Let Your Mind Wander, Your Mind Is Muddled

by baepsaell

Summary

Oh gosh, the whole scenery, white stripes across Minseok's muscular and massive chest, snowy leather embracing his biceps as he flexed above him, the cold golden circles clicking with each trust and the shiny buttons reflecting back the dim lamp on the ceiling. The white harness keeping the muscles of his toned thighs and hugging his lower abdomen around, the submissive object hanging on him like a joke, Minseok controlled the harness not vica versa.

Notes

Hey there~
A late Valentine's day special is never unwelcomed, imarite?
Title from EXO-M's Two Moons.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Wait for it, fuss about it, the time is nearing

Chapter Notes

Chapter title from EXO's Two Moons.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don't know, Sweetie, I'm not planning anything for Valentine's day, we watch some action films then I fuck you on the couch.” Jongdae just sighed, because variety. They'd been married for four solid years now and even if they loved each other, the fire was steady instead of burning and sparkling. The fire gave warmth but no scars, it was purely safe and nothing was wrong with that, but Jongdae- he needed something new, something they hadn't done before.

When they started dating, Minseok fucked him on a daily, several rounds even - on the weekends of course. His lover surprised him every now and then, Jongdae loved him dearly and if he had to jerk off to japanese bondage porn videos in one of the restroom of the floor, then let it be, but one more postponed holiday-fuck and he was off to some sex-dungeon in Europe for selfcare. They didn't celebrate Valentine's day, Minseok usually ordered a bouquet of roses to the hotel reception and they went to a fancier restaurant, but two weeks after the holiday of love they usually held their anniversary, the fifth coming up soon.

So when Minseok called it a day for Valentine's day (pun intended), Jongdae turned around in the bed and barked back a tired Goodnight, let's talk about it tomorrow.

Fun fact, they didn't.

“Honey, would you like to eat out?” That's a trap, the younger thought, with every passing day, his mind was all over the place for the big day, conspiracy theories lingered in every corner of his head, he had a complete checklist to buy and look up. “Or stay home and let me cook for you?” Cooed Minseok into the shell of his ear, shiver ran down his spine as he stood in the kitchen making tea, Minseok hugged him tightly from behind and propped his chin on his very shoulder.

The bastard didn't even rub his crotch to his ass, what a wasted opportunity, so Jongdae bucked his hips back to meet him, a surprised laugh escaped from Minseok at the sudden attack, but it was only enough for a peck on Jongdae's neck, and with a gingerly smile Minseok exited from the small kitchen, leaving a frustrated but never ever more determined Jongdae with his also fuming tea.

One and a half week and he would get the dicking of his life, Jongdae was up in their bedroom while Minseok was having a shower downstairs, perfect opportunity to surf the dark web. Lukewarm bed but much hotter articles:

“Kink alphabet”
He simultaneously binged on ebay and in an incognito tab, okay, for A for Age play, that sounds fine, one more tab got opened and Jongdae sat still against the bed frame;

‘A common example is “daddy dominant/baby girl.” If you’re calling someone “daddy” in bed—or, perhaps more commonly, “baby”—you may already be engaging in light age play.’

“Daddy is usually the dominant, while the baby is the submissive one.”

Involuntary the images flooded him, his Minseok pinning him down by his wrists, pounding into him with care but still rough enough to feel it the day after, him whining under- “Daddy, take me, please, just a little bit, left, yes! Oh, deep-deeper, shit- I can, I can feel you, yeah, just, keep on, fuck. Fuck.”-

“Yah, Buttercup, I accidentally brought your pjs instead of mine, it feels so comfy though. It's mine now.” Entered Minseok the bedroom, the black silk hanging on his smaller frame like a blanket draped over a greek statue, he should have looked more cute but with the peaking collarbone and nearly sliding down pants, revealing the tight boxer’s hem underneath was everything but sweet. In an instant Jongdae quit the browser, an already started solitaire game on the desktop. “Were you waiting for me, playing your little games?” Asked Minseok elegantly throwing next to him the blanket to climb under.

“Yeah.” A big gulp, it wasn't helping his built up semi hard cock to soften. “Baby.”

Now the word baby felt foreign on his tongue, he definitely wasn't into this whole daddy-baby thing but imagining Minseok towering over him, pure hunting in his cat like eyes. Genuine excitement ran through him, and when the raven haired smiled at him like he was the only thing that mattered in the world he actually softened with affection, Minseok's small little cheeks full of love and hair falling back into his eyes as he leant forward to solve the card game on the screen.

“The black-leafy queen here and the heart five there.” Minseok would never learn their proper names and Jongdae did as he was told, planting a kiss on the slightly wet locks next to him after. Oh, if his little baby chicken knew what awaited him- and his softening member too.

The delivery was so fucking sure wouldn't be there for the anniversary day, so between two coffee breaks, sitting in the staff's room's couch, Jongdae searched vigorously for back up plan on his mobile phone.

“Alternative ways to replace silicon ropes at home!”

“13 easy BDSM DIYs - fun for you and your partner even before using”
“Are belts the new handcuffs?”

All the methods and materials seemed more time-consuming than walking into a sex shop and shamefully throw the leather over the conveyor belt. Which was more embarrassing, alone in the erotic shop days around Valentine's day or asking for company? Who would even escort him? But more importantly, who wouldn't judge him and cry from laughter at the mere idea?

