It's been a week since Chan saw Hyunjin last.

His lover left for Milan before Chan made it back from an early morning meeting that ran late, after a failed date the night before. It had already been thirty six hours without Hyunjin by the time Chan stepped out of the conference room at the company, and he knew Hyunjin's trip would be four days long—not including travel time.

So, here he is, sitting in the back of the company van with a beanie and a mask, slumped low to avoid being seen by the flashing lights of the press cameras as Hyunjin is led out of the terminal by their security team.

The van door slides open, and Chan's ears ache with the sudden influx of chatter, excited fans and reporters alike shouting and begging for Hyunjin's attention. Hyunjin bows gently to them as one of the managers grabs his bag and tucks it into the van, a surprised look on his face when he sees Chan. It morphs into a smirk, and then his hand is on Hyunjin's shoulder, guiding him into the van.

"I'm grabbing the next one," Manager-nim says, a sly grin on his face when Hyunjin smoothly glides into the seat. Chan watches Hyunjin cock his head, unable to ask before the van door is being pulled shut.

The driver, Daeho, greets Hyunjin and then smirks into the rearview. "I'm going to give you some privacy, Hyunjin-ssi," he says, sliding on a pair of sunglasses as he pulls the van out into airport traffic.

"What..." Hyunjin trails off, clearly confused, just as Chan sits up. He reaches out slowly, hand curling around Hyunjin's head before he suddenly moves to clasp it over his lover's mouth. Hyunjin makes a noise, a cut-off scream as his hands reach up to claw at Chan's grip on him, but the fight leaves him just as suddenly.

Chan leans forward, lips grazing the shell of Hyunjin's ear as he whispers, "baby."

Hyunjin's head lolls back onto the headrest, and Chan relaxes his hold to let his hand fall away as he finally sees Hyunjin's beautiful face. "Hyung," Hyunjin sighs. One of his hands splays across his heaving chest. The other grips his wrist, thumb sliding under the thick links of his bracelet. "You scared the fuck out of me."

Chan's hand lands on Hyunjin's clavicle, but he slides it up to press the pad of his thumb into the vein in Hyunjin's throat, just to feel the way it rabbits beneath the skin. His own cock kicks in his sweats, deeply affected by the power he holds in his hand. Hyunjin stares up at him from under his eyebrows, half-sideways as he tilts back to look at Chan. His boyfriend's face remains unchanged, even as Chan's fingers dig deeper into the flesh.

"I'm sorry, sweet boy," he murmurs, relaxing his fingers and petting down the column of Hyunjin's neck. "I just missed you so bad, I couldn't wait any longer." Chan leans forward, pressing a soft kiss to Hyunjin's cheek. Hyunjin arches into it, craning his neck to try to catch Chan's lips, before grunting in frustration.

"Eugh– move, I'm coming back there," he says, pushing off the seat as he unbuckles the seatbelt. He's on his feet, crouched so he doesn't hit the van's headliner, and shuffling between the middle row seats. Chan slides to the side to let him pass, reaching out to pull Hyunjin closer as soon as he's collapsed onto the back row bench.

"Fuck," Chan sighs in contentment when he drags Hyunjin's knee over his thighs, guiding him into his lap. Chan's hands settle on his hips, and he barely has time to say anything more before long, beautiful fingers frame his face and pull him forward into a frantic kiss.

"Chris," Hyunjin moans softly against his mouth, just before coaxing it open. It's Chan's turn to moan now, the sticky sweet feel of Hyunjin's tongue slipping between his parted lips and finding his own, gliding across the top of it and flicking up to lick the back of his upper teeth.

Chan's hands tighten, pulling Hyunjin ever closer. He slips forward some more, knees splaying wider on the bench seat to get closer to Chan. He feels the firm press of Hyunjin's zipper against his rapidly hardening dick through the thin cotton of his sweatpants and groans into Hyunjin's mouth.

"Baby," Chan gasps when Hyunjin tears his mouth free. His head is forced back by the insistent press of fingers at his cheeks, thumbs digging in below his jaw. "God, Hyunjin."

With a slow grind of his hips, Hyunjin trails his mouth down, past the cut of Chan's jaw. He sucks at his Adam's apple, grazing it with his teeth when Chan moans loudly.

Up front, Daeho turns the music up, and Chan is almost embarrassed enough to put a stop to Hyunjin's actions.

Almost.

Instead, Chan lets himself slump back, lets his boyfriend nibble and kiss his way across his throat while their driver plays the TWICE discography at an alarmingly high volume. He circles his thumbs into Hyunjin's waist, managing to get them under the hem of the slinky button-up Hyunjin is wearing in order to touch the warm skin over his hip bones. Hyunjin mewls and grinds forward again at the touch, and Chan uses his hold on him to rock Hyunjin forward.

They both groan at the pressure. Chan can feel the bulge of Hyunjin's cock, hard in his jeans as he cants their hips together again. He wants it in his mouth, wants to feel the weight of it pressing down on the back of his tongue until his mind goes fuzzy at the seams, filled with nothing but Hyunjin and the warmth of their shared pleasure.

Chan moves one of his hands over, hooking the fingertips into the waist of the jeans right behind the top button, when Hyunjin's mouth moves up to suckle at that sensitive spot below Chan's ear, right at the hinge of his jaw.

