

“Oh, your roommates aren’t home?”

Jaebum wants to laugh at him, but he just opens the door wide enough for the really hot boy from his English course to step into his apartment. Park Jinyoung is arguably the hottest thing he’s ever seen: he’s long and lean, hiding what Jaebum is *sure* is a toned body underneath the cute loose sweaters he wears over tight jeans that hug his perfect ass like a dream. Jaebum’s never been one for staring (Jackson and Youngjae would both vehemently contest this, but he’s lucky and neither of them are home to embarrass him) but the day he walked into class and saw Park Jinyoung bending over one of the desks talking to a pretty American boy, Jaebum knew he’d never be the same.

“Ah, yeah, they’re both busy today,” he says, closing the door behind Jinyoung, who just kind of stands in his living room with a backpack slung over one shoulder and a book clutched close to his chest. It’s not a lie, though; Jackson and Youngjae both had things to do today, and it just so happens that today is the day Jaebum *really* needed a good tutoring session in English. Jinyoung looks nervous, dark eyes watching him and then away, to the posters on the wall and down the hall. Jaebum motions to the large table in the small nook directly off their kitchen that serves as their dining room. “You can sit down, you know.”

Jinyoung smiles at him a little shyly and picks the seat closest to the wall. Jaebum disappears for a moment to grab his textbook from his room, and is pleasantly surprised when he comes back and Jinyoung has his open already. He’s already laid out a bunch of papers, fanned out above the textbook and waiting for him and in front of the empty seat next to Jinyoung that looks suspiciously as though it’s been pushed away.

They work in silence for a bit, the tension slowly winding down until it’s only a *little* awkward, with Jaebum occasionally leaning over to ask him a question that Jinyoung answers quickly and fluidly, his voice deep and warm in a way that makes Jaebum’s joints feel loose. He wonders if Jinyoung notices him looking over every so often, eyes lingering on the curve of his jaw under his ear and the profile of his pink, plump lips where his face is turned down toward the table. Jinyoung looks downright kissable with his black tousled hair and thick eyebrows and big, oversized sweater.

*Ugh.*

Jinyoung looks up at him then, a question in his eyes and on his lips as they make eye contact. “What?”

Jaebum swallows. He’s overly aware of the fact that they’re alone in his apartment and that Jaebum really, really wants him. He’s not completely oblivious, either: he’s seen Jinyoung checking him out, admiring the line of his body when he stretches or wears something nice. Jaebum has caught Jinyoung staring at his mouth more than once, the younger boy looking

away quickly with a pretty pink flush across his cheeks that Jaebum's been dying to chase with his mouth.

"Ah," he says, trying not to let his voice catch, and he taps the paper he'd been pretending to work on. "Is this right?"

Jinyoung leans up on an elbow, squinting and trying to read Jaebum's sloppy English upside down. "Um—"

Jaebum motions with a little flap of his hand, urging Jinyoung closer. "Scoot over, Jinyoung-ah, you'll be able to see the paper better."

He makes this face like he *really* doesn't want to, and Jaebum is about to slide the paper to him when he notices Jinyoung swallow a little and then adjust in his chair. The wooden legs make a soft noise on the carpet as he scoots over, not looking at him as their knees touch under the table. Jaebum feels a tiny spark at the contact, eyes on the side of Jinyoung's face as the feeling settles sweetly in the pit of his stomach.

"Oh, I see," Jinyoung murmurs, and Jaebum's stomach does a somersault when he reaches over his arm to point at something on his worksheet. His fingers brush Jaebum's wrist just barely, and he doesn't seem to notice the way his thin chest rests against Jaebum's elbow where he's leaning. "The grammar is all wrong in this."

*Oh, I get it*, Jaebum wants to say, but his brain is focused on the way Jinyoung is practically radiating heat where he's sitting close to his side. He's looking at the paper but not really *seeing* it, more concerned at the way Jinyoung's fingers seem to brush his arm again as he pulls away; Jinyoung sits with his hands in his lap as Jaebum acts like he's trying to process Jinyoung's words until Jinyoung sighs and gets up.

