"Daddy, can you pass the kimchi?"

Hongjoong reacts before he can think twice. His hand is halfway across the table, reaching for the plate of Mrs Park's perfectly aged kimchi when his brain finally kicks in, the hairs on his nape standing on end.

Across from him, Mr Park's arm is also extended, one of his eyebrows arched to his hairline. "Hongjoong-ssi?"

Hongjoong yanks his arm back, eyes wide. His pulse jumps, the collar of his cardigan suddenly scratchy and tight. He refuses to look at Seonghwa, terrified to give them away any more than he already has.

It was in English.

I never call my appa anything in English, Seonghwa had said. *It's just for you, Daddy.*

Now is not the time to scowl at his boyfriend, to chastise him for the obvious lie—intentional or not.

"I– *ha,* the kimchi is wonderful, Mrs Park," he stammers instead. "I can't believe Seonghwa and I both craved more at the same time."

Mrs Park looks back at him dubiously, reaching for one of the other banchan plates. "Did you try the radish kimchi, then?"

"I did not!" Hongjoong forces a smile, taking the plate from her. He picks up a piece, slowly bringing it to his mouth. The second the radish touches his tongue, he fights the urge to gag. *Why does it feel like that, oh* god. Hongjoong dutifully wraps his lips around his chopsticks, forcing himself to chew, even making an exaggerated noise of enjoyment before he swallows the pickled vegetable. "Wow, that was delicious!"

"I didn't think you liked vegetables, Joongie," Seonghwa says from the side. From his little giggle, Hongjoong assumes his boyfriend sees the way his knuckles go white around his chopsticks.

He keeps a calm smile on his face as he turns to his boyfriend.

Oh, he fucking *knows.* Seonghwa smirks into his cup, one eyebrow raising ever so slightly.

Brat. He'll make Seonghwa pay for that later.

"I don't prefer them, no," Hongjoong agrees tightly, then turns back to Mrs Park. "These, however, are– good."

It sounds forced even to his own ear. Luckily, Mrs Park just smiles politely, reaching for the plate of seasoned perilla leaves. Hongjoong sighs, looking back down at his plate as he takes a calming breath.

There's a touch to his calf, socked toes slipping under the hem of his pants to rub along his skin, right over his tattoo. He drags his eyes over to Seonghwa, looking at him from under his brow. A knowing little smile sits right on his lover's face, smug and satisfied.

Hongjoong's hand itches.

Even still, the rest of dinner passes with no more incidents. Sure, Seonghwa's parents are a bit more stiff than usual, but they've known Hongjoong for years, and he's hopeful that the awkwardness will pass.

Mrs Park packs them a container of food to take back, loaded with meat and banchan. "You boys work hard," she says, cupping Seonghwa's cheek. "You need to eat well and stay strong."

“Thank you, eomma,” Seonghwa replies, taking the bundled container, and Hongjoong hopes it will fit in the fridge at their hotel, if there even is one. Seonghwa’s car has a small cooler in the trunk, so getting back to Seoul will be no problem—he brings back food from his mom often enough that he’s prepared.

However, this time, he’s in a hotel room with Hongjoong, instead of staying in his childhood bedroom, since it’s their first visit as an official couple.

“Hongjoong-ah, it was nice to see you take a break,” Mr Park says, clapping a hand on his shoulder. He’s just a bit shorter than Hongjoong, so he slouches a little, trying not to look directly in the man’s eye. “You should take more time off, take Seonghwa on a fun vacation in between your schedules.”

“Ah, thank you, sir. I’ll try,” he answers, bowing.

“Appa,” Seonghwa chides gently. “Leave Joongie alone, he has a lot of responsibilities at the company.”

“I just want to make sure my son is taken care of,” Mr Park replies.

“He takes care of me just fine, appa.” Seonghwa steps forward to hug his father, and Hongjoong fights a flush, feeling the red-hot tips of his ears as surreptitiously as he can.

Seonghwa’s parents lead them out to the car, and Hongjoong dutifully opens the passenger door for Seonghwa after they’ve completed their goodbyes. He gives a final wave as he rounds the car, sliding into the driver’s seat and turning the car on.

“You’re in so much fucking trouble, bunny,” Hongjoong says as he pulls the car out of the driveway, easing onto the road. He flicks a quick glance over to his boyfriend. “Do you have anything to say?”

