like honey on your tongue
by orphan_account

Summary

hoseok is pretty and impatient, yoongi is mesmerized and horny.

Notes

warning for possible overuse of italics and yoongi being obsessed with gwangju/busan satoori

See the end of the work for more notes
clubbing is not yoongi's forté, whatsoever. never has been, and never will be.

he hates his friends for convincing him to go out only to ditch him within fifteen minutes of arriving. he glances at the dance floor to see taehyung and jimin dancing drunkenly with a few others, jin involved in a screaming match with some poor guy who accidentally spilled his drink on jin's shirt, and namjoon flirting with one of the bouncers- actually, he might be flirting with both.

on second thought, he's kind of glad that he's not out there with them- or rather, as drunk as they are.

(he hates drinking alcohol with a passion because of how much of a lightweight he is. no one can ever know that yoongi is shitfaced after two, maybe three, shots of tequila, or even worse, that he's an emotional, sappy drunk. so, he sips on sodas and the occasional beer, and that's perfectly fine with him.)

the club isn't too packed, but it's busy enough to have yoongi sweating from the sheer body heat inside the place, and also from the proximity of all the people around him. he isn't an extrovert, or talkative in general, really. it's hard to believe that he can perform for underground fans, let their energy propel him to go on for hours at a time and not be silent for a single moment, and then the next day be too shy to even tell the barista what kind of coffee he wants.

he fiddles boredly with the thin, silver chain around his neck, fumbling with the stone pendant that hangs from it.

he sees out of the corner of his eye someone plopping down onto the stool next to him- he hears the guy first, though.

the newcomer loudly greets the bartender, seuli, like an old friend, exchanging some bro-handshake.

"seuli, my cute little bestie," he coos, ruffling the offended-looking bartender's hair.

seuli slaps her 'bestie's' hand away and glares at him.

"shut up, hobi. what do you want?"

'hobi' seems to take no offense to seuli's standoffish behavior, instead laughing and asking for a water.

seuli pushes the glass over, and rests her hands on the counter.

"so, hoseok. the most sexually frustrated person i've ever met. how's hookup hunting going?"

the guy (who is apparently 'hoseok') lets out an irritated groan into his glass of water.

"terrible. why is everyone here a bottom?"

seuli shrugs, "that's just how it is. maybe try an actual gay bar, dummy. i think there's one a few blocks down. it's usually packed with tops, and some of them actually aren't douchebags. it's a miracle."
hoseok hums in agreement, stirring around the straw in his glass and seeming to think the suggestion over.

yoongi really hopes the guy doesn't leave because yoongi himself is a top and isn't a douchebag at all (at least he hopes so,) as well as extremely available. a flashing neon sign that reads 'open' points to yoongi, and he desperately wishes for hoseok to get the invisible message.

he wishes he was a bit more bold, instead of shy and of little spoken words. he sighs in defeat.

yoongi stares a bit too intently at hoseok's sharp side profile, and his messy caramel colored hair, his elegant-looking hands, and his denim clad thighs that look so much thicker and muscular than yoongi's own. the things he would do to have those wrapped around his waist, or even better, his neck while he- yoongi exhales, and shakes his head to get the thought away.

he really doesn't need an awkward boner right now.

he's calm until hoseok starts talking to some other bar patron. this time, it's a tall, handsome man with an expensive looking watch on his wrist. yoongi rolls his eyes, because of course the one person that yoongi would take home with him is into guys that are the exact opposite of yoongi himself. (tall, confident, rich; 'daddy' material, if jimin were to describe it.)

he picks out the tiniest slip of gwangju dialect in hoseok's words, and he internally screams. yoongi doesn't understand his own obsession with gwangju and busan 'babies' and their satoori, but he does know that both tongues curl around the syllables of yoongi's name beautifully, and that the accent tends to make its presence much more known when its speaker is getting fuc- he needs to stop.

yoongi needs to stop thinking, because if he doesn't he'll get hard and say something weird and awkward- god forbid that he say it to the unbelievably attractive man beside him. he might cry if that happens. (internally, though, because he's tough, and even stone-cold rejection can't break that stance.)

yoongi doesn't know what to do. he has one of the most attractive people he has ever had the pleasure of seeing right next to him, and said guy is openly talking about his need to be fucked into a mattress.

yoongi gulps down his drink, forcing himself to calm the fuck down and more importantly, stop staring at hoseok like a creep.

hoseok says something more than likely inappropriate, maybe even taboo, considering 'daddy material' guy looks offended and embarrassed. he leaves to go back to the dance floor. hoseok looks pretty disappointed. yoongi glares daggers at the guy as he leaves. what an asshole.