He looks up, worried that Jinyoung is leaving, but he just watches quietly as Jinyoung goes to his backpack and leans down to unzip it. Jaebum swallows hard—the light colored jeans Jinyoung is wearing perfectly outline the curve of his ass, and the sweet feeling in his stomach grows into something a little sharper, a little hungrier, as his desire to feel it under his hands grows. Jaebum doesn't think he's even seen an ass that nice on a girl, and he shifts as heat pricks at his hairline when he gets a vivid mental image of sinking his teeth into it.

Which is, of course, when Jinyoung decides to turn around and catch him staring at his ass. A dark red blush spreads across his cheekbones, his dark eyes immediately going to the floor as Jaebum clears his throat and looks away. Jinyoung comes back around the table, scooting his chair away just enough to be noticeable when he places an open book in front of Jaebum. He's pointing at something, the book in front of Jinyoung but turned toward him, and Jaebum can't look at anything but Jinyoung's hands. He wonders just how talented those long, delicate fingers are when Jinyoung says something to him.

“Read this,” he says, voice quiet, an edge to it that’s less nervous and more...something else. Jaebum tries not to look into it much.

Squinting like he can’t see it, he motions for Jinyoung to scoot closer again. “Bring it closer, I can’t see it.”

Jinyoung doesn’t say anything back, but he’s smarter than Jaebum feels right now when he’s thinking with his dick and he just pushes the book closer. The tension, nervous at first, has turned into something else and is more palpable when Jaebum looks up and meets Jinyoung’s eyes where the younger boy had already been staring. Jaebum fights the urge to bite his lip, desire growling in his stomach like hunger. He swallows. Jinyoung’s eyes follow the movement and darken when they look back into his.

“Scoot closer, Jinyoungie,” he says, but the command doesn’t mean the same thing that it did just a few moments ago.

To his surprise, Jinyoung obeys. His hand grips the chair between his legs and pulls it forward, close enough that their knees are just barely brushing but not close enough. Jaebum’s heart picks up just a little bit, that same prick of heat at his hairline coming back, sharper now. He’s getting brave, wanting to test the limits, see how far he can get Jinyoung to go before he gets uncomfortable and bails on him or before Jaebum decides he’s had enough of trying to seduce the elusive Park Jinyoung and gives up on him.

“Closer.”

Their eyes stay locked as Jinyoung pulls his chair forward again. The intensity of it sends warmth curling in Jaebum’s stomach, and the feeling spikes when Jinyoung settles and their thighs are pressed together. Their faces are close, now, maybe half a foot apart, and Jinyoung’s cheeks begin to darken in a shy blush when Jaebum exhales slowly and quietly. He turns his face away, the blush extending down his neck and disappearing into the collar of his sweater as he clears his throat and points again to the book.

“Read this,” but his voice is shaky and there’s hardly any authority in it. He’s still turned away, pressed against Jaebum, his neck at an angle where he’s trying really hard not to look back at Jaebum’s face with how close they are.

Jaebum’s voice changes; he’s aware of the slight drop and the smooth seduction of it.

“Jinyoung, that angle isn’t good for your neck. Maybe you should sit on my lap so you can see the book better.”

He watches as the flush deepens on Jinyoung’s throat, his face turning back toward Jaebum’s. The angle brings them a little closer, a few inches apart now, eyes dark. The warmth in his

stomach grows when he looks down and watches Jinyoung pull his thick bottom lip between his teeth and bites down on it. Jinyoung exhales a little shakily when he lets go of his lip, an imprint of his teeth in the middle of it and Jaebum knows he likes it; knows that he wants it, so he drops his voice down lower and rougher as he shifts a little.

“C’mon, Jinyoungie,” he purrs, entirely unsure if this is actually going to go anywhere but delirious enough right now to try it. “Sit in my lap.”

What started as a joke is more like a command now, and Jinyoung’s audible swallow has Jaebum wondering if it’s actually going to happen after all. But then Jinyoung is licking his lips, flush still firmly in place across his cheeks, and Jaebum leans back in his chair to give Jinyoung room to move.

Jaebum holds his breath as Jinyoung slides into his lap from his own chair, and loses it on a shaking exhale when he feels Jinyoung’s ass against his thigh and then perfectly settling his weight on Jaebum’s dick. He tries to take a deep breath as Jinyoung adjusts a little, ass grinding against him as he shifts his thighs to rest them in between Jaebum’s, but it just sounds like a gasp as he gets his hands on Jinyoung’s hips and feels himself get half hard just from this.