Seonghwa exhales shakily. “It was an accident,” he rushes out. “Honest, Joongie. I wasn’t– I wasn’t thinking.”

Hongjoong’s eyes are on the road, but he can see the way Seonghwa squirms in his seat. He waits, just a few seconds, before saying, “then why were you smirking, baby?” The car is quiet save for the faint hum of the engine and the blinker Hongjoong flicks on to merge onto the highway. “Hm? I thought you said it was an accident.”

“It was!” Seonghwa cries out, indignant. He huffs, crossing his arms over his chest in Hongjoong’s peripheral vision. “I just…” he trails off in a mumble, barely audible over the engine.

“What was that, bunny?” He glances over expectantly, seeing Seonghwa chewing on his own lip. “You just what?”

Seonghwa’s brows pitch upward as he whines. *“Daddy.”*

Hongjoong readjusts his grip on the wheel, one finger at a time, ignoring his traitorous dick and its Pavlovian response to the word, the tone, the *title*– “You can’t beg your way out of this one, baby,” he grits through his teeth, shaking his head when Seonghwa whimpers. “When we get back to the room, I want you on your best behavior. You’re going to take your punishment like a good boy, right?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Seonghwa whispers, reaching for Hongjoong’s thigh. Knowing what he wants, Hongjoong takes one hand off of the wheel, sliding it into Seonghwa’s hand and lacing their fingers together. Without taking his eyes off of the road, he brings it to his mouth, kissing the back of Seonghwa’s palm.

“Good bunny,” he murmurs, and it settles Seonghwa for the remainder of their drive, having their hands intertwined like so.

The hotel room does have a refrigerator, Hongjoong finds out when they get back to it. He unlocks their door, pushing it open and directing Seonghwa inside.

"Strip," he commands as they toe off their shoes, "and wait for me on the bed."

Seonghwa obeys without a peep, leaving Hongjoong to put away the food in the fridge. He pulls his wallet and phone from his pockets, placing them on the small counter next to the fridge, then glances down at his rings. He's only wearing three on his right hand, plus the team ring on his left. Two of the right hand rings are small, thin enough not to leave marks, but the third is an oversized cross, so he slips that one off and sets it beside his wallet.

When he turns toward the bed, he fights a groan.

Seonghwa is on his knees at the foot of the bed, kneeling on a towel. *Little clean freak, that one is,* Hongjoong thinks affectionately, shaking his head. Then he heaves a sigh.

"Baby," he starts, stalking over slowly, affecting an air of regret. "I'm afraid I told you to get *on* the bed."

Seonghwa's eyes widen, and he moves to scramble up onto the bed.

Hongjoong stops him with a single touch to his shoulder, secretly preening when Seonghwa stops moving immediately. "No, it's okay, stay where you are for now." He releases his hold, and Seonghwa settles back onto his knees. Hongjoong wanders over to their suitcases, yanking off his cardigan and dropping it down into the open case—Seonghwa's. Then Hongjoong unzips his jeans, shoving them off and discarding them on top of the cardigan.

When he turns back, Seonghwa's face is pinched, eyes flicking to the pile of clothes.

Good.

Hongjoong moves over to the bed, stepping past Seonghwa to sit at its edge. His legs fall open, and he beckons Seonghwa closer until his shoulders touch Hongjoong's knees. "Are you ready for your punishment, bunny?" he asks, reaching out to grip Seonghwa by the jaw. Seonghwa bites down a noise, nodding his head as much as he can in Hongjoong's grasp. "Words, baby."

"Yes, Daddy," Seonghwa whispers.

"You remember your safeword?"

"Silver."

Hongjoong smiles. "Good. Don't hesitate to use it if I go too far, okay?"

Seonghwa smiles back, despite the upward tilt of his brow and the general neediness thrumming through his posture. "I know, Joongie. But you won't. I trust you."

It's a heavy thing, that. Seonghwa's trust.

Hongjoong leans forward, tipping Seonghwa's chin up to meet his lips for a soft, sweet kiss. "I love you," he murmurs into them, smiling when it makes Seonghwa exhale shakily, the faintest laughter in his tone when he replies.

"I love you, my captain."