(he's also happy though, because that means one less person that has a better chance with hoseok than yoongi himself does.)

however, yoongi misses the distraction that he gave to hoseok, because now hoseok is turning his body to face yoongi and he's not prepared for this at all and- holy shit, hoseok is pretty.

sharp, tall nose, heart shaped lips, pretty, puppy-brown eyes, and a natural glow of happiness on his face despite multiple rejections. still, he can't help but notice that pretty boy has a not-so-pretty sad look on his face.
yoongi can't help but stare, and soon hoseok's pout disappears. his eyes look happier, crinkling in the corners. his cute cheeks rise, and it's a great thing to witness. that's better, yoongi thinks to himself.

then, he realizes he's doing the creepy stare thing again and internally smashes his head into a brick wall. goddammit.

hoseok has a smirk on his face and one well-shaped eyebrow raised. yoongi hates himself. why is pretty boy like this. wait, is that a beauty mark on his upper lip?

shit.

yoongi wants to go home, wrap himself in three blankets, and pretend this never happened. this is embarrassing. he's min yoongi, master of confidence and not giving a fuck about anything. however, right now hoseok is crushing that statement under his half-lidded, amused gaze, and yoongi is lost for words.

"enjoying the view?"

yoongi's droopy eyes fly open wide and he awkwardly sits there with his mouth gaping. he nods like the socially-inept dumbass that he is and inwardly hits his head on a brick wall once more.

"uh- yeah. you're really pretty. i mean, like, you're really hot too but-" yoongi stops talking. hoseok giggles, and yoongi is considering chugging the half-empty bottle of soju to his left because maybe then he won't he so damn awkward.

"you're not half bad yourself. i'm hoseok, and you are..?"

"uh- yoongi."

hoseok tests out the name, the syllables rolling off his tongue and reminding yoongi of honey. he doesn't know why, but he enjoys it, a lot.

"i like it," hoseok grins. seuli passes by again and he flashes her a thumbs up, to which she winks, mouthing the words 'get some.'

"thanks," yoongi mumbles. why is this so difficult?

'it tends to sound better if you're moaning it' is what he actually wants to say, but he can't bring himself to do so, and he instead traces it into the condensation forming on his glass of cheap soda.

"so..." hoseok drawls, twirling the straw of his drink around with his tongue. yoongi feels like he's sweating like a pig.

"yoongi. you got a car?"

yoongi nods, a bit confused as to where this conversation is going.

"good. i'm not a fan of making out in cabs. too creepy for me," he says, his voice bright and his grin brighter, like he has no idea what he just said or what he's even doing to yoongi.

"i really hope that you're a bit louder, later. i tend to get pretty noisy. wouldn't want it to be awkward."

yoongi blushed, "is that a challenge?"
hoseok bursts out laughing again and yoongi takes another sip of his drink, a small smile pushing at the edges of his lips.

hoseok gulps down the rest of his water (yoongi does not stare at the way his elegant neck curves and his gaze does not follow the stray droplet of water that slips down hoseok's skin, he does not.) hoseok slides a few won over to the bartender, also paying for yoongi's drink, and slips off the bar stool. he pulls yoongi off of his own stool by his shoulders, squeezing with delicate hands that yoongi really, really wants on places other than his shoulders.

now, hoseok's standing directly in front of yoongi and he's at least two inches taller. his heart-shaped smile is directly in front of yoongi's eyes and fuck that's a good view but he's also talking and yoongi doesn't hear a single thing through his haze.

yoongi shakes his head, asks hoseok to repeat himself. hoseok giggles. (yoongi internally screams because he finds it adorable even though he’s basically laughing at yoongi’s expense.)

he gently grabs at the lapels of yoongi's leather jacket, smoothing his hands down yoongi's chest in a way that makes him shiver in expectation.

