makes me so feel good, and I wanted to fuck you just like you wanted. You deserve to feel good because you’re such a good baby boy.”

“I just…I just need you to huh-hold me, that’s all,” Yoongi requested, taking another deep breath that he held his lungs for a few seconds before letting it out in a slow exhale. “I just feel so…pathetic. Wuh-why’d I wanna be fucked like this, like a suh-slut? Wuh…why can’t I stop craving cock all the fuh-fucking time? No wonder my exes didn’t…love me, I’m disgusting.”

“No, that’s just the sub-drop talking, Yoongi, that’s all,” Jimin spoke over him, hastily knocking his
sweaty hair back to expose his brow so he could lean close and press a soft kiss against his skin. “You’re not disgusting, and I love my baby boy.”

“You do?” Yoongi asked in a quiet voice, opening his eyes a slit to try and look at him. He was still struggling to focus his vision because his head was foggy and swimming, but he could see a blurred hint of his face. “You love me even though I’m a…a slut?”

“Hmm, I love my baby boy.” Jimin repeated, talking between gentle brow kisses as he curled locks of his hair around his fingers. “I love taking care of you, pleasing you. I love that you need affection and love because I’ve got so much to give, and I’ve got that good dick you need too.”

Yoongi managed to let out a soft laugh at this, even when he was still struggling to reel in his emotions. He let out a little shiver, and so Jimin shifted to grab hold of the covers and dragged them back over their bodies to trap some heat and warm him up.

“Sub-drops can be horrible to go through,” Jimin continued in a soft whisper, bringing his lips to his brow again to press them up against his hairline. “They’re unexpected, they’re confusing and upsetting. But they’re also natural, Yoongi. Your body is adjusting after all of that excitement and pleasure, and it can be hard to regulate after such a massive endorphin flood. That’s all that’s happening to you right now, your body’s trying to calm down and get back to normal. But that doesn’t mean that anything you’re thinking or feeling is true. Like being disgusting or pathetic, like feeling wrong for wanting to have so much sex, or rough sex, or even being submissive and letting me take control of you.”

“Mmm,” Yoongi hummed, just to let him know that he was following him. He might not be taking in everything that he was saying because he was still trying to focus, but he had processed enough to understand what he was talking about.

“What you need to remember is that you felt good, that you wanted to feel pleasure and that feeling pleasure is a good thing,” Jimin finished, pressing his cheek against his brow and letting his own breath out in a soft sigh. “There’s nothing wrong with wanting to feel good.”

“How come it ain’t…happened before?” Yoongi asked, wondering why such a thing had suddenly been triggered tonight from edging and not during their other moments of intense sexual intimacy; like when Jimin had eaten his ass in The Paradiso Lounge.

“I don’t know, baby. Sub-drops are random. They don’t always happen, and sometimes they happen more if you’re with a partner that you care about, that you have feelings for, instead of strangers,” Jimin explained, his voice still so soft and soothing on his anxiety. “Emotions run high, all the
chemical rushes in your brain - it’s just a lot to handle. Our brains are weird, OK? That’s all you need to know.”

The bedroom fell silent at this, nothing more than the sound of Yoongi’s uneven breathing filling the air as he tried to get himself under control. He sniffed hard every couple of seconds as he blinked the lingering tears free from his damp eyelashes, which ran down the sides of his cheeks to soak into his hairline. He felt himself starting to calm down again, although he still felt rather hollow in a way that he didn’t like. But at least he now knew what was happening to him and that there was nothing to be scared of, and he was cradled in Jimin’s strong and warm arms in a way that made him feel safe and secure.

As soon as Yoongi had calmed down and was no longer taking quick gasps and hiccups to catch his breath, Jimin released him from his hold for a moment. He did so to reach over and collect the soiled photographs from the floor, getting them all into hand and giving them a quick study.