“Shit Dae, I knew you two were kinky but damn, homemade bondage? CHANNIE! C'MERE!” Came Baekhyun out from the nowhere, his head hanging out to the lobby of the hotel. Baekhyun was the janitor in the hotel Jongdae was working at as a receptionist, and the older always seemed to know where to find the crispiest gossips, cleaning windows and accidentally spying on the fucking couple in Room L1485.

“What?” Appeared Chanyeol the friendly giant, the waiter and bartender in the bar of the accommodation.

“Jongdae searching bondage online for their anniversary.” Tried to deadpan Baekhyun, hugging Jongdae's shoulders and shaking him up to liven up the mood a little.

“AND WHY DID I HAVE TO KNOW THIS?” Shouted back Chanyeol in response, already on his heels to leave to room when a not through-thought whisper left Jongdae's mouth.

“I need someone to escort me to the shop, where, they, you know, sell these stuffs.” He sent a forced lopsided smile towards Chanyeol who just shrugged and buried his face into his palms.

“When?” Mumbled behind his hands, not daring to look into the hopeful bit still embarrassed gaze on the couch.

“When does your shift end today?”

“At 7 pm- But I planned to buy the groceries too! I will not cruise in the mall with a pink EʃyXiOn bag in my hands-” This statement earned a whistle from both Baekhyun and Jongdae, neither knew how Chanyeol knew the name of the shop but it could came handy that he was familiar with it. “or your hands, whatever. Just. Ah. I'll go now, wait for me in the parking lot next to my car.”

Chanyeol didn't even look back at the laughing duo and Jongdae thought, it was gonna be fun, and
an utterly humiliating adventure. And he didn't even get to wear them yet, at least the hope was there that their efforts would worth it.

“Jesus Christ. Jongdae. Never. In my entire life. Ever again.” Said Chanyeol as they hopped back to the car, after putting all the groceries to the back seats. “The images won’t leave my head. I'm scarred. For eternity.” He ignited the engine and put the car in reverse.

“It wasn't that bad, yah! It was-” Jongdae was searching for the right words. “It was tasteful? I mean, minimalistic and if it was a clothing store I would shop there, and they actually got a wide supply.” He was happy with his little black leather harness and other toys in front of him. “I'm satisfied.” And he hugged his not so little pink bag sitting in his lap tighter and Chanyeol looked around to roll onto the road from the parking lot.

“I have never seen so much dildos, some of them were made of glass? Yikes. Some were lighting? And the amount of lube. Different flavours? Who eats lube?” Chanyeol was outright bewildered, his whole world turned inside out, pure boy wasn't capable to consume all the new information. “I had every right to be afraid.”

“I think you are overreacting. You acted like a kid on his first day of school.” Hit playfully Jongdae his biceps, embracing the bag even more when the driver took a particularly sharp turn. “Who goes to the cashier to ask how she would turn a buttplug on?!”

“I'm not a professional! Leave it already. And why the harmness, though?” When Jongdae's mouth opened to reply Chanyeol quickly changed his mind as shiver went down on his spine. “Nevermind! So- now that you are supplied to be a sex-guru...”

“Just get yourselves drunk and confess. Based on true story, works every time, ten out of ten, 100% guaranteed by your local, what words did you use, sex-boss?” Laughed Jongdae, but with concern in his tone. “You still didn't confess to Soo? It's been a year, Channie.” He said as he caressed Chanyeol's hand on the steering wheel.

“Yeah, but if he doesn't like me back? Damn, that would be my luck.” The lamp ahead just switched to red and Jongdae turned off the obnoxious radio that quietly blared a pop song as the car halted.

“Look, if you accompanied me to the evil sex-shop and survived, you can figure out your teenage high school crush thingy, right?” Asked the older, looking at him but only a hum came as a response, so he asked again with more force. “Right?!?” Chanyeol shyly told back a right but still without enthusiasm. “I can't hear you!” Jongdae now was screaming.
“FUCKING DAMN RIGHT!” Shouted back Chanyeol and hit the gas pedal to fasten the engine at the sight of the green light and cut the asphalt with a loud screech.

“YEAH!” They yelled through the street totally immersed in the mood and they nearly missed Jongdae’s apartment complex.

“Uhm, Dae?” Spoke up Chanyeol after the car stopped, engine still going. “Why me? The virgin one and why not the veteran Casanova Baek?”

“Can you imagine me discussing if I wanted candy thongs with him?” Snorted back the other, but eventually as the giggle muted down he patted Chanyeol’s fluffy hair with a smirk. “You are a nice guy Chanyeol. And thank you for today, without you I would have passed out right in the middle of the store. I actually, bought you candy-” He fished out a bright red small package with no brand or any letter on it, just a date.

“Awh, thank you, you didn't have to-” Took the plastic wrap the younger, smiling with his heart too. “Uhm, the package is strange? Is it strawberry candy?” Like a little kid he tore it up and saw a red circular, soft material, not candy like but felt more persistent than gummy bears. “How do you eat this? Do you chew it?” He licked at the unwrapped sweet in his hand, the taste didn't come out as strong as it should had, so he took it with his fingers and lifted to his held out tongue when the sweet rolled down right on the tip of his wet tongue and Jongdae bursted out in a vehement laugh, he couldn't even breath, he just lolled back his head on the seat, eyes wide waiting for Chanyeol's next move. “Don't laugh-”

The sudden realization hit him when Jongdae opened the car door and quickly jumped out with his fabulous little bag, still coughing and tearing up from the giggling. “YOU LAST PIECE OF SHIT! I AM DISGUSTED!” He tried to throw the flavoured condom towards him but Jongdae slammed the car door closed and leant on the glass still laughing. “I NEVER HELP YOU AGAIN IN MY SHORT LIFE! I WILL NEVER WASH IT OUT! AH!”