"i said let's get out of here," his lowered voice is gritty and a bit obnoxious, but still entirely pleasant to yoongi's ears.

he hates gwangju, with its stupid pretty boys and their dumb (sexy) accents. they sound like lawnmowers, all of them.

(he leaves out that gwangju babes like hoseok definitely do not sound like lawnmowers while they're being fucked.)

then, yoongi nods dumbly, again, still starstruck by hoseok's lips moving so quickly and smoothly directly in front of his eyes. he couldn't look away if he tried. he holds in a whimper when hoseok's tongue swipes over his lower lip, puffing up the skin just the slightest bit and the sheen of saliva making it glossy in the low light of the club.

that's it.

yoongi grabs hoseok's wrist and pulls him along through the crowd, keeping his grip tight. he kicks the shins of the people in his way without hesitation.

he's horny, hoseok is a once in a lifetime hookup, and he needs to get out of this stupid fucking club. if someone gets in his way, so be it.

yoongi ignores his friends wolf-whistling in his direction. he can already hear the exclamations of 'yoongi finally got laid! it's a miracle!' and taehyung violently poking any marks or bruises that yoongi might get. (he hopes he does.)

he stops walking once they get to the sidewalk outside, causing hoseok to stumble into his back. he plays it off smoothly though, settling his sharp chin on yoongi's shoulder and trailing chilled fingertips under his shirt.

"your place?" hoseok mumbles, more focused on nipping at yoongi's ear piercings and sucking a mark onto the side of his throat than talking.

yoongi nods while turning his head to the side and allowing hoseok more skin to touch with that glorious mouth of his. hoseok leaves wet kisses on the spots that he sucked and nipped at, and he scrapes his teeth down the side of yoongi’s neck. yoongi sighs, then nudges him away.
they don't even make it across the parking lot to yoongi's car before hoseok starts touching him again, his thin fingers slipping through yoongi's belt loops and jerking him backwards.

"hoseok, we're not even in the car," yoongi says, shivering slightly as he does so. hoseok's hands are cold and they're running up yoongi's sensitive sides. it tickles, and he hates it.

“sorry, just excited. you’re the only person i’ve found all night who can fuck me the way i want to be fucked,” hoseok replies shamelessly, and begins to kiss at the nape of yoongi’s neck while he trails his fingertips along the hem of yoongi’s underwear.

yoongi blushes, and is thankful that hoseok can’t see his face.

“be patient, or i won’t let you come,” he grumbles, only half joking.

hoseok nods seriously- does he really think yoongi won’t let him?, and moves aside, letting yoongi guide him to his thankfully not too beat-up car. once they arrive, yoongi spins them around, pinning hoseok to the passenger side door and sliding his hands into the back pockets of hoseok's painfully tight jeans.

hoseok lets out a surprised, pleased noise, wrapping his arms over yoongi's neck and tangling his fingers in yoongi’s bleach-blonde hair.

yoongi’s finally slipping into his confident, dominant persona, the one that only takes over when he’s on stage or having sex.

“if you’re good, i’ll let you come more than once,” yoongi says, his voice barely over a low whisper. hoseok breathes deeply, closing his eyes. he grabs yoongi’s jaw and pulls him in closer.

they kiss, and they clash. they have very different styles of kissing; yoongi prefers it slow, a bit lazy and full of tongue, whereas hoseok is quick and fiery, tugging at yoongi's lower lip with his teeth. they quickly fall into an easy rhythm despite that, and yoongi feels so hot even though it's a chilly night during october. he's squeezing tightly at hoseok's ass through his jeans and hoseok's grip on his hair is taut, tugging hard when yoongi does something right. the sound of their lips meeting echoes in the empty parking lot.

yoongi pulls back, exposing hoseok's face to the coppery light of a streetlamp. the orange color makes hoseok's sun-kissed skin glow. his cheeks are flushed and his lips are slightly swollen. they breathe heavily, exhaling and inhaling the other's air.

hoseok tries to untangle the nest of hair he's created on yoongi's head, laughing at yoongi scrunched up facial expression when he pulls at a particularly dense knot.

he gives up, and instead pulls yoongi even closer. he spreads his thighs just enough for yoongi to stand in between and lowers his eyes to yoongi's own.

