Make It Sweet (Like Honey) - NEXZ Hypeman

“Oh my god, Channie's here!”

Hyunjin turns around to look toward the entrance of the lounge, vision blurring as he moves—he's four cocktails and three shots in, nothing but a bowl of fruit and two tomato-and-cheese skewers in his stomach to soak it up. His eyes blink off rhythm, molasses slow, before he settles his sight on his boyfriend.

Chan meets his gaze, one side of his mouth lifting in an amused grin as he makes his way across the establishment to their table.

“Hi hyung!” Jisung shouts, hopping off of his stool and stumbling on his feet. His forward motion knocks his gaudy tiara askew, and Chan catches him before he can faceplant.

“Jisung, hey, whoa.” Chan lifts him upright, helping him back onto the stool. “Holy shit, are you all wasted?”

Felix visibly pouts, his arms thrown wide. “Chris, where is my hug?!”

Hyunjin snorts a laugh, reaching for his glass—it's mostly half-melted ice and watered down tequila at this point, but there's enough liquid to take a sip. He watches over the rim as Chan rolls his eyes fondly and steps over to hug Felix. Hyunjin loves his best friend, so when he sees the squeeze Felix gives Chan's bicep, he shakes his head and sets his glass down instead of getting mad. He hears Chan giggle, and then there are hands on his waist, sliding around him to pull Hyunjin back against Chan's chest.

“Hi, my love,” Chan murmurs into his ear, nosing at his cheek.

Hyunjin fights a shiver. Instead, he turns enough to see Chan out of the corner of his eye, smirking just so as he says, “hi, Daddy.” Someone at the table gags playfully—probably Kim Seungmin's jealous, bitchless ass—but Hyunjin ignores it, tilting his head to catch Chan's lips. They're soft, a little dry against the wetness of Hyunjin's own, but he melts into the kiss regardless. His safety, his comfort person. "You're early," Hyunjin murmurs, pressing his lips back to Chan's.

Chan licks into his mouth, curling his tongue around Hyunjin's own, flicking the barbell that runs through it before he retreats. "You think I don't know what part of the night you'll be nearly shit-faced?" he husks right into Hyunjin's ear, warm and teasing. "I know you, my love."

To hide his reddening cheeks, Hyunjin turns his head away from Chan, looking back at the rest of the table, at his friends—but no one is paying attention. Minho and Changbin must have arrived right after Chan. Jisung has his tongue down his future husband's throat, and

Changbin is grinning and flexing for Felix while Seungmin groans at them. "Were you guys together?" Hyunjin asks, gesturing at the others instead of responding to Chan's statement.

"We had dinner, yeah." Chan presses a kiss to Hyunjin's jaw before straightening out, keeping his arms wrapped around Hyunjin. "Jeongin's outside on the phone, his little brother called. He's here to take Felix home."

With a snort, Hyunjin picks up his glass to take a sip of his drink while watching Seungmin roll his eyes at Felix, who is now groping Changbin's arms and shoulders, only to realize that the cup is empty. He pouts as he puts it down, then swings his pouty face back to his boyfriend.

Chan eyes him warily. "What?" Hyunjin pushes his glass forward with two fingers, making sure to look extra sulky and tempting. Chan raises an eyebrow. "Use your words, brat."

If Hyunjin was standing, he'd stomp his foot. "Can you get me another drink?" He flutters his eyelashes. Chan blinks at him expectantly, and Hyunjin huffs. "Please, Daddy?"

"Good boy," Chan murmurs, squeezing Hyunjin's waist before letting go. The empty glass disappears with his boyfriend, so Hyunjin leans forward to eavesdrop on his friends' conversations.

"–no! Hyung, cut it out!" Seungmin's voice rises as Changbin steps closer, ending in a loud, "Yah!" when Changbin squats in front of him and bands his arms around Seungmin's thighs to lift him up. Seungmin's upper body collapses onto Changbin's shoulder as he's hoisted into the air, cutting off his protests instantly. Changbin grunts victoriously, turning around to show off his prize—Kim Seungmin's ass. Hyunjin watches with amusement as Changbin swats Seungmin once, then twice, before Felix hops off of his stool to land a blow to his roommate's rear as well.

"What the hell is happening here?" The entrance to the lounge is behind him so Hyunjin doesn't see Jeongin walk in, but suddenly there's a body on the stool next to him and Hyunjin has to swivel his head to see their ginger-haired maknae, who's staring at the spectacle on the far side of the table.

"Yeni!" Hyunjin tries to lean over for a hug but he slips, nearly falling to the floor, but Jeongin's strong arms catch him and help him upright. It's more physical contact than Jeongin usually allows, so Hyunjin counts it as a win. "We missed you tonight. Did you have fun with the hyungs?"