The delivery did come, a day before even the anniversary, and now Jongdae was sitting bare naked on their bed with a bag and the package, panic set in his lower stomach as he gently opened the box. Now he had two harnesses, but thank God the sent one wasn't fit - he could adjust it but he needed to eventually write something on the complaint so he could easily send it back. It was a white one with golden rings and buttons while the one next to him spread out on the patterned blanket was a black with silver metal decorated.

Could it be too much to dress Minseok to the white one? Oh gosh, the whole scenery, white stripes across Minseok’s muscular and massive chest, snowy leather embracing his biceps as he flexed above him, the cold golden circles clicking with each trust and the shiny buttons reflecting back the dim lamp on the ceiling. The white harness keeping the muscles of his toned thighs and hugging his lower abdomen around, the submissive object hanging on him like a joke, Minseok controlled the
harness not vica versa.

Jongdae got himself so worked up, it was the achievement of his life not to touch himself right then and there. Now looking at the time, two more hours till Minseok would be free from the duty, perks of marrying a gym teacher, fixed schedule. He decided to try on the black harness, not to be surprised the day after when it would be actually used.

His hard cock bobbing up and down as he stepped between two stripes and yanked up, the feel of it was smooth, velvety but still leather, cold enough to make his skin break out in goosebumps, after (makeshift) properly clipping the parts together and completing it all in all, he took a small little walk to the bathroom downstairs, the harness jingled through the empty rooms. He felt beautiful as he took a look at himself in the larger mirror ahead, he slid his hands under the harness, up and down on his thighs, then between the crack of his asscheeks. He slid one finger in past the rim, then his middle finger, the pace working up too fast even without lubrication, he just couldn't find the sweet point Minseok always did so easily. Frustration boiled inside him as he pulled out his fingers to curl them around his leaking cock, precum spreading all over the shaft as he desperately searched for satisfaction, the silver circles noisily hit the sink as he backed to support himself on it with his free hand, the tempo escalated and he held back all the whimpers he was saving for his only one. Kneading under the head and stimulating the underside veins, his legs trembled and he cried out in a broken moan not so long after. The hot white cum spilled into his hand and a few drops dripped to the cold tiles under, his orgasm mellowing him like a lullaby. Hand dirty but mind clean.

Jongdae caught up his breath a little before washing his hands and grabbing a towel to hold it under the tap, he gently cleaned himself with the wet cloth and the harness from the excess cum and the few spills that had escaped to the floor.

*It's gonna be so much fun*, he thought.

Even if Jongdae took the day off, he woke up an hour before Minseok had to go, he happily but not well-rested opened his eyes and turned to give a wet kiss to his husband's neck, Minseok just groaned in response.

Jongdae slipped closer under the blankets, planting his morning hard dick into the other's lower back, gently humping, demanding a little attention.

“Do you really need to go to work?” Whined the younger, breath little off as he kept waking up him with the moving.

“Not everybody can take a day off.” Turned Minseok to face him and press their bodies together.

“I’ve been missing you.” Jongdae grabbed him by the still wet neck and kissed him slowly and deeply, tongues working in a well-know rhythm, sensual and not lacking of emotions, when the kiss halted they both opened their eyes and Minseok pulled back a little, just to see the other smiling brightly and full of excitement.
“Me too.” Replied the other as he pressed his forehead to Jongdae's cheek, he gently slipped a hand on his waist to caress it, mindlessly drawing his thumb along the ribs.

“Thank God, you got a shorter schedule on Fridays-” Breathed out the weak voice. “Please hurry home-” The pleading only forced out a sigh from Minseok but he hugged the younger closer nonetheless. Minutes passed in the calm silence when Minseok gave him a tiny peck on his nose and gingerly escaped from the warmth of the blankets and the needy body to stretch in the colder room.

“Anniversary party tonight?” He asked as he turned around just in a white underwear, the faint morning sunshine sifting through the curtains and lightning his raven hair in a beige hue.

“More than that-” The happy answer found its way to the door as Minseok exited through it.

“Sure, Honey.” The jade mess off hair peaked back the bedroom, soft features accompanied the slim but cushioned body as Jongdae lied across the bed, embraced by thick layers of blankets, all by himself. “I will make coffee, sleep back.” Said Minseok, still supporting the door with a lazy presence, and Jongdae found himself drifting away. Eyes all heavy but mind all light.

Chapter End Notes

The whole second chapter will be dedicated to the act haha
Please be patient and leave kudos if you feel like it~
Just gotta keep your seatbelt fastened

Chapter Notes

Chapter title from EXO's Two Moons.
Thank you for being here, the update got a little postponed because senior year™, so to compensate the delay i added a little extra before, hope you like it nonetheless!~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As the sun was setting outside, Jongdae sat in the bedroom, windows and doors wide open, letting the fresh breeze running through the room. The dinner was done, champagne and wine cooled in the fridge and everything was tidied up, only to throw flower petals from the entrance door up to the bedroom (the way went to the sofa in the living room then continued to upstairs).

He had a shower after, he knew Minseok liked him clean and fresh, his hair was still drying when he searched for the harness under the bed. The leather was still cold and exciting, he managed to quickly get it on and clasped and clicked all the buttons and shiny clips together, it felt completely different from when he first tried it on, now he was in the finish, the last moves to perfect it all. He fished everything out from the medium sized bag and spread it all out on the fresh covers on bed, goosebumps covered his skin so he quickly went to the bathroom for some robe, for Minseok's robe to be exact.