"i have an idea," he states. yoongi tilts his head to the side and raises an eyebrow in question.

"i'll blow you here, and you drive us to your place. then, you do what i want you to do. i choose. deal?"

yoongi smirks and nods, squeezing hoseok's perky ass once more.
"be good, and i’ll do anything you want."
Chapter Notes

1k of j-hoe sucking dick (this also coincidentally sucks dick. how tf do you even describe getting a blowjob?? what?? help)

hopefully this wasn't too cringe-worthy??

yoongi calls hobi baby and that's the only thing that matters tbh

the leather back seats of yoongi's car are freezing from the bitter autumn chill outside, and it almost hurts to sit on, but he can't really bring himself to mind much when hoseok's thick thighs are straddling him and heart-shaped lips are on his own- soft and pink and so fucking good at kissing. yoongi's tongue invades hoseok's mouth, the wet heat making him shudder. he slows them down, languidly sucking on hoseok's tongue and pulling away once he's out of breath. his grip on the younger's hips tightens as hoseok grinds down on yoongi's crotch, adding enough pressure to have them both groaning into the air.

with his head thrown back and his back arched beautifully, hoseok takes his time in moving their bodies together, making sure that every roll of his hips has his partner breathing heavily. yoongi reaches forward at the opportunity to leave open-mouthed kisses down the side of hoseok's throat, sucking pink bruises like blossoming flowers into the golden skin of his collarbone.

"yoongi-" his voice breaks off as the blonde nips roughly at his skin and brings up a hand to brush teasingly against his nipples.

"shit- yoongi, wanna suck your cock. please, i promise i'll be good," hoseok whimpers, and a groan rips through yoongi's throat as he nods. the pleading, combined with his gravelly voice and the near-painful friction of his ass grinding down on his lap has yoongi fully erect, his cock straining against the fabric of his pants.

elegant hands pull off his leather jacket, and hoseok slides into the seat beside him for easier access. he trails his fingertips up yoongi's thighs, palming at his groin. he arches up into the touch, his body aching for more. the brunette settles his head on yoongi's shoulder while he smoothly pops the button of yoongi's jeans and slides down the zipper. yoongi quickly pushes the fabric of both his underwear and pants down his legs, allowing milky skin to be shown. his slightly-sweaty skin sticks to the leather, but he doesn't even notice.

hoseok's pretty, spit-slick fingers wrap around his cock, spreading around drops of precome with his thumb. the touch is barely there, teasing and infuriating. yoongi doesn't hesitate to remind him of his threat from earlier, to which hoseok pouts, but leans down anyway. keeping his cock in place with one hand, hoseok looks directly into yoongi's eyes while he runs his tongue up from base to tip. he swirls his tongue around the head, and gives it the gentlest of kisses.

he breathes in deeply, and then the fun really begins.

hoseok's mouth is warm and wet and feels fucking glorious around yoongi. he runs his hand
through caramel-brown locks, the other hand brushing against hoseok's cheek to feel the press of his own length. as he takes yoongi farther down, his eyelashes flutter prettily and yoongi groans at the feeling of hoseok's throat tightening around his shaft. yoongi wishes that he could see better in the dim light from the streetlamp because he knows that the brunette looks fucking perfect, and it pisses him off that he can't fully appreciate the sight.

hoseok breathes in sharply through his nose, and slowly bobs his head. bright pink, shining lips stretch and slide around yoongi's girth and he hardly resists the urge to thrust up into the wet heat surrounding him.

as the younger becomes more comfortable and starts moving faster and applying more pressure, yoongi can't control the whimpers and low moans that leave his lips. eventually, both of his hands find their way to soft strands. they unconsciously tug, hard, and the vibrations of hoseok's groan around his cock leave him breathless.

"fuck, baby. look so good sucking me off," yoongi drawls, his hands tugging again in response to hoseok's whine. the pretty mouth pulls off, a line of spit connecting his swollen lower lip to the flushed head.