Jeongin rolls his eyes, but his cheeks dimple with his grin. "I missed you guys too," he confesses quietly, his eyes glancing over to Felix then back to Hyunjin. "The hyungs can be a little boring sometimes. Tell me why I had to listen to them talk about retirement plans."

"Because we're old, Jeongin-ah," Chan says smoothly as his arm curls around Hyunjin to place a fresh glass of tequila and lime into his palm. Hyunjin beams up at him, eternally grateful for his wonderful boyfriend as he lifts the cup to take a sip—

"Yah!" Hyunjin balks as he sets the glass down abruptly. "This isn't tequila!"

Chan stares back at him, face resolute. "No, it's not."

Affronting a pout, Hyunjin hunches and juts his lower lip out, doing his damnedest to look adorable and amenable to Chan, but it doesn't seem to work. Chan only smiles, pinching Hyunjin's jaw to tilt his head up to kiss his protruded lip before saying, "drink your water, baby."

Jeongin chuckles behind him, and it makes Hyunjin's cheeks flame. He wants to pout harder, to throw a tantrum until Chan gets angry and carts him off to be reprimanded—a firm hand across his ass or a vibrating plug forced into him—but they're in public, and Hyunjin is just introverted enough to stave off the urge.

He doesn't like an audience, not when Chan gets all dominant and commanding. The man is hot enough as it is, the affable nice guy, kind and generous and buff and gorgeous. If Hyunjin has to watch anyone else ogle his boyfriend, it will burn the pleasant thrum of alcohol right out of his bloodstream.

Hyunjin picks up the glass, maintaining eye contact with Chan, and drains it. It's a little awkward to maneuver, since Chan doesn't release his grip on Hyunjin's chin, but he manages just fine, and it's one hundred percent worth it to see the flicker of pride that alights Chan's eyes.

"Good boy," Chan murmurs, then drags Hyunjin's face closer for a searing kiss.

It's easy to get lost in Chan's lips, in the way they move against Hyunjin's own. He's been kissed by Chan hundreds—if not thousands, *millions*—of times by now, nearly five years into their relationship, but Hyunjin is still amazed by how it always feels like the first time. The kick-drum of his heart, the way his skin tingles, the taste of Chan... all intentionally designed to send Hyunjin to his doom. He understands the Fall of Troy, the erection of the Taj Mahal, Marc Antony's obsession with Cleopatra.

Hyunjin would do anything for Chan.

"Innie!" Felix shrieks loudly, startling Hyunjin enough that he pulls himself free of Chan's mouth. He watches as their sunshine bounds over to the maknae, launching himself into Jeongin's lap with a giggle. Felix's eyes are glazed, his smile wide as he boldly squeezes Jeongin's cheeks and then—to everyone's surprise—leans forward to press their lips together.

Jeongin makes a squeaking noise of surprise, his eyes widening as his hands splay on Felix's waist before he grips him tighter, pulling him closer. Hyunjin giggles to himself, leaning into Chan as they both watch their two sweetest friends, their angels, explore each other's mouths for the first time.

Someone makes a retching sound. "Oh, ew, gross. Get a room." Hyunjin glances over at Seungmin, his face scrunched up in a gag. Changbin grapples him into a headlock, dragging him down and murmuring something into his ear that makes Seungmin's mouth quirk up into a grin.

Hyunjin averts his eyes, instead tilting his head up to his boyfriend. Chan turns to meet his gaze, amusement dancing on his face. "Ready to leave, my love?"

With a nod, Hyunjin moves to stand up. Jisung and Minho are still sucking face behind Changbin and Seungmin, and Felix is grinding in Jeongin's lap. "We're never going to be able to come back here if these freaks keep it up," Hyunjin grumbles, leaning over to flick the loop in Felix's upper earlobe. "Hey, freaks. Take it home before you get kicked out for public indecency."

"That's rich coming from you, Hwang," Seungmin bites back across the table, freed from bicep prison—and visibly sulking about it.

"Get fucked, puppy," Hyunjin snarks, and Felix cackles.

"He wishes," Jeongin murmurs, burying his face in the fluffy side of Felix's head, making Felix squeal and grab his shoulders.

Seungmin squints at the pair, then opts to remain silent, rolling his eyes before reaching for his phone on the table and stalking away toward the bathroom. Changbin sighs, exasperated, then sets off after him.

"See you guys tomorrow," Changbin throws over his shoulder. "I'll get the puppy home."

"Bye hyung, don't forget the rehearsal starts at 2PM!" Felix calls cheerily, giggling as Jeongin noses at his neck. "Did we pay the tab?" Felix asks Hyunjin, just as his eyes roll backward from whatever spot Jeongin reaches.

