*much ado about nothing, too*

by **sp_ify**

Summary

*part two* back again -- more titled, untitled droppings; from onho to jongyu, from bl to het and femslash, fluff to smut.

all drabbles, big and small, from 2014-2017 (varies in quality and size). please excuse the typos.

ships:
onho
jongyu
jongho
2min
minkey
ot5

a space to archive my writings from various sources; most being prompt fills. head over to "**much ado about nothing**" for part 1 of my shinee drabbles.

also, for onjongho ot3 works look here: "**Trio.**"
It’s a weekend, late but not too late, and Jinki is a bit buzzed and awfully horny. He’s alone at home, tapping the alcohol bottle with his fingers and groaning. He has a thought, he could call his friend- sort of lover- but not anything official. Maybe just friends with benefits is what Jinki should label it. He thinks he’s the one that isn’t so willing to cross the actual line to an official relationship, but the friend would if Jinki would. It’s.. complicated, Jinki concludes.

Jinki pulls out his cell and sits back lazily, head scratched while texting his buddy Minho. It has been a while since they last saw each other, so this might be a good idea.

‘hey, wanna come over and fool around?’

Jinki doesn’t have to wait long for a reply.

‘what really!?!’

Jinki swigs at his drink, nose crinkled with a tiny smile. Minho is cute and he can’t honestly say why he’s afraid to take a step further into real commitment. Jinki sends another message, growing more aroused at sudden dirty thoughts.

‘yeah, get over here. ^ . – ’

In a few minutes Jinki is left choking on his drink at the next lengthy message.

‘great, I’ll bring over my indoor basketball hoop and the new shooter game I bought and should I bring any comics? I have all the latest. ^^’

Jinki keeps his reply short.

‘...’

There’s more of a waiting period for the next message.

‘ah... you meant the other kind of fool around? nah, not tonight.’

Jinki blinks wide eyes, tosses his cellphone in forced annoyance, then takes a big gulp of his drink. It takes him a moment, but he ends up smiling wide, head shaking, because Minho makes him laugh in an unusual way. He might actually be in love. Just maybe.

Lee Jinki isn’t sure why he won’t just date Choi Minho. In that case ‘booty calls’ would possibly
be easier.

That night, Jinki is left to drunkenly masturbate while Minho is probably sober and playing video games in his never-as-sexually-frustrated-as-Jinki state.

Such is life.

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#2

Minho sits at home, lonely and bored. He’s not sure what to do with himself, honestly. There’s a lot he could do but he doesn’t want to do it alone- not right now. He craves some company. In moments like this he has one person he can possibly turn to and that’s his buddy Jinki. He seems busier than usual these days, but Minho still pulls out his cell and sends a message, hoping for a hyung to come by and make him laugh.

‘wanna come over?’

Minho only has to wait a moment for his phone to buzz with a new message.

‘on my way!’

Minho smiles, smitten again, glad he can somehow count on Jinki. Maybe it’s pathetic of him, but he’s still waiting around for the older to want to date. He could be looking elsewhere, tell people asking he’s very much single and looking, like that recent sweet girl who had acted very interested in him, but he can’t. He’s a pathetic guy, just wanting to cuddle and play video games and hold hands with a cute boyfriend.

Minho sends another message, eager.

‘i’ll be waiting~’

In a minute his cell receives another text.

‘don’t start without me.’

Minho looks at all his games, not sure how he would start a two-player without Jinki. His head tilts and he waits for Jinki to come and hang out.

Now he thinks of all the things they could do, maybe even drag Jinki out to the nearest ball court
for some one-on-one basketball or something. Minho’s evening is finally looking up.

It’s not long until the doorbell rings and Minho is stumbling through a tiny, neatly kept apartment to answer. With a happy smile, he pushes the door open. He’s met with Jinki’s crinkled eyes and grinning face, intimate items held near it like cute toys, and he rambles too loudly in the building’s hall.

“You never have the right stuff, so I didn’t know what kind of condoms or lube we should use- I brought different kinds, oh,” he fumbles with the stuff in his hands, cheekily holding up some something small. “I got a vibrator.”

Minho’s smile falls, big eyes widened to an alarmed bulging at the sight.

Jinki’s grin falls too, gaze searching Minho’s a moment. “Oh.. you meant the other ‘come over’..”

Minho raises a brow. “Is that all you think about?”

“Do you never think about it?” Jinki’s brows arch too.

Both are good questions.

Minho tugs Jinki inside, taking the weird, and very personal, scene to private.

Jinki stands in the entry, looking put out by his big mistake, and it’s so pitifully sweet, Minho can’t say no to that face. With a sigh and roll of his eyes, putting up more of an act then he felt, Minho leaned in to kiss Jinki’s lips. His hands then reach to begin gently tugging away the young man’s clothes, before Jinki’s overeager hands reach for him in quickened actions, backing Minho up in rougher kisses until his body hits a hard wall.

Both are slightly breathless once Jinki bends to pickup all the things he dropped at the entry, half his and Minho’s clothes scattered all over the floor between them now. “I don’t want to forget this stuff..” he eyes the vibrator most of all, like it’s some sort of secret weapon, then he’s off taking short steps towards the bedroom, looking awfully cute.

Minho snorts laughter behind his hand, and like that a hyung has come over and made him laugh.

Thoughts of two-player video games and a night out at the basketball court are shoved aside, Minho giving into another night of ‘friends with benefits’. In the end, he at least gets to keep his wish of cuddling. That is always the best part, cuddling while flushed and worn out, too tired to move from bed, and so they talk about whatever as Minho gets to lean against Jinki’s soft warmth and fiddle long fingers over his chest idly.

“I’ve never seen you so cute as when-” Minho tries to muffle Jinki’s voice in a sudden jolt of embarrassment, “-with the vibrator..”

“If I’m so cute then why don’t we go out, like really date?” Minho bats his long lashes, lips pressing a little pouty, really trying.

Jinki snorts and changes the subject, something about a college class he hates, gently rubbing Minho’s bare arm like he was a cute kid with a funny question that needed no answer.

Minho settles again, smile a little smaller.

Minho still hopes Jinki will ask him out, or at least say yes and mean it when he asks Jinki instead of always shooting it down like it’s a good joke.
He still waits like a pathetic guy.

Jinki pushes his books aside, glasses tugged off and dropped to the desk, wanting a break from studying. It’s getting late, but maybe not too late for a little fun. He drags out his cell, texting his friend, the same one that’s his friends with benefits, sort of – still complicated. Still, Jinki’s not sure he’s up for dating but here he is, Minho on his mind again as if they were a legit couple, and it would be so much simpler if they just dated.

Jinki can’t make up his mind.

With a sigh, he sends a text, wondering if Minho’s still up.

‘hey, what’s up?’

Jinki smiles when he gets a fairly quick reply.

‘nothing much. just laying in bed.’

Jinki’s brows arch, lips licked. This could spell fun.

‘oh yeah? just laying in bed? ^.^ nothing else?…’

‘i’m eating a cup of noodles.’

Jinki pushes his desk chair back, moving to fall against his bed, hands near his pants hoping he will need to unzip them and rub one out, for stress relief sake. He could sure use that right now.

‘sounds yummy. what would you do if i was in bed next to you?’

Jinki’s mind runs wild as he waits for an answer. Maybe suck on a vibrator as big eyes stare and watch Minho’s cute scrunching face as he pushes it inside him, feel those long fingers curl into his shirt, voice a soft gasp. Yes, that would be so goo– Jinki’s eyes widen at the next reply.

‘eat my noodles. >☐< I love ramen!’

Another message comes very quickly.
‘and share them if you were hungry.’

Jinki rolls to his side, legs kicking out, voice escaping in a whine. He tries again.

‘i mean if the noodles weren’t there.. keke’

‘then I would get out of bed and get some noodles.’

Jinki’s face smashes into the bed, voice loud now. He can’t believe Minho. Jinki just wants a little sexting fun. Why does Jinki like someone so.. so like this guy. He’s more of a dweeb than Jinki, and high school had loved to point out Jinki’s dweebiness. This guy is on a different level.

He nearly whimpers as he sends his next text.

‘goodnight minho.’

Jinki crawls back to studies with a sad look.

The last text he gets that night is:

‘good night hyung, sleep well and take care of yourself. i love you. ♡ don’t watch too much porn. kekeke’

Jinki’s head slams to the desk, fist tight on his phone, until he drops it to the floor.

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#4

Jinki is scrubbing fingers through wet hair, towel secured around his waist when he hears the buzz of his phone. Lips press, finding an incoming text from Minho.

Last time he saw the friend, it was after a trip to a bar and the younger was so drunk Jinki didn’t feel right trying to start anything. Minho had been left in the care of a friend to get him home safely, while Jinki was left horny and alone in his walk home.

Jinki has plans to read and go to bed early, and ignore anything else, but his drowsy, pity mood is altered with the buzz of his phone and Minho’s ID.

Quick fingers open the message to find a picture attached with words. Jinki chokes.
‘kekeke I’m so hard.’

The sent picture is of Minho’s pajama covered groin tented heavily, and Jinki stares wide eyes, not remembering Minho being that big at all, but his mouth waters, all that yearning back with no self control. He needs it so bad.

Jinki sits on the toilet, towel open, stroking himself up as he tries to find the camera option. He will send one back, yeah, and it will go from there, and it will finally be the most amazing phone sex they ever had because they haven’t actually tried it.

Another buzz and Jinki drops his cell. He fumbles, opening another message from Minho, and there’s no shame hoping it’s his apparently huge dick out of clothes before Jinki can send his own naked picture. Please, please, please…

Jinki’s mouth soon falls open, hand between his legs stopping. Minho’s pajamas are now flat and held in sight is a long thick soda bottle half empty.

'kekeke kekeke soda! ^^'

A cry escapes from Jinki’s sealed off throat.

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In minutes Minho sits with big eyes and bottle at his lips, reading over some very choice words from his friend in language that isn’t pretty. He takes a gulp of his drink, finding out Jinki is far more sexually frustrated than he imagined.

Minho hits his head, sighing loudly. Another awesome joke failed in mixed signals.

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#5

Jinki is laying lazy in bed, lamp dim for the mood and pants down around his bent knees. He’s jerking it, smearing pre-cum with his fist, cellphone held to an ear, waiting for Minho to say something again. It’s gone awful quiet, but the mood has been good so far in their attempts to blow off steam. Neither have been able to meet all week, so Jinki isn’t worrying about the lack of noise, but rather more focused on reaching bliss.

When noise does return, it’s a slurping sound. Jinki jerks with a wave of arousal at the thought that Minho is tasting his own cum. He cures and receives a groan over the line. ‘That’s so.. that’s
hot..” Jinki grunts, thinking he will do the same now.

“Yeah..”

Minho’s tone seems a little off. It lacks the low rasp it does during arousal. Another slurping noise is heard, one even louder, and a crying whine follows. Jinki sits up with wide eyes, holding out his phone as if he could see through it to Minho now.

“Are you eating?”

“No,” is said with a full mouth.

“You are eating!”

“I’m hungry,” Minho caves to Jinki’s tone of voice. “I’m really so hungry.”

“I have my dick in my hand and you are eating.” Jinki falls back, exasperated. More noise of chewing comes, now that Minho isn’t trying to hide it. “How long have you been eating?”

“Uh well..”

Jinki can see Minho’s wide-eyed, head tilting, expression now. “The whole time? Were you even jerking off?”

“I’ve told you, food is better than sex and,” Minho is shoving more food onto his mouth, lisp even more impaired as he talks. “I’ve been so hungry. I’m not fed enough,” his voice draws out in a whine, “I’m just not.”

Jinki looks at his dick, then sighs. “I’m calling on cam. Don’t decline my call.”

Minho does answer when Jinki calls him through camera, and Jinki is met with full cheeks, cups of empty ramen, and a fully clothed young man. Minho waves and greets Jinki, then holds up stringing noodles towards the screen, offering a bite with laughter.

“I thought you were eating your own cum…”

Minho chokes with wide eyes, then catches a case of the giggles and cheers Jinki his bottle of water. Jinki doesn’t express his sadness it isn’t real, but now will find some way to get Minho to do in the future.

Jinki could throw his phone, if it wasn’t so expensive and all. “Minho! I still need to cum!”

“Hmm- you feel so good,” Minho pokes around his noodles, one cheek still full of food. “Are you close? Keep doing that, yeah..” his head lowers to slurp up more food, and his speech only feels genuine if directed at his meal. “I’m so close!” his voice squeaks.

“You suck at this..” Jinki already feels himself soften inside his fist. “I can’t cum like this.”

Minho burps and gulps down a drink. “Sorry.”

Jinki hangs his head in defeat. His own stomach grumbles for food now. He terribly wants ramen. Glancing back at the screen Jinki can’t stay angry, because Minho really is so cute, sitting there sucking up strings of noodles, and that’s just the way he is. That’s why Minho is his friend. That’s why he likes Minho so very much but doesn’t want to admit it to himself.
It’s when Minho’s out for an early evening run, needing to clear his head from studies that weigh him down, that he slows in the park that is often filled with dogs and their owners, eyes catching a beautiful Great Dane. He smiles slightly with a brow swiped, approaching the owner near the dog. Minho wants to reach out and pet the large dog, but he should say something first before just helping himself to someone’s pet. “Does your dog bite?” is what blurts out of Minho’s mouth. It isn’t the best greeting and he probably looks to eager.

His dorm does not allow pets and his parents never did want to add a pet to the family with two kid already. So this park is a place Minho often likes to visit while holding old memories of longing for a friendly pet himself.

The young man, surely not much older than Minho, exhales a drag from his smoke. He looks to Minho with sharp features but a handsome face. “My dog? No.”

Minho’s smile widens, taking the last few steps to crouch in front of the large dog that sits quite obediently in the green grass. “He’s so big.” Minho’s fingers brush against the dark coat. “And beautiful.”

Minho looks back the the young man still taking leisurely drags from his smoke while glancing at Minho with the Great Dane. As he’s about to ask the dog’s name, there’s a snap of jaws and Minho falls back into the grass on his ass, hand luckily yanked away with quick reflexes.

Big eyes blink up at the smoker now, as Minho nearly shouts with a thumping heart. “You said he didn’t bite.”

“My dog doesn’t bite.”

“But–”

Small eyes glance between Minho and the large dog still sitting there in the grass. “This isn’t my dog.”

Minho watches smoke rise as a twinkle appears in eyes above him. A shit-eating grin spreads down at Minho. He’s flabbergasted. There’s sudden whistling and calls of a name.

“Tink! Come on back now! Come Tinkie!”

Minho watches a short-legged, fluffy Dachshund try to run back to his owner. It’s the strangest sight. The man crouches to pick the small dog up and talk lovingly towards him as energetic, licking kisses are given.

“You are so good, yes you are,” the dog is told.
As this happens, another man stops near the large dog, calling for him, to which the dog hurries for his master.

“Hey you,” the cigarette is put out with a foot as the handsome man calls towards the one the Great Dane ran for. “Your dog almost bit this guy here. Watch your dog.”

Minho finally stands, not sure what to say between the annoyed looks of two dog owners. “It’s really okay. I’m fine.” Minho holds up his hand that was nearly bit, waving it with a half-smile. The man has nothing to say and calls for his dog to fall as he leaves. Minho is left with the smoker who tisks.

“Uh.. He is cute,” Minho tries to strike up some sort of conversation now, feeling awkward. He wouldn’t exactly peg this guy for owning such a petite dog.

“She–Tink is a girl.”

Minho swears he could get lost in this man’s grinning face—he must be an interesting person, Minho can tell by just his appearance alone. Also, he must look stupid now. “She? Oh, sorry..”

“I’m Jinki,” he nods, “You seem like a dog person. Want to grab a drink?”

The introduction doesn’t seem any less awkward than Minho’s attempts, so he smiles with a short laugh and hesitant hand towards petting the dog that doesn’t bite. A tongue licks his fingers. Minho relaxes.

“Sure, why not.”

That’s how Minho meets Lee Jinki, and he will be a part of Choi Minho’s life for a long time to come.
“Can you see him?” the older asks, both teenagers frozen in their walk to school.

“You mean that guy in a dress sitting on the railing way up there? Then yes, I do see him and I don’t like it.”

The two third year high school students stood closer together, both giving a crinkled-nose and narrowed-eyes look, something that expressed they had seen this person before and each time just as unpleasant as the other. The figure’s long legs visible in a short cut to the front of pure white robes are crossed then re-crossed the other way and kicked a little like a small dance to music only they hear.

“It’s just someone from the drama club, right?” Kibum, a second year steps a little closer, commenting on the person that looks like a loser from their school, possibly a second year too, one not in his classroom.

“You see him too?” Jinki asks, not really familiar with the second year that has stepped up beside them but if anyone sees the guy too, they must have some sort of connection.

Kibum nods, giving a scoff to the man dressed in robes with a tacky halo and pair of wings, if anyone asked his opinion. No one did, but he still states it, only to get stared at by the older boys. He adds, “So cheap,” with a click of his tongue.

“Hey!” Taemin points, running up to the older teenagers while fixing his matching uniform of the other three and hands scraping through hair as if he woke late that morning. “That guy that keeps following me around.”

The three glance at the first year.

“He showed up in my bedroom last night.”

“Mine too..” Jinki said in a small, absent mumble.

Jonghyun glances up at Jinki with an over-curious gaze.

Kibum shudders, but not so easily fessing up to seeing the guy too in his bedroom.

All four tense up and nearly jump back a step when the young man uncrosses legs and leaps from the rail with flowly robes, a height that should hurt any normal person. This person isn’t hurt though, not at all. He just smiles wide and crooked with tiny teeth behind full lips, hands dusting off white sparkly robes as the person approaches them, tall and thin figure finally in a good light to take it all in.

“Oh good, you’re all here.”

Thee students look at each other with wide eyes.
Jonghyun speaks first. “Who are you?”

A halo is straightened over a small head covered in a tuff of soft brown hair that contrasts the students’ darker hair, causing the figure to stand out even more. Suddenly a silly, deep voice says to them all, “I’m Minho, your guardian angel. Hm yeah, it’s a little crazy up there right now,” it points to the sky with a tiny laugh, “And I’m assigned all four of you.” He then points to each one with big eyes, voicelessly mouthing a count of each head, as if making sure it has each one and the right one; an angel’s tiny children. Once finished, the being gives a pleased head bob and smile, standing up straight, taller than each human standing there in a row.

Kibum laughs first and very loudly, falling to hang on the closest thing, which is Jonghyun beside him, nearly knocking the shorter teenager over.

Jinki looks skeptical.

Taemin’s eyes sparkle a little, like a kid still young and into fairytales, and at that the supposed guardian angel gave a warm smile for the youngest at least.

“Only you can see me, you four. It’s part of the rules.” Long pretty lashes flutter as a small laugh falls from the angel, and strange enough, small, golden dust-like sparkles fall from around the being.

All four still look disbelieving but you wouldn’t guess that by looking at the angel’s really happy expression.

Jonghyun’s expression softens first, something like a schoolboy smitten by the purist beauty his eyes had ever befallen.

The angel turns his back, giving the bright blue sky a glance of pride in its work so far from home, and as it takes a step forward, the pure, elegant being stumbles, falling to the ground.

The three turn to Taemin with surprise, finding a shrug and faked innocent smile flashed, foot lifted from where it had stepped on the long length of robes flaring out in a long drag from the back of an odd outfit.

The angel groans from where it fell, halo fallen crooked again and big eyes scrunched as tiny wings flutter on its back.

Nothing about this is going to be easy.
Minho tugs the last article of clothing off Jinki, kicking up the older’s feet and flinging the underwear from the bed. Jinki sits back up in a relaxed lean, grin lopped-sided and knees bent. Minho only gets the rest of his own jeans off before crawling back onto the bed, licking lips still tasting of Jinki’s deep kisses.

Jinki’s legs spread wider as Minho lays on his stomach between them, long fingers pressing and messaging at Jinki’s thighs to hear the older groan through his arousal. It always sounds good escaping Jinki’s parted lips. Being the one that can help Jinki de-stress, in this manner of all ways, is an honored responsibility. Minho can forget his own aches and exhaustion during these times especially.

He touches warm kisses to thighs and abdomen, a hand gentle in reaching for Jinki up half-hard. Jinki touches Minho’s head, rubbing through hair, shots tinkling down Minho’s spine. The stroking hand soon wiggles side to side, as the girth of it has swollen firmer in his palm. Minho clears his throat, leaning in a hot breath away, possessed with need to assert his genius right now.

“Hello–is this thing on?!“ Minho shouts into Jinki’s waved dick, tapping the damp tip a time or two with his other palm.

Minho bursts into laughter at himself, shoulders shaking with the force of it. Glancing up behind long lashes, Jinki blinks with an opened mouth. Minho is suddenly shoved at, Jinki’s laughter carrying rich and warm and Minho always loves to soak it up.

Jinki’s nose crinkles up, but a smile remains in his eyes. “Screw off.”

Minho settles from his fit of giggles, stopping the harmless teasing. He gets down to work with mouth service one way or another.
The bed nearly squeaks due to its small size and antics atop of it. A wall shared with the walls to an apartment of roommates this bed also sits snugly against. If anyone else was home they would no doubt hear more than just Minho nearly impaled to the wall.

Jinki is back inside Minho after readjusting, younger turned around to face Jinki, shoulder blades scraping the wall and a leg around Jinki’s waist, clinging tight. Long body curled awkwardly, so hips lift from the bed is difficult to maintain, but Jinki is in his moment of all or nothing, bare body damp with sweat and breaths labored, and if it isn’t the most appealing of sights to witness. So Minho can contort a little, take up a sore beside, if it means Jinki gives as much as he takes.

Jinki’s hair is pulled, head tugged to the side with a groaning moan, Minho kisses brushing teeth along the older’s jaw. Jinki’s thick size is an experience all its own, but when he hits a spike in energy, knowing how to move hips and pace low stamina, some sort of new existence is met, at least in Minho’s time with him. He puts Minho through a workout, among other things.

Minho wraps both legs and arms around Jinki, scrunched eyes closing, embracing every move or stumble, pleasure building steadily again. While muttering to keep going--don’t stop, something slips slurring from Minho’s parted lips. It doesn’t even come to his attention until Jinki stops, pulling back from Minho’s embrace.

Minho’s eyes flutter open, upset. “Why did you stop?” he probably would have cum hands-free if Jinki kept going, like he said to.

“What did you say?” Jinki pants, expression confused.

Minho blinks. “Nothing,” he answers, then leans forward, taking Jinki’s mouth in a rough kiss.

Jinki leans out from it. “Did you just call me ‘papa’?” his brows arch, face awful flush from all the exertion.

Minho unlocks his legs from around Jinki, falling to spread wide, feet digging in sheets. His shoulder blades are sore and breathing difficult left in his curled position wasting time. “I don’t know, maybe? Do you remember everything you say?” Minho frowns. “You’ve said my mouth is made to eat out your ass–or yeah, bend me over and screw my brains out, you said that.” Minho’s imitation of Jinki is anything but spot on. When blood flow isn’t to the brain, weird stuff pops out the mouth, Jinki should understand that.

Minho’s defensiveness fades at Jinki’s put-out look. Calling out ‘daddy’ is an embarrassing mistake, an idea he has possible mulled around before, but of course not so seriously. Minho admires Jinki, a lot, even through shortcomings, so maybe it sometimes manifests oddly. He’s often too busy to dwell on such nonsense. Minho has a sense of pride in his vanilla lifestyle, after all. Jinki is the one to rocks that boat more readily, not always to Minho’s eagerness.

Jinki pulls out, hand covering his mouth in giggles, eyes crinkled. Minho sits up, swollen lips licked and hands trying to scoop hair back. “Do you have to laugh?” he asks, moving to all fours so he doesn’t have to face Jinki.
Minho sighs, head hung, waiting as Jinki does decide to continue by pushing back in. The older loses the aggressive edge he had moments before, not much effort put forward now. Jinki’s work is leisurely, and Minho has to stroke himself before he goes all soft. It’s an awkward sort of silence between them, until Jinki presses in a lean over Minho’s bare back, breath hot at Minho’s ear to murmur.

“Call me that again–call me papa.”

Minho’s ass is given a weak slap, but one gaining a yelp out of him, eyes wide. Blood flow abandons the brain once again. It’s still a self-conscious act, but enough feels right in the moment to go on.

“Humm.. papa..”

Jinki’s palm rubs and slaps red skin again, another groan leaving Minho’s lips. Minho reaches one arm back, gripping at Jinki’s thigh, wanting him to keep close.

Jinki bites at Minho’s ear with a tug, voice low in his throat. “That’s.. it’s good..”

“Is it?”

Jinki’s pleased laughter is soft, hips picking up in deeper rocking. Minho joins the laughter, but his head soon drops to moan, as a good build up returns. Minho pushes back, grinding on Jinki ballsdeep, more than humbled. “Don’t stop papa..”

A possible side of Jinki has awakened to the a slip up of a suppressed side in Minho, and if they finally loosen up in a clash, the relationship could go places least expect.
Junghee is loosening the waist of her skirt, work suit and heels uncomfortable, as she enters her home. She finds it odd there’s no dinner made, since her husband was one to make at least something when he ended up home before her, and by all appearances he’s home. His work bag is in a corner, shoes neatly sitting at the entryway.

Junghee walks into the bedroom, voice a sigh and bouncy curls swung around her face. Of all the things to expect, it wasn’t Junghee walking in to find her husband in bed, hidden under sheets, moaning and withering around.

Either he’s sick or..

Junghee steps over to the bed, yanking down the sheets to find Minho curled up naked in bed, face flushed with teary eyes, a hand between his clamped legs. He bites the palm of his other hand held near his face, silencing his moans.

“I.. I couldn’t wait..”

Any worry Junghee had fades. She sighs again, “It’s that time?”

Minho nods.

Junghee watches as Minho keeps brief eye contact with her as he fingers his pussy again, then he’s looking away, embarrassed, but not enough to pull his hand from between his legs. Junghee chews lips, a bulge growing at the waist of her fitted skirt. She curses, because her man, even when she’s tired, gets her up and hard and ready to go just by simply masturbating in front of her.

Junghee loosens the tie around her neck, fingers unfastening buttons of her dress shirt in a hurry, frilly bra visible before stopping over half way with her open shirt. She slides out of her skirt, panties stretched and damp by her hardon.

“You look so good like that, has anyone told you?” Junghee climbs on the bed.

Minho finds a small smile. “Yeah..” he rolls hips against fingers, “You have.”

“Good,” Junghee nearly whimpers. She slaps a palm to his bare thigh, hand roaming until it slides between cheeks, finger pressing lightly at a puckered muscle.

“This hole is lonely.” With the wet leaking from folds, Junghee smears it at the other hole, teasing with a finger that pokes in slightly.

Minho bucks, voice whining. “It- it was waiting for you..”

Junghee plays and teases that hole at the same time Minho fingers his pussy and rubs at his swollen tip just between wet folds. It’s only a matter of minutes before Minho cums, whole body
shuddering, leaking and dribbling down to the sheets in a dirty mess. Junghee wastes no time rolling Minho onto his back and settling her face between legs she forcefully spreads, licking and slurping at the release, loving the taste more than usual when Minho is all needy and in heat like this. He tastes extra good then, something she sometimes finds herself craving while sitting at work trying not to have distracting thoughts of eating her man out while typing at a computer and answering calls.

Junghee asks in a muffled voice, throat swallowing, “How many times have you cum?”

“Only- only a once- once before this,” Minho barely manages to say, arm dropping over his face to attempt to hide his loud voice.

Junghee raises a brow, appearing skeptical, but Minho isn’t one to lie very often, and when he does, she nearly always catches him in it. Silently, Junghee smothers her face back between Minho’s warm legs, tongue roaming over every soaked inch.

Minho makes whimpering whines each time he’s eaten out, body still sensitive and nerve just a little shy. She loves him even more for it.

Junghee is nearly in hysterics by the time she pulls away with a wet face, lips licked. “Minho-ya.. I can’t wait any longer.” She’s clumsily yanking down panties, kicking them off short legs, then settles between spread thighs again, Minho looking at her silently, gaze as ready as she is.

Minho is arching off the bed with a slight twist of his body, fingers clinging to what’s left of her open dress shirt as Junghee pushes in, hard and throbbing, and its soaked and warm, just waiting for her. “You feel so good..” Junghee breaths as Minho’s warm body presses up against hers, her dick greedily sucked into him where it always wants to be and belongs.

“Noona..” Minho calls, sounding much like when they had only been dating, which she still loves to hear more than ‘dear’ or ‘baby’. There’s a sudden hard shudder, body tightening around Junghee.

Junghee grunts, fingers gripping the bed, trying to remain calm despite arousal amplified because she certain she just, “Did.. did you cum just from me putting it in?”

Minho looks away, voice nearly denying it but he bites it back, just remaining still beneath her, clearly embarrassed by himself, which he often is when in heat, and if it isn’t the cutest, most endearing thing, she doesn’t know what is. Junghee giggles, snuggling Minho’s neck with fondness. She takes her time as best as her self-control can manage, working up thrusts until they’re deeper.

Minho tugs and pulls, making sure her top is thrown off, then shifts her bra aside, palms brushing over breasts, causing Junghee to moan and falter in her slow actions, giving a few hard, grinding thrusts instead. Minho’s head falls back with a cry.

Junghee eventually lowers herself enough, loose tie slapping gently against Minho’s cheek, chest low at his face. She grunts. “Suck..”

Minho palms a breast, lips taking in the tip of it to kiss, then open with sucking, tongue lapping. Junghee squeezes eyes closed. She tries to control herself, but everything is too good, and has her hips slap mindlessly harder, Minho’s whiny voice and cracking breaths pick up. She can’t stop herself.

Junghee cums, pumping Minho’s pussy full in twitches. She takes a moment to pull out, body wobbling and nearly clasping on top of Minho.
Minho is quick to close his legs, a hand reaching between them, pinching swollen lips shut, not allowing anymore of Junghee’s cum to leak free of his body down to sheets already soaked in his own releases. It’s so cute, the serious effort he puts into it, Junghee can’t help but drag herself back up the bed until she can kiss Minho’s mouth properly.

“More.. I need more still,” Minho says between kisses. He finds the tie still around her neck, tugging her closer by it.

With a soft giggling kiss, Junghee coos at Minho’s desperate need for her. It’s arousing and empowering all the same.

Junghee strokes between her legs for a bit before crawling on bent knees so she can slap her hardening dick at Minho’s lips, watching in delight as he sucks it into his mouth. Each time he looks directly up at her, Junghee twitches harder again.

This time, when Junghee penetrates Minho again, he’s giggling a laugh, smile wide with happiness, then bitten as she pushes further into the warm wetness. Junghee gives a teasing growl and leans in to nibble at Minho’s flat chest as she takes this entrance even slower than before. Fingers comb lovingly through her hair, and Junghee works up a nice, pleasant rhythm of rocking their damp bodies together.

Minho’s thighs quiver, fingers twisting in sheets and voice a gasp as Junghee hits balls deep. She thrusts again, smoother, faster, each squeak and whimpering plea for more from Minho’s voice heavenly to hear ears, and soaked folds take her in tight each time.

“Your pussy loves my dick, doesn’t it?” Junghee smashes her bouncing breasts against Minho’s flat chest, grunt hot against skin.

Minho’s head turns, voice cracking, “Ye-yes- always- don’t stop..”

Junghee has no intention of stopping. She grips at the bed, palms shifting, knees digging, bracing herself to give Minho’s pussy a hard pounding with her thick dick. “You won’t be able to walk after this..” she says between hard breathes, hips slapping.

Before she’s even through, Minho cums again, body twisting in the sheets, insides pulsing around her tight. Minho gasps for air, limbs shuddering.

“Noon-noona..” is barrel audible, Minho’s functioning limited all over again.

Junghee runs hands over Minho’s damp body, thrusting paused a moment, voice moaning each time she’s squeezed by Minho’s tight pussy.

Junghee leans down to kiss parted lips, where sides leak dribbling saliva. Her voice is nearly romantic when she says “You’ll have my baby for sure this time.” Junghee’s eyes widen as fingers brush her cheek and Minho turns to look up at her, gaze lidded and dazed, but still communicating with her beyond words. Just as much as she wants their child, so dos he, and he’s more than willing to bear it, womb begging for it each time Junghee’s long thrusts reach deep inside him, hips grinding in slow rolls, taking pleasure in her husband’s pleasure warmth clinging tightly around her.

Junghee’s heart beats faster, eyes blinking eyes that nearly dampen with tears. She kisses her man again, slow and passionate.

Minho clings to Junghee, woman working up her movements again to a solid, bed shaking, breath cracking, pounding.
Junghee is eating, sitting spread out on the couch while barely listening to the tv, mouth full of spoon and flaccid dick taking a break from life and stylish panties as its aired out between baggy shorts, when Minho drops a pregnancy test in front of her. She chokes at the results, it reading positive.

Minho smiles wide, eyes nearly twinkling, whole complexion having already given Junghee the feeling he was with child – her child. Their child.

Junghee is soon jumping on Minho, legs wrapped around his waist, whole body clinging to his much taller frame with squeals. She stops herself in a moment though, climbing down, expression serious as Minho still looks flustered.

“Take it easy this time, please? I just..” she takes his hand in hers, holding tightly as she looks up at her husband. “I want this to work.. not lose another one.”

Junghee is tugged into a tight hug, top of her head kissed tenderly. She doesn’t realize she’s crying.

“I promise. I want us to have a baby, so bad.. really, really..” Minho rocks Junghee in the warm hug, still giving kisses to her head.

Kim Junghee is so happy, and more than anything she wants to begin a family with Minho. She desperately hopes this is finally the one.
“Is it good?” Minjung asks again, concerned as the body knelt over her on bent knees drops once more over her thin waist, taking the strapped on toy deeper inside him.

Jonghyun cringes a bit, but licks his lips, leaning over to kiss Minjung, hands brushing over her small chest, forcing a moan to fall between the tender kiss. He mumbles in a near squeak of his high voice, assuring, “Yes, Minjunggie… yes.”

Minjung nibbles at Jonghyun’s bottom lip, hands resting on his shortly rolling hips that drive her body in to the bed with slow bounces. She relaxes with a groan, older’s fingers pressing her bear chest as he leans back up, trying to readjust himself to ride the toy faster.

“Oppa,” Minjung chews her red lips, long lashes batting and a hand dragging to Jonghyun’s front, fingers wrapping around him with short strokes. Jonghyun groans in a sigh, hands gripping tightly at Minjung’s chest, hard enough to make her squeal and thin body wither beneath him.

Minjung isn’t sure how she feels about this, giving into Jonghyun’s desire to try something new and freaky, but the pleased grin he shows and the deep kisses he gives are enough to be happy, because if Jonghyun is happy with doing this, Minjung can learn to love it too.

Once close to release, Jonghyun grunts a growl against Minjung, promising to make her wet and eat her out until she cums all over him. Minjung claws nails at Jonghyun’s bouncing body as the idea hits, liking this whole setup more and more, legs wiggle while already growing warm and soaked between them in anticipation.
“Hyung?” Minho laughs, head tilting, big eyes wider as he realizes he’s being filmed by Jinki’s phone. “Hyung is cute. Film hyung.” the camera shakes and Jinki’s laughter can be heard. The video stops, then resumes again, with Minho in a silly hat while they stand inside a store. “Hyung, how is it. Huhu? Blah~” Jinki is heard laughing again at Minho’s face, then a thumbs up is seen.

The video ends.

Jinki presses play again, laying back over his bed, hand jerking himself off. Sweatpants bunch at his knees, but he pays it no mind. He will berate himself later, like always, for jerking off to his friend. He suppresses his feelings, but they still surface when he’s relaxed and horny - and not in denial he’s bisexual.

“So pretty,” Jinki is heard calling towards Minho. The younger laughs and waves his hand in protest.

Jinki sighs, fist moving slightly faster.

There’s not even a knock as someone storms his room. There stands his roommate all the sudden. That roommate happens to also be his friend Minho. The younger stands tall and thin, in his hands a box of small snack cookies he’s munching on.

“Oh great, you aren’t on your computer.”

Jinki slams his phone down, pressing it to turn the video off as he stares with wide eyes. His pants are still down, had around himself in pause, and Minho drops in Jinki’s computer chair and begins clicking the mouse. Jinki is flabbergasted and face red hot.

“I’m uh.. kind uhh busy?” Jinki isn’t sure what to say, really.

“I saw. Don’t mind me though.” Minho’s back it to Jinki’s bed, and more crunching is heard as the younger man eats and clicks the mouse.

“Why don’t you use your own?”

“I let a friend borrow my laptop.” Minho whines, “You know, I couldn’t so no.”

Jinki is aware. He’s known Minho since middle school, and he naively offers a lot to people.

“But really, go ahead. I’ll put on headphones. I wanna see my game scores.” Minho reaches for the headphones on the desk, plugging them in and fitting them on, then he gives a thumbs up without glancing back, and continues eating.

Jinki let’s out a deep breath, looking down to his hard dick and how he was just masturbating to the thoughts of his friend who now occupies his room. Minho is an odd character. Jinki hasn’t ever known him to have dated, or show interest in sex. For the longest time Jinki couldn’t decide if Minho liked women or men, but then it seems to strike him – Minho doesn’t like either. He
doesn’t like that sort of thing, not that Jinki can honestly figure out why. But it lowers any expectations that they might work out as anything more than friends.

Jinki sighs, eyes closing and hand slowly working himself over again. He peeks a few times, making sure Minho’s isn’t looking, and he’s actually disappointed Minho isn’t. Just the noise of crunching and Minho’s whispered rambling to himself fills the room. Jinki actually relaxes into it, his imagination taking him to a place where Minho crawls on his hands and knees between Jinki’s legs and sucks him off with eager eyes. It’s a grunt and tight fist better.

At the crack of the door left open, comes Jinki’s other roommate.

“Hyung, did you eat the–”

Everyone looks at each other, even Minho spun around in the chair. Jonghyun’s face reddens, hand at his mouth in shock. “Put your dick away! What’s wrong with you!”

Jinki’s fist is wet with pre-cum and Minho is popping cookies. Jonghyun huffs with embarrassment and walks out, in the sort of reaction he expected from Minho. The younger laughs and turns back to the computer, mumbling and while lacking some self-awareness.

“Heh, that’s funny.”

Jinki needs to lock his door or jerk it in the bathroom. Surely there Minho wouldn’t use the bathroom while he’s in there. At least Jinki can hope.
Lips part and heads tilt another way, noses brushing and a timid breath of laughter shared between them. Both have made it down to their underwear atop the bed, Jinki’s back to the sheets and Minho knelt above him. Jinki’s hands run down Minho’s back, and stop to squeeze cheeks behind the thin fabric of briefs, which has Minho moving his head in a noise and swiping noses again.

As Jinki’s fingers hook into the back of Minho’s underwear, the younger lifts his head and scurries from the bed with a deep exhale and smile. Jinki blinks with confusion. Minho moves around a floor covered in clothes, reaching the lightswitch of the cheap love motel to dim the lights. Jinki is squinting it’s so dark suddenly.

“For the mood,” Minho laughs. It’s not so much for the mood but more because he feels self-conscious having not had the time to trim anything below the waist, and being considered to have an attractive, well kept body puts an unexpectedly intense pressure on him mentally, even just around those he knows.

“Alright..” Jinki snorts, sitting up on elbows.

Finding the older looking very attractive as he lays there cheeky, Minho jumps back on the bed with a playful bounce, leaning in to Jinki’s pull for a kiss that quickly deepens. This time Minho reaches for Jinki’s underwear first, giving a tug at the front. Jinki leaves the kiss to stop Minho’s hands.

“Uh, I’ll do it.”

Minho sits back, eyes wide.

Jinki chews his mouth and crawls from the bed to pull his own briefs off. He has yet to allow Minho to do it, but Jinki doesn’t want to give up that sort of control yet. It’s small things like that which keeps Jinki grounded in a fast business. Minho doesn’t fully understand that about Jinki, and it shows in how he grabs Jinki from behind, yanking him back to the bed with a kiss to his neck. Minho means well with his playful spirit, but Jinki has boundaries. Only because Minho is adored so much he gets away with it.

Minho goes down between Jinki’s legs first, licking and pressing wet lips, until he takes Jinki into his mouth, and in a moments Jinki’s cringing. He pulls off, looking for Jinki’s approval. His teeth scraped again, while losing himself in trying to do the best job possible.


Jinki takes hold of Minho’s fist, trying to keep from turning away from their sudden eye contact. “Why are we being like this?”

“Do you mean um.. shy?” Minho’s head tilts.

Jinki sniffs with a laugh. “We know each other. We even got ourselves into a place like this for
complete privacy.” His shoulders shrug, eyes scrunched with a smile. “Why don’t we try, like…” Jinki moves Minho’s fist, squeezing it in a few pumps that has Jinki’s gaze droop and voice groan. Minho jolt with arousal.

“This is what I like,” Jinki’s voice has lowered, and he leans forward for a kiss. “Let’s find what each other really like…”

Minho’s begins moving his hand as Jinki showed, thumb rubbing the tip and a rumbling moan from Jinki at his slack jaw. Jinki pulls Minho back with him, legs spread for Minho to fit between, and after being just like that, strokes and pumps to the pace Jinki wants, another kisses is had and Jinki asks at Minho’s ear.

“What do you like?”

It’s almost too embarrassing to say, but Jinki has relaxed the mood tremendously. “We’ll need the lube.”

Jinki cups Minho’s face with a bitten smile. “Minho-ya I had no idea you liked your ass played with so much.”

With red ears, Minho squeezes Jinki hard enough he yelps. “Oops.”

Jinki wraps around Minho, jerking and thrashing until Minho is wilfully flipping over with Jinki so the older rests on top. Minho flashes a genuine smile and Jinki leans in to add with a suggestive finger dragging down Minho’s body, “I didn’t say I didn’t like it.” Jinki’s teeth tug at Minho’s bottom lip with the sound of a whimpering sigh between them. “So get the lube.”

As Minho gets up to find the lube in the dim light, feeling a bit disorientated, Jinki calls from the bed. “And squeeze me again like that. I liked it.”

Minho runs his shoulder into a wall red-face to the sound of Jinki’s rich laughter.
Jinki hooks a leg around Minho’s waist, lips chewed or head turning to seek out another kiss from Minho’s panting lips above him. Fingers run through hair and another palm over the arch of the young man’s long back, as Jinki begins to feel the building payoff of Minho’s thrusts.

Not even three minutes, and the sudden uneven rhythm and Minho’s face fallen to Jinki’s shoulder, is a wordless warning. Jinki slaps a palm to Minho’s ass, taking in the whining cry, before the pulsating inside him is sign enough it’s ended.

Jinki sighs, unlocking his leg from Minho’s waist, arms falling to the bed, allowing space to pull out.

“Sorry..” Minho breathes heavy at Jinki’s neck, tone of his voice enough to show he’s again embarrassed, because it keeps happening. The younger has stamina that can run laps around Jinki’s in a lot of things, but sex is one he doesn’t, at least so far. He pulls out, condom bubbled tiny at the tip of it, head turned away.

Jinki glances down at himself, half-flaccid and not any closer to getting off. He sits up with Minho, hands taking hold of the other’s shoulders and pushing until Jinki falls over top of Minho in tangled limbs and nearly off the small bed. Minho blinks wide eyes, to which Jinki stares at, before taking a kiss and moving hips to grind rough along Minho’s thigh.

Teeth tug at Minho’s lip, and Jinki lowers to kiss his neck, and scrape at his chest until a satisfying gasp is received. He rolls hips, feeling himself harden again, as Minho wiggles with sensitivity after cumming.

When Jinki lifts his head, flicking hair from his eyes and nose slightly crinkled, it’s to say to Minho’s flustered expression, “I’m taking the condom next time.”
Jinki created a monster. Minho had once whined that Jinki’s dick was too big for him to be comfortable. “Maybe next time,” Minho would tell Jinki after Jinki took dick instead. It took time, but Minho was eased into it, until he could take a hard pounding from Jinki. But then came when Jinki wasn’t always enough. Minho needed something more.

The internet is a place full of, terrifying, wonderful things.

Jinki jerks himself off, watching intently as Minho slowly rides a monstrous dildo against the floor.

“You’re such a size queen now,” Jinki takes responsibility. Minho has a stash of silicone toys in various sizes, but is current one is his newest achievement. Like anything else, he treats it as a sport to be good at. Jinki guesses that’s one way of looking at it.

Minho rolls hips, head lifting to find Jinki. He slowly lifts from his crouch, legs spread, so Jinki can watch the thick, lengthy toy inch out if he’s body, nearly hitting the tip, then just as slowly sinking back down to the base. Jinki is still shocked, but also still awfully hard. He isn’t sure where he fits on the pervert meter now, but watching the younger having trained his ass to take nearly fifteen inches has Jinki hard just daydreaming about it.