"you should come in my mouth," hoseok suggests, his voice wrecked and his accent much more obvious than it was earlier. yoongi groans at the mere thought of someone so fucking attractive swallowing his come, and he quickly agrees, pushing hoseok's head down, down until hoseok's nose is brushing against yoongi's pelvis and tears are leaking from the corners of his eyes.

it doesn't take much more of hoseok's lips wrapped tightly around his cock and deepthroating him for yoongi's thighs to shake and his hips to buck up as he releases in hoseok's mouth, a loud, rumbling moan leaving his lips. he pants harshly and drags hoseok back into his lap by the tight grip on his hair.

the younger whines against yoongi's lips, and they kiss messily. he can faintly taste himself on hoseok's tongue. it's sloppy and maybe even a bit gross, but hoseok is whimpering so prettily as yoongi's hand makes its way into his briefs.

he pulls at the brunette's shirt, signalling him to pull it off. he sighs at the sight of sun-kissed, smooth skin, practically begging to be marked.

"what- what about driving to your place?" hoseok implores, breathing heavily as yoongi kisses down his chest.

"do you really wanna wait that long?" the blonde replies. hoseok shakes his head, and yoongi begins jerking him off in earnest. his tongue flicks and twirls around sensitive nipples, resulting in whines and whispers of his own name.

hoseok must have really enjoyed giving that blowjob, because it doesn't take long for him to become a whimpering mess under the other's ministrations.

"come for me, baby," yoongi whispers, nipping at hoseok's ear lobe and increasing the pressure around his flushed cock.

his hips rock up into the friction and he breathes heavily, nuzzling into yoongi's shoulder and biting down roughly as he orgasms. he comes with a breathless exhale of yoongi's name right into his ear, and the blonde has never wanted to record something so desperately before. he pumps gently at hoseok's length until the after-waves of his orgasm fade out, and wipes his hand off on one of their discarded shirts.
"come on, yoongi. that was the only shirt i had to wear," hoseok whines. he just smirks and cleans off both of their cocks with the shirt out of pure spite. he kind of wants to see how this total sweetheart acts when he's pissed off, how angry he fucks when he's in that state, and almost goes to act on that fantasy, but he decides against it.

instead, he pulls in a pouty hoseok for a slow kiss, tugging on his lower lip when he pulls away.

"you’re being so good, baby. don't spoil it now. just wear my jacket. it's not too long of a ride anyway," yoongi whispers against swollen lips.

as they settle into the front seats, yoongi slides his hand over to rest almost possessively on hoseok's thigh, squeezing just enough for him to flush even darker.

he keeps his hand there for the entire drive.

Chapter End Notes

i decided to break this up into 3 parts because i am a terrible person :)

i'm probably going to condense all of this into one piece eventually so yay?
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

how do you write smut??? i need direction (and jesus)
here's some cringe

Chapter Notes

pretty sure there's a pov change, but i like the way i wrote them and i'm too lazy to go back and fix it so¯\_(ツ)_/¯

See the end of the chapter for more notes

by the time they arrive at the rustic apartment building at which yoongi resides, it’s been twenty minutes. hoseok is hard, again, just from yoongi tracing circles on his inner thigh and speaking to him in this low, melodic voice that makes him simply melt. he’s talking about random things, like his job and his annoying friends, switching topics every few sentences, but his statements about wanting to make hoseok ‘feel so good’ and have him ‘begging to come’ stick with him the most. yoongi’s intentions are downright filthy; he wants the younger riled up and begging, practically eating praise and attention from his own hand.

that’s a bit of a problem, because they’re both obviously pretty dominant- they love that surge of power, the knowledge that they can have someone trembling and completely desperate beneath only their fingertips and unwavering gaze. the question is; who’s going to be on top of who?

hoseok already knows what he wants. he wants yoongi beneath him, his hands pinned to the mattress, his smirk exchanged for an open mouth and his teeth harshly biting at his lower lip. he wants to ride yoongi’s cock and have all the attention on him as he does so. he wants yoongi to be the one begging to come, not himself.

he’s brought back to the present by yoongi opening his door for him, offering a hand to hold as he steps out of the car. they make their way up the stairs with one of yoongi’s hands firmly grabbing his ass. it’s possessive as hell- and he loves it.

they slip off their shoes at the door, and hoseok slings the leather jacket over the back of a couch. the look in the blonde's eyes is full of promise, and as he leads the other down the hallway, he's filled to the brim with sheer want.