The clothing just hanged on Jongdae as a silky cape, his husband's scent lingered him around, comforting and riling him up. He closed the windows and placed every toy aside the bedframe and put one of cuffs of the pair on his left wrist, a soft clinging escorted him towards the sofa downstairs, robe knotted tight as he plopped down and waited, waited for Minseok to let him be his.

An abrupt click of the lock on the door quickly woke him from the wandering.

“I’m home, Honey, and look who I bumped into at the mall!” Called him Minseok from the hall, when Jongdae saw Baekhyun wildly waving at him, and Chanyeol shyly do the same, shaking soundly the takeaway boxes in his hands during the process. Baekhyun smirked sneakily as he sat down, or basically fell down next to him on the couch.

“How nice, I like the floral design, is this your new vision, throwing petals everywhere? It's hard to clean them up though.”

Jongdae's breath got caught in his throat and only just gaped and searched for his husband who was unboxing the food in the kitchen, he hid the cuffs real fast in the sleeve of the robe as he turned his gaze on Baekhyun next to him, his eyes narrowed, signaling a 'the actual fuck are you doing here?’ and the answer came right away from the smug little shit.
“How lucky we got the day off, right? Channie and I were about to head home but we saw Minseok at the flower shop!” Laughed Baekhyun, laugh loud and fake, just like the smile right after he gave to Jongdae. “We asked about you, since you didn't come to work!” He gave a half-hug, grabbing him by the neck and keeping him close, the tale continued as the other two settled in the living room as well. “And Minseok said, it’s your anniversary today, in the good old days, families celebrated anniversaries with a get-together, am I right?” Jongdae glanced at Minseok, a last desperate cry for help, but instead of catching it, he kindly stood up from the armchair next to the couch and offered drinks to the uninvited guests.

Jongdae just kept knotting and pulling the robe around him tighter and closer - if only it was around Baekhyun's neck, strange silence filled the room, till Baekhyun spoke up again.

"Dae, I can give you a few advice if you want to-" Then he toyed with his tongue in his mouth to imitate a blowjob. Anger boiled inside Jongdae, pure annoyance radiated from him, which just made Baekhyun laugh out loud with jingling sounds, like pouring petrol on the fire.

When Minseok came back with the drinks, Jongdae fought himself out of the iron claws of Baekhyun and stood up, one last killing smile 'if you excuse us' for the smaller and an emphatic one for Chanyeol who had been sitting on the floor in the meanwhile, tapping on his phone (to keep in touch with Kyungsoo). Jongdae grabbed Minseok by the elbow and pulled him to the kitchen.

“The fuck are they here? I thought we were celebrating tonight?” Whisper shouted Jongdae as soon as the two were out of frame.

“Actually, yeah? With your friends, the smaller one insisted.” Deadpanned the other, hugging him close, his hands slid up and down on his spine, a surprised grin appeared on his face as his fingers traced the harness.

“My friends?” Laughed it off Jongdae, trying to break the mood and look everywhere but into the eyes staring intently.

“Why, are they mine?” Leaned closer Minseok, no real edge in his voice, his breath was calm and collected, unlike the thoughts that swirled in Jongdae's mind.

“Not mine that's for sure.” He pushed Minseok away as he turned his back to older, arms crossed and walked to the door frame to keep an eye on the boys. “Ah wei, just, send them away, Baekhyun keeps smiling, scaring the living shit out of me, and Chanyeol? He's talking with Kyungsoo for fucks sake.”

“Do you expect me to go out and put them on the threshold? Bye, thanks for coming?” Stepped next to him Minseok, studying the two, watching over them like two parents in the daycare, then the younger turned to him, as intimidating as he could be in a silk robe.
“I don't care if you put them in front of a fucking truck.”

“Baekhyun looks like a puppy.” Spoke up after a couple of minutes of silence Minseok.

“Me or them? Choose wisely.” No joke this time, and he was about to continue the bribing procedure when he took one last look at Baekhyun, who seemingly noticed them and waved enthusiastically with a toothy smile. “Shit, he legit looks like a dog. Okay, I make the table, have a nice dinner, what meant for us, and then, send them away.” Shrugged eventually Jongdae, already regretting his decision. “Deal?”

“Deal.”

The dinner went relatively smooth (if you didn't count all the times Baekhyun winked at Jongdae out from the nowhere), they talked about the hotel and Minseok shared one or two stories how all the high school girls swooned over him, even more when they saw the wedding ring he always took down for class.

Jongdae thanked God, Baekhyun (well, practically Chanyeol) brought takeaway food, as he already knew they would be spending the dinner. He could manage the taller pretty well, he just sat all evening long grinning adorkably at his phone, but Baekhyun! He tried to go upstairs (aiming mainly at the petal-paved bedroom) and took two people (him and Minseok) to escort him down the stairs that ‘yes, the toilet is downstairs too’.

One hour of small talk later, Baekhyun finally gave up on his little game, and tickled Chanyeol to get ready. Jongdae literally rushed to the door, opening it wide, and smiling just as wide.

“Thank you for the food and the hospitality-” Jongdae just shushed Baekhyun, pushing them already outside the threshold. “Oh, and Minseok, I left a gift in the living room, please take good care of it! Happy anniversary, guys-” Poor thing couldn't finish the sentence as Jongdae slammed the door and ran all the way to the living room, finding a black, thick choker on the couch with a little note ‘hope it matches;) -b.’ attached to it.

