His finger's play with the hem of his sweater, soft and pink and hanging loosely over his frame. The camera was angled just enough to be able to see the lacy, black panties hidden under the fleece. He turned, back facing the camera, to show the way they stretched over his ass, the panties attached to the garter holding up his black stockings.

In their eyes, he looked vulnerable, desirable. But to him, he was the predator.

"Can Baby come play now?"

(Aka the camboy youngjae au that's not really a camboy au that nobody asked for - now with more angst, more plot, and more kinks !)
Basically for this story, as o not give anything away;
- youngjaes a really popular camboy
- there's sex
- It's kinky
- It's angsty
- That's it
- That's the plot

No I'm joking there's gonna be way more to it than that don't worry
Instead, please enjoy shitty camboy youngjae smut <3

(Btw, youngjaes cam name is King just so you know)

(If you wanna cry with me about got7 hmu at Minyo-ongi.tumblr.com)
King sighed, a soft, whiny sound that drifted through the speakers. With only his head cut off by the camera, the rest of his body was shown in full, seemingly glowing against the low light of his bedroom. There was a spiked black collar wrapped around King's neck, the dark colour contrasting with the pale tone of his skin. He wasn't completely bare, two black cuffs around His wrists, a pair of dark stockings wrapped around his shapely legs, and his cock hidden by a pair of lacy, black panties.

Even in the low light, anyone could see the way King's cock strained against the fabric of his panties, could see the way his tip, flushed the same pretty red that was decorating his shoulders (down his chest), was peaking out.

*Today's theme was dark,* King had purred once the broadcast had started, black satin dress wrapped snugly around his slender body, the collar bright against his skin and tight socks ending halfway up his thighs.

It started out as something soft, calm, when the broadcast started, the viewing room nearly empty. King had only been passing the time before the viewings shot up, teasingly dipping his fingers down and around himself until he wrung in a decent count. *That's* when he started the show.

It wasn't too long before King was only down to the bare basics, the dress discarded long ago but the stockings taken left on. His cock was hard, straining against the fabric of his panties and his nipples perky from endless teasing.

(They loved it most when King laid himself bare, teasing and pushing and pulling all-too-roughly until King was pleading for his release.)

King's show was always the best. He was good at what he did; playing so shy, so bashful, yet so shameless in my a way That reeled in many. None had seen his face, left to the imagination of the viewers; but they've seen up to the cupids boy of his lips (maybe the back of his head when King had a guest.)

It was always a *show,* no matter what King brought.

"Tell King what to do, daddy?"

King's voice was soft as always, pitched higher and breathless as he spoke. His chest rose and fell quickly as his fingers continued to tease the top of his cock, not quite touching but not too chaste.

"touch yourself King"

"fuck daddys cock baby"

"show us that pretty little ass of yours getting fucked King baby"

Away from the camera, king's eyes raked over the onslaught of comments. There was a moment of pause, of tension, as King rose off his spread knees and crawled off the bed before returning a moment later.

He sat on his knees with his back to the camera, round ass stretching against the fabric of his panties. His fingers, long, slender, *pretty,* teasingly trailed above the panties before dragging the fabric down the curve of his ass, slowly, just as teasingly. Small moles dotted around the skin of his back and his ass, King's skin looked soft to the touch when he runs his own fingers over the rounds of his ass.
before pulling them apart, leaning forward to push his ass out further.

Tilting his head just enough to have his lips visible (bitten, red,) King keener loudly, "daddy, has King been a good boy?"

In the quiet of the room, King whined as his fingers teased the rim of his asshole, circling and prodding, "King thinks he's been a good boy, please daddy?" His lips parted, and in that was he knows drives his fans crazy, his teeth run over his bottom lip roughly, "can you make King feel good daddy?"

His spine arched beautifully as king's finger dipped passed the rim, pushing without stop to his knuckle. His cries echoed throughout the room as he fucked himself on his fingers, the slender digits scissoring quickly in and out of himself, adding another as he continued.

(King had paused after the first finger, leaving himself empty to drag his fingers into to his mouth, audibly sucking on three of the digits. The viewer count lifted again.)

"Daddy please," King pleaded, his voice sweet as honey, "harder please daddy- King wants it, he's been a good boy!"

His face pressed into the bed as he pushed his fingers in quicker, his moans keening up a pitch when finally, they pressed hard against his prostate.

"Ah, daddy!" King cried, back bowing and pushing his ass into the air. The panties hung around his thighs, stretching as his legs spread, King's cock dripping with precum.

King was turned, suddenly, his back pressed against the headboard and his body angled to the camera could see his fingers disappearing into his ass and his cock dripping against his stomach. King's mouth was dropped, his Adam's apple twitching under the collar as he continued to finger himself into oblivion.

"Daddy," King pleaded, his cock twitching against his slim stomach, "can King cum now? A-ah-Please daddy, King needs to cum for you-"

He gnawed on his lip again, cutting off his words and muffling his loud moan, free hand fidgeting with the collar around his neck and his legs spreading wider.

(King didn't need to look at the comments when his hand wrapped around his aching cock; they all said the same thing, by now, anyways. )

King cried in pleasure when his hand wrapped around his cock, angling himself so the camera could get a clear shot of his ass and his cock. He could feel the slide of precum under his hand, his fingertips digging into the slit of his cock and drawing out a keening whine from his throat. King's fingers hit deeper with the new angle, his moans falling out quicker and more frantic as he pressed harder against his prostate.

"Ahh, daddy!" King cried out, straining against the headboard as white stripes of cum shoot out of his cock, painting his chest, "so good," he whines, his moan drawn out.

There was a moment of pause before King caught his breath, still sounding breathless as he pulled his fingers from himself, dropping into his knees in front of the camera. With only his lips showing, King's fingers dragged through the mess of cum on his chest slowly, catching as much as he could.

"Did King do good, daddy?"
The broadcast ended with a shot of King slipping his cum-covered fingers into his mouth, his tongue peeking out to lick at the digits.

"

"Fuck," Mark cursed, his hand sticky under his boxers. His chest heaved, head leaned back against his computer chair. He'd been lucky to find King's live broadcast so quickly, luckier to have been one of the first.

He looked down at his discarded homework in distaste; after that, Mark doesn't think he'll be able to concentrate.

Fuck.
Ngl, this Fic is going to be like. Smut and more smut, ft. Feelings and angst

"Fuck, fuck," Mark cursed, fumbling around with his pants around his thighs. Woke up late, again, not gonna have time to finish his assignment, again; really, today is just not his day.

Mark barely has time to chug a cup of coffee and pull on his clothes before he's out the door, his roommate staring after him in amusement because his dumb ass is late (again.)

(Mark has lost count of how many classes he's been late for, and it's only, like, the first week.)

He makes it to class, thanking the gods that class had only begun. Most of the seats were filled, save for one or two. He quickly shuffled to the closest one, dropping himself into the chair and shooting his gaze towards his professor.

The man hadn't noticed Mark shuffle into the classroom, his attention (luckily) given to the person he was talking about. (Seriously, Mark was just thankful he wouldn't have to sit through another lecture about lateness.)

Mark's eyebrow rose; he'd been in this class for about a week and a half, and he's never seen the man his professor was talking about. Must be a late start, Mark thinks. He's sure he would have remembered someone who looked like that.

He couldn't see the man very clearly, but Mark guessed they were around the same age. He could only make out the man's soft-looking brown hair and the paleness of his skin. He was dressed in a baggy sweater with the sleeves pushed up his forearms, and slim jeans, but Mark could make out the curve of his legs.

He was cute.

He didn't know what it was, but there was something about the man (maybe the choker peeking out from above the man's sweater,) that reminded him of someone he did not want to think about right now.

(Who's he kidding? His mind's been in the gutter since King's broadcast last night anyway.)

He watched the professor shoo the cute brunette away from his desk and Mark caught a glimpse of sharp brown eyes as he passed.

"Now that Mr. Choi has joined us, and Mr. Tuan," Mark sank down in his seat as the professor glared at him, "is finally here, we can get started."

So he did notice, Mark groaned under his breath, slumping against the back of his chair. He mostly ignored the professor as he spoke, mind drifting from fatigue and boredom. The new student, Choi, only a fleeting thought in Mark's brain as his eyes drifts in and out of focus.
Instead, when he should have been listening to the lecture or thinking about how he was gonna finish his (already late) assignment, he couldn't stop his mind from running back to the very root of his problems: King. He couldn't help it. As his mind drifted, King seemed to plague it.

(Maybe it was because he was a horny 24 year old? That might be it.)

Mark's eyes slipped closed, leaning his head against his hand.

He thought of king's thighs, wrapped up in his favourite pair of black stockings. Plush, pale thighs, always on display some way or another, the black fabric of his stockings riding halfway up his thighs, clinging tightly. Mark felt his eyelashes flutter at the thought, King's thighs were always his favourite.

More often than not, King's stockings were held up by a garter, raised above his favourite laced panties. *He likes black*, Mark hummed under his breath, his toes curling in his shoes.  

(King's pale skin contrasted with black, "*it looks best on me, ne,*" he's giggled during one of his earlier broadcasts, the first time he wore his black lingerie.  )

Mark could practically see it now.

King wrapped around him like his stockings on his thighs. The firm weight of King's thighs wrapped around Mark's waist, the thickness of King's ass cupped in Mark's hands. King’s lips locked with his as Mark presses him against the wall, his hand coming up to tangle through King's soft brown hair.

Tugging King's head back, Mark's tongue slipped into his mouth, moving them so he could press King down onto the mattress. Mark has to bite back a moan when King flips them over, his hair shadowing his eyes as he leans over Mark's body. King's thighs are still wrapped around him, but he carefully slivers down Mark's body until his hands are teasing at the buckle of his belt.

"*Can King play with you?*" King looks up at him, his pretty, pretty lips pushed out in a pout.

Mark shivers when King's hands trace the edge of his pants, eagerly slipping them down Mark's thighs. His lips trace down the fine trail of hair down his stomach until they reach the hem of his boxers. There's a coy smirk on King's face as his hands slip into Mark's boxers, the smirk widening when Mark's breath hitched at the contact.

King's tongue runs over his lips when he pulls out Mark's cock, hard and straining, looking up at Mark with sultry brown eyes and drawling in his low, smooth voice, "*King wants a taste, daddy.*"

There's no hesitance when King drops his mouth over the tip, closing his mouth around Mark's cock. Mark's teeth ground into his lip at the feeling. The warm, tight hear of King's mouth, he could only imagine how *amazing* it would feel, wrapped up in King's plump, tight, ass-

"*Right, Mr.Tuan?*" The professor called, his eyebrows raised.

Mark startled, jolting up in his seat and smacking his knee against the desk. He fumbled around for a moment, messily catching his coffee before it fell. "*Y-Yes?*

He could hear the people around him snicker quietly and his cheeks heated up, crossing his legs to cover the tent in his jeans.