“You made me this way,” Minho says tongue-in-cheek, a hand reached behind himself to grip the toy in a grinding motion. He pokes his tongue out, nose scrunched.

“I regret every second of it,” Jinki whines suggestively, his fist jerking it quickly. “Really, I do.”

Minho hangs his head in a snort, then a whimper as he slowly pulls back up. He grabs the syringe connected to a thin tube, holding it up. “Do you want to cum inside me or this thing?” he wiggles, smile bitten, expression quite in the playful mood.

Jinki stares. He pushes, because he finds Minho has a hard time telling him no to anything. “Both.”

Minho laughs through a grunt. He holds out the syringe towards Jinki, making the older have to release his hard length that doesn’t really compete well with the toy, though living person-wise he’s not hung too shabby - it is what created this size queen. Jinki presses, as Minho has half the length still inside, and the younger makes that noise, the one whenever he’s filled. As Minho moves it leaks out the lube thick in a tone of legitimate cum, but inhuman buckets of it. It drips strings in a mess that Jinki is mesmerized by.

With a groan, Minho slips off the jiggling silicone, falling forward until his face rests at the floor and arms reach behind on bent knees, slipping in the mess and spreading cheeks to a wet hole easily gaped. Jinki looks between those ten plus inches and that inviting ass. He’s nearly with bruised legs dropping so quickly to his bare knees to push inside Minho, draping over him in thruts he doesn’t have to be careful about. The noises Minho makes being screwed by him don’t compare to adult toys, not by a long shot.
Not one complaint comes from Minho. He’s used to Jinki’s size; he’s used to many sizes now, and after all that protesting to anything so big.
Minho holds a firm palm over his mouth, eyes wide, then squinted, anxious stare through the cracks of the closed closet space. Outside are two people standing around chatting. Inside is Minho and behind him is Jinki. Not only behind him, but also inside him, not even letting up as they’re hiding.

Not sure what to do and already near the closet, both just backed into it and Minho yanked doors closed. He thought Jinki would pull out, as being caught naked, having sex, and with each other, would be enough of a mood killer. But apparently not, in a surprise to Minho.

Minho muffles a whimper as Jinki’s chin rests at his shoulder, breath hot and low voice arousing in any situation that isn’t a risk of being seen.

“You are so tight– Minho..”

He’s tensed up from nerves, Minho would say, if he wasn’t at risk of making noise with his loud voice, because Jinki keeps thrusting. Jinki grips Minho’s hips, motions made even, and with it only faster. He bumps into stored belongings, making faint noises. Minho could mutter over his shoulder that they shouldn’t be doing this, but he can’t tell Jinki no; not when he’s like this, honestly enjoying himself through something Minho can offer him.

Minho’s head drops, unable to focus on the two still standing around in discussion, as he’s trapped in a small closet being screwed silly.

“I’m gonna cum–” Jinki hisses a curse, and rambles whispering. “So tight. You feel amazing.”

Minho shuts his eyes, breathing heavy through his nose. It’s unintentional, but Minho underestimates his senior too often, and he pays the price for it in the oddest ways. No one can say Jinki doesn’t take risks.
It had started as a joke, when his girlfriend insinuated he was looking at porn while talking to her over facetime. Jinki can forget how ballsy Minjung is, usually over unexpected things. She doesn’t want to have sex with him - not yet, because she says she’s a virgin and implies she’s nervous. Well so is Jinki, on both counts.

That night Minjung had flashed Jinki her new lacey bra. A gift from her mother, Minjung said. Jinki thinks of himself as a big tits man, but Minjung’s perky little tits in a feminine underwear, having just the slightest hint of tan lines, pops Jinki a boner every time. He wants to cup his palms around each one, at least some day.

For now, their chats turn into watching each other get off. Minjung has her top off, sports bra bunched down around her ribs, cute tiny tits out, and both feet are on her computer chair, somehow the young woman able to bend those long legs in that position and fit. The lighting of her room shines perfectly against her tan skin, outlines exposing paler skin that doesn’t see the sun beneath clothing.

Jinki is more simple; pants down and hardened dick stroked in his hands with a hit of lotion and tissue nearby. The camera angle cuts off part of his head, but Minjung says she wants to see his dick every time. The way she looks at it is conflicting. Big eyes grow dark, like she has a thirst, which has Jinki’s blood pumping south, but then her face scrunches with that look of worry.

“Oppa– it won’t fit..”

Jinki pauses, tensing up in his chair. “What?”

“I can barely fit two fingers, and I get so sore.” Minjung cringes, wrist moving at the bottom of Jinki’s screen, where it covers her before cutting off. “It’s so.. Big. I didn’t think…”

“Wha- what?” The conversation takes a turn Jinki didn’t expect, but he’s tried to learn that those moments come with Minjung. He tries to keep up with what she’s saying, though he’s lacking the blood to his brain right now.

“You still want me like this, oppa?”

This being sex? Then yes. So many yeses. Jinki tries to relax again, hand moving with more pressure, thinking of how tight Minjung must feel. “I want you, Minjung-ah.”

“Do you..” Minjung licks her lips, then bites them, one hand moving along her breast. “Love me?”

“Yes– yes,” Jinki feels closer to the edge again. “I want to be inside you,” slips out between parted lips.

Minjung giggles, wrist lower off the screen as she pushes wet fingers into herself deep, head soon rolling with a groan. Jinki focuses on her long, thin neck as her head is back, how he wants to kiss it all over, suck on it as he pounds her - sort of like those porn videos, though people say porn isn’t
how sex really works. Either way, he’s dying to find out and he wants that girl to be Minjung.

There’s a creak from Minjung’s end of the chat.

“Minjung, do you have the number for—”

Time stops. Jinki swears he makes eye contact with Minjung’s older brother standing at the doorway. There’s a blood curdling scream of ‘oppa!’, a bedroom door slammed shut, and then Minjung’s camera shuts off and Jinki is notified his girlfriend has left their private chat.

Jinki stares in stunned silence, fist loose around his dick. He swallows thickly. Tomorrow, when he has to see Minjung’s brother on campus at the same university, Jinki is going to sweat bullets and dry heave.
“You’re really cute, hmm..”

“Ah,” Jonghyun pushes at the small head snuggling down onto his shoulder, forcing the lanky body away. “And getting married, remember.”

There’s long lashes batting and pouty lips directed at him, before turning away with attention suddenly elsewhere.

Still beside Jonghyun, in a club winding down, friends off at the stage to check out a new show, is one of the few male strippers around. One his friends thought would be a great teasing joke to bring out on Jonghyun for his bachelor party. And if he were still as insecure in himself as he was when friends found out he was ‘batting for both teams’ he would toss his tiny body into them like a raging bull.

But now, nah, he’s found the partner of his dreams; a beautiful little lady that blew is mind daily and could give him a sexier lap dance than anyone in the club. Lee Taeyeon would soon be his wife and he is happily content. Their joke didn’t phase him at all. He had a good time.

Why is he currently sitting with a male stripper though? The guy was drunk, or rather, acting drunk. Jonghyun isn’t stupid. Maybe it’s a coping mechanism, some way to justify shameless flirting, Jonghyun could relate to that. Jonghyun somehow thought he could relate a lot to the guy, Minho, as Jonghyun was told to call him.

“You’re a terrible stripper, you know?”

Minho tenses and Jonghyun grins, tipping his glass. He’s not drunk, not with a knee-jerk reaction like that. “So why,” Jonghyun asks, voice more sincere, “Why do you do it?”

Sitting up straighter and dropping his horrendous drunk act, Minho speaks over the noisy music. “Cause I need the money.”

“Ah..”

“It’s weird, I know,” Minho turns away, head lowering, all bashful-like now. “I could do it another way than this..”
“No, it’s not really. I get it.” Jonghyun has dealt with his own self-esteem problems, sexuality being one of them. You wouldn’t think so, how loud and energetic he could be, but he hid them fairly well. At least until he met Taeyeon and she changed everything.

“You were a stripper?” Minho asks, brows raised.

Jonghyun laughs. “Nah, but I played in a band in high school-”

Jonghyun doesn’t even get to finish his story on confidence; Minho is snuggling into Jonghyun again, cracking voice nearly a squeal of delight. Jonghyun doesn’t mind now that he’s genuinely being himself instead of the drunk act.

“Do you still play?”

“Sometimes.”

“Cool..” Minho’s head stops snuggling, but still lays against his shoulder, gaze on the stage where Jonghyun’s friends were still hanging out around, partying harder than him at his own bachelor party. “I would like to see.”

“Maybe..” Jonghyun laughs.

Minho snorts, long fingers picking at the loose, casual top he had put on after stripping of his fancy costume on stage for work over an hour ago.

Jonghyun’s not sure how to react, but Minho’s hand reaches for his nestled between them on the booth they sit, fingers intertwining in a soft grip. He sips what’s left of his drink, side-glancing.

He’s a cute guy, someone he would like to get to know more of, and in another life, Jonghyun wishes he could have met him sooner; see where that might have led his path instead.
“Keep relaxing,” Minho tries to direct Jinki, voice low but tone soft. “You are going to get there.”

Jinki’s clothes found their way to the floor some time ago, followed by Minho’s hands over him and wet tongue between spread cheeks. On hand and knee came the lube and small dildo from the younger man. Jinki had been skeptical of Minho’s claims of cumming with just his ass, but when Jinki finds a determined, competitive streak in him, he won’t easily turn down the challenge. If Minho can do it, then so can Jinki.

Jinki grunts and moans, damp face squishing into a pillow or turning out with bitten lips. Minho’s hand on his back, dragging slowly, and the rhythms of the toy his body has accepted a liking to, is a slow burn into madness. He drips pre-cum, throbbing more intensely between his spread thighs.

The smooth glide of the toy feels good against nerves and stimulated gland, but the arousal lowers his tolerance, and he wants to call it quits, take the losing end and shove his dick down Minho’s throat so he can get the relief so much faster. Minho though, he encourages to hang in there, even in something such as this act.

“I swear, it’s really good.”

Warm kisses to his bare back and teasing fingers along thigh has Jinki jerk, voice a louder whine and back bowing, taking on moving his own hips back against the toy Minho makes sure doesn’t slip free of his body. Just stroke his dick already, Jinki what’s to demand. Stop leaving him hanging.

It feels like an eternity, like so much time was wasted on something that could be done in five minutes, but when Jinki reaches that promised orgasm, he finds there really wasn’t an exaggeration. The sensation doesn’t only last momentarily at his waist; it travels much further, all over in the warmest tingles, to the top of his head until there’s only bright light as eyes roll.

Limbs quiver a moment as Jinki’s voice is a drawn out whine he is out of control of. Even when his body stills and he’s blown a thick load onto sheets, Jinki still feels the pay off, and it’s incredible.

Jinki rolls over to flail onto his back, eyes staring at nothing and arms weak. Minho crawls over him, toy left between sheets, as the young man kisses Jinki’s lips with a gentle nibble. When he pulls back it’s with a smile, one of satisfaction but not overtly smug.

“How was it?”

Words are still a little hard to process. “Ah.. amazing.” Jinki thinks that sums up the experience nicely.

Minho laughs, snorting on a giggle. “You look really cute right now.”

Jinki finds the energy to move, so he can pull Minho back into a kiss, leading the younger to fall over the bed so Jinki can half-roll on top of him, watch his face for a lie, but he finds only
sincerity, like usual. One hand rubs down a hip still covered in underwear, and a lazy grin is directed at Minho, with his hair a fluffy mess fallen over small, smiling eyes.

Jinki says excitedly, “Next time, I’ll do you no hands.”
Jinki isn’t always the best at his job, and there are those that like to hold it over his head, remind him of his screw ups. So he tries even harder to gain respect, especially to be looked upon by Lady Taeyeon as worthy protecting her and to fight that she may take back what is rightfully hers.

That’s how Jinki ends up here, at night, in the shadows of a building long since half of it destroyed - blown up in one of many fights in this city. Ceiling lights flicker, soon to lose all power to what remains of the building. One of those his people fight daily is with him now beneath that dim light, because he’s simply a fool. What the fool thinks of as love doesn’t actually exist. His people are of faith to a brightness such as love, but this Puritan has his own spin on it, Jinki has found. It’s the weakness Jinki can exploit, with pretty words that taste like vomit on his tongue.

Above Jinki now, breaths are heavy between bitten lips, and he parts with a red mouth from the exposed length swollen by his sucking lips. “Minho...” he sighs the young man’s name, because he seems to like the sound of it on Jinki’s tongue. He likes a lot of things about Jinki. He doesn’t want to fight Jinki or have to take his life. Jinki nearly perished once by Minho, but he was shown a mercy only those on the other side have.

He pulls Minho’s pants down further, Jinki still on his knees and bent over, Minho sitting his back to a chipped wall. Jinki drags his tongue back over the small, twitching length, lips curled into a grin at the noise from parted lips. He then sits up, taking hold of Minho’s legs, yanking him back across the floor until Minho falls to his back laid out flat, voice knocked out of him. Jinki can’t help the giggle.

“Hm, you are cute like this,” Jinki says, as he crawls over the other, “in such a position. I could kill you now and take your dick as a trophy.”

“You won’t...”

Jinki pauses from undoing his pants, making it to just his thighs. He has to find Minho’s face, look him in the eyes. He sees Jinki as not a threat, and that has Jinki unnerved, and then irritated. Who is this person to know him, especially someone of the wrong side. Jinki takes a deep breath to calm himself before he messes up another good opportunity.

Minho’s jacket and top are pulled off by Jinki, and he kiss Minho’s naked chest as he says “You have the purest heart I’ve seen.”

His heart thumps madly with Jinki so close, and skin is so warm beneath his hands he can’t find a reason not to run his palms down lean muscle, to feel the firm curves of a body being offered to him. He shifts around, until he can rub back against Minho, pre-cum wetting between his cheeks. He moves like that, watching the twisting face below him.

“Your light will go out,” Jinki reminds Minho. He shouldn’t, because if he decided to run now, Jinki would be a failure once again. He feels somehow compelled to as he watches those big eyes he’s met in fighting before. No one has ever looked at Jinki like this person has. “You won’t be
able to summon. You will no longer stand a chance in battle.”

Jinki is stunned silent, as Minho sits up, arms wrapping around him, voice with heavy sincerity at his ear. “I’ll have you…”

Jinki’s heart beats unusual, eyes wide, actually paralyzed. If it is a ploy to open him for attack, it works. But no attack comes. Jinki has to gather himself, nerves unraveling. He reaches behind himself, hurrying position to take Minho into him. Yet he pauses again.

“You really will lose your power with this.” Those gifted to fight their cause against Jinki’s kind, those granted a unique power, are allowed it as long as they are as pure in body as in mind and heart. The seal breaks with the taking of virginity. Jinki has never broken that seal in any fighter, not until given the easiest opportunity in this one.

Minho’s face hides at Jinki’s shoulder, hold around him tightening as he says “Do it.”

Jinki doesn’t back out now, not when Lady Taeyeon is his rightful cause. He takes the discomfort, used to it, pushing himself back to be penetrated. Jinki sinks further, even while released from the warm arms as Minho falls back with a choked cry. Jinki’s nose scrunches up, pushing back as far as he can, until his ass sits to Minho’s thighs, taking the small, swollen length in whole.

He sits this, not moving, eyes finding Minho’s squished face relaxing into a goofy smile Jinki is confused by. He really did it, without a fight at all, gave up something meaningful, and for what? Jinki? For the enemy? Jinki doesn’t understand pure hearts.

Hips rock, slowly, and it’s not something Jinki can see with his eyes, but he can feel it, as something slips away from Minho’s body. A brightness fades, as if to leave Minho nearly as dark as Jinki. Jinki braces his hands to the floor, moving faster, pleased by the louder voice Minho can’t hold back. When an arm flings over Minho’s face to muffle his noise, Jinki won’t have it. He pushes the arm away, making sure every moan and whimper is heard. Jinki leans in, taking another kiss, rolling his tongue over chapped lips.

Jinki’s closed eyes open as he feels a hand through his hair holding him gently. He thickens between his own legs, growing harder by the second, just because of a touch here and there across his body. A hot groan escapes him, and another, understanding himself less and less. Why should he steal from a heart as warm and giving as this one?

It’s not long before he’s filled with pumping and strings of cum. Jinki then pulls off, doing so quickly, because the longer they’re connected, the more Jinki doesn’t feel quite himself. His hole dribbles a light mess, and Minho seems more breathless than him. Eyes are even wet as they blink up at Jinki, but a genuine smile is on his face. Minho doesn’t look any different, but he definitely feels different. There is literally nothing he can now do to defeat Jinki, even if he tries. Jinki feels empowered he’s seen his mission through and will have something to show to Lady Taeyeon.

Jinki swipes damp bangs from a small face still obtaining its beauty, almost a smile on his lips as he declares “And now you are mine.”

Minho is the fallen one, but still he looks at Jinki with adoration. “I love you..” he sighs, “Jinki.”

Jinki turns away with a scoff, still vowing to put Lady Taeyeon where she belongs, no matter the costs. Such pretty words mean nothing to his kind.
Eunsook blows on nails freshly painted, glancing at them sparkle in the light, snuggling back into pillows over a bed. The noise of the tv is on, grabbing part of her attention. But a lot of her attention is on her boyfriend laying lazily over her bare, parted legs, sucking on her dick.

Eunsook hadn’t expected to meet a guy who would make her feel secure about her identity and transition. Many men have been cruel, leaving her afraid to even attempt dating since she came out and stopped pretending she could manage through life as a man forever. A sense of freedom came with that, but no more relationships.

Not until a younger person found her just as desirable no matter the genitals.

Minho, Eunsook found, is something special. A sincere young man, with attraction to whatever he likes, he once explained to her, when she confessed to being trans and ready for him to run away. Minho stayed. He adores brushing her shoulder length hair, helpful in opinions in fashion, and he can’t get enough of her dick. The dysphoria settles a little, with a person who normalizes her insecurities.

After painting Eunsook’s nails with his choice of color, her allowing it because he makes the cutest expressions in thought and concentration, she mumbled about a pampering blowjob. Minho didn’t hesitate.

Eunsook’s head falls back, voice a groan, still able to appreciate the sensation of a warm mouth and soft lips up and down, even with hormonal shifting by injections. She always does those herself, even though a boyfriend has been offering to help. Somehow, it’s a personal step and sense of control in her own future she can’t yet hand to another. But she hopes that comfortable place will come with this person, because she’s beginning to think she truly in love with him.

When Eunsook comes, only the slightest of warning, it’s inside Minho’s mouth and across puffy lips. He slowly drags his tongue over his lips to clean up the mess, batting long lashes she’s envious of, then smiles with the cutest face Eunsook just wants to squish and kiss all over. She feels amazing knowing someone is actually attracted to her.

As she wiggles feet, Eunsook is more bold, hand scooping dried nails through Minho’s tousled hair. “How about you choose a color for my toes, then I eat your cute ass out.”

Minho nuzzles Eunsook’s thigh with a muffled laugh, flustered by what comes out of the woman’s mouth sometimes. But Eunsook is finding the most confidence in life she ever has because of this man. Maybe a little of his has rubbed off onto her, and she’s grateful for it.

“I love you,” Minho mutters between soft kisses to her inner thigh, tip of his nose a warm rubbing.

Eunsook grins, nose crinkled with small eyes, feeling all sort of beautiful today.

Lee Eunsook is finally the queen she was born to be, and she’s found her king in Choi Minho.
Minjung fumbles in her hurry to unfasten Jinki’s pants, palm again brushing the bulge between clothing to feel how hard he’s become. She chews lips puffy from kisses and flicks tousled hair out of her way, embarrassingly eager, she thinks, to get laid. It’s been so long it feels since she broke up with her last, and very first, boyfriend.

Minjung is ready to take the next leap into a relationship, and this time an older man – a college guy she met while new on campus herself in a memorable accident at the library; bodies bumping, books dropped and his pair of glasses nearly smashed. Many cute and awkward smiles were shared that day.

Minjung and Jinki have been dating for a short time now, but had known each other longer than that, making jokes and casually teasing each other with dorky sexual innuendo, even getting drunk enough a few times they made out and rubbed against each other through clothing. She is ready to take it to the next level now that they are committed. She is comfortable.

So comfortable she’s in a hurry to get his pants off and—

Clothing is tugged away enough Jinki’s erect length springs free. Minjung’s eyes widen, hand pulled back to cover her mouth.

Jinki waits still, head back and eyes closed. As nothing seems to happen though, Jinki looks down between his spread legs, finding Minjung frozen.

Minjung’s body tenses up and her eyes blink slowly. With only a few drunken groping sessions, she couldn’t have guessed or prepared herself for this. He’s so much bigger than she thought. Her inexperienced vagina feels fear, arousal fleeting fast. One boyfriend’s (apparently small) dick was nothing to judge every man’s size on. How did that not cross her mind.

“What?” Jinki finally asks.

Minjung looks up with wet eyes. “You- you’re.. I can’t.”

“You can’t..? Can’t what?”

Minjung literally cries, right there and then, hot tears dripping down her red cheeks. She wants Jinki so bad; he’s great and cute and sexy and his dick is the most terrifying thing she’s ever seen. “Your penis..”

Jinki takes a pillow to drop over his waist, covering himself with embarrassment, and it makes Minjung cry harder knowing she’s making him feel bad, after all they were supposed to be having a good intimate time together, there first, and here she is crying on her knees.

“I’m sorry.” She’s so disappointed in herself. She’s a terrible girlfriend.

“Why?” Jinki looks back to Minjung, brows arching with confusion.
“My vagina is scared..”

“Scared?” Jinki blinks even wider eyes.

Minjung nods, no filter on her words.

It’s all sudden, Jinki bursting into smiling laughter. He looks relieved, though still awfully red in the face. “We don’t have to.. –please don’t cry.” He adds in a mumble while looking away in thought, “I’ve never had a girl react like this..”

Minjung swipes her wet face, worried she just made a fool of herself in front of someone slightly more experienced. But what if she ended up impaled like a stuffed pig cooked over a searing fire? The fear is real and a pussy cowers.

Jinki rubs Minjung’s head with a nervous, affectionate pat, then gave a gentle tug, promoting her to get up and crawl back over the bed with him. Her tears dry a bit and Jinki looks at her like a shy schoolboy and it’s so cute to Minjung, she’s still terribly sorry.

After her overwhelming reaction, Jinki is careful and hesitant in kissing Minjung, but she pushes into it, still wanting Jinki as much as she could manage to take. Her hand runs behind the pillow still resting at his waist, cautious in touching a length she didn’t expect to have such girth. She’s slow, and Jinki’s hand is gentle as he touches her with encouragement that she could at least give him a handjob.

Minjung really likes Jinki a lot, more than anyone before. She’s determined not to allow a frightening dick to break them up. Choi Minjung is good at setting goals and sticking to them.
the psych ward (M)

Jinki has done it again. Six months before his eighteenth birthday.

He tried to kill himself, only to find no success once more.

Looking back, jumping from the shallow height he had wasn’t the best idea. He only gained a busted wrist and cuts on his face. He of course, with his history– with his actual confession he tried to off himself to the ER doctor– finds himself in the underage psych ward like before.

In bed, he wears the same match pale top and bottoms. Matching socks. No zippers or strings. Nothing he could harm himself with. All he’s allowed is the brace around his wrist. His glasses are gone, broken in the fall, but it’s not like they allow him to keep them at all times here.

The room is bare, but for a small bathroom in the corner, one without a door, and a bed across from his with a table stand between. The door is left open a crack; not allowed to be closed fully. Check ups through the night will come.

There’s rustling from the other bed. Jinki has a roommate, like usual. This teenager is unfamiliar to him though. He doesn’t recall seeing him before.

When Jinki was thrust into his new room, he found a teenager, a boy of course, as the kids are separated by genders for less fuss. This boy sat on his bed, but standing at Jinki’s entrance proved his tall height but disturbingly thin body and small frame. He thinks he can make out every bone in his body– or that might be a bit of an exaggeration. Jinki was introduced by the nurse, age given, so the teenager – name offered as Minho – bowed politely. Jinki didn’t feel very polite at the time.

There hadn’t been much time to talk, as dinner and group therapy was on schedule as usual, and like the times before, Jinki went through the motions, until bedtime, when all the boys with rooms in the hall were lined up outside their doors for medications. He swallowed the pills down, nose scrunched and tongue out to prove he followed orders. He successfully hide pills under his tongue before, until he was caught and punished. The effort doesn’t seem worth it this time.

Jinki’s head has started the fuzzies feel again, something that loosens him up and like he could float right off the bed. He still lays awake, wrist band fiddled with, sighing. “So, how old are you?”

There’s a long pause of silence, likely the other trying to pretend he’s asleep. When he finally speaks up, the deep voices is a bit jarring from a face that looks so young.

“Fifteen and a half.”

Jinki snorts laughter. He remembers being fifteen. It’s the first time he acknowledged he tried to kill himself, though others had occurred before then. It’s the first time he was put inside this place, only to think of it like a second home in the years to come. His first attempt was a pathetic slice of his wrists. He was caught, didn’t lose much blood, but was formally diagnosed with severe depression.
Jinki remembers the look on the doctor’s face when he answered the question of when was the last time he felt happy. It was when he was five or so. Then his grandmother passed, the woman who often took care of him, and Jinki can’t recall true happiness since. An uncle grandma hadn’t let Jinki be around was understood why shortly after. He still vividly remembers the scratch if his stubble and the calluses on palms.

What is happiness, anyway?

He’s tried to fake it until he makes it, but that only lasts several months, then he ends up here, because he sucks at trying to die.

“What are you in for?”

“I don’t know.”

The question is answered defensively. There’s more rustling. Minho doesn’t speak again. Jinki rolls over for sleep.
“Oh babe,” Minjung holds her face, lashes fluttering, “You had a crush on me? That’s embarrassing!”

Behind glasses, Jinki arches a brow at Minjung’s blushing. “We’re married…”

“Still..” Minjung peeks at Jinki, her husband, feeling as shy as she did when they first started dating, because she had the biggest crush on him beforehand, which he seemed sort of oblivious to. She had no idea it was mutual crushing.

Jinki snorts on a laugh, handsome in his mannerisms, as he takes Minjung’s hand into his and tugs her tall height down to peck a kiss to her nose.

Jinki looks her in the eye as he mutters in that smooth, honey voice of his, “I thought the cute and pretty Choi Minjung was way out of my league.”

Minjung is flushed, eyes wide, and life a little more perfect than she thought. Also a tad bit embarrassing.
Lee Jinki lays awake in bed. The bedroom door is open, and down the hall is the noise of breakfast being prepared, as well as a yapping little pup energetic in the morning. Jinki remembers when he was energetic, at least reasonably so. A lot has changed in his life, but with the bad came some good. He’s reminded of that hearing laughter carry into the bedroom. It’s such a sweet laugh, one that tugs the corners of his mouth up into a grin.

Minho, Jinki’s boyfriend, had their meeting under odd circumstances. Jinki had just dropped out of university, and parents had disowned their only child after his growing sickness and cause came to light. They couldn’t accept a son like him, nor support him, so moving out and finding work was all he could do to get bills paid. School had become an extra burden his body could no longer handle. Jinki had given up all hope in life. What was there left but endless days of pain and the possible ending of a horrible death.

So Jinki took what little control he felt he had left to purposely walk out into oncoming traffic, having noted the bus on the street just ahead. He was sure it would be painless and quick that way.

Jinki hadn’t expected to be shoved out of the way as horns blared at him. When he had opened his eyes, he found what he thought than of an angel hovering over his limp body. Big eyes were wide and lips parted in a heavy breath. Brows furrowed not with anger but concern. That’s how Jinki met Choi Minho. That’s how Jinki found out he was still alive.

The friendship went from there, with Jinki weary, as he was positive he was rather on suicide watch than someone actually wanting to be his friend. Many friends had abandoned him when his secret was discovered. Minho stuck around despite hearing his sob story he told in a bitter, joking tone. Minho had the strangest large eyes, the kind that looked at him as if he saw through Jinki’s tough act. Many texts were sent to Jinki; wanting to see him, asking how he was doing, wondering if he wanted to go out for a movie or something.

Still sure Minho wasn’t someone to stick around, and acting on an attraction he found in the younger man since the first moment they spoke to each other, Jinki kissed him on the lips. The reaction was shock, and then what Jinki had suspected. Minho left.

What Jinki didn’t foresee was Minho’s return.

“Are you attracted to me? Is that why you kissed me?” Minho had asked.

Jinki nodded, not feeling very well, but meeting Minho out for drinks since he called. He found he was the only one drinking, though. Not sure what else to add, Jinki was silent.

Minho offered, forward but voice lacking all its confidence. “Do you want to date me?”

Jinki found Minho to be so full of surprises.

Today, Jinki is sore, all over, under the bones type sore, more than the past few days. It’s uncomfortable to drag himself to the kitchen. There he finds Minho, who has recently moved in
after he secretly got a side job. He said it is to save on money, and that he has been wanting to move away from home but university has been keeping him living there. Jinki gets tired just thinking of how he has school and work, on top of taking care of him. Jinki agreed to have him move in, as he trusts Minho after more than a year of knowing him and about a year’s time dating.

Now Jinki’s paychecks go to medications more often.

“Good morning, Lee Jinki-ssi~,” is a greeting in a warm tease. Minho isn’t showered or dressed yet. He struggles himself with waking in mornings, just naturally a late sleeper, but is always up before Jinki. Sometimes it means stumbling, quick morning showers together to be ready in time to leave.

Jinki grunts with a palm rubbing sore joints. Minho’s doing it again, being obvious in taking care of Jinki. It doesn’t seem that long ago Jinki was able-bodied and could get up and make himself breakfast. Now it seems so daunting a task.

That medication of his sits out on the table near dishes. It is set out every morning for Jinki. While living alone, while in the beginning stages, Jinki would forget his medication. He forgot a lot of things, as life spiraled further out of his control. It seems a death sentence, so why bother prolonging such a life.

“Didn’t you stay up late watching a game?” Jinki asks, wondering if it had been a dream or if he really had gone to bed early, while Minho stayed up alone.

“Yeah, why?”

Minho looks confused and Jinki longs for such energy.

“Did I wake you getting into bed? You were so warm..” Minho turns away, hiding a blushing face. “I’m not used to sharing a bed every night with someone. I’ll try to get better at it.”

Jinki crinkles his nose up in thought. He doesn’t remember if it was last night or another night he woke to being hot from a body wrapped around his from behind. It must happen more often than he realizes. Either way, it comforts Jinki. He doesn’t mind sharing his bed with Minho. “It’s fine…”

“Here’s your fruit,” Minho places a dish where Jinki sits at the table. “I think I’ve got this menu memorized,” he laughs. “So I thought I’d try something new. I swear it’s not burnt.”

Jinki nods, feeling weaker this morning. Their pup, one Minho surprised Jinki with shortly after becoming roomies, wags his tail at Jinki’s slippered feet. Minho looks at Jinki, one of those hard expressions, and Jinki doesn’t like worrying him, but if he felt terribly guilty he wouldn’t be in a relationship. He wasn’t supposed to be, in fact. He swore off it. What was the point. Jinki hadn’t expected to meet someone with a charming smile and endearing personality. The one person he could call a friend when he was frequently drinking himself into numbness and needed to be told to stop. Jinki wasn’t supposed to date, he had told himself. So how did he really end up here? He asks himself some mornings while staring at his unshaven reflection in the bathroom mirror.

“Should I call you in sick at work?”

“Nah, I’ll make it.” Jinki helps himself to carefully diced fruit, hoping to boost his energy. He needs his job to pay bills. Medical appointments and medication are so expensive. Missing too many days will cost him a job again.

Minho sits, gently scooping hair from Jinki’s eyes. He stares a long moment at the younger man’s pretty face, even now still taken aback by soft features and large eyes. He remembers thinking him
to be an angel while in the stupor of a bad decision.

Minho says, “If you really don’t feel well, I won’t make you do yoga today.”

Jinki smiles with a full mouth, reminded of the younger man’s charms. He’s so sincere. Jinki’s not sure he’s ever met a man like him, especially not in the man who harmed him as a teenager, lied and gained his trust, just to leave Jinki confused and sick. He had questioned his sexuality for years, but one older man took advantage of that. Jinki’s parting gift from him was HIV. He had been too careless and unsafe. Jinki still blames himself rather than the lack of proper education on safe sex.

Jinki wonders what Minho gets out of dating a guy like him.

“You look good stretching for yoga, so can I at least watch you?”

Minho laughs, leaning back in his seat with clapping hands. Jinki grins, but he wasn’t joking. Minho looks really good, in his opinion, and for as attracted to the man as Jinki is, for them to have been dating nearly a year and even living together now, the two haven’t had sex. It’s remained at kissing and snuggling, with one night both were drunk, Minho more than Jinki, and a simple, quick handjob was offered and given to Jinki.

Jinki tries to understand. It wasn’t until after they began dating and Minho didn’t accept Jinki’s sexual advances, that Jinki was told about asexuality, and that Minho was one. Jinki had just thought Minho didn’t want to have sex with him for fear of the disease spreading. It hurt less, though he still can’t wrap his mind around someone dating him while not being sexually attracted to him. It seems over complicated.

“I just don’t like it really..” Minho, who had always been viewed as a pillar of strength, looked more like a mirror image of Jinki’s insecurities when he said, “I don’t like sex.”

Jinki still can’t agree with that. He misses such contact. He craves it still, though he has tried not to, so to hear someone is repulsed by sex is unfathomable.

“You can oogle if you want.”

“What if I want more?” Jinki’s brows arch. He doesn’t like all the exercise he now has to keep up doing, but one form of ‘exercise’ he could easily get back into. He often imagines what it would be like with Minho. Would it be soft and slow, or rough and breathless. Would Minho allow Jinki to touch him all over or be reserved. So many scenarios are played in Jinki’s mind when he’s feeling well but sexually frustrated.

“Maybe some time.”

That’s the answer Jinki always gets. Minho kisses Jinki’s cheek and returns to making breakfast. Jinki can’t help but still wonder if it’s actually him Minho doesn’t want to touch because of his sickness. He quietly eats and watches his boyfriend fumble a bit, but every action reminds him why they work and are still together. Minho makes Jinki feel human still. Minho reminds Jinki there is life to live.

“I think it burnt a little..” Minho sighs. “You’ll still eat it, right?”

“Yes,” Jinki laughs.

Minho gives a thumbs up, back still to the table. “Success.”

Jinki ate better with Minho feeding him than he ever did living alone, now on a balanced diet by
doctor’s orders, so some burnt food here and there didn’t put Jinki off.

“Don’t forget your meds,” Minho looks over his shoulder, lips in a pouting frown.

Jinki takes his medication on time, like every day, because Choi Minho balances out Lee Jinki’s new life.

This routine they’ve made, it really isn’t so bad. Jinki is grateful a passing stranger saved his life that day. Maybe one day Jinki will find out he’s been in the presence of an angel all this time, and it would be the one part that wouldn’t surprise him about the young man.
climax among friends

onho; fluff

“You gonna eat that?”

Jinki leans back, making way for Minjung and her chopsticks pinching for any food she can take, and honestly she’s eaten more of the meal than he has. “Take it.”

The young woman smiles, cheeks full, hair tied up in a messy ponytail and clothes disheveled after some soccer practice. She looks messy, quite frankly. Jinki is left to wonder how a friend from middle school turned out to give him all sorts of boners. It just sort of happened, somewhere around high school, when she finally caught up, entering her first year with a growth spirt but not in the chest, or hips, or..why did he get boners?

Now Jinki sort of considers her his girlfriend, if being unsure after a few drunk nights fooling around the last several months count, than yeah. He even changed her name in his cell phone to his girlfriend. He feels so shameless. But somehow, Minjung can relieve that feeling, because she opens her mouth to say the oddest things at the weirdest times. Like now, with her mouth full and appearance questionable.

“Do I make a weird face when I..you know..orgasm?”

Jinki sputters on his drink, eyes wide. He glances around, hoping no one in the tiny restaurant heard her. “Eh?”

“Like..” She uses her expressive face and large eyes to make weird looks, none of which he can recall seeing when she climaxes. And why is this coming up out in public? Jinki checks their drinks, wondering if it’s actually alcohol instead of soda, which would explain it because Minjung is pretty lightweight when it comes to drinks.

He still finds only soda.

“Why are you asking me this?”

“Because you’ve seen it.”

Jinki looks away, unable to deny that.

“I look like I dead fish, don’t I?” she makes a gasping face, cheeks full of food, somehow actually looking like a blowfish.

Minjung’s food consumption slows, and Jinki’s thoughts wander to how he’s able to eat so much and stay so tiny. She’s tiny in every sense of the word, well, maybe not height. She’s bigger than him in that much, but Jinki has seen all of her, in a way he never thought he would, so he thinks he can declare she is tiny. He wished he could have stayed as small, but here he is with a pudgy belly and trying to watch what he eats without announcing it.

And what were they talking about.
Fish and orgasms. Right.

“It’s uh.. fine,” it makes him cum buckets, and he loves how her long lashes do that odd, uneven fluttering thing and her lips part with a gasping whine, limbs quivering, toned muscles tight, and she looks so good eaten out, and he would do so much more with her given the chance. The the memories make his pants grow tight, and this is why Minjung shouldn’t ask weird things in public.

“Really? I’m not so sure..”

Should he just say it? Jinki’s fists are tight, eyes darting around nervously. Things sure where simpler in middle school, talking about comics and sports excitedly.

Jinki’s sweating bullets and he just takes the plunge. “It makes me cum. It’s honestly sexy.”

Minjung suddenly stares at Jinki with wide eyes, food just put into her mouth. She’s frozen a long moment, then says almost too loudly. “I thought you just didn’t last long..”

Jinki’s shoulders slump. Right through the heart. That hurts. His head lowers with embarrassment. He looks at it that he likes her so much he doesn’t last. It sounds a lot nicer. 

“I’m sorry. I just.. really?”

When Jinki looks up, it’s to find Minjung blushing, eyes even darting away from eye contact. Jinki feels a bit better. He takes a drink with a crinkled nose, annoyed by the feeling of being in high school again. He needs to work on being more forward.

Minjung scoops loose hair behind her ears and wipes her face, clearly self-conscious now. She peeks at Jinki from the corner of her eye, and he finds a wide grin to offer her, feeling so much better.

“Not a dying fish at all,” Jinki says, leaning in with assertiveness now.

Minjung chokes on her rice, almost turning completely away with blinking side-eyes.

Jinki isn’t sure what changed between them over the years, or how, but in moments such as these, he’s glad they did. Minjung really is too cute. He hopes she will one day accept him as a boyfriend.
“You are.. you’re really beautiful…”

“Hm.” Jinki blows on his glasses, pushes them back on, then returns to his rubik’s cube, all the while having a cell phone tucked between his shoulder and ear.

“You’re a beautiful person and I love you, okay?”

“Cool.” After two hours of his friend drunk over the phone, Jinki’s not sure how else to respond. Minho says the same things over and over, words hard to understand through his clunky lisp of a voice. Jinki supposes it doesn’t matter when it’s all the same anyway. Jokes and singing and declarations of love.

“You are handsome too.. like.. how does your face do that?”

“Do what?”

“Be handsome, eh..”

Jinki finds a chuckle as Minho laughs loudly. His cube has made good progress in the time spent on the phone, so there is some productivity on his side.

“Who got you this drunk?” Jinki asks. It’s unusual for his friend to drink enough he’s smashed, but a gathering can cause him to drink more within a socializing setting. He’s lightweight enough, it’s not hard for him to overdo it.

“Shno one…”

Jinki sighs at more laughter, then there’s noise of chewing.

“Are you seriously eating again?”

“I love food..” Minho whines through a full mouth. “It makes me so happy… you make me so happy.”

“Minho,” Jinki has a sudden thought while glancing at the late time. It’s been nearly three hours on the phone. “How are you getting home?”

“I’m gonna fry..”

Jinki wanted a weekend night off from socializing, but here he is, his sorta-not-really-sure boyfriend on the phone drunk off his rocker and needs a safe ride. Jinki will have to use his car and drive busy, annoying streets to get to the bar.

“What’s home?”

“Hm..” Minho giggles and snorts, bashful. “You..”
Jinki sets his cube down and grabs his keys. “I’m coming to get you.”

“Are you gonna eats my food?”

“No..

“Cool.”

Before Jinki hangs up, he hears through chewing:

“Hyung, hyung Jinki yah I love you..”

Jinki leaves with a warm smile, about to share his bed with a drunk snuggler unaware of boundaries the rest of the night, and it doesn’t seem so bad now.
Jinki’s laughter abruptly stops, eyes looking to the short space between himself and Minho sitting on a bench together. “What are you doing?”

“What?” Minho’s wide smile slips, brows furrowed with confusion. He simply sees himself, forward but a bit nervously, attempting to hold Jinki’s hand as their night out alone together winds down. It’s simply a touch of affection, wanting there to be a difference between hanging out and a date - which this is a date. It’s why he’s been more on edge all night.

Jinki laughs again, but this time at Minho’s hand over his. “It’s like we’re on a date or something. Come on, don’t be like that. It’s a cheap joke.”

Minho jerks his hand away, laughter caught in a sneezing cough, until his voice picks up loudly in gasping laughs and Jinki looks at him weird.

Minho wonders where the quickest exit to his life is.

Of course it was just a friendly night out, nothing more or less. It’s not like Jinki knows he’s out as bisexual and had a slight crush on him since forever. Except Jinki does know and they’re still friends and Minho misread the invite to hang out as a first date.

Jinki pats Minho’s shoulder. “You win joke of the night. Okay? Wow. I think you need sleep worse than me.”

Minho rubs behind his ear, sighing a deep breath. “Yeah, I one upped you for sure.”

Jinki shakes his head and laughs cutely. Minho clears his throat and turns away, feeling the true loser of the night.
Minho knew that he fucked up when he...

..felt a cold blade too close to the warm skin of his neck and a hand pull through his hair, yanking his head back for easy access.

Minho shouted, failing to keep his teeth clenched or eyes focused on Taemin, who is curled up in a corner of the room. He drew attention to himself rather then let another touch Taemin. It was the brave move, the one that took all his willpower not to crack and show just how scared he was or the fact that part of him rather just sink back into the shadows and let the captors have their way with the younger since Minho was being left alone mostly.

It was a horribly realization, one very human but far too disgusting. Minho let his own threat out to the large masked man, swearing things he couldn’t really do, gaining all the attention on himself alone.

The knife now dug enough into him to dribble blood down his neck and soak a tattered top. Minho tried to keep his eyes anywhere but focused on the man, but as the blade pressed further his vision fell back, wide eyes showing the fear he tried to hide the whole time. The grip on his hair loosened, as if the angry man now saw right through Minho, knowing he was all talk and never any show.

There’s a soft chuckle and the knife dragged down Minho’s top, tearing bigger holes through it. His hands shake, unable to find it in him to grab hold of the man, stop him, do something. He’s felt the consequences before as well as seen them taking too far when a new arrival to the room, no older than their own teenage years, was quickly gutted and dragged out of the cell, leaving him and Taemin staring at blood, suffocating in its smell until they vomited only spittle. Their stomachs had been too empty for too long to throw up much of anything anymore.

The blade still damp with his own blood was dragged back up to his face, smeared on his cheek and run over dry lips until its poking into his mouth parted to allow the blade in, not wanting to be cut any further. Minho squeaked in a hard breath, cold blade covered in blood moving over his tongue, tasting it all with a hard swallow. He’s crying without realizing it, vaguely hearing Taemin’s voice in the room, begging the man to stop. Minho mostly only heard the loud beating of his heart in his ears.

The blade was pulled away, allowing Minho to breathe only a moment before his head was smashed not the wall beside him, held there with a painful pressure. His weak hands finally reached for the man’s arm, afraid if it went any further he would die.

Minho’s clothes were sliced and pulled away, leaving small cuts over his dirty body from the blade digging further than the fabric. His filthy nails dig into the man’s arm and wrist but he seemed unaffected by any little fight Minho still had in him. His voice shouted ‘stop’ over and over, or at least it sounded like his, but it didn’t feel like he was speaking.
His vision was blurred, head clouded and throbbing still as the hand released him, now dragging him naked on his back through the dark room. All he could manage to do as his arms were dragging over his head was to turn enough to see Taemin through blurry eyes, this time asking for someone to step in for him instead, do something.

It was a hard, quiet breath that begged, “Help me.”