When Hongjoong straightens a moment later, he's slipped on a mask. He stares down at Seonghwa, hard and unrelenting, his fingers tightening on his lover's face before sliding down to his throat. "My naughty bunny," he says, and it thrills him to watch Seonghwa shiver at the tone. Hongjoong moves one of his legs, shifting his foot to land between Seonghwa's spread knees. "Tell me the truth: did you call me Daddy on purpose earlier?"

Seonghwa whines, his throat bobbing underneath Hongjoong's hand. It isn't an answer, so Hongjoong slides his foot forward, just enough that the bulge of Seonghwa's dick presses into

Hongjoong's shin. The lacy black panties do little to hide the answering twitch it gives, already half-hard and dampening the lace.

"Answer me, baby. Did you do it on purpose?" Seonghwa bites his bottom lip, shaking his head. Hongjoong lifts his heel off of the floor, leg pressing ever closer to Seonghwa's dick. "Words, Seonghwa, you know the rules."

"N-no," Seonghwa gasps, swallowing drily. His throat clicks under Hongjoong's hand, and Hongjoong spreads his fingers wider, gripping more of the skin. "Not on pu– purpose."

"Hmm," Hongjoong hums, shifting his foot forward again. His shin presses into Seonghwa's groin firmly, eliciting a deep groan from his lover. "I don't know that I believe you, bun. I think I should punish you for lying, too."

"Da–"

Hongjoong's fingers tighten, pressing into the veins on either side of Seonghwa's neck. "Behave, baby," he warns, pulling Seonghwa closer. It crushes him further into Hongjoong's shin, and Seonghwa presses his lips together to fight a whine. Hongjoong smirks down at him, lifting his other hand to pet his knuckles over Seonghwa's cheek. "Good, good boy."

He holds him like that, fingers digging into his neck, shin digging into his crotch, until Seonghwa squirms ever so slightly.

Hongjoong releases him, then leans back to pat his thigh. "Come on, up you get."

Seonghwa inhales sharply, deeply, before slowly getting to his feet. Hongjoong moves his arms out of the way, watching as Seonghwa climbs onto the bed and lays himself over Hongjoong's lap, face down.

Hongjoong's hand gravitates right to his ass, biting his lip as the creamy flesh peeks through the lace. "God," he mutters, watching the way his fingers dimple the fat of it as he squeezes Seonghwa's ass cheek, jiggling it just to watch it move. Then he curls his fingers in the top hem, pulling them down to expose the bare skin underneath. He leaves them at mid-thigh, curled over themselves to dig into the soft give of Seonghwa's skin like restraints. "How many do you deserve today?" Hongjoong wonders aloud, alternating between squeezing and jiggling the one cheek. Seonghwa's head droops, forehead pressed to the duvet as he pants.

Slut, Hongjoong thinks affectionately. Actually, he loves how Seonghwa reacts, how much Seonghwa loves to be touched.

By *Hongjoong* specifically.

He's feeling generous. Fond. "Ten," he decides, rubbing a small circle on the smooth, pale skin of Seonghwa's right ass cheek. "I want you to count, can you do that for me, bunny?"

"Yes," Seonghwa nearly moans into the bed.

"If you mess up, we start over," Hongjoong reminds him, and Seonghwa nods.

"I know, Daddy."

Hongjoong grins. He glances over at his suitcase, wondering briefly if he should grab the belt he'd packed but not worn. If they were at home, he'd use a paddle, one with a pretty pattern that would settle into Seonghwa's skin like a temporary tattoo. Maybe a flogger, something that would make Seonghwa wince when he sits for a couple of days. But they're still in Jinju, and they have a four hour drive back to Seoul in the morning, so Hongjoong deems his hand sufficient for now.

"It's just my hand, so ten should be easy for you," he says softly, his other hand reaching to tuck some hair behind Seonghwa's ear, and Seonghwa turns his head to give him a small smile.

“I can take it, Daddy.”

Hongjoong inhales sharply, nodding once. “Okay.”

He lifts his right hand, the one that’s been all but caressing Seonghwa’s ass, and brings it down in a hard smack.

Seonghwa jolts in surprise, but to his credit, he doesn’t cry out. “One,” he says, and Hongjoong smiles.