If he wasn't already seated, his knees would fail, and he'd slump forward into Hyunjin's arms—just like every other time Hyunjin has had his mouth in this same spot.

"Hyunjin," Chan warns, but his lover doesn't stop. He sucks harder at the skin, catching Chan's free hand when it moves to attempt to dislodge him and pinning it to the seatback beside him. Chan moans loudly again, a traitorous little thrill running along his spine at the sudden show of strength—of being manhandled. "Fuck, baby. No– oh god. No m-marks, the company–"

Hyunjin's mouth disconnects from his neck with a wet smack as he straightens up marginally—the best he can do in the low height of the van. "Fuck the company,"

Hyunjin all but growls. His upper lip twitches in a snarl that Chan is hard pressed to interpret as anything other than adorable, so he bites back a grin as Hyunjin continues. “The makeup noonas know how to cover them, they do it for Lino-hyung all the time.”

He doesn’t give Chan a chance to argue. He falls forward again, pinning Chan down as his mouth reattaches to the spit-soaked skin. Chan’s eyes flutter, rolling back when Hyunjin sucks, timing it with a hard roll of his hips. The move jostles the loose fabric of his sweats, and Chan can feel how he’s soaked it with precum already.

Hyunjin’s tongue rolls out, pressing into his neck hard before flicking upward. It catches the bottom edge of his ear, knocking into his earring, and then there’s wet warmth surrounding the entire thing—earring and all.

“Oh!” Chan’s hips buck involuntarily, flexing the fingers of his hand still trapped by Hyunjin. “B-baby, I’m– shit, god I need–”

Then, the husky rasp of Hyunjin’s voice in his ear sends a flush of goosebumps across his skin. “What? What do you need, Daddy?” he breathes, blowing softly over the wetness he’d left on Chan’s skin.

His hips buck again, but this time, Hyunjin grinds down to meet him, and a strained groan is punched out of Chan. “Fuck, Hyunjin– you… you’re–” He cuts himself off when Hyunjin’s free hand grips his other arm, pulling it free from where he’d been gripping the waist of Hyunjin’s jeans. Chan absolutely does not moan like a whore when Hyunjin pins that one, too, curled over Chan as he rocks his hips down onto the aching throb of his erection.

He tries to arch up to claim Hyunjin’s mouth, but his lover pulls back just enough, just out of reach, and Chan hates how his skin tightens in excitement. This isn’t new, the power play. With anyone else, Chan would growl and break free of the hold he’s in, flip his partner onto their back and take control again—but with Hyunjin, he likes it.

He likes the way Hyunjin looks at him, awe and fascination in his gaze, delight at catching Chan unawares. A mouse in a trap, serpentine eyes watching him struggle uselessly—so that’s the part he plays.

For Hyunjin, he'll do anything.

The friction of damp fabric over his sensitive cock is starting to grate on his nerves, raw in a way that doesn't feel as good as he wants it to, while simultaneously being the best thing ever. Hyunjin bends closer, a breathy moan escaping him as he teases Chan, fucks himself forward in Chan's lap and moans again. He lets his head fall forward onto Chan's shoulder, another strangled noise escaping him.

"Are– baby, can you cum from this?" Chan whispers, turning his head to press the question right into Hyunjin's ear. Wordlessly, his boyfriend nods, and the knowledge makes Chan moan. "Fuck. You're so fucking perfect."

Hyunjin lifts his head just enough to find Chan's mouth, and that's how Hyunjin reaches his peak—lip-locked with Chan, whining into his open mouth. Chan opens his eyes so he can watch the way Hyunjin's brows pinch together, pitching up in that beautiful needy way. He feels the way Hyunjin's hips stutter, lifting up just to press hard into Chan's abdomen.

Even without external stimulation on his cock, the sight of Hyunjin coming undone in his lap is enough to send Chan right over the edge.

Hyunjin's panting heavily, relaxing back down onto Chan's thighs as Chan empties himself in his underwear. The grip on his arms loosens as Hyunjin slumps forward, and Chan pulls them free to wrap around his boyfriend's waist, drawing him close.

"Come here," he says softly, pulling Hyunjin to his chest. He presses a tender kiss to the apple of Hyunjin's cheek, then shoves some hair off of his sweaty forehead. "Oh, baby. We're hardly halfway home. We're going to be sticky and gross now," he coos, leaving more kisses along the high plane of Hyunjin's cheek and temple.

Hyunjin grunts. "Don't care," he grumbles into Chan's neck. His mouth puckers, pressing right into that tender spot below his ear. "Worth it."

Chan shies away from the touch, the flesh sensitive and raw. "Ah, that– that feels weird."

Hyunjin lifts his head to look at it, a smile spreading on his face before he giggles. “Oops, I left a mark.” He lifts a hand to poke a finger into it, and Chan flinches with a squeal.

“Baby!” he cries out as Hyunjin continues to giggle.

“Oh, well, I guess you had some more muscle conditioning!” Hyunjin says conspiratorially through his giggles. “What can you do? Not much.”

Chan narrows his eyes, tucking his tongue into his cheek. “Brat,” he says, but it comes out less angry and more affectionate than he means it to. Fond.

Hyunjin’s face scrunches up with his smile. “That’s me.”

Chan sighs, smiling despite himself as he leans in for a sweet kiss. “I missed you,” he whispers when he pulls back.

“Missed you more, Daddy.”

xx