No help arrived. He could hear Taemin’s screaming cries as he was dragged from the room and the heavy door closed behind him, masked man taking Minho somewhere that couldn’t be any better than the cell.
“No,” Minho says, coming out of the corner where he was dressing behind hanging clothes brought in for a new shoot he is to participate in. He got as far has a top, but while trying on the snug fitting pants, he spotted a problem, one surely intentional.

Eunsook, Minho’s current and longest lasting coordinator is watching him with some innocent look, and Minho knows better by now. The two had even dated for a short time, but a scandal in rumor tabloids about Minho dating a fellow model, a popular female one, left Minho bringing up the break up for reasons to protect them both from any more scandals. They both agreed it was for the best.

But also, it leaves their working relationship weirder than ever because of their history.

“I’m not wearing this.”

“Why?”

“Why? Because it has a bullseye on the groin practically!”

This happens a little too often since Eunsook was hired, his outfits end up with too much focus on his junk, and Minho is working hard to be a legitimate model, not one getting by on cheap tricks.

“The style looks good on you,” Eunsook insists, poking glasses back up the bridge of her nose.

When Minho thinks back on their short romantic relationship he wonders how much of it was Eunsook actually interested in him or interested in bedding him. It makes him glad they never got far enough to sleep together. Her unusual desire to bring attention to his dick has insecurities clawing at him. Models are too often nothing but appearance.

“I mean, it’s your best asset.”

There’s suddenly awkward silence, as Minho stares with wide eyes and Eunsook covers her mouth. As Minho looks away with a put out expression, Eunsook waves her hands.

“I didn’t mean it like that. I mean, you have a really cute and charming face also,” she shakes her head, clearly flustered at herself.

Minho turns around, silently digging through the hanging clothes, weird pair of pants dropped to the floor.

“Your penis isn’t that exciting– you have a nice ass too of course.”

Minho looks down, remember he’s in underwater still, then glances over his shoulder at the older woman who is now biting a fist in panic.

She whispers in a whine over her hand, “That didn’t come out how I wanted it to.. any of it.. I’m so sorry..”
Minho calmly suggests, “Maybe you should sit down. Your face is red.”

“Did I mention you’re smart? Very good thinker,” she pokes her head and falls back into a seat, sighing loudly at the ceiling. “You’re really cool..” she mutters quietly.

Minho hides a slight smile from her and decides on a pair of pants to slide into instead. When he turns around, buttons fastened up on jeans with a hugging feel but looser fit and no weird patterns, Eunsook lowers her head to look.

“Good choice.”

He spins around. “Does it show off my assets?”

Eunsook hides her cute face as Minho grins, poking fun at her. Really, he could tell management he wants a new coordi noona, that he isn’t getting along with the one he has, but Minho can’t bring himself to. He still secretly hopes they can work out and try a relationship again. He really does like her a lot, and sometimes it feels mutual.
Sitting together is still a bit awkward, not that Minho expects everything to be how it was before. The mere fact his friend, a senior to him, will still acknowledge Minho after such a confession means a lot to him.

The confession, it sort of just slipped out, and when he tried to play it off as a joke, it didn’t work.

So Minho likes guys. It shouldn’t be a big deal, yet it is, because it’s a huge part of who he is, a frightening part he’s trying to understand.

Jinki, his friend, sits with him at a small cafe, sipping on drinks together, silence awkward.

“I wanted to ask,” Jinki says, voice nearly a whisper.

Minho perks up, wanting to answer whatever the question is.

“You said you like some guy, you told me that..”

Minho nearly turns away, most embarrassed by that part. Yeah, he likes a guy, likes him a lot, and that’s the reason the confession slipped out. That guy is sitting right across from him now. Jinki.

“So who is this guy?”

Minho’s head tilts, finger nervously rubbing behind an ear as he tries to think about how to word it. He doesn’t want to cross lines and ruin something good.

“Well.. He’s sweet. He has a nice smile, with a handsome look about him.”

Jinki sips his drink, gaze wandering away while Minho has a growing smile, lost in his warm thoughts.

“He makes me laugh all the time. He’s a caring hyung, one I think of as a true friend..”

Jinki’s shoulders slump. Minho’s attention is drawn back to his friend, curious as to why he looks distant suddenly.

“I just.. I really like him a lot. It’s a scary feeling, you know. I can’t control it.”

Jinki nods, attention on his cell phone now.

Minho doesn’t know what to say the longer silence goes between them. He had worried his description of Jinki would be so obvious it would set off something. Nothing has happened though.

When Jinki looks up, it’s with a big smile. “I hope you two find happiness in that case.”

Minho taps his cup, agreeing with his hyung.
Jinki flinches as a balled up piece of paper hit his head. He looks down from the ladder he sits atop of, finding a female classmate very upset.

“I didn’t tell you to draw. Your drawings are awful. Just paint.”

Jinki gives a playful salute, grin bitten. She stomps off, fuming. Jinki shrugs it off, not allowing it to nestle under his skin. Instead, he has his eye on a younger student, the first year voted for a leading role in the school play this year.

He’s behind Jinki, mumbling lines in an ugly wig and dress over his school uniform, looking ridiculous. Jinki can’t help but peek over and over, as the younger teenager is flustered by his given role.

Jinki paints over his scribbled art, head titled to listen to lines said too quietly, with a thick lisp causing his acting to be awfully funny. Jinki keeps giggling to himself.

“Do I have to play this role? Can’t you get a girl?” Minho whines. “I’ll be one of the dancing trees!”

“A real girl would defeat the purpose,” says a classmate.

There’s a silent moment of sulking, then Minho lifts his head, big eyes batting, and be frolics around the stage with a high, squeaking voice, mocking the role he has to play in the cutest of gestures.

Jinki laughs, and it slips out so loudly, attention is drawn to him up on the ladder. He tries to calm himself, but when his eyes meet Minho’s, they watch each other a long moment, before mutual smiles spread to one another.

“No really, it’s good,” Jinki says with a cleared throat.

“Thanks.” Minho’s head ducks in a shy manner, long fingers picking at an ugly dress.

And like that, Jinki finally spoke to Choi Minho from class 3, first year.
Taeyeon doesn’t know that Minjung is watching from…

—the crack in the door, hands full of a heavy backpack stuffed of school books and notes to study. The teenager was let in by the younger student’s brother, only other Lee home, who also appeared very preoccupied with videos games and a noisy headset, barely giving Minjung a glances after answering the door very late and talking to someone probably over the internet with his microphone.

If she thought that felt awkward it’s not nearly as so finding the young girl on her bed, still in school uniform, masturbating. Her hands rub below her skirt, bottom help up in the air on spread knee, smooth upper thighs exposed. Her voice mumbles a few whimpers.

Minjung fumbles back, not sure what to do. Just walk out? Maybe Taeyeon’s brother wouldn’t notice her leave in a rush and get suspicious.

The door squeaks open more, gaining the younger’s attention and she flips over on bed, sitting with hands shoved between her thighs, face flushed and eyes wide, short hair sticking to parted lips. “Un-unine?” she calls in a breath.

Minjung cringes. Maybe against better judgment, she pushes the door open wide enough to step in, head hung and large backpack dragging the floor.

“Oh.. it was you,” Taeyeon smiles now, brows lifting.

Minjung looks up, eyes wider. So Taeyeon did know? Maybe that’s more awful.

Taeyeon spreads her legs, skirt lifted enough to see damp panties. She licks her lips, head tilting. “You caught me touching myself to the thought of you, unnie…”

Minjung chokes on a breath, backpack dropped and own matching uniform gripped tightly. She steps back, not sure what to say. She doesn’t know how to respond. Does Taeyeon like her – does a girl like her – is that okay? Is her first real love confession from a female friend? Minjung’s mind races and the tip of her ears redden.

“Unnie,” Taeyeon wiggles her small chest behind the school blouse,” Want to taste?”

“Taeyeon-ah… this- I came to study.”

When Minjung thinks it can’t get any odder, Taesun stumbles by with his gaming headset still on, mic flipped back, being a responsible babysitter in asking, “I’m making some thing to eat, anyone-”

Minjung is caught between two suddenly mortified siblings, Taeyeon finally showing some real horror at someone finding her in such a position, indecent exposure covered with pillows from
beside over the bed. She swears to never come back to this home again.
“Um.. Minho?” Jinki scratched the back of his head, sitting on the floor of a small apartment while wailing from a baby bounces off the walls. In Jinki’s lap is a small book containing well wishes and notes from family and friends for their discreet wedding nine years ago.

Jinki has been looking through it, really hoping for an idea for the anniversary upcoming. Minho usually plans them, some years as simple as a cozy dinner for two, but Jinki wants to help as much as he can this year, as it’s the first year with a child. A long, stressful adoption has finally been finalized. They are parents now.

Busy parents, still learning how to be good parents. So Jinki wanted to plan something special, but instead he’s finding something quite confusing.

“How?” Minho is busy walking the crying baby around the room, trying to soothe tears.

“When did we get married?”

“In the winter.”

“But what day?”

“March 8th.” Minho pauses, giving Jinki a smile, as if he’s so silly to not remember. Minho is the one more organized and often the planner. Jinki just rolls with it and enjoys leaning on Minho in that respect.

Jinki’s nose crinkles. “All these papers say February 8th…”

Minho’s eyes widen. “You’re joking.”

Jinki has some questionable jokes, but this certainly isn’t one of them. He shakes his head and holds up the papers. “February.” And Jinki is fairly sure the date today is the 11th of February. They already missed their anniversary.

Minho’s head tilts and his large eyes twitch, and it’s the beginning signs of a Minho meltdown.

All this time they’ve been a whole month off. It could explain some of the looks friends gave when they brought up their anniversaries.

The baby still fusses and Jinki sighs. “Oh boy…”
Jinki sighs waiting in a line, head scratched and notes taken. All mentally lately, because the young man he follows as his latest job probably the most boring case he’s ever had to take. No, he definitely is.

Jinki wants excitement, to feel like private detectives in stories that actually had him pursue the job, put his skills of reading people in action, but he’s only had a few interesting cases, usually of cheating relationships.

He’s not even sure why he’s following this guy, some university student, Choi Minho, age twenty-two, lives with a roommate quieter than him.

Jinki had thought initially, with how friendly and loud this guy gets, he was hiding something interesting. But nope, still nothing uncovered. What you see is what you get.

Now Jinki is, again, tailing this young man to a late night movie, and again he’s alone, and again it’s the same genre film, and the only thing different is what he orders because he appreciates food and that’s as exciting as it gets. No club, no dark corners of outside buildings. Just simply a movie.

A girl takes his order behind the counter, and she giggles at his surprised expressions and ordering as if he’s meeting someone, but Jinki knows better. He just eats a lot.

Jinki can silently mouth a prediction of Minho’s order, and a smile spreads across his lowered face as Minho orders that very snack.

The girl giggles again, and Minho shifts his weight with confusion, but Jinki understands why she’s reacting as such. His speech is lacking, and he’s not even intoxicated. He doesn’t care much for alcohol, Jinki discovered. No, it’s just the way he talks. Something he’s noticed people finding adorable as they speak to him.

After Minho leaves for the movie, arms full of snacks, Jinki can just wait outside for him to continue, though he doesn’t know what sort of dirt anyone would want to dig up on Choi Minho. He’s an awful boring individual.

But Jinki makes a small order of popcorn himself, and uses the ticket he bought to see the film, even risking sitting in the same section as Minho, peeking at him throughout the movie he doesn’t actually care much about.

Why?

He’s not sure as to why. There’s just something genuinely endearing about how boring and predictable Choi Minho is. Jinki can’t help but inch closer each day he watches.

Possibly, Lee Jinki isn’t cut out to be a private detective after all.
Each smile is faker than the last, each touch more distant, and Taemin knows he will never be able to actually replace the one who still lives inside Jinki’s heart, and he grows more bitter towards Minho for that fact each passing day.

au

Minho blushes furiously, even grabs up a pillow to hide behind, when Jinki makes a crude gesture, two fingers parted and tongue wiggling between them, after Minho had vocally commented his thought on sex while trapped in his current female body, and he suddenly regrets even asking as Jinki’s smug grin grows wider.

crack

“That guy over there,” Taemin says as he takes another seat at the bar, tapping his drink, “Told me how lucky I am to have a top as good looking as you,” and as usual, whenever such nonsense came up the two laugh, because those men having no understanding Minho is a bottom through and through, and Taemin, he loves every part of that fact.

future fic

It’s the simple things in life, Jinki thinks, once you grow old – like how his heart melts just simply watching Minho with their child, nurturing her more than Jinki thinks he ever could himself.

first time

Though the idea was frightening at first, though there are heated moments that stress him out, Jinki wouldn’t trade his first experience dating two people at the same time for anything – not when he gets the benefit of Minho’s kind heart and Taemin’s naughty nature at the same time.

fluff

Taemin’s not sure he’s seen anything quite as cute as when his hyung is flustered, so he pushes buttons, crosses boundaries, until Minho is so red in the face and stuttering, he can barely squeak out “Taemin-ah.”
humor

Taemin is horribly sorry, mistake very much made though he wore up and down there would be none, as Jinki cups an ear dribbling red out of a gaping hole – and add home-done piercing job to Taemin’s screw ups list.

hurt/comfort

“Ow,” Jinki whines, as Minho pulls another splinter from the older’s red ass, who had fallen clumsily and Minho can’t fathom how this one happened, but nonetheless, he tries to help, and to make up for it, Minho presses a sweet smile to Jinki’s sore, bare cheek before pulling another splinter out, of course.

smut

Fingertips grip tightly to Jinki’s skin and Taemin makes the most beautifully pleased sound as he slides into Minho’s wet body, tight fit right beside Jinki, and Minho bites red lips, face scrunched, enduring anything for the two he loves more than anything, because it’s always worth the effort when they say “You feel so good,” in panting whispers.

ust

“Okay, hear me out,” Minho begins, looking nervous, “Is it just me or.. is there some serious tension between us?” he asks the two in the room with him, and Taemin is quick to say, “Yeah, sexual tension,” to which Jinki sputters on his drink and Minho looks horribly lost like that wasn’t the answer he was expecting at all.
“Taemin.. Tae..” Minho breathes in a hiss of a whine, palms scraping at the wall behind him, eyes scrunched with a gaze that wanted to find something to focus on other than Taemin down between his legs, his pants tugged loose and humming lips sucking.

It was still all very overwhelming, this Taemin. Where was the cute young kid, the one he wanted to mentor and tease and sit beside as company because he seemed a little lonely and quiet sometimes and-

Minho covers his mouth, trying to hide his voice, eyes squeezed closed. Taemin is good at his work, Minho had learned unexpectedly. He wasn’t going to last. He never did last long.

The sooner it’s over the better, because they were in some backroom at a gathering doing something so dirty it hadn’t crossed Minho’s mind it could happen anywhere in the realm of reality. Yet he had a few drinks and Taemin looked drunker and he wanted to make sure the younger didn’t get into trouble. Seems like the trouble came anyway and dragged Minho with it. He should have known Taemin would try something. He always was these days. Minho let his guard down, not realizing he was now the one more naive.

Taemin pulls off before the deed is done, and Minho tries to take a relaxing breath, but eyes follow Taemin’s hand that pulls a small bottle from the pocket of his tight jeans, and Minho doesn’t know how that fit there- no, more than that Minho doesn’t know why anyone would be carrying a bottle of lube around like lip balm.

Taemin wiggles it, puffy lips licked.

Minho’s buzzed enough his thought slips out of his mouth in slurs, “People do that.. people-people carry lube in their pocket, people do that?”

Taemin laughs a little, crinkled eyes so cute and childish. It’s a lie. “Hyung, I think you’re drunker than me..”

Minho looks around, expression as if his pants aren’t undone and he’s hanging out of them. Yeah, it’s quite possible he is.

Minho still laments the Taemin he thought he knew.

Taemin steps closer, tugging on Minho, and with a bit of a stumble and giving nature going against him, he follows whatever Taemin’s lead is, which is apparently to get him facing the wall.

Minho laughs a little, only at the hot breath tickling his neck from behind. Minho wants to say they should get back already, it’s going to look weird, and really he’s getting uncomfortable with what they’re doing in public, but Taemin’s fingers have other ideas, and that’s is pressing wet against him after wiggling down the back of his opened pants.

Minho’s palms slip on the wall as a wet finger rubs and presses a tip in, Taemin talking in a voice that sounds completely sober that he’s going to take him then and there, in public of all places.

Minho whines, not sure if from the drinks, from the flushed embarrassment, or from the fact that
he’s still not used to being sexual with Taemin and it’s unsettling that he’s beginning to like it.

So close, Taemin smells really good, like the quiet youth he would sit by. Like another person than this.

Taemin teases with fingers from behind, and sneaks the other hand back to the front, forcing a noise caught in the back of Minho’s throat.

“Bend over, hyung.” His waist is tugged, causing him to slip down the wall a bit as he is bent slightly. He feels Taemin through his tight pants rubbing against the back of his thigh, previewing what is to come. “Let the party know how loud you can really get just being fingered.”

Minho’s lashes flutter mouth open in a squeak of a sound. “Taem- Taeminnie..ya.”

“You’re going to limp out of this party, hyung. But don’t worry.” Taemin nibbles at Minho’s clothed shoulder, hand teasing that he will soon press another slick finger in. “I won’t tell anyone why.”

Minho freely spreads his long legs, giving completely as his cheek brushes the wall and he takes a deep breath. He does it all despite those unsettling words, or maybe he does it all because of those words. Minho licks lips, needing another drink he thinks.

He’s sure he won’t survive this Taemin. No, he loves and cherishes a false person and didn’t realize it until too late.
Choi Minho huffs, pulling his apartment door open, arms full of clean laundry and creaky old building making much noise like usual. He’s tired, day spent again in classes and two jobs, just trying to make ends meet as a poor university student. Clean clothes he had forgotten down at the building’s laundry room is dropped once he kicks off shoes, then he tosses his backpack aside and carries on with his nightly routine.

After a shower and a cup of instant noodles heating in the microwave, Minho goes about folding his clothing, wet hair flicked aside and big eyes drowsy with sleep. He’s lazy in his work, though sorting everything accordingly, as he likes it neatly organized.

Fingers brush through the pile, coming across an unusual texture. He looks to the microwave, more curious when his meal will be done. One cup of noodles will not fill him this night, not by a long shot.

Arms lift the article of clothing, folding it, and as Minho looks back to what he’s doing, he finds a lacy bra in his hands. He makes a noise, something like a squeak, tossing the bra to the floor with wide eyes. How did a bra end up in his things? He’s not dating, so it couldn’t be a girlfriend’s.

The thought process is slow, but he concludes, with his laundry sitting in the public laundry room for so long, shuffled around by neighbors, likely someone’s laundry got mixed with his own. The question is - whose is it?

Judging by the lace and bright color it’s not the nice ajumma who lives on his floor. There are several other young people living in the apartments also, poor university students alike. He can also check off the few young males, unless they’re into something different, so maybe he can’t check them off.

Minho sighs and scratches wet hair. He thinks what to do, microwave humming in the background still.

It couldn’t hurt to pick it up again. He does, slowly reaching for it with precise fingers. It’s a pretty hefty bra, not that he is one to judge with his limited experience, and his mom’s bras certainly don’t count. It couldn’t hurt to peek inside, for a name tag or something.

Minho’s large eyes grow wider finding a cup size to fit double Ds. He sputters on spit, not finding a name tag but not needing one now. He knows who it must belong to–

Suddenly, Minho’s microwave beeps loudly, causing him to jump with a startle, then the door buzzes, causing another startle which finds him screaming. He tries to pull it together, though clearly overwhelmed as he drops the bra and hurries to the door, but not before wondering if he should get is food first, but the door rings again, and he slaps his head finding the question suddenly very foolish of him.

Minho trips over soccer cleats stepping down into the entry, yelping again, and coach would not be happy if he has a foot injury again, though this would be much more embarrassing a tale to explain. He kicks the shoes away with a frown while pushing the creaking door open.
looks up to find the very person that slipped his mind trying to answer the door.

The owner of the bra, which could be no other neighbor than Lee Eunsook on the floor below him. He stares, finding her cute smiling face and curvy figure in a sundress, long hair pulled to the side in a ponytail. She’s so attractive, like usual, and he is left staring, like usual.

Her smile falls slightly. “Hi..?”

Minho tries to compose himself, still coughing on spit he swallowed down wrong. He bows, trying to show respect to the noona. When Minho looks up again, he’s met with Eunsook holding up a pair of his colorful striped briefs. He grips the doorknob and frame, impulse to yank the door shut and die.

“So, funny story,” She giggles in that sweet voice of hers, “I was doing laundry today, and we’ll, I found these.”

“They’re not mine,” Minho hurries to say, forcing a smile he hopes looks natural. He feels bad for lying, but this is one of those moments one just has to.

“You sure, cause..” Eunsook looks inside, digging through his underwear, and Minho wonders if he will ever breathe again. It couldn’t possibly get any more humiliating. “It has initials here - Choi MH.” Eunsook holds up the tag with slightly faded handwriting.

Minho spoke too soon. His head tilts to the side with a wavering smile. Why must his mother tag his name to his clothing. He’s grown up, as much as that is at twenty. He’s moved out and all, yet when he visits and she does laundry then his name will be written in everything. He silently pleads to his mom why.

“Yeah that’s me..” he has no choice. His head hangs in defeat.

“I thought so,” She laughs, still holding his underwear. “It seems your style.”

Minho’s brows arch. How does his striped underwear say what his style is?

The microwave dings again, drawing Minho’s attention back inside, and Eunsook peers in, ducking to look around his thin figure.

“Oh!”

“What?!” Minho speaks loudly, still flustered. She looks taken aback by it.

“It seems you got my bra?”

“Heh, your what?” self-preservation takes over. Lie through your teeth the sink through the floorboards. He laughs and snorts and sounds all sorts of awful. He’s too tired to be alive right now, here, in this situation. “I don’t have anything.”

“That’s mine.” She points inside. “That hot pink bra, on your pile of clothes. It went missing, like your underwear, I didn’t think you would end up with it though. That’s funny.” She laughs behind her hand.

Minho laughs harder, because it at least seems socially acceptable now. His eyes are actually wet with tears by the time they both claim down. Eunsook puts Minho’s underwear in his hand, then she still stands there, expectedly. It takes Minho a moment to understand.

“Oh, right uh yeah..” he moves around, trying to make room for the young woman to enter the
small home. He misses her smile and twinkling eyes as she steps in. He’s concerned with the fact she’s never been inside his home, and it’s not up to his standards of cleanliness either.

Minho ruffles his damp hair that looks a mess, realizing he’s in an old baggy tanktop and ripped shorts in front of a pretty woman. He looks terrible. “Help yourself,” Minho says, not sure what to really tell her. He shoves the pair of briefs into a kitchen cabinet, then stops the microwave from ding again.

Eunsook’s doing a lot more looking around, finding his belongings stacked wall to wall with organization around the small, one room apartment, than picking up her lost bra. “You like to read?” she points to his book collection, which is about half sports comics.

“When I have the time, yeah.”

She looks over the titles, then laughs. His stomach twists nervously.

“You like sports a lot, huh? I’ve seen you playing soccer at the park across the street.”

“Yeah, it runs in my family.” Minho nods, lips pressed, taking in a breath. That wasn’t so bad.

“Athletic type, hmm..” she twists her hair, eyes roaming his body before turning back to the books.

“Sure,” Minho answers, oblivious to her act of flirting. He pulls out his noodles, though burning himself in the process and not really feeling hungry anymore.

Eunsook giggles in her hands again. “Well, I won’t keep you from your meal. I got a date to get to and all.”

Minho, trying to pour some of the hot water from the noodles into the sink, spills the whole cup of noodles in a loud clang. “Ah a date- that’s um- yeah cool- good for you.”

“You say that like you think I can’t get one.” She bites a smile when Mino spins around with horrified eyes.

“That’s not what I mean.”

Eunsook picks up her bra, holding the underwear at her chest, illustrating just how big it really is. His eyes are drawn there, like too many time, like the first time they met on the apartment staircase, watching her chest without realizing and feeling disgusted with himself after the fact.

“I was supposed to wear this tonight, in case anything happened, but,” she sighs, “Now I have mismatched underwear on.”

Is he supposed to be picturing her in underwear because he is, and if he isn’t, he’s horrible sorry.

“Would you still go down on a girl with mismatched underwear?”

Minho clutches the counter behind him, face trapped between trying to smile and sneezing. He didn’t hear right, did he? The longer she looks to to be waiting for an answer it must be true. That’s the boldest thing a woman has ever said to him. He’s flabbergasted. How does he answer a question like that? Does he just say he’s never tried to so he can’t answer? "Well, um, there’s a lot of things to take into consideration. How long we’ve been going out, the time we have, also if the place is comfortable- like is it a comfortable bed or one with weird springs, cause those are uncomfortable, and-"
Eunsook interrupts his rambling, technical answer with laughter. "I’m just messing around. It’s a joke."

“What part?”

"All of it."

“You’re not going on a date?” is this what older women do for fun? Just make up stories and make him feel stupid.

“No, that is true.”

Minho’s heart sinks a bit. “Ah,” his mouth his open before he can stop it, “He’s a lucky guy, then.”

In a long moment of silence, Eunsook looks at Minho, smile slipping. She’s the first to turn back towards the door. “Hm, yeah, well thanks for this,” she waves the bra with a laugh. “I should get going.”

Minho hurries to help her to the door, not wanting her to get hurt on his cleats. He recalls some near misses with the young woman on the staircase and a confession of her clumsiness. In the process of trying to help, the narrow hall has the two brushing bodies, and her large chest squishes him, feeling unbelievably soft.

His face is warm, hands through hair and smile awkward, as he sees her off, looking like more of a goof than he hopes.

“Good luck,” he says, not sure if that’s what he should tell her about a date, but he can’t take it back now. She laughs and it quickly seems worth it.

“Thank you,” eyes crinkle up with a smile, “I might need it.”

Minho isn’t sure what that really means, and grateful his mouth doesn’t get ahead of him this time in trying to ask.

Once the door clicks shut, Minho softly beats his head against it, reminded again he’s too tired for this day, and so ready for it to be over. Inside a kitchen cabinet is a huge stash of noodles and he’s going to eat and eat until he’s happy again, then pass out.
Not-so-quickly, as Choi Minjung is no easy and effortless lay, Jinki has found the younger woman, taller than even his average height, really is all slender limbs in bed. He finds himself often tangled inside them, squished to her thin warmth and damp, tanned skin. And as long and reaching as her limbs are, so is she loud in bed, so much so Jinki has to double take. It’s not that he’s used to her being silent otherwise, as she is a passionate and talkative young woman, but he hadn’t imagined her voice to be such as it is. He has zero complaints, as they get by in local love hotels to keep his nosy neighbors gossiping at bay.

Those forever-long limbs allow Minjung to do things Jinki has never with a woman. She uses the toned muscles of her sports-play well, as she’s propped up on her hands now, face to the ceiling, and feet planted behind Jinki with bent knees, allowing Jinki to easily sit up and bury his face right between her spread legs. His desire to eat her out never wavers. Her unique taste is quickly becoming a craving.

Minjung’s head falls back, long neck damp with strands of dark hair stuck to it. She makes a cracked noise from parted lips, that only encourages Jinki to drag his tongue faster. Her feet arch to tiptoes at the sensation, digging clenched into the scattered sheets, and Jinki reaches a hand out, feeling out along her lengthy body, until his palm presses to her small, perky tit just waiting to be pressed and stroked.

Eyes squeezed closed, she gets stuck between slurring out his name and ‘oppa’, confused what to call him while so intimate, and she will flush later if he brings it up like a casual conversation.

Jinki strokes himself off below her body, and he wonders how long she can keep up such a stance. He finds the answer when he rubs fingers between her legs, right above his nose, fingering the most sensitive of spots, and that leads to a loud cry and arms giving out as she trembles. The young woman falls to her back in a bounce of the bed, long legs hooked at the knees over Jinki’s shoulders.

Minjung takes in deep breathes and Jinki licks wet lips with a surprised look. They make eye contact, lips bitten as if shy, that soon drifts into giggling laughter. Jinki nuzzles Minjung’s legs he finds more beautiful as time goes on. Each scar and smooth texture becomes committed to memory.

Minjung scoops sticky hair from her pretty face and Jinki shakes his head, loosening and frizzing his own hair, and the action drags the sweetest sound of laughter from his girlfriend. He takes a shameless grope to her tits, breasts nearly disappearing to a flat chest while sprawled out naked, and she twists with big smiling eyes, voicelessly accusing him of being dirty.

With both settled, Jinki finds his way back inside her almost-unbearably tight warmth, and as he does, her legs tangle around his neck at the ankles, voice a whine, though no complaints of his painful size any longer, which Jinki finds a blessing in or he would surely die unable to feel this endearing woman from head to toe. His resting allows stamina to recharge a bit, so he works her slow, until he can lean in, feel her long arms wrap around his neck instead, and find their way to meet in a wet kiss. Legs soon pull forward and calves squeeze him as he thrusts a little faster and
less even. Her voice grows noisy between them, and he anticipates its climax.

Choi Minjung is all skinny, hooked and tangled limbs in bed, and Jinki can’t say he’s found a better lay or a more attractive woman.
weight

2min; fluff

Taemin has grabbed up some tissues, being nice and thoughtful to wipe his release off Minho’s back, having pulled out in time to watch it dribble over Minho’s damp skin. His eyes are droopy, smile small and weight leans into the older more as he grows sleepier.

“Taemin-ah..” Minho groans and Taemin is not sure why, since the sex is over and all. “Could you.. uh.. move a bit?”

Taemin blinks wide eyes and tosses the dirty tissues aside, job done. He’s slightly mortified at what is, to him, implied. He pokes his stomach and frowns with a forced laugh. “I’m gaining weight, huh?”

Minho tries to roll until his back then, but Taemin still sitting between his spread legs makes it difficult. He just cringes and looks over his shoulder. “Nah, just a little… bloated.”

Taemin can’t help his smile once Minho sends a goofy grin to go with his bad joke. “Hyung..” Taemin pinches Minho’s sore bottom before laughing as Minho yelps, falling to his side over the bed to snuggle up closer to the older. His legs tangle in sheets and he speaks quietly as tiredness catches up to him again. “You’ll have to ride on top from now on so I don’t squish you,” he runs eyes over Minho’s body that’s marked up from rough fingers and hard kisses, “Since you’re frail and all.”

Minho turns his head to look at Taemin’s grinning face with no real expression but sleepiness. “Your jokes aren’t funny.”

Taemin laughs and snuggles his face into Minho’s shoulder, thinking he’s funny enough – even while bloated and awfully exhausted.
“He’s cute,” Eunsook sips her drink beside Minho, not needing to watch her intake of alcohol as much as her younger boyfriend. They sit at a booth in a noisy club, out on a date, yet discussing people surrounding them instead of each other. “What do you think?”

Minho glances at the young man, giving an honest answer. “Yeah, he’s cute.”

“But not as cute as him, huh?” Eunsook points to a middle aged bartender, one currently not taking flack from a customer over drinks. The wider eyes and dilated pupils is enough a give away in her boyfriend. She laughs. “Our type in men really is different.” But not by much, as Eunsook was once into older men, even dated a couple in her early years at university. Too many heartbreaks and control freaks opened her up to younger men, and she’s glad, because she had her eye on a bright eyed, fresh out of high school boy for a while but scoffed at the idea.

Minho lowers his head, smile small and shy, even tipsy already. He hadn’t imagined he would date someone so accepting of him. Not many know, because even with the brave face he puts on for his girlfriend, he is awfully insecure about it. He’s never really met someone like himself, though how can he expect to when he won’t put it out there.

Eunsook only knows because he can’t always hold his alcohol very well. He blurt out how attractive some man was, an older gentlemen, causing an intense desire for dick he had tried to repress since finally getting Lee Eunsook to give him a chance. There was a fight, a drunk one mostly on his part. His emotions were twisted as he cried and shouted, only really remembering Eunsook upset expression.

He had still admitted she was the first person he ever slept with. It’s true. He had a boyfriend in high school at his all boys school. It was secret, of course, for fear of the reaction. They fooled around a bit, and Minho was sure then he liked boys. It was a scary struggle within for a long time. Coming to terms wasn’t easy. He broke up with the handsome boy, and it wasn’t easy on his conscious.

In college, new on campus, he dated a pretty girl for a short time. He was ecstatic he actually did liked girls, he found. Something he was terrified he wouldn’t ever find true. They messed around, but not much, before breaking up. She pushed for more that Minho wasn’t ready to give. She wasn’t the innocent, timid junior he had thought her to be when they first started dating.

Lee Eunsook, though, she had always been the most attractive woman on campus to him. He’s still shocked he had a chance with her, and even more surprised, she has stayed after his secret was outed. She really is that beautiful inside and out.

“You’re really something else, Choi Minho.” Eunsook smiles, eyes crinkling up cutely behind her fringe. “You would look good with an older guy.” She wonders how aware her boyfriend is of apparently liking masculine men but feminine women. It’s fun playing these sort of games to figure him out.

Head low still, Minho side glances at her. He worries when she talks like this, like because of his
difference he isn’t good enough for her and they’ll break up. He’s sure now, positive, he’s in love with her. He doesn’t want her to go. He doesn’t want her to look at him differently now. It seems it’s true, that when you actually fall in love, it changes you. If it isn’t love he feels for her, he’s afraid to know what it could be.

“Don’t I look nice with you?” he tips his glass towards her, smiling crooked, but question serious.

Eunsook looks thoughtful. She takes in another sip, almost giggling to herself. “I think Choi Minho and Lee Eunsook look quite nice together.”

Within a few minutes, Eunsook points at an older woman, one a few years on herself, surely. She looks mature, a woman who knows what she wants, not afraid to take it. Eunsook admires from afar. “How about her?”

"Not my type,” Minho laughs into his glass, answer honest though.

Eunsook blinks wide eyes. “You really do have different taste in women and men.”

Minho shrugs, grin a bit sheepish. He doesn’t even have it all figured out. He’s just who he is. Eunsook licks plump lips and leans over to whisper dirty into her boyfriend’s ear. She’s causes him to choke on his drink. She quickly offers napkins.

“So, wanna get out of here then?”

Minho nods, looking dumbstruck still, probably awful drunk too.

“So I am your type?”

“I make exceptions,” Minho tries to get the upper hand with that side nod and sweet smile, and it works a moment as Eunsook feels a blush come on, but her hand on his thigh beneath the table, fingers curling inward, makes him jump and she’s feeling victorious again.

Eunsook helps drag a drunken Minho out of the club, to somewhere they can be alone for a good while, and again twist his ideas of women upside down, until he’s flushed and shy against her. Eunsook will be reminded she’s glad she gave a younger guy a chance while Minho could have really anyone else.

Eunsook reaches up on tiptoes to kiss her boyfriend’s soft cheek, and he laughs with a tripping lean into her. She giggles, hand on his chest to support him. A scarf barely clinging to Minho’s shoulders is taken off to wrap around Eunsook in the chilly weather.

“Don’t get cold, huh?”

Eunsook rests her head to him with a soft smile. “I’ll keep you warm, too.”
“Have you had lunch?”

Minho fiddles with thick-rimmed glasses Jinki is fairly sure he doesn’t even need but wears them to look smarter and more secretary-ish, for whatever reason. Jinki presses real glasses back up the bridge of his pointed nose, sighing.

“No.”

Minho’s large eyes widen, which is some sort of spectacular behind fake glasses. He takes out his cell, looking nearly panicked as he spots the time, which is past lunch. Jinki can feel the radiating failure off Minho. It stresses him out a bit. Minho just needs to relax some times. He acts like he just got out of university, which maybe he did, Jinki forgets Minho’s age.

“I’m fine, I had a late breakfast,” one Minho had brought him.

Still, Minho is on the phone ordering a pickup meal.

Jinki shakes his head and checks his schedule for meetings, or more like hoping for a fun party he’s invited to, one guised as a fun raiser or something such. He let’s Choi Minho roll off his shoulders once again.
Jinki sweeps a hand through damp hair and another fiddling with getting a used up rubber off, silent again as he settles. He’s not sure what to say, in a time like this, so it slips out “Thank you.”

It takes a moment to realize what he said, again, while his brain is still reeling from release and racing hormones.

Minho rolls over, blinking, then lips curling up slightly as big eyes droop. “Why do you keep saying that?”

Jinki shrugs, finally getting the rubber off and leaning back where he sits up lazily with a pillow. The first time Minho replied with ‘you’re welcome’ as they broke into laughter after a weird, confusing, but mostly pleasurable, time was had. Flailing limbs all about and a few drinks down changed a lot of things for better or worse. It’s not as awkward now that they’ve more or less figured it all out. Jinki doesn’t know how to answer.

Minho traces Jinki’s bare thigh, long fingers soft as he moves closer. “I don’t do this out of a sense of obligation. Do you think that?”

Jinki shrugs again, messing with his hair and kicking the bottle of lube from the small bed now that it’s unneeded. Maybe because Jinki’s first time an older man said thank you to him, slapping his sore ass like he did some great service all the sudden, like he wasn’t drunk and confused in bed with someone showing great interest in him so he felt somewhat pressured. Maybe Jinki does think that, on a subconscious level, Minho does it out of pity, so a thank you is in order for helping an average guy like himself get off. If Minho is really looking for someone, then Jinki is sure a better companion is out there for him.

Minho sits up, small cringe to his features that always makes the older nervous afterwards, that he injured the younger out of selfishness. It’s a time Minho knows he can get away with it, so he drapes himself over Jinki, arms around his shoulders, head leaning to his, gently cuddling. Jinki is sure Minho feels how tense he gets, but with a few moments passing and Minho not budging, Jinki relaxes into the excessive touching, not minding so much really.

Minho loves to touch, Jinki understands that about his personality and what he takes pleasure in. There’s days, like now, it’s all he needs to be reassured everything is okay.

Minho whispers with a faint smile. “Thank you..”

Jinki’s toes rub, gaze low but a smile growing. “You’re welcome.”

The two giggle in sleepy whines, just simply resting against each other.
“Oppa,” Taeyeon moans into Minho’s warm naked shoulder, grin hidden. She wiggles her small chest over his back and slaps her palm on a reddened cheek, causing the young man to buck forward with a cry. “Oppa, you want it harder?”

Straps keeping her toy firmly at her waist, as well is it tightly secured inside Minho’s ass, she pulls out, then pushes slickly back in, slow and teasing. Minho hides his face in the pillow, fists clutching sheets tightly. As well as his backside, his face burns red with embarrassment. Maybe the worst fact off all, above finding out that the cute and kind of shy Lee Taeyeon is a little freak in bed with very perverted ideas of sexual pleasure, and a very conservative Minho is actually getting off on it.

Minho nods once slowed movements are too much to bare. He even turns his face out of the pillow to mumble in an embarrassed squeak, “Yes- mm- do it harder.”

In the end, he looked like a liar when he had fumbled all over words, trying to tell the young woman that he’s not like that, and wouldn’t enjoy it at all.

“You’re so petite and small- right- here-,” she says as a hand runs between his spread legs, stroking his throbbing length with the rougher thrusts from behind. Minho’s voice stays muffled into the pillow as Taeyeon continues to sprout the dirtiest talk from a pretty, little mouth, making it so natural.

“Oppa, my perfect little cumdumpster.” Taeyeon repositions herself on her knees behind him, thrusting harder and pulling on Minho’s hair enough to make him turn his face out of the pillow again, whiny voice no longer hidden from her.

“Does oppa want a dress? Oppa, you wanna wear one of my dresses, hm?” At another slap of a palm to his sore cheek, Minho nods, choking out a “Ye-yes!” in a breath.

“Good~.” Taeyeon pounds against his bottom, no inch of her long toy speared from entering his body.

Minho can’t believe he’s actually going to get off on this.

After, bed a mess and Taeyeon’s toy removed from her tiny waist, Minho lays sprawled out on his back, sore and wasted on sex in a way he never thought possible. It only gets weirder when Taeyeon’s toy starts poking his face and she flips short hair from her eyes, teasing with each gentle press. Then it touches his mouth, tracing lips and Minho actually licks the tip of it, lips puckering around it as if to really give her toy a blowjob, which makes the young woman very
happy.

“You’re so much cuter than I thought you would be. I like you.” Taeyeon pulls her toy away and quickly leans over to kiss Minho’s lips before he can react more than in a flinch of worry.

Minho blushes and pulls more sheets over his naked body, chapped lips licked and reminded again of the cum he was so nicely forced into swallowing in a deep kiss, transferred from her mouth to his minutes ago.

Taeyeon laughs cutely behind a hand and taps Minho head with her trap-on toy.

Their whole relationship is going to be a weird, heart-fluttering and slightly painful, one.
Junghee’s hands roam over skinny legs in thigh-high stockings, up around the lace of a fitted garter belt, then to a bare ass where frilly panties are scooped aside so her strap-on can settle nicely up inside it, warm cheeks as wet as a pussy and smeared with a brush of a finger. Her other hand reaches for the lacy lingerie dressing, easily feeling the slight curves, tone of muscles and bone beneath it. “Hm..”

Junghee leans forward, teeth biting down on the loose ribbon at the front of the gown, giving a tug that releases it free flowing. With a nudge of her face, she pushes one side away, lips finding a flat chest to kiss and suck on.

“Noona..” Minho’s hands scrape through Junghee’s curls, her head nearly taken into a tight hug against him. His bent legs spread wider over Junghee’s lap, bony knees digging into the bed, body taking in more of her toy with a groan of his voice.

Junghee reaches a finger to flick at a nipple she had sucked to a wet tip. “You got cute, perky little tits. Minho-ya.”

Minho’s hips rotate a bit on Junghee’s toy suddenly, and she grin with slight surprise. “Does my dick feel that good?”

Minho nods, grown shameless as ever because the woman, or that’s where the blame is easily put. “Yes..”

Junghee lowers a hand between them, brushing over the front of damp, bulging panties, finding Minho hard and leaking. She presses her palm to it, giving enough pressure Minho bucks against her in a loud, lips- parting whine.

“Noo-noona-.. Junghee..”

“You’re so cute when you’re a mess,” Junghee says, tongue soon out again to flick at Minho’s chest. “Go on, ride my dick until you cum in your panties.”

Minho pushes up then falls back down, bouncing in Junghee’s small lap.

Junghee kisses along Minho’s chest, reaching to suck at the other until tits are pink and perky. She breaths in a curse as she’s jerked on the bed, then says, “You make me so wet when you’re like this.”

Minho drops back on the toy deep, head rolling. His arms leave Junghee’s shoulders as he leans back slightly, palms bracing behind him, bent back on knees to jerk in short movements on
Junghee’s dick.

The older woman tugs at the fabric of his gown as it opens over his middle more, long thin body arched towards her. At his stomach shines a bright, dangly jewel; a clip on belly button ring Junghee owns to wear on days she feels extra sassy, and it now fits Minho’s body perfectly, swinging with thrusts against his skin.

Her eyes roam further, down below where damp panties still fit a small dick nicely, bow on the front of the fabric cute enough she pinches at it. Fingers touch him, dipping at bones or brushing up over slightly toned muscle, then her hands are back to nipples, squeezing as Minho falters, lips bitten by the hint of tiny teeth, eyes nearly closing.

Junghee drops her hands to Minho’s hips, palms scrapping the lace of the garter belt, hold gripping tight in support, muscles tugging him back as he moves, wanting to feel like she is taking him hard.

“You’re never more perfect than like this.. I’ve always wanted a little sister.” Not to have sex with, but the point was at how cute a girly Minho was when she dressed him up and he embraced his effeminate side.

“Unnie..” Minho says in a squeak, voice pitched higher just for the woman, as he still thrusts himself needily on her toy.

Junghee’s heart flutters and she’s in this relationship too deep.
Thin body doubled over, shoulders and head pressed hard to the mattress, skinny legs dangling over head and toes curling, Minho gasps hard, wet lips parted as cum dribbles over his face, stringing between his body after Gwiboon made him orgasm again. His awkwardly positioned body is left in minor shudders, forced to dirty himself with cum as the older woman keeps a firm grip on him so he doesn’t fall flat to the bed. A warm hand falls away from his twitching length, aim and fast strokes ended. Minho whimpers louder.

Gwiboon pulls out, leaving Minho’s voice squeaking breaths and eyes rolling, slick toy easily slipping free of a loosened hole. The empty feeling nearly upsets Minho, and the realization doesn’t even scare him anymore. He loves her toys and he only craves more. She gives a gentle and short massage to Minho’s thighs, then leans in to nibble the skin with a hard suck, leaving a red mark of claim, before backing away so he could fall flat and take in easier breaths, strained muscles allowed to relax.

Gwiboon tucks curls of hair behind an ear, lips bitten and fingers soon smearing the huge load that dribbled all over Minho’s face across a flushed cheek, down over swollen lips, then inside over his wet tongue, making him taste her rough, hard earned work.