He hardly put it in the pocket when Minseok entered the room with a smile, hands behind his back.

“That little fucker, he knew exactly how important today's for me, yet he had the audacity to show up-” He wasn't really mad at Baekhyun, but the whole evening, his plan shattered right before his two eyes. “He even forced Chanyeol to play his gardedam.”
“Not like he knew where was he and why.” Chuckled Minseok, as his hands were behind him, the form perfectly highlighted the built chest muscles. “So, talking about today-” He said as he brought his hands forward with a big bouquet of flowers, white roses all over. Smile as thick and dripping as honey. “Happy Anniversary, Sweetheart.”

Jongdae's mouth inevitably turned into a beam, but his eyes were dark, making the overall expression bittersweet. He took the flowers and went to put them in a vase, but Minseok was faster, he grabbed them back and placed them on the table next to them.

“I love it when you are sad, it breaks my heart, but your face, just-” Minseok gently caressed his cheek then his cheekbones. “It really turns me on when you frown your eyebrows like that, and when your whole body turns cold.” He rested his fingers there for a moment before he leaned closer, now only whispering. “It feels nice making you happy after, breaking that demeanor.” He slid his other hand down on Jongdae's side, then grabbed his asscheek, his palm slid more south, on his thigh. Everything seemingly went like a script. “Can I, Angel?”

"No." Said Jongdae as he executed a perfect RKO on Minseok and left to the taxi waiting for him to take him to the airport, ticket in hand for Antananarivo. At least in his mind. Confusion reflected in Minseok's eyes as he tried to solve the puzzle what Jongdae wanted.

"No?"

"No. This whole evening has been shit. I waited for so long for this-" They just stood there, next to the sofa, in the middle of the fancied up living room, Jongdae as disappointed as ever, he didn't mean to scold him or pour it all over him, but he had enough, it was time to talk about.

"If I knew, bringing them-" Pleased Minseok, his arms hugged Jongdae out of instinct, but he pushed him away to look into his eyes, eyes full of concern, already reciting what he did wrong.

"No, not that, but the whole. It's always like this. It's not even about Baekhyuns but us? We, okay, sometimes have sex, but its always the same? I'm bored, it doesn't excite me anymore, you ain't at fault but I wanted to spice things up and yet, here we are, you tryna fucking me on the couch as usual.” Jongdae sat down on the mentioned furniture, drawing his hand across the leather, sad smile rested on his face.

"Gosh, I wish I would at least feel embarrassed about what I planned, but no? I would genuinely like to try them out-" He buried his face into his palms and sighed, he started to feel better as he let it all out, now no turning back.

"Them?" Minseok had a vague idea what might 'them' meant, but no, his Jongdae would never-
"Yeah, in the bedroom, but now I'm not sure if I feel like it anymore. Give it a rest, I guess. I will pack it all back and, yeah-" Jongdae finally looked at him, lacing their gaze, after so many years behind them, without words, they read each other.

"No, please, show me." Kneed Minseok down before him, he opened Jongdae's legs by his knees to have a little space he could lean into. He untied the robe, and tilted his head on the other's thigh as he continued to peel the silk off. One shoulder was free. The harness all over the chest, calling him. "Show me what you want, I wanna feel you, Love. It ain't gonna work if we ain't try it."

The sudden heat was something new, Jongdae felt kinda aroused as Minseok kneeled before him, all his, and himself all his, the older tentatively listening to very one of his breath, every flinch and every blink.

"You're right." He said airy, Jongdae slid carefully one hand in Minseok's hair but tightly grabbed it in contrast, Minseok just smiled - no, smirked, lust darkened his eyes. When he felt the hold softening he leant back to spread more his legs and get rid off the clothing, his hands roaming up and down on the body before him, licking his lips every time Jongdae flinched at the contact.

He give a kittenish lick to his index finger before he touched Jongdae cautiously growing and hardening dick, a small blotch as the precum pooled.

"You don't look mad anymore, what's up Darling?" Teased Minseok Jongdae as he caressed the erected shaft, careful to each detail the boxer drawed out for him. Jongdae just gave him a held back moan, the pent-up frustration building up in him as well.

"You wish." His voice cracked right at the end of the sentence. "It aint that-, ain't that easy." Jongdae tried to keep the composed aura as much as possible, nonchalantly looking down on Minseok as he toyed with his cock, amusingly pumping the precum through the boxer. With the increased pressure on him, he unconsciously moved to rhythm, he closed his eyes to fully pay his attention to the chase. At least until Minseok raised his palm to place it on his thigh, abandoning the aching cock.

"But you can keep going, maybe-" The hands of Minseok wandered under the harness, experimenting with the leather. Then he found Jongdae's small nipples. "Maybe I will change my mind."

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I know, I wrote what I wrote, but I just couldn't bring myself to post that part (yet) when this got so much potential fun left?! Don't hate me, I already wrote half of the next part--- I swear, the next part will be the
good shit:)
Please stay healthy and see you sooner ❤
A howl breaks out in the quiet night

Chapter Notes

This is the child of my procastinating and I just want to say thanks to my . . . breaks between my shifts.
Late as always, sorry guys, more angst in the end notes, for now, just enjoy~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"But you can keep going, maybe-" The hands of Minseok wandered under the harness, experimenting with the leather. Then he found Jongdae's small nipples. "Maybe I will change my mind."