"*Great!*" His professor clapped his hands together, "*Thank you for agreeing to partner up with Mr. Choi. I expect great things from you two.*"
Mark sputters, kneeling his desk again in surprise. *What?* He looks around in alarm, meeting a pair of sharp, brown eyes and a twinkling smile; *Choi*.

Choi looked over at him from a few rows away, leaning against his hand. His light brown hair was pushed back away from his face, and Mark could make out the small, black choker standing out against his pale neck.

Choi sent him a wave, his smile widening.

*Shit,* Mark choked, unable to take his eyes off of Choi's feeling his dick twitch in his pants as King's own collared neck flashes through his mind.
first of all, poor mark and his dusty dick.
second; almost 3k of writing, filled with my shitty, self deprecating humour and no
smut? wowzie this is a miracle for me
*Bjoo voice* waaaaaw
k thx

anyway, enjoy this.

(this is what I spend my time on instead of homework, rip al 2k16)

Mark couldn't be any more relieved once the professor dismissed everyone at the end of class. By the end of the lecture, he was about ready to disappear into the ground, too embarrassed to look anyone in the eyes in fear they'd seen. Mark's boner (thankfully) had gone down in the last half hour, but the embarrassment of popping a boner in the middle of a lecture is still painfully fresh in his mind.

(He's also painfully aware of the fact that he doesn't know anything about the assignment the professor gave to the class.)

He spies Choi out of the corner of his eye, the pretty man still hunched over his desk even as the classroom started to clear. He's running a slim hand through his hair when Mark looks over, and it's painfully attractive.

"So, uh," Mark jolts in his seat (again), looking up to see Choi standing in front of his desk, his head tilted and a cheeky smile on his lips. Mark's face heats up again, he hadn't even noticed Choi move. "You're Tuan, right? My, uh, partner for the semester."

He's kind of timid in his speech but his voice is soft and pitched in a way that seems kind of familiar and kind of has Mark's heart beating quicker. What the fuck? Mark brushes it off, throwing his stuff into his bag and standing up. "Y-Yeah. Mark Tuan," he quirked a smile, "Nice to meet you."

"My name is Youngjae," Choi- no, Youngjae gives him a bright smile before he runs his tongue over his bottom lip nervously and Mark fucking chokes.

"That fucking tongue-

"So, that project?"

Mark stumbles in his stride, trying to catch up to Youngjae when he starts to walk. I could be wrong- He takes a breath to calm himself down, cursing himself with the rapid beat of his heart, "S-So, um, remind me again what that project is for?"

Youngjae pauses, looking back at Mark in alarm before he breaks out into a twinkling laugh, his hands (which are really, really pretty- stop it, Mark,) coming up to cover his mouth abruptly. "Sorry, sorry," Youngjae immediately apologises, "I didn't mean to laugh, Mark-ssi!" Giving him a closed
eyed grin, Youngjae waves his hand, "We're doing a report on Shakespeare's works and their relevance in everyday life."

"Ah," Marks voice cracks when Youngjae looked around the hallway, biting absently at the tip of his finger. He seems to be doing it unconsciously, his nail dragging on his plump bottom lip and Mark kind of wants to die peacefully before he pops, yet again, another boner.

Shit.

"I'll see you around, Mark-ssi," Youngjae gives him a wave, a cheeky smile still pulling at his lips even as he's walking down the hall and disappearing into the crowds of people.

Fuck, fucking, fuck.

As someone who has a healthy libido and a great hold on his sexuality (at least, he likes to think he does,) Mark isn't a stranger to popular, online porn. It's inevitable, everyone's watched porn at least once, and Mark is one of those people. Although PornHub isn't his ideal (he's kind of afraid of that site, to be honest. Some people are into weird things,) he does like to stream cam boys. Mark's not the only one of his friends who watches them, he knows. And while his dick isn't dusty enough yet for him to pay for monthly subscriptions, he'll admit to having watched through most of the popular ones at least once.

I mean, could you really blame him? Mark was a lonely, horny, gay college student, too boring to do anything as a distraction and too shy to go out and meet someone. So he did what every other person in his position would do; get off to a pretty stranger on the internet at the same time as hundreds of other desperate men.

It worked well enough, Mark guesses, and he's definitely not desperate enough to go to Jackson to relieve himself. Sure it was kind of awkward, but he got over it relatively quickly. Some of the cam boys were really attractive after all, so it was easy to get over the awkwardness of realizing that 1) there was someone else (someone anonymous) behind that screen, and 2) they were mostly live cams.

But the shows were never bad, he even found himself re-watching some old broadcasts when he was in the mood.

(Especially King's.)

So Mark is pretty confident when he says knows what King's thighs look like (either bare and covered, Mark's got a clear image of the beauties that are King's thighs) and what his neck looks like with a collar wrapped tightly around it (and even hands, that one time. That whole broadcast was a new experience for Mark,) he knows what King's lips look like wrapped around his own fingers.

And that, what Youngjae did in the hallway, with his fingers- yeah, Mark is also confident in saying that that was familiar. Too familiar.

(Either that or Mark is just really horny and is projecting on him because of the fact that Youngjae is really, really cute.)

Mark takes another breath, leaning back against his computer chair dejectedly. I'm probably just horny, Mark reasons with himself, just projecting onto Youngjae and his cute-as-fuck face because
of his earlier case blue balls. *That's gotta be it,* Mark groans, *no way could* that *be him.*

Mark runs his hands through his hair and huffing loudly, *probably just horny.*

He groans in dismay, head smacking against his desk as realization creeped up into his thoughts. Just how *lonely* must someone be if their thoughts are constantly being plagued by a *camboy?* (Even if King should be classified with the gods with how pretty he is, it's still kind of weird- *no, it's completely weird.*) Is Mark's dick really that dusty that he's *this* affected by a faceless body on his computer screen?

(The answer is yes. His dick is *very* ashen and he's *very* desperate.)

Mark groans again, knocking his head against the wood of his desk a few times, greatly pitying himself and regretting a lot of his life choices. He's really gotta do something before this gets anymore more out of hand. *I need to get laid.*

"Mark-hyung!"

Mark almost screams his unpleasant feelings into the air as *someone* continues to bellow his name through the door of his bedroom. Closing his eyes, he wonders how easy it would be to change his address so Jackson could never find him again. It’s a pleasant, hopeful thought.

(But he's one of Mark's only friends so he decides against it. Again.)

"What do you want, Jackson?" Mark yells through the door, turning his head to watch Jackson thrust open his bedroom door with a loud bang, his long-time friend's smile too bright for Mark's current disposition. "Can't you see I'm having a moment here?"

Jackson rolls his eyes, strolling right up to Mark's chair and tugging on the back of it. "Get your dick out of you mouth already, man. My roommate ain't home and I'm *bored.*"

Mark, after sending a glare at Jackson for his rude remark (his dick is not in his mouth, thank you very much,) perks up at the mention of his friend's roommate. Even after knowing Jackson all these years (they met online, actually, before either of them even came to Korea) he's never met Jackson's roommate. All he knows is that the two of them have lived together for a few years now, and that his roommate was apparently "broke as fuck" - literally every time Mark has gone to Jackson's apartment, he's never seen *The Roommate.*

(Honestly, he's only been to Jackson's a handful of times. It's pretty far from school and not in the best neighborhood, and Jackson spends most of his time over at Mark's apartment anyway.)

Jackson doesn't like to talk too much about his roommate, so Mark's never really asked, never really been one to pry. He was just *really* curious, is all.

"Your roommate?" Mark's eyebrow raises, now that he thinks about it, Jackson's roommate "ain't home" quite a lot, "When is he ever home anyway? Speaking of, why are you bothering me? I have work to do!"

Jackson raises his eyebrow, ignoring Mark's first question and puckering his lips in a pout, "If working means whacking off over your computer screen then I'd say you're working too much." Marks cheeks heat up and he is very seriously regretting his choice to give Jackson a key.

"Jackson!"

"What?" The younger man huffs a cheeky laugh, dodging Mark's flustered punch and grabbing him
by the wrist, "Whatever work you have can wait. I'm bored and you probably haven't left your apartment for weeks! Jinyoung's been talking about your mopey ass stinking up the apartment for a while now."

Mark scowls, just having enough time to grab his phone and wallet on passing as he's (unwillingly) dragged from his room. "Fuck you," he huffs, "I've left the apartment plenty."

Jackson shoots him a dry look over his shoulder and Mark knows that he knows that Mark's bullshitting. So, to save face, he pushes Jackson forward with a (faux) annoyed frown, slipping his feet into his shoes, "Aish, have some respect for your hyung. Let's go."

And that's how he ended up in a too-cold, too-crowded Starbucks about three streets away from Mark's apartment, sipping on a Caramel Macchiato while he watched Jackson shove shortcake down his throat. He grimaces unpleasantly at the sight, rolling his eyes as Jackson continues to blab his mouth around every bite. It would be endearing if Jackson hadn't dragged him out of his apartment while he was busy, as Jinyoung calls it, "angsting."

Mark wants nothing more than to curl up on his bed and maybe sleep for a few years - or at do the research Youngjae had texted him about (did he mention that yes, he did in fact get Youngjae's number? Because, yeah, that's a thing now.) But no, he was sitting in a goddamn Starbucks, sipping a too-sweet Caramel Macchiato and listening to one of his best friends ramble about something Mark doesn't understand.

(Something about the use of Quantum Physics and trying to woo someone, he thinks. Mark really isn't sure sometimes. No matter how smart Jackson was, there's a chance he'll get distracted by another thought flying around his brain and unknowingly change topics. Though why he'd be talking about quantum physics was a mystery to Mark, seeing as Jackson was a dance major; but to each their own, he figures.)

Mark's watching him in amusement now, as Jackson smoothly descends from talking about romance to quantum physics to talking about how math is completely unnecessary if people have calculators. It was kind of amazing how easy Jackson could talk about anything, while Mark had trouble trying to keep up small talk. It was easy to be friends with Jackson when he spoke so much; Mark was always a quiet person but there weren't any prolonged, awkward silences with Jackson.

"So, really, it's unnecessary." Jackson gripes around his fork, "Why make everything in life harder when you could just use a calculator? Think about it: standardized testing is no more, calculators are the next step into the future. No more stress, people could actually get things right for once, how great would that be-"

Both of them look down at the Jackson's phone, obnoxious ringtone cutting off his (confusing) rant. Mark's eyebrows furrow, as an unfamiliar name pops onto the screen but his mouth drops open a bit when a recently familiar face does too. Mark blinks as Jackson quickly picks up the phone with Youngjae's face popping up for the caller's photo (a really cute photo, at that, where his lips are puckered and he's got his fingers held up in an awkward peace sign).

He knows Youngjae? Mark questions, watching the blond answer his phone.

"Sorry, Mark-hyung," Jackson apologizes, turning away from Mark when the older waves his hand. "Jae? Did something happen? You never call," Jackson hisses softly into the phone.
Mark sees him shake his head unconsciously, biting his lip as Youngjae (seemingly) answers his question. "What do you mean you took the wrong bus? Where are you," the last question is pointed, and Mark could hear the worry in Jackson's voice as he tried to soothe the caller's (seeming) panic. "No, Jae, calm down. Just take a breath or two and tell me where you are okay?"