“i’ve been waiting so long for this,” hoseok announces against yoongi’s lips. they undo each other jeans, discarding all of their clothing to the floor and giggling when yoongi’s t-shirt gets stuck around his elbows as he tries to take it off. he can’t help but stare at his partner’s milky, lithe frame, admiring the freckles across his shoulders and the multitude of tattoos crossing his skin. there’s a small one of a scorpion inked on yoongi’s right hip that swarms hoseok’s attention immediately. he wants to trace all of the images and designs with his fingers and tongue. he wants and wants and wants.
they leave the lamp on, because neither of them wants to miss a goddamn thing after fumbling in the near-dark earlier.

their actions are not as desperate and rushed as before, and for that hoseok is grateful. he wants to engrave the way yoongi’s body moves into his memory, his calloused fingertips and his treasure trail and the soft planes of his chest. the flush across his neck and the goosebumps on his thighs. he wants to memorize the way yoongi’s mouth forms around the word ‘baby’, the look on his face when hoseok so much as whispers his name. the way he whines when hoseok swats his hands away from his body, and pins them to the mattress instead.

he wants to come from this alone, wants yoongi to come without touching him. they can touch another time- if there is another time.

later, when this is all over and hoseok is back to his one bedroom apartment with only his dance teacher and his dog for company, he wants to remember it all. he wants to get fucked from a memory alone.

the friction that occurs is indescribable as he positions himself on yoongi’s length, despite how much lube they used. yoongi likes it wet and hoseok isn't one to complain. insistent, strong hands grip his waist and help him ease his way down. he’ll go down a bit, and slide back up, then back down again until he makes it down to near the base of yoongi’s cock. it’s a bit too long for comfort, but luckily yoongi's thick, stretching hoseok out and providing a sensation that can only be described as burning pleasure. the sound of yoongi groaning echoes in his ears, and hoseok knows that he has the 'dominant' one wrapped around his finger.

he smirks down at his partner, and tightens around him. he laughs at the way yoongi’s hips thrust up into his entrance, amused by how yoongi was so firm and in control earlier, but now he can’t even think straight.

hoseok plants his hands firmly on yoongi’s chest, tracing the lotus flower tattoo on his sternum, and begins to ride his thick cock in earnest. the sharp clap of skin on skin duets with the wet squelch of lube and their own sounds of pleasure. yoongi whines, a lot, and he tries his best to grab and lift up hoseok’s hips so that he can thrust up into him, but to no avail.

hoseok can't stop smirking despite the moans leaving his lips and the constant stimulus to his rim and prostate, because yoongi is whining so loud and his hands are pinned above his head and is he blushing?

“cute,” hoseok says without thinking. yoongi flushes even darker, and his half-lidded eyes narrow.

“don't call me that.”

hoseok slows his movement to an unhurried grind, keeping everything deep and connected with each roll of his hips. leaning over yoongi with his upper body. he bites at the blonde’s collarbone, licking across it with a devious grin stretched across his face. the cock inside him twitches, and yoongi lets out a harsh breath of air.

“What if i do it again?” hoseok whispers.

“i won't let you come at all. i’ll kick you out.”

“That’s a lie, and you know it,” hoseok retorts.

then, yoongi is flipping them over, spreading his partner’s legs as wide as they can go and thumbing at his entrance. it’s slick and shiny with lube, and yoongi licks his lips at the sight.
“you’re probably right. how could i resist this? you’re the cute one, and you’re gonna look so pretty when you’re being fucked the way you deserve to be.”

now it’s hoseok’s turn to blush, ”are you going to or what?”

yoongi nods, pressing back into hoseok with one smooth movement. hoseok's muscular legs bend over yoongi's shoulders as the brunette practically folds himself in half to get the angle just right, and yoongi swears that he's in heaven.

a sheen of sweat decorates both of their forms, and there's truly no telling whose is whose anymore. moans and whines accentuate the slow grind of yoongi’s hips. hoseok's tight and hot, his high-pitched whimpers and shameless moans echoing through the room when yoongi grinds against his prostate.