Without lifting the same hand, he smacks the other cheek with his left, landing the blow with his fingers. Seonghwa hisses sharply.

“Two.”

Three and four happen in rapid succession, right then left, landing before Seonghwa has finished calling out the previous number.

“Four,” Seonghwa cries, chest hitching on an inhale. Hongjoong rubs a small circle with each hand, cooing at his lover.

“Doing such a good job for me, my love,” he croons, then lifts his hand and strikes again.

“Five,” Seonghwa says, the tightness of his body getting worse with every spank. Hongjoong runs his left hand up, fingers swooping into every dip of his spine. It relaxes Seonghwa a fraction, and Hongjoong takes the chance to slap the left cheek again.

“Six,” Seonghwa whimpers, his hips shifting slightly. Hongjoong can feel him, hard and leaking against his thigh.

“Just a few more, bunny, you can take it.”

Seven and eight, Hongjoong strikes a little lower, hitting the top of the thighs hard enough for Seonghwa to cry out. Nine, Hongjoong's left hand returns to his lover's ass, gripping one cheek to pull it apart, exposing the perfect furl of Seonghwa’s hole, and he delivers a quick blow against it, just using his fingertips.

“Daddy!”

“That’s not a number, Seonghwa,” Hongjoong reprimands, pressing his fingers down against the ring of muscle. “Do you want me to start over?”

“No! N-nine,” he sobs, body twitching under Hongjoong.

“One more,” Hongjoong placates him, lifting his hand to lick at his fingers quickly before bringing them back to Seonghwa’s hole, coaxing a gasp from his lover as he traces the rim with a damp finger tip. “One more, and then Daddy will make you feel good.”

“Yes, please,” Seonghwa begs, half muffled by the bedding.

Suddenly eager to hear him beg some more, Hongjoong lands the final blow to the right cheek, right where it blooms red. He watches the recoil, then bends down to press a kiss to the heated skin as Seonghwa counts the final number.

“Good job, bunny,” Hongjoong praises, lips moving against the soft skin as he places apologetic kisses over the entire cheek. “My good boy.”

He doesn't punish Seonghwa often, but his favorite part is always afterward, when his bad bitch boyfriend gets soft and sweet, sniffling while Hongjoong lavishes him with aftercare and affection.

“Come here, baby,” Hongjoong says, lifting Seonghwa up and getting him onto the bed. He keeps him on his stomach, and then Hongjoong stands up to wander into the bathroom. When he returns a moment later, he has a damp washcloth and a bottle of lotion. “We don't have any balm, but this should help with the pain for now.”

Seonghwa turns his head to see the raised cloth, nodding as Hongjoong gets closer. His eyes are shimmering with tears, and Hongjoong all but tosses the cloth onto his backside to fall to his knees beside the bed, chucking the lotion near the pillows behind Seonghwa.

"Hey, I'm here. I'm sorry, I didn't mean to walk away," he leans forward to kiss Seonghwa's forehead, then his cheek, then his lips.

Seonghwa laughs through a sob. "It's okay, it's just–"

"I know, bunny. It's a release."

Seonghwa nods again, dropping his head to rest his chin on the bed. "Can you– can we cuddle for a few minutes before you fuck me?"

Hongjoong laughs affectionately. "Of course, we can." He stands up, moving around to the other side of the bed and climbing on, pulling Seonghwa closer. He adjusts the cool, damp cloth, making sure to spread it out, and smiles when Seonghwa sighs.

"How does it feel?"

Seonghwa shuffles closer, nudging his head into Hongjoong's shoulder until he gets the hint and pets through Seonghwa's hair. "Surprisingly effective," he answers, smiling over at Hongjoong. "My clever captain."

Hongjoong's cock twitches, making itself known again. He's hard, because of course he is—Seonghwa is naked and at his mercy. "You know, calling me captain while we're in bed is a bit of a boner killer," he says, lying with his whole chest.

Seonghwa laughs, propping himself on his elbows as he wipes the last of his tears away. "Is that so?" He glances down Hongjoong's body pointedly, brows raised when he returns to Hongjoong's face. "I don't think Hongjunior got the memo."

Hongjoong scowls. "Don't– don't call him that," he hisses, making Seonghwa laugh again.

"Should I call him your First Mate instead?"