"I did, don't worry." Chan lays a receipt on the table, and Hyunjin's eyes water at the total. *Holy shit*, how much did the four of them drink?! "You guys are all set, you can leave whenever. I, however, am going to take my Hyunjinnie home and put him to bed."

There's a low whooping sound from across the table. Minho's looking over at them with a smirk, Jisung slumped against him, eyelids drooping. "Oh, I bet you will." Minho wiggles his brows suggestively, and Jisung breaks out into laughter.

"Y'r soooo funny, hyung," Jisung slurs, and Chan waves a hand toward him.

"Those in glass houses, Min."

Pursing his lips, Minho sets his jaw and grips Jisung tighter. "Touche."

"Come on, hyung," Jeongin says, patting Felix's hip loudly. "My car is outside, I followed Chan-hyung."

Chan holds out a hand to help Hyunjin stand—*whoa*. The room is spinning. He giggles to himself. *Neat*. Hyunjin staggers forward, not going very far thanks to Chan reaching for his waist to stabilize him. Slowly, the six of them stumble out of the lounge and into the parking lot. Jeongin's sleek white coupe is parked next to Chan's big black SUV. Hyunjin sees Jeongin usher Felix to the passenger side, opening the door for him and helping him into the seat. He shouts a goodnight at Felix, who turns to wave and blow a kiss to Hyunjin just as the door closes him into the car.

"You think they're gonna fuck?" Hyunjin asks.

Minho snorts as he rips open the back door of Chan's car and shoves Jisung inside. "Does a bear shit in the woods?"

Hyunjin sees Chan's eyes roll as he reaches in front of Hyunjin to open the door for him. "Don't be so sure, Min. You know Jeonginnie won't do anything if Felix is too drunk to consent."

"Lixie barely drank tonight," Hyunjin says, slipping into the passenger seat. He leans back, biting his lip when Chan pulls the seat belt out and ducks into the car to fasten it for Hyunjin.

"Yeah, he was being super lame!" Jisung shouts from the back, and Hyunjin blinks exaggeratedly, bringing his hand up to the ear closest to Jisung. It makes Chan fight a laugh, and when he closes the door to round the front of the car, Hyunjin follows him with his eyes and watches his boyfriend indulge himself in a little giggle. He's composed himself again by the time he opens the driver door, sliding into his seat smoothly.

God, he's so sexy.

Hyunjin chews on his lip as Chan starts the car and eases out of the parking spot. Minho and Jisung are talking to Chan, he realizes distantly, but Hyunjin doesn't pay them any mind. Instead, he keeps his eyes on Chan, watching the way his arms flex and shift when he turns the steering wheel, the veins in his neck that pulse when he breaks out into laughter, lifting his hand up to catch the loud guffaw that scrunches up his face as he turns onto Minho and Jisung's street.

Hyunjin can't help but smile when Chan does, especially when Chan turns to look at him and finds Hyunjin already watching. One brow rises, a dimple flashing, before Chan reaches across

the console to grab Hyunjin's hand in his own. When their fingers tangle together, Chan tugs him closer, brings their joined hands to his face and kisses the back of Hyunjin's hand.

"Aegi, we're almost home," Minho murmurs, fond even through the admonishment. "You can take your pants off when we're there."

"Hyung, it hurts," Jisung whines softly, and Hyunjin—who shared a dorm room with Jisung during their freshman year of uni—grimaces knowingly.

Minho clicks his teeth. "Well, that's what happens when you let your pathetic little dick get hard in public, bug."

Chan brings the car to a stop right in front of their house just then, right as Hyunjin is fighting mental demons, mental images of the two depraved idiots in the backseat. He'd walked in on them plenty of times during his cohabitation with Jisung, even waking up some mornings to Jisung getting plowed through his mattress a mere meter away, so he's unfortunately, intimately aware of many of the Lee-Han bedroom habits.

"Alright, freaks," Chan says, breaking out into a grin as he releases Hyunjin's hand and shifts into park, twisting to look at their friends. "Bang Taxi Service has reached our destination. Get out of my car before you defile the leather back there."

"*Again*," Hyunjin adds, and Minho smirks.

"You're welcome for that, actually," he says, and Hyunjin fakes a shudder. Minho's upper lip curls away from his teeth, but he reaches for the door anyway. "Come on, Jisungie. Let's go get you out of those evil pants."

They watch Minho half-carry Jisung up the driveway and through the front door. Once the porch light shuts off, Chan shifts back into drive and pulls away from the curb, and Hyunjin resumes studying Chan. He smiles to himself when Chan reaches over to rest his hand on Hyunjin's thigh, fingertips sliding into the ripped threads of his jeans to rub at the bare skin beneath.