He could see Jackson's eyebrows furrow in annoyance, "How the hell did you manage to get out there- you know what, I don't want to know. Just stay safe and don't talk to strangers, I'll be there as soon as I can, okay?"

Jackson hangs up the call soon after that, his expression apologetic and looking sheepish as he faced Mark again. "Sorry, Mark-hyung, something came up and I need to go pick up--"

"Wait," Mark shakes his head as Jackson stands up, his curiosity too much, "You have Youngjae's number?"

Jackson freezes, and Mark briefly wonders if he said something wrong, he could see Jackson's shoulder's tense for a moment. The blond turns around, blinking at Mark in surprise. "How do you know Youngjae?"

It's Mark's turn to blink in surprise, but he answers Jackson's (slightly accusatory) question anyway, "He's my partner in Literature." He's pretty sure that he told Jackson about his project partner (or way that Jinyoung? Thinking back, it probably was.) He licks his lips, almost grimacing at the sweet taste of caramel on his tongue, "I thought I told you."

Jackson seems to visibly deflate, his expression relaxing and the tension leaving his shoulders, "Oh."

He's acting weird, Mark thinks, raising an eyebrow at the blonde's strange (stranger than usual, anyway,) behavior. "Speaking of, how do you know Youngjae?"

Jackson almost looks like he doesn't want to tell, with how his face drops into a scowl but the expression is gone as quickly as it shows up. "He's my roommate."

Mark's jaw drops open in surprise, an obnoxious "what the fuck" leaving his mouth. Jackson's mysterious, broke-as-fuck roommate was none other than Choi Youngjae, Mark's alluring project partner who always wore chokers and had thighs that could kill. He was finding it a bit hard to believe that Jackson's roommate, the one he complained to all of them about not restocking the fridge or using up all the hot water, was Choi Youngjae. "He's your roommate?"

(It actually wasn't that hard to believe but Mark was kind of confused because suddenly Choi Youngjae was everywhere in his life.)

Jackson bristled at the comment, frowning at Mark, "Yeah, and what of it?"

Realizing that that probably came off as rude (again, Mark, again,) Mark quickly shook his head, holding his hands up, "Nothing, never mind." Jackson fidgeted in place while Mark fumbled to speak, obviously wanting to race off towards his lost (?) roommate, "Do you, uh, need a ride then? To pick him up," Mark coughed into his fist, "it would be easier than wasting your money on a bus."

Jackson bites his lip, looking torn between accepting and declining Mark's offer. "Fine," he relents with a sigh, pursing his lips and turning on his heel. With a frown, Mark follows behind, scooping up his keys and his coffee.

(Mark's still confused as to why Jackson's acting like this, but he'll let it go for now.)

He guesses this Is better than hiding himself in the apartment 24/7 - but then an image of Youngjae's
teeth dragging over his lips flashes through Mark's mind and suddenly, he's starting to regret offering to drive as his stomach flips.

Fuck me.
The drive was uncomfortably silent, save for the directions Jackson was giving. The atmosphere in the car was tense but Mark just couldn’t understand why. One look towards the passenger seat told him that Jackson was obviously distressed about something, with how he was worrying at his bottom lip and drumming his fingers impatiently against the handle of the car door. Was Jackson really that worried because Youngjae got lost?

(Whatever it was, he wasn’t used to this behavior from his usually upbeat friend.)

When the car rolled to a stop (in front of a shady looking McDonalds on the other side of town - really, what the hell was Youngjae doing this far out?) both of them released a collective sigh of relief when their object of worry pushed himself outside the building quickly, albeit looking worse for wear. As soon as Youngjae was in sight, Mark was barely able to change gears before Jackson was out of the car, storming over to him with an uncharacteristic frown. Mark could only watch in confusion when Jackson grabs both of Youngjae's cheeks and starts inspecting his face, his mouth moving a mile a minute.

It was kind of weird (wait, no, it was seriously weird,) to watch Jackson act like a mother hen; for all that he was over-protective and a bit overbearing at times, he never really hover over any of his friends like he was doing to Youngjae right now. At least, for as long as Mark’s known him, he’s never seen Jackson fuss over someone like that.

Are they together? The jealous string of thought caught Mark off guard, realizing that he was glaring at the two of them as they had a (not so) private conversation in front of McDonalds. He shook his head to rid himself of the oncoming jealousy (though, there was nothing to be jealous of because it wasn’t like Youngjae was his, even if Mark did have some sort of weird crush on him.) He only sighed and watched as Jackson finally started dragging Youngjae over to the car.

He focused his gaze on Youngjae instead, to distract himself from his own thoughts. The younger man was just as pretty as he was last time Mark saw him (like seriously, does this guy always look like he stepped out of Vogue?) His hair, dyed a darker brown than it was last time (almost black - and shit, did that colour look good on him,) was brushed back to reveal his undercut and he was a hooked, black collar. It was almost hidden by a too-large sweater that seemed to hang off of his slim shoulders, reaching just above the middle of his thighs.

The first thing he thought (curtest of his thirsty dick) was damn, because Youngjae looked so good, but as soon as the thought dragged itself forward, Mark pushed it down again. If Youngjae's downcast expression was any indication, now was not the time for Mark to think about how
delectable Youngjae looked. It was a little unnerving because there was no bright, boxy grin that Mark had gotten used to, no obnoxiously attractive laughter to distract him from his life. No, Youngjae's teeth were gnawing at his bottom lip and his eyes looked a little red, cheeks puffy like he'd been crying. (And wow, if that didn't leave Mark feeling even more guilty.)

Mark's fingers tapped tensely on the steering wheel as Jackson pushed Youngjae into the backseat carefully, eyeing the brunet though the rear-view mirror. "Are… you alright?" Mark winced as soon as the question left his mouth (of course Youngjae wasn't alright, you idiot.)

He saw Youngjae nod regardless, sending a small, weak smile Mark's way. "Just got lost, is all," he mutters with a tone that sounded much too resigned for someone like him (as far as Mark thought, though,) before turning apologetic, "Sorry for bothering you, Mark-ssi."

Mark sputtered at the apology, quickly shaking his head and averting his eyes away from Youngjae and his apologetic, droopy eyes before he could start staring again. "No, it's no bother, don't worry." The smile he shot Youngjae was half-hearted at best as Mark willed himself not to stutter with his next words, "Y-You can call me hyung, by the way."

He saw Youngjae's head tilt out of the corner of his eye and Mark had to pinch himself to stop the flush from staining his cheeks (because that was seriously cute, and this is not the time, Mark, you asshole.) He thinks it would be a bit too inappropriate to pop a hard-on in the car, not to mention when Youngjae was so obviously distressed, with both Jackson and Youngjae present. No thanks.

Just when Mark was getting ready to regret opening his mouth, Youngjae beat him to it. "Okay, Mark-hyung."

Youngjae let out a small, restrained giggle, but there was a smile on his face that had Mark's grip fumbling on the steering wheel. He tensed when Jackson opened the passenger door (finally) and slid in, turning to look at Mark with a strained expression on his face. "You remember where my apartment is, right?" Jackson sounded about as happy as he looked, and Mark could see his eyes fogging up wetly (something that he's learned only happens when Jackson was stressed.)

The action makes Mark feel even worse about his previous thoughts. He pursed his lips but nodded, turning back to the street to avoid Jackson's wet eyes. "Yeah, don't worry about it," he mumbled softly, putting the car in drive.

The atmosphere in the car was just as tense as it was when they drove there, if not worse (though Mark wasn't sure how it could've gotten worse - he guessed Youngjae had something to do with it.) No one was speaking, Mark would only get mumbled, one-word answers whenever he asked Jackson about directions and Youngjae seemed to curl in on himself in the backseat. By now, his curiosity was starting to eat at him but Mark was sure he wouldn't be getting answers any time soon (if he got them at all.)

It really wasn't his business, but seeing Jackson so distressed wasn't a common occurrence and Mark would be a huge liar if he said he didn't want to know. He knows it must have been something more important than just "missing a bus" if Youngjae was this upset about it (not to mention Jackson himself - Jackson's missed plenty of busses and none of that had ever made him stress-cry before.) Everything was just weird and Mark wanted to know what was going on, but as he pulled up outside of Jackson's less-than-nice apartment, Mark knows he isn't going to get anything tonight.

No one moved for a few moments, even after Mark parked. His fingers drummed restlessly against the steering wheel again, turning to look over at Jackson again. The blond was slumped back against
the passenger seat, looking dazed and unfocused. "Jackson," Mark called, snapping the blond out of his stupor, "We're here."

Mark watched him blink back to reality, shaking his head and looking around. "Right," he coughed, letting out a strained chuckle as he reached into the backseat and started shaking Youngjae's knee, "Come on, Jae, time to get up."

Mark blinked, looking behind him just in time to see Youngjae's sharp eyes blink open from where he's slumped against the door. He must've fallen asleep during the almost hour-long drive, Mark thinks, a fond smile pulling at the corners of his lips before he could push it back down. It took a few seconds of Jackson shaking him for Youngjae to actually wake up, sleepily mumbling under his breath as he fumbled with the seatbelt.

(It was also insanely cute and once again, Mark felt guilty for the way his heart seemed to speed up.)

"You have your keys right? Can you go up first," Jackson asked once Youngjae managed to unclasp the belt, sending him a smile when Youngjae's head bobbed in consent, "I'll see you in a minute, Jae."

Youngjae hummed, hand searching blindly for the door handle because he was too stubborn to keep his eyes open again. "Thanks for the ride, Mark-hyung," the brunet smiled in Mark's general direction as he slipped out of the car, the door shutting behind him softly.

(Mark's heart fluttered in his chest again because wow, his voice was airy and rough with sleep, and hearing him call Mark's name like that was enough to make his face flush - and Mark stop that train of thought right there.)

As soon as Youngjae disappeared into the building Jackson turned over to Mark again, the terseness on his face replaced by sheepishness. "Sorry, hyung," he pursed his lips in an apologetic smile, "You didn't have to come with me, or drive us, especially because it's all the way across town and you probably wasted a lot of gas because of us, but I…"

"Hey, I said it's fine," Mark cut him off before Jackson could start rambling, waving his hand dismissively, "I get it. You don't have to explain to me if you don't want to." And he does get it, obviously (no matter how much the thought leaves a sour taste in Mark's mouth) Youngjae has a special place in Jackson's heart, and something must have happened for both of them to get this worked up. Mark is sure that he'd be the same way if he were in Jackson's position.