“I did it again..” she whispers with smugness while Minho tries to at least keep heavily lidded eyes open. It’s a compliment to herself, proving some sort of superiority over the fact that she can make him orgasm hardest this way – pounding him good and hard, as she would put it.

Minho’s lips twitch into a dorky smile, and again, he’s lost for words. The goofy grin and lack of proper motor skills, no words even form, are enough for Gwiboon though. She smiles, something cute and sly, tracing fingers over the rise and fall of Minho’s bare chest.

“I told you,” The older woman says with failure to hide a gleeful tone, “It only gets better.” She fiddles with bows on her lacy bra, one she had bragged about buying and looking great in while Minho wasn’t even sure what to say, because the wrong answer could mean unpleasant things from the women. She looks great though, really. She looked great in everything, even if Minho tried to tease and make it sound like she didn’t.

The bit of soreness settles in, but with a tender, lipstick smearing, kiss to Minho’s cheek, everything was worth it. Kim Gwiboon, and her expensive designer handbag full of toys, is worth it.

Minho croaks, “Gwiboon-ah..”

Gwiboon kisses his mouth, laughter pressed into it. "It's master," she bites his lip, tugging until he cries out, "..you know, this."

"Ye-aas!"

The sharp heel of Gwiboon's boot drags teasingly along Minho's skin, tongue across her palm.
Choi Minho lays still and sore, face covered in his own cum and every tired nerve satisfied by toys of intimacy, and that's strangely okay with him.

Minho’s eyes are closed when Gwiboon removes lacey panties and crawls over him, stopping on spread legs at his face, then his head is picked up, guided towards a wet pussy, and even if tired he better deliver on eating her out. With a sore groan, his lips part and he tilts up into her warmth. Gwiboon grinds against his small face, sighing with a nail bitten between her teeth.

She rests a palm to the top of his head with a smile, fingers curling in tussled hair, finding she can always put him right where she wants him.
After wet fingers have been removed again, Eunsook has her mouth to Minho’s loosened up hole, tongue licking and lapping sensitive muscle that cause the young man to whine into the bed sheets face down. Eunsook grips cheeks firmly, spreading him open wider, not allowing legs on bent knees holding his backside up for her to fall away with bashfulness. When she wiggles he the tip of her tongue, that’s when the loudest cry falls from Minho’s parted lips.

Her face nudges his warm cheek, then she nibbles a bit at it, leaving trials of pink teeth near prior imprints of her glossy lips.

“Noona..”

Eunsook grins and sits back, removing her hold on Minho’s body, and with that he takes the change to drop his legs, tying to flatten himself to the bed as much as possible.

Eunsook take her time unrolling a condom onto the strap-on at her waist, humming a bit and admiring, even if from behind, how the nineteen-year-old is dressed. When done, she nudges him, prompting him to roll onto his back. Eunsook is taken by how red his face as become since they started. She nearly crawls up his body to pinch it.

But instead Eunsook admires a pretty face even more feminine and gorgeous done up in a makeup job and hair tussled and flowing over shoulders in one of her wigs she would wear when she wanted to try a new look without cutting off all her long, precious locks. Hands drag down a familiar dress, one that fits Minho loose here and tighter there, opposite of Eunsook’s heavy curves in the dress she’s worn, but still fitting him nicely. He looks comfortable in it now, unlike the shy protests of before, and that new attitude completes the look.

“I can’t believe how good you look in one of my dresses..” Her lips pout.

“Noona is pretties of all,” Minho says, goofy crooked smile against his soft features again, finally, and Eunsook feels those butterflies once more, a flattered woman of her prime twenties thought beautiful by someone younger.

“You’re so cute, I just..” Eunsook spreads legs and shoves them up to stay bent. “I’m going to make you feel so good.”

Minho still looks apprehensive, so Eunsook crawls up between his legs, until she can press lips to his cheek, then over his mouth, smearing lip gloss with the reminder of eating out his ass a moment ago. Minho’s hands reach for Eunsook’s hips and she leans away, voice falling near his ear.
“I’m going to take great pleasure in stealing away your anal virginity.”

Minho bucks off the bed, rubbing his waist to Eunsook and the toy at it, grip on her hips tight and dicks grinding. Eunsook caresses his face to settle him down, not wanting him done before they even really begun.

“You usually cum pretty fast, don’t you?”

“Noona.. don’t say that.” Minho turns away, embarrassed.

Eunsook sighs and settles back down between the young man’s legs where she soon props his hips with a pillow nudged beneath them, making access easier. She spreads him a part again, cold tip smearing lube in a rub between cheeks before pressing to his hole with a little more pressure. She looks up, gaze soft and non-threatening as she instructs, “Remember to breathe. This won’t be so bad.”

Minho nods, stare intense before he drops his head back, body trying to relax.

Eunsook pushes in, tip of the toy making it through and Minho makes a choked noise. She pushes again, and Minho’s arching and feet dig into the bed. Eunsook rubs skinny thighs and strokes at his half-hard length between the dress as she pushes in further.

Once fully settled in, Eunsook leans over Minho a bit, finding teary eyes behind strands of the wig, and she coos finding even more new things about Choi Minho, like his threshold for pain isn’t has high as one might guess. “It didn’t hurt that bad did it, sweetie?”

Minho shakes his head, tears still mixing with the makeup.

Eunsook leans back, taking her thrusts slow and short, allowing a tight body to get used to it before she takes him hard and shows him a whole new level of pleasure- rendering him a blubbering mess. It’s an expression on his face Eunsook’s sure she doesn’t want to miss.

So Eunsook is slow and tender, kissing bony knees with plump lips and rubbing thin thighs, watching the younger chew his glossy lips and fail to hide a cutely squeaky voice, as she takes Minho’s anal virginity to her memories of cute and precious things.
The computer screen flashes with purposefully shaking camera work, focus blurred then clear. In the center of it all is Minho. He’s dirtied in bodily fluid and smeared lube. Hair is tugged, forcing a rock hard dick further down his throat, and hips slap red against him from behind. A collar hangs lose from his long neck, and someone curses as Minho’s muffled voice sobs. A man forces his hand to jerk him off while taken still at both ends, gangbang continuing—

Jinki’s nose crinkles, flicking the video off and popping out the disk.

Minho, sitting beside the man, blinks with confusion, then comments. “I think this could be my best work yet.” Minho rubs his neck with a stretch. “I was sore a few days after though.”

Jinki looks at the disk, lost in thought. It’s not like Jinki hasn’t starred in his own work with similar themes, but Minho - his now boyfriend, he didn’t enjoy the sight of it. It’s not a matter of jealousy, it’s that the younger man makes torture porn look more realistic than it is, and Jinki loves this man enough he doesn’t want to see him hurt. How he’s found himself in a committed relationship after swearing off them because of a few abusive exs is a different story he’s unsure of, but a quick glance back at Minho’s crooked smile and batting lashes it’s clear in its own way.

"You did really good."

Minho’s whole face lights up, which isn’t hard considering its small size. He always gets this look when Jinki says anything about his work, as if Jinki’s the only authority on it that matters.

"You know, in high school I daydreamed of being an actor. I even tried out for some school plays."

"Oh?"

Minho nods, then lowers his head with an embarrassed laugh. “I never got a lead role- but this…” his head tilts, “In adult movies I get to be a lead, I get to act. Especially these.. hmm, darker genres.” he looks a bit uneased himself, much how he had to be explained over again that yes some people are into that sort of kink and the young man has lived too conservative a life not realizing it.

Jinki’s taps the disk."You’re good."

Minho hides a loud laugh behind his hand. Jinki crawls closer, pulling his palm down, getting a good look at the big eyes the younger man has made a name for himself with in the industry, unique and unusual in such adult videos. They’re cutely crinkled up, soft and unafraid like his acting in that video. He’s not afraid like Jinki had been when boyfriends had gotten so close.

Jinki kisses Minho, disk dropped to the floor as Minho pulls Jinki back over the bed with him. Between kisses to Minho’s cheeks, Jinki says, “I rather watch one of hour homemade movies.” Movies used to give Minho more pointers and something for just the two of them to share, unlike their sold stuff.

Minho runs fingers through Jinki’s hair in soothing touches, something Minho came to the older with naturally. “Hmm, whatever you want.”
Still unused to being told that by a lover, Jinki smiles, heart thumping, and he nuzzles the younger’s shoulder. The two of them, they fit together just right, he really is happy - this is real happiness.
onho (ontae mention); angst

“I’m sorry,” Jinki says again, eyes wet and red with regret. His head his hung, not shedding any real tears yet. He stands while Minho sits, having been put on the spot as soon as he walked in.

Minho rubs behind his ear, head tilted away. He’s had his time to shed any panicked tears in private as he tried to process it all. He hadn’t even meant to find it, though a growing concern with Jinki’s withdrawal lately had been worrisome. Minho did find it though, and there really is no mistake it’s what Jinki has meant lately when he would be vague about going out for several hours after work, claiming to be with co-workers as obligation as a fresh face.

Minho glances up, one part of himself wanting to see Jinki really cry and hurt, but another part wants to hold him and tell him everything will be alright, like he usually would. Minho is no stranger to heartbreak, but nothing to this scale before, this earth shattering. And even still, his heart just can’t go that icy cold.

“These.. things.” Minho’s hands brush over papers he printed of websites Jinki has been visiting. He knew Jinki had more an inkling towards adult videos and Minho doesn’t fault him for that, but the crude themes of the adult videos and subjects he is apparently into and never told Minho are hard to take in. He thought they shared everything, that their relationship had begun as friends and developed into something more, which Minho considered more special.

“Why didn’t you tell me you liked this sort of thing?” Minho is the one more often pushed towards experimenting in the bedroom, but these are subjects further than he had ever gone.

“You..” Jinki hesitates, but then nearly smiles with a tone that says he’s very familiar with Minho. “You would have thought you were hurting me.”

Minho frowns at the pictures of whips, chains and more sex toys than he ever imagined existing. It looks like a man is being choked with a ballgag in one, backside shaded horribly red. “I don’t understand..” Minho mutters, knowing he does, on some level, but he doesn’t want to. Jinki likes it rough sometimes, making Minho so uncomfortable he finally sat his boyfriend down and told him he was uneasy with some of Jinki’s bedroom play. Jinki had laughed and said no more of it would happen. He kept to that promise.

Minho looks back up at Jinki. He never imagined it would turn to Jinki finding someone else to satisfy his needs, not in such a way as this. Jinki crossed a serious line. Minho spreads more papers, half a smile bitter and sad, voice nearly cracking with mock laughter. “Am I not good enough? I really didn’t satisfy you?”

“That’s not what I mean-”

“Do you want me to strap you in a ball gag and bend you over with a cane?” Minho’s large eyes wander over those photos again, trying to understand the appeal, trying to understand a side of Jinki he didn’t really know existed. He always was the more guarded and stand offish one. Minho found it charming until now.

“Minho, listen-”
“Teach me, I can learn anything, I’m good at that,” he looks up, forced smile barely controlling his crumbling posture. “I learn things. Teach me,” he pleads to a man he loves more than he’s been able to fully realize through their intimate relationship of two years. Anything this other man he has found Jinki secretly contacting, Minho is sure he can do just as good- no he could do better.

Jinki takes the most action then he has since he stepped into the home and grew timid at the truth slipping from Minho’s mouth. He sits beside Minho, eyes still wet, but lips curled into a smile as he cups Minho’s face. He shakes his head as Minho’s slipping control is stopped for him. “No, no.. I figured out that I don’t want you like that. I don’t want you forced into something like that. I like being with you the way you are.”

Minho’s hand clutches the papers tensely, listening.

“You are tender and kind, and I just don’t want you that way. I’m not..” he pauses, looking away for a moment. “I’m not aroused with the idea of something like that from you.”

“But this,” Minho holds some papers up, unable to turn his head still in Jinki’s grip- his warm, gentle grip Minho doesn’t want to lose. “This arouses you? These acts?”

Jinki nods, not looking as ashamed as when Minho held the papers up before. “What I did- what I shouldn’t have done behind your back, it wasn’t any sort of romantic attraction, please believe me.”

“You did it for sex? Only that?”

“My dom-” Jinki shakes his head, mouth bitten, and Minho arches a brow at the term, not really sure of it. “The person I was with was not a romantic relationship. I didn’t even think of it as really cheating, though I knew I was wrong, because I don’t love that person.”

Minho turns away as Jinki’s hands slowly slide down to his shoulders.

“I knew you would see it like that because you’re..” he hesitates again, cautious with his choice of words. “You are a genuine person like that. It’s why I love you and I’m so sorry I hurt you.”

Minho tries to recall. “BS.. D-”

Jinki breathes a deep giggle and he simply corrects. “BDSM.”

“It’s really not because of me- because I don’t always want sex?” Minho digs deeper into his own insecurities, still worried, though Jinki has said since the days they were only friends, when Minho confided in him, that he wasn’t unusual or broken because sex isn’t the sort of intimacy he craves usually. Their first fight was about it, as a couple, but making up there were words again that Jinki wouldn’t leave Minho because of it. Maybe it really isn’t okay.

Jinki’s head is tossed back, laughter loud with sniffs. “No, no it’s not, it’s really really not that at all. It doesn’t make me love you any less. It never has.”

“I won’t be able to fulfill this need, will I?” it falls from his mouth before he can catch himself.

Jinki’s shoulders shrug up tightly, laughter choked but smile big with honesty. “No.”

Minho’s head lowers, but a weak smile spreads over his lips, just relishing in Jinki’s touch still and close presence. He looks up, wanting to pull Jinki into a hug as he sincerely asks, “You and I- where do we go from here?”
In the long moment of silence after Minho’s question, neither sure how to answer it, Jinki slowly leans in for a kiss. Minho turns out of it, grip tight on his knees. He’s not ready to move that fast, even if it might be assurance Jinki still loves him and his heart skips a beat. He’s not ready.

Jinki leans back, scooting even, hands to himself giving space as he swipes his red face with chewed lips.

“I don’t know.”

It grows quiet again.
Minjung keeps digging at the crotch of her shorts, long sports top helping hide the display, if only a little. Beside her is a very mortified boyfriend.

“Minjunggie-ya..” Jinki whispers, “Please stop.”

Minjung’s whispering isn’t as quiet. “It still hurts.”

Jinki’s shoulders shrug up, trying to hide himself within himself. He’s embarrassed all around, from last night that was supposed to be- maybe not perfect, but more hot and heavy than awkward. He wasn’t supposed to nut out so soon and Minjung isn’t supposed to be hurting still. “I thought we used enough lube. Why didn’t you say anything?”

Minjung holds both hands to her cheeks, at least now having her rubbing grip away from her crotch in the middle of public. Her eyes genuinely flutter. “Oppa looked so handsome, I didn’t want to ruin it.”

Dating Choi Minjung sometimes makes Jinki think he’s back in high school. Possibly because she’s actually fresh out of high school, or maybe just her whole personality. He’s not sure which of them is worse at romancing. It adds up to their ‘spacial night’ ending up less than special.

“Minjung,” Jinki grabs her wrist, gently guiding her to a more private place around a corner. He nearly laughs, not used to having to look up at a taller girl, but the effort is always worth it for a face as soft and pretty as Minjung’s. “Seriously, if I ever hurt you, please tell me. We’re in this together,” or something- it spills out of his mouth, trying to say the right thing. He hopes it is.

Minjung makes a face, lips pressed and eyes wide, then her hand is at her tiny chest. “Oppa is so cool..” she nearly squeals with sincerity.

Jinki’s head hangs. Minjung digs at her sore lady-bits once more.
Anxious nerves fight with the pulsing pleasure of a promising peak. It’s close, too soon again, despite the jitters. In his head, Minho goes over their times before, trying to recall just what Jinki likes and takes delight in most, but the older man’s hot mouth wrapped around him and plump lips dragging wet and puffy, Minho’s thoughts are hard to find.

With a gasp and twist of his hips, laying naked over the bed and Jinki bent between his spread legs, Minho does remember Jinki’s cute crinkled eyes and laughter as he mentioned Minho makes the weirdest sounds when he cums. So Minho drops a palm near his mouth, long fingers against parted lips that still have the desirable taste of Jinki from his mouth wrapped around the young man minutes early. He really doesn’t want to make a sound like that again. It brings a self-consciousness to him.

All their little quirks and pleasure points are slowly discovered as the two grow more intimate with one another.

Minho’s foot slides up the bed, and Jinki spreads thighs further apart, stubby fingers reaching between cheeks, pressing and rubbing sensitive nerves in a heightened pleasure spot of the younger as he sucks, and Minho makes one of those awful noises again. His mouth is hurriedly covered, eyelids heavy and hips bucking upward as he climaxes ungracefully and always too quickly.

Jinki gags, hands not at Minho’s hips to prevent the possibility. He pulls off, face scrunched and wet mouth sputtering the stringy mess. He swipes his face wrist to wrist.

“I- ehh- sorry.” Minho blinks big eyes, knees dragging up halfway, self-conscious.

Jinki’s head tilts, eyes crinkling up and hands reaching to drop upon Minho’s knees as he learns in a bit. “You made that weird noise again,” he giggles.

Minho stares dumbstruck and Jinki silently vows not to blow Minho again for a while with a cough of his sore throat.

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Jinki hooks his hands beneath Minho’s knees, yanking them up until feet and backside leave the bed and Minho is laughing. He curls Minho’s long body into itself, grin on his face the younger
isn’t as naturally flexible. Minho groans and laughs still, even as Jinki leans in to nibble and drag teeth over his ass.

Minho’s hands reach between his spread legs, falling over Jinki’s head, laughter caught rough in his throat as it almost hurts to breath. “Oh-hoho!”

Jinki nuzzles warm skin, parting cheeks to spit and lap around those same sensitive nerves. Minho’s voice changes once more to that silly noise. He glances to find the Minho’s face scrunched and lips bitten, feeling his long fingers through his hair in a slipping grip. The short, responsive groans Jinki enjoys possible most. Because of him, because of what he can do, causes such a sound out of Minho only for him to hear.

“Do you like this,” Jinki asks, eyes slowly closing as he flicks his tongue around a little more, angling his head, trying to seem, he hopes, sensual. He’s uncertain himself, still a bit nervous he looks dumb, but Minho never says anything very worrying. “Me eating out your ass?”

Minho’s easily made speechless, not sure if a tease or sincere question, or how he should answer.

“You ready for more than just fingers?”

Minho gulps, breaths heavy from the bent position and body quickly reacting to such stimuli. It’s a bit embarrassing, but he can’t dwell on that when Jinki is trying to ask him a question, which he still doesn’t know the answer to.

Minho’s breaths get so heavy he feels like he’s choking, face flushed and grip dropped to Jinki’s neck. He pants, unable to decide yet.

Before Minho gives a solid consenting answer, Jinki drops Minho back to the bed and instead crawls up to lay as naked beside him, smiling with a bubbly laugh and still scratchy throat. He gets a little payback, even if he knows Minho didn’t mean to hurt him.

Minho frowns in a pout, legs kicking out, then purposefully dragging over Jinki’s. The older whines with loud laughter.

Minho can’t help but smile in the end. Jinki pushed, but not beyond the line forcing him into anything, and neither will Minho to him. He likes to think that they silently appreciate that about each other.

“Maybe next time?” Jinki’s lips are bitten, crinkled eyes so cute.

Minho rubs behind his ear in a nervous habit, still smiling with downcast eyes. He doesn’t like to think of himself as a quitter, but, “Maybe,” Jinki has an effect on him that drives him to uncertainty.

Jinki blows raspberries into Minho’s shoulder.

Minho retaliates with raspberries to Jinki’s cheek.

The two sincerely grasp each other’s hand in the midst of playfulness.
Taemin nearly vibrates with excitement, aroused and still unbelieving he has his noona on a bed beneath him, dress unbuttoned down the middle as they kiss. She holds his face, keeping him close, but his desire right now is to finally see the tits she keeps hiding from him. He’s seventeen and deserves some tits in his life.

Taemin yanks out of the kiss, tired of it only because that’s all they ever do – kiss, kiss and kiss some more then stop any further action. He’s more than ready to take the next step. As he begins to edge the top of the dress away from her chest, Minjung clamps arms over it, whole body below him going stiff.

“Wait..” she looks up at Taemin, eyes big, kissed swollen lips nearly pouting.

“Noona..” Taemin isn’t sure what to say. Are they really about to stop, now of all times, already so close. “Why can’t I take your dress off?” he’s blunt about it.

“Because.. I..”

“Noona..” Taemin gives a look, lips pressed, one that almost makes Minjung think she’s the younger one here.

“I don’t have nice boobs,” she finally spits out. “They’re too small..”

Taemin blinks. Any tits are nice tits, where is there to go wrong? He smiles, giving a snorting laugh, which only makes Minjung look upset. He tries to soothe her, “Noona.. I’ll like your tits- I already like your tits. Can I please see them?” He tries the cutie act now, eyes forced bigger, bottom lip out. It’s a look Minjung can never resist.

The girl looks away, hesitating a moment before letting her arms fall away from her chest. She just lays there, allowing her young boyfriend to do as he pleased. And Taemin very much did as he pleased. He finally opened the top of the dress, finding small, perky breasts behind a simple bra. A hand touches one, giving it a fine, immature squish.

Minjung gasps, lips bitten and head still turned away, soft hair sprawled out over the pillow she rests against. The young man is taken aback a moment by how gorgeous she is.

Taemin finally tucks fingers under the bra, forcing it up and way, breasts left loose and finally visible between the soft fabric of a dress. The bra shoved aside is discovered by him to be a heavily padded one. Taemin blinks. These tits truly are small, Minjung wasn’t kidding around. But like Taemin said, tits are tits and these tits look beautiful. He’s bold in his actions, dipping to drag a tongue over one, and with another drag of it, the tip hardens and Minjung hides her voice behind her hand. His pants grow tighter than before, begging for release from them soon.

His thirst to get into his noona’s pants could possibly come true now, and Taemin wasted nothing on it.

“Noona.. your tits are so cute..” he hums, then wraps lips around the tip, giving a gentle suck, other hand reaching to grope the other breast.
Minjung’s head turns back then, eyes wide and mouth still covering her adorable bedroom voice. She speaks with a muffled groan, “Taemin-ahh..”

Taemin kisses along a breast, other hand roaming down her body, and he leans back a moment to unbutton her dress further, fully exposing her underwear. He’s smiling the whole while. “Noona, you’re to pretty, all of you..”

Minjung flushes a brighter shade, long lashes fluttering in slow blinks.

Taemin tucks fingers beneath panties, edging them down over bony hips with little to no curves in his way. He’s stopped when Minjung pulls on him, yanking his top off in an awkward struggled. He sits back up, hair a mess, eyes wide, looking just as thin and gangly as the girl.

Minjung gives a small, teasing smile, looking more relaxed than before. “You’re pretty too, Taeminnie.”

Taemin twitches, nose crinkling disgustedly. With a quick, and slightly fumbling motion, Taemin yanks panties down to thighs as he leans in to kiss his noona quiet. He leaves a moaning cry, scooting down the bed having some need to prove his manhood. Taemin quickly spread Minjung’s legs as wide as panties around thighs would allow, face falling between them as he holds her legs up in the air. Lips stop to kiss thighs just above her warm folds right below his cheek.

Minjung shrieks at the sudden bold move, fingers over her eyes, peeking in horror from between them. “Tae- Taemin!”

Taemin smirks, relaxing into his proven manliness, ready for a face full of wet pussy and his hard dick sucked by pretty little lips, if Minjung will relax and allow it to be so. He just gives an adoring sigh, “You smell so good..” and waits.
Lee Jinki sighs, gently closing the cage holding a small dog after checking the recovering animal’s bandages. He checks the time, small smile on his face. The doctor and receptionist, the only other two working in the small and old veterinary building, are out and it leaves the place to just himself. He’s new, almost out of college and needing some kind of work. Working around animals instead of humans, even if janitorial work, is preferred by Jinki.

The time doesn’t tell him much for when either one will return. He carried on his duties, humming a tune and chatting with animals left in the doctor’s care by owners.

Jinki doesn’t notice anyone has entered the building until a persistent hammering of the front desk’s bell doesn’t stop. He steps out to the lobby, weary welcoming smile falling to wide eyes as he meets another set of even wider eyes looking panicked. A young man with a jarringly deep voice speaks pleadingly.

“Can you help me? Can you help my pet?”

Jinki steps to the desk, polite smile back. He knows he shouldn’t, but another pass time is pretending to be a legitimate vet. He should tell the guy the doctor will be back- well, sometime and ask him to wait, but the temptation is too much. “I would sure love to try.”

“Really?” his face lights up like a child, causing Jinki to question his actual age. “The other vets laugh are tell me to replace him.”

Jinki’s nose crinkles at such rudeness. It’s their job- supposed to be their life passion. How could a vet really have done that. With a tilt of his head, Jinki shrugs it off and asks, “Let’s see him, where is he?”

Jinki waits to hear a bark or meow or something. He peers over the desk, seeing nothing. The young man bends to the floor then drops a sloshing fish bowl in front of Jinki.

"He’s sick. I’m afraid he’s dying."

Jinki is taken aback. He stares, thickbrow arched. “A gold..fish?”

There’s a nod and arms crossing then they uncross, pointing at the fish. “See? He wasn’t like that yesterday.”

Jinki stares closely at the fish swimming about. He can’t tell much is different, but then he’s no expert on goldfish. He wants to excuse himself to go laugh, but the horribly earnest look on the young man’s even younger looking face makes it feel too cruel.

“What’s your name?”

“Minho..”
Jinki smiles again, leaning to look the fish bowl over side to side as his examination, trying to look what he supposes a professional would look like. “Minho-ssi, when did you get him?”

"Uh.. A couple days ago.”

Jinki has to bite back a burst of laughter in the back of his throat. He’s not a real vet but he can understand the worry of loving pet owners, but really, this is just a whole different level. He does his best to keep it together.

“I won him in a contest. But I really like him.”

Jinki glances up. Minho’s expression speaks volumes, and in that, Jinki wants to do what he can to help. “What do you feed him?”

Minho looks to him with all seriousness. "Fish food.”

That’s a little less detail than Jinki is looking for. He tries something else. “How often do you feed him?”

"Eh..” Minho’s head tilts to the side, looking thoughtful. “Whenever he looks hungry. He looks hungry a lot.”

Jinki straightens up, eyes wide again. “How often are you hungry?” he presses for a little more personal information, but with reason. He has a theory.

“A lot,” Minho laughs, looking away embarrassed and very thin body twisted as if to hide invisible fat.

Jinki’s heart leaps. Something tells him this man has an interesting personality he would love to explore, and a cute face, but that’s not an offer on the table. He clears his throat. “Well he-”

"Goldie.”

“Huh?” Jinki blinks.

“His name is Goldie- cause he’s a goldfish.” There’s a proud little grin and Jinki dies a little inside, about to throw his faking professionalism to the wind and ask for a number or anything.

“Well Goldie,” Jinki puts emphases on the name, causing a sweet smile out of Minho. “Will be just fine, I think.”

Minho suddenly leans in close, too close, invading personal space with a wide-eyed look. “Really?”

Jinki leans back with a smiling nod, unsure he’s ever seen eyes quite like that on a man before. A woman sure, but not a man. He shutters a bit getting out, "Don’t feed him nearly as much as you eat in human food.”

Minho looks at his fish with confusion, then he laughs, face fallen to one hand. “I didn’t even think of that..”

Sometimes it’s the little things pet owners forget. Jinki allows himself to laugh a little now. What a cute young man who almost killed his pet goldfish overfeeding it.

“Thank you..”

“Jinki.”
Minho bows. “Thank you, doctor Jinki.”

Jinki really likes the sound of that. They laugh again, just as the real doctor returns with a curious look between the two and a goldfish that blows bubbles in what could easily look like a belch.
Minho snuggles his face further into a fluffy, thick pillow sized about the whole length of him. It’s a body pillow created for fans, but Minho couldn’t help getting one for himself, as a joke to tease Jinki and make him flustered.

Truthfully, Minho just really wanted it for himself. He likes comfort to sleep with, and that’s in pillows- and in Jinki himself. It’s embarrassing to admit, but he likes Jinki a lot more than he tries to play it as. It makes Jinki nervous the more attached Minho appears. He can read that much in Jinki. The older prefers it more casual and in jokes.

So in Jinki’s absence, Minho has a silly pillow with his likeness on it. He nuzzles and presses a kiss, kisses he needs to get better at and woo Jinki with skill, long legs wiggling around the lower end. He laughs in a sleepy, childish giggle.

When Minho pulls back, he blinks sleepy eyes wide. The face isn’t the face at all. It’s Jinki’s crotch. “Oh hoho..” he laughs with a burn to his cheeks. He didn’t mean for it to get that weird.

There’s a laugh at the crack of his door, one that sounds an awful lot like Jinki’s.

Did Jinki just catch him 69ing a pillow with his face on it?

Minho’s not sure he wants to find out. He quickly turns his Jinki-pillow right side up, and flips it over, too embarrassed to look the picture of Jinki’s sweet smile in the face.
Minho swipes his sweaty brow, sipping down a cool drink from his water bottle as he crosses the large gym towards Jinki. He finally remembers what he wants to ask the older earlier.

He steps over some mats, nodding at Jinki’s workout. He’s proud of his efforts, like always. It doesn’t come as easy for him as Minho, so any work he gets done is sure to get a sparkle in Minho’s big eyes.

Minho opens his mouth, breath taken in to call for his hyung, when suddenly a hand is over his mouth and firm grips clasping his arms and shoulders. He looks side to side with wide eyes. Minho is slowly dragged backwards, being told to shush.

Once he can shrug them off, nearly spilling his water, Minho frowns in a huff at Kibum and Taemin. “What? I want to ask Jinki-hyung something.”

"Wait,” Kibum mumbles.

"Enjoy the view a little longer,” Taemin says with a tiny grin.

Minho looks back, taking a moment to get it, watching Jinki bend this way and that in thin, tight workout pants. Minho nearly gasps scandalized. He looks to each young man. "You two are the worst. How do you look at it like that?"

"Go workout some more,” Kibum scoffs.

Taemin leans to look around Minho, lips nearly licked.

Minho looks suddenly very offended. It’s not like he does it just because he likes it- no wait, he does. But still.

Minho takes a long gulp from his drink, then opens his mouth again in Jinki’s direction. “Hyung-” Again, Minho is manhandled backwards by two dirty-minded men tired of him being a cockblock.
“We’ll just—umm..”

It’s crises mode. Damage control. Jinki and Minho sit together on the couch, going over how to explain to a friend that had walked in on them fooling around the other day.

After another long moment of silence, Jinki suggests they tell the truth, because the truth is always good. “We will tell the truth. We’re straight.”

Minho raises a brow, arms uncrossing. He gives a little grin, trying to find some humor in the situation- like he’s learned from the friend beside him. “But I’m not all that straight.”

Jinki gives a frustrated sigh, hands through his hair suddenly, voice a curse. “Minho, can you work with me here.”

“You said the truth, though.” Minho frowns. He hasn’t come out to many people that he happens to like girls and boys. He particularly likes this male friend a lot, so one thing lead to another in crazy, drunken experimenting; Minho a lightweight drinker compared to Jinki, rambling and touchy nature escaping onto the older. Jinki was cool with, until Jonghyun walked in on his heterosexual friends, and now he is going off as insecure as Minho had felt while discovering, and trying to accept, he is bisexual.

Jinki pulls out his cell, quickly dialing Jonghyun. Minho watches, not very sure about this idea at all. If Jinki thinks it’s best, then he shouldn’t stand in the way.

There’s a bit of vague, awkward casualty talk, before Jinki, in a graceless manner, rambles, “We’re straight, what you saw, it was just stress release, we’re straight, don’t misunderstand, so yeah- we’re cool, huh?”

Minho cringes. He likes Jinki. He doesn’t want to think of it as just ‘stress release’. Jinki had said he likes him too, and this wasn’t their first time together before Jonghyun walked in. They’re not dating, but still, he would like to be thought of a little more than that.

Jinki holds the phone away as Jonghyun laughs loudly.

“Hyung, really? I walked in on you plowing your friend’s ass, and this his what you tell me?”

“It’s true. We’re straight.”

“Minho’s beside you, isn’t? Put him on.”

The phone is handed to Minho, Jinki’s nose crinkled and lips pressed with annoyance.

Minho hesitates. “…hello?”

“Minho-ya. You- are you going to tell me you’re straight after Jinki-hyung’s dick was all the way up your ass? Is this why I found that dildo in your room? The one you tried to tell me was an ex-girlfriend’s? Don’t lie to me now.”
Minho’s wide eyes look to Jinki. He’s not sure what to say, and he really doesn’t like that dildo
memory brought up, it’s humiliating enough. Should he confess or ride the train Jinki is tooting.

Before Minho can respond, Jonghyun tells him to put him on speakerphone so they can both hear.
The phone is held out as Jonghyun speaks in a more controlled manner.

“Just to be clear, I don’t care if you’re straight, gay, dysfunctional Siamese twins, you two are my
friends.” Jonghyun sounds more emotional as his voice lowers, “I want you happy, and maybe it
would be nice not to be left in the dark, as a friend.”

“Jonghyun-ah..” Jinki’s tone has softened.

“You two figure your story out. I need to go, so we’ll talk later.”

The line is dead before they can say goodbye. Minho hands Jinki back his phone. The two sit in
silence some more. Minho watches the older, his hard and confused expression. Minho touches
his shoulder in a friendly pat, trying to give space even though he wants to fall against him,
nuggle, tell him it will be find and give him same assurance while also drawing it from the older.

Jinki tries to smile, giving a small nod. His cell is taken back out, and he texts someone. Minho
only gets a peek before it’s quickly sent. A message to Jonghyun: I like girls.

Minho can’t resist now. He leans his chin to Jinki’s shoulder, big droopy eyes gazing up at the
older. “Hyung, do you like me?”

“Yes of course. You’re my friend.”

“I mean really like me.”

“I..”

Minho’s tone lowers, just wanting the truth. “Be honest.”

Jinki sighs, tense posture finally giving out, “I don’t know.”

Minho’s heart sinks, but not as much as it could have. This gives him some leeway. He has a
chance. “Then there’s room to make you like me.”

Jinki gives a short laugh.

“Because I really like you, hyung. I like you a lot.”

Jinki turns to look at Minho, and the younger sits up, slow in leaning in so Jinki can resists if he
wants. Jinki doesn’t though. Their lips meet in a kiss, and Jinki presses, deepening it before Minho
can try, hand lifted to Minho’s face in a gentle touch. There’s a spark through him again, just from
a kiss. Minho makes an involuntary noise, fingers curling in the hem of Jinki’s top. He likes Jinki
so much, he wants that feeling to be mutual.

“It’s okay,” Minho says as they part, “If you don’t have yourself all figured out yet—I’m still
confused myself. But don’t try to fight it so much, it only hurts more when you do.”

Jinki’s head lowers, fingers playing with Minho’s.

“Thank you. You’re younger than me, yet.. here I am still trying and you make it look so easy.”

Minho laughs. “It’s not easy. But being with you makes it seem easier. I just- I like you so much.”
Jinki looks up, smiling expression cute and reminding Minho why he’s fallen so easily for a friend.

“So,” Minho asks, “Are we still friends at least?”

“Straight friends?” Jinki grins cheekily, humor getting Minho laughing all over again, head dropping to brush against Jinki’s shoulder in a giggling fit. Once the younger settles, Jinki says, “Yes, we’re still friends.”

“And we should lock doors..”

“Definitely.”

They laugh.
It’s not every day you date a close friend, someone you’ve known since high school, but Minho has found himself in that situation. Maybe it would have come sooner if that friend had been female. It’s a man, older than Minho – his hyung. It seems several years past with the two having an inkling of mutual attraction, but neither wanting to cross that line for multiple reasons. It’s after his hyung’s last girlfriend broke up with him that Minho took him out for drinks to cheer him up. Minho got drunker than him (as usual), but this time, seeing such a sad expression one someone he cares so deeply for lead Minho to leapt on him with a kiss to the mouth and slurred confession.

Somehow that has led them here, two dating for a few months so far. It’s Minho’s first boyfriend. It still makes him giggle a bit. He’s tried dating once, a pretty girl his age. It barely lasted.

Minho curls up on his bed, droopy eyes lidded with sleep and hand on his phone. Between his legs rests a log-pillow, making him cozy as he chats with his boyfriend, which is still such an odd way to call him, through text messages. It’s general talk, about college classes, how Minho is holding up in his first year that’s nearly over and finals approaching for them both. Then talk dwindled to sleepy nonsense.

‘I wanna cum on your ass again.’

Minho laughs, recalling the other night, how the two often ended up when they fooled around. It usually means lots of mouth and hands, with some naked grinding, but this last time things went a little further than before; Minho put on his hands and knees just so Jinki could thrust between his asscheeks until he came, fluids left dribbling down between cheeks. It was all done in the hurried, mindless pleasure of it all.

‘hyung, it’s too late for talk like that.. ☹’

‘I want to put my dick in your cute ass. really, I do..’

Minho hides his face in a pillow, replying back.

‘okay... 😛_鲳’

‘♡.♡ I love you!’

Minho shakes his head that that’s all it takes to cheer the other up.

‘hyung go to bed. keke’

Minho receives a late reply with words mistyped and making no sense, then all communication stops. Jinki is surely asleep.
Minho hasn’t gone any further than a finger or two inside him, ever. He’s not sure how Jinki could fit inside him. So Minho does some research, the kind that he quickly erases his search history for. It’s not like high school taught boys such things- it’s not like they taught any of them much about sex period, just left to figure it all out themselves.

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A week later, Minho and Jinki are out on a casual date, because that’s what most their dates are, being friends for so long before trying to form a deeper relationship.

Jinki hands Minho a bag he pulls from his backpack. He looks oddly sheepish, has seemed more timid than ever the whole day. It’s odd, but Minho’s suddenly excited about a possible gift. Who doesn’t love a gift? It makes Minho’s heart beat a little faster for Lee Jinki.

Minho is nudged and gently guided away by the shorter. He is taken away from most people, still looking excitedly at the bag in his hands, well even a little more curiously with his boyfriend trying to shuffle them to a corner of the bar. Minho begins to wonder if it’s porn. He’s tried to explain over that he’s just not that into it, but he’s okay if Jinki is. If he wants the two to watch it together to get to a mood then Minho will, but by himself Minho doesn’t watch it all that much.

Minho doesn’t see Jinki’s nervous smile still. He pulls the bag open, dragging out a small box. He’s almost bubbly with happiness. He turns the box over to read: enema kit. Intimacy isn’t the first thought that comes to mind looking at such a kit.

Minho’s smile falls. He’s blunt, “I’m not constipated.”

Jinki shakes his head, hand up to explain. “I was doing more research- like you said, and I read you should use this..”

Minho looks up, finding Jinki’s big, nervous smile. His eye widen, brows arched and lips parted but only a weird noise escaping. Maybe he had one too many drinks again. It’s hard to tell.

Jinki looks worried now.

“You want me to use this thing?”

“Eh... well..”

Minho drops the box back in the bag and walks away, bag oddly still in his hand instead of shoving it at his boyfriend, because despite himself he will do anything for Jinki. Minho leaves, Jinki chasing after him, until he grabs Minho’s arm and blocks his path, stopping him on the streets. The two always seem to chase each other when one takes off upset at something.

“I’m only trying to figure this out, too. Okay? I just want to be with you. Please don’t be mad.”

Minho’s lips press, fist on the bag tight. Jinki’s sincere expression makes it hard to stay upset. It’s not like Minho didn’t do is research and find similar results. It’s almost embarrassing at their ages they’re still trying to figure out sex because lack of experience on both sides. He sighs, looks to his hand, back to Jinki, then touches the older’s shoulder, giving a gentle squeeze.

“I’m going home,” he says, “Thank for this- all of it. I’ll call you later.”

Jinki steps back, allowing Minho to pass with a small nod.
It’s days later when Minho sighs, hands through damp hair, before he steps out of Jinki’s bathroom in a towel around his thin waist, all cleaned up- everywhere. The kit is laid out on the counter with its box still, any used parts tossed in the trash.

“I finished.”

Jinki looks up, game he’s playing on his cell paused. He smiles, setting his stuff aside, standing to step near Minho.

“It worked?”

“I guess. I don’t know. We’ll find out.” Minho touches his ‘sparkling clean’ bottom between the towel. Maybe it wasn’t so bad. Maybe it kinda feels good to be so clean- everywhere.

Jinki leans in, nose near Minho’s neck, taking in the scent of body wash, “You smell really good. . .”

Jinki’s grin, one a little smug, is enough to get Minho grabbing his face between both hands, kissing his mouth and guiding them through the doorway to Jinki’s room and bed, where pleasurable foreplay can begin, then follow to the next step they’re going to take together. He will swipe that smug grin right off Lee Jinki’s face.

Minho blinks big eyes, laying out on the bed, naked, a hand at his sore backside still soaked in wet lube. Jinki touches the younger’s face, brushing dried hair away, looking as defeated.

After all that, after all the sexual encounters so far, after the messy kit, they are defeated by Jinki not being able to fully push in before Minho’s pain threshold was met. They made a mistake, not enough research into it, apparently. How to fit big dicks in small holes, Minho thinks he should search next time.

They just lay in the quiet, at least enjoying each other’s company in their failures. Jinki is so cute, Minho thinks again, just watching him fiddle around beside him.

“How about.. we just play some video games.”

Minho likes that offer. He nods, lips a little pouty. Jinki smiles with those cute crinkling eyes. As he gets up, Minho stops him with a hand to his arm. He asks, pouting even more as his other hand still touches his hurting bottom, “And some spicy ramen, too?”

“Definitely,” Jinki giggles with a shrug of his shoulders.

“I love you,” Minho says, which always gets such a surprised reaction out of Jinki. Minho’s sure he does though. Jinki leans in for a quick kiss on the head.

“I love you, too.”

Jinki pulls a condom off, getting up to dress and leave the room. Minho is slower, even whining to himself as he yanks on pants and tries to wipe some lube off his body. Minho’s not sure how he’s ended up here- dating a good friend, best friend probably, but he’s glad he’s here, and he’s glad his sexual fumbles are with someone he trusts.
But does this mean he has to do another enema?
“Tae-minn..” Minho says in a laugh, and it only slips as such out of nervous habit. Taemin makes a noise, no not sounding amused at the laughter. Minho didn’t mean it. His eyes squeeze closed, grip on Taemin’s bare back and naked thigh slipping as he tries to hold his tongue.

Another short, wiggling push.

“Tae-Taemin-ah!” his voice now slips out in a cracking cry, back jerking up from the bed. His discomfort and pain threshold had met its limit. It’s too much. Most off all he’s embarrassed he made another error.

Taemin looks up, stilling his push forward. Minho blinks scrunched eyes up at the younger.

“No- not enough lu-lubee..”

Taemin makes a face, soon leaning his whole body back, settling on bent knee between Minho’s spread legs. Minho throws his arm over his face a moment, breaths deep, body not adjusted to the filling feeling of Taemin pushing an up-and-hard, rubber covered length into him.

Minho is most bothered that he feels he’s failed. It had been nice, having someone younger look to him like he knew everything and could help with any situation. Too often he has been the younger looking to someone older for guidance. Taemin had asked him about sex, both knowing for some time the he was interested in it with more than just girls, and Minho one to easily give as well as curious about the same gender. So when he even asked if Minho could show him how it’s done properly, confessing he didn’t care about having a special first time he just wanted tot try it, Minho jumped on it to feel validated.

Really, he didn’t know much outside of porn and one girlfriend he actually slept with, which they then broke up shortly after and it still haunts him, the thought that he caused it because they actually finally did the deed and it wasn’t as magical as either expected. And no, a time like now wouldn’t be good to think about it because it made him emotional and want to cling to someone’s shoulder, cause they were so good together in his mind.

But yeah, sex is sex and nothing to it, right?

Wrong.

Minho will surely die if he doesn’t get more lube now.

Taemin dribbles and smears more from a small bottle, then asks for the okay as he helps prop Minho’s lower body into his small lap once more.

Minho tries to relax, settling into it again, determined to pass on his outstanding knowledge, which is anything but, but he can’t confess that to Taemin, not this far in. Too deep.

Too deep…
Minho cringes, toes curling into the sheets, fingers not sure where to probably grip on Taemin’s bony body, as pushing deepens still. He’s sure he can’t even get up and hard during this discomfort. He will endure though, as the older of the two.

Taemin’s head drops again, voice a grunt, “You’re really tight,” and Minho would laugh if he wasn’t biting his lips, because yeah no doubt, he might split in half. He did not prep correctly at all. What is porn for if it can’t teach you these things. That tolerance threshold was bearing its ugly head again.