"Did you have a good time tonight?" Chan asks softly, barely audible over the low hum of the engine and the noise of the tires over the asphalt.

Hyunjin hums. "I did. You know I love the boys." He lets his head fall back against the headrest, glancing back at Chan with hazy eyes. "But I missed you."

The fingers on his thigh squeeze his flesh briefly. "I missed you too, babyboy." It's a quiet admission, but Hyunjin knows Chan means it. Neither of them speaks again, just content to be with each other as they make their way back to their apartment. The car rolls to a stop at the light before their building, and Chan leans over the center console to reach for Hyunjin's jaw.

His lips are soft and gentle, leaving Hyunjin burning for more when he pulls away to keep driving when the car behind them honks after the light changes.

The parking garage is half empty when Chan drives in, and Hyunjin has never been more grateful for their unit's assigned spot's proximity to the elevator. The sooner he gets his hands on Chan, the better.

"Wait for me, babe," Chan says after shutting the car off, so Hyunjin doesn't reach for his door. He follows Chan with his eyes, watching him walk around the front of the hood, and then the door is opening. Chan holds his hand out, a megawatt smile on his face. "Your highness."

Hyunjin rolls his eyes, sinking his teeth into his lower lip to avoid drooling over his boyfriend's goofy joke, even if it does make his skin prickle in delicious ways. "You're so–"

"Charming?" Chan offers when Hyunjin cuts himself off. "Adorable? Irresistible? Handsome?"

Hyunjin takes the outstretched hand and slides out of the car with a very endeared huff. Chan can tell, too, if the way his dimple deepens is any indication. He pulls Hyunjin out of the path of the closing door, the pad of his finger touching the sensor to lock the car, and then Chan is guiding them to the elevator. "Ridiculous," is what Hyunjin answers finally, crossing his arms while Chan reaches for the button to call the elevator.

"You love me," Chan reminds him unnecessarily, and Hyunjin rolls his eyes just as the elevator arrives, the stainless steel doors opening in front of them.

With both hands on Chan's chest, Hyunjin pushes his boyfriend backward into the elevator, hitting the button for the eighth floor before crowding Chan into the corner. "Shut the fuck up and kiss me," Hyunjin murmurs, fisting his hands in the fabric of Chan's shirt and hauling him closer.

The kiss is harried and uncoordinated—Hyunjin's fault—a messy clashing of teeth and tongues. Chan grunts as Hyunjin slams him backward into the wall, chasing his mouth with a whine. Hands slip under the flowy satin of Hyunjin's shirt, the coolness of Chan's fingers soothing the fire building under Hyunjin's own skin. The barbell in Hyunjin's tongue clacks against Chan's teeth, and his boyfriend groans, scraping his teeth over Hyunjin's lower lip line.

"Daddy," Hyunjin moans into Chan, feeling fingers squeeze his waist. "Want you," he breathes, swiping his tongue into Chan's open mouth, swallowing the involuntary little exhale that Chan makes.

"Yeah? How do you want me, babyboy?"

Hyunjin drops to his knees, barely noticing the impact as he paws at Chan's pants. Chan gasps, bowling over first to check on Hyunjin and then attempting to stop the desperate clutching of his hands at his waist.

"Baby! *Oh my god*, what are you– honey, there's cameras in here," Chan points out, grabbing Hyunjin's hands before he can drag down the zipper gate-keeping his boyfriend's cock from him.

"Don't care," Hyunjin mumbles, attempting to unzip Chan's pants despite the grip on his hands. "Need you in my mouth right now."

There's a faint ding as the elevator slows down, leveling out at their floor, and before Hyunjin can process anything, Chan is picking him up and—*oh, there's Chan's ass*. His head swims a little. He hums pleasantly as he stares at Chan's ass, reaching down with his left hand to squeeze it. His right arm is trapped between his body and Chan's neck where he's been thrown over his shoulder, but Hyunjin doesn't mind. He gropes at the cheek under his hand, hearing the protestant little *'hey!'* Chan lets out with a laugh as he carries them down the hall toward their apartment.

Once they make it inside, Chan tosses Hyunjin down onto the couch. He bounces slightly, and his head spins—the 270 degree transition from upside down over Chan's shoulder to flat on his back is just a little more than his inebriated brain can process. He blinks up at their ceiling as Chan removes Hyunjin's shoes and his own, then presses his thumbs into the ball of Hyunjin's foot.

A wanton moan slips free as Hyunjin looks down at Chan. "*Daddy*," he warbles, suddenly overwhelmed by just how fucking sweet his boyfriend is.