"But, you know, I am your friend," Mark feels his face heat up when Jackson raises an eyebrow, but he continues, "and I'm… like, really not good with words but if you need anyone… to, uh, talk or anything…"

Jackson grins, sunny and bright and familiar enough to ease the stiffness in Mark's stomach, "I get it, I get it." He laughs, and it's just as full as it was earlier in the day (something Mark never though would be such a relief until now,) patting Mark on the shoulder none-too-gently, "Thanks hyung, I knew what we had was special-"

"Shut up," Mark shoves him towards the door. Here he was, trying to be supportive and whatnot (even though he knows a part of it was because he was nosy and wanted to know what the hell just happened, but still,) and Jackson just had to ruin their moment with his obnoxious teasing. "So much for trying to be a good friend," he mutters.
Jackson pulls him into a too-tight hug, "Really though, thanks for everything." He pulls away just as quickly and reaches for the door handle, smiling over at Mark as he leaves, "I'll text you later, yeah!"

And just like that, Mark is alone. Jackson's disappeared into the building but here he was, still parked outside of it and staring into space like an idiot. You can't really blame him, he thinks, because his mind's running a mile a minute but nothing's making any sense. He's still trying to wrap his head around what the fuck just happened. All Mark could say with complete confidence is that he is completely confused.

(Like, what did Jackson mean by "texting him later"? Was it just a greeting or was he actually going to tell Mark what happened?)

Not to mention the fact that he couldn't get Youngjae out of his head (not that that wasn't already a common occurrence.) Mark could still picture the brunet's sad, puffy face and his droopy eyes but he could also picture his rough, sleepy voice and his subdued presence. It was really conflicting and it made Mark remember that, oh yes, guilt is a thing that he's feeling. (Like, what kind of asshole gets flustered by their best friend's roommate's endearing actions while he's so obviously distressed? Mark's kind, that's what.)

And now he's left to stew in his own confusion and embarrassment-guilt as he drives back to his own apartment.

_Fucking great._
Okay this is kind of shitty for a few reasons, 1) I'm doing this on mobile, and 2) I busted my computer so I can't edit shit all until I get it fixed

Good news, I have a 9k 2jse fic I'm getting ready to post so beware y'all, it's wolf au

Enjoy you some shitty angst, smut, and feelings

By the time Jackson had clambered up the three staircases and walked into his apartment, Youngjae was probably long gone. Spying the way his shoes were strewn messily by the door and how his keys were barely hanging onto the table, Jackson was right. He sighs tiredly, pushing Youngjae's shoes out of the way and securing his keys before he makes his way towards their bedroom.

The room was dark but the light from the hallway let Jackson see the where Youngjae was. Like he thought, the brunet was curled up on the bed with the covers pulled tightly over his head. The sight had Jackson finding it hard to breathe, the suffocating feeling of guilt he felt at the sight of an all-too-familiar scene.

"Youngjae?" He calls, coughing away the tremble in his voice and padding over to the bed. He sits at Youngjae's back, carefully running his hands over the brunet's shoulder, "Come on, let's talk."

There was no response (not that Jackson was expecting one,) except for the way Youngjae recoiled at his touch, tightening his hold on the blankets. Jackson tries to convince himself that it doesn't hurt, because Youngjae was in one of his moods and Jackson understood that sometimes he couldn't handle being touched; but the sting he felt in his chest was raw (because even after all this time, Jackson still hasn't figured out how to get through to him.)

"Come on, Youngjae," Jackson pressed closer, his voice quaking with emotion as he tugs lightly at the blanket, "Nothing's gonna get better if you don't talk about it. It hurts when you shut me out like this, baby." He knows it's a dirty trick, to guilt trip Youngjae like that, but it was the only thing that seemed to work. When he disappeared into his head like this, Jackson had no choice but to drag him out of it - otherwise he'd waste away in his bed.

(He never wants to see Youngjae like that ever again. Jackson doesn't think he could handle watching Youngjae deteriorate again.)

He feels Youngjae's grip loosen and Jackson takes the chance to pull the blanket away, turning Youngjae over onto his back gently. Youngjae's cheeks are wet with tears and Jackson wants to cry, too. "Youngjae," he sighed, pulling Youngjae onto his lap and stroking his back, "Will you tell me what happened now?"

Youngjae buries his face in Jackson's neck, his wet eyelashes tickling the skin. "I'm sorry hyung," Youngjae sniffles, fingers curling against the back of Jackson's shirt, "I didn't mean to get lost but… I was just trying to get to class and I got distracted a-and I took the wrong bus and then this-
this guy came up to me and h-he…”

Youngjae breaks off with a quiet hiccup and Jackson's heart squeezes in his chest, "he kept following me and talking to me. I told him to leave me alone, I d-did, hyung! But h-he wouldn't go away and then he called me King and I panicked! Hyung, he recognized me! I panicked and I didn't kn-know what to do. Fuck, I was so embarrassed so I pushed him off and got on another bus, but I was crying and I didn't realize where I was going. I.. I'm sorry, hyung."

"Youngjae…"

Jackson rocks them both slightly as Youngjae continues to ramble into his neck, petting Youngjae's hair when the brunet starts to choke out apologies, "I'm sorry hyung, I wasted your time and Mark-hyung's time. I won't do it again, I know I'm being a burden and-"
"Youngjae, stop it." Youngjae freezes at the hard tone in Jackson's voice (he didn't like talking to him like that, but sometimes he couldn't help it,) and Jackson pushes back the lump in his throat, "Don't apologize for that, ever. You're not a burden, you hear me? Rain or shine, I'll come save you, princess," Jackson teased, trying to ignore the way his voice cracked. "You didn't waste anybody's time, Jae. I was there because I wanted to be, Mark…. I told him he didn't have to, but he insisted that he drive us home, okay? You did nothing wrong, Jae, and I'm sorry I sounded so mad on the phone. I was worried 'cause you sounded like you were crying."

He has to shush Youngjae again, kissing the crown of his head, "You don't ever have to worry about being a burden to me. I've told you to call me whenever you need help, because Jackson-hyung will be there to save the day! Get it through that pretty little head of yours that I'll give you everything you need."

Jackson holds him through the shaking, cuddling the brunet close to his chest until his breathing started to even out. "Jackson, hyung," Youngjae voice was muffled by his neck, fingers still shaking against Jackson's back, "I need…"

"What do you need, Jae?" Jackson asks softly, still running his fingers through youngjae's hair. "Tell me what you need and I'll give it to you, baby boy." The anything goes unsaid, but Jackson means it with his whole heart.

"I need…" Youngjae pulled back enough to look into Jackson's warm eyes, wet cheeks turning a soft pink. "Jackson- I need you, hyung. I want you to… I want to feel something, hyung, please? Hyung, will you?" Youngjae's voice catches in his throat and his words are all jumbled, but Jackson knows what he's asking.

Jackson reaches around and takes Youngjae's hands in his own, kissing the knuckles on each of his hands. "Of course, baby boy," he whispers, moving to cup the sides of Youngjae's face to press their lips together in a chaste kiss, "Hyung will make you feel good, okay? Do you want me to take care of you, baby?"

"Yes please, hyung."

The request leaves him with Youngjae at his mercy, plump lips parted in a loud gasp, his back arching towards the bed, "Jackson- please!"

"What, Jae? What do you want baby?" Jackson curls over Youngjae's body, thrusting roughly into him as Youngjae tries to muffle his moans into the pillows. Youngjae's chest was pressing into the
mattress while his hands were cuffed low onto the headboard, leaving him helpless as Jackson fucks into him. With every movement, Jackson's nails digg into the sensitive skin of his hips to pull him closer.

"C'mon, baby," Jackson purrs, leaning over to whisper into Youngjae's ear when the brunet continues to stay quiet. He want, no, he needs to hear it from Youngjae's mouth. Jackson's breath fans hotly against the shell of his ear and Jackson feels him shudder against his chest, "Don't hide yourself from me. Tell me what you want, baby."

The brunet under him could only choke out another moan, because Jackson brings his hand down against the sensitive skin of his ass - with the force that Youngjae craves. Youngjae's vision blurs with the action, leaving him slack jawed and unable to muffle his cry when Jackson pulls away to do it again. He could feel heat surging in his stomach, his toes curling in pleasure when Jackson's hand came down on his ass again, "Yes- more, please!"

With a teasing click of his tongue, Jackson wraps his fingers around Youngjae's throat carefully, hooking two of them into the hook of the black collar wrapped around his neck. He moves back, pulling hard enough to force Youngjae's head away from the pillow, his eyebrow quirking in amusement when Youngjae whines in pleasure. He makes sure to pull tighter, the way Youngjae likes it, as he moves closer, "That's it, Jae. Have you been a good boy for me?

He feels Youngjae's full-bodied shiver as soon as he speaks, watching the younger man's mouth drop open in a soundless gasp when Jackson presses tightly against him, dick pressing right up against his prostate and the collar pushing on his windpipe. Youngjae's hands are scrambling against the headboard, nails scratching against wood as he tries to speak, to breathe, during the onslaught of pleasure. Jackson doesn't move, just barely rocking his hips enough to agitate the brunet's prostate, his fingers not releasing their grip around his collar.

It only when Jackson feels Youngjae's arms begin wobble that he lets up, pushing Youngjae back down against the mattress and releasing his neck. Pressing a Kiss against the back of his baby's hair, Jackson pulls away until only the tip of his cock rests against Youngjae's rim, running his finger tips down the dip of Youngjae's spine comfortingly. Youngjae let out a wet hiccup as he sucks in mouthfuls of air, tears falling from his eyes freely and frantic pleas falling from his lips.

"P-Please- Jackson, daddy, please touch me! I-I need you… Daddy I've been a good boy, yeah?"

Youngjae almost screams when Jackson slams into him suddenly, pulling back and doing it again and again, hitting his prostate with every thrust and leaving him boneless against the bed. Unable to think, Youngjae can barely feel the blonde's hand teasingly crawl up the bottom side of Youngjae's cock until his nails dig into the slit.

"Ah- yes!"

"You're gonna cum when I say, alright baby?" Jackson huffs a breath, moaning as Youngjae squeezes around him pleasantly, fingers tightening around Youngjae's cock.

He sees Youngjae nod, muffling his whines into the pillow, "Yes daddy!"

Jackson curls himself over Youngjae's back again, sucking marks into the skin on the back of his neck as he continues to fuck into Youngjae relentlessly. The younger only tightens around him more and more until Jackson feels his stomach tighten with pleasure. He groans into Youngjae's ear, muttering praise and pressing himself as close to Youngjae as he can and spilling into him.

Youngjae continues to cry under him, visibly shaking with overstimulated pleasure and whimpering.
incoherently into the pillow. "Come, baby boy," Jackson coos breathlessly, turning to locking lips with Youngjae as the he cums, swallowing his sobs.

He lets the younger catch his breath, wrapping his arms around Youngjae's sweat slicked body. He was warm, as always, soft and comfortable and pliant in Jackson's arms - the tension in his shoulders seems to have disappeared. The steady rise and fall of Youngjae's back against his chest is comforting, drawing a tender smile on Jackson's face. He chuckles softly when he pulls out and Youngjae whines, squirming uncomfortably against the bed now that the warmth (Jackson) was gone.