Minseok teasingly pinched the nipples and rolled them between his fingers, making them pink and erected, the jolt ran down on Jongdae's spine, straight into his dick, the precum blotch kept growing on the underwear.

"What did you think when you put on the underwear, over the harness?" Asked Minseok, already drawing his index finger across the hem of it. "Isn't it a little-, uncomfortable?" Smiled at him, between Jongdae's spreaded legs, and slid his hands under Jongdae's small asscheeks to lift him slightly, enough to buck into Minseok's neck, enough for the latter to grab the lingerie and undress him from the not so picturesque grey underwear.

"Yeah, yeah, you should, Sweetie-" Said a moment late Jongdae, and Minseok already discarded it, now in full glory, Jongdae's thick cock in front of him, new small droplets on the reddish head, the harness hugging his waist and thighs, cold rings connected the leather stripes. So Minseok took him into his mouth, the weight on his tongue suddenly could be felt in his pants he kneeled in, rose petals under them, rose petals next to them.

Minseok bopped a little bit, just to bury himself in Jongdae's soft pubic hair which run up to his belly button, his hands came to push Jongdae back to the couch, not to thrust suddenly. The younger steadied himself on Minseok's shoulders and let out a deep moan as the other started to relax his throat, letting the cock slide in deeper into it, the wall of his throat hugged the dick around and squeezing it as he tried to naively swallow around it. Minseok slowly took a few shallow breath on his nose before he really started to suck on it, his head up and down, but his eyes never left Jongdae's features, watching him, taking him in in every aspect.

When he felt his lover was really close, hearing all the whimpers and heavy breathing, the never-ending rhapsody of pleading, he took back a little from the pace and simply rested the cock in his mouth. After the cock didn't flinch so much but still pulsed, he carefully leant back, leaving a saliva string between them.
"Won't you show what you prepared?" Teased Minseok, and kept on watching as Jongdae winced as the cold air hit his sliwed up member.

Jongdae just nodded, gathering all his strength, since the bliss didn't leave his body and mind. Minseok stood up first from the floor and offered a hand to Jongdae, who accepted it, just for Minseok to grab him under his ass and lift him to carry him. Jongdae locked his ankles on the back and unbuttoned the shirt on the front, on Minseok, as the clothing hurt his sensitive, reddened cock and drew his hands across the fairly haired chest, well built and steady, just like the rest of Minseok. He felt the muscles under his fingertips and felt as they shrunk under the soft touch. Jongdae only saw the collarbone in front of him, the tender skin, all his, he fidgeted until Minseok slid him a little bit down, and Jongdae kissed him.

Kissed him like he'd been waiting for it for ages, no sign of gingerly sentences and shy winks in the kitchen, no hidden messages between the lines, just them, he licked into his mouth like he would drown without Minseok's tongue, all familiar but somehow it felt new, even after the years, it was something brand new, Jongdae broke the kiss to caught their breath and took a look at the man in front of him, catlike eyes with blown pupils and plush, kiss-wet lips in agape, the most gorgeous sight, no city, nor fictional movie could compete with the marvel Minseok emitted. So he kissed him again and again, and Minseok just held him like the most precious treasure, like a princess he fought for years and compliantly kissed back, holding Jongdae effortlessly as the other continued buttoning down the shirt and clumsily tried to reveal more naked skin. Jongdae went more south with each kiss after Minseok started moaning as Jongdae grinded to his chest, smearing and mixing the faint sweat with the precum and searching for friction on the soon slick surface.

The younger found the other's chin and jawline with closed eyes, then peppered his neck with wet kisses, sucking a hickey right on his pumping artery, which resulted a buck under him, Minseok tightened his grip and kept Jongdae closer with now both hands on his ass, even played with the rim as much as he could, slipping one finger in and out carefully, he breathed heavily into Jongdae's hair, as the other was busy licking up every surface on his neck and collarbones.

Afraid that they would never reach the bedroom, Minseok whispered into his ears, gesture so intimate but felt like a burst on their bubble.

"Let's get to the bedroom-, yeah?" Minseok kissed his blushed cheek just in case.

"Yeah, yeah, I want you to, phew-" Smiled Jongdae while licking all the saliva around his mouth. "I want you to try something on, too. I want to see you."

"Everything for you, not just tonight." And when Jongdae smiled with his eyes too, Minseok added;"But if it's a buttplug tail-" And Jongdae loudly fake whined at that, their laugh harmonized after, like a sweet melody.

Minseok carried Jongdae up to the bedroom, not missing a beat, always looking at each other, reading eachother like an open book. All the lights left switched on downstairs. With a little struggle
Jongdae managed to turn the lights on in the bedroom too, yellowish light filled the room, revealing the messy tidiness inside.

When Minseok turned a little just to see the abandoned stuff all over the bed, he held Jongdae tighter not to drop him in surprise. His eyes went wild and his mind short-circuited.

"Uhm, Honey, you really prepared for tonight-" Started, searching for the right words, chaos like plans already in his head.

"You look like a deer in the headlights. Wanna have a quick walk-through?" Laughed Jongdae, kissing into his ear.

"You act like I've never been to college. Just surprised, and trying to figure out what you've planned for me-?"

And with that he slowly put down the other, watching every step as Jongdae walked seductively to the bed, grabbing the white harness and staring with a devilish smirk at him. "I will put it on, if-" And so Minseok targeted him, and threw the leather back to the bed. He embraced him and pulled his hands behind Jongdae and cuffed them together with the abandoned handcuffs which had hanged from his wrist, warningly. "If I can tease you, too- it's no game if only one plays it, am I right?"