Jinyoung’s back is stiff like he’s nervous, and Jaebum stops admiring how his ass looks in his lap where he’s wearing loose cotton shorts under Jinyoung’s rough denim and leans up to rest his chin on Jinyoung’s shoulder. He looks down at the book, chest to Jinyoung’s back, and is aware of how close his mouth is to Jinyoung’s ear.

“See?” he whispers, so pleased when Jinyoung’s breath hitches and stutters. “Much better.”

“Uh, okay, so, if you look at this,” he starts, but his voice is shaking madly and he’s gripping the edge of the table so hard his knuckles are white. Jaebum just turns his head a little bit, nose just barely brushing his jawline. His hands start to wander, sliding up Jinyoung’s hips to his small, perfect waist, up to his ribs and torso, fingers prodding gently. “This will explain the certain grammar rule for this type of verb and—oh, fuck—” this last part breaks off in a whine as Jaebum exhales with his mouth against Jinyoung’s ear, totally lost in his own pleasure feeling Jinyoung’s tight body under his hands.

The younger boy’s voice vibrates as Jaebum moves his hands down his body now, slowly down the tops of his thighs and back up. Pleasure slams into Jaebum’s gut and he gets fully hard when his fingertips brush Jinyoung’s own erection and down the insides of his thighs. Jinyoung spreads his legs under his wandering hands, choking off a sweet little whine like he’s embarrassed of his behavior but too horny to stop.

Sweat gathers at Jaebum’s hairline and he keeps going. He keeps one hand on Jinyoung’s thigh and lets the other creep back up the inside of his leg until his fingertips are brushing Jinyoung’s erection again and the younger boy is moaning low in his chest. Jinyoung is still

gripping the edge of the table, inhaling sharply as Jaebum presses his hand down and cups Jinyoung's dick over his jeans. The room around them is mostly silent save for the shattered sound of his breath when it leaves him, heart stuttering at how *hard* Jinyoung is, just from *this*; Jaebum hasn't even really started touching him that much yet and he's already so hard he could burst.

Neither of them talk as Jaebum sets his chin in Jinyoung's shoulder, mouth slightly open, and starts to grind the heel of his hand along the length of Jinyoung's cock over his jeans. Little quiet moans pull themselves out of Jinyoung's mouth, and Jaebum can just barely see the side of his face where his eyes are squeezed shut and his bottom lip is wet and swelling where he keeps pulling it into his mouth to punish it between his perfect teeth.

Jaebum lets his eyes flutter closed as he works Jinyoung slow over the denim, heel of his hand grinding down and fingertips pressing gently on the upstroke, massaging Jinyoung gently but with pressure in his jeans. A low, rough moan pulls from Jaebum's chest as Jinyoung starts to unconsciously rock his hips in his lap, the friction of his perfect ass so warm and heavy against his dick and fuck, if he comes in his shorts he'll never live it down. But Jinyoung makes him want to, the way he's rolling his hips slow and in time with Jaebum's hand where he's touching him between his legs, pretty little noises matching the increasing speed of his breathing.

The silence finally breaks again. "Oh, Jaebummie," he whines, and the nickname rolling off his tongue while Jaebum is getting him off makes hot pleasure shoot up and down his arms and legs like pin pricks. Sweat drips down the back of Jinyoung's neck and into the dip of his shoulder underneath his collar, so tantalizing against the pretty tan of his skin. Jinyoung shivers and moans underneath him when Jaebum angles his head to lick it off his neck.

The burning needle tip sensation in his legs only grows as an orgasm builds low in his groin, dick so hard it almost hurts where he's rocking his hips up in his chair for more friction against Jinyoung's ass. The fingertips of his hand still holding Jinyoung's thigh are digging in now, a death grip to keep him in place and pushed against him as they rock together at his kitchen table. Jinyoung finally bites off a cry, leaning back and letting go of the table. His fingers brush Jaebum's wrist as he passes it to unbutton his jeans; he yanks the zipper down quick with an audible noise that gets lost under his moan as he grabs Jaebum's wrist hard and guides it back to his cock.