Hongjoong grabs Seonghwa, pulling him over his own body and rolling them until Seonghwa is on his back below Hongjoong. He lets out a surprised gasp, especially when Hongjoong manages to shove his panties all the way down, freeing Seonghwa's trapped thighs.

"Just got spanked and you're already being a brat again," Hongjoong murmurs, despite the laughter he's also fighting. *God, he's so in love with Seonghwa.*

Seonghwa wraps his legs around Hongjoong as he eases down between them, pulling him closer with his hands around Hongjoong's neck. "Yeah," he replies breathily. "Because I know Daddy likes it."

Fuck me.

He does.

"Shut up," Hongjoong says with absolutely no heat. He's smiling down at Seonghwa, enamored by this beautiful man, so he dips his head to capture the plush lips that haunt his daydreams. "You're so annoying."

"Shut up yourself, Kim Hongjoong," Seonghwa says gently, that low timbre rattling deep into Hongjoong's belly. "Kiss me again."

Hongjoong isn't built to deny Seonghwa anything, so he sinks down onto his elbows, claiming Seonghwa's mouth once more. It's a gentle kiss, since he's mindful of Seonghwa's headspace, but kissing Seonghwa is one of Hongjoong's favorite pastimes anyway.

After a couple of minutes, Seonghwa writhes beneath him, and he drags the kiss into deeper waters. Suddenly, Hongjoong is consumed, asphyxiation lapping at his throat as

desperation creeps into Seonghwa's movements. Hongjoong tries to pump the brakes, to reign in the frantic desire, but Seonghwa has him in a vice.

"Daddy," he moans into Hongjoong's mouth, "need you, please."

And there it is, the begging. Exactly what Hongjoong wanted; exactly what he's weak to.

"One second, bunny, I've got to get the lube," he says, trying to extricate himself from the tangle of limbs Seonghwa has around him.

Seonghwa's arm curls up, hand disappearing under his head to pull out—the jar of lotion. "We can use this," he says, and Hongjoong blinks at him.

"Baby, the lube is–"

"Too fucking far," Seonghwa interrupts with a huff. "If you don't get inside me in the next fifteen seconds, I will throw a tantrum of biblical proportions."

Hongjoong clenches his eyes, torn between annoyance and molten hot want. He settles for want. "Okay," he agrees, unscrewing the jar as he opens his eyes. "That means no prep."

Seonghwa lifts his chin. "I don't need it, I'm probably still loose from last night."

They had taken full advantage of the privacy once they'd arrived, spending a full two hours lost in each other's touch. Seonghwa had woken up just a little sore this morning, which is why he'd reacted so much when Hongjoong had spanked his tender hole.

Masochist.

Hongjoong shoves his boxers down, then scoops into the open jar. "You're never going to be able to use this again," he warns, hastily screwing the lid back on before slathering the lotion onto his cock.

"That's fine," Seonghwa dismisses the concern, raising his legs to his chest. His hands come around to spread his cheeks, keeping his hole exposed. "Daddy can buy me another one." Hongjoong pauses briefly, then shrugs. He's right.

Gripping himself by the base, Hongjoong scoots forward until he's knocking his cockhead into Seonghwa's taint. It takes him a split second to slide downward, notching into the familiar cradle of his hole, and then with a final glance up at Seonghwa's face, he pushes in.

Every time he breaches Seonghwa, it's like the first time—not just with Seonghwa, but entirely. Hongjoong loses his footing, slipping into a virginal liminal space where he knows nothing, can *do* nothing, except sink himself as deep as possible in the only place he ever wants to be: inside Seonghwa.

"Fuck," he swears, falling forward, catching himself on the headboard over Seonghwa's head. He watches Seonghwa's face crumple with rapt attention, a devout worshipper to his deity. When Seonghwa's breath hitches, Hongjoong slips in deeper, and it punches the air out of Hongjoong's chest. "Bunny," he gasps, his free hand reaching for Seonghwa's, and he tangles them together, pressing it to the sheets beside Seonghwa's head.

"Joong, *oh*–" Seonghwa moans, just as Hongjoong reaches the deepest part of him, their thighs finally pressed against one another. Seonghwa trembles with his exhale, and Hongjoong can't help but steal another kiss.

"You okay?" he asks, and Seonghwa nods.