“yoongi, go faster,” hoseok hisses, clenching around the length inside him and pulling the blonde closer.

“play nice,” yoongi bites back, but he does speed up. the warmth around his cock is beyond words, and he tries to get it across to hoseok anyway. his necklace swings like a pendulum between them as he fucks into hoseok roughly, snapping his hips into the tightness surrounding him. the air is heavy with the smell of lube and sex, sweat running down his temples as he grunts out low, rumbling groans.

“feel so good, baby. you wanna come?” yoongi grunts, his hips stuttering as he chases his own climax. hoseok moans and nods quickly in response. hoseok's legs squeeze around yoongi’s neck as he gets closer to the edge and honestly it’s a bit difficult to breathe, but yoongi can’t say that he would mind dying from have a pair of tanned, toned thighs suffocating him. (in fact, he would actually love to leave the world like that.)

the younger wraps a hand around his own length, stroking quickly and twisting his wrist on every upward movement. yoongi goes deeper, harder, his hips smacking against the other’s ass and leaving red imprints on the smooth skin.

“shit- yoongi. don't stop, right there,” hoseok whimpers, his voice going higher in both volume and pitch. yoongi braces his weight against his forearms and fucks into the brunette roughly, trying to keep constant contact against the other’s prostate.

hoseok shines in the lamplight as his back arches and his unoccupied hand clutches yoongi’s face closer to him so that they can kiss, but it's more of them just panting and moaning into each other's mouths than anything else.

he clenches around his shaft over and over, and yoongi shudders. his rhythm goes out of pace, and he’s just erratically thrusting now, chasing after bliss and hoping that hoseok follows in his steps.

“baby, fuck,” yoongi grits out, moaning at a higher pitch than normal. he comes hard into the condom, white flashing by his eyes, and immediately starts pumping the brunette's flushed-dark cock to take him all the way. the legs over yoongi's shoulders move to his waist, pulling him in closer. his hands are trembling from the strength of his orgasm, so he tries to make up for it by leaning over to kiss and nip at the tanned skin of the other’s torso.

hoseok’s muscles tense and relax, and his mouth falls open in a silent moan as he releases all over yoongi’s hand and his own stomach. the softening cock inside him twitches periodically, and hoseok brings his arms up to pull the blonde back down to him.
this time they actually do kiss, full of chaste presses of the lips and slick tongues working against each other. hoseok whimpers as afterwaves of pleasure run through him, obliging quickly when yoongi reaches up to have hoseok lick the cum from his fingers.

“you look so sexy, what the fuck,” yoongi mutters against the younger’s chest, trying to even out his breathing. hoseok laughs breathlessly and runs his fingers through blonde locks, panting and looking ever so pretty and delicate in the warm light cast around the room.

they shudder from time to time, and both wince once yoongi pulls out. he discards the condom and goes to grab a cloth to clean them off with. when he gets back, he takes extra care to be gentle with hoseok.

the brunette goes to get up and put his clothes back on to leave, but an arm wraps around his waist and pulls him back to the bed before he gets too far.

“don't even try telling me that you're not a cuddler,” yoongi grumbles into the crook of his neck. he’s eased down onto the mattress, and sighs once his head hits the pillow.

they fall asleep with hoseok half on top of the older, and yoongi's possessive hand curled over his hip.

(the next morning, they exchange numbers. yoongi gives hoseok a shoulder and back massage because he feels bad about the awkward angles from giving a blowjob in the back seat of a car, and hoseok thinks he's in love.)

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Chapter End Notes

i have one other yoonseok smut, and it's possibly worse than this one but it's there so feel free to read it or curse it or whatever, you do you

End Notes

jinkies

yoongi being all shy&quiet but secretly being cocky&dominant is pretty hot idk \_\(ツ\)/¯

kudos&comments motivate me!! pls i'm in desperate need of attention

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