One by one, Jimin hastily wiped at the photographs to clean them free from the now cold and slick mess of semen that had been left on their surfaces. He did so with the edge of the covers, which were already soiled with a mixture of semen and sweat. He wiped the cotton across each photograph until they were clean and then placed them back down on the floor. Then he reached over to pick up the mug of tea, which had steam still wafting up from the hot contents.

“Come on, sit up,” Jimin said in a soft voice, as he gently tugged Yoongi into something close to a sitting position; his upper back resting on the wrinkled mess of pillows. “Here, drink this, baby.”

Yoongi’s hands were still too weak to be able to grab hold of the mug, and he doubted that he had the motor skills to be able to bring it up to his lips to sip at it anyway.

As a result, Jimin had to keep hold of the mug and tip it ever so slightly so he could sip at the contents, which was hot but not hot enough to scald his tongue. The herbal tea has been brewed weak rather than strong, so much so that there was only a hint of flavour trapped in the hot water instead of a powerful, bitter note like usual.

Yoongi swallowed several sips of the tea, barely letting it settle on his tongue for more than a second or two because he really wasn’t that thirsty. But the heat was soothing to swallow, and he knew that it was best to let Jimin hydrate him after his sudden fit of tears. He just closed his eyes and took in the sensation, savouring the heat and wetness on his tongue as he gulped down each mouthful.

Jimin pulled the mug away after a few seconds, giving him a moment to catch his breath. When he went to bring it back to his lips Yoongi softly shook his head to tell him that he didn’t want any
more, sticking his tongue out to lick at his wet lips, and so he moved to place the mug down on the floor again.

Yoongi managed to wriggle back down on the mattress so he could lie down, finding the position far more comfortable than slouching back against the wall. He closed his eyes as he let his breath out in a heavy sigh, and he felt Jimin settling down beside him to slip his arm over his chest and cup his face in his hand again.

“Was that your first time edging, Yoongi?” Jimin asked in a quiet voice to break the silence that was hanging in the air between them, his fingers gently tracing around the sharp curve of his jawline.

Yoongi made a soft sound in agreement at this, letting him know without having to expend the energy to speak. He just wanted to listen to Jimin and not have to speak, that was all. Just take in his calming voice and soothing touches without having to do anything at all.

“Did it feel good for you? Did you like it? Or is it something that we shouldn’t do together again because you didn’t like it or it made you feel uncomfortable?”

“It felt good, it felt fucking great. I just dunno why that happened to me, Jimin. Y’know, why I went into, uh, subspace,” he muttered, opening his eyelids a crack to gaze up at the ceiling above him.

“If we do it again, I’ll be more careful; hmm? I’ll be more attentive to you, I’ll make sure that I take care of you and keep you safe whilst you’re in your subspace,” Jimin promised, his fingers having shifted over to give his earrings a gentle series of rubs.

“You were already attentive, Jimin,” Yoongi pointed out, as he rolled onto his side and let his boyfriend fix the covers right up to over his body; almost burying him in the layers of warm material. “I told you, I trusted you and you took care of me good. It’s like you said, sub-drops are random; right?”

“Hmm, I mean about you getting into your subspace,” he explained, his fingers once more sinking into his hair to caress it, to catch the locks between his fingertips so he could stroke them. “I wanna make sure that I see it happening, so I know how to take care of you. I don’t wanna miss the signs if we’re playing rough because you won’t be able to stop me if I start hurting you. When you get into that subspace I’m in complete control, and that means I need to know when to stop in case you can’t tell me to. You trust me, right, baby?”
“I trust you,” Yoongi whispered, as he curled up against his chest to get as close to him as possible and bury his face in the crook between his neck and shoulder. He closed his eyes, slowly breathing in the scent of his faded cologne and sweat as he found himself starting to drift off. “I know you ain’t gonna hurt me, Jimin…”

“No, I only want to make you feel good, baby,” Jimin said in a soft voice, as he pressed a gentle kiss against his hair.

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