Jaebum bites his lip but lets him do it, and Jinyoung's satisfied moan of "oh, god, yeah," makes him feel like he's going to come right then and there. He's gentle at first, touching Jinyoung's dick through only a thin layer of his cotton briefs. More and more heat just builds in his groin as Jinyoung moans in pleasure, deep and real, hips still rolling down into his lap and up into his hand as he goes back to massaging him slowly. Jinyoung's so *hard*, his dick twitching under Jaebum's hand, the hand not gripping Jaebum's wrist settling on his knee with the nails digging in hard enough to leave a mark. A moan pulls out of them simultaneously as Jinyoung drops his

head back on Jaebum's shoulder, giving himself over entirely to the way Jaebum is pleasuring him, sweat dampening the hair at his forehead and saliva on his swollen lips when they part on breathy moans. He looks fucking *beautiful*, and Jaebum's pretty sure if this is what Park Jinyoung looks like when he's getting his dick touched Jaebum would give up everything just to see it every day.

"God damn, Jinyoungie," Jaebum pants, his other hand pulling at Jinyoung's thigh so his legs spread wider and his hand slips further into Jinyoung's jeans. "You're so fucking hot, sitting in my lap like this."

Jinyoung just laughs breathlessly, hiccuping toward the end of it where Jaebum's getting rougher. His ass grinds down hard against his cock now, whimpering under his breath, and pleasure slowly starts to eclipse his vision as his orgasm nears. Jinyoung gasps when Jaebum curls his fingers around his length as much as they can over the cotton, and he digs his blunt nails into the thin skin of Jaebum's wrist as he shoves his hand down, hard. His hips lift up into his hand, almost thrusting, voice quivering and whole body tense as he whimpers, "Jaebum I'm going to come". Jaebum moans loudly, thighs tensing against Jinyoung's to keep his orgasm off for just a few more minutes, almost black-out drunk with pleasure as Jinyoung's voice spins up into high pitched whines and moans that punch out of his thin, heaving chest with every breath as his hips snap up into the pressure of Jaebum's hand. It only takes a few more rolls of his slim hips before he's biting off a loud cry as he comes; the hot wetness bursting under Jaebum's hand and soaking the front of Jinyoung's briefs sends the sharpest pleasure he's ever felt slicing down his spine like a knife blade.

Satisfied, Jinyoung makes the most pleased and fucked out noise he's ever heard as he keeps his eyes closed and his head leaned back against Jaebum's shoulder. Something about the pure bliss on his face, slightly damp with sweat and flushed a gorgeous red has him teetering on the brink as Jinyoung starts to rock his hips faster. Jaebum plays at the wetness of Jinyoung's briefs as the heat in his stomach grows and grows and grows until his legs feel numb, until Jaebum groans "Oh, god—" and squeezes Jinyoung's cock a little as he comes in his shorts against Jinyoung's ass.

The breath shatters from his chest, the both of them leaning back heavily as they come down from whatever high they just experienced. Jaebum keeps his hand down the front of Jinyoung's jeans almost possessively, forehead leaned against Jinyoung's where his head is still on Jaebum's shoulder. After a couple quiet minutes of what sounds like post-marathon panting and Jaebum contemplating whether or not it would be okay to kiss the side of Jinyoung's face right now, the younger boy sighs and removes Jaebum's hand before standing up.

He can't help it—he bites his lip at the stain across the ass of Jinyoung's jeans, a weird pleasure walking its way down his back and it makes him shiver a little. Jinyoung turns, gorgeous dark eyes scanning his body and lingering especially on the stain across the front of his cotton shorts. He looks up after a minute, hands placed low on his slim hips.

“How long until your roommates come back?”

His head cocks a little inquisitively. “Probably not until late. Why?”

Jinyoung watches his mouth for a moment before looking back up into his eyes. His handsome face is serious, and those eyes of his are half lidded in heavy lust that leeches into his voice when he asks, “do you want to fuck?”

It almost rocks him back in his chair when he asks, voice like honey melting down Jaebum’s back, and he’s up and out of his chair in an instant to grab Jinyoung by the hips and pull him hard against the length of his body. He *just* came, but with the way Jinyoung is currently grabbing at his ass and trying to get his shorts off in the middle of his living room has his dick twitching and his heart falling just a little bit in love.

—