Chan smiles up at him, crouched at the end of the couch as he kneads Hyunjin's foot to work out any soreness. "I'm right here, my love." He releases the first foot and picks up the other. Hyunjin's eyes slam shut as another moan tumbles out of him. "Didn't realize you'd be so sore from sitting in a bar all night," Chan says cheekily.

Hyunjin squints one eye open at his boyfriend. "We ate dinner in Itaewon first," he says matter-of-factly, sniffling haughtily. "Then we walked to the bar."

"I stand corrected. You definitely weren't still in Itaewon when I picked you up."

Hyunjin can hear the barely contained laughter in his boyfriend's voice, so he scoffs. He pulls his foot out of Chan's grip, sitting up to reach for Chan. "Shut up," he sneers, tugging Chan forward by his collar. They tumble backward onto the couch, Hyunjin's legs falling open to make room for Chan's wide hips. Lips smash against his own as Hyunjin scrambles to get Chan's shirt unbuttoned and pushed off of his shoulders.

"Impatient," Chan grunts into his mouth, shifting to shove his hands under the flowy material of Hyunjin's shirt. Hyunjin hisses at the feeling of his boyfriend's cold hands on his skin. Chan, the *bastard,* just laughs.

"I have been half-hard since you walked into the bar," Hyunjin says, yanking Chan back down to kiss him. Groaning, Chan rolls his hips, and Hyunjin can feel the bulge in Chan's groin—he's hard, too.

Fuck, he's perfect.

"Do we still have lube in here somewhere?" Hyunjin asks between kisses, eyes rolling back when Chan grinds down into him.

"In here, like the apartment?"

"No, smart ass, in *here*—the living room." Hyunjin waves an arm out toward the coffee table, and Chan follows it with his eyes.

"Um, maybe in the– hold on." Chan sits up on his haunches and twists toward the coffee table, reaching onto the lower shelf to pull out the basket of miscellaneous supplies they keep there: tissues, cough drops, floss picks, spare chargers.

But no lube, apparently.

"We must have finished it last time," Chan concludes after rifling through the bin. He slides it back into place, then steps off the couch. "Should I go get some, or–"

Hyunjin rolls his eyes. "Might as well *both* go to the bedroom," he grumbles, taking the hand Chan offers to help him off the couch. "So much for spontaneity. We gotta replace that bottle."

"Aye aye, captain baby," Chan agrees with a smirk. Hyunjin scowls at him, rolling his eyes when it only makes Chan laugh. "Come on." He wraps his arms around Hyunjin's waist and herds him toward their bedroom. Hyunjin lays his arms atop Chan's, leaning his head back onto Chan's shoulder as Chan knees his legs forward with every step.

He's being difficult on purpose—because he can be. And because he knows Chan likes it.

A puff of air ghosts over his neck as Chan sighs, and teeth graze his skin. "Brat," Chan murmurs, but it comes out fond more so than disciplinary.

The door to their bedroom is cracked open, widening when Hyunjin pushes it as Chan guides him inside. Wasting no time, Chan's hands grip the bottom hem of his shirt and tugs upward, yanking it off of Hyunjin's body to toss it into the hamper next to the door into the bathroom. Hyunjin gasps in faux shock, covering his chest with his hands as he spins to face his boyfriend. "Mr. Bang, are you trying to seduce me?"

"Pretty sure you started this," Chan replies, raising one eyebrow. His arms bulge as he crosses them, drawing Hyunjin's attention downward.

He hums mindlessly as he wraps one of his hands around Chan's bicep, watching the skin shift under his fingers as he squeezes. "God," he murmurs, his other hand mimicking the move on Chan's opposite arm. "You're so fucking hot."

Chan's hands come to rest on his hips, pushing against them until Hyunjin is stumbling backward toward the bed. A gleeful laugh bubbles out of him as he lands in the sheets, his head spinning slightly. Chan reaches for his pants, and Hyunjin helps him shove them down, pushing at the fabric until it slides away, leaving him naked and giggling.

"What are you laughing at, hmm?" Chan asks, smiling down at him as he moves to undo his own pants.

Hyunjin's laughter trails off into an appreciative hum, a delighted grin on his face as he watches his super hot boyfriend strip off the last of his clothes. "My favorite show is on," he mumbles when Chan's cock springs free, slapping against his abdomen as he bends down to remove his clothing. "And there's my favorite star."

Chan scoffs, stepping out of the fabric pooling at his feet, tossing it into the hamper. "You just like me for my dick," he teases, approaching the bed.