"Jackson," the brunet whines hoarsely, pouring over his shoulder. Jackson knew what he wanted; Youngjae liked to be held. No doubt he was tired, ready to doze off, and while Jackson wants nothing more than to wrap his arms around Youngjae's shoulders and sleep, he has to clean up first. Jackson carefully undoes the cuffs around Youngjae's, laying the brunet down before he could slump forward.

"Come back hyung," He hears Youngjae huff, curling into himself and frowning when Jackson walks away again (if he didn't want to stay then fine.)

His eyes were already shit when Jackson gets back, a wet cloth in his hand. He was curled up, the pillow squished between his arms and Jackson's heart feels much too fond. He presses an obnoxious, wet kiss on his cheek, grinning as the younger man squeals in discomfort, "ah, hyung!"

"Yah, Jae, stop complaining already," he snickers, running his fingers through Youngjae's sweat slicked hair. "You wanna shower now or later?"

Youngjae hums noncommittally, nuzzling into Jackson's hand and sighing tiredly. He doesn't want to move, not when his eyelids were so heavy and his head felt so light. Jackson huffs a laugh, rolling his eyes fondly when Youngjae's start to slip shut again. He doesn't complain though - Youngjae was always especially sleepy after nights like these, so he was expecting it. Jackson star to wipe down Youngjae's chest, carefully cleaning the cum off of him.

(Jackson never complained. Making the frown disappear from Youngjae's face was all Jackson wants to achieve.)

Youngjae was his to take care of anyway, Jackson thinks, petting Youngjae's head as he drifts off to sleep. As long as Youngjae was happy and satiated, Jackson was fine doing anything.

Jackson noticed that he was becoming more possessive of Youngjae. It's been like that for years, and he knows he shouldn't be possessive (they weren't even together,) but Jackson can't help the way his stomach churned whenever Youngjae got too close to anyone. (Like Mark, apparently, recently.)

They aren't dating but Youngjae is his and nobody was going to take that away.

He's spent years learning all about Youngjae (his mind and body,) and in turn, he gave Youngjae his heart. Jackson knows what makes Youngjae mad and happy and every mood in between - and as far as he knows, Jackson is the only one who does. Jackson was the only one Youngjae could come to, rain or shine.

So maybe he's just a little bit possessive, but that's because he's all Youngjae has, really.

In all aspects but one, Youngjae is his and Jackson wants it to stay that way. Jackson doesn't want anything ruining Youngjae's carefree smile ever again, he promised himself to keep that smile (the smile that Jackson swears makes his heart leap out of his chest,) on his face no matter what.
Jackson's long since comes to terms with the fact that he's in love.

He knows all too well that Youngjae didn't love him though. From the start, Jackson probably knew Youngjae would never love him the same way. They dated and it was great (everything Jackson could ask for, really,) but Jackson had too much love to give while Youngjae seemed to have none left to spare. He'd still been trying to move on from his last break up, so Jackson didn't hold it against him.

He's fine with the relationship they have now, no matter how blurry the line has gotten (were they best friends? More than that but less than boyfriends? Fuckbuddies?) Jackson's fine with it because he's the only one close enough to know what he was like under all that. He's the only one to know about Youngjae's secret job and the only one he trusted with his body.

With Youngjae, there are no boundaries. Youngjae is sassy and mischievous and a downright fucking tease (the amount of projects that were handed in late because Youngjae decided that it was a good time to wear his favourite skirt around the apartment is astounding- and actually kind of embarrassing.)

But, sometimes, it was all too much. Sometimes Jackson's love was the reason he was hurt - because he loves Youngjae so much, yet he still can't get him to open up. It makes Jackson feel useless, leaves him feeling guilty because he just wants that frown to disappear.

(Like today.)

Jackson's face falls, his chest squeezing painfully as his fingers scratch Youngjae's scalp comfortingly. He let: out a resigned sigh, tucking the blankets up to Youngjae's chin and pressing kisses into the brunet's red wrists. "Have a good sleep, baby," Jackson whispers against his wrist, ignoring the tug in his chest when he finally gets up and heads towards the door.

(Sometimes he hates that he can't control himself, that he lets himself fall deeper and deeper into Youngjae's heart until he's unable pull himself out.)

At least his frown is gone, Jackson thinks with a wry smile.
where o' where did the smut go? (for all u nasties, there'll be smut in the next chapter so worry not.)
okay so I also realise that theres a whole lot more plot then I thought there would be,,,,
and the camboy part of my camboy au is like,,, drifting (whoops.) im sorry
also, my computer is busted, so its extremely limiting my quality and my schedule to
write, so beware for weird hiatus'!!!

enjoy this chapter; unbeta'd and kind of bad (it seems that the more depressed I am the
worse these get asdfghjk im sorry friendos)

Youngjae's curled up on the couch when Jackson gets home with their dinner, wrapped in one of
Jackson's varsity sweaters and looking so cute it had to be illegal (he hates the little flip flop his heart
does when he sees Youngjae in his sweater). "I brought takeout," Jackson grins, holding up the bag
of "authentic" Chinese food.

His grin falters when Youngjae doesn't acknowledge him, staying motionless on the couch. Jackson
wonders if Youngjae was still feeling down, if he was still upset over his lapse of composure - even
if it was almost a week past, by now. "You alright, Youngjae," Jackson asks softly, moving to stand
in front of the brunet.

A warm, fond feeling starts to rise up when Jackson realises Youngjae was asleep. He must've fallen
asleep waiting for me, Jackson thinks to himself, ignoring the (rather pleasant) way the thought
makes him feel. He sighs instead, giggling when Youngjae murmurs softly in his sleep, unaware of
the world around him. Jackson thinks he likes Youngjae the most when he's like this, actually (not
that Jackson doesn't love every bit of Youngjae, because he does. He just likes that, when
Youngjae's asleep he's blissfully unaware of his doubts and the heavy-set tension in his body seems
to disappear). Youngjae never looked as peaceful as he did in his sleep.

Youngjae's eyelashes fan out against the apple of his cheeks, his hair shifting with every cute puff of
breath he takes and his mouth parting slightly with every sigh of air (and wow, if that wasn't a
breathtaking sight, Jackson doesn't know what was). He looks soft, and warm, and Jackson almost
doesn't want to wake him up - so he doesn't. The take-out lays forgotten on the living room table as
Jackson takes in the tranquil sight of Youngjae's slumber.

The apartment is quiet and the atmosphere holds none of its previous tension, but the sound of
Youngjae's phone buzzing snaps him out of his trance. Jackson flinches, eyes shooting towards the
cracked screen of Youngjae's cellphone. The device is clasped tightly in Youngjae's hands, the
brunet's pretty fingers obscuring Jackson's view of the device, but he could make out the clear
contact name flashing on the screen. Mark.

(Lately, just seeing name of his close friend has started to make uncharacteristically angry. There's an
ugly jealousy that bubbles up through Jackson's bright façade every time Youngjae mentions the
American.
Jackson's not stupid enough to not notice the way the two of them seemed to have gotten closer. Now, Youngjae looked so comfortable next to Mark, and the implications behind that make Jackson sick.)

He tugs the phone out of Youngjae's grip carefully, staring down at the screen with a blank expression. Mark's name flashes all down the screen, multiple texts laying unanswered on the screen (the texts make Jackson want to scream at Mark to stay away from what was - or wasn’t - his). With a scoff, he tosses the phone off to the side, listening to it bounce against the cushion of the couch before he reaches forward, shaking his roommate roughly.

He regrets the force when Youngjae whines lowly, but the jealous frustration he feels outweighs that. His roommate's eyes flutter open and his open mouth draws closed in a whine, "Hyung…?"

Youngjae's voice is only a whispered slur, and normally, that's enough to make Jackson melt, but at the moment, all he could think of was Youngjae wrapped around Mark, releasing noises that only Jackson should hear (needless to say, it makes him feel just a little angry). Jackson chooses to ignore that it's completely unjustified for him to be this jealous, because, as he knows all too well, Youngjae is not his. Youngjae could be with whoever he wants to be, whether or not Jackson like it (and, oh boy, does Jackson not like it).

"I brought you some food," Jackson huffs under his breath, tugging Youngjae to sit him up and trying (keyword: trying) to ignore the way guilt stabs him when Youngjae frowns at his tone; fucking hell. "You need to eat," he pauses, and after a moment, "it's Chinese?"

"Hyung," Youngjae blinks up at him sleepily, eyes barely opened, "Are you okay?"

"Me?" Jackson's eyebrow raised and fuck, he hopes he didn't sound as ticked off as he thinks. "I'm fine."

(Not fine. Totally not fucking fine.)

"Are you sure?" Youngjae looks sceptical, reasonably so, and Jackson wants to leave right now before he does something stupid, like throw a tantrum or confess his undying love for Youngjae (maybe he can just shoot himself now - is that a viable option?).

"Yes," he finds himself biting out the words, giving Youngjae the brightest smile he could muster (which really, was kind of pitiful). "I'm fine, Jae."

Youngjae's frown deepens along with the little furrow in his brow, but he doesn't press, only shaking his head and reaching for the food. For a moment, Jackson wishes Youngjae would push him for information (instead of being an accommodating friend because he knows Jackson doesn't like to be pried at,) but he doesn't. Jackson’s grateful for Youngjae’s perceptiveness. God only knows what mess of word vomit would fly out of Jackson's loose lips; he sure as hell doesn't want to find out.

(Every scenario of him confessing any type of feelings end terribly and Jackson does not want to imagine that happening in real life. Nope. No way.)

He pushes the take out container into Youngjae's grabby hands hastily, shoving a pair of chopsticks unceremoniously between his hands. Normally, this is about the time when Jackson would take those chopsticks and feel Youngjae himself, but he is too wired up. Jackson is too torn between jealousy and gross fondness, not knowing whether to feel angry at or jealous of Mark (even though he has to reason to be) or succumb to the urge to fawn over his roommate.

It's kind of nerve wracking, kind of gross, and completely unfamiliar - Jackson wants none of it, but
woah, he gets all of it. It's completely contradicting, too, because not that long ago Jackson wasn’t subtle in "staking his claim" over Youngjae, but now… Now, every shred of confidence that the blond had felt was gone and replaced with something nervous, something unfamiliar.

So he leaves. Jackson wilfully ignores the worried looks Youngjae throws at him when he hurries out of the living room. Because he wants nothing more than to kiss the shit out of his roommate, but he can’t, and Mark's voice taunts him in the corners of his mind.

Which is why he finds himself slouched pitifully on Jaebum's couch an hour and a half later. He can feel Jinyoung's eyes on him even as he shoves his head between his knees, but Jackson's too shrouded in self pity to care.

"You know," Jinyoung starts with a terse sigh, probably fed up with having to watch Jackson groan on his boyfriend's couch for the last thirty minutes. "This whole problem could have been avoided if you just, I don't know, told him."

Jackson groans at the suggestion (no way was he going to tell Youngjae), muffling the loud noise in the couch cushion. "No, that's the last thing I want to do!"

