Sanghyeon is sitting on the couch scrolling through his phone when Anxin throws his arms around him from behind and plants a loud kiss on his cheek. “Hi Xiaozhu.”
“Hi hyung,” Sanghyeon says, barely looking up.

Anxin climbs over the back of the couch to sit beside him, laying his feet on Sanghyeon’s lap. “Did you miss me?”

“Why would I miss you, I saw you like an hour ago,” Sanghyeon says, but he shifts to the side to give Anxin more room.

Anxin rolls his eyes. “Yeah, a whole *hour*. You know, puppies can get pretty bad separation anxiety. You could’ve gotten so lonely without Xiaozhu owner.”

“Nah,” Sanghyeon says. “I had Long-hyung to keep me company.”

Xinlong looks up from his phone with a soft smile, and Anxin glances over- then grins, like he’s got an idea. That’s almost never a good thing.

“Oh, of course. That makes sense.” He sounds *way* too pleased with himself. Anxin turns back to Sanghyeon, mischief in his eyes. “Hey, remember that time you got asked who’d take the best care of you if you got turned into a dog? And you picked *Xinlong*.”

“Anxin…” Xinlong warns.

Sanghyeon shrugs. “Sure, I remember.”

Anxin’s grin widens. “Guess that makes him your *real* owner. No wonder you were okay without me.”

“Come on, Xin,” Xinlong says. “Leave him alone.”

“It’s fine,” Sanghyeon tells him, grinning back at Anxin. “He’s just being weird. After all, he said the same thing. If you were a cat, right hyung?”

“Well, yeah,” Anxin says, completely unbothered. “Longlong’s good at taking care of people. He’d be a great owner.”

Xinlong rolls his eyes, his ears tinged slightly pink. “You two are the worst.”

“Aw, don’t be like that!” Anxin pouts, moving out of Sanghyeon’s space to climb on Xinlong instead. “You *love* me.”

He fixes Xinlong with a big puppy-dog eye stare, and it takes less than ten seconds for Xinlong to fold. “Yeah, I do.”

Sanghyeon laughs. “You’re too nice, hyung,” he says. “He doesn’t deserve you.”

Anxin shoots him a look, but he’s still smiling as he settles in Xinlong’s lap.

Anxin and Xinlong have always been close, so this kind of cuddling isn’t out of the ordinary. What is new is the degree to which they’re including Sanghyeon. Not so much with the cuddling, though Anxin has been more clingy with him lately, but in the *conversation*. Despite the physical closeness of the other two, Anxin directs most of his comments to Sanghyeon, like he’s just as much a part of their little circle. It’s *nice*.

And every time he calls Sanghyeon *our puppy* it makes him feel a little bit more like he matters.

-

anxinnie hyung
come to our room
your late birthday present is here

me
present??

anxinnie hyung
from me and longlong
hurry up puppy

-

He's not really doing anything when the texts come in, so Sanghyeon rolls right off his bed to head upstairs. He's not sure why he's getting a present now, since it's been over a month since his birthday-plus, he's already gotten something from each of them. But he's certainly curious, and he's never going to refuse the offer to hang out with his best friends.

Sanghyeon lets himself into the upper dorm and heads down the hall to knock on the door to the room Anxin and Xinlong share. From inside he hears a soft *come in!* and when he does, he finds Xinlong lying on his stomach on his half of the shared bed, watching something on his phone. There's no sign of Anxin.

"Sanghyeon!" Xinlong smiles brightly as he enters. "Hi! What's up?"

Sanghyeon glances around the room. "Anxin-hyung told me to come up here," he says. "He said something about a present?"

"Oh." Xinlong frowns, brow crinkling in thought. "Well, I don't know anything about that, but he'll probably be here soon." He pats the bed next to him. "Come sit."

Sanghyeon goes to join him, looking over Xinlong's shoulder.

"I'm just monitoring some of our old performances," Xinlong explains, tilting the phone so he can see. "It's nothing important. How're you doing? Did you eat?"

"Yes, hyung," Sanghyeon says with a laugh. "You don't have to worry."

Xinlong rolls his eyes. "I'm not *worried*. It was just a question."

"Hey, I don't mind." Sanghyeon nudges his shoulder. "Seriously, it's nice that you care."