"Yeah, definitely," Hyunjin responds in kind, reaching out to wrap his hand around Chan's cock as he climbs on top of Hyunjin. Chan hisses, groaning as he lowers his body to Hyunjin's and claims his mouth. Hyunjin keens into it, shifting his grip on Chan as their cocks press together, fingers curling around both of them. Chan bucks his hips into the hold, dragging against Hyunjin so deliciously that he moans right into his lover's mouth. "Daddy," he babbles, mouth falling slack when Chan bucks his hips again.

"God, baby," Chan groans again, sinking his teeth into Hyunjin's jawline, rocking his hips up. "Want to be inside you."

Hyunjin's hand tightens of its own volition as Hyunjin moans. "Yes, yes, inside." He loosens his hand as Chan pulls away from him, sitting up on his knees.

"Move up, baby," he says, tapping Hyunjin's thigh and leaning over to grab the bottle of lube still sitting on the corner of the bedside table, left out since the previous evening. "Give me some room."

Shimmying up the bed, Hyunjin comes to rest in the center. He pulls one of the pillows closer, tucking it under his head as Chan pops the top of the lube to drizzle some onto his fingers. They're already warm by the time Chan presses two of them to his hole, rubbing at the tight furl until the first fingertip slips in.

"There we go," Chan nearly coos at him as he fits his fingers into Hyunjin easily. "Good boy."

The praise goes straight to Hyunjin's dick, kicking against his stomach. He lifts his left leg to give Chan more access, a better angle to scissor him open, and Chan kisses his raised knee. Hyunjin's eyes flutter closed when Chan grazes his prostate, a breathy sigh spilling past his lips. "Right there," he whispers, and Chan pushes his fingers more firmly into the spot.

"Can you cum like this?" he asks sweetly, lips still pressed to Hyunjin's knee.

Hyunjin nods—then shakes his head. "Yeah, but I don't want to. Want you inside first."

Chan curses under his breath, then another finger slips into Hyunjin beside the first two. The stretch is a little tight, but it feels divine. Chan keeps him relatively open most days, burying his cock or his fingers and tongue into Hyunjin nearly every night. It's easy to coax him open, getting him loose enough to take Chan's fat cock easily, especially when he's pleasantly buzzed like this.

"Tha's 'nough," he mumbles, his leg slipping as he reaches for Chan. "Want you inside, now please."

Chan huffs a laugh, probably at how insistent Hyunjin is being, but he complies regardless. He removes his fingers from Hyunjin's hole, picking up the lube bottle to pour out more into his hand and slick up his cock. "You're demanding when you're drunk," he says, not quite able to hide the fondness under his words.

Hyunjin shakes his head. "Not drunk," he corrects, "just feel good. Wanna feel even better though." His hands grip Chan's sides, pulling him closer. Their cocks knock together again, and Chan grunts as he angles his hips.

"Wait, baby," he leans down on one arm, using his other hand to guide his cockhead to Hyunjin's wet hole, and Hyunjin's tongue piercing clacks against his teeth as Chan pushes in. It always feels good, always feels like a reset—every nerve in his body realigning in pursuit of pure pleasure at Chan's hands—but something about the alcohol thrumming in his veins heightens the feeling.

Hyunjin's head tilts back into the pillows as Chan slides all the way inside, burying himself to the base. He feels Chan's shaky exhale, fisting his hands into the pillowcase around his head. "Fuck," he whispers, abdomen clenching in pleasure from the girth of Chan pressed hot and heavy into his prostate. "Oh, I'm– fast," Hyunjin tries, attempting to warn Chan that he's not going to last, not quite conherent enough to form a full explanation.

Chan must misunderstand. He pulls out slowly, then pushes back into Hyunjin—*fast*.

Hyunjin gasps. Chan does it again before Hyunjin can scramble to say anything, dropping down to his elbows and tucking his face into Hyunjin's neck as he pistons into Hyunjin at a rough, persistent pace.

Pleasure coils behind Hyunjin's belly button, building quick with every thrust, every rough grind of Chan's abs over Hyunjin's drippy aching cock. Hyunjin's hands fly to Chan's shoulders, clutching his back desperately as he gasps and mewls. His hole clenches involuntarily, making Chan grunt and groan, teeth sinking into the slick skin of Hyunjin's neck.

"Channie, *God*. Daddy, I'm–"

Hyunjin explodes, the lit fuse of his arousal detonating his release. His breath catches on a low moan, body seizing under Chan's as he cums, spasming around the perfect thick cock splitting him open and splattering his spend in the narrow space between their bellies.

Chan slows down, kissing Hyunjin's throat and nosing at his jaw as his hips still against Hyunjin's ass, waiting for him to catch his breath. "Good, you did so good for me, my love," he murmurs, capturing Hyunjin's lips in a gentle kiss when he relaxes and his head tilts back down.

