“Hands off,” Leo says again, and this time Geonwoo actually curses out loud.

“You’re doing this on purpose,” he accuses, rubbing his palms on his thighs. His cock is *aching*- he’d barely had ten seconds to touch it before Leo stopped him- and he can *feel* that smug, self-satisfied smirk even through the phone laying on his pillow.

“So what if I am?” Leo asks. “I’m playing with you how *I* want to play with you. And I’m not *really* stopping you am I? I’m not even there.”

A low growl rumbles its way up Geonwoo’s throat. “Maybe you have a point.”

Leo chuckles. “You know it’s real cute when you try to bite back, act like you’re not a little slut for me. You keep saying you *hate me*, that *this can never happen again*, but remember- *you’re* the one who called *me*.” He pauses, then adds, “But if you *do* back out now, I’m blocking your number.”

Maybe that would be a good thing. Geonwoo closes his eyes, trying to convince himself of the truth he knows he can’t accept: Leo is toxic. Leo is dangerous. Leo is bad for him.

The first time they hooked up, he’d had no idea what he was getting into. Two things have always been true in every single one of Geonwoo’s relationships: he’s a romantic at heart, and a strict top. How is it that such a self-centered *asshole* managed to bypass *both* so easily? Everything about Leo spelled trouble from the start, but there’s just something so magnetic about his asshole swagger. That first night drew him in, and Leo absolutely rocked his world- and now, despite having it made perfectly clear that *dating* is an absolute *dealbreaker*, Geonwoo can’t help but keep crawling back for more.

It’s pathetic. But he knows better now than to try to stop- it never lasts.

“See you tomorrow,” Leo says to someone on his side of the phone. “Good work today.”

Geonwoo inhales sharply. “Are you with people?”

“I’m at the studio, remember?” Leo says. “Working late.”

“Right, but…” Geonwoo swallows. “Can they *hear* you?”

“Maybe.” Leo grins. “Do you want them to?”

“No!” Geonwoo blurts out. “No, I didn’t- I thought-”

“You wanted us to be alone?” Leo mocks. “Don’t worry, pretty boy. There’s no one in the room with me, someone just passed by the door.”

“Okay,” Geonwoo whispers, relaxing only slightly.

“And I’ve got headphones in, so they won’t be able to hear you either,” Leo adds. “For now at least.”

Geonwoo’s heartrate spikes. “Don’t-”

“Did you get my present?” Leo interrupts.

The *present* in question is a little black box that Geonwoo’s been trying not to think about ever since it arrived outside his apartment. Trying and *failing*- he couldn’t decide whether to open it or throw it away, so instead it’s just sat on his nightstand staring at him for the past three days.

He bites his lip, debating whether to keep arguing- but Leo has to be messing with him. He wouldn't *really* put Geonwoo on speaker during this, not at *work*. That's practically asking to get fired.

"I got it," he says, picking up the box. "But…I haven't opened it."

"Oh, good," says Leo. "Then it's still a surprise. Open it now."

Geonwoo hesitates- there's still something horribly intimidating about what could lie inside- but he might as well just get it over with. He tears off the top, suppressing a flinch that he feels incredibly silly about. What, did he think it would *explode?* Stupid.

Inside is a little bundle of tissue paper, which Geonwoo pushes aside to reveal…a remote-controlled *vibrator.*

"What the hell?"

"You like?" Leo asks, though Geonwoo doubts he actually cares about the answer. "Probably won't be as good as the real thing, but it might at least tide you over until the next time you come crawling back begging for my dick."

Geonwoo swallows, imagining putting this thing inside him. "I don't know about that…" It's one thing when they're actually together. He doesn't have to think about it as much when Leo's right in front of him; he can just get caught up in the tornado. By himself, though…

"Aw, come on, pretty boy," Leo says. "Remember how much you liked taking it up the ass? Just put it in already."

Still Geonwoo hesitates, staring down at the toy. It's so much smaller than Leo, so it should be fine, but if it's going to *move*…

"Or, you know," Leo adds, "don't. And stop *wasting my time*."

Geonwoo's heart jumps again at the thought of Leo hanging up. "Yeah, okay," he whispers quickly. "I'll- I'll do it."

"Good boy," Leo purrs, and Geonwoo chokes back a whimper. Leo, at least, has the decency not to comment on it. For once.

Taking a deep breath, Geonwoo shifts back so he's leaning against the headboard, then stops, hands twitching with indecision. "Wait, how do I…?"