"Of course I care," Xinlong says. "You're still growing, somehow. You've gotta keep your strength up."

Sanghyeon opens his mouth to respond, but he's interrupted by the door banging open again as Anxin bursts in. He's holding a small package, and lights up when he spots Sanghyeon. "Oh, good! You're here!" He shuts the door and bounces over to the bed, holding out the box. "Happy late birthday!"

“But you already got me a present,” Sanghyeon says as he takes the box.

Anxin flops down on Xinlong’s other side. “Yeah, but we had an idea for another one.”

“We?” Xinlong asks, raising an eyebrow. “I don’t remember being involved.”

“Yes you do,” Anxin says with a grin. “We talked about it last week. How Xiaozhu’s such a good dog, and he deserves to be taken care of?”

Xinlong’s face pales, sitting up in alarm. “Wait, that was a joke, right? You were *joking*, you didn’t actually-”

He cuts himself off, looking at the box in Sanghyeon’s hands with something like fear.

“Come on, *doggy*,” Anxin says. “Open it.”

Sanghyeon glances at Xinlong. “It’s not going to explode or something, is it?”

Anxin rolls his eyes. “You’ll be fine. He’s just being dramatic.”

“Or you could just forget about it,” Xinlong blurts out. “It’s nothing serious, don’t-”

Again he cuts himself off, this time as Sanghyeon opens the box, revealing a leather dog collar. It’s dark orange with a silver ring for the tags, which jingle as he lifts it up. Xinlong's face turns red and he groans, grabbing a pillow to bury his face in.

Anxin has no such shame. “Do you like it?” he asks. “Read the tags.”

“Don’t,” Xinlong mumbles, slightly muffled.

Sanghyeon is way too curious not to. The first tag is shaped like a heart, red but otherwise blank- okay, kind of cute, but not that exciting- and the second:



“Oh,” he says with a grin. “Cause I said he’d be my owner?”

Xinlong groans again, shrinking like he wants to melt into the bed. “Sorry,” he says. “It really sounded like he was joking, I didn’t think he’d actually-”

“Stop apologizing,” Anxin interrupts. “I think our puppy *likes* it.”

Sanghyeon turns the collar over in his hands. “So am I supposed to wear it or something?”

Anxin shrugs. “If you want to. I think it’d look cute.”

Does he want to? Maybe. The game has taken kind of a weird turn, but he’s still having fun with it- and it *is* cute how shy Xinlong is being about the whole thing. Sanghyeon undoes the buckle and puts it around his neck, tightening it to sit comfortably against his throat.

“Look at that,” Anxin whispers, tugging Xinlong’s head up by the hair to get him to look. Xinlong lifts his hands to cover his face instead, but his eyes widen behind them and he doesn’t look away. “Doesn’t it look good?” Anxin purrs in his ear. “He’s so cute, our little puppy.”

Xinlong whimpers deep in his throat, as Anxin leans down to kiss at his neck. He whispers something else into Xinlong’s ear, something Sanghyeon can’t make out, and Xinlong squeezes his eyes shut as he turns even redder than he already was.

Sanghyeon shifts awkwardly on the bed. Technically he was invited, but it suddenly feels like he’s intruding. “Should I head out?”

“No!” Xinlong blurts out, eyes flying open as he reaches out a hand- then quickly pulls it back. “I mean. You don’t have to. Sorry.”

Anxin smirks, straightening back up- though he keeps an arm slung around Xinlong’s shoulders. “Don’t worry, Xiaozhu- we’re not leaving you out. Longlong and I were just talking about how he could take care of you.”

Xinlong closes his eyes, clutches the pillow in his lap, and tilts his head back up toward the ceiling as he lets out an enormous sigh. He looks like his very *soul* is leaving his body.

Anxin snuggles up behind him, kissing at his neck again. “He’s really good at taking care of people, remember?” he says between kisses, smirking at Sanghyeon. “He could take such good care of you now. What do you think, puppy? You want your *owner* to make you feel good?”

Sanghyeon stares at them blankly for a moment while the dots connect in his head, then-

“Oh!” *Sex. They’re talking about sex, right?*

Sanghyeon looks at Xinlong, who’s now hiding his face in