"Keep going," Hyunjin pants into his mouth, sucking on the tongue Chan thrusts inside. He presses the ball of his piercing into the soft underside, then lets him go. "Want you to breed me."

Chan bucks involuntarily with a groan, and Hyunjin can't help the cackle he lets out. Chan sighs, his forehead dropping down to Hyunjin's collarbone. "You– I never should have told you about that."

"No, you shouldn't have," Hyunjin agrees, throwing his weight forward to roll them over. Chan lands on his back with a soft *oof,* hands finding Hyunjin's hips as he settles on top of him. His cock is still nestled inside, and Hyunjin gives an experimental circle of his hips to see how Chan reacts.

"Oh my god," Chan moans, his eyes fluttering shut. Hyunjin rolls his hips again, slow and deliberate. "Baby."

"I think I could get hard again," Hyunjin admits, raking his hand down the ripple of Chan's muscled torso, "seeing you underneath me like this."

Chan pries one eye open, mouth quirking on one side. His dimple threatens the otherwise slackened muscles of his jaw. "Oh yeah?" Hyunjin nods, and Chan squeezes his hips, pulling him forward to rock back onto his cock. "You're that turned on right now?"

Squeezing one of Chan's pecs, Hyunjin nods again. "Yeah, Daddy," he says airily as Chan whines. "Love it when you're good to me."

Something in Chan's face softens, his eyes shining with something incredibly sentimental that Hyunjin—okay, he admits it—is too drunk to process. "You deserve the best, sweetheart."

Hyunjin clenches. "Shut up," he spits, ignoring the flush of heat across his cheeks and chest. Chan smiles knowingly, guiding Hyunjin's hips back into a steady rhythm. He tilts his face up to meet Hyunjin's for a kiss when Hyunjin leans over, one hand braced against the headboard.

A low simmering heat reignites in Hyunjin's belly, and he pushes up to lean back, changing the angle Chan's cock bullies into him with every slow thrust. His hands find Chan's knees behind him, his head angled back as he moans softly. It feels good, the deep unhurried pace, after the frantic fucking that had pushed Hyunjin into his first orgasm. He wants to savor it, to feel every centimeter of Chan's perfect cock inside him, the way it drags along his sensitive rim, his swollen prostate.

Fuck, he loves this man.

"When we get married, can we skip the split bachelor parties?" Hyunjin asks, apropos of nothing.

Chan chokes on air. "What?"

"I don't want to celebrate anything without you," Hyunjin answers, lifting his head to stare down his body at his lover. "Tonight was weird—the group shouldn't be split up like that again."

"You wouldn't want a night with your side of the bridal party?"

Hyunjin shakes his head. "It's stupid. Jisung spent the whole night missing Minho." He scrunches his face up. "I don't want to miss you two days before our wedding, that's no fun."

One of Chan's hands leaves Hyunjin's hip, reaching for his face. Chan sits up to complete the movement, cupping Hyunjin's face and tilting it down. "Whatever you want," he promises, eyes flicking between Hyunjin's own. "Okay? Whatever you want, baby. If you're going to grant me the privilege of becoming your husband, I don't care what happens—as long as it's me and you standing at the altar."

Hyunjin's breath catches in his throat. "You mean it?"

"Of course, I mean it," Chan affirms. The hand on Hyunjin's cheek slides into his hair, cradling his head. The way he looks up at Hyunjin is so soft, so full of love. "I love you, Hyunjin, and I'm going to love you for the rest of our lives."

Staring down at his boyfriend, Hyunjin's mouth feels dry. He's afraid that nothing he could say would fully represent the breadth of his feelings, the love he has for Chan. "Fuck," he says instead, smashing his mouth to Chan's in a desperate and greedy kiss. He moans when Chan reciprocates just as desperately, and Chan swallows his gasp as he flips them over, pressing Hyunjin into the mattress.

Hyunjin whines, back arching as Chan fucks back into him with deep, slow strokes.

"I love you," Chan says again, directly into his mouth. "I love you so much, baby."

"Chan– *Chris*," Hyunjin sobs on a moan, stars bursting behind his squeezed-shut eyelids. Chan's lips mash against his chin.

"You feel so good, so good for me, yeah?" Chan's hips slap against Hyunjin's thighs with every thrust. "Fuck, baby, I'm gonna cum."

"Do it," Hyunjin begs, twisting his fingers into the sheets. He lifts his legs, pulling them closer, making the angle easier for Chan to fuck into him. "Daddy, please."

Chan drags his lips across Hyunjin's cheek, gripping one knee with a firm hand. "Say it, Hyunjin," he grunts, teeth scraping skin. "Tell me you love me."