His back was starting to hurt (Jackson hasn't moved from this spot in a while,) but he doesn't sit up, fists curled tightly against the sides of his knees. The thought of telling Youngjae about his feeling and spilling his pile of emotional baggage onto his docile roommate makes his stomach curl with anxiety. He can't tell Youngjae. Jackson can't risk losing the fragile companionship they've spent years building up.

No. Way.

He hears Jinyoung sigh again, and suddenly the man is sitting down beside him, patting Jackson's back comfortingly. "Jackson," he says sympathetically, "you need to think about this. Rationally. Think about how this is affecting the the people involved…"

Jinyoung pauses and Jackson takes that time to look up, stare at his friend in confusion before moving his eyes towards Jaebum. Oh yeah, he thinks, this is Jaebum's apartment…

"No, jackass. He means, think about how this is affecting Youngjae." Jaebum's gaze is hard, but his voice is soft (the wistful look in his eyes reminds Jackson that he, Jaebum loved Youngjae once, too). "You suddenly getting short with him, think about how that makes him feel. I don’t… I don’t care how much you think it's not the right choice, if you continue to string him along like this Youngjae’s gonna think it's his fault."

There's a hard edge to Jaebum's voice that's almost protective and Jackson knows it's the partially because of guilt. After all these years (even after he and Youngjae had reconciled,) Jaebum was still feeling guilty because of his breakup with the younger man. Jackson knows that Jaebum loves Youngjae like family and he (just as much as Jackson,) just wants to see him smile brightly again.

(It's kind of a wake up call, more than anything.)

"He's right, Jackson." Jinyoung nods down towards him, "It's not fair to Youngjae if you keep acting like this for no reason - and it's not fair to Mark, if you're gonna act like a jealous boyfriend whenever you see him."

Jacksons cheeks flush and he's ready to retort, to say that he did not act like a jealous boyfriend whenever Mark was around - except that everything he would have said would be a big fat lie and
he 100%, completely acts like a jealous boyfriend.

(*God, and he's not even dating Youngjae!*)

Jackson groans again, a partial scream muffled by the fabric of his jeans, "You're right!"

Jinyoung laughs, removing his hand from Jackson's back and standing up. His smirk is smug and he looks a little too pleased (he always took pleasure in his friends suffering) as he says, "Of course I am. Now get out."

Jackson gapes at the younger man in disbelief, "I spill my heart out to you and you kick me out? What kind of friend—"

"Shut up, Jackson, "Jinyoung rolls his eyes, "If you hadn't noticed, Jaebummie and I were in the middle of something before you oh-so-kindly interrupted us."

Jackson blinks, raising an eyebrow. "Why did you need to kick me out? Couldn’t I have just stay- oh."

He feels his face flush, snickering, "Nevermind. Wouldn’t want to interrupt some quality "bonding time", am I right?"

"Okay, he’s obviously feeling better," Jaebum growls from across the room, narrowing his eyes at Jackson, "Can I hit him now?"

"Aish! I get it, I get it," Jackson pushes himself off of Jaebum’s couch, ignoring the way his knees popped. "I won’t bother you for the rest of the night. Don’t get your panties in a wad, old man." The blond snickers again, side stepping Jaebum’s fuming body on his way to the door. As much as he loved riling up the ever-impatient man, he loved living more.

Jackson was just outside the door when he heard Jinyoung call his name. "Wait!"

"What?" He turned, frowning at Jinyoung’s worried expression.

Jinyoung stepped towards him, pulling Jackson into a brief hug. "Telling him may be the best option here, but don’t pressure yourself into doing anything if you don’t think you’re ready, Jackson. Just think about what we said, okay?"

Jackson’s blinked back the water gathering in his eyes, wrapping his arms around Jinyoung and squeezing tight. "Don’t worry man," he grinned, ignoring the tightness in his own voice, “I can totally handle this.”

He gives both of his friends an excited goodbye, watching the door shut behind him. Jackson’s smile falls, his fists clenching at his sides. *Handling it?* Jackson scoffs, turning on his heel and stalking down the hallway, *yeah right*. Yes, he was handling it; if “handling it” meant avoiding his apartment (read: his roommate) as much as he possibly could.

Jackson has no plans to go home anytime soon, even as he steps out of Jaebum’s apartment block. He doesn’t think he has the energy to deal with his feelings for Youngjae, right now. So home is the last place he wants to be at the moment, but he’s got nowhere else to go. Where else do angsting, young adults go to throw their own pity parties?

He could always go to the bar…. *No*, Jackson shakes his head. He wasn’t in the mood to be around anyone. So where can he go?

He spends the next three hours wandering Seoul, shivering in the chilly early-winter air. The sun was
well beyond the horizon and only the glow of the streetlights illuminated the early-morning streets. At this point in time, Jackson didn’t really care where he was going, he just wanted to be warm. He didn’t think about anything other than clearing his head, so when he left his apartment he hadn’t taken anything other than his jacket (a stupid idea, what were you thinking Jackson?) so it’s not like he could call anyone for a ride home anyway.

(Did he want to go home though?)

Jackson thinks about the dismayed look on Youngjae’s face as he left, and promptly feels guilty. *Ah, shit*, he thinks, kicking at the light sheen of snow on the ground. He couldn’t just avoid Youngjae like this after leaving so abruptly (as Jinyoung said, “it wasn’t fair”). Jackson scowls, trying to weigh his options.

Taking the walk did help cool his head about some things (figuratively and literally. He was fucking freezing,) but… He was still angry (at who exactly, he doesn’t know) and Jackson still felt like there was something trying to tear its way through his chest - but he was cold and kind of hungry.

He could go back, eat some of that “Chinese cuisine” and go sleep on the couch. Maybe Youngjae was asleep already? It was 1 AM already, and Jackson knows how much Youngjae treasures his sleep, so he’s got a good guess that Youngjae was, in fact, asleep again.

He heads home, trudging through the snowy streets as quick as he could. When his shitty apartment came into view, Jackson was almost grateful (for once. His heating, believe it or not, was actually really good, so, yay). The heat of his apartment building was a pleasant contrast to the cold outside so Jackson was quick to make his way up the stairs.

He hesitates outside of his apartment door though. What if Youngjae was awake? What if he was mad? (That was scrapped immediately, the thought of Youngjae getting angry was almost too absurd.) Jackson pushed open the door before he could talk himself out of it, stepping inside the home as quietly as he could, hoping not to wake Youngjae.

God must have hated him that day, because Jackson was barely out of his jacket when Youngjae’s voice echoed throughout the apartment. “Hyung?” He could hear Youngjae call, words slurred and tired, “Is that you?”

Jackson freezes. “Y-Yeah, it’s me,” he answers, unable to stop his voice from cracking. He steps further into the room, staring over at Youngjae with uncertainty. The brunet is still curled into the corner of the couch, bouncing his phone against the top of his thigh and frowning when Jackson steps into view.

He watches Youngjae’s mouth drop open, then shut, then open again - his face was a little bit red and he looks like the furthest thing from happy. “You- you had me so worried, hyung,” Youngjae almost yells, his voice rising an octave, “You just- left!”

“Well…” Jackson bows his head, shame colouring his cheeks. He’s long since realised that storming out wasn’t the best idea.

Youngjae scoffs, sniffling and holding out his arms for Jackson, his phone abandoned on the coffee table, “Come here, Jackson-hyung, you must be cold.”

Jackson hesitates again. He doesn’t want to be in Youngjae’s arms, doesn’t want the younger man to curl around him (like he always does whenever Jackson needs comfort) because Jackson knows he doesn’t have the willpower not to kiss him. He’s teetering on a very fine line between caving into his feelings and burying them deep underground - Jackson doesn’t want to give in but he’s so cold and
all he wants is to be in Youngjae’s arms.

As Jackson does indeed cave, he lets himself fall into Youngjae’s arms, letting the younger man maneuver them both until there’s no space left between the two of them. It’s warm and comforting and it’s everything Jackson wants (aside from, you know, kissing him).

"We're okay, right?" Youngjae whispers against his neck once they’re settled, his warm body pressed snugly between Jackson and their couch. "I didn’t… I didn't do anything wrong?"

Jackson winces, his breath catching in his throat as he remembers Jaebum’s words ("Youngjae’s gonna think it’s his fault"). His hands freeze where they're hovering over Youngjae's back uncertainly, but the way his roommate's voice shakes solidifies his movement.

"Yeah, Jae," he mumbles into Youngjae's hair, stroking the brunette's back gently, "you didn't do anything wrong. I just… I'm just having a bad week."

Youngjae nods faintly, fingers tickling the sides of Jackson's ribcage. "I don't wanna do anything to upset you, hyung. Next time tell me when you're feeling like this, so you don’t have to be sad alone," Youngjae sounds genuinely upset and Jackson feels like his heart is going to jump from his chest.

His arms tighten around Youngjae's waist and Jackson swallows thickly, biting back the sudden onslaught of sappy word-vomit he feels forcing its way out. "Of course, Jae," he bites out instead, forehead knocking against the crown of Youngjae's head. "I'll tell you next time."

Jackson briefly thinks of Jinyoung and Jaebum's advice from a few days before, thinks about the stern words and the flaccid glares they gave him - and the words feel bitter in his mouth. He can't do it. He can't ruin this.

As they sleep together on the couch, Jackson pretends that not to see the notification that pops up on Youngjae's phone, ignoring the ugly jealousy it makes him feel.

"Let's go on a date then, yeah?"
Youngjae wakes up the next morning on the couch, alone, but the blanket is tucked around him and there's a soft pillow under his head. Hyung must have left already, Youngjae thinks tiredly, blinking away the blurriness from his vision. He lays there for a while, blinking slowly and trying to find the motivation to get up.

He feels lethargic, as usual, but this time there's a lingering feeling of emptiness in his chest; though he’s not quite sure why. Him and Jackson made up last night, right? He tries to recall what happened, but the lingering sleepiness was making it hard. As far as he could tell, him and Jackson were okay again, so why was he feeling like this?

Ugh, he groans, shoving his face back into the pillow, it’s way too early to be dealing with this shit. Youngjae hasn’t even woken up yet and he feels like crap - great way to start the day, he thinks sarcastically.

Youngjae’s eyes blink open again when his phone dings loudly, Mark’s name flashing across the screen. He yawns, lazily reaching to grab his discarded phone from the ground and unlock it, squinting at the text across the screen.

“let's meet at the café @ 3?”

At three…? He yawns, scratching the back of his head as he tries to decipher the text. Youngjae shakes his head, eyes slipping shut as sleepiness catches up to him again. Wait - his eyes snap open, glaring towards the digital numbers on his phone. 1:46 P.M, the clock reads.

“Oh shit!”

Youngjae pushes himself off the couch, fumbling with the blanket around his ankles in his haste. How had he slept in so much? He couldn’t have been that fucking tired, could he? No wonder Jackson was gone when he woke up, it's nearly 2!

He doesn’t have too much time before he has to be at the café, so Youngjae hurries with his shower, barely letting himself relax under the heated water before he’s out and getting dressed, tugging on his
favourite, maroon sweater and a pair of skinny jeans.

