

It takes a special kind of skill to be past the point of no return by 11pm, but he did it, and he doesn't regret it.

Usually he'd be more concerned about how fucking drunk he is on a weeknight, but exams are over and the campus has been party central since Friday night but he hasn't missed one yet and he doesn't plan on it. Plus, he has the really hot boy from his English course pushed up against the washing machine right now in the dark, cramped laundry room in the back of whoever's house this is.

"Should we be doing this back here?" he pants, but Jaebum ignores the question in favor of running his hands down Jinyoung's sides and enjoying the sound he makes when Jaebum starts kissing his neck. Jaebum's been hitting on Park Jinyoung for months, but the incredibly handsome younger boy has deflected every attempt Jaebum has made to hook up with him. Whether due to his own reservations (but it was probably because he had a low opinion of Jaebum to begin with—Jaebum has a class with his friend, Jackson, and Jackson's never been anything been brutally honest with him and Jaebum regrets the day he asked Jackson for Jinyoung's opinion of him) or just because, it only makes this feel like more of a victory.

Jaebum drags his mouth down Jinyoung's neck, scraping his teeth lightly against the skin at the front of his throat and is rewarded with a barely-restrained whine. Jinyoung's back hits the washing machine with a reverberating *twang* and he makes a noise under his breath, but his hips push back at Jaebum's where he's pinning him against it and the grind of their hips together only has Jaebum biting down on his throat. Jinyoung moans, his fingertips digging into Jaebum's skin where they're shoved up the back of his sleeveless shirt, hands sliding along the long line of Jaebum's spine. He shivers under the touch, mouth falling open and breathing shakily against Jinyoung's neck, hands tightening where they're gripping the younger boy's hips.

He doesn't know how long they've been dancing around each other at this party, but he does know that as soon as Jinyoung walked past him and dragged his fingers across Jaebum's chest as he went was as much of an invitation as any. He'd followed Jinyoung to the back of the house, the other boy turning to look at him over a cardigan clad shoulder, devilish grin pulling up the side of his mouth. He may be drunk but he distinctly remembers thinking someone as seemingly innocent and studious as Jinyoung shouldn't be allowed to look that sensual.

Jaebum moves his head back up to chase Jinyoung's mouth with his own when the boy underneath him turns his head, and Jaebum catches the edge of his bottom lip. Jinyoung giggles coyly and Jaebum growls, hands sliding around to grab roughly at Jinyoung's ass and he smiles when Jinyoung's mouth drops open in surprise and pleasure, immediately leaning up to crush their lips together. Jinyoung's easy—his lips part at once, letting Jaebum lick into his mouth and the slide of their tongues together has Jinyoung whining against his teeth. Their hands are everywhere, Jinyoung knocking Jaebum's snapback off when he runs his hands up his neck and into his hair, gripping the dark strands and pulling as Jaebum bites his bottom lip and squeezes his ass. Jinyoung's lips are pretty and plump to begin with, but it just drives

Jaebum more wild with how swollen and wet they are from the roughness of his mouth, cute little noises pulling out of his chest every time Jaebum kisses away from his mouth and down to the corner of his jaw and down his neck.

“Asshole,” Jinyoung breathes unsteadily, choking on the word when Jaebum rolls his hips forward and into Jinyoung’s, but pulling away before Jinyoung can enjoy the pressure of the hardness of Jaebum’s dick against his own. Jaebum just laughs, kissing his mouth again, hands sliding up Jinyoung’s back underneath his shirt, the material bunching at the wrists as he gets to Jinyoung’s shoulders and motions for him to take it off. He loosens his grip on the front of Jaebum’s shirt to lift his arms up, and the look on his face when Jaebum pulls the shirt up over his head feels like a kick in the stomach, getting his hands on his abs immediately and eating up the noise Jinyoung makes with his mouth. Jinyoung moves suddenly, hips rolling, and Jaebum nearly falls backward when Jinyoung balances his weight against him to wrap his legs around Jaebum’s waist. He catches himself with one hand on the door behind him and the other at the small of Jinyoung’s back, and he lets his head drop back painfully against the wood when he feels Jinyoung’s mouth against his throat.

“Jinyoung-ah,” he pants, leaning his back against the door to support their weight, his hand sliding up Jinyoung’s thigh to his ass and gripping it. Jinyoung just hums where he’s sucking a mark into Jaebum’s throat underneath his jaw, and he shudders violently when Jinyoung’s mouth travels up to his ear. His breath is hot where he exhales against the shell of Jaebum’s ear, and a groan rips itself from deep in Jaebum’s chest when Jinyoung starts to mouth at the jewelry in his lobe.

“Jinyoung-ah,” he moans again, nearly incoherent with how good it feels with Jinyoung’s tongue lapping at the sharp metal piercings in his ear. Goosebumps erupt down his arms and legs, and Jinyoung’s smile against his skin as he pants and licks at Jaebum’s ear drives him crazy with lust. His fingertips dig painfully into the skin at Jinyoung’s lower back, and he yelps but just bites down on his earlobe which feels so unfairly good that Jaebum is tempted to just drop him and fuck him roughly into the hardwood floor of the laundry room. He can feel how hard Jinyoung is against his stomach, and Jaebum rocks his hips to grind his cock against Jinyoung’s ass to give him an idea of *just* how turned on he is, too.

Jinyoung pulls away from sucking on his piercings with both hands on his shoulders now, fingertips digging in, chest heaving as he pants. Jaebum can barely see him with how dark it is in the room, but the light underneath the door is just enough to illuminate the mess of his dark hair and the wildness of his eyes, a wet shine clearly visible across his lips. Jaebum doesn’t know if it’s the booze or his dick talking, but fuck, Jinyoung knows how to kiss and he’s kind of falling in love with him right now.

“Jaebum hyung, how far do you live?”

Jaebum stutters. “A-about five minutes walking, why?”

It's dark, but it's enough to see the sharp smile on Jinyoung's face just before he leans in to put his mouth against Jaebum's ear again, hands coming up to lock around the back of his neck. Jaebum's stomach tightens when he whispers,

"How fast can you run?"

Turns out, being drunk has no bearing on how fast he can run when it means that the studious, quiet boy from his English class can be a real freak in bed.

Who knew?