He got an obnoxious laugh in return, and Jongdae grinded on him, and bit his earlobe to start the so called game.

Jongdae just stood there, after Minseok gently pushed him away to eventually get on the white leather instead. Jongdae flinched and tried to slid his hands down to his rear, tried to at least tease the rim, prepare it, prepare himself- but Minseok already stepped inside the harness, naked glory, and tried to clasp all the buttons and clips together. Like a dream, if he needed to use words to describe the scenery, he would say sex prince.

Minseok still looked cute as he searched for the buttons and stripes to fasten it on himself, as he wasn't about to rip him apart with only a single glance a minute ago.

The jade haired took a sharp glance at Jongdae and started walking towards him, every step is calculated, measured. The inferior aura lingering around him, and Jongdae felt the shift in the mood instantly, finally his dreams would get fulfilled, secret wishes granted. And Minseok drew his hands across his jawline and whispered in his ear.

"So how do you want it, Baby?" The smile could be heard in his voice, just as excited as the other.

on the bed, he landed on his stomach, right on the soft blanket. The older felt him up, from his bare thighs to his small but still grabable asscheeks, which felt bigger between Minseok's small palms.

He felt every touch, when Minseok slid his fingers up and down his spine, when he kneaded his ass and teased his rim with firm but careful circles. Then, he inserted one digit into the hole, sudden but awaited, he easily found the spot Jongdae couldn't, and kept doting on the single spot, making Jongdae furiously grinding in front of him, sprawled out on the bed, his small hands in tight fists, but his eyes were still open, searching for Minseok.

Another finger got added, which now felt stretching as the lack of lube, it didn't hurt enough to make it unenjoyable, even, reminding Jongdae, he wanted it rough, raw. But still not enough. His labored breath calmed down, his insides adapting to the fingers, too easily, too unsatisfyingly soon. And so Minseok popped his fingers out and went on a quest to find the lube.

"Darling where did you put the-" Asked Minseok as he slowly examined his fingers, he drew his hand across Jongdae's spine to get rid of the fluids.

"Me? Where did you put it, you clean the whole house-" Whined Jongdae, shimmying further up the bed, ass lifted even higher, his hole displayed to the room. He was about to say to Minseok to look into the bigger closet next to the door when the other let out a victorious groan.

"Nevermind, found it." Said the older, joyful laugh as he found out it was vanilla flavoured and thick, sweet scented. With his newly hunted down prey, he joined Jongdae on the bed, and dropped the lube next to his thigh as he spread Jongdae's asscheeks further.

"Awh, Sugar, it's still so tight, too tight for us-" He began to tease the rim with only one finger at first, but as the younger flinched he inserted one more, and kept his other hand on the globe of the cheek, massaging and kneading the muscles to relax him even more. Jongdae just kept quietly moaning and feeling the digits in himself up. "Let's loosen up, shall we?" Continued Minseok his ministrations after spreading the lube all over his fingers and the rim, after a faint humming from Jongdae, he put in one more, scissoring with now three fingers, he felt the walls slowly adjusting and Jongdae now was biting his lower lip to hold back every sound, if Minseok teased him, he didn't deserve to hear him, it was only fair this way, right?

The burning stretch somehow didn't come, but he did hear the wet and sloppy sounds from his rear, and did hear the heavy breaths and sighs Minseok took. The motions abruptly halted. "Oh, wait, I saw something here earlier-" Said Minseok while reaching for a cockring near the pillows, Jongdae turned on his side then his back, his hands uncomfortably pressed under him, and with all on display, Minseok lubed up with the excess on his hand and fingers, then stretched the silicon band to slid it down, down to the base. The ring had a little rubber bow on it, making the overall image even more naked. "It looks so cute on you, you are so cute, wish we had a bow at home, wrap you up, as sweetly as you wrap around my finger, Babe." And with that, Minseok quickly pressed a digit into him once more.
"Quit the play." Moaned Jongdae, trying to thrust himself back on the finger and failing when Minseok pulled out and grabbed him to sit him up.

"Why, it's so much fun." And Minseok grabbed a small vibrator next to the pillows, how many toys left? He couldn't ever care less when Jongdae was in his embrace, depending on him, clinging to him with his chest. "Could you be more louder for me? Just for me." Simple request needs simple execution. He gently let Jongdae back on his back and spread his legs once more to tease the stretched rim with the still toy.

"Fuck, oh my god?" A quiet and lewd moan left Jongdae's lips, the toy was so much thicker than Minseok's fingers, now he felt it more filling up, the feedback gave the older the turn it on on the lowest setting possible, small vibrating sounds filled the room and Jongdae's stretching hole. Jongdae grasped the blanket under and bit his lips not to give the joy to the other to hear him. But failing miserably as he cried out when Minseok started licking up his leaking cock, like an ice cream, fresh and overwhelmingly needed in the heat, Jongdae could even buck up if he wasn't about to hold back every noise. But then Minseok's tongue slid over the slit. That was it, Jongdae pleaded, prayed, moaned, his voice cracking once.

"Just like that, I could cum just listening to you." Softly noted Minseok between his thighs, lapping his tongue around the ringed base. He left the red cock to sit back and turn on one more up on the toy. Leaving his husband all to himself.

"Touch me-"

"We have all the time in the world, don't be greedy, where's the fun in that, Angel?" Replied Minseok, pulling the vibrating toy out then he pushed it deep back. "What? What you say?" Asked back when he couldn't really hear out any words but noises from Jongdae's mouth. "I love you so much." Kept on talking to him Minseok, kept on thrusting, kept on edging him. "You wouldn't believe it."