He’s barely out the door but Youngjae’s already feeling nervous, like a teenager going on his first date. It’s inappropriate, for one, because he’s a Capable Adult (that’s… debatable at best) and this isn’t necessarily an actual date. More of a friendly outing, the two of them decided it last night - the word “date” seemed too intimidating.

He reaches the café at 2:57, not late, but not early either. Youngjae’s thankful the buses came on time, otherwise he’s not sure when he’d get here. The building is small and quaint, about 20 minutes away from his apartment and half an hour away from the university. It wasn’t a very popular place, but that’s why Youngjae loved it so much. The atmosphere was private, almost intimate.

(With a job like his, it was nice to have some privacy every once and awhile.)

He spots Mark sitting in one of the far booths, leaning against his hand and looking handsome and impeccable (like he always does, apparently. Totally not fair). His nervousness hits him full force once Mark’s in his line of sight, and again, Youngjae feels like a teenager. It’s an oddly breathtaking view when Mark runs one of his hands through his hair, and (like always) the sight leaves him breathless.

The brunet looks around when the door chimes, and Youngjae can catch the way his lips stretch up into a handsome smile. “Youngjae,” Mark calls, directing said handsome smile towards Youngjae.

“H-hey, hyung,” Youngjae slides into the seat across from him, drumming his fingers against the table top.

“Did you get here okay,” Mark asks, frowning at Youngjae’s frazzled complexion. “You look a little nervous.”

Youngjae catches the tone of amusement in his voice, but it only makes him feel shier. Oh god, he thinks. He’d been in such a rush to get here on time (even though he didn’t have to worry because, look, he’s here, before 3), and so nervous to be going on this “not-date” with his senior that he’d managed to mess up his nicely done hair. He probably looks like a mess (a hot mess, he hopes). What an idiot.

“Yeah,” he squeaks, feeling his cheeks darken in embarrassment. Come on, Youngjae, he chides, because there’s literally no reason for him to be this nervous. It’s Mark, for fucks sake. Get it together. “I just woke up a little late, is all.”

He laughs and silently thanks the lord when the waitress strolls up to their table, a pen and notepad in hand. He’s thankful for the break in atmosphere as she takes down their orders, and soon, the two of them are alone again.

Conversation, for some reason, is easier this time, and Youngjae feels his worries start to fly out the window. He relaxes against the seat, giggling contently at something Mark says. He finds it a little weird that he’s so relaxed around Mark, but there’s something about Mark that makes Youngjae want to be around him (he doesn’t want to think about the possibility of a crush, because those worked out so well in the past, didn’t they).

The more they talk, the quicker time flies and Youngjae can honestly say he’s having fun. He actually learns quite a bit about the brunet - he’s an English major, dance minor, he moved here from California years before, him and Jackson are actually good friends, and he has a dog.
They end up taking their “date” to Mark’s apartment (which is, by far, way nicer than his and Jackson’s), a situation that would have made Youngjae uneasy, if it weren’t for the promise of being able to meet Mark’s dog; a little Maltese named Coco. He already feels apprehensive about going to the man’s apartment (on their first “date”, no less, because contrary to popular belief, Youngjae isn’t easy), but the promise of something that isn’t inherently sexual makes him feel safe.

“Aah,” Youngjae coos, crouching down to pet the excited puppy, “she’s so cute!”

“It seems she likes you,” Youngjae looks up to him as Mark laughs fondly, leaning against the wall and crossing his arms. He’s watching the small dog run around Youngjae’s feet and chase his fingers, and his mouth opens again, “do you have any pets, Youngjae?”

Youngjae sighs through his nose, scooping the animal into his arms and following Mark as he motions to follow him down the hallway. “No, the fur messes with my allergies” he frowns, “I wanted to get a Maltese, but no one would be home enough to take care of one.”

It’s disappointing, really. Youngjae’s always wanted a dog

Mark makes a sound in the back of his throat, turning to send a cheeky wink Youngjae’s way. “Well, you know, you’re free to come back if you wanna see Coco again, Youngjae?”

Youngjae sputters like an idiot, cheeks flaming like a virgin (which is ironic, considering). The offer and the message are clear in his words, blatantly obvious, actually, but there’s nothing intimidating about Mark’s shining eyes and his rosy cheeks. It’s cute.

Fuck.

“You wanna watch a movie?” Mark asks, snapping Youngjae out of whatever bashful reprieve he’d been under.

He joins Mark on the couch, grinning as Coco tramples over the both of their laps happily. It’s so fucking cute already, but it gets even cuter when Mark’s lips curl and he coos at her. It’s too cute and Youngjae almost wants to cry.

He’s always been a sucker for cute things (which is why he can’t resist Jackson’s “puppy dog” eyes).

The rest of their date goes smoothly, at least to his standards, and their both huddled close together on the couch, a borderline raunchy, American movie playing on the television. He can’t understand most of it, but he get’s the plot of the movie (and Mark’s narration helps, too). Though, he finds more humor in the stupid, little witty comments Mark throws in between his explanations.

It’s nice to just… sit and enjoy himself, without having to think about anything or worry about being late for work or class or life.

“Do you want a drink.” Mark calls, slowly, blinking over at Youngjae with a raised eyebrow once the movie’s over. He’d wandered into the kitchen some time during the credits, leaving Youngjae to curl up against the couch cushions.

“Drink?” Youngjae repeats, squinting over at the brunet until he catches sight of the bottle in his hands. He pauses. Was it really a good idea for him to be drinking? Youngjae knows, from experience (a really painful, embarrassing experience) that he can’t hold his liquor very well… but…
“Sure.”

They’re laughing about something and before he realises it, the two of them have finished off a bottle and a half of the alcohol Mark brought out. He’s a little drunk - scratch that, very drunk, but Mark is too (so it’s okay). Youngjae doesn’t know what they’re laughing about, but it was something he must’ve thought was hilarious because he can’t stop his drunken giggles. All he’s sure of is that he’s happy and wow, Mark looks so pretty in the low light of his living room.

Youngjae’s too preoccupied with staring at Mark that he doesn’t notice the latter move closer until their foreheads clack together clumsily, “You okay, Jae?” Mark slurs, grinning cheekily.

Youngjae rubs his forehead with a whine-turned-giggle, trying to push Mark away, but his hand finds it’s way around Youngjae’s wrist and any coherent retort dies in his throat. Mark’s mouth is stretched with a cheeky smirk, lips shining (probably the alcohol) and looking all too alluring (it was definitely the alcohol speaking, but at that moment, Mark was the prettiest thing Youngjae’s ever seen.)

He doesn’t even realise he’s moving closer until he feels Mark’s breath hit his lips, and he’s looking straight into the older man’s eyes. Youngjae’s wrist is still caught in Mark’s hand and his forehead is still kind of throbbing but he can’t hide his smile, giggling drunkenly as he knocks foreheads (again, but softer this time because ow).

“I think I really wanna kiss you, ‘yung,” Youngjae slurs, licking his lips unconsciously.

Mark raises an eyebrow, tilting his head, “then do it,” he whispers against Youngjae’s lips, before pressing them together in a messy kiss.

It’s clumsy and wet and tastes too much like vodka, but fuck, the way Mark’s hands were sliding up his arms was enough to make him melt. Mark’s hovering over him by the time Youngjae opens his eyes again (how long were they kissing? when did he close his eyes?), one of his knees shoved between Youngjae’s thighs as they make out on his couch. His eyelashes flutter with his moan when Mark’s tongue slips into his mouth, teeth clanging in a way that Youngjae usually doesn’t like, but it was hot and pleasant and utterly amazing.

He doesn’t know when Mark pulls him off the couch, but it happens, and the two of them are stumbling towards Mark’s bedroom. Youngjae’s pretty sure he ends up pinning Mark against the door before he can open it, fumbling with the elder’s shirt impatiently as he tries to open the door, but soon enough they’re flailing through the threshold and onto the ground.

Youngjae doesn’t know whether it’s him or Mark who loses their shirt first, but with the alcohol clouding his mind, all he cares about is the way Mark’s hands feel against his skin.

“Ah,” Youngjae moans loudly, squirming over Mark’s lap when the man sucked a bruise just under his jaw. He could feel Mark’s hardening cock rubbing against his jeans and Youngjae moans again, louder. “Hyung, fuck me,” he whines, grinding down on Mark’s lap unapologetically.

He hears Mark moan against his neck, cocking his hips up to meet Youngjae’s rolls. “Y-Yeah, baby?” Mark growls against his throat, fingers digging into Youngjae’s hips.

Youngjae can’t reply, his eyes rolling back in his head because Mark just bit him, leaving a dark hickey on the column of his throat. With Mark’s cock pressed against his ass, he’s to preoccupied to
He wraps his legs around Mark’s waist, groaning once Mark’s seated on the edge of his bed and Youngjae’s straddling his lap again. Mark’s tongue leaves trails down his chest, stopping to nip at his nipples until Youngjae’s whimpering in pleasure, “M-Mark- haaa ...:”

“I-let me,” Youngjae whines, scratching at Mark’s shoulders until he’s released and sliding down between Mark’s legs to palm at his cock. He watches the elder throw his head back and moan, loud and husky, and hell, if that wasn’t the hottest thing Youngjae’s inebriated mind has ever seen.

Youngjae giggles slyly, tugging clumsily at Mark’s pants until he lifts his hips and lets Youngjae pull them off. He eyes the tent in Mark’s boxers, licking his lips as he looks up at Mark through his eyelashes. Youngjae mouths at his cock through his boxers and Mark keens, chest arching as Youngjae pulls Mark’s cock out, wrapping his hands around the base. He kisses the lip, slowing down to lick around the head before taking it in his mouth.

It’s not his first blowjob, but Mark’s different than Jackson. Mark’s lighter in his mouth, but it’s more of a struggle to take him in than it is Jackson. Youngjae sucks lightly at the head of his cock, teasing the bottom of Mark’s dick with his fingers and revelling in the sweet sound of Mark’s struggling moans.

He bobs his head, taking more and more of Mark into his mouth until his cock is reaching the back of Youngjae’s throat, and Youngjae swallows around him. Mark moans, loud and unapologetic, hands flying into Youngjae’s hair and pushing his head down onto his cock. Youngjae chokes and Mark lets him pull away, breathing unevenly when Youngjae looks him in the eye and runs his fingers over his own lip, “you can fuck my mouth, oppa.”

He sees Mark freeze, and Youngjae smirks.

There’s no warning before Youngjae’s back on Mark’s cock, letting the older fuck into his mouth as he sucks softly, moaning around the stretch. Youngjae’s eyes well up with tears and Mark’s pace is relentless, but the sound of Mark unravelling under his mouth is worth it.

Youngjae whines as he’s suddenly pulled off of Mark’s cock, cheeks bleeding red and his lips coated in spit and pre-cum and fuck, Mark was looking at him like he was a treasure. “Mark-”

“Get up,” Mark’s voice is low and commanding, and it stirs something that has Youngjae’s cock stirring in his jeans. He lets Mark tug him onto his feet by his hair, lets him maneuver them around until Youngjae’s pinned down onto the mattress while Mark sucks roughly at his chest.