Minho curls his face into Taemin’s neck, voice a muffled whimper, falling out of his control, as the younger tries to move. Then Taemin rocks slowly against him. The motion of hips is quite fluid, growing faster while remaining smoothing, something Minho would be jealous of if he weren’t trying to lower his stress right now.

It’s unexpected, hot and wet, bodies slapping together in dirty noises, when Taemin’s lips press to his in a kiss. Minho thought they were both at an understanding kissing wasn’t going to happen- kissing made everything a little more personal and intimate and this was just supposed to be a guidance lesson between good friends- or something, It didn’t even makes sense, to be honest.

Minho tries to turn out of it, head rolling one side then the other, but Taemin’s hips moves different and it’s too sudden and Minho’s lips part in a gasp with Taemin’s lips soon smashing to his chapped ones again. A moment when Taemin leans back, flicking hair from his face, Minho sees it- eyes dark and cheeks flushed with arousal, and it’s not the same Taemin at all.

Heels dig into the bed, and Taemin’s hands touch his body a little rougher, short fingernails digging and mouth still refusing to let Minho out of a kiss even if he tried. Eyelashes flutter and eyes roll back because despite the discomfort being filled in such a way, it felt good elsewhere- it grew to feel really good, in fact. He’s actually found arousal.

Taemin nibbles at Minho’s flushed skin, speaking in a breathy voice. “You’re so pretty like this..”

Pretty?

Minho wants to laugh but his voice falls in a squeaking sigh, and he loses any last ability to function as Taemin strings out raspy, dirty words in his usually soft voice. Minho’s positive Taemin will act on what he says, and he’s not sure how to feel about it, but he’s soon expecting Taemin to flip him over and pound him mercilessly into the bed until he screams- or that was the nice way of saying what dirty things slipped from Taemin’s mouth. If the tips of his ears weren’t red, they are now. Such things, Minho never expected to hear in bed, ever.

Minho just continues to whine or voice crack in hard breaths, biting at Taemin’s lips, forgetting his own rule about kissing. His hair is tugged in swift, hurtly motion, long neck exposed so a warm mouth can reach it, teeth scrapping skin red, noise out of Minho nearly a squeal. And Minho’s body jolts with something pleasurable, naked hips wanting to grind forward to meet Taemin’s until nothing was left because it was all buried deep inside him, even if it still pulsed and ached. It’s no longer just a simple act of teaching someone what’s what. No- Minho is being sexually dominated and he actually likes it.

The whole moment doesn’t last though, and the while ordeal wasn’t even that long to begin with but time seemed a bit lost once it felt good. Taemin makes a whimpery grunt, going stiff beneath Minho’s hands. Everything slows and Taemin soon looks up with a sniff, young face softened again as speaks with a hoarse voice. “I came..”

Minho blinks. He pulls his hands away, legs spread wide again so Taemin can crawl back. Taemin pulls out, and Minho makes a loud enough pained noise Taemin apologizes sheepishly.
Taemin fumbles around a bit and Minho just stares at the ceiling, confused, lost, empty… -And whole lot of sore all over, marks surely left by Taemin’s doings, now that the pleasant tingles throughout his body were subsiding.

It hard to get his voice out, but, “Well.. uh. That’s sex..”

“Yeah,” Taemin slaps at Minho’s knee, giving a sweet smile. “Thanks hyung.. now I can go off into the world a true adult,” he says with slight laughter, because it’s a joke. “And know what I’m doing.”

Minho forces a grin, giving a proud and playful thumbs up, other hand yanking sheets over his naked body to hide any possible arousal still lingering. Even if barely hard, he isn’t about to ask any favors.

Taemin stands up and readies to dress, moving right along with life.

Really, Minho thinks he might now be more confused about everything than Taemin.

So who should Minho go to for guidance then?
Eunsook’s not sure how she’s managed her current position, foot on a tool and other heft up on the sink counter, but it’s working. She has a decent view of her lady-bits in the mirror as she treats herself to a waxing cleanup.

It’s been a while since she’s ‘tamed the beast’, and it’s for herself as a bit of pampering after a nice bath. And she would like to surprise her husband, since it’s been a while, though he will just insist again he likes her just as much ‘untamed’. Rather, Eunsook worries, because despite being married for nearly three years now, and knowing each other even longer, she worries her older age is off-putting, that at almost thirty she will be unattractive and undesirable. She worries that sometimes their lackluster sex life is her fault, though Minho tried, very awkwardly but with a pure heart, to explain that he was a little lacking in a sex drive before they even got married. Marriage hadn’t fixed that, like Eunsook had a little hope in. The worry still lied on her though.

So here she is, cleaning up, waxing with a hum and bitten winch every horrible peel and sting. She’s nearly half done with her work, satisfied she’s looking like a hot young lady, a temptress for a cute husband, jokes in her head too many, when a bathroom door left ajar is pushed all the way open, husband calling for her in a whiny tone.

“Yeobo.. have you seen-”

Minho is cut short, as Eunsook screeches from where she’s awkwardly positioned with half-tamed lady-bits full blast in the mirror, rest of her wrapped in a towel. “Don’t look at me!”

And the rest happens in a matter of seconds; Eunsook falling to the floor still tangled in a towel, and Minho staring with wide eyes. There’s a long pause before Minho asks, “Are you okay?”

Eunsook nods, long hair falling from a towel, hips a little sore, but they have endured worse with her long record of clumsy moves. Just add this slightly embarrassing moment to the list. She panicked, as if they hadn’t seen each other naked before. They’re married after all. She nearly crinkles her nose at herself, reaction she would have expected out of her husband before they got married, not out of her. For shame.

Minho steps in a little closer, offering to help her up, but Eunsook is insistent she’s got it. Shifting her legs though, Eunsook notices something between them still. To her annoyance it’s the wax applicator sticking to her still. No problem though, Eunsook thinks.

The woman reaches under her towel, taking hold of the applicator, and with one lip-biting yank, she pulls as hard as she can.

A scream is let out so loud it bounces of the walls and causes Minho to flinch with horror.

Eunsook sits on the bathroom floor still, whimpering with wide eyes that water, applicator still lost between her legs somewhere. Minho looks horrible confused a moment, then his posture slacks and he says a line Eunsook has heard often in her life.

“I’ll get the keys…”
Eunsook is taken to an emergency room she knows a little too well for her liking, dressed in loose sweets Minho had helped her in while brushing her tears away. It still hurts, but more of a dull ache. She’s not sure what happened, but when she asked her husband to check if they really did need to go to the hospital, his bulging-eyed expression said it all. Not good. She was afraid he would be the one crying just trying to get what was left loosely dangling off the applicator off of her.

So now she sits in the waiting room, head leaning on Minho’s shoulder, hair a mess and face a little swollen from dried tears. She presses fingertips to the gentle hand that rubs her thigh, trying to sooth her, and it really is a comfort. He’s always a comfort, no matter the situation.

Eunsook’s made a lot of mistakes in her life, but marrying this supportive man wasn’t one of them.

Why she worries so much she’s too old and ugly for him, she can’t explain.

“Do you think I will be deformed now?”

Minho gives a small laugh. “No, and even if you were,” he squeezes her thigh slightly, very sincere. “I would still love you.”

“But I tore my vagina apart.”

Minho tenses up, and a few eyes across the waiting room look to them. Eunsook smiles, mostly at her husband that is still a prude, and then says a little louder to the folks still staring. “Yes, I said vagina.”

Minho sounds panicked. “Noona..”

Eunsook snuggles Minho’s shoulder, flashback of being teenagers again. “You haven’t called me that in a while.”

Eunsook’s name is called before she can say anything more. Minho helps her up and walks with her, firm grip on her arm for balance, following Eunsook’s waddling self to the nurse who eyes her curiously.

“Long story..” Eunsook says in a pained breath.

Minho gives a sheepish smile.
“You know..”

Hands gently touch each other all over, roaming through hair and beneath tops, fingertips brushing warm skin, breaths caught in sweet kisses. Both sit close together over a small bed, sheets cozily surrounding them.

Jinki’s crinkled eyes nearly twinkle as he finishes in a low, nearly shy, voice, “You make me feel.. like I’m on top of the world, like..” he trails off, not sure how else to word what he wants to express, as Minho’s big eyes widen, head tilting to the side curiously. Then comes the cute, crooked grin, tiny teeth flashing as a short breath of a laugh is given.

Jinki wants to say how special he feels within Minho’s gentle embrace, how seemingly mature he feels with Minho’s long gazes that look to him for guidance, how soft Minho’s shoulder is when he needs someone to lean on and just to listen to him for a little while.

Jinki always feels special around Minho.

Big eyes downcast a moment, long lashes fluttering shyly, Minho traces Jinki’s palm, then he looks up, still smiling, expression goofy but sincere as he says, “You are my world, so..”

Jinki blinks, doing that heart racing thing the younger could get him doing, as Minho touches the back of his neck, mouth moving close for a quick kiss and slurred mumble between them, “…get on top of me.”

Minho falls back against the bed, taking Jinki with him, until the older is kneeling over the younger, and the two laugh, hands touching each other’s faces and lips soon meeting in a warm, lingering kiss.

“Did you try to make a joke..?”

Minho snorts.

Jinki is on top of his own world.
Very much alone, Minho unwraps the ordered gift once more, just to admire it, a present for Jinki. It’s a little kinky, not that Jinki isn’t into it, but usually these sorts of things were for Minho to try out.

Held up in the light is a fluffy little poof of a rabbit tailplug. All white. Minho bites his fist to stifle a giggling laugh. The toy is all sorts of cute. It’s almost wrong they make such things for adults, Minho thinks. Jinki always laughs at that though, not caring as long as it feels good or looks good.

The surprise won’t last, as much as Minho wants to make it one, because once he tries to get Jinki into bed first there will be suspicion. They had some time alone just the other night, so it’s quite usual for Minho to bring up sex again first so soon. Jinki’s one charming, sweet man, with a sex drive behind it all Minho can’t match. Still, they’re compatible. Minho makes up for it in other areas, like the extra cuddling and someone by Jinki’s side when he needs it (and maybe when he doesn’t need it).

Minho’s excited now, though, up for some fun. He wants to put it inside Jinki, then Jinki can have ever which way with him gladly, bent over and plowed into the bed until he can’t walk properly, as long as Minho can reach behind him and feel that mount of cute bunny fluff against Jinki’s fine, plump ass. Add Jinki’s deep, smooth voice and eye-crinkling smile…

Paradise.
Jinki rubs his eye, doing it until he knows he will get Minho’s concerned attention. It always works like a charm, or in some cases, it’s legitimately Jinki in distress and Minho quick to want to fix it. His fist swipes his eye, face scrunching.

“Hyung?” Minho approaches Jinki, head tilting and eyes wide.

“Ah, just.. my eye is bothering me,” Jinki continues rubbing, acting at its best. “Maybe it’s my contact, could you take a look?”

Minho gently tugs at Jinki’s arm that’s furiously scrubbing his eye nearly red. Lips pressed, he leans in with a searching gaze. Jinki’s got him right where he wants him. He pushes up, pressing his mouth to Minho’s in a sneaky kiss.

Minho steps back, nearly a stumble, mouth covered, big eyes so wide they bulge.

Jinki’s eyes crinkle up into a giggling smile, blinking just fine in proof his eyes are perfectly normal.

“You.. tricked me,” Minho mutters disbelievingly behind his palm, but he’s soon smiling too, laughing even, because Jinki’s big smile is that contagious.

“You’re really cute,” Jinki says, pulling Minho’s hand from his mouth, just to see his child-like smile.

Minho forces a lip-jutting pout, but he can’t hold it for long, snorting laughter escaping in another smile.

“You need your eyes checked.”

“Maybe I do, because..” Jinki looks down a moment, picking at Minho’s sleeve playfully, then his gaze is back on the younger, “I can’t keep my eyes off of you.”

Minho suddenly shakes with laughter, eyes squeezed closed, hand back up trying to cover his wide mouth out of manners. “Hyung, really, stop.”

Jinki shrugs, and he’s not sure if the red in Minho’s face is just from the laughter, but it only makes him wants to poke and tease a little more. “You walked into that one.”

Minho whines with defeat.
“Hyung?” the thirteen-year-old mumbles from his place leaning over the bed upside down, hands holding a comic book he’s looking through, some sappy romantic scene displayed as he turns another page. “Have you ever kissed anyone?”

Jinki looks up from his own comic book where he sits on the floor, glasses crooked and mouth parted in surprise at the question. “Huh..” Jinki thinks through his options. “No,” he tells the truth.

Minho giggles like it was a great joke.

Nose wrinkling, Jinki asks “Have you?” feeling annoyed he was being made fun of.

“Nope. But..” Minho tilts his head bit, big eyes blinking in Jinki’s direction, upside down smile coming off even more crooked than usual. “I’m not fifteen either.”

Jinki nearly sputters, grip on his book tightening. What’s that even supposed to mean? Minho goes back to reading while Jinki looks lost in thought.

In moments Jinki tosses his book aside, crawls over to Minho smashes his mouth to the younger’s upside down lips, chapped skin scratching. Minho squeaks, legs kicking over the bed and comic book held up to read dropping to the floor. Jinki’s glasses slip off slapping Minho’s face on the way down.

When Jinki leans away he falls backwards, hitting the floor with his butt and spread palms. Minho stares at the older with an open mouth, eyes bulgingly wide, long lashes fluttering.

Jinki’s not really sure what he just did, probably something he can brush off to teasing. Yeah, teasing. So Jinki’s head falls to the side, lips curling into a crinkling-eyed smile, and he says to Minho’s flabbergasted expression. “Now we’ve both kissed someone.”

Minho brushes fingertips over his lips, looking flushed suddenly.

Jinki gets the last laugh.
The hotel room is quiet and a mess, two shut up in it for a whole weekend with just alone time, escaping the world for just a little while. The weekend is almost up though; time spend having sex, eating and laughing at tv cozy in bed, then more sex and some much needed sleep. While one showered the other would be told to go grab some takeout and bring it back to the room, but sooner or later, it all lead back to rolling around between the sheets.

Minho groans, face nuzzling into the pillow as the lay on his stomach, naked under sheets. Jinki lay bedside him, eyes lidded, more drowsy. The small room is stuffy, mixed with the smell of food that has since gone cold and sex.

“You tore up my butt.”

Jinki laughs, and it’s loud, maybe more out of tiredness. “Didn’t you say,” he clears his throat, trying this best imitation, “Faster, go faster- harder, har-”

Jinki’s cut off in a choke of a breath, Minho’s hand slaps his bare chest.

“I didn’t know what I was saying..” Minho looks away, lips subconsciously pouty, “And I was saying it for you..”

Jinki’s eyes widen, not sure what to think, but he fluttered with flattery anyone would do that for him; make him feel basically like a super star in bed, and during Jinki sure did.

“I want you to feel special, because you are,” with that said, Minho gave the sweetest, tender little smile, big eyes twinkling in their locked gaze on Jinki.

Jinki feels a flush coming on. He almost stutters in his question. “It did feel good, right?” Jinki isn’t blind; either Minho’s a great actor, which he doubts with the odd words that slip out of his mouth in bed, or he felt it and that’s what honestly drove Jinki to go harder, try to last longer, just to hear those noise he makes and uncontrolled faces. Most of all, how vocal he easily gets, and Jinki is positive there’s no actual control there or Minho would, which is a good thing no one is around to hear them, at least this time.

Minho makes a face, trying to deny it, but Jinki gets his answer and he’s happy.

After a long moment of silence, Minho groans again.

“Want me to lick it better?” Jinki asks, brows arched.

Minho whines, “Do you ever rest?”

“When I sleep, which is a lot you know.”

That drags a big smile out of Minho, and he leans over to nuzzle Jinki, brush his face against the small stumble of the older’s chin. And Jinki laughs in a giggle, because it is so amusing a lazy lack of shaving on his part could make Minho weak in the knees.
Jinki sits up, crawling naked over Minho’s legs to settle himself on his knees, thick thighs parted and hands reaching to gently massage Minho’s bottom between the thin sheets. Minho tenses up, voice bitten back.

“Relax..”

“I’m going to feel this for days..” Minho clutches the sheets.

Jinki bites back any comment, eyes darting away because, well, that sparked a naughty pride himself. He tries to be gently now though, moving his massage up to Minho’s lower back with short fingers.

Minho groans again, tiny smile peeking out from the pillow as Jinki’s work really did loosen him up to a better place.

“Does that feel good?”

“Hmm..” is Minho’s pleasant, humming reply.

Jinki eventually leans over, pressing palms into the small of Minho’s back, causing a whimpery noise out of the young man as he asks, “Want to go again?” Jinki leans over a little more so his voice can fall in a whisper, “I’ll eat you out again.” He likes the idea of that, because it always made Minho squirm. Eating out Minho’s cute ass was always a highlight for Jinki.

Minho gives a giggly laugh through a moan. “Hyung.. you’re too much.”

Jinki sat up with a shrug. At least he tried. He leans over to grab some cold, leftover food sitting in a container. “Thanks for this.”

“Coming to a hotel with you so you could screw me all weekend?”

Jinki presses a knee into Minho’s back, causing a shouting laugh out of the younger for his teasing.

“Ah-ah, hyung really, careful.”

Jinki munches on the food, chopsticks poking around, grin wide. “Sorry,” he says instead, knowing though the two are quite compatible in some ways, in others ways weren’t so much, like Minho could outlast Jinki in any sports competition, and took enjoyment in that. Another was their drastically different libido. Jinki felt bad, sometimes strange beside someone like Minho, for how often he wants sex. Minho doesn’t always budge, but this weekend to themselves was more for Jinki, in the sexual sense, than Minho. Minho got out of it just being with Jinki and having a good time.

Minho wiggles. “We have to get ready to leave soon, so if you want, I’ll blow-”

Jinki’s already dropping the food back on the bed stand, rolling off Minho to get comfy, naked legs spread.

Minho laughs hysterically into the pillow, head shaking, and Jinki stares with a fond gaze. “How did I fall in love with you..”

“Because I’m handsome,” Jinki’s nose crinkles, fingers flicking across some stumble he needs to shave. Really Jinki’s not sure why Minho does. He’s confused by it himself.

Minho slowly pushes himself up, leaning in to lick up a bit of food at the corner of Jinki’s mouth,
then pressing a kiss to his plump lips. “You are very handsome. Jinki-ya,” Minho whispers, “And I love you,” then lowers his head between Jinki’s spread legs, and that was a perfectly done if it was meant to get Jinki already twitching up and hard.

Jinki rests a hand to Minho’s hair, leaned back to relax, enjoying the last act before showers and packing up to leave, back to a world where they would see each other less.

The memory of their weekend would last a lifetime though.
Minho tilts his head over the pillow, hair a tussled mess around large feline ears sitting atop his small head, and his bare body laid back on the bed gives the smallest of wiggles, hands covered in big fluffy paw mitts moving with him as he mutters again. “Yaong~ yaong~.”

It really is a cute sight, but then Minho would probably look good in anything, Jinki thinks, since he’s good-looking like that. So he giggles again, brow swept, leaning in to jingle the bell attached to a caller around the younger’s long neck. He kisses Minho’s cheek, hands reaching back to grip beneath knees, thrusting slowly again, and he groans loud, rubbing too against the feline tail-plug still nestled inside Minho, making the fit tighter than usual, not fully fitting inside in worry he would hurt the other, and probably himself.

Minho falters again in his feline noises, and that’s all he’s allowed to say or he will lose to the game, and each time he nearly slips up to call out Jinki’s name, face flushed and fists made beneath mittens not allowing him to grip anything, Jinki wears a smug grin. One paw slips off Jinki’s bare thigh, trying again for a grip but failing. Jinki likes to win as much as Minho in just about anything, he’s just not a sore loser if he doesn’t, giving him less of a sulky reputation, unlike the someone below him squirming in sheets, toes curling as Jinki yanks feet from the bed.

Minho tries to wave fluffy paws, again repeating in a cracking voice, “Yaong~ Ya-yaong~..~..”

Jinki drops a leg back to the bed to play with the long tail between fingers, grinning. He won’t lose. “Such a cute kitty..” He presses at the base a little, pushing back in whatever may have slipped out. Minho kicks at the bed with one foot, arching with a twist of his body and waving mitts, nearly spilling out a name.

“Yaong! Yaong..” Minho whines, “Yaooong..”

Jinki pulls out, making sure the plug stays in place, then he gently pats Minho’s thighs, telling him to get up on his ‘paws’, ‘tail’ facing him. Jinki plays with the young man’s cheeks a bit, petting, kneading, as if he really could start purring if he just kept at it. The sound of a cat nearly rolls off Minho’s tongue with it, hips pressing back, tail between them still. The more he does, the more it seems Minho’s back arches, bottom out like a real cat wanting a good pat at the base of its tail. It’s been no secret for some time now that Minho loves to have his ass played with. This seems very fitting somehow.

Jinki smears a little more lube while positioning, then slowly pushes back in as far as he dears to go. Minho grunts, muscles of his back flexing. Minho’s head drops and Jinki rocks against him. The sound of the bell jingling is much louder now.

“Yaong..” Minho breathes out heavy.

Jinki leans in to kiss at Minho’s bare shoulder, than nibble at his ear, and he can just picture the face the younger makes as he struggles to control his voice, hitting weak spots of the young man’s body. He reaches between them, stroking at what Minho can’t touch with thick mitts on, fist pumping, wanting to get him up and as hard as he himself is. Minho can barely coherently make a
proper feline call anymore.

He won’t lose, not at this, because Minho might out shine him in many areas, but sex just isn’t one of them. He reaches for the tail, whispering with a smooth tone of voice that always gets under the younger’s skin, palm giving a rough tug to pull the plug free. “Kitty~.”

Minho gives a strangled shout, falling forward, face smashing into a pillow. “Jin-Jinki-wahhh!”

Jinki can finally push fully inside, firm grip on hips, stubby fingers pressing with a bitten lip, and Minho keeps repeating his name in some incoherent chant, voice cracked and muffled, mitten hands buckled beneath his chest.

Jinki gives a hard, short, pounding of satisfaction, before he stops and pulls out, not wanting to finish yet, because he surely would if he kept that up. He falls back on bent knees, rubbing down Minho’s bowed back, pressing over warm skin and lumps of a spine.

Minho makes a noise, then falls to his side, and Jinki helps to roll him over to his back, legs spreading for Jinki to fit between again. He’s smiling at Minho’s flushed face, picking damp hair from his forehead and fixing the feline ears that had fallen crooked. Mitten paws reach near Minho’s face, eyes growing big and lip bitten a moment before he tries, “Yaong~.”

“No, you spoke- you said my name. I win.” Jinki’s grin is apparent of how proud he is. It feels like it has been a while since he won at something. He let it all wash over him.

Minho makes a face, nose wrinkling. Jinki giggles, shoulders shrugging and eyes smiling. The younger breaks into a pouty expression, so Jinki leans in kissing squishy cheeks. He speaks soothingly as he drags kisses.

“It’s okay. You did really well. Don’t be upset.”

Minho leans up, and Jinki worries it’s to shove him away so he could leave in a huff of a fit he lost, but Minho just drags his tongue over Jinki’s neck, and up across his jaw, like some feline kiss. He blinks as Minho falls back, tiny-tooth smile spreading.

Minho’s head tilts again, bell ringing at his neck, paws batting as he whispers low like it’s a secret. “Yaong~ put it back in..”

Jinki’s not sure how to react to cute aegyo mixed with a very adult request. He just stumbles, the flustered one now, trying to wiggle and get himself back inside, the best place to be. Eyes nearly roll back as he goes deep and Minho reacts with long whine, hot body clenching, long legs clinging.

Jinki rolls hips slow, and soft paws reach for arms to wrap in a hold around his neck, bring him close until foreheads brush and the soft ping of a bell rings between them with each rocking, falling breaths hot and heavy. The fun and games ends, leaving Jinki confused he’s intimately screwing Minho dressed up as a cat while horrible aroused.

Jinki won the game, but sometimes their games got a little too strange.
It was time to hit the gym again, Minho decided. It’s not like he didn’t get some workout time in at home or a jog when the time was there, but college classes and a side job made it harder than it used to be to keep himself in what he felt was perfect shape. He was now at the gym again ready to ton up some faded muscle.

Minho drops his bag beside him and gears up for some weight lifting. He starts low, works his way up. mp3 play running and headphones on, Minho worked himself up to heavier weights. It only a matter of time before he’s thinking proudly of himself while glancing into the gym’s ceiling-to-floor mirrors.

He’s going to work that fat right off. Of course Minho isn’t fat by any sane person’s standards, but he frowned at his chubbier cheeks and muscles just generally turning into fat. He curses himself for the way he eats. It only goes in toe with his lack of exercise these days.

Minho pouts a bit at his reflection, cheeks fatter and thoughts of pigs – pig fat pigs rolling in jams and spicy sauces and meat and-

Minho shakes his thoughts. He’s afraid to look back to the mirror, but when he glances he finds someone familiar passing behind him before he can really notice himself again. Minho turns to watch the young man find his own machine to use. He tries to place the guy. He knows him from somewhere, that face is very familiar. Though Minho can’t recall knowing someone that was pretty but in a masculine way.

It was appealing and attractive, to say the least.

Minho chews his lips, eyes falling t the floor as he goes over people in his head. He sheepishly glances up again at the noise the young man makes during his workout. Mouth hanging open, Minho stares in envy, if not a little more..

He’s uncomfortable now. Very.

Minho tries to look busy when the guy looks too him, brushing dark hair from his eyes and smiling. “Minho?” he asks from across the room, “Choi Minho? From high school?”

“Huh?” Minho pulls his headphones off, eyes squinting at this guy suddenly calling him out. Hopefully not for a fight because you know he was possibly gawking.

The young man laughs, “It’s me, the scrawny kid from high school.. oh right..” He looks off in thought. “You weren’t even at my school a whole year, but I remember you, the athlete. It was silly, I..” he looks nervous now, hand rubbing his neck as his eye move off Minho, “I looked up to you, I mean, thanks to you, I pulled myself together and got this.” He shows off his body a bit, hand even yanking up his top to point out his abs and pecs.

The young man looks firm and sweaty and attractive and-

Minho pulls a small weight from the floor, using it as a distraction. He tries to appear calm and anything but wandering if this man was into guys at all, maybe bi? Minho really just wants to be shoved against a wall by this man and all the dirty wrong things his mind keeps going over.
Focus. “Who are you again? I’m sorry I don’t remember you..” Minho smiles, trying to not look as bad as he feels about it, “But you do look familiar.”

“Ah, yeah, I didn’t talk much. Sorta picked on and all- but no no,” the guy looks about as flustered now and Minho feels, “I mean- Lee Taemin, I was a grade below you.”

Minho goes over the name and new information in his mind a moment. His eyes widen and he looks closer at Taemin once a few memories resurface. He remembers a tiny little wimpy kid being bullied a bit, and no, wait, that’s this kid now? Minho can’t really believe it.

“Ah, you remember me now, huh?”

Minho lowers is weight to the floor again and just sort of stares at Taemin. He’s stressed and tired and hungry and..

Minho reaches for his bag and pulls out a fluffy junk-food treat, quickly unwrapping it and shoving it in his mouth to munch. He broke, this kid made him break so quickly. He sighs and stares down at his ‘fat’ body. He remembers when his abs had looked so good. Now they’re barely there. Minho pokes himself through his top and pouts, chewing away on his fattening snack without shame.

“You’re..” Taemin is suddenly close enough to touch Minho’s head. Minho looks up and shifts in his seat, eyes wide. “You’re still cute like I remember.” Taemin laughs. “A little rounder too..” He makes his point clear with hand gestures near his stomach.

Minho shoves the rest of his food into his mouth, cheeks horribly chubby and eyes running over Taemin’s attractive body again. He’s jealous of it and wants to just shout ‘take me now!’, wait, no.

In hopes of stopping his sexual thoughts, Minho dives in for another treat and Taemin steps back, still smiling like someone with a longtime crush. Minho doesn’t notice that part though.

He thinks of pigs and jam again.
Over the small bed, Minho crawls between Jinki’s spread legs as he tugs the rest of the older’s underwear away, getting Jinki completely naked first and head tugged into a kiss. Jinki leans back, low voice nearly a demand, sending tingles throughout Minho’s body. “Talk dirty to me.”

Minho blinks. It’s his time to shine, prove he can be as sexy as Jinki wants him to be. He just has to remember what it is Jinki has said to him before. Something, something- ahh. Minho’s suddenly really nervous. Stage fright is the worst. How does Jinki make it look so effortless?

“I’m gonna pound your ass into the bed,” Minho raises questioning brows, not really meaning to. He needs subconscious guidance and approval in it.

Jinki nods, lips bitten, hands running down to hook into the hem of Minho’s underwear.

Minho smiles a little, because he must be doing good. He kisses at Jinki’s plump mouth, muttering some more dirty talk in a slurring lisp that slows down his speech.

“You’re going to bend over and take my wet cream cake.” He’s doing so great, nothing can stop him now. Where’s the condom Jinki had pulled out so he can toss it away, making his point very clear. He’s on a roll. It won’t be so bad if he nuts out early.

Jinki suddenly snorts a laugh between them. Minho pulls back with wide eyes. “What?”

“You said cream cake..” Jinki nearly bites his fist, eyes crinkling.

Minho looks confused.

“I think you mean cream pie,” Jinki corrects with a giggling laugh still.

Upset by his failure, and embarrassed, Minho just nudges and pushes for Jinki to lay back, quickly leaning down to press kisses along Jinki’s shoulder, then up over a bobbing adam’s apple. He shifts a little, kisses sloppy, but gaining some moans out of Jinki and stubby little fingers back at his hips again. Yes, he’s back on track to being sexy and getting Jinki worked up - all hot and bothered. He’s doing good.

A sudden screech stops Minho. Jinki curls up and tries to roll away, eyes squeezed shut. Minho looks down with abnormally large eyes, saying “What?” while already actually knowing the reason.

“You kneed my balls,” Jinki nearly whimpers.

“I’m sorry,” Minho is quick to say, even more embarrassed now. He crawls out from between Jinki’s legs, getting off the bed and dragging up his discarded top from the floor, because he’s so done. Nothing is sexy anymore.

Top pulled over his head and hair a mess, Minho looks back to Jinki, finding the older still curled up on the bed, clutching sheets. “I’m really sorry.” Sometimes he’s just not sure where those long
limbs end up.

As Minho tries to leave, going to look for something that could possibly make Jinki feel better, the older is asking, “Where are you going?”

Minho turns back, neck rubbed, trying to smile through feeling bad. “Uhh. We’re done? I killed the mood.”

Without a sweet smile, Jinki motions for Minho to come back immediately. Minho crawls on the bed, settling to lay beside Jinki. He doesn’t touch him because he doesn’t want to mess anything else up; he’s just stiff. Jinki rolls to his side to get closer, one and tangling in Minho’s top and other brushing some hair from the younger’s face.

Jinki slowly kisses Minho’s face, then lips, hand running down his thigh, relaxing Minho into the older’s warmth and touch. Jinki speaks first with a low, breathy voice, no nonsense to be had. “You are going to suck my dick while I..” Jinki’s firm grip squeezes a cheek and Minho jerks, “Eat you out.” It’s simple but smooth and effective.

Jinki finishes with a lip-tugging kiss and slap at Minho’s ass. The mood was reset by Jinki alone. Minho wants to ask him how he does that, but instead his body tingles and pulses with need to do as Jinki said.

As Minho crawls over Jinki, he’s careful of long legs not hitting him in the head and destroying the mood again. He drags kisses over Jinki’s thick thighs and gives a few gentle strokes between the older’s spread legs, tongue teasing just a bit, as Jinki tugs underwear down behind him, cheeks spread and breath hot against his exposed skin.

There’s a smug smile in Jinki’s voice, “I’m going to give you a cream cake.”

Minho pouts on a watering mouth full of dick, which soon turns into a vibrating groan, as Jinki’s mouth touches him, always sensitive to such. He’ll be a mess before a ‘cream cake’ even happens.

Jinki says something in a low rumble of a voice, something vulgar, and Minho can’t figure out how it flows off his tongue like it’s okay to say and not horrendously scandalous or silly. He must be a god among men. If it’s supposed to make Minho want Jinki inside him it’s working, quite well really.

In the end, Minho doesn’t often talk dirty for a reason.
Eunsook sighs, hands running through the black hair of a small head snuggled against her breasts, a gangly thin body fitting between her legs against her chubby figure quiet nicely. “Don’t go to sleep, baby boy,” the woman calls the young man – if one could even call him that. He’s still in high school, but close to graduation, readying for college, a university Eunsook is paying for, as well as his current indulgence in soccer at high school and outside of it.

She was his sponsor in a way, or how Eunsook, a woman near her mid-thirties, likes to call it a sugar mama – embracing her age positively as a single woman. She’s had a few boys in the past, paid for what they wanted in exchange for their company and often her bed. This one is a bit different from the rest, less eager but he needs her for the money, desperately so or he probably wouldn’t even be here, she thinks.

Minho, the latest baby boy, groans sleepily. He had come over after school and after-class activities, knee scraped up from a fall on the soccer field, whining as Eunsook cuddled him. He is a precious boy.

“Up, get up, let mama see your jewel.”

Minho makes more noise, skinny, long limbs forcing himself up on his knees over the bed, and he crawls his naked body around, back to Eunsook. She reaches for cheeks paler than the rest of his tanned skin, spreading them enough to get a good look at the toy nestled inside his body. Minho covers his mouth as he glances over his shoulder, big eyes wide, hair a tussled mess after the woman had played with it.

Eunsook forces his hips to rotate so the sparkly jewel would catch the light, and Minho makes a whimpering noise through his palm. She looks up with crinkling eyes, gaze dragging over the teenager. “You’re such a pretty baby boy,” and she isn’t just saying that. This one really is special.

Eunsook sits back again, hands in her thin lingerie, demanding in a tone that sounds more like a request. “Dance for mama, I wanna see you sparkle.”

Minho again shows that reluctance that makes her question why he doesn’t just drop it all and leave. Is school at some fancy university that important? Minho swivels slender hips a bit, always so graceless about it, and he bends a bit, so the princess plug will catch the light and sparkle in its soft blue for Eunsook.

The woman feels she has so much to teach the teenager about satisfying a woman. Eunsook nearly giggles behind her hand recalling she claimed this baby boy’s virginity. Not all of her baby boys where virgins when they met.

Eunsook tells Minho he can stop, tugs him back towards her, then takes him into a back hug, chin resting on his narrow shoulder as she watches herself stroke him up into a leaking hardness while he whines and twitches against her.

“You’re a sensitive baby boy, or do you just like mama that much..” she kissed his neck and Minho jumps with a louder noise, bitten lips unable to hold it back. “Does playing with your ass
Minho jumps with a louder noise, bitten lips unable to hold it back. "Does playing with your ass get you off?" she nibbles at his skin, feeling him squirm against her.

Eunsook pushes on Minho, wanting him turned around to face her, thin lingerie tugged up where panties are tucked aside and she pulls on his neck, other gentle on a hardened length to guide him inside her. The thrusts are short and sloppy, but that’s not what was the focus of her pleasure anyway. What got her wet was reaching behind him, fingers crawling between cheeks, hand twisting and pulling at the princess plug that causes the baby boy to falter even more, face hiding.

"Mm.." Minho struggles to say it, always embarrassed by it, but with another twist and tight clench of Eunsook’s body, Minho mumbled in heavy pants, “Mama.. Mam-mama..”

"You going to cum?"

Minho just whines loudly, eyes squeezed closed and lips bitten.

Eunsook grips the princess plug between her fingers, then gives one swift tug until it is freed from Minho’s body. Minho cries out, cumming before Eunsook even has a real chance to feel any consistent pleasure from his thrusting.

With one hand Eunsook strokes Minho’s face tenderly, other placing the toy back at his hole, slowly pushing it back inside as he bit his lips with tiny teeth and scrunched his eyes.

Eunsook pries at his waist, forcing him out of her body, dribbling fluids with it. She sighs, petting Minho’s head. “Now you got a mess to clean up.”

Eunsook spreads her legs wide, panties still tucked to the side by her fingers, and Minho looks up at her with the cute, babyfaced expression she almost feels like a cradle robber. Eunsook drags a finger along his jaw, lips licked, wanting that innocent little babyface between her legs.

“Clean up your dirty cum, baby boy.”

Eunsook pushes a bit on Minho’s head, guiding it down until he moves on his own to press his face between her legs, mouth parting and tongue poking out. She relaxes into it, hips giving a roll or two as she sighs and moans. “Do what I taught you..” she waits for him to actually show some skill she had to teach him, like all her baby boys.

In minutes, one hand groping a large breast, she takes her other to press Minho’s face roughly against her, until his nose is buried in fine hairs and his voice is muffled against her. She rolls against him, spurting a few more vulgar words before coming on his face in a wet mess.

Eunsook pulls Minho up, finding him gasping with a red, damp face. Big eyes stare widely at her, skinny chest heaving with the breaths. She’s jealous of those pretty, big eyes and long lashes.

“Thought you might suffocate on pussy?”

Eunsook leans in to gently kiss his dirty cheek, though he still tenses up. She smiles and slaps his bare ass, urging him to get to it. He smiles then, small head tilting with a tiny-tooth grin, stomached rubbed, all sorts of adorable.

Eunsook kisses at the scraped knee, lips pressed over a band-aid she had already put on his injury
for him, then she blows on it, giggling to herself as she feels a twinge of maternal instinct.

Minho blinks then laughs behind both hands held up at his flushed face. “Mama’s cute…”

Soon, Eunsook would still be dressed in lingerie with an apron over it, long hair pulled up in a bun, and a meal cooking as Minho joined her in the kitchen, all cleaned up and back in his school uniform, eye contact, again, hard for him to make now. She would smile, wanting to feed him anything he wants.

Eunsook isn’t sure how long this baby boy will be in her life, but part of her hopes it’s all thorough college.

Minho takes a seat at the table, head bowing and hands rubbed over his uniform to make sure he looked fine. “Eunsook-ssi..” he is allowed to call her outside the bedroom if that makes him more comfortable. The woman’s two small children - tiny dogs - sniff and nudge Minho, wanting a little attention, and he gives it with a small laugh and genuine smile, petting both at once.

Eunsook sets small dishes of food around the table, then she pauses to gentle run fingers through his damp hair, grinning. “Please eat as much as you like.”

Minho grabs at the chopsticks sitting close by, giving a faint smile with big eyes glancing hungrily over each dish of different foods to taste.

“Is your ass sore again?”

Minho tenses, eyes so abnormally large suddenly. She wants to laugh, but really she was asking something that concerned her, because he had been sore before and she would offer some ointment. Minho shakes his head, wiggling against his seat a bit.

“You’re getting used to it then, huh.”

Minho looks up as his mouth is full with chopsticks, lips pressing around them, expression dumbstruck. She figures she will wait to explain what could come next, as soon as he loosens up with a few plugs.

Eunsook suddenly recalls something else she needs to give him. She excuses herself a moment to find what she was looking for, then returned with a box to place on the table, interrupting Minho’s cheeks fat of food and fast chewing. Big eyes look questioningly up at her.

“Open it.”

He does, finding a new pair of the top of the line soccer cleats, something he could never afford on his own. He chokes a bit on the food in his mouth still, before swallowing it down with a hard gulp.

“For me? Really?”

“Of course,” she loves to indulge her baby boys without shame.

He bows his head deeply, smile barely hidden. “Thank you.”

Eunsook sits across from him with a small drink to sip, watching as he looks the shoes over while still trying to eat, appetite even bigger now that he was gazing at a special gift just for him. She smiles at the sight, chin resting in her hand. She would soon need to get him seconds, and that would bring her great joy. A hungry baby boy was a healthy one in her eyes.
For the ride home, Eunsook dressed herself respectively, driving Minho back to place, glancing at the young man sitting next to her with a backpack in his lap and gaze out the side window. He was a quiet one, but rides home usually were very silent unless she asked questions to open him up a bit.

Once Eunsook pulls to a stop outside the apartment complex, she leans towards him, scooping hair from his face. She takes a soft kiss from his lips, leaving it as simple as that, because it wouldn’t be the first time she did something dirty in a car out in public, but this baby boy might flush so red he would freak out.

“See you later, hm?”

Minho still looks dazed from a simple kiss. She still wonders if she was his first kiss too. It wouldn’t surprise her. Eunsook’s still not sure how this one fell into her hands. Minho nods with another polite “Eunsook-ssi,” then hurries from the car, making it obvious what he’s doing with her is secret from everyone. He must be a terrible liar.

It’s a day later, Eunsook cooking and feeding her little pups, when she gets a text from the baby boy, picture attached. The messages simply reads ‘thank you mama! I did good today! ^^’ with a photo of skinny legs with knee high socks, band-aid still on one knee, and soccer cleats standing on a grassy field.

Eunsook sighs contently. She loves her life.
“What are you doing?” Jinki sighs, looking up from where he lay comfortable on his bed— or was, until a small head helped itself to end up under his loose shirt.

Minho wiggles where he is nestled between Jinki’s spread legs, laughing like a kid, breath hot against Jinki’s bare belly. Jinki flicks at Minho’s head hidden under his clothes.

“It’s funny,” Minho says through a giggle fit.

“You’re jokes are weird.” Jinki loves gag jokes, but Minho’s sense of humor was really out there sometimes. The older worries a little, if he’s not annoyed that is.

Suddenly, Minho’s mouth is pressed to Jinki’s stomach with a loud noise, blowing raspberries. Jinki yelps, then squirms, suddenly ticklish.

“Ah-ah! Minho-goon!”

The younger laughs, pressing more raspberries until Jinki grips his small head with both hands. The two settle, Jinki trying to catch his breath and Minho faintly laughing, hips wiggle in the air.

In a moment, a soft and calm kiss is pressed to Jinki’s stomach, sweet and tender. His muscles clench and toes curl.

“You’re really soft,” Minho says, head moving under Jinki’s shirt. And it’s like something suddenly snaps watching that little bump under his shirt move, because he is now laughing crazily, feet digging into the bed, breath hard to catch.

Minho crawls out from under Jinki’s clothing, hair a fuzzy mess, to find the older with a red face from laughing so hard. He raises a brow like Jinki is the strange one here.

Jinki’s not sure what he will ever do with Minho or his weird jokes.
It’s silly, a little romantic - or a lot since Minho is a sap at heart - and quite cold, standing in what feels like a downpour suddenly. He could swear it was only a light sprinkle as their lips met in a kiss. They should have part, but here they are still, Minho’s hands cupping Jinki’s warm cheeks, and Jinki’s palms brushing against Minho’s hips, both soaking up the rain during a warm kiss.

Minho was sure they looked like a scene out of a movie, and that made his knees a little more weak. They probably look really cute and like the perfect couple, and he hopes Jinki likes him as much as he likes Jinki.

Something odd is happening though, and that’s Jinki leaning away, but only his lower body. The fluffy feels and sweet butterflies fade to the chill of the annoying rain hitting his body and realization at what’s possibly happening.

Minho pulls back, head tilting as his eyes lower between them. He whispers, speaking like he has no social skills in uncomfortable situations. “Do you have a boner?”

Jinki blinks wide eyes, butt sticking out still, waist away from Minho. “Uh..”

Minho laughs, rain tickling down his red face looking like tears. He leans his forehead to Jinki’s shoulder, still laughing hysterically, clinging to the older’s clothes. “Hyung..”

Jinki laughs too, and it’s the most precious sound. “We should get out of the rain, before you start shivering again.”

Minho’s not sure if those shivers were the cold or from Jinki’s touch, thin body prone to shiver at both. Jinki tugs on Minho to step out of the rain.

Honestly, he doesn’t want their little romantic movie to end, not so soon.
Warm water sloshes over the side of the tub, bubbles floating atop separating into fluffy foam, bathroom filling with steam and human noises. Jinki’s firm hands knead at Minho’s backside still straddling his waist emerged underwater, both their swollen, red lips only parting for a quick breath or tilted of the head and rubbing noses.

Minho’s palms slip on the back of the tub behind Jinki, bodies nearly tangled together to fit with each other in the tub. He tries to lean back, then back even further, as Jinki leans forward for another kiss, and the only escape would be to fall out over the side of the tub because Jinki’s bent knees behind nearly keep him locked in place. “We can’t keep doing this,” meaning they need to actually bathe instead of continuing to fool around, and if Minho knew Jinki would be so pushy and needy when they decided to save time with a bath together after sex, then he would have declined and waited his turn to be alone.