"Big," he says, which makes Hongjoong's chest puff up like a peacock. "And a little tender from the spanking," Seonghwa adds honestly. Hongjoong tries to angle his legs so that he's not touching Seonghwa's inflamed skin, but it just makes Seonghwa yelp quietly. "It's fine, Joongie, it'll be fine."

Hongjoong pouts down at him, and Seonghwa laughs fondly, dragging him by the nape down for another filthy kiss.

Seonghwa's hips rock slowly, and Hongjoong waits patiently as he figures it out, letting Seonghwa set the pace. When he keens into Hongjoong's mouth, one hand trailing down his back to grip the meat of Hongjoong's ass.

"Daddy," he whines, hips bucking. "Fuck me, Daddy, please."

Hongjoong groans, pushing up on one hand, the other supporting his weight on his elbow as his hand remains fisted in Seonghwa's hair. He withdraws his hips slowly, then feeds his cock back into Seonghwa. "Fuck," he drawls, head hanging between his shoulders. He's more worked up than he initially thought, but he supposes that's to be expected when he's been half-hard since Seonghwa's slip up at dinner.

"Bunny," Hongjoong gasps after the next stroke, "I'm so–"

"Me too," Seonghwa whispers, head tilting back when Hongjoong presses in again. "It's okay, you can, I'll be right there if you do."

Hongjoong's hand slips out from under him, and he lands on his elbow, crowding closer to Seonghwa. He kisses his chin, dragging his teeth over the sharp cut of his jaw. "Are you sure?" he asks, straining further with every thrust back into the tight clutch of Seonghwa's warmth.

Seonghwa nods, bringing his head back down as he squeezes Hongjoong's ass again. "Yeah, Daddy," he murmurs, a sly grin slipping onto his face before he adds, "fuck a baby into me."

Hongjoong catapults into his orgasm with a gasp, hips stuttering as he shoots his entire load exactly where he stops, malfunctioning perfectly in place to aim it right at Seonghwa's prostate. There's a three second delay to his cognitive function as Seonghwa tightens around him, nails digging into his skin, and then Seonghwa moans. Warmth blooms between their bellies, and Hongjoong all but collapses on top of Seonghwa as they both gasp to catch their breath.

His forehead rests against Seonghwa's collarbone, too drained to pull out and slither up far enough to kiss Seonghwa senseless the way he wants to.

"We're gross," Seonghwa grunts, and Hongjoong merely grunts back. Then the shoulder under his head lifts, jostling him from his spot. "Joong."

Hongjoong lifts up, scowling at his lover. "We're *cuddling,"* he says, and Seonghwa snorts. "You love cuddling."

"When we're clean, yes." He shoves at Hongjoong's shoulder. "Come on, let's take a quick shower."

Hongjoong groans again. It's a trap, he knows it is. Seonghwa never takes quick showers. He luxuriates in the hot water, spends *so* much time doing his skin care and meticulously grooming himself. Sure, Hongjoong greatly benefits from all of that, but he's too worn out to wait for the entire process to finish. "But it's late–"

Seonghwa laughs louder. "We left my parents' house at 10pm, Joongie. It can't be later than midnight. Come on, stop making excuses."

Hongjoong sulks some more, but he lifts his chest, swooping back once to kiss Seonghwa hard and fast, then he gingerly pulls out of Seonghwa's hole. "Okay, yeah, a shower might be good," he relents, seeing the mess of lotion and cum smeared between them.

Seonghwa rolls his eyes, then moves very delicately to the edge of the bed. He hisses softly, and Hongjoong comes up beside him immediately to support him. "It's been a long time since you've used your hand," Seonghwa says as they shuffle to the bathroom slowly.

Hongjoong tucks his face into Seonghwa's shoulder. "Sorry."

"Don't be," Seonghwa says, his head twisting to smile at Hongjoong. "I liked it."

"I like you," Hongjoong lobs back.

"I love you," Seonghwa volleys.

Hongjoong grins, wide and stupid, pressing his teeth to Seonghwa's skin. "I love you most," he spikes back, knowing he's won when Seonghwa's face splits with the most beautiful grin ever.

"Okay, Daddy," Seonghwa whispers, leaning over to steal a kiss. "Whatever you say."

xx