A targeted thrust to his prostate makes Hyunjin keen. "Fuck! Oh, my god, *I love you*. I love you, I love you, Chan, please–"

With a loud, stuttering moan, Chan slams into Hyunjin and pulses, grinding his cock in small circles—drilling right into Hyunjin's prostate. Hyunjin nearly shouts as his second climax ricochets through him hard. His hearing fades for a moment, his entire existance dissolving like spun sugar into the wave of pleasure.

"–unjin? Baby?"

He comes back to consciousness slowly, wading through the fog in his mind. His head spins—probably from the alcohol. When he blinks his sticky eyes open, Chan hovers over him, smoothing a thumb over Hyunjin's cheek.

Chan smiles down at him. "Hi, beautiful."

Hyunjin's throat is dry when he tries to reply, throat clicking as he swallows. "Hi," he manages a rasp. Chan sucks at his teeth, disappearing from view as the bed shifts. A moment later, there's a hand on Hyunjin's arm, dragging him to the edge of the bed.

"Come on, let's get you cleaned up." Chan scoops him up in a bridal carry, walking him into their attached bathroom and setting him gently on the counter. There's a few unopened

bottles of water on the shelf next to the mirror, and he twists one open for Hyunjin. "Drink this. I'll turn the shower on."

Hyunjin downs the bottle, grateful for his boyfriend's foresight and over-preparedness, specifically for moments like this. He thinks he'd cry if Chan left for the kitchen to get him water right now.

The sound of the shower starts, the gentle stream of their dual showerheads—one rainfall, one traditional—hitting the tiles and filling the otherwise quiet room. Chan shakes his hand off, wet from reaching into the shower stall, then steps between Hyunjin's legs. "How do you feel?"

"I'm good, baby, thank you," Hyunjin mumbles, draping his arms over Chan's shoulders and leaning into him. Chan chuckles, wrapping his arms around Hyunjin's waist to keep him steady, and they sit there like that for a minute while the water heats up.

Chan angles his head, pressing a kiss to Hyunjin's temple. "Do you need me to carry you in?"

Hyunjin shakes his head before taking a deep breath. "No, that's okay." He slides off the counter, feeling the squishy sensation of Chan's cum starting to ooze out of him. Chan holds his hand, the other resting on his low back, and leads him into the shower.

The water feels incredible. Between the heat seeping into his muscles and the orgasms making his bones feel like jelly, Hyunjin wants to collapse into a puddle, but Chan keeps him upright, slotting himself against Hyunjin's back and snaking his arms around the narrow span of his waist.

They wash up in contented silence. Chan takes the soaped up washcloth from Hyunjin and scrubs him head to toe, leaving soft kisses to the clean skin once the water washes away the suds. Hyunjin lets Chan press him into the tiles and lick into his mouth while Chan's fingers gently prod at his hole to empty the cum that leaks out.

When the water shuts off, Chan pulls down a fluffy towel from the warmer on the wall, wrapping it around Hyunjin. "I love you," he murmurs, lips against the underside of Hyunjin's jaw.

Hyunjin tilts his head down to meet the kiss. "I love you."

Chan mewls softly in response, widening his mouth to let Hyunjin deepen the kiss.

"Did you mean it?" Hyunjin asks later, when they've finally tumbled back into bed. Chan lays on his back, squinting up against the brightness of his phone as he checks and double-checks their alarms. He's shirtless, skin still warm from the shower when Hyunjin rolls onto his side to lay his face against it.

Chan's hand cradles the back of his head automatically, threading into the dry strands of Hyunjin's hair—the ones he'd dried quickly before letting Hyunjin go to bed with wet hair. "Mean what?" he asks, half-paying attention. Hyunjin doesn't answer right away, so he locks his phone and drops it to the nightstand before giving Hyunjin his full attention. "Baby?"

"What you said—about us at the altar."

Chan's mouth drops open softly, barely visible in the faint light from the glowing salt lamp across the room. "Baby. Of *course*, I meant it." He shifts, jostling Hyunjin's head off his chest and wriggling until they're laying on their sides facing each other. "I don't care about anything else but you, Hyunjin. Whatever life throws at us, we'll survive. As long as I'm standing next to you… that's all I need."

Hyunjin is grateful for the darkness. Still, he imagines his soft sniffle gives him away, overcome with emotion as he is, because Chan slides closer.

"Baby…"

"I love you," Hyunjin says, allowing himself to be tucked into Chan's arms. "You're all I need, too."

And the answering laugh isn't mocking, isn't cruel. It's sweet, charmed. "I know, my love. I know."

xx