Jinki leans in again, taking Minho’s bottom lip in a sucking pull, and stubby fingers spread him open in warm water, short finger pressing to just tease muscle that clenches and unclenches involuntarily. Minho’s eyes roll back in a flutter, suddenly rocking hips making a mess of the water again and soapy suds scattered over their naked skin. His mouth presses back to Jinki’s as one finger pushes inside a still loosened body, and his hands slip off the tub, falling into the water below, voice a muffled whine. Minho’s body gets ahead of his mind once again, too easy.

Jinki lowers his head to press his mouth over Minho’s long neck tilted to the side, hair in wet strands clinging to the younger’s flushed face, then across a shoulder, requesting, “Just one more time?”

“Hee-Here?” Minho asks, eyes squeezed closed and lips bitten to keep his voice down because it’s only more embarrassing bouncing off echoing bathroom walls. Water still sloshes around as he’s trying to move with Jinki’s finger, as if he could suck it in right to where it always felt best. Puffy lips part in a gasp of, “In the tub?”

Jinki leans back, damp hair clumped to his face, eyes crinkled up and grin wide with a cheeky glint, looking so handsome just sitting wet in a bath with bubbles like he’s completely relaxed and enjoying himself, like sex did wonders for lowering his stress level. Minho wants to accuse Jinki of setting him up, planning the whole thing, faking his innocence in wanting to just wash Minho’s back for him. The older leans just enough to blow some white bubbles from Minho’s shoulder.

Instead of speaking, Minho tugs Jinki’s head back into a hard kiss, fingers tangling in stringy hair, other hand roaming down Jinki’s bare chest with pressing fingertips. He pushes against the older, giving and eager, ready for a new experience with Jinki - tub sex - no matter the messy outcome.
Lee Eunsook is nervous. Really, she isn’t sure she was ready to take that next step, having ended her last relationship with a real piece of work not so long ago. She wasn’t ready for intimacy, and somehow not ready for it with a new boyfriend- possible boyfriend. She’s taking it slow. His younger age also concerns her. It couldn’t possibly last, so why take the plunge. They had a bit of chemistry, introduced by friends one night, even though Eunsook later tore into her friend that she never mentioned his young age prior to the meeting.

So yeah, Eunsook is quite nervous standing outside the apartment she was asked to come over to. It had been bold, being they’ve only gone on a couple dates, to hear him ask if she wanted to come over for a ‘sleepover’. Eunsook’s been around, she knows the codes. Why she said yes, she’s still not sure.

Eunsook smiles as she’s let in, both awkwardly greeting each other as she’s welcomed to his home for the first time.

“So, yeah.. um.. my roommate is gone the weekend, so I thought it would be a good time.”

Eunsook nods, slowly removing her jacket and shoes.

Minho, the young man she is currently in an almost relationship with, grins like a child and she unsettled again. When had her type become baby-faced? She can’t possibly sleep with him, it’s going to be too weird. Kissing was okay, they kissed some, got a little touchy while drunk, but lines are being crossed too fast she fears.

“Yeah..”

Minho looks at Eunsook, a little confused while also sensing her off mood. That doesn’t stop his smile though. But he soon is the one that seems a little nervous, grabbing a bag to hand to the older woman.

Eunsook holds the bag out, hands nearly shaking. Here it comes: the condoms and lube, all the kinky junk he’s into all in one bag. Was she supposed to bring a bag too? Maybe she should write her kinks down on paper for him to go over? Isn’t this too soon?

With a hard swallow and lick of glossy lips, Eunsook opens the bag and pulls out the first item.

A toothbrush.

Eunsook blinks. She pulls out another.

Slippers..

Eunsook digs a little further.

Fluffy, button-down pajamas…
Eh?

Eunsook looks up with wide eyes.

“Did I get the wrong stuff?”

“No, uh.. I mean..”

Minho looks really confused now too. “You got my message, right? A sleepover? I got some movies and snacks. I don’t know what movies you like yet, so..” He looked away, hand on his neck with a shy smile, “I got a lot in case.”

So Choi Minho, Eunsook’s cute little new fling, actually meant a legit sleepover- like high school girls or little kids?

Eunsook laughs, she laughs so hard she could literally burst into tears of relief. Minho still looks confused though, even worried now.

“Did you not want to.. is it too stupid?” now he appears insecure about his age, not measuring up to an older woman’s standards.

“No!” Eunsook blurs out, then covers her mouth with a chewed grin. She says a little quieter, “No-no, this seems like fun.”

“Really?” Minho smiles again, all wide and toothy.

Eunsook is smitten, even a little flustered with arousal suddenly, but she has no intentions of pushing something fun and innocent to another place, especially knowing she’s not actually ready, and maybe he really isn’t either. She excuses herself to the bathroom to calm down, and changes into the cute pajamas.

When she returns, dressed in loose jammies and slippers, long hair tied up in a loose bun and somehow far more relaxed, not as worried about needing to look her best to impress, she finds Minho now in his pajamas and slippers too. They almost match, which leads to laughing giggle fits from both until tears are in their eyes.

Minho really doesn’t look at her like she’s any less pretty while dressed down. It gives Eunsook little butterflies.

“So am I going to do your hair and cover your face in makeup?”

Eunsook only asks in a relaxed teasing nature, but Minho’s wide-eyed expression softens thoughtfully before he answers.

“Sure, if you want to?”

Eunsook braces herself against the wall. Why had she never dated a younger guy before. Is this the perfection on the other side? She could weep tears.

Minho grows a little hyper, nearly jumping around his home while readying for the ‘sleepover’, causing Eunsook to giggle and Minho to catch himself a few times, face almost red with embarrassment, like some big kid.

The two settle to watch a movie and munch on some snacks, and Eunsook side-eyes Minho many times, expecting the whole night to fall apart, somewhere prove there really were ulterior motives in this ‘sleepover’, but it never comes. They just watch a movie, hands touching some in gentle
holds, smiles both a little shy still. Eunsook even pulls some of Minho’s hair back to tie up in a
tiny pigtail atop his head, and he doesn’t mind at all. It’s cute and Eunsook is so pleasantly
surprised by the night they were having together.

When Minho falls sleep first, the two snuggling up, Eunsook’s head to his chest while they laid on
the floor, Eunsook crawls up a bit, lips pressing in a gentle kiss to his squishy cheek. He makes a
slight nose, something quite adorable. Eunsook bites back a sleepy giggle. She presses a kiss to his
chapped lips, then settled back down, eyes closing, falling asleep to the noise of the tv, really
happy with how the night turned out and honestly ready for another relationship, if it was with this
guy- only him.
“Wait, wait! No, wait!” Minjung stumbles in heels she hates, a scarf held between clenched teeth as arms wave for the train slowly taking off beside her, calls ignored. She can’t be late again or surely it will be the end of her job. She cries out in a loud breath, running faster.

Minjung slaps the side of the moving train. “Stop! Wait for me!”

She finds a bar to grip tightly to, running fast on long legs to barely keep up with the speeding train. An ankle finally gives, heel fumbling, and with a shout she nearly falls to the ground.

Surprised though, Minjung is hauled to the train in a rough tug, a soft grunt near her ear over the noise of the train. Firmly, she’s held flush to a slightly shorter person, but their broader figure and deep voice says it’s a young man.

Minjung stumbles back a step, scarf in her mouth barely hanging on to dry lips, big eyes wide as she stares at an attractive young man standing very close to her. Her heart thumb hard against her chest for more than just adrenaline.

He smiles shyly, head nodding as he releases her. “Sorry, you okay?”

“Uh..” Minjung looks out, finding the ground moving faster than before under her and train station gone. “I think so..” Somehow she found a lucky save, huh.

The young man’s hand touches her arm, and he greets, “Sorry, my name is Taemin..”

The guy comes off a little awkward, but there’s a sharp glint in his eye, a telling sign there’s so much more to him if one was to stick around and ask.

A little flustered by that, Minjung bows her head deeply, hand held out for a shake, voice an awkward laugh. She looks a mess and half put together, but she forgets that currently. Taemin releases her hand and Minjung takes a step, wanting to find a seat and settle before she made her train stop.

Unexpectedly the young women falls against Taemin with a pained yelp, ankle likely not broken but sore and possibly sprained, heel nearly cracked under her stumbling step. She looks up, back into those curious eyes, lips chewed and long lashes fluttering. The scarf falls from between her lips finally, sticking to the young man’s coat.

Taemin laughs and offers further assistance with the sweetest smile and a soft voice.

Later, Minjung sitting beside the young man as the ride continues, she hides her face with an angry pout, sure she probably likes this guy and she does not need that in her hectic lifestyle right now.

Minjung hopes before she has to get off he offers her his number.
“Hyung~…” Taemin calls again with a sweet voices, and for some reason this time his eyes are peeking over the top of Minho’s book. Minho is trying to read but Taemin isn’t making it easy, not at all.

“I’m reading,” Minho says again and turns a page loudly, whole body shifting over the bed he lays over while he’s been trying to relax. Taemin crawls over Minho further, purposely making Minho’s shirt drag up to expose skin, make the older uncomfortable in his relaxing.

Taemin teases with his small fingers over soft skin, forces pants to ride lower on Minho’s narrow hips, and arms spreading long legs further apart to fit snuggly between. He’s grinning, face trying to appear innocent of his annoying doings.

Minho whines and wiggles, and worst of all, he can’t just say no. He finally closes his book loudly, then gently taps Taemin’s lowered head with it out of annoyance more at himself than the younger, mumbling with a voice that quivers with embarrassment. “Get a condom.”

Taemin looks up, firstly satisfied, then a wrinkled nose frown followed, knowing he will need a rubber on and lubricant. He’s not stupid.

“Hyung, you know…” Taemin dips to press a kiss to Minho’s mouth, mumbling the rest between parted lips. “I’m not a little kid anymore..” Minho kisses back now, knowingly or not. “So don’t treat me like one.” Taemin leans back, pulling at Minho’s bottom lip between his teeth until it gets a surprised, whining whimper out of the older.

After gaining the bewildered look from Minho sprawled out over the bed, Taemin crawls from it to retrieve what he will need to rock hyung’s world and show just how much he’s grown up.
Minho sits on his knees, the only one naked as Eunsook shifts a bit in her dress that rides up her thick thighs, and his hips wiggle a bit to move the fluff behind him. Eunsook not sure how she did it, maybe it had to do with their age gap, him younger, but she found a guy who will give her anything she wants, even this, doing cute poses for her in a tail plug with matching animal ears and a little collar. Cheeks are flushed though, showing a bashfulness, but he tries for her and Eunsook is probably in too deep and could confidently say she is in love with Minho.

“Ah, I want a video.”

“Noona..” Minho whines, slouching. He shifts lazily over the bed only to stiffen again, head turned away. He rubs his bare body, fingertips sliding over uneven tanlines, looking more self-conscious by the minute. Maybe he is cold, too thin to be sitting out naked, or..

Eunsook stares, attention off her phone. “Is that tail going to make you hard?”

“No,” Minho looks back, eyes bigger than any girl she knows widening even further, as if totally scandalized like it’s never happened before.

Eunsook’s not so sure, but she goes back to her phone, getting ready for a video. “Come on, if you do you can nap on noona’s tits.”

Minho straightens up at that. Eunsook’s big breasts were a perfect face-snuggling pillow. She knows his weakness. It was all her boyfriends weaknesses. She took confidence in that instead of feeling embarrassed at the size and the awful looks by other girls. Minho might be the first boyfriend who actually likes to snuggle her chest with no other motives in mind, and its quite refreshing. She might actually be more sexual than him, and that still confuses the older woman.

Eunsook holds her phone out and she says, “Do the thing,” and Minho knows what that means – the thing he does, the thing he’s good at, the thing he says he hates doing. He stiffens up, looking like he might actually run instead, giving up the tits offer. Eunsook waits a moment, then Minho puts on his best act, wiggling a perky little bottom to squish the furry tail around and twists his lanky body to the camera, eyes big and fists at his puffy, pouty cheeks.

“Bbuing~ Bbuing~.”

Eunsook nearly squeals. “You’re cuter than me!”

Minho tilts his head, giving another ‘bbuing buing’ in a cutie voice, smiling with those tiny teeth visible this time. Hair tangles in the fluffy ears and the collar dances from around his long neck. He gets into it, obviously seeing how it got to Eunsook. Boldly, he crawled up the bed, keeping his cutie poster, ass up with a swishing tail, and a fist still wiggling at his cheek, long lashes batting at the camera each closer crawl.

“Noona..” he still calls with that cute, high squeaky voice.

Eunsook drops her cell, arms wrapping around her boyfriend to pull his face into her chest as she
hugged him tightly. And maybe he couldn’t breathe but it was so cute and sweet. And she was maybe getting turned on for the sheer fact he would do something humiliating to most just for her because she likes it. And he’s got a plug inside him, so talking him into a bigger toy would be easy knowing he loves orgasms brought on by buttplay possibly more than anything else, but he still didn’t like admitting it.

So Eunsook kisses Minho on the lips, a hand reaching to squeeze a cheek, fingers catching in the fluff of the tail, and Minho’s voice groans against the her mouth.

When they lean back, Eunsook fiddles with the small jewel hanging from the collar, other hand winding up under her dress to pull her panties down, because Minho’s small face is about to start them off by working between her legs.

“This was such a good idea,” Eunsook says.

Minho laughs, wiggling the tail again, nuzzling her neck like a cute little animal.
Jinki looks at Minho through blurry vision, tears in his eyes and glasses again damaged beyond repair fisted beside him. He teeters a bit in the wind, high school uniform, one just like the one Minho wears, disheveled with red stains from a split lip and bloody nose. He hears Minho’s urgent and desperate pleas, but he doesn’t care. He can’t care anymore. He’s so tired.


Jinki is smiling, so wide, as if he was happy. Maybe he is because he’s finally done- throwing in the towel, and there’s so much freedom in that. So much. He’s taking control of his life now. No longer will he bend to pressure, no longer will he hurt from overbearing parents, no longer will his self-worth be in test scores, no longer will he be slapped and knocked around every day at school, no longer will he live in a hollow hell.

Taking back control he’s never actually had- maybe that’s the strongest thing he’s ever done.

“Jinki..” Minho takes one small step closer, feet sliding over the rooftop of their high school.

Jinki glances down at the ground where he stands at the ledge, so many levels below. He thinks a moment about flying- just to fly away and leave all of it behind, and the alluring thought catches a bubbly giggly out of him. With another call of his name, Jinki turns back, finding Minho looking so distressed, so sad and pained. He’s upset with himself for causing more hurt, furthering an existence as a burden. No one was supposed to see him, Minho wasn’t supposed to find him.

He was supposed to rot into a ground where he belonged, somewhere unnoticed.

Jinki hiccuped on a sob, head tilting, watching the best thing in his life step closer, the one person who understood him, genuinely cared about him, came into the hell of his high school fresh faced out of middle school six months ago. He came in so different from the rest, gentle hands and an eagerness to care for him. Jinki’s certain he’s in love with Choi Minho, and that’s just another reason to take that final step, because his love wouldn’t be accepted in this world.

“Minho-ya..” Jinki reaches out, wanting to swipe away tears that suddenly roll down Minho’s cheeks, not even realizing how red his own face is with soaking tears. He drops glasses from his other hand, not watching as they fall to the cement ground far below, mangling, glass shattering into tiny pieces.

Minho smiles now, finally, and Jinki is taken by his kindness all over again. Good people like Minho don’t exist in this type of world- shouldn’t exist because it’s only cruel. He is still so young and should be shielded from it.

Minho doesn’t say ‘it’s not so bad’, ‘it can get better’, because even as positive as a boy like Minho can be they both know it doesn’t get better, especially for people like Jinki. It’s a matter of how long you can withstand it, how strong you can be.

Jinki has always pointed out Minho is stronger than him, but Minho hasn’t seen things as darkly as
Jinki. Everyone would break, it was only a matter of time. Jinki might have been a positive person once in his life, bright-eyed and smiling all the time, but he can’t recall anymore.

Reaching hands finally touch, fingers brushing, then palms grasping. With a tug from both, each move forward one to another, Jinki a little from the ledge and Minho closer to Jinki. The two grab each other in a tight hug and Minho’s face buries warm at Jinki’s neck, voice small and cracking.

“Hyung, don’t go- don’t leave me.”

Jinki pats Minho’s head, fingers brushing through soft hair and sore voice giving a soft hum. His distant gaze is set on a sky that looks pitifully dull despite the soft blue and bright sun. He should be happy, he should just be content, he should be…

He’s numb.

“Minho-ya..”

As Minho leans out a bit, Jinki presses his bruised lips to Minho’s in a dry kiss, doing something he’s wanted to do for so long now- no pinch of fear in him anymore. When he leans back, Minho blinks wide damp eyes, curious gaze brief and replaced with a sweet little smile, something of acceptance instead of disgust and hatred. Something pure against the day he’s faced.

Jinki’s heart soars then; the little pieces left of it as it pumps weakly.

As much as Jinki is done with everything in a forsaken life, he’s not done with Minho, and he can’t bare the thought of this world tainting something so sweet and precious. Jinki smiles and blinks more tears, light breath out of a heavy body just a joyful sounding giggle as Minho leans back into their clingy, sniffling hug.

A firm decision is made.

With a shift of their weight, hug suddenly tightest around the gangly of the two and a strong kick off with his foot, Jinki takes back the control he never had with a plunge backwards, leaving everything behind and taking Minho with him.

As everything seems to slow down, Jinki’s eyes close and he could swear Minho hugs him tighter as their feet slip over the ledge together in a quiet falling.

Lee Jinki was now free, and he took the most beautiful thing that had been left in that life with him.

At the end of the day, to anyone else, the two high schoolers are just a statistic.
Head up with scrunched eyes and bitten lips, Minho makes a cracked noise, whole body bounced against the bed. And just as quickly his head falls back to the bed, body sprawled out on his back, long legs nearly criss-cross, and Jinki sitting hot and naked on his lap, riding him rough then slow then picked up harder again, and it’s too much.

Jinki’s palms run up Minho’s chest, over his neck, then grab hold of Minho’s small head between both hands, fingers lacing behind it, through sweat-damp hair, and he leans over a bit more, hips grinding. Minho’s eyes roll back, lashes fluttering, and his swollen lips part, but no coherent words come out.

Jinki makes throaty, grunt of a noise, lips bitten and nose crinkled in a grin. Minho’s hands reach for Jinki’s upper arms, or try to, but end up flailing like there’s no weight to his long limbs anymore, and he tries to open his eyes but he can’t. His hands just fall somewhere between the two, weightless.

If his body could be floating off in pure bliss, it would be. No, more than that it’s so intense, he’s become over-stimulated, lost nearly all functioning. Basically limp, Jinki bouncing on his lap, grinding, rubbing and Minho can’t focus on anything at all.

“Minho.. Minho..” Jinki lifts the younger’s head slightly, then drops it back to the bed in a dead weight, and he grins even wider, slow but still rotating hips on thick thighs and a plump ass. A slick condom wrapped around Minho rubs Jinki’s inside each move he makes. “Minho-ya.. your face..”

He’s making the dreaded, embarrassing face again, but he’s literally lost control of himself.

Minho’s thin fingers slip and fumble against Jinki’s hot skin again in a failed effort, eyes trying to stay open but rolling back into his head. And Jinki drags his hands back, stubby fingers squishing at round, flushed cheeks, making Minho’s lips from an open mouth press then part again. A whimpering noise slips out of the younger’s mouth.

“I haven’t even cum yet..” Jinki says with a bit of strain, stamina gradually draining, but he hasn’t lost his mind to whatever Minho has apparently.

Jinki leans down, trying to take it slow again, kissing and nibble at Minho’s shoulder, then up over his long neck with a lick of his tongue over the bob of an adam’s apple. His mouth stops to gently bite teeth into the younger’s ear as he says in a low voice. “You orgasmed again..”

Minho whines, a little more coherent now, but vaguely. He wants to say ‘hyung’ or ‘Jinki’ or something. His motor skills are shot.

Jinki rolls hips slowly, kissing Minho’s parted lips, and he combs hair back from Minho’s damp face with both hands as he’s comfortably leaned in on his elbows, their hot chests brushing.

“You’re really something else, Minho..” Jinki sys between kisses, grin spreading with crinkled eyes.
Minho’s lashes still flutter.
“Do you enjoy it?”

“Enjoy what?” Lee Jinki asks, attention on his laptop screen, lips sipping a coffee and fingers pressing slipped glasses back towards his eyes.

“Tearing me down, leaving me a hollow shell of a person?”

Jinki has to hide a little longer behind his steaming cup of coffee or else a smile would slip. Here’s that time again, Choi Minho sulking in despair over Jinki editing his work. Minho was only in the beginnings of wanting to become an author of sorts, and had asked Jinki, a friend since high school to edited his short novel he had been working on during his free time while attending university still. Jinki is graduated with a job, one that’s officially working in editing, yet he still makes time for a friend and his unpaid work.

Jinki admires it though, Minho’s ambition to become a published author. He hopes it can become a reality.

“Really, I didn’t even critique that much this draft.”

Minho has reached his usual crash at being given such criticism, but like always he would pick himself up and be even more determined than before to produce something great, and maybe knowing that Jinki pushes a little harder, because he knows Minho will always bounce back. He could endure the whiny mood from his younger friend for a while trusting in that.

Minho, head laying on the table, sighs in a whimpering whine.

“How are you even sleeping these days?”

Minho looks up with big crazed, and nearly bloodshot, eyes. “What is sleep? Between classes and writing I don’t know anymore.”

Jinki laughs. He remembers that place too well. Behind glasses he gives a sympathetic look.

After minutes of silence, Jinki tapping away on his laptop and glancing at notes, he says “I have a question.”

Minho stirs a bit, apparently still awake where he lays his head on the café table.

“When did this turn into an unrequited love story?”

Minho tenses up suddenly.

“I thought you had told me it was going to be a different story based off people you know?”

Minho sits up with a weird, crooked smile, big eyes blinking hard. “Yeah, yeah, uh a friends a know- I don’t know, the story just kinda changed.”
With pressed lips, Jinki nods.

“It’s still okay, right? Should I change it?”

“No, I was just curious where your mindset was for the overall story.”

Minho drops his small head to the table again in a loud clunk, voice a whine.

Jinki glances back at his laptop, smile growing. He’s not stupid and Minho was- still is- quite naive in thinking he wouldn’t understand at all. Minho wrote a lot of what he knows, what he seemed to experience in life, and it was all quite similar to their relationship- give or take a few things, like one of them is a female for story sake.

Minho is writing an unrequited love story about himself and Jinki but disguising it as something else. Jinki wants to laugh, giggle, poke fun. He likes Minho, as a friend- maybe more some days, but he’s currently not ready to take any steps across lines like that in his life right now. Maybe someday though.

He hopes Minho understands, and he in no way wants to hurt him. He’s known since high school Minho felt for him differently than most people. Maybe that’s one reason he’s one of the few people Jinki actually stayed in contact with throughout the years of school.

Minho is special, Jinki is glad they’re friends.

Maybe some day.

So Jinki leans over a bit, hand reaching to run through Minho’s hair, prompting a relaxed groan out of the younger, who desperately needs proper sleep. Jinki says with a grin, “I’m quite interested to see how this story really ends.”

Minho grunts, not picking up Jinki’s real meaning at all.
remember you

onho; angst

“I’m scared..”

Jinki would remember the panic in Minho, even years after. The fear in big, expressive eyes, the emotion in a quivering voice that said something wasn’t right, something was changing and nothing would ever be the same.

Jinki still recalled the early days, how absentminded he could be and how Minho always had his back, always there to pickup where Jinki fell short. It was one of the charming things about him, how Jinki grew attached, decided he needed that young man in his life forever. Jinki loved Minho.

Jinki still recalled when Minho started becoming the absentminded one, how Jinki teased at first, how Minho laughed and shrugged it off. He forgot the little things. It was all part of aging. Jinki then had Minho’s back, and that was all part of the give and take of any relationship. Minho loved Jinki.

Mostly, Jinki remembered the day Minho finally sat him down and told him how frightened he was, how he couldn’t remember things- it was much more than simply slipping his mind. Minho felt like he was actually losing his mind.

Jinki became the optimistic one. He couldn’t bare the thought of being anything else. It was okay. Nothing would come of it. Be positive.

Minho was only in his thirties, younger than Jinki, yet doctor visit after doctor visit informed them both of a likely future neither had ever expected.

It wasn’t just nothing. It was something serious, quite serious.

“Some day.. I’m not going to remember us anymore, am I?” Minho still tried to say it like it was a teasing joke, like those mornings he would look at Jinki and say ‘who are you?’ but his expression was of trying not to fall apart with consuming fear.

“I won’t let that happen,” Jinki smiled, leaning against Minho. He wished it were that easy. He wished he didn’t see Minho hurt with such terror over something out of their control.

Minho reached for Jinki’s hand, holding it tightly.

Jinki was afraid, terrified of what the future could hold, but when he thought of Minho, the person he loved more than anything in the world, slowly losing himself to a disease of the mind, slowly forgetting everything until there’s nothing left, he knew his fear couldn’t quite compare.

From then on, Jinki, along with Minho’s help when he could, noted everything they did. He kept records, in hope that if the day came Minho didn’t remember them- didn’t remember Jinki, he could give back those memories, as something to hold, a proof of what they once where and what they would always be to Jinki.
onho; fluff

Minho watches, while trying not to look like he’s watching, but a few students notice him creeping around the small lockers at the school’s entrance, though of course, they don’t have time for a first-year being weird, so they move along.

Minho’s big eyes peek, widening by the second, because Lee Jinki, third-year student, was at his locker shuffling through his things. From the items slips a note. Minho nearly bites a fist. There it is, his note, his ‘let’s be friends’ note- his love note, really.

Jinki fixes his glasses, scans over the folded paper curiously, then tosses it with some trash to the garbage nearby, making the wadded up ball shot. He gives himself a little self-praise while no one else notices. Well, other than Minho, whose eyes fall, bottom lip juts out in an actual pout.

Jinki shuts his locker and leaves the school building.

Minho hangs his head, sulking.

It was tough, being nearly a whole year into high school and having a crush. No, harder than that- a crush on a boy. That’s not right, daydreaming about kissing a boy’s lips, but that doesn’t stop Minho’s mind from wandering or heart flutter any time Jinki seems to notice him. Which wasn’t often, and that’s understandable because they don’t even have classrooms on the same floor.

Minho had noticed Jinki the first day he entered high school. The day he ran into a wall with a bag in his arms, eyes stuck on a third-year laughing hysterically at something with the sweetest voice, which then turned into giggles at the fresh-faced first-year not watching where he’s going.

Minho at least wants to be friends, he is just not sure how to approach the situation, knowing Jinki isn’t just a cool dude he wanted to hang out with- he is an actual crush and gave the weird butterflies and tongue-tied Minho’s words. Jinki wouldn’t accept him; the thoughts he had or feelings, surely not. It’s stupid, and he tires being different in that way.

Love note disguised as a friends note: failed.

He wasn’t sure what his next attempt should be. The one before was purposely accidentally bumping into Jinki, but in the end he knocked the older’s glasses from his face and nearly stepped on them and Jinki’s annoyed look only made Minho more nervous.

With a heavy sigh, Minho dusts his uniform off and tugged his backpack on, ready to leave school grounds.

Minho goes with one thought— Lee Jinki-ssi, please notice me.

—

Minho tries to act casually, totally calm, collected and casual, just slowly wondering by the third-year classrooms looking in the windows for Jinki. Spotting the boy sitting at a desk, Minho quickly reels back, then peaks around the corner again, watching.
Jinki laughs, talking to some classmate.

Minho melts a little. He’s so cute; big smile, crinkling eyes, cheeks chubby behind glass. He’s really perfect, as perfect as not really talking to a person but watching them from a distance can be.

When Jinki turns toward the windows, locking gazes with Minho, the younger’s eyes widen and he fumbles away, calm and collected, just strolling the school halls is all. Yeah.

—

Minho sighed, sitting alone in the nurse’s office with a busted ankle. He doesn’t want to acknowledge he was kind of trying to show off during a game of basketball once he noticed Jinki was watching. He wasn’t doing that, and he didn’t trip and twist his ankle.

Maybe if Jinki was interested in the game he would ask Minho about it and they could be friends. Minho wasn’t bad at making friends, but approaching someone older, someone that made him so nervous, Minho just wasn’t his social self suddenly.

“How’s the leg?”

Minho looks up, not expecting to find Jinki standing there in the office.

What is a third-year doing checking on a mere first-year?

Minho blinks, mouth fallen open but not sure what to say. “I heh..”

Jinki smiles a little.

“I’m fine- it’s nothing,” Jinki makes Minho so nervous, especially as he steps closer. He loses control of his speech, lisp falling heavy, “Jus- just a little accident.”

Jinki’s hand lifts to hide his face, like he was trying not to giggle. It’s cute yet embarrassing at the same time. He hopes Jinki isn’t one to make fun of how he talks.

“I thought you might have broken it.”

“I didn’t cry,” Minho blurts out, and it’s a lie. He cried a little at the intense pain, but he hopes no one saw. He is sure he blinked them right away. Why did he say that? His mouth needs to stop moving.

There’s that hand lifted, trying not to laugh, again.

Minho doesn’t realize he’s literally pouting. Jinki’s amused expression softens then, something unreadable to the younger.

“I hope you get better,” Jinki says, “You seem like a good player.”

Was that a compliment? The tip of Minho’s ears burn.

“Thanks..”

Yeah.. well, see you around..” Jinki squints, looking for the nametag on Minho’s vest. “Choi Minho.”
The third-year’s perfect voice sounded heavenly speaking his name. Minho needs to stifle a whimper.

Jinki drags a bag over his school uniform and leaves Minho alone again.

Minho hangs his head, grin playing on his lips, until he moves a little too much and cringes at the hurt. A long, noisy whine escapes him.

—

Minho’s not sure how it happened, but after an ankle healed, Jinki had asked him about playing basketball together. Jinki was actually a decent shot, though needed a fair amount of work, and Minho couldn’t even bring his A game because he either fumbled around the court with nerves or tried to show off to make himself appealing and failing terrible at it.

Jinki laughed a lot. It was charming.

Despite the formal, nerdy appearance, Lee Jinki was quite a cool person, with an out-going side when he loosened up, really funny. Even a bit of a vulgar side, that shocked Minho into confusion or a red face as if he was younger than a high schooler. He hoped that didn’t put Jinki off. Minho upped his game, tried to imitate Jinki, at least until he made a really bad joke that left the older looking at him like he had two heads for several days.

Minho wished he could just say something, make it simple- string out a possibly they could maybe kinda be good together, but rejection was never a kind friend.

So Minho held his tongue and tried to just enjoy a growing friendship with Lee Jinki- or that’s what he hoped it was at least.

Minho teases this day, holding the ball above his head, skinny limbs long and out of reach for the older in his slightly shorter built. Jinki laughs at first, which only fuels Minho’s action in keeping the ball away, thinking the older was adorable. What he doesn’t expect is Jinki in his face suddenly, noses almost touching, as the younger pushed up on tiptoes.

Minho drops the ball behind him, eyes wide, heart racing. Jinki pulls back with a smug little grin, small eyes crinkling. He steps around Minho, taking the ball to make a shot that barely misses the hoop.

—

Minho is tired, dragging himself to his locker so he can go home. Jinki hadn’t been asking him to play basketball lately, Minho worried their friendship was over before it even really began, and he tires to understand because hey, the guy will be graduating soon and Minho is just a first-year after all.

A little note slips from his locker door as he pulls it open. Minho blinks and takes it up from where it fell on the floor. He opens the note to find what looks to be some sort of confession.

Minho looks around, eyes wide. He doesn’t expect to see Jinki standing nearby, waving with his head tilted, cheeks chubby in a smile.

What is going on?

“Eh.. Lee Jinki-ssi?”

“You got my note?”
“Your note?” Minho stares down at the paper.

“It’s a little more blunt than yours was.”

“Mine?” Minho’s not sure up from down right now, and what’s really happening.

“You left me a love note.”

“I didn’t,” Minho tries, knee jerk reaction, not wanting to face the rejection head on. “That’s not,” his voice slurs and he isn’t sure he can finish a sentence.

Jinki steps forward. “You get tongue-tied when you’re nervous, huh? I make you nervous, right?”

Minho tries to swallow.

Jinki looks around, making sure they’re free of anyone who might try to listen to them, before whispering. “You’re cute- and really, I didn’t think I would ever say that, but.. you’re cute.”

Minho fears he’s having some out of body experience, because he’s pretty sure that’s what he wants to say to Jinki. So is he Jinki right now, and Jinki is him?

Jinki smiles.

Minho nearly squeaks, “I.. you.. you knew?”

“Not at first, I didn’t expect a first-year or uh..eh.. boy, but.. You’re really obvious.”

“I’m sorry,” slips out, and he wants to say it many times over.

Jinki shakes his head. “Let’s just..” he himself looks unsure how to phrase it, “Let’s be friends, good friends?”

There’s a long, awkward pause, but Minho nods, hand fisting the note Jinki left tucked in his locker.

Jinki looks hesitant, but he reaches for Minho’s hand, gripping it tightly, like a silent agreement to something just between the two. Maybe, like Minho, Jinki is a little different too. Maybe it’s not so tiring, or even different.

“Tomorrow, let’s share lunch together, huh?”

“I’d like that..” Minho says, gaze fallen to their locked hands, lips curling into a shy smile.

High school is about to get even more interesting, and possibly stressful, but most of all, what he secretly desired.
Minjung, shuffling through papers in a folder and poking at fake glasses she wears just to make herself feel professional, is suddenly startled from her work when she looks up towards the call of her name. Her mouth drops open, big eyes wide behind large lenses.

“Well?” Eunsook asks, eyes crinkled in a smile, face a little flushed with shyness.

“I huh..” Minjung pulls it together, head tilting, lips curling into a pleased grin. “It looks great.”

“This is the final fitting.”

Eunsook gives a sway, wedding dress white and beaded with sparkling jewels. It fits her curves nicely, accentuating, but flowing frilly near the bottom to give it a true wedding princess feeling. A small veil has been fitted atop her head, long hair tied up in a bun and showing off the beautiful skin of sleeveless shoulders.

“Really unnie, you look so good.” Seeing her in that dress again feels like the first time each time. It’s breathtaking.

“You really think so, huh?”

Eunsook still sounds so nervous, and Minjung’s grip tightens on her folder of papers, still wanting to give the best wedding she can to a friend who had asked her to help. Minjung might have taken the task a little overboard, but only the best for the young woman. She’s exhausted in more ways than one, but she doesn’t stop moving, not for one second.

Eunsook smiles so big.

Minjung’s heart skips a beat.

Only the best for Lee Eunsook, Minjung’s high school crush– no more than that by now, as Eunsook’s just graduated university and Minjung is in her last two years. Minjung is sure she’s in love and there’s nothing she can possibly do about it. She never had confessed, and there were plenty of reasons not to. Minjung’s happiness wasn’t quite as important as Eunsook’s - not in the younger’s eyes.

Minjung poked at her glasses, something she actually wore only to hide behind during this whole ordeal because she fears she might break apart. It also helped hide the swelling of nights she drank too much alone and cried, picture of Eunsook and her held close while her other hand lingered near a phone, threatening to make a clouded call that could destroy more than just one life.

Minjung stands, still smiling, though a little bashful herself now, much like the first year schoolgirl she used to be watching a beautiful Eunsook walk through the school halls.

Eunsook urges Minjung close. She makes a pouty face, then reaches to pull Minjung’s glasses from her face. Minjung’s eyes widen, hands reaching in protest, but Eunsook smiles with a giggle.
“Minjung-ah… why are you hiding behind glasses. You don’t actually need them like me.” Eunsook holds them up near her face, making a goofy expression, small eyes almost twinkling through the lenses. Minjung laughs behind her hand.

“Eunsook-unnie..” Minjung whispers, hand reaching to slide across the gorgeous dress, gaze downcast. She bits her lips, so much wanting to spill out, so much wanting to be said.

Eunsook brushes hair from Minjung’s face, and she looks up, surprised to see the older so close suddenly with a very serious gaze.

“Minjunggie-ya.. what's wrong?”

“Nothing,” Minjung forces a small laugh, head tilting a bit into Eunsook’s palm. “Nothing at all.” She asks before Eunsook can speak again, “Unnie, are you happy? Really truly happy?”

Minjung doesn’t have to hear Eunsook’s answer in words to know it’s a yes. Her face lighting up says it all. Minjung’s heart sinks a bit, hand falling away from a wedding dress.

“Thank you Minjung, for all you’ve done, for helping me through this.” She glances away with a giggling shrug of her shoulders. “You know I can be such a mess. You’re a great friend, honest.”

Minjung smiles, and it’s so hard. She blinks, certain tears could be welling.

“I just want you to be happy.”

Eunsook’s looks back, expression softening to something of confusion. “And I want you to be happy.” It’s said with so much sincerity.

Minjung pulls back, taking her glasses in a teasing tug from the older. She forces a smile as she shoves them back on. “Lee Eunsook-ah, you look so beautiful in that dress.”

“No.” Eunsook turns back to the large mirrors, lips bitten in another giggle.

Minjung sits back down, going over wedding plans once more, still stealing glances at the love of her life who is soon to be married to someone else – a man Eunsook truly loves with every part of her being.

“You think he’ll like it.. like really, when he seems me?”

“Of course, unnie. Who couldn’t?”

“Don’t tease.”

Minjung isn’t teasing. Not at all.

Eunsook hums a little song as if she’s walking down the aisle on her wedding day, and she looks so alive and content.

It hurts. It hurts a lot, and no one can really prepare you for that, no matter what you read or hear.

Minjung just hopes it gets easier. It’s all she can ask for at this point.

A finger swipes behind glasses as Minjung’s head hangs, hair falling around her small face. She squeezes eyes closed and sniffs, not allowing this right now. Pull it together. You’re stronger than that.

“I’m gonna go change, then tell me what’s next on the list.”
Minjung gives a thumbs up, pretending to be busy with notes until the room is empty again, then
the young woman leans over further, body rigged in a silent, exhausted sob.

“I’m so hungry too,” is faintly heard from another room, voice excited and happy. “We should
eat~.”

Minjung has to pull it together, no matter what.
“Unnie!”

Eunsook grins, glossy lips bitten and eyes crinkled, fingers teasingly unzipping the front of Minjung’s hoodie until the younger’s body could be more easily seen. Long legs twist feet over the sandy beach, and Eunsook thinks she might actually be the one to fall on her butt in the sand this time.

“But I wanna see you in the bikini..”

The one Eunsook had picked out, just wanting to get Minjung out of a one piece all the time.

Minjung covers herself, upper body mostly. Tips of ears turn red, visibly with hair tied up in a loose ponytail. Her big eyes widen still, long lashes fluttering and lips parted for possibly more to protest.

A couple boys walk by, obviously taking a look at Eunsook’s chubby curves and full body dressed up in only a bikini. She flicks long hair behind her shoulder, focus more on Minjung, who is staring at the boys who are looking at Eunsook – or rather her large chest that bounced slightly.

“Let me see what you look like..”

“But..”

Eunsook tugs at Minjung’s hoodie, pulling at the shoulders, and she’s slow about it, going to stop if Minjung freaked out again, but the younger just stands there and allows it, toes digging into the sand deeper. The big hoodie falls to the ground and Eunsook steps back, crinkling eyes almost twinkling.

“You look so pretty.”

Minjung looked up slightly, eyes dragging over Eunsook’s figure. There’s a sudden, distinctive pout only she could muster and tug at Eunsook’s heartstrings too often with. “Not as good as unnie.”

Eunsook arches a brow, lips pressing. Minjung shifts awkwardly in her bikini, nineteen-year-old bony figure lacking the confidence she usually has in her layered clothing. She lacks lady curves with a tall height on her for a girl, and small breasts barely fill out a bikini top. Tan lines from her active life cut off awkwardly to a very pale glow where Minjung rarely got sun, like her whole middle. She looks like a tall, discolored twig, but in Eunsook’s eyes, a very cute twig, and when it was Minjung being the one self-conscious and insecure, it was too endearing.

Eunsook tugs Minjung towards her, pulling the taller girl down, until her lips could press to a squishy, warm cheek. While still so close, Eunsook says, “Minjunggie-ya is beautiful, especially in a little sexy bikini.”

Minjung leans back, eyes wide with a flabbergasted expression, but as Eunsook grins, Minjung’s
lips curl into a crooked, toothy smile, eyes shyly batted.

In a moment, Minjung kicks at the beach ball beside them, spark of confidence back now. “So are we going to play or are you going to lay in the sun all day?”

“Minjung-ah..” Eunsook pouted, long hair flicked and sunglasses atop her held pulled down over her face. “Don’t tease unnie. We can’t all be as tan as you.”

Minjung pinches a soft roll of pale, chubby skin just above Eunsook’s bikini bottom. The older yelps, then shoves at Minjung, younger laughing, as the two take off in a run along the beach to play ball; neither self-conscious because they really only have eyes for each other.
Eunsook tucks long hair behind her ears, small eyes looking her husband up and down from across the dinner table. Toes curl beneath the table, heart maybe beating a little faster, because they’re still newlyweds – this whole next step, a permanent step, is still so surreal. They’re married, husband and wife, living in a little apartment where she had prepared a dinner for two in time for his return home. It’s been a few months, both settling into the swing of things, yet some days she still feels like the day they first met.

She hopes Minho will give her those butterflies forever, and there’s a good chance of that, being she married someone younger than she ever thought she would. It’s not a huge age gap, but it was enough to make a difference to Eunsook.

Minho will keep her young.

“I was thinking,” Eunsook figures her forwardness comes with her older age, or something like that. “We should try something else tonight- get a little wild.” -down and dirty, so exhausted and pleasured can’t possibly think about moving- she leaves out, but not sure for whose sake.

“Eh?” Minho took another mouthful of a warm dinner.

She leans forward a bit, brows almost arched. “Sex.”

Minho’s eyes widen, chewing slowed. He then looks thoughtful, big eyes blinking a time or two. Suddenly there’s a crooked, toothy smile, eyes lighting up like he has a bright idea. Eunsook is excited. She loves the young man, so much, and his youth kept her feeling younger as she fears growing old, but he has his flaws like any other person.

Simply put, he is boring. Not in every aspect of life, not at all, but some very important ones yes. Like sex, which she quickly discovered after their marriage, and still she’s not sure how to tell him. He is great at the little things, leaving Eunsook lovely notes, buying sweet gifts and touching her gently, but sex- not so much.

So if her husband has anything to add to the bedroom she is all ears.

Minho swallows before saying in a mumbling lisp, “Like over the sheets instead of under them- on that squishy comforter you bought.”

Eunsook’s head drops, and she silently mouths what word she knows is coming next. It’s the same thing they always do.

“Missionary,” Minho adds, like it’s slightly scandalous, like that’s all there is to life and pleasure and happiness. What more could anyone possibly want.

She loves him dearly, but he’s so boring she could pull her hair out some days.

With a sigh, Eunsook looks back up, smile forced and hand gently reaching for his over the table. “Baby, you know that’s not the only sex position, right? Your idea isn’t that wild.”
Minho suddenly looks put out, and if he pouts Eunsook swears—

Eunsook’s head tilts, feet twitching beneath the table. She is so in love with this man and his childish pouting faces, all despite their sex life. “Do you want more to eat?”

He nods.

Eunsook dishes up more dinner, honestly not that disappointed about their night together, if it even happens, because it is to be expected. Really, as long as she can cuddle up against her husband, feel her hair softly played with while he whispers how perfect she is, Eunsook’s sure she will enjoy the night all the same.
fooling around (M)

onho; fluff, smut

The room is awkwardly silent, two friends fooling around coming to an end.

Minjung draws her long, skinny legs up, covering her naked body with a red face. Two stare at Jinki’s bedsheets that are soaked through. “I didn’t want you to do that cause..”

Jinki reaches for glasses at his bedside, bare naked still as he slides them on his chubby face to see better. “You peed?”

Minjung shakes her head furiously. “No- that’s just how I get when I touch myself.. I thought maybe if someone else did it I wouldn’t make a mess.”

Jinki blinks. Still a teenager and little experience to go off of, he didn’t expect some fingering and a little misplaced licking would cause a girl to pee- or not actually pee. “You.. came.”

The actual realization makes Jinki suddenly smile. He’s never made someone cum, this is, well, awesome. He scoots closer to Minjung, combing fingers through messy hair and cringing a bit at where strands clump from accidentally cumming in her hair in uncontrolled spurts after her sloppy blowjob. He hopes she doesn’t notice.. he scoops some clean hair over it an awkward attempt to hide it.

“I’ll buy you new sheets..”