"Love you, too. So- so fucking much, oh god-" The answer came right away, Jongdae now giving in to the sensations and blurring out his every thought. His mind was everywhere, focused all the burning and hot arousal deep inside of him. "Keep going, oh fuck. Fuck, fuck, oh my-" Jongdae shifted everywhere on the bed to leave the vibration and keep his calm, or at least catch his breath.

"Now it's more like you, I was worried, you were lack of words tonight, Cupcake." Laughed Minseok, Jongdae so beautifully spread out before him, his small waistline and flat tummy, his skin was pale as a pearl, a mysterious treasure ready to be marked up, be used and be doted on. Minseok studied every inch of him as Jongdae tried to hush away his will to come and just enjoy the moment. His face was gorgeous like this, he started again from the top, his eyes were forced shut, making his cheekbones stand out from his face, the smooth skin was peppered with reddish blush which
continued on the neck, a clue of kisses and bites here and there, like roses on the bush. The heaving
chest on full display as the arms were tied under him, not feeling them, numb, numb as his mind from
all the stimulation. The deep scarlet cock dripping and dripping, crowning the painting. He didn't
even take a look at his thighs, hugging his torso, attracting him more and more, closer and closer to
his loved. Everything hugged and framed all in all together in the black harness.

Jongdae had been moaning and mumbling, but a sudden shriek caught Minseok's attention, catching
a glimpse of saliva coming down from Jongdae's mouth, so kissable, so red, all the pretty sounds
they could make. "Got your voice back?"

"Just, just- please. I want. Want." Tried to speak Jongdae, not making any sense. But Minseok read
him, understood him. I want you.

He slid out the toy and decided on keeping the cockring. When Jongdae could have complained,
Minseok already slick himself up with the precum and lined himself up with the clenching hole, he
only put the head in at first, but slowly, slowly he got in by inches, the hot walls still hugged his dick
around, it was still tight, perfect.

The welcomed fullness seemingly gave back Jongdae's senses, his eyes strictly focused on the still
figure in front of him. Minseok was in him. The other grabbed his right calf by the harness to place it
on his shoulder, giving it all a new angle and started thrusting, testing how it would be better, then he
halted, trying out the same pose, but with the other leg. And that seemed to have the effect he aimed
for, with three simple motions, Jongdae tilted his head back, and cried out, a small tear escaped under
his eyelid. So Minseok kept on moving inside of him, saving every small flinch of Jongdae in his
memory. Loving and living in his aura. He was close, and examining Jongdae, he was too, ages ago.

A sudden idea popped into his mind.

Jongdae felt a small vibration on his right nipple, he thought it was normal, due to the extreme
overstimulation, but the feeling crawled down to his cock. He forced his eyes open, to see Minseok
holding the vibrator gently to him, and still thrusting unevenly, shallowly. The harness jingling to the
beat. The tears already dried up on his cheeks, but his eyes remained red and swollen, just like his
lips. He heard Minseok panting heavily, the wet sounds everywhere, it was all too, too much, the
whole evening he'd been edged through, everything crushed at him.

Surprisingly, Minseok was the first to come, giving his all, moving his hips deeper and deeper, thrust
by thrust, filling Jongdae up, wet and nasty.

The warmth and a long built up teasing made Jongdae come too, not so long after, riding out his so
awaited orgasm by shifting left and right and shouting. His hands trying to break out from their cages
forcefully, his hands were balled up in tight fists, he felt it. The cum inside him, the cum dripping
although the ring around him, everywhere, a final end. He was a mess, he felt completely spent, not
daring to move, but calming his labored breath, few clenches around Minseok who was still inside.
The vibrator got thrown away, somewhere, not important. The only important thought was Minseok. Minseok. Did Minseok enjoy it as much as him? How was he feeling? Is he alright? He couldn't open his eyes, yet, facing the reality, his face felt still hot and red.

The first to move was Minseok, gently slipping out and going to the bathroom for wet and dry towels on wobbly legs. When he went back to the room, he found Jongdae in the same position, but with open eyes, smiling brightly at him.

"And I said, not to be an asshole but basically I got you together? Shameless."

"Baek, I think it's their date not yours-" Called him out Jongdae, turning back to look at Baekhyun lying on the backseat, zooming on his phone.

"Ah, shut up! You are here with me, too. You ain't better!" Snapped back the other, not giving up on zooming and determined to live broadcast Chanyeol's and Kyungsoo's lunch date to the group chat.

"Guys, I think they are- leaving?" Spoke up Minseok, actually paying attention to the victims. It was broad sunlight on a busy Wednesday afternoon, the street was hardly busy, a few pedestrians disturbed the lovely sight seeing.

"Fuck! Where to? God, I can't deal with it. My heart-" Grabbed his shirt Baekhyun with his free hand, faking a sob.

"I'm fucking leaving-" Started Jongdae already opening the car door, when the other two shrieked.

" THEY JUST KISSED !"

Chapter End Notes

Oh, you made it!
Thank you so much for waiting for me and reading my works, even if I had the time to write, I just couldn't. I felt distant towards the characters and hit a major block in writing.
And I started working, my social life is -8 on a scale from 1 to 10. So I'm really thankful for all of you, I start every fanfiction for myself but finish for others to enjoy.
Hope you have a nice day!!~ ❤

End Notes

Thank you for reading!
Love you as always and find me on tumblr @nanonimuss

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!