“Ah, fuck,” Youngjae moans, back arching off the bed as Mark licks down his navel, pinching his nipples with his fingers until Youngjae’s a shaking mess underneath him.

The effect of the alcohol had slowly started to clear, but Youngjae’s no more coherent than he was before. He can barely think when Mark’s toying with him like this, pushing all the right buttons.

“I wanna eat you out, baby,” Mark roans against his stomach, grinding shamelessly against the bed. “‘Wanna taste you.”

“Then, ah, do it-” Youngjae’s words break off into a muffled scream when Mark rips down his bottoms and sucks his cock into his mouth. It’s so good, Youngjae can’t control his moans when Mark’s going down on him so roughly, unrelenting. He likes it like this, trapped under Mark’s body with Mark’s mouth on him and his hands wrapped tightly around him - it’s nice, but Youngjae wants more.
But then Mark pulls away and Youngjae almost cries because hey, but then he’s back. Youngjae’s back arches and he almost sees stars when Mark sucks on his rip, tongue rapping down and around until it’s pushing in. The feeling is foreign but at the same time familiar, but it all feels so good.

Something joins Mark’s tongue (a finger), and Youngjae cries out loudly (probably too loudly but at this point, all he can think about is Mark’s tongue, Mark’s hands, Mark Mark). Youngjae’s eyes are forced shut when Mark’s finger jams into his prostate, and his legs squeeze around Mark’s head. “Fuck!”

He whimpers when Mark pulls away, feeling too empty, but the way Mark’s lips shined made any complaint leave his head. “You like that, baby?” Mark drawls, his voice hoarse as he traces two slicked fingers up against Youngjae’s hole and pushes them in.

It almost feels too good, with how quickly Mark finds his prostate, but he relentless and the pleasure keeps hitting Youngjae over and over. Mark looks attractively smug now that he’s got Youngjae writhing underneath him, but Youngjae doesn’t want to be anywhere else.

“Oh, please,” he cries, trying to roll his hips down onto Mark’s fingers, but the man’s free hand is holding them steady. “Mark- I need you!”

“Oh, baby,” Mark hums, looking down at him with half lidded eyes, lust reddening his face and clouding his gaze. He leans down to connect his lips with Youngjae’s (finally) in a messy kiss, all teeth and tongue and hot breath. He slips a third finger into Youngjae, but the brunet barely notices through the feeling of hot lips sucking hickies down his throat, on his collarbones.

His hands knead the reddening flesh of Youngjae’s ass, fingers scratching a path down supple thighs until they hook under Youngjae’s knees. Mark presses him down into the mattress, pushing Youngjae’s knees down towards his chest as he does. He’s whispering something (probably dirty, Youngjae thinks), but Youngjae doesn’t care to listen because Mark rolls his hips against his and fuck, that feels good.

“Ah,” he whimpers, grinding back against Mark. “Mark, please!”

Mark shushes him and Youngjae whines pitifully, blinking blearily up at the elder man. He wants Mark to stop teasing, he wants Mark to hurry up, to touch him, to fuck him. To hold him down until he’s all he can think about is Mark.

His wish is granted soon after, when Mark rubs his bare cock against the crease of his ass, the tip pushing delicately against his rim. He’s slicked with lube and precum, and when Mark pushes into him (hard and unrelenting and just how Youngjae wants it), Youngjae almost screams. The stretch is painful but Mark moves smoothly, drilling into his prostate until the pain fades into hot pleasure and Youngjae’s crying.

His arms wrap around Mark’s neck, lips biting and sucking against the man’s neck to control his sobs of pleasure. “Mark- more,” he groans, heated whimpers and moans falling wantonly from his mouth. Youngjae’s back protests when Mark pushes him down further, but the pain only turns him on more, and he begs and begs until Mark’s nails are digging harshly into the plush skin of his thighs.

Youngjae can hear Mark’s own pleased noises - they’re like music to his ears. The man looks so good on top of him, Youngjae’s drunk mind supplies, the almost-black filter of the room casting a shadow over Mark’s sharp edges. So pretty, Youngjae moans breathily, giving into the urge to press his lips against Marks.
Youngjae’s blinking back tears when Mark thrusts quicker, pushes him down into the mattress. He blinks and, for a second, sees a flash of shock blond hair, but Mark’s soft chestnut hair is back, but Youngjae can’t catch his breath. He sobs, arching into Mark’s touch as his cum splatters across their stomachs, arms wrapped tight around Mark’s neck.

He doesn’t need look at Mark to know when he comes undone because he feels it. Youngjae gasps in surprise when Mark’s cum fills him and he hears the man moan his name softly, still thrusting too-quickly into Youngjae’s hypersensitive body. There’s a small prickle of pain, but Youngjae’s too tired, too worn out to stay aware of it.

His eyes are fluttering shut when Mark pulls out and drops beside him, passing out with the feeling of Mark’s arms wrapping around his waist.

Youngjae wakes up to a splitting headache and almost no recollection of the night before. His head feels like fucking murder and his back is killing him, but his mind won’t piece together why the fuck he feels like this. His eyes blink open to see unfamiliar walls, and an unfamiliar back, and suddenly, it all comes back to him.

He went out on a date with Mark, and somehow they ended up drunk and- oh fuck. He slept with Mark.

Youngjae’s eyes widen in alarm because fuck, why did he sleep with Mark?

(Okay, it's pretty obvious why he did it. Youngjae wanted it.)

He sits up, wincing at the pain, and cautiously runs his hands down the column on his neck. He can feel the sensitive hickies spread all over his skin. Youngjae takes a cautious peek at Mark’s unconscious body, biting his lip when he sees the marks he left on the older man’s body.

Youngjae doesn’t know why, but Jackson’s the first person he thinks of, he immediately feels guilty. He feels dirty (even though he has no reason to) as he looks down at Mark’s hickey-covered neck. It shouldn’t have happened, he thinks, but runs his hands through his hair in frustration soon after, But…

“I don’t know,” he whispers, muffling a distressed whimper, not wanting to wake up his sleeping companion. I need to go, he thinks, frantically, feeling like he’s done something wrong.

(Maybe he has? Maybe this’ll ruin him and Mark’s relationship? Youngjae doesn’t want that, but doesn’t know if he can look Mark in the eyes after this.)

Youngjae fumbles with his pants, shoving his sweater over his head and hoping it hides to dark hickies around his neck (it doesn’t). He’s never done a “walk of shame” and as he slides out of Mark’s bedroom, sniffling his tears away, this most definitely feels like one.

“Youngjae?” The brunet freezes as a familiar voice calls out his name, wanting to cry all over again as he turns hesitantly to face Jinyoung. The older man is looking over him with furrowed eyebrows, and Youngjae self consciously pulls his sweater higher over his neck. “Did you…”

Jinyoung looks between him and Mark’s bedroom door, and Youngjae actually whimpers, feeling
his headache worsen with stress. "I… I’m sorry,” he squeezes out pathetically, fingers coiled in his sweater.

Jinyoung moves towards Youngjae, face softening. “I’ll give you a ride home, okay?”

It’s not a question, with how Jinyoung’s arm wraps around his shoulders, but Youngjae’s grateful he doesn’t have to take the bus like this. He’s not sure he wants to go home, but he’s got no where else to go. They pass the living room on the way out and Youngjae tries not to look at the bottles of alcohol they left on the coffee table (he’s sure, by now, jinyoung knows what happened, why it happened).

He feels wrong.

The car is silent as Youngjae’s driven home, but halfway through, Jinyoung breaks the silence carefully. “Do you want to talk about what happened,” the man offers, shooting Youngjae a glance from the corner of his eye.

Youngjae hesitates, gnawing on his lip. “I don’t…” He shakes his head, drawing a breath, “It was just supposed to be a date. A simple date. B-but we were both drinking and then it just… it just happened.”

Jinyoung’s silent for a while, only the sounds of the car in between them. “Did you not want it, Jae?”

Did he? Youngjae licks his lips. He thinks of how pretty Mark was, is, and how much he’d wanted to get closer. “I… I did… ”

“Then what’s the problem?”

“ That’s the problem. I wanted it, I wanted it so bad, b-but it felt wrong, hyung. I felt like I did something wrong.”

Jinyoung doesn’t say anything in return, and Youngjae regrets. Regrets drinking, regrets having sex with Mark - because now he feels like he’s betrayed someone (betrayed Jackson. But they aren’t even dating, so why?). Youngjae feels a hand ruffle his hair, and looks over to Jinyoung’s comforting smile.

“Don’t worry too much, Youngjae, it’ll be okay.”

He hopes.

But when they reach Youngjae’s building, he hesitates. What if Jackson was there? What if he’s having a good day and Youngjae comes home and fucks everything up (like usual)? He doesn’t think he can handle it if Jackson was angry (was disgusted) at him.

“Call me if you need anything,” Jinyoung reminds him as he finally slips out of the car, sending him another smile as Youngjae walks up to the building.

He takes a breath to steel himself, but by the time he reaches his apartment, he freezes. Behind the door, he can hear Jackson bustling around the room. He can’t. He can’t ruin this too. Not again.

“I… I can’t,” he gnaws on the nail of his thump anxiously, unable to force himself through the door. God knows he won’t be able to sneak past Jackson - not after staying the night out, and definitely not with a killer hangover and most definitely looking utterly debauched. I can’t ruin this.
Youngjae’s back presses against the wall adjacent his apartment door, sliding down until his ass hits the floor (painfully, might he add). He pulls out his phone, and after a moment, his finger hovers over one of the contacts, hesitant and unsure. A part of him wished that he deleted this number, the whole goddamn contact, because the anger is still there (even if the pain isn’t), but…. There’s no one else he can turn to when he’s like this.

Calling: IM JAEBUM

Chapter End Notes

aaaaaaaaand, that's it. sorry it seems rushed. I was really struggling here.

anyway, as you can see, markjae fucc’d drunkenly, and Youngjae regrets it. you can obviously tell Youngjae has some /very/ mixed feelings about this whole situation, but worry not, everything (for him, at least, markson have a long way to go still) will soon be put into order (kind of. you'll see).

get ready for some angst, my friends <3
Hi. It’s been... well over a year since ive updated this fic. In that year ive changed a lot, ive moved blogs twice (i’m now @hongdxbin on tumblr), ive changed my style of writing, ive just... grown as a person. And i’m very disappointed with how i wrote this fic, so, i’ll most likely be deleting it. Its really hard, because through this fic i met so many people i really care abt (like... my bf! but sadly a lot of those people have left me behind), and it ingrained me into the got7 fandom - but like i said, i’ve changed, and im disappointed with this fic.

I might reupload it, after rewriting it! I do have everything planned out, and if you’re curious as to how it ends, let me know and i can tell you :) anyways, i hope you all have a good day/night, see you around!

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