It’s a bit dramatic, but Minjung is mortified even if it’s with Jinki, the older, slightly geeky, boy she’s known as a great friend since before puberty. If she was going to experiment sexually with anyone, it would be him- or a boyfriend but she’s never had one. She licks puffy lips, taste of Jinki still on her mouth. Her heart beats a little faster.

Jinki snuggles Minjung, taking her skinny, flat body in a loose hug. “You’re the coolest girl ever..” he’s not sure what to say, but his tone is honest. He hasn’t met any girl quite like Choi Minjung, and he certainly wouldn’t be chill fooling around with any of his other few female friends either- or maybe rather he would but they wouldn’t. Women are complicated.

“Yes?” Minjung perks up a bit then, toes digging at the soaked spot in sheets. Maybe it’s not so bad.

“Yes.”

“Oppa..”

“Hm?”

The young teenager asks boldly, “Will you be my boyfriend?”

Jinki’s eyes widen, glasses falling crooked.

“You’re funny and smart ..and cute- you made me cum..” Minjung’s muffled voice presses to
Jinki’s shoulder, now nervous. “I think.. I really like you..”

Jinki’s not so sure how smart he is, he can’t even figure out a girl’s heart. He doesn’t know what to say because he doesn’t know how he feels. He has to say something though…

“Minjung.. I..”

“Yeah..?”

“You don’t have to buy me new sheets.”

Minjung gives a bubbly laugh then, venerable sate burst and fist giving Jinki’s squishy side a slight jab, much like the familiar friends they are.

With the creak of a front door, the two are quickly scrambling around the room to get dressed and plop down on the floor to pretend they had been playing video games the while time they were home alone. Nothing suspicious about flushed faces and weird breathing out of two teenagers lazing around, not at all. Minjung tries to hide the mess of a bed under more blankets, cheeks and ears burning with embarrassment again.

Jinki still knows he will have to answer that heavy question later and he can only hope he will have the right response then.
Eunsook tangles fingers in the pink frilly dress Minho has pulled on in a loose fit to his skinny figure, before giving his bottom an encouraging pat. “Come on, you can do it.”

Minho looks back to her, eyes big and glossy lips pouting. Squishy cheeks are flushed, unsure of Eunsook’s ideas. “That’s really.. weird..” He daintily tucks hair full of little sparkly clips behind his ear, and Eunsook’s look is enough to say it’s not like it’s that weird when he’s dressed up in girl clothes and already giving off an even more effeminate image.

The two have barely begun dating but this is how far Eunsook already changed, or rather liberated, Minho.

Eunsook drags stubby fingers over thighs covered in thin tights, then up under the dress, firm palm gripping a cheek hard enough Minho squeaks. The breath he had is quickly lost as the older woman leaned in on tiptoes to whisper.

“Pretend it’s me- show me what you want to do to me, hm?”

Minho’s eyes widen, uncomfortable panties below a dress stretched as he twitched harder, body lost in a shudder of arousal and embarrassment.

Eunsook pushes Minho towards the bed where a big stuffed bear sits; the biggest stuffed animal the woman owns in a room full of fluffy, stuffed things. Minho climbs onto the bed, then hesitantly over the bear’s lap in a straddling position, finding the pair of big glass eyes and a lifeless stare up at him unsettling.

“Go on~,” Eunsook urges, hand to his back in a gentle rub.

Minho bucks a little against the bear that’s big enough it takes up half the bed. Its fake fur is soft and plush- a little relaxing to his nerves like a childhood comfort gone horrible twisted. He gives slow bounces to its lap, hands resting on what there is of shoulders. Eunsook makes a pleased noise.

“Kiss her,” Eunsook’s fingers comb through the back of his hair, soothing him even more with her older age and sweet affection- attention just for him. “She loves you, so kiss her..”

Minho tilts his head and leans down, pressing sticky lips to what is the bear’s fluffy cheek.

“On the mouth,” Eunsook makes clear.

Minho’s lips press, face warm with embarrassment again, but he does it- he touches lips to its mouth in a kiss. Eunsook crawls onto the bed slowly pressing warm behind him, large chest rubbing his back as her hands grope pleasantly along his spread thighs. “More, kiss more.”

Minho eyes close, lips sucking and mouth opening to drag his tongue along soaking fur. Eunsook grinds against him from behind, causing his rubbing friction against the bear to become rougher, feel even better. Her nails dig at his tight-covered thighs, her breath hot as her pretty face curls at
his shoulder and she matches his sloppy rhythm.

“Noona..” Minho says, licking the stuffed animal’s mouth. Then he leans back slightly with lidded eyes before leaning forward again with another brush of his tongue and rock of his hips.

He finds a pleasant cloud of arousal to mask embarrassment and insecurity. He feels good, bumped into from behind while grinding up front, getting up and hard, leaking into panties damp.

Minho pushes the large stuffed animal to its back over the bed, still trying to kiss it as he wiggles and thrusts hips awkwardly against it with bent legs spreading wider and wider. This is what he would like to show Eunsook, an assertive, manliness- or that’s at least how he feels in the moment of little clarity. If he could see himself right now he would understand why Eunsook is giggling somewhere behind him.

Minho just continues to do what Eunsook had wanted of him, not minding hands running under the dress from behind, bunching it up at his waist, or tucking under tights and panties until they’re pulled down to his thighs. His eyes open when wet fingers rub down the crease of his cheeks, then circle and press against the muscle of his hole. His movements slow to a stop, head turning to glance over his shoulder where Eunsook likes to take up just to play with his bottom more often than he feels is normal. Normal and his girlfriend Eunsook don’t even fit in the same realm.

“Keep going, show babybear how much you love her.” Eunsook says, slick fingers rubbing until the tip of one pushes slowly inside. Minho’s head drops, lips bitten and eyes squeezed closed. Eunsook says in a cute voice. “She has the biggest crush on you~.” It dumb but it makes Minho’s heart beat a little faster.

Minho tries to wiggles hips, rubbing against the bear as he’s fingered from behind in a simulating massage. Freedom from tights and panties feel even better, and backing hips up to meet Eunsook’s fingers inside makes his head roll on the bed and voice whiny. Hair ruffles and tangles in sparkling clips over crinkled sheets. His toes curl against the itch of tights, more fidgety the closer he gets.

Breaths get heavier, sloppy movements even less coordinated, and he tries giving a warning, but at the mumble Eunsook pushes fingers further in a curling, and he’s ended in a loud noise of a pitiful, whimpering cry. A cute dress is soaked through with cum.

“I love you,” he blurs out in a jumbled mess and wet kiss to fur, and it can’t be clear who he’s actually saying it to – the babybear with a crush on him or his noona.

Minho gives some last effort humps to the stuffed animal before falling limp against it, breaths deep and squeaky voice under control again.

Soon, Eunsook rolls him over, shoving dirtied teddy away until she can crawl over Minho and lay atop of him. She snuggles his flat chest with a squealing sigh. Minho blinks slowly, still flushed and mind clearing enough he can take in what embarrassing act he had done. Instead of dwelling on it, Minho smiles and wraps skinny arms around Eunsook, squeezing his girlfriend to him in a warm hug, enjoying her plump curves and plush figure against him more than a lifeless stuff animal.

“I love you too..” Eunsook leans up, hands cupping Minho’s red cheeks to hold him for a sweet kiss to gloss-smeared lips. “It’s cute you would say that while humping a stuffed animal though.”

Minho tenses up with wide eyes, life embarrassingly over and done.
Nearly everyone has left the small room of the chapel but for bride who still clung to pitiful hope, or maybe just fear of shame walking out in her beautiful wedding dress without a husband.

“I’m sure he will be here..” Jinki says. He’s had some awkward days marrying folks since he got his license and job, but this one takes the cake- or no cake since no reception?

The women looked stunning really. Who could leave a beauty like that to cry at the alter- oh..

Jinki leans a bit. She really is crying. He tenses up.

“It’s.. hmm,” he’s not sure what to say anymore, because the two are literally the only ones in the room now. He’s on overtime he won’t even get paid for. He glances over his notes again, finding the woman’s name. Minjung. Even the name sounds pree–

The bride bolts for a window, trying to pry it open and jump. Jinki fumbles after her, getting lost in the puffy dress. “Wait! Wait!”

“My life is over!” Minjung cries, throwing her flowers aside and actually managing to hit Jinki right in the face with them. After spitting the taste of flowers, Jinki takes a dive for the floor, reaching for legs beneath the dress. “I can’t step foot outside this room unmarried! I’ll shame my whole family!”

“Miss!”

“Get off me, priest!”

“I’m not a priest!”

“Get off anyway.”

“What if I marry you, can you walk out of this room- not by a window then?”

The struggle stops.

Jinki hurries to his feet, looking up at a tall woman in heels. He takes a breath and pats himself down, trying to find some professionalism again, but Minjung is so uniquely beautiful he can’t form proper thoughts, like how what he had just said made no sense. How can he marry her?

“You’ll marry me?”

“Will it make you not jump?”

Minjung swipes tears, smearing makeup. Jinki nearly sighs; even with her face a mess he can’t stop staring.

“Yes…” she answers with a slight pout, hiding a moment behind her thin veil, a real sight to behold in a sparkly dress that fits the small curves of her thin body then dangerously flares out at
Jinki reached for her flowers, picking them off the floor and handing them back. He smiles like a schoolboy. “Okay.. uh..” Jinki recalls a pretty name, “Minjung..”

The two settle back at the alter and Jinki reads the vows, even stepping into place as his job and then back down as a fidgeting groom in plain clothes, not really fitting the role too good. It makes Minjung smile and laugh a little, tears drying and big eyes on Jinki mesmerizing despite the smeared makeup. He literally can’t take his gaze off her.

There are no rings to give; whoever had them having walked out long ago. So Jinki kisses Minjung’s hand and she his, whispering “What’s you’re name?”

“Jinki..”

She smiles at that, genuine and sweet. Jinki’s legs nearly shake. Minjung kisses his hand, taking her vows with “I do..”

With a cleared throat, Jinki steps back to his job. “I know pronounce you husband and wife. You may now.. uh.. you can if you want.. kiss the bride- or groom. Whichever.” Minjung giggles behind a palm as Jinki steps back to being the nervous groom.

Jinki’s eyes squeeze closed as Minjung boldly leans in. Soft lips press to his cheek in a sweet kiss. He’s all butterflies until the door creaks open to reveal something worse than the actual groom finally appearing. It’s his pretty girlfriend with horribly timing.

“I thought we had a date, why are you working so late-” she glances around, finger twirling her curly hair and mouth chewing gum. She pulls sunglasses down the bridge of he nose, gaze curious. “Wow, what a drag.. is this a wedding I walked into or a funeral?”

Both women then ask “Who is that?”

Jinki might actually throw up.

“Gwiboon, this is my wife Minjung..” Jinki turns to the other, heart racing with a nervous smile. “Minjung, this is my girlfriend Gwiboon..”

Soon Jinki is being manhandled by a furious girlfriend as he shouts “I can explain!” and a wife is again trying to open a window while tripping over a wedding dress and tossing flowers aside, crying “My life is over!”
really like you.. (M)

Minjung is pulled up in one last shuddering breath, kiss against Jinki’s mouth still needy, small breasts behind an unclipped bra rubbing sensitive and hips still grinding against the thick length inside her ending its pulsing thrusts with release.

Minjung’s bare heels dig at the edge of the pool table and Jinki’s firm grip keeps her up, fingers digging into the backing of her dress as he makes the sexiest sound against her.

They finally part and Minjung drops her chin to Jinki’s clothed shoulder, both taking in panting breaths. She’s horribly flushed, even a little wobbly because she actually orgasmed despite.. despite some obscene public sex after an innocent game of pool in an empty room got way out of hand and too competitive on both sides. She’s too giggly to be mortified right now.

Minjung’s face curls into his shoulder, voice mumbling from her heart instead of her frazzled brain, “I really like you, Lee Jinki..”

Jinki moans.

She squeezes him into a hug before they shift a bit. He steps back and Minjung scoots to find she soaked a section of the pool table. Her eyes widen.

Jinki’s hands scrape through his hair, shagging up a messy middle-part. Plump lips a grin and thick eyebrows arch with a sweaty brow. “I guess you really do like me.”

Minjung’s face reddens further, legs closing and dress pulled to cover her exposed self. She mumbles in a horrified whisper, “I ruined the table..”

Jinki laughs.

Before Minjung could say anymore, lips beginning to form a frowning pout, there’s sudden noise in the room that should be empty.

“Hello?” a voice calls. “Someone in here still?”

Jinki is quickly helping Minjung off the table and as he scrambles to pick up their things scattered on the floor, Minjung is using the end of her dress to try and dry the table because it’s so embarrassing she can’t just leave it. It’s futile.

“Forget that!” Jinki whispers loudly, trying to do up is pants with full arms.

“But but- ah..” Minjung frustratingly turns to look for her flats, only tugging one on as she runs with Jinki for an exit.

“I’m not like this,” she says on long legs that still wobble her thin weight. “I don’t have public sex,” she trips trying to get her other shoe on. Jinki runs into a wall, nearly dropping their things.
As she’s pulled out a door, she nearly shouts, “I don’t have sex on the first date!”

Jinki actually laughs again, something smooth and charming.

Minjung might actually be in love with a friend she said would remain a friend even after giving an actual date a chance.

As everything simmers down, Minjung trying to refasten a bra under a dress, her eyes widen again, bulging even, as cheeks grow pink and she’s flustered all over again. Still standing taller even in her flats, the young woman leans over the man to tap Jinki’s shoulder, who is peeking around the corner looking for a clear hall for the building’s exit.

“Oppa...” Minjung asks, “Where’s my panties?” her hand rubs down her back across her bottom that is bare beneath a dress.

Without even turning back, Jinki drops everything to the floor.
“We can’t keep doing this..”

He doesn’t like to hear that.

“You’re wife won’t like it…”

He doesn’t like to be reminded.

No. Here, though nothing more than a cheap love hotel hidden behind buildings, is like a world away from a life he doesn’t want, a place he has to pretend to be something else.

He wants to stay here, where it’s warm and comfortable, where—

“I don’t want to go..” Jinki rolls over the other in bed beside him, settling between Minho’s bare legs beneath sheets. “You’re the only one that allows me to be… me.”

Minho’s forced indifferent gaze crumbles away, like it always does for Jinki. He’s pulled into a firm hug, lips kissing Jinki’s head tenderly, Minho feeling so much for one man.

Jinki cuddles into it with a newfound smile. He’s hurting so many people with selfishness, especially a sweet wife who doesn’t really know a thing about him, forced into marriage, especially hurting Minho who dies a little more inside each time they’re together and he knows someone innocent of this would be hurt by it.

Yet Jinki can’t care because he needs this person so much, someone who accepts him for him.

“I don’t want to leave..” Jinki mumbles against Minho’s warm skin, eyes closed.

“I won’t make you..” Minho says, voice a broken whisper.

Jinki still smiles, because Minho allows him to be him – even a pitifully selfish guy.
Minjung whines and edges a little closer to Jinki where they sit on a bench out in a warm night. “Do you have to go?”

“It’s late and I have classes tomorrow.”

Minjung’s head lowers, palms scraping at the fancy dress she wore just for a date with Jinki. She’s dolled up, watched too many videos on how to properly do her makeup and be a ‘cute girl’. Even her bra is a little stuffed, hoping she looks prettier than she normally feels. She’s sure she doesn’t have a feminine enough body for most guys. She lacks the curves and she’s just too tall.

But Minjung feels pretty tonight because Jinki said she looks pretty.

And maybe a part of her was a little hopeful they would maybe take that next step, romantically glide into passionate love making- or rather a virginal Minjung wants to finally get on the dick, but with the romantic part somewhere in there. That would be nice. She’s so thirty, it’s becoming embarrassing.

Now though, she’s looking at going home and maybe digging out some ice scream and cookies and wearing some loose sweats as she cries a little on a spoonful of comfort food.

Jinki lifts Minjung’s chin, grinning a bit as he presses a kiss to her pouty lips. He mumbles between them with a firm voice. “I have to go, but tonight I’ll be dreaming about you~.”

Minjung’s heart thumps, cheeks flushing with widened eyes. It should sound so stupid and corny, but Minjung is so taken by it, feeling a little faint suddenly being so close to this handsome man. She stutters, “Opp- oppa..”

Jinki leans back, grin wide and eyes crinkled. He laughs at himself with a wrist swiping his face, cheeks maybe a little flushed.

Minjung bats long lashes, fists at her lap. She bites glossy lips glancing out the corner of her eye at Jinki because she can’t get enough of him, even more so after that.

Instead, at home that night, Minjung rolls around on her bed in cute panties clinging to a pillow, still flustered hearing that gently, smooth voice speak to her in a gleeful memory. She screams into her pillow.

“I really like you.. Jinki-oppa..”

Minjung dreams of Lee Jinki that night.
After a long day at work and home to a warm filling dinner, Jinki does one of his newfound favorite activities. He watches fondly at the doorway as his young wife tends to their five-year-old son. She’s playful while drying him after a bath and dressing him, giving silly voices and causing the tired child to giggle and laugh, froggie jammies pulled on in gentle tugs.

“Umma,” the little boy squeaks, cheeks puffy with protest. Minjung is stern about the child brushing his teeth though, telling him to open as she helps hold his hand and brush tiny teeth with a small toothbrush. The small child whines a bit and Jinki hides a smile with the back of his hand, finding it very true this little boy is his son and they’re growing too much alike.

Once his mouth is rinsed out and the boy has jumped from the stool like some cartoon character, Minjung pinches his cheek with a sweet smile, “We need to get you to bed, huh? How about you get in bed and I’ll come read you a story.”

There’s hesitation, because what little kid wants to go to bed, but in a moment the child hurries off to his room, passing Jinki with a giggle and crinkled-eye smile up at his dad. Minjung hollers “Choose a book~.”

The boy gets distracted with a few toys on his way to the bedroom, slowing him down while trying to drag them with him off to his bedroom just down the hall- likely to sit and play with them instead of finding a book.

A sighing wife is cleaning the bathroom’s mess of a bubble bath and toys, sounding tired but continuing on until the day is through. She works just as hard as any day job being a mother and wife, and Jinki still doesn’t understand how she made it through all those months of pregnancy, not to mention birth, and now she cares for two boys. Still, the woman carries herself on, strong and determined as ever, showing genuine love for her small family. Just watching her like that, it does things to him.

Jinki sneaks up behind her, arms wrapping around her thin waist to tug her back into a snuggling hug. Minjung makes noise of surprise, long arms flailing a bit.

Jinki mumbles against her shoulder where he enjoys her taller height just for their perfect fit, still tired from a long day but mind able to wander places despite it. “Have I told you how sexy you are just being a mom. Hm?” He breathes in her perfect scent, arousal not helped by it. Maybe his age is showing, but have mercy because if Minjung being a mommy isn’t the sexiest thing he’s ever seen. And to think he thought nothing could ever top laying his eyes on a single, wide-eyed athlete Minjung who poured all her passion into her sports and gave him cute smiles when he fumbled around with equipment. A girl that later should interest in a guy like him.

Things do get better with age, apparently.

Jinki repeats, “Because it’s so sexy..”
Minjung laughs and touches Jinki’s hand at her waist. “I don’t know, but I like the sound of it.”

Jinki scoops hair away from her shoulder to press kisses over her neck, dragging an attractive whining sigh out of her as she bends back towards him, bodies pressing hot. Jinki realizes all over again, even with the years together so far, he still wants her so bad, loves her more than anyone ever.

“No, no, not this right now. I have to put your son to bed,” she says with a smile, teasing.

“My son?”

Minjung pulls from Jinki’s hold and turns to face him as he blinks curiously. “Well-”

She’s cut off by the loud whine of ‘umma!’ down the hall and the young woman gives a look as if that’s the answer to Jinki’s question. Jinki still looks confused, or maybe just pitifully put out by the interruption, hands reaching for the slight curve of the woman’s narrow hips.

Minjung soon giggles a laugh and presses a kiss to her husband’s mouth, showing no signs of tiring of her ‘boys’ despite all the demands surrounding her. With whisper near his ear before leaving, “If you finish this clean up for me, there might be a reward for you before bed, hm?” her hand grips firmly a moment between Jinki’s legs and he jumps with a noise.

Jinki’s eyes widen, and Minjung’s touch drags slowly from his body as she exits the bathroom, leaving the man in awe, swearing again the woman is too sexy.

While Minjung reads their child a bedtime story, a not-so-tired-anymore Jinki cleans up the bathroom mess with anticipation. If his son is anything like him, then Jinki hopes for a good and long slumber through the night so there’s more alone time with the his lovely amazing wife.
“You’re...” he grunts in a hard breath, head dropping and palms slipping over sheets again.
“You’re so needy.”

“You make me that way,” is mumbled hot against a back before lips press soft kisses to shoulders of a warm, naked body, silently making up for getting a little rougher than intended.

Minho lets out a bubbly laugh and tiny smile at Jinki saying what he always does. He can feel the sudden shift though in his movements, taking it slower again, gentle in wet, slapping thrusts, taking Minho from behind on hand and knee, and there’s reason for it other than Jinki loving to take the young omega any way he can. The younger is with child, his first and Jinki’s first, so both are exceedingly careful the longer the pregnancy carries on and the more likely it is the baby really will come. It’s been a rough pregnancy, several months in so far, but with calmer days, the two find they can be like this, slow and steady.

Strong, stubby fingers feel down Minho’s chest, brushing against oversensitive nipples that cause a sob-like cry and nearly buckling of elbows out of the other. Then Jinki’s small palms roam over the warm of his growing baby bump, where they had an eagerness to be, and Minho’s back already arches to the weight of it, belly brushing the pillow put bellow him for some support. Both Jinki’s hands rub gently, kisses pressed to Minho’s long neck, teeth nipping an ear in a usual claiming of what’s his as hips maintain a slower, gentle rhythm despite his body demanding something harder, something rougher. But these aren’t the days to hold Minho’s small head into the bed as he rams in and out, snapping hips against a sore, dripping ass.

He breaths in the younger’s scent, grown to love it as much as when he’s in heat. The scent is calming, something soft and gentle, soothing and sweet – everything its not during a cycle which causes a near madness to overtake Jinki in those times. And more, there’s something unusual, something different, Jinki is sure it’s because of the child he carries. He carefully kisses an old scar at Minho’s shoulder, something left from rougher days, and Minho’s hand reaches back to rub and grip at his bare thigh for just a moment before slipping away.

Minho’s smitten all over again by Jinki, feeling an alpha’s care that goes into each movement, slow but still pleasant, filled thickly full each time Jinki thrusts deep and holds it there with a slow rotation of hip. Minho nearly falls each time, gangly body weaker than usual during pregnancy. Minho’s head lifts, arm flinging back to grip at the back of Jinki’s head, bracing himself, voice falling loud in cut off breaths as Jinki’s thrust begin shorter and slapping. “Eh-eh-eh- waa-it.. mm..”

Jinki scoops arms under Minho’s, lifting him back far enough into his lap only fingertips can barely brush the bed with arms outstretched. He’s held up, sat on Jinki’s pulsing dick, baby bump heavy in its pull to fall back to the bed. Jinki bounces Minho there in his lap, thick thighs warm and firm against Minho’s backside. As they continue moving just like that, Minho pulls one hand to his belly, palm pressing to the baby in a tender hold, head falling to watch his stomach with a faint smile, as if he hadn’t seen it all day and now was a time to admire carrying Jinki’s child. Minho’s voice falls as loud as Jinki’s behind him.
When Jinki returns Minho to his hands and knees, he’s gentle again, careful not to crash Minho onto his stomach, opposite of what he usually enjoyed doing. They breath heavy a moment, before Minho’s voice whines with need as Jinki slowly pulls out, leaving him wet and empty. He reaches back for Jinki’s head before the young man can lean fully away, leaving his weight on one wobbly arm again, muscles burning.

Jinki rubs his leaking tip to the sensitive muscles of Minho’s stretched, twitching hole and between the crease of small, red cheeks, chewing a grin at how pregnancy makes Minho even more sensitive than usual.

Minho whimpers in a squeak, hand tugging on a clump of Jinki’s hair. “Come back in.. come back in.” His hips push back slightly, body trying to swallow Jinki up itself.

“You’re so needy..” Jinki says, tugging on Minho ear with a nibble, hands touch possessively as he feels the rush of need from his mate. He tosses those words right back on Minho, joyfully calling him out.

“Don’t.. don’t say that..” Minho still wiggles hips, lips bitten and eyes squeezed closed, so much more aware of himself while not going through cycles and it embarrasses him.

Jinki nudges Minho’s shoulder with his forehead, breathing hot and heavy with a little grin. A hand reaches below to cup and jiggle Minho’s cheek in a steady palm. “You’re really cute and soft when you’re not a bitch in heat finding any way on my dick.”

Jinki’s tip barely pushed back inside is suddenly wrapped tight in a clenching of Minho’s muscle, prompted by a rush of familiar arousal and bashful awareness at such words said to him; reminder he can’t always control himself and it isn’t a flattering side to himself he thinks. With a hard exhale, Minho’s hand falls away from Jinki’s head, other arm giving out, causing a fall to his elbows, shudders hitting the bed and baby bump barely pressed into the soft pillow, pressure kept off it with the long length of his legs still bent and spread. He takes a deep breath, cheek scraping against the sheets as his head curls into a shoulder, and his voice won’t stop falling in pitiful whines.

Jinki blinks at the fallen mess below him, lips pressing, finishing his teasing that he hopes didn’t go too far. Minho had always been easy to read, but while pregnant it threw Jinki off slightly. He gives, pushing back in, and Minho’s eyes open, dry lips parting in a cracking gasp, fingers tangling tightly in sheets. Jinki closes his eyes, drive to go hard and heavy quenched, hands finding Minho’s warm stomach to gently hold as a reminder while he pushes in slowly as far as he can, hips flush to Minho’s ass and a whimpered hum comes from below.

Jinki works up a slow rhythm again of thoughtful thrusts then short, eager slaps, bending slightly over Minho, and the younger’s gasps and curling toes fade into incoherent giggles of happiness at being taken again, eyes rolling and long lashes fluttering.

Jinki laughs a little too with a growing grin, in the end happy to be in a much more aware and tender intimacy with his mate and anticipating their first child as he still brushes his palms gently against the firm belly. Minho’s hands eventually reach back to lovingly press over his, thrusts between them slow, breathy voices bouncing off the each other, and the whole moment is perfect.
01.

Minho glances up again, finding Eunsook still not studying while they sit together as study buddies trying to, well, study in a nearly empty room of their high school. Or Minho is at least, needing better grades and the older student’s help with that. She’s smart – awfully smart, but slightly odd with social disabilities nearly as bad as his – no, worse.

The two are even friends now, sort of. Minho isn’t so sure, but Eunsook seems to think so, as if they’ve been buddies forever and not that he just entered the school half a year ago. Minho tries to show elders respect like he was raised to, but some days Eunsook tests his nerves.

Eunsook wiggles in her seat again, face looking flushed. Minho wonders if she needs to use the bathroom but is too embarrassed to ask. He tries to help with a small nudge, knowing the hardship of that sort of shyness. “Noona.. is something wrong?”

Eunsook looks to Minho now, gaze more alert. She speaks like she’s confessing something common. “Oh.. just can’t stop thinking about licking you, like maybe some chocolate dribbled all over you- or or..” she groans. “I really wanna lick you.”

Minho’s pencil breaks in a squiggling line pressed hard into his paper, eyes wide. His voice cracks, “Noona!”

Her head tilts, looking like she doesn’t understand the problem with the situation at all.

“I thought you had to use the toilet.. what.. what’s wrong with you?” Minho turns away, slightly flustered, must mostly annoyed at the odd girl and how she even beats him at socially awkward. She apparently likes him or something, and Minho never thought of his high school love life to be anything like this, so he ignores her advances; instead eyes on girls in his own class as possibilities, if he isn’t too shy and awkward that is.

Eunsook shrugs and flicks long hair behind her shoulders, head lowered back to her study book. “I love you, is all,” she says very matter-of-factly.

Minho hides behind a book, bewildered and nowhere near able to acknowledge that love confession from her for the countless time. He can’t believe it’s true, not at all. She’s just off her rocker.

If you asked Minho, he would say he’s never met a girl so horny in his life – at least one openly so.

If you asked Eunsook, she would tell you she’s never seen a guy with such a cute face and little to no sex drive. She would shout it’s a crime if she could.

Third-year Lee Eunsook and first-year Choi Minho are a perfect study buddy match – and
ultimately friends.

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02.

Minho is genuinely having a good time with his older schoolmate Eunsook on a trip to the amusement park on a free weekend. The two are friends, kind of, so it makes sense to do something fun together. Since Minho had picked the last several rides, fast ones that surprisingly to him Eunsook had no fear of – actually might have enjoyed them even more than him and that’s almost somehow attractive, he decides to hand over the small map and let her take lead.

“What should we ride next? You choose.” Minho smiles, sipping his juicy drink just picked up at a nearby stand. Eunsook had already commented on how cute he looks drinking from it and now Minho is self-conscious of himself all over again. He suddenly looks away again as he drinks, hiding behind a hand.

Eunsook looks at him, then the map, then the passing crowds, and then back to Minho with eyes dragging up and down. Her tone is horribly honest, “If it’s up to me, I still want to ride you, so you might not want me to choose.”

Minho’s eyes widen and he spits his drink out with hacking coughs. In a cracking, flustered voice, Minho grabs the map back. “No no, I’ll choose.”

Eunsook shrugs and picks at her jacket.

Minho’s all sorts of mortified and it’s taking him longer to read the map for it. Again, he’s not sure why they’re even friends or the older girl is so smitten on him or whatever it is older girls like. He doesn’t get it, and judging by Lee Eunsook, he doesn’t want to get it either.

“Uh.. mm..” Minho’s busy with the map and jumbled thoughts to notice Eunsook took his drink. There’s loud sipping beside him, then Eunsook is speaking calmly in that smooth tone of hers.

“An indirect kiss…” she brushes her lips.

“Noona!” Minho yanks his drink back, skinny long arms nearly flailing. “Stop it!”

It’s as if she didn’t even hear him. “Did you decide on a ride?”

“I.. eh..” he glances over the map. Anything that doesn’t imply lovey dovey stuff should be fine. “How about another roller coaster?”

Her eyes crinkle into a smile and she nods. “Yes, let’s do that.”

Minho cringes but still follows. He hopes she doesn’t sing at the top of her lungs during this ride too…

———–----
One day during studies, Eunsook asks “Do you even like girls?”

Minho slowly looks up, once again not taking note of her unbuttoned uniform top revealing the crack of breasts bigger than most girls in the school, or at least not in the way she wants him to. “Of course I like girls,” he says in a lisping scoff then lowers his head back to books.

Bored with schooling, Eunsook leans back in her seat with a loud sigh. “You like younger girls, huh? Like your age and stuff.”

Minho doesn’t look up. “So?” She’s not accusing him but he still feels like a freak, though less of one than he views her to be. He fears it really is that weird that he doesn’t think of sexual things as often as he’s apparently supposed to at his age. Video games and sports - really just about anything - seem so much more thrilling and less complicated.

“Hmm.”

Eunsook is silent after that and Minho finally gets work done, all the frazzled thoughts pushed from his mind. It must be a lucky day after all.

The next day after classes, Eunsook comes into the study room late, hair tied up in pigtails and frills here and there peeking out of her school uniform like some middle schooler overdressed. She wears her bulky glasses too, lips pouting.

“Oppa.. You miss me..?”

Minho blinks wide eyes and chokes on spit. Eunsook walks closer to their table.

There’s side chatter of ‘who’s the cute girl?’ and ‘a new first year?’ by a few schoolmates around the room, but Minho doesn’t get it. He doesn’t see it. He sees an odd girl creepily trying too hard. He’s embarrassed. “Noona! Why are you dressed like that!?"

“Oppa~..”

“I’m not your oppa!”

She sits across from him, voice more its normal tone as she speaks again. “I’m a younger girl now, see? Aren’t I cute? Don’t you wanna bang? Oppa~.”

“No!” Minho hides in his books, mortified.

There is seriously something mental about Lee Eunsook, a third-year with no real friends besides the first-year, who also has no real friends, she keeps pursuing despite his constant protests.
Minho isn’t even sure how the two ended up in this current situation at all. If ever he’s going to play some mature games it would be by himself, and he has on occasion played them. Playing such games with a female though..

Eunsook shoves her hand back on top of his, forcing fingers to click on the mouse where she wants it, other hand shoving at glasses. “Choose this option.”

More dialogue pops up and another option is chosen.

“Noona..” Minho tries again, “Aren’t we supposed to study? Didn’t I come over to study?”

Eunsook nods, eyes still on the game. She forces Minho’s fingers to click again. “Yeah, after this game. See? Isn’t it fun? I downloaded it cause of high ratings.”

Minho glances over some explicit dialogue and feels awkward. “Eh..” He looks the older over again, not having expected her to play perverted games, but rethinking it, she’s odd in so many ways it somehow makes sense. He now has nightmares all girls grow up to be like this one and it’s terrifying.

Before Minho knows it, an explicit love scene begins. He’s not so sexually inept he can’t blush and feel horribly awkward seeing something dirty with a girl.

Eunsook just watches like it’s any other game.

“Noona..”

“Huh?”

“Isn’t this enough?”

“Shh.. we’re playing.”

Minho’s surprised during this of all times the girl isn’t trying to come on to him. It’s a small blessing he presumes. Coming to her house on a Friday night, it just being the two of them, it could be a lot worse than playing mature video games.

Suddenly though, in a calm voice “Do you need to masturbate now? I can leave, or stay if you’re into that.”

Minho sputters and flails in his seat until he’s pushed back from the desk. Eunsook just watches with curiosity and a few more taps to the mouse to further along the game.

Minho grabs his jacket and backpack. “I- I’m.. I’m going home. We’re not studying anyway!”

Eunsook shrugs and twists long hair in her fingers, glasses lopsided and anything but cute. Minho storms out.

The next Monday after school Minho doesn’t wait for Eunsook to begin studies, like usual. Bit unusual is how late she is though. At some point she staggers in looking a mess, head low. Eunsook falls to a seat at the table.

Minho bothers to ask “What’s wrong?”

Eunsook looks up with bloodshot eyes, smile crazed and red acne a little more pronounced than usual. She looks scary. “I played the game all weekend.. I played every level and scenario.. I did it all..” she giggles in near hysterics, head tilting.
He rises a brow, “Good.. for you?”

“Minho-ya..” Eunsook tries to look more presentable all the sudden. “I learned new positions I want to try with you, huh what do you say?”

“No,” Minho leans back lazily in his chair, expression unamused.

“Right here on this table.”

“No.”

“I’ll shoo everyone out and lock the door.”

“No.”

“We can try doggy style first, then move on to more complex positions..”

Minho sighs and finally lowers his head back to scribbling notes on paper. “I said no.”

Eunsook’s head falls to the table in a loud thunk. She groans, mumbles Minho’s name in what sounds like suggestive fantasies, then passes out to a much needed nap.

Minho sighs all over again.

05.

“How do you feel about butt stuff?” Eunsook asks, on day while the two eat lunch together.

Minho slows his chewing, looking at the schoolmate with narrowing eyes. “Like do I like some butts? Sure.” He looks sometimes, interested in the opposite sex after all. But not at Eunsook’s if that is the question though. He nearly shudders at the thought. It had been nice while it lasted, their day sailing smoothly without any sort of sexual talk.

“I mean,” Eunsook sets her lunch down. “I guy putting his dick in a girl’s bumhole for sexual pleasure.”

Minho is suddenly choking so hard he grabs in a hurry for his drink, trying to save his miserable life – what’s left of it. That was a mental image he never needed in his life ever. Leave it to Eunsook to make it happen though. Sex sounded more and more gross the more he heard anything about it out of Eunsook’s mouth. Minho thought growing up would be cool, but now he’s not so sure. His ‘friend’s age sounds horrifying.

“So..” she looks complete unfazed by the younger’s choking seizure.

Minho croaks on a sore throat, large eyes squinted and face red. “N- no.. no.”

Eunsook shrugs, picks back up her lunch and leaves whatever that discussion was about at its end.

Minho has lost his appetite.
She instead mumbles with a mouth full of food, not looking at the boy. “You look really cute with a red face.”

Because choking so hard on food you are nearly crying is attractive… Minho thinks but doesn’t dare say it out loud. Minho isn’t swayed. Eunsook always thinks he’s cute for some reason. He still doesn’t get it.

———

06.

Minho sighs, a hot bath doing his clustered, sick mind some good. He relaxes, even has a small smile to give because Eunsook had come over to help while parents are gone on a business trip and an older brother wanted to be anywhere but home. And somehow the schoolmate hasn’t been a total nightmare. She can cook, which had been a nice little soup to soothe his throat, and it had been thoughtful of her to run him a bath on top of it all.

Maybe Lee Eunsook isn’t such a bad friend after all.

Friend though.

He blushes a little, or maybe it’s just the fever.

Only a friend. Nothing more.

Minho is nearly dozing off, comfortable enough despite his cold to finally get some rest, when the bathroom door opens. Minho glances with lidded eyes, expecting his brother or something usual like that. A head peeks around the corner to the bath.

No, it’s Eunsook still dressed in his mother’s apron, long hair tied back and sleeves up as if she’s been washing dishes or something. The schoolmate is staring with widening eyes. She doesn’t even look away as she says, “Sorry, I didn’t know you were in the bath.”

Minho shrieks, hands splashing water as he tries to cover his waist, bare chest thrust out and dripping water with damp hair flicking around his flushed face. He shouts in a cracking voice, “Didn’t know?! How! You ran the bath for me!”

Eunsook lingers, mumbling something about ‘so cute’ into a bitten fist, until Minho throws a shampoo bottle at her to get out, voice whiny and sick with protest.

Minho sinks back down into the tub once the door closes. He takes back everything he just thought kindly of about the girl. Lee Eunsook is mental. …and still his friend, probably best friend. He hates himself, and a fever might be picking up again…
“Hyung, how are you feeling?” Minho’s fingertips brush Jinki’s thigh affectionately, tired gaze on the older still resting up after surgery several days ago. Minho was sure to check in everyday, even if busy. He wanted to make sure Jinki was comfortable because it really mattered to him.

Jinki drops the book he was reading, voice croaking a bit, then a finger is held up instead of trying to talk, cellphone reached for.

Minho blinks wide, curious eyes.

Jinki’s brows furrow in concentration, fingers tapping through his phone to find what he was so eagerly searching for. Minho tries to a peek a few times, but Jinki quickly leans back any time he tried, making it clear he doesn’t want him to see yet.

In a moment, Jinki holds out his phone as a bit of music begins playing part way through a song, and his lips curl, eyes crinkling as a slow jam sooths through the speaker.

I want sexual healing~ sexual healing, oh baby~ makes me feel so fine~ helps to relieve my mind~ sexual healing baby, is good for me~ sexual healing is something that’s good for me~~♫

Minho blinks, taking a moment to really understand, but Jinki’s cheeky grin and thick, wiggly eyebrows are translation enough to a familiar old tune.

Even though tired from a long day out, Minho laughs himself silly before carefully crawling into Jinki’s warm lap, head swaying to mimic Jinki’s cute head bobbing to the music, his hand still holding the phone in a dance beside them.

“Hyung..” Minho gets whiny with a small smile still apparent. “You’re too much..”

Minho’s hands slowly cup Jinki’s face, lips pressing gently to Jinki’s just as the older laughs a closed-mouth giggle tilted upward between the two. Jinki’s other hand reaches behind to grope shamelessly at Minho’s ass still fitted in skinny little jeans, showing his strength is returning through progress. The music still plays as the kiss deepens and giggles still fall between them.

Minho fell for Jinki’s silly jokes and sense of humor all over again, and Minho’s sure he wouldn’t have it any other way.

With a sweet kiss to Jinki’s head and caress of the older’s soft cheek, Minho says sincerely, “I’m glad you feel better.”

Jinki gets the last word with a slap to Minho’s ass, which causes the younger to jolt against him in a strangled, bedroom noise.

They both laugh again and the music continues.
you're hot

Minjung strokes Jinki’s hair gently, still staying by his side in the hospital as he recovers from surgery. Doctors said he should wake soon. She had been informed the long surgery had gone over well and Jinki should see a steady recovery if he takes care of himself properly. It put some of her worry to rest.

The back of Minjung’s hand slides softly down Jinki’s cheek, slight stubble there from no time to shave lately scratchy at her skin. She’s very tempted to kiss it, shameless in her love of her man’s scruffy look.

Minjung whispers, “You gonna wake up soon, hmm baby? I miss you.”

Minutes later Jinki stirs awake, eyes slowly blinking, head tilting stiffly.

“Hey.. how you feeling?” It’s not a great question to ask someone just waking up surgery, but she had to say something.

He croaks, voice speech slurred with heavy surgical drugs still in his system. “Where.. where am I?”

Minjung still combs fingers through Jinki’s hair, relieved smile growing. “The hospital.”

At the sound of a voice, Jinki takes a hard look at Minjung, glazed eyes dragging a bit, brows narrowing. “Who.. you’re really good looking..”

Minjung steps back a bit, gaze about as curious as Jinki’s. The man’s words are still slurred.

“Did the doctor send you.. who—you’re hot.”

Minjung smiles again, small and showing slight amusement. The meds are still in effect more than she thought they could be, apparently.

“You.. really.. hmm..” a pleasant little grin grows on Jinki’s groggy face, something familiar and cheeky. “Sexy..”

“How are you feeling?” she asks again.

“I’m—mm.. you- sexy little thing.. who are you?”

“You don’t know?” she raise a brow.

Jinki grins still, eyelids heavy to keep open. “Ehh.. who?”

With a fist to her mouth, trying to hold back laughter, Minjung says, “I’m your wife.”

Jinki’s eyes widen then, looking slightly more alert, but barely so. “My wife..?”

Minjung laughs into her fists now, unable to contain herself. She wishes she had a camera now at
this point. She’s not sure she’s ever seen Jinki look so lost and she can’t believe the medication is
doing this to him. She feels she shouldn’t laugh, but all the piled up stress worried over her
husband’s health, it felt amazing to giggle over something.

Jinki’s glazed eyes look the woman over again, and with a sigh and head rolling away, he says in
amazement “Daang..”

Minjung is covering her face with both hands, peeking through the parted fingers, partly flattered
like it was their first meet all over again when everything was about ‘oppa’, though Jinki had been
a shy teenager back then, words not nearly so forward or horribly slurred. He’s still handsome in
her eyes all a mess and disheveled in a hospital bed, strapped up with medical tubs, completely out
of it.

Jinki looks off at nothing a moment, appearing he might possibly just pass out again as eyes flutter
heavier, but then he turns back to Minjung with that confused, drowsy look again. “Do we have
kids?”

“One,” and Minjung says before she would surely be asked, “A two year old boy.” Minjung’s
voice is full of pride, thoughts of their little baby boy being taken care of for them during all this
hospital business.

“We..” he tries to point, but his hand falls weakly back to the bed, eyes still up and down
Minjung’s delicate figure. “Made baby..?” Jinki turns away again. “Daangaang..”

Minjung snorts into her hands. If a doctor doesn’t show up soon she might lose it in crazed,
hysterical laughter.

“How long have we been married?” Jinki’s lashes flutter unevenly, speech messy again.

“A long time.”

Jinki’s voice cracks, voice nearly a whimper. “I– freakin.. scooore.” Dry lips are chewed, eyes
falling closed finally.

Minjung steps forward, taking Jinki’s warm hand into hers, careful of the tubs and needles.

“You’re one of a kind, Lee Jinki.” She shakes her lowered head, never happier she married this
man.

After a long pause, Jinki speaks again. “But we’re really married?”

Minjung nods, lips biting a smile, big eyes crinkling with all the affection in the world for the man
in the hospital bed beside her. She’s thankful he’s okay and he’s back- even if a little loopy and
strung out.

“Daang..”
With a heavy shove for arms still wobbly from intense stimulation, whimpering voices, and a tired jerk, Jinki is left to lay beside Minho, legs tangled in sheets sprawled everywhere, bed dirtied, both young men a mess of heavy breaths a tingling nerves. Minds still settle from pleasures taken far and to unexpected places – or in short; hot, raunchy sex, that kind neither thought the other or themselves capable of when thinking properly outside of intimacy.

Both stare at the ceiling for long amounts of time, eyes wide and blinking slowly.

“Hm..” Jinki says first between pressed lips, wiggling a little as the ache settles in, mind clearing. He’s not really sure what to say to any of that, not really at all. He thinks he might have an imprint of small teeth on his neck, if the irritation there is anything to go by.

Minho clears his rough throat, fingers brushing his neck and memories back only a few minutes not recalling being so loud, but his throat is telling him otherwise.