"You have lube, right?" Leo asks. "Just stick a finger in, maybe two. Make some space for it first, then lube it up and stick it in." He sighs, and Geonwoo swears he can hear the eye-roll. "You should really know how to do this by now. You're such a *pillow princess.*"

"Right." Geonwoo swallows, ignoring the insult in favor of the instructions. He sets the box down beside him and grabs the bottle of lube from his nightstand. "I'm- I'm doing that."

"Good. Let me know when you're finished." There's the sound of Leo shuffling around on the other end, maybe…typing?

"What are you doing?" Geonwoo asks as he squeezes probably too much lube onto his hand.

“I’m at work, dumbass,” says Leo. “I’m *working*.”

Geonwoo wets his lips. “Right now, though?”

“You want to make me stay even later than I already am? I gave you a task to do, so stop stalling. I’ll pay attention to you again when you’re ready.”

His tone leaves no room for argument so Geonwoo doesn’t bother to try. He bites his lip, takes a deep breath, and slowly pushes a finger inside.

The feeling isn’t *new* exactly- Leo’s fingered him plenty of times. It’s just the first time he’s fingered *himself*, and it’s *strange*. Since *Leo’s* not saying anything on his end it feels weird to make noise, so he tries his best to be quiet as he pushes it further in, then slowly out. It feels…good, yes, if he can get past the humiliation. He closes his eyes against the darkness of his room, as if that’ll make it any better.

“Having fun?” Leo asks, after a minute or two of Geonwoo’s soft, choked-off sounds punctuating the silence. Geonwoo whimpers loudly and adds a second finger. His face is *burning*.

“I bet you look so pretty like this,” Leo muses. “I should make you do it yourself next time we’re together- put on a little show for me.”

The image of Leo sitting in front of him, *watching* him do this springs to his mind and forces Geonwoo’s eyes back open just to confirm he’s alone. He moans softly, twisting his fingers as he pulls them back out, and- slowly- picks up the toy.

Fingers is one thing. This is something else.

He rotates it in his hands. The silicone is smooth and deceptively soft. There’s what looks like a power button on the base, which he taps gently. An indicator light turns on, blinking several times before turning solid. Geonwoo glances at the box- maybe he should test the vibration first, see what it *looks like* before sticking it inside. But on the other hand, that might make it even more intimidating.

If you do back out now, I’m blocking your number. Leo *probably* didn’t mean that, at least not for *everything*. He’s not *that* much of an asshole, and he likes fucking with Geonwoo as much as Geonwoo hates that he enjoys it. He might follow through on the threat, if Geonwoo chickens out, but the block probably wouldn’t last *forever.* Just long enough to make Geonwoo sweat.

He still can’t risk it. Geonwoo takes a deep breath, pours another healthy portion of lube over the vibrator itself, and slowly pushes it inside as he forces himself to relax. It goes in smoothly, barely a stretch, and he wipes some of the excess lube on his discarded T-shirt as he reaches for the box.

“Okay,” he says. “I did it.” He lifts up the tissue paper with a frown. “But wait, I don’t see the remo-*oh!”*

He cuts off as the vibrator springs to life inside of him, dropping the box and scrambling his hands on the sheets. “Oh, wait- what…?”

“It’s with me,” Leo says, his smirk practically oozing through the phone. “Isn’t this nice? You don’t have to worry about a thing- I’m still the one fucking you.”

“Ah- *hyung*,” Geonwoo whimpers.

“You know how I know you were made to take cock?” Leo asks. “You make the *prettiest* noises when there’s something inside. I should record it sometime, play it back for you to hear. Or maybe I could put it into a song.”

“Don’t.” Geonwoo’s whole body tenses. The reaction has him clenching down on the vibrator, and undercutting his already-weak command with a pathetic *mewl*.

Leo laughs. “Aw, don’t worry princess. If I let other people hear what you sound like, they might want a piece of you too- and I’m not big on sharing.”

“Hyung,” Geonwoo pants, shifting in a futile attempt to get away from the sensation. “Hyung, wait, it’s too much-”

“Shh, you can take it,” Leo croons. “Don’t you want to be *good?* Just close your eyes and pretend it’s my dick, the one you called me cause you couldn’t stop *drooling* over.”

That’s not why I called, Geonwoo thinks. “That’s not- *ah!”*

He arches as the vibrator shifts to a higher setting, and Leo grins smugly through the phone. “What’s that, pretty boy? Got something you want to say?”

“I- ngh- *hyung*,” Geonwoo stutters. “It’s- I-”

“How does it feel?” Leo asks. “Tell me.”

“I- it’s- I don’t know-” The vibrator speeds up *again* and Geonwoo whimpers, eyes slipping shut. “Hyung, wait, please, I can’t-”

Leo laughs, but must take pity on him because the vibration slows back to the first setting. Geonwoo relaxes, panting, and runs a hand over his face. His cock twitches against his stomach and his brain feels like it’s *melting*.

“So how does it feel?” Leo asks again. “Cause it sounds like you’re having a pretty good time.”

“Feels good,” Geonwoo whispers, his cheeks burning under his palm. “I- it’s good.”

“That’s good,” Leo purrs. “Maybe sometime I should try fucking you while it’s inside. Then we could both feel good together.”

Geonwoo swallows a whine, squeezing his thighs. “May- maybe, I don’t know.”

On the other side of the phone Leo laughs at him again. “Oh, you sound *so* gone,” he coos. “You don’t even know what you’re *saying*, do you?” The question is barely out before the vibrator speeds up again, making Geonwoo twist and cry out.

“Hyung,” he whimpers. “Hyung, please, I want- it *hurts*, I need-”

“What, you wanna come?” Leo asks. “Who’s stopping you? You don’t need my permission.”

Geonwoo whines loudly, one of his hands *finally* returning to his aching cock and stroking once, twice, *three times*-

“Hands off,” Leo snaps, and Geonwoo actually *sobs*.

"Why?" he whimpers, even as he yanks his hand away. "Why, hyung, you said- I thought-"

"I said you don't need my permission to *come*," Leo explains- like it's *simple*, like it's *obvious*. "You *do* still need my permission to touch yourself, which I'm not gonna give you. I bet you don't even need it."

"No, I do, I do," Geonwoo whimpers. "Hyung, *please*, it's too much, I can't-"

The vibrator kicks up again and he *wails*, arching his back and clinging to the sheets like it'll hold him down.

"See, this is *exactly* what I was saying before," says Leo. "You're such a little cockslut- stick something inside and you start begging and moaning so *prettily*. Can't believe you've never bottomed before me- all those other guys were missing out."

Geonwoo's barely listening anymore, the pleasure verging on the point of *pain*, and all he can hear is the sound of Leo's voice as he comes with a muffled shout, biting his lip hard enough to draw blood.

The vibration continues through his orgasm, drawing it out, and it keeps going even as he collapses into the bed, totally spent.

"Hyung, stop," he whimpers, tears finally starting to spill. "Stop, stop, 's too much, it *hurts*."

"Yeah, yeah, I hear you." To Leo's credit, the toy *does* stop, and the last of Geonwoo's muscles relax as he lays there struggling to catch his breath.

"So. You have a *good time?"* Leo asks smugly.

Geonwoo can't even muster the strength to be upset. "Yes," he murmurs. "So good."

"Good," Leo says. "Nice to know I could be of service."

It sounds like he might be about to hang up, and Geonwoo's heart spikes with fear. *Not yet*. "Hyung, wait."

Leo pauses, and Geonwoo's thoughts race. *What does he say now?* He's barely able to put words together in his head, let alone say them out loud, but Leo is going to *leave*-

"I just- thanks," he says, turning on his side and grabbing the phone to hold it close as he lets himself ramble. Anything to keep him on the line just a little bit longer. "This was- I had fun. And you- thank you for- for all of it. I'm sorry I was- that I didn't- I liked it, I really did. So thank you for- for not hanging up and- and for the present, even though I was- it was good. I think I love you-"

I love you. As soon as the words escape he cringes *hard* and cuts himself off, wishing more than anything he could take it back. He's not supposed to say that, no matter how true it is. Leo doesn't like him like that. He doesn't do *serious* or *romantic* or *feelings*. This is just sex.

Leo is silent for a long time, long enough to make Geonwoo check that he didn't already end the call. Then he laughs again. It's not a *big* laugh this time, just a soft little *huff*. "Yeah, pretty boy," he says- and if Geonwoo's not mistaken, he sounds almost fond? "I know."

The line clicks, and Geonwoo's phone screen lights up: *call ended*.

His face crumples as he tosses it aside, throwing an arm over his face. This was a mistake. It's always a mistake. Tears springing to his eyes, he grabs the phone again, opens Leo's contact, hovers his finger over the block button, and-

He can't do it. Geonwoo stares at the screen with trembling hands as the tears threaten to spill, and, slowly, sets it back down. Like it or not, he *is* in love with Leo. He's not strong enough to just *leave*.

Even though Leo will never love him back… he'll still give him *this*. And for now, at least, that simply has to be enough.