The two lay still a little longer, lidded, glazed stares a tell sign they felt it, each rough movement, deep thrust, teeth biting, hair tugging, the push and pull of bodies sloppily wet and connected, even if embarrassed and slightly shocked now that it is all over.

“Are you okay?” Jinki asks, tired hand lifted but only to drop at Minho’s middle instead of his face. He coughs a raspy voice, nose swiped over the back of his other arm and hips shifting as he feels the wet and recalls with a flush that Minho ate him out again, and truth be told he was beginning to take a real liking to it.

“Yeah.” With a hard breath Minho blows hair from his face, tussled in a mess surely from where Jinki had fisted it in rough tugs, and he wiggles a bit, trying to prove he’s better than ever, but he cringes with some jolts of sore, voice fading into a pitched squeak. “I fine..”

Jinki looks a little horrified, mostly at himself and how Minho’s want and need of him twists Jinki into a nearly different person in bed, or maybe just his true, raw form. Finding someone willing to do so much for a person isn’t easy you come by, so Jinki is still in awe he’s found that someone. He says he loves Minho, but he’s not sure it can measure up to how much love Minho shows him. If anything, it drives him to be a better person - what he thinks of as a better person - for Minho, for everyone.

“Are you, though?” Minho’s lifted hand actually reaches Jinki’s face, fingers clumsily brushing swollen lips, big eyes always so full of concern.

Jinki suddenly bubbles up in happy giggles, eyes crinkled. He kisses Minho’s fingers. The giggle fit draws out Minho’s own laughter, and the younger’s finger lifts to poke Jinki’s cheek as they laugh harder, exhausted and nothing making much since so just laugh at it.

Jinki sneaks a kiss to Minho’s cheek, prompting the younger to roll over to his side, cringe not hidden well. So Jinki runs light fingertips over Minho’s side and down hips, brushing thighs, as Minho snuggles close, damp foreheads rubbing.
Minho reaches for Jinki’s hips in return, hand roaming further until a plump, warm cheek is in his palm. Long lashes flutter, small voice showing a hint of bashful, but eye contact keeping a forwardness. “You’re amazing.. really,” is said with more meaning than the intimate moment they just had, it always is.

Jinki whines with a slight blush, head falling to Minho’s shoulder, self-esteem and ego stroked, and it was about as good as touching his dick is he’s honest. “Don’t say that.. I’ll wanna go again..” It’s only the second time he’s made Minho orgasm from his ass with little to no touch atop, and Jinki is still wowed by that. He wants to try again sometime, after rest – for both of them.

Minho leaned in to nibble a bit at Jinki’s ear, noises the older suddenly makes a reminder of his enduring orgasm face Minho just got to see again minutes ago. He whispering tiredly, but sincere. “I don’t mind..”

Fed up with Minho’s giving nature, Jinki finds a burst of energy, rolling Minho back to the bed, crawling over the younger and between spread legs that only willingly spread wide as Minho’s smiles up in a goofy, sleepy grin. Jinki bites lips, whimper caught in his throat. He stares a long moment, still taken aback by the effect he has on Minho, and he wonders how aware of it he even is. Jinki is only staring, lips licked and chewed, yet Minho’s legs spread wider for him, still comfortable sprawled out on his back over the bed with Jinki sitting above him.

It seems the little things Jinki doesn’t put thought into are what really get Minho.

With a cheeky grin, he grabs at a thigh behind him, palm running down the long, thin length of it until he reaches Minho’s ass, lightly slapping it, watching the younger’s silly face scrunch up at the sore, and Jinki hopes he wasn’t too rough now that he can think instead of giving into desire.

Jinki’s fingers roaming lower slip over the wet still coated between cheeks as he says, “Don’t say you don’t mind when you’re like this.”

With a whine, Minho sits up, supporting himself quickly with arms wrapped around back of Jinki’s neck, hanging on as they teeter there a moment. Jinki gives out, both falling back to the bed, Minho’s arms still wrapped around him.

Minho keeps Jinki there in a snuggling hold, laughing a bit, older soon trapped in a strong grip. Whatever sexual energy between them fluttered away into playfulness in that moment, naked bodies wiggling in almost wrestling over a noisy bed.

Jinki finally frees himself only to sit up slightly with even messier hair, tugging his head out from under Minho’s arms. His nose crinkles, breath blown upward to free bangs from his eyes. Minho leans up to take a kiss with laughter in his voice, and as it slowly deepens, his arms are flung back over Jinki, fingers through his tussled hair and long legs locking around Jinki’s body.

Jinki is forced to get pushy, mumbling between kisses. “No- stop- we can’t- again.”

Minho releases Jinki, falling back to the bed with a pouty look.

Jinki stares a moment, finding it all too tempting, but no, his body is shot. He unlocks the legs behind him and crawls from bed first, stumbling a bit, walls breaking his falls as he takes off for the bathroom first, if he can get there in one piece.

Minho rolls over on his stomach under loose sheets, face snuggling into a pillow, eyes closing, stupid, smitten grin on his face all the while. A sore, tired body finally gives into relaxation since Jinki left, willingness for anything shutdown. He sighs, finding embarrassment in himself now, questioning why he did what he did and it’s probably a miracle Jinki even still likes him.
The bed dips in a moment, and Minho is still as Jinki crawls back into bed, laying half over Minho’s back, chin resting to the younger’s shoulder, snuggling and giving up on the idea of a shower. His eye close too, lips a small, sweet smile. He rather just sleep cozily with Minho.

Eye still closed, Minho smiles all over again.
When Minjung visits her schoolmate off from school, sick at home when she last called, she didn’t except to be tugged into Eunsook’s bedroom, door hurriedly shut and locked behind her. Eunsook looks up at the taller teenager, face flushed and swollen, squinted eyes pained and fingers tight in their grip around Minjung’s arms.

Minjung blinks big eyes, expression worried. “Unnie.. are you okay?”

Eunsook gaze on Minjung is intense, red lips bitten, head shaking, and really the younger thinks the older must be a lot sicker than she had thought. She had come by, hoping to be helpful to her friend who missed school, passing along notes and tips, even if she’s not in the same grade, let alone same classroom. Minjung just wanted to help. And the sire to was fueled even more by the fact that she’s had a long time crush on Lee Eunsook, since before they became friends, sometime in middle school. Minjung hadn’t know it was a crush then, but by now she does, as it develops to something more serious she fears, and she can’t help being pulled back towards the older teenager even when she tries to part.

“I..” Eunsook looks away, head lowering and long hair a mess around her chubby form, knees shaking.

Minjung glances around the room, finding a trash full of tissue and a messy bed now stacking with tissues that likely won’t fit in the trash bin. Eunsook had to be really sick, and Minjung suddenly feels worse, not being around sooner to help.

Once the younger tries to help guide Eunsook back to bed, the older struggles, voice a low growl of annoyance, hands slapping at Minjung to release her. The younger does, stepping back with wide eyes.

Eunsook looks up, smile forced, squinted eye-smile showing hurt. “I need.. I uh.. I need help.”

Minjung pulls off her backpack, ready to unzip it and pull her books out, nearly smiling because she loved to hear she’s needed for something, anything really.

Minjung is pulled away from her bag though, long legs stumbling as Eunsook drags her to the bed, sitting her down on it with pressed lips. The older’s expression lightens up, back to forced giggles and visible nervousness.

“I.. um-”

“Unnie, what’s wrong?” Minjung grabs at Eunsook’s hands, holding them firmly, big eyes staring up at her for an answer, because how can she help if she doesn’t know what’s wrong? She gives a gentle squeeze to the older’s hand, one that draws Eunsook’s attention down towards it a moment, lips licking.
Instead of voicing it, Eunsook suddenly yanks her hands away, staggering back to put some
distance between the two. The older gulps, breaths deep, as she slowly pulls up her fluffy poke-a-
dotted nightgown over thick thighs, up until there’s no underwear to be found, up until there’s a
body part hard and twitching, dripping from the pinkish tip. Eunsook looks to the floor, face
hidden by her long hair.

Minjung slaps a hand to her mouth, big eyes bulgingly characteristically wide now.

Eunsook, the unnie she has seen in underwear before, has a male organ. Eunsook as a long, thick
penis, like some boy.

Minjung is horrified. “Unnie!?”

Eunsook hurries back to slap a hand over Minjung’s mouth, not wanting to draw attention from a
mother downstairs. She speaks in nearly a giggling voice, tone hysterical. “I watched a video..”
she points to her computer, a small flash drive blinking where it’s connected to the tower. “I
watched a video, it’s said to be cursed.. this- this happened.” Her head drops to the damp bulge at
the waist of her nightie.

Minjung chokes on a breath, breathing heavy through her nose as Eunsook’s hand still covers her
mouth. Her gaze follows, finding what the older is staring at, eyes blinking and mind obviously in
disbelief still, having never seen one, a penis, in person- yet here it is, but on a girl. It’s
unbelievable.

Cursed videos are only in scary stories, they aren’t real. Minjung is sixteen and past believing such
things. Besides, the cursed person usually dies, doesn’t.. –they don’t get their body changed..

“Help me?” Eunsook asks in a pleading cry, eyes watering. They’re still puffy, likely from being
cooped up in her room since whatever happened, crying and scared. That thought leaves Minjung
calming slightly, settling on a firm need to reach out a to help.

Before Minjung’s mouth is uncovered, Eunsook asks, red eyes blinking. “Please just.. don’t run.”

Minjung sits frozen a moment, then nods, gaze narrowed, because there’s no way she will run
when her friend is obviously hurting. It might be frightening, but whatever is happening is surely
even scarier for Eunsook, so Minjung can’t just leave her like that. No way.

The older’s hand it pulled away and Minjung breath in through parted lips. Minjung isn’t sure
what to say, but she tries, “Unnie-”

“Will you help me?” Eunsook cuts the other off, borrows narrowed, lips bitten and tears drying.

“Yeah,” Minjung’s long fingers tangle in the skirt of her uniform, voice a heavy lisp as her nerves
show. “Of course, yes, I will, Unnie. I-”

Eunsook’s mouth is on Minjung’s before her thought is finished, and the older is quickly shoving
her down over the bed, crawling up around her, some sort of aggression held back in a struggle
finally released. The kiss is rough and dry, and Minjung’s first. Maybe even Eunsook’s, Minjung
can’t be sure.

Between kisses to Minjung’s mouth and cheeks, Eunsook explains in hard breaths, “I cum, but it’s
never enough. Touching myself isn’t enough. Minjung-ah.. Help me, please. It won’t go away, it
won’t go away.. please.”

Minjung’s flailing hands, not sure what to do with them, touch Eunsook’s large chest hidden
under the thin nightgown, grabbing breasts when she meant to grip shoulders. Eunsook groans, head lifted then dropped at Minjung’s shoulder. She’s gulping in a deep breath, hands about to pull away from the mistake, when soft lips kiss her neck, causing her lashes to flutter and hands press back into Eunsook’s softness, thighs clenching as her lower body gives a tinkling burn of a jolt. In subconscious fear of the unknown, she leans her head back, but it only exposes a long, slender neck for more dragging kisses and lingering sucking lips.

“Unnie..” Minjung bites her lip, voice a low moan, body wiggling at the unexpected pleasant sensation as it continues. It distracts her from Eunsook soon grinding against her, boy penis hard and rubbing her thighs where her skirt rides up. She’s never felt anything like it, so she’s not sure how to describe it or feel about it.

Minjung turns her head, hoping for another kiss to the mouth, because it really is a secret desire come reality for her. She wants more of it, and Eunsook understands, or it appears as such when her lips kiss the younger’s again, sloppy and little experienced, put still desirable, and Minjung moves her hands, breasts under a nightgown without a bra an easy grope. Even with thin, long fingers, Minjung’s hand doesn’t fit a whole breast. It makes her smile, of all he times to- it’s not like it’s funny, it’s frightening if she really thinks about what’s happening, so she tries not to. Instead get lost in messy kisses and the soft, squishiness of the older’s curvy figure.

Wet, sloppy kisses soon deepen, and Minjung runs a hand down Eunsook’s front, stopping with hesitation and inexperience to rub where it’s thick and wet, palming the warmth slowly. It causes Eunsook’s voice to fall between the kisses in nice vibrations, so Minjung keeps touching, stroking faster, trying what he’s seen in adult videos she doesn’t like confessing to having seen. Minjung’s thighs shift, between legs growing warm and damp.

Eunsook leans back, soft voice a low, quivering grunt, eyes squeezed shut. “Min-Minjunggie-don’t-”

The warning is too late. Eunsook comes, soaking her clothes, twitching hot in Minjung’s hand, younger’s eyes wide at what has happened. Minjung takes that moment to really let it sink in she’s never touched a penis before, and she’s not sure if she even likes it. She pulls her hand away, quickly as if burned.

Eunsook rests her head on the bed over Minjung’s shoulder, hips still in the air, wiggling even as she moans in deep breaths, tip of her gown twitching and soaked through.

Minjung tries to calm down, relax. She helped, so now the problem should be fixed. Now they can go back to normal. She smiles faintly, oddly proud and marking off those supposed milestones in her teenage life, even if under weird circumstances and with another girl- though one she does have an undeniable love for. The fact that her panties are damp already, just from a little kissing and rubbing body contact just confirms her sad fate.

After moments of rest, heavy breaths are blown against Minjung’s ear, then a wet tongue licks across it, voice whispering. “Still not enough, Minjunggie.”

Minjung shivers, thighs clamped and lashes fluttering. She doesn’t even realize she’s calling out ‘unnie’, older quieting her with another kiss.

Minjung is still horribly confused, but she helps fumbling hands unfasten her school uniform, jacket and top, allows warm hands to push her small bra up over her chest, voice gasp as a hot mouth touches a tiny breast, tongue teasing skin.

Minjung’s fingers tangle in Eunsook’s long hair, pulling a bit, lips bitten red and eyes closed tight. She reaches once again down Eunsook’s front as she groans, finding soaked fabric, stroking the
Teeth scrape Minjung’s soft skin, causing a small cry to escape chewed lips. Her head rolls over the bed as Eunsook’s warm tongue drags, and Minjung’s lower body burns and pulses for something more.

Once Eunsook sits up, hands now quickly running under Minjung’s skirt, older teenager as if in a frantic hurry with a face still red and pained, Minjung stares up with lidded eyes, legs willingly spreading to allow the other to tug wet panties down her legs, yanking one soaked foot out of them.

Minjung’s eyes widen again as her legs are spread wider and pushed back at the knees with feet in the air, panties dangling from an ankle. Room is made for Eunsook to dip down long legs and run her mouth between skinny thighs, sucking on skin, inching towards the most private of her body. Minjung gasps, head turning into the bed, ‘stop’ on the tip of her tongue, though that’s not really what she wants. Her cheeks burn with embarrassment now, it now becoming so personal and intimate she’s shy. This is something that only happens in her daydreams, she isn’t as ready in reality for as as she talked herself up to being.

A mouth touches her right there, right were it burns and aches the most, Minjung gasps, hand falling to hide her open mouth. A tongue swipes a little roughly, in a hurry, Minjung fists sheets beneath her.

“Unn- unnie..” is said in a whispered, shaken breath.

Minjung’s toes curl, lips bitten harder, hips twitching with each very right movement of Eunsook’s hurried mouth. She covers her face, fingers pulling her own hair, trying to remain composed, body withering in betrayal under the older’s touch. In another sudden intense bout, her hands reach for Eunsook’s head moving between her spread legs, fingers tangling in hair, upper body twisting in a whiny breath caught between bitten lips.

Eunsook reaches a finger down near her face, rubbing the tiny, swollen tip of Minjung’s, rough then slow, tongue still working below her finger too, face full of the younger teenager’s aroused scent.

Minjung soon pulses between her legs, spasms taken over as folds of muscles clench and release of their own, right below Eunsook’s open mouth, leaving Minjung a mess of withering and gasps. Eunsook rolls hips left in the air as she’s knelt, finger dragging to circle around an anus too taken by uncontrollable spasms, lips brushing a kiss over Minjung’s thigh and her own hand reaching to stroke herself, thrusting into her palm.

Once Eunsook pulls her wet face away, mouth slowly licked, only then is Minjung ready to say don’t stop, maybe beg it even. She’s not sure how to voice that, so she just asks in confusion “Unnie?” as the older repositions herself, skirting of her nightie bunched up around her waist, giving sight to the dribbling, hard dick between Eunsook’s legs still.

“Maybe..” the older mumbles, lost in her own twisted, hazy thoughts.

The younger lifts her head as Eunsook crawls up Minjung’s body on spread legs, stopping at the younger’s chest, uncovered wet tip brushing her lips suddenly, twitching warm against them. Minjung glancing up at Eunsook with wide eyes that show confusion. The older’s intentions are clear, but Minjung isn’t sure what to do about it. She chews her mouth, eyes nearly closing before her mouth falls open, tongue licking the tip and lips giving a quick kiss.

Eunsook moans, hips rolling against Minjung’s hesitant movements. As Minjung opens her mouth
again, taking in a deep breath and readying to lick the tip again, Eunsook thrusts forward, pushing big, thick and twitching into her mouth. Minjung’s whimper of surprise and grazing teeth over sensitivity leaves the older groaning into her hands, curvy hips shuddering, knees nearly giving out.

Minjung chokes, eyes scrunched and watering, hand reaches to tug at Eunsook clothes, feet kicking and slipping of the edge of the bed. The older teenager tilts back, pulling free of Minjung’s mouth, back of her hand swing her face. Minjung spits and coughs, strings of salvia and pre-cum dangling to a fall at her neck.

“Minjungie..” Eunsook says, hips rocking, bouncing her warm tip to Minjung’s lips, eyes glazed over and finger’s playing with her own mouth with needy desperation. The lost, hurty look is enough to get Minjung’s mouth open again, allowing access to thrusting hips.

Stifling a choke, Minjung stares a moment, then tries pushing her head forward, taking in more of Eunsook into her wet mouth. The older’s muffled cries are assuring she’s doing something right. Minjung sucks and moves her tongue, eyes nearly closing, sensation going straight to swollen, throbbing folds between her legs that missing Eunsooks mouth over them.

Eunsook’s bedroom voice is cuter than Minjung could imagine it, and in that she’s eager to suck and lick any inch she is given. Oce hand reaches to grasp at a jiggle cheek of Eunsook’s bottom, groping and resting there at the push and pull of hips.

Hands eventually pull at Minjung’s hair, choking the younger hard with a deeper thrust, Eunsook’s voice no longer muffled by her palms. “Minjung- Minjunggie.. I-” Eunsook mumbles, riding Minjung’s face with little thought outside herself. With a hard blink, Minjung’s eyes water again, nose crinkled, tense body waiting.

In a final, squeaking sigh, Eunsook pulls out as she still leaks release down Minjung’s tight throat, twitching and shooting cum over Minjung’s puffy lips and red cheeks.

Coughing, Minjung stares with heavy-lidded blinking. She slowly licks her tongue over wet lips, wondering if it’s finally over so she can process what has happened to her – them, both of them. A thumb brushes her damp cheek, hand held up to look curiously at the wetness spilled over her face, staring hard at what she had tasted, what she had swallowed down released from Eunsook’s body. Something she won’t soon forget.

Eunsook’s head is dropped, expression hidden away. Minjung reaches a hand up, wanting to tuck Eunsook’s hair away, find her- but the older is soon leaning quickly down, kissing her again, tongue licking up cum. Minjung’s hand falls to rest at Eunsook’s head instead, enjoying the kiss again that distracts her from asking if it’s over yet.

“Still… still not..” Eunsook leans back, nibbling on Minjung’s swollen lip as she whispers, “Not enough- I’m going to put it in, it- it.. I need it..” Hardness rubs against Minjung’s legs, unbelievably still unfinished.

The look Eunsook gives Minjung as she sits up is so needy and exhausted, she couldn’t say no even if she wanted to. Minjung wouldn’t give up and run out so easily. She just smiles, crooked and exhausted herself, so much going on emotionally at once, it’s hard to really know what’s real and what isn’t. The scare she feels is numbed by it.

Minjung spreads legs, head nodding and bottom lip pressed with small teeth, lashes batted in shyness and a bit of eagerness hidden under it – because really, if someone told her this would happen – first with a crush that’s female, Minjung wouldn’t believe a word of it. It’s exciting, somehow. Lower-body-throbbing in anticipation.
Eunsook gives a real smile this time, first one since Minjung stopped by to visit. It makes Minjung relax even more into the final decision she’s made, heart fluttering a bit. She won’t let the size of between Eunsook’s legs let her pathetically crawl away now.

Her skirt is pushed up again and a finger rubs between her legs, smearing the wet, before penetrates her first, soaked up and slow, pushing in and out, sensation not much different than when Minjung experimented with touched herself before. Still, it’s with someone else, so she shudders at the touch, feet digging into the bed and fingers curling into sheets tightly.

Another finger pushes in, pressure more intense, moving a little harder. Minjung smiles though, not fully sure why.

Minjung’s moaning giggle fills the silent room, then Eunsook’s soaked finger is out, hands bending Minjung’s legs again, knees wiggling her snuggly between the younger’s legs. Minjung takes a deep breath, asking “Are you.. really?”

“I.. can I?” Eunsook asks, grip tight on Minjung’s legs suddenly, as if asking is the last thing she wants to do.

Minjung nods, expression soft and giving. “Of course.. unnie can..”

Eunsook lets out a hard breath, tired eyes crinkled into that eye-smile Minjung loves. The younger wiggles her back over the bed, trying to relax her body, ready as the wet tip wiggles and rubs against her own throbs, rubbing between her legs as if with confusion on how exactly to go about the next move.

Eunsook’s eyes flash back to before, moment of clarity gone, as she slick and thickly pushes in, harder and further than expected, leaving Minjung covering her mouth with both hands, head tilted so far back on the bed she’s staring watering, wide-eyes at an upside down wall between a choking breath. Another wet push and Minjung is shouting into her clamped hands, a thick throbbing penis reach further inside her than her fingers ever took.

Eunsook’s movements are slowed at the muffled noises from Minjung, own voice a bitten groan then gasp, commenting mindlessly on the tightness, whispers of ‘so that’s how they feel’ with a deepening thrust, then pulled back, thrusting hips forward again, eyes rolling and head dropped. Eunsook grins, lips licked, expression cheeky and empowered.

Minjung tries to relax again after the surprise of it, wet eyes blinked dry and hands dropped away to clutch at the sheets once she’s gained control of her reactions. There’s discomfort as the two slap against each other, but looking up, watching Eunsook’s cute face squishy with the delight only one can imagine, it’s worth it to Minjung.

She really couldn’t have imaged giving herself to her unnie in a first time, not ever, even if she pictured it, touched herself to the thought of it some nights alone in bed. So even it it hurts, she’s happy, happy enough she could cry, but instead, still overwhelmed, she clings to the bed or grabs at Eunsook for support.

A slow, deep thrust pounds against Minjung, her breath lost in a gasp and Eunsook’s voice a pleasured moan. Eunsook repeats, short fingers gripping tightly to Minjung’s legs, thrusts working up faster again as Minjung’s face scrunches, dried lips licked and toes curling tightly from feet dangling above her.

Once gathering herself again, Minjung lifts her head, wanting another kiss. Her mouth opens, tongue hanging out, hoping to gain Eunsook’s drifted attention. It works, hard thrusts bouncing them over the bed slowing a bit to allow another kiss between them. A hand drops one of her legs,
smashing against her small chest, nipple brushed by a thumb, causing a pleasured shudder out of Minjung, one that tinges down between her legs, meeting in a thrust or two feeling amazing. She fumbles to press her palm to Eunsook’s chest too, fingers dragging the nightie away at a breast so she can squish to the warm skin of it, groping touches to mimic what had been done to her own tiny chest.

Once Eunsook lets out a moaning growl between them, soft voice a low, uncharacteristic swear, Minjung’s head falls back to the bed, fingers digging sheets tightly as her body is rocked against the bed with hard, short and erratic thrusts. She tenses up again, head turned to try and hide her voice as skin slaps rough and loud, Eunsook mumbling incoherently about Minjung tightening up and something about coming.

It hurts enough now Minjung wants to say something, slow down, take it out, that’s enough, but her words are lost every pounding thrust, voice left to whimpers and hands clawing at Eunsook who feels inhuman suddenly.

In a moment’s time, Minjung is twists over the bed at the feeling of being filled, teeth clenched and eyes squeezed closed as her voice falls in a cracking cry. Eunsook stares at the ceiling, dazed, still sputtering and twitching inside of Minjung’s tight, aching heat, cumming more than any time before, release leaking out of Minjung’s full, twitching hole as dick is still inside her. It’s a moment before Eunsook shouts in pain, body collapsing over Minjung’s.

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Eunsook is woken to Minjung’s worried calls for her, limp body shaken over the bed. She opens eyes to meet Minjung’s worried gaze. Big eyes blink down at her, small face and hair damp with fluids Eunsook can’t make out. Something, but not tears. The younger girl calls out again, voice small and shaking with the worry she’s experiencing over the older teenager.

“Unnie, unnie, are you okay?”

Her friend really had come by to see her, Eunsook realizes. That wasn’t a dream she’s waking to only find herself in the corner of her room again, hard and throbbing.

Eunsook feels better. Exhausted, unable to move limbs that feel like jelly, but definitely better. Between her legs, it doesn’t throb and burn like before, not going away no matter what she did. It’s better. Tiredly, Eunsook lifts herself to pull a dirtied nightgown up, eyes wide to find she’s flat again. She slaps her skin, finding it as before in every way, even slipping a finger further down, feeling the warm slit, everything in its rightful place.

Eunsook’s misfortunate penis is gone.

Maybe what happened hadn’t been real at all. Maybe she just woke up from the craziest dream.

Eunsook nearly laughs hysterically, happy the nightmare is over. Though, once she looks back to Minjung, finding the girl in her disheveled state that proves something really did happen between them, eyes wet with worry and cheeks flushed, Eunsook remembers how it felt to get her help. How I felt to be inside her, thrusting, pulsing, pumping her full until the sheets are now soaked below them- it was…

Eunsook takes a deep breath.

It had been the most amazing experience of her life, if she can brush aside the hours of discomfort and pain, rubbing another one and another one off into tissues to no end in sight.

The reality of it sinking in causes Eunsook embarrassment, even horror for dragging someone else
into something so unreal and weird. Minjung is a friend, not someone to just ask help for in creepy situations, especially when it was her own fault for watching a video claimed to be cursed – one said to give one their deepest sexual desire. Sure, Eunsook has thought about having a different body before, curious about it, but she didn’t think that was a deep sexual desire.

Eunsook reaches tiredly for Minjung’s hand, looking up at the girl, oddly finding a beauty in her she didn’t remember before. She rests her palm over the younger’s hand as she whispers, “Thank you..” not sure how else to voice her emotions.

Minjung appears surprised by the gratitude, eyes blinking a trickling tear down soft cheeks, face now undoubtedly cover in cum still. Eunsook is soon groaning at a sudden and tight hug, Minjung thrown over the older, tiny bare chest squishing warmly against Eunsook.

Eunsook giggles even though she’s so tired she thinks she could sleep for days.

“I’m so glad you’re okay.. unnie..” Minjung cries, voice relieved in tiny sobs.

Eunsook pats the younger’s head, trying to be some sort of comfort, though it appears Minjung is the one trying to do the comforting. She closes her eyes, held securely in Minjung’s hold, thankful for someone like that in her life.

It’s quite, but for soft sniffles out of Minjung, then a face lingers near Eunsook’s, and eyes closed she doesn’t see Minjung hesitating in wanting to kiss her lips.

Both girls are tense, sore and stumbling, and falling in Eunsook’s case, around the room once a mother’s voice suddenly calls, asking if everything is okay up there. Eunsook glances at the flash drive in her computer still as she quickly changes, not certain what to do with the actually cursed video now. She wants to destroy it, never think about that horror again, but then looking at Minjung, younger’s cute smile wide and crooked, gaze turning away like there’s something more behind it, that makes Eunsook want to reconsider what she should do with the flash drive.

Eunsook also realizes that day she looks at Minjung differently now.

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#2.

n/a
"Why?" one nearly gasps.

"Why not?" the other’s head tilts, smile still apparent but now quivering with nervousness.

Why seems like a fair question though. Why should friends ever try to cross that relationship line. How do friends even fall for each other in such a manner when no indications of it had been visible before. How do two guys even take that leap. Why would one even confess – ask ‘why not’.

Why?

"If you don’t like it, if the date sucks and you still don’t see me like I somehow see you, then forget it, we can go back to before.” Minho explains.

Jinki blinks. His lips press and nose crinkles in thought, which are still hard to organize because this whole ordeal seems so out of left field. He never got that impression from his friend at all. Maybe there friendship, one of only a couple years, wherein they hit it off unusually well never was what it seemed. “I.. uh..”

“And, if you want,” Minho looks away this time, obviously not liking what he’s saying but still doing what he thinks is right. “If you don’t want to be friends anymore after, I’ll understand. I’ll leave you alone.”

The idea of not being friends anymore, despite if he liked Minho like that or not, makes Jinki’s chest hurt, so he smiles, legs kicking where he sits, grip tight on the stone beneath him. “Just.. a date?”

Minho’s eyes widen, looking possibly shocked Jinki seems open. “Uh- yeah, just one- a night out where he aren’t just friends.. It’s all I’m asking,” he says in a jumble of nerves.

Jinki shrugs with more thought. He expresses, “Yeah, I think I could do that.”

Minho’s whole face lights up, big eyes nearly twinkling, smile lopsidedly silly. Whatever happens, Jinki hopes he doesn’t lose Minho as a friend, because he truly does like him as a person. He doesn’t want that to change.

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“Whoa-” Jinki leans back far enough he takes a stumble backwards. To steady himself, a hand reaching for the wall of his apartment building he stands right outside of after a long, full-day, date with his good friend Choi Minho. Jinki had agreed to the date, Minho had proposed - literally out of nowhere confessing that he liked Jinki and to just please give him a chance with one date, throwing Jinki for the biggest loop of his life. That date has ended, or so he thought.

“What are you doing?” Jinki asks.

“Trying to kiss you.”

“Eh?”

“It’s all part of the planned date I wrote out.” Minho gives a half-hearted laugh at his joke, eyes darting away anxiously.

Jinki crinkles his nose, gaze serious. He knows Minho, and that obviously is not a joke.

“Okay.. I didn’t want to forget anything though,” Minho sighs, head dropped as he gives in under Jinki’s intense stare. His hand reaches into a pocket to pull out a folded piece of paper. He squints in the darkness as he reads the unfolded notes. “Where are we.. ah -after dinner, take Jinki hyung on a stroll through the park. Drive Jinki hyung home. Give Jinki hyung goodnight kiss.”

Minho flips the paper, holding it out in his hand. Jinki finds scribbles in Minho’s handwriting, many of them, some parts scratched out and re-written, like a lot of thought had gone into this, as well as much rethinking. Jinki blinks, lips chewed.

Jinki did have a fun time on the date, found it thoughtful and well-planned. There seemed to be enough of a balance of things Jinki like to do, like playing shooter games at the arcade or eating at as many food stands as possible, for him not to feel some romantic burden. He almost forgot it was a date sometimes, but then Minho would look at him, it somehow different than he ever remembered, or a hand would brush his body, or even the fact that Minho tried to pay and initiate everything like he was trying really hard to impress, those parts threw Jinki off.

Minho looked nervous now, posture stiffening up, fingers rubbing his head.

Jinki yanks the piece of paper away taking it for himself, glancing over it with contact lenses that don’t help much in the dark. He looks thoughtful, even angry enough Minho appeared fooled by him. He takes a step forward, startling Minho into wide eyes, then of his own freewill, he presses his dry lips to Minho’s in a kiss. It lingers a little longer than he intended, and it feels better than he thought, but Jinki steps back, big smile back again. He waves the paper as Minho looks shocked.

“Your list is completed now.” With that, Jinki forces Minho’s hand into a firm shake, head nodding. “So now we..”

“-go back to before?”

Jinki hesitates, because honestly he’s really confused with this situation still, or what he may or may not feel. “..Yeah, right that.”

Jinki wasn’t ready for the horribly disappointed expression from Minho, or the lack of anymore eye contact. He didn’t expect that bad of a reaction. Jinki isn’t sure what to say. “So.. goodnight.”
Minho nods, hands shoved in his pockets. “Yeah, see you tomorrow, I guess.”

Jinki looks confused a moment. “Oh right, classes. Yep,” he laughs, but it’s forced and awkward.

Minho wonders off then, back to his dinky old car, tapping a failing front bumper with his foot, having nothing more to say. Jinki watches, fingers crumbling up the paper in his hand still, chest tight with hurt he’s not even sure how to express or label.

Jinki barely sleeps that nights and when he manages to drags himself in for late classes the next day, he doesn’t see Minho around campus at all. After bumping into a classmate of Minho’s, Jinki is told Minho didn’t even come today.

Jinki thought everything was supposed to go back to before – normal, Minho around with a warm smile and teasing laugh, asking if Jinki wanting to see a movie or something. They were supposed to be friends still, so why does it feel like they’re not?
Eunsook is sitting on the couch, small baby bump rubbed and eyes watching closely as her young husband is way ahead of the game, dragging in all sorts of baby things, things they probably don’t even need. They’re still quite a few months off, so why the rush. It’s their first child, and they’ve only been married about two years, so there’s still a lot of new aspects, ones he seems to be oblivious to more often than her.

It only makes Eunsook more nervous watching Minho bring all these things in. She’s never been a very tiny girl, always curvy and plump, and pregnancy is making her gain weight at an alarming rate. She worries a lot. Many mirrors are avoided if Eunsook can help it, as self-esteem trickles away.

She worries about a man she married younger than herself, only twenty-four, getting fed up and leaving her nasty carcass behind. He’s the one that has always been a skinny, gangly little thing, eating so much food in front of her but never gaining weight. She worries her own child will be disgusted by her, as if that’s something a newborn can process. Most of all she worries she won’t be able to love herself.

So Eunsook sits, like today, not doing anything but worrying. The days she doesn’t have work to go to are the worst. At least then she can sit and be distracted by calls and computer work. Home should be the happiest place of all, so why isn’t it.

Minho looks tired after dragging all that stuff up to their apartment. He sighs, neatly stacking baby bottles, boxes of diapers and pull-ups, an unassembled crib in a huge box, even things she can’t put a name to. He must have just gotten his tiny paycheck. “What do you think?”

Eunsook glances at the pile, noting the young man’s usual ocd tenancy to make everything fit in a place just right. She nods, face not very excited at all the baby things.

Minho’s eyes widen and he hurries over to sit beside his wife. “What’s wrong? Is the baby okay?”

Eunsook crinkles her nose at him, brows furrowed. If she’s honest, she feels he’s more concerned about the baby anymore than her. She feels neglected, but she can’t just say that right? “The baby is fine.”

Minho’s hand rests on Eunsook’s thigh, and she cringes, finding how big her legs are all over again. She sighs with humiliation.

“Then what?”

Eunsook gives it thought a long moment. She should be assertive, being the older one here. Yes, she’s no pushover little girl. She’s a grown woman. Eunsook just spits it out, voice a little quieter than she intended. “Are you still attracted to me?”

“Eh?” Minho blinks wide eyes, taken aback.

“This baby,” she rubs her belly, inwardly upset with herself she has anger towards an unborn
child, someone who can’t even defend itself. “It’s going to ruin my body. I’ll be fatter than ever.”

“What are you talking about?” Minho has a breathy laugh to his voice, obviously disbelieving.

“It’s not a joke,” Eunsook looks to him, gaze serious.

“I... eh...” Minho takes her hands in his.

“I’m awful,” Eunsook whines now, voice on the verge of tears, “I’m really awful, how can I be a mother when I have thoughts like these...” She’s horribly scared for so many reasons.

Trying to soothe her, Minho presses gentle kisses to her cheek, over and over as she continues to ramble about being a horrible mother.

Minho’s grip squeezes her hands. “Noona...” he says, taking them back to a time before marriage when he called her that always. “Don’t be like this. You’re going to be a great mom, and...” he pulls Eunsook close, taking her into a tender back hug, even while Eunsook frowns. “You’ll always be sexy to me, no matter what size you are.”

Eunsook makes a displeased grunt, tears sucked up, and Minho swallows a laugh, trying really hard to express his thoughts into the right, non-upsetting, words.

“And you’re not even fat. Why would you think that?” Minho kisses her head. “I didn’t marry an older woman because she’s fat. She’s curvy and sexy and perfect,” he says as he swings them slightly back and forth, and the love he gives sinks right into Eunsook very being, once again feeling like she is the center of his universe, no matter what she tries to tell herself on bad, gloomy days.

“She’s going to be the sexiest mom ever,” Minho’s whole voice is smiling and sincere as he speaks. “And still my gorgeous cuddle bear...”

Eunsook feels a small grin coming on, she did make quite a good cuddling companion to a partner who loves the cuddles, there is self-pride in that much. The stressful weight over her shoulders, keeping her down lately, eases up. She feels lighter, if only on the inside – where it matters most. Eunsook places her palms over his, wedding bands brushing as she holds on to her sweet man, who might be too good for her, even if he says otherwise time and time again.

“See, you and I fit together just right.” Minho gives them a fond squeeze, bodies squishing one another. “Like a glove.”

Eunsook almost wants to stay upset but she can’t even. She can’t around this guy, not when he says things so corny but the words seep right into her core.

“Feel better?” Minho’s hands, Eunsook’s still sitting on top of them, rub slightly at the baby bump. “I love you. Please tell me you feel better..”

Eunsook turns, grin showing, eyes smiling. With a quick kiss to his lips, she says, “I feel better.”

“Good.”

Minho gets up, smile so wide and excited, and Eunsook hopes their child will inherit that bright, innocent smile from daddy, as well as his positive attitude and fierce determination. She really, really hopes.

“I want to show you something.”
Eunsook watches as Minho demonstrates some cool baby things he got, showing the excitement of a child after santa claus has visited. She even finds laughter to give when he messes up, dropping things here and there but still insisting she watch because he will do it right ‘this time’.

“Is that.. a breast pump?” Eunsook raises a brow at the latest item Minho pulls from a box..

“I huh.. yeah.” Minho gives her wide, bulging eyes and pressed lips. “It was really embarrassing, I didn’t know what to get.”

Eunsook can bet, just seeing him standing there, looking foolish as he touches everything with the eyes of a curious and confused child. “But I don’t even need one yet.”

“You’re right, huh..” Minho looks the thing over, still holding it in his hands. “Why did I buy this..” He gives her a look, one of pouting and silently whining ‘this is why I need my noona with me, I make dumb decisions’.

Eunsook laughs behind both hands.

Minho settles with a head shake, everything purchased that day set back neatly, then hands scrape through hair as he asks, “What do you want for dinner?”

“Hm?”

“I’m making dinner,” Minho says, pampering his lady. “Anything you want~.” He puts on her pink apron and prepares for a meal as Eunsook thinks it over, even on his weekend off from college classes and work when he should be able to do nothing but rest for hours.

Eunsook can’t be more thankful for a man like Choi Minho in her life, loving her unconditionally, or the fact that she is gifted with a child. Somehow, through it all, she will find that inner love for herself because these two bright, precious things in her life will help guide her there.
Jinki’s birthday party has grown so out of hand, he can’t even be all that surprised when his buddies parade in a stripper and force him to sit in a chair right in front of everyone. Jinki is sure to take his drink with him, going to need the buzz to control himself, also not be too embarrassed getting all down and dirty with a lady stranger.

Good thing Jinki is horribly single or else this would be a bad idea. Maybe that was all the more reason to get him a girl – hire one that would act interested in him just for his birthday. Jinki is a pitiful guy.

The woman is quite tall, also covered head to toe in layers upon layers, which Jinki supposes is all part of the job – stripping clothes off and all.

Music is played and Jinki grins while taking a swig from his drink. He cringes a bit at hard slaps to his shoulders by hollering friends drunker than even he is. A wavy skirt is slowly removed and all eyes gawk with some cat-calls.

Layer after layer is stripped free of the thin figure, soon showing thigh-high pantyhose secured by a bright red garter belt, shown off behind a furry coat that is lifted here and there as the small ass in lacy booty-panties shakes for all the room. Hips keep swaying, long skinny legs gawked at, as the stripper interacts a bit with the group around her.

Attention finally falls on Jinki with an ass backed up towards him, bouncing in a curvy dance, coat teasingly tugged up then dropped again barely over shoulders. The dancer then bends at the knees and slowly straightenings up again, leaning over to wiggle a cute, frilly-laced ass in Jinki’s face. The small crowd cheers, shouts and drinks more noisily with the thumping music. Jinki’s face is flushed, gaze unable to be pulled away for long.

The woman soon sits in his lap, grinding hips against him, hands tugging a fuzzy coat together at her chest still, doing very little teasing at what looks like tiny tits. Jinki gets a good look at her face instead, and he finds her quite appealing. She’s pretty, soft featured with big eyes and pouty lips, and long lashes look like that can’t possibly be natural.

Jinki relaxes a bit, only slightly, with such a pretty lady in his lap stripping just for him. He chews lips and noisy voices of friends fade a bit as he dwells in that gaze and body that appears to only be focused on him – all for Lee Jinki and no one else.

He’s still lost staring at a pretty face when the coat opens, revealing a smooth, silky tanktop with a colorful scarf warped a couple times around a long neck, ends flowing with dance. He also doesn’t notice a very flat chest rub against him a moment. The coat is removed, and dropped aside, the young woman continues dancing in his lap.

She holds tight to Jinki’s shoulders, leaning back slowly until she cannot go any further, arms outstretched, head tipping back with a sway of curly hair.

Jinki’s gaze drunkenly stopped at the tip of perky nipples pressing from beneath the folds of thin silk. His jaw drops.
A deep voice says among the commotion, “Boys?”

A fellow steps up just to yank on the stripper’s hair. Jinki cringes with a choked gasp, mortified by a friend treating a lady so, but all seems well still, and the stripper leans back up, hair suddenly much shorter, floppy in a light brown mess. A friend still holds the black curls, snickering, and the dancer flicks fallen bangs from a small face.

Jinki’s eyes widen; stripper smiling and still rolling hips in his lap effeminately.

Somehow it all makes sense now- it’s a man. The feminine dancing that still felt something off, the strong hands, those shoulders, the awkward steps in heels.

Jinki’s friends burst into laughter, all so amused they tricked their friend on his birthday into a lap dance from a guy.

“You got a male stripper?!” Jinki shouts at them, drink nearly spilled as he flails in the seat, but the dancer is quick to catch the slippery bottle in his grip instead, being ever helpful even if he is giving a soft laugh along with the other guys at Jinki’s expense.

“Happy Birthday Lee Jinki-.” one coos fondly, laughter barely hidden behind a hand. Another friend spits some of his drink out, still laughing too hard at the whole thing.

Still ‘trapped’, Jinki looks the stripper over again, finding he is quite pretty still- or he’s terribly drunk. Jinki isn’t sure if it’s some sort of joking payback or what, when his hands rest at hips that really are too narrow to be female, fingers tangling into lacy panties as his lap is still warmed by the young dancer’s body.

“What’s your name?” Jinki asks.

There’s a bit of hesitation before, with a still very male voice, young man replies. “Minho.”

“I like that.” Jinki tugs Minho closer, then takes another drink, pulling his bottle from the dancer’s hand.

Minho smiles, something sweet and genuine. The man dares to kiss the customer’s cheek, leaving a small, reddish lipgloss impression. Jinki does drop his drink then. Friends laugh again but he doesn’t pay attention.

Jinki’s heart beats a little faster, and he’s not sure how a joke has gone this far, and is the joke supposed to make him insecure about his sexuality, because it’s working. He creeps hands behind, cupping a lightly jiggling bottom, feeling up his gift from crazy dumb friends. His face, just for a moment, buries into the cool, silky of Minho’s top, taking in a scent he thinks he could get addicted to.

Minho rolls and swings hips, even muffling a gasp at the forward touch to his body, caught before anyone else could hear it. It’s like they’re having a real intimate moment, just the two- or possibly Jinki is still growing hornier despite the joke on him. The dancer bites his lips, then licks them slowly, eyes lidded before another big smile is directed down at Jinki, still making Jinki feel like the most important person in the world – a world where gender certainly doesn’t matter.

With a grin, Jinki tugs on the scarf with a bite of his teeth and a bubbling growl, playing around happily as thighs and hips grind his lap still, loud music throbbing through his foggy head.

Jinki is so wasted and on cloud nine, he wonders if by the time the man leaves, if he can get his personal phone number for- not a date, just maybe hang out like bros and stuff, or maybe a date,
he really doesn’t know anymore.

Lee Jinki’s twenty-sixth birthday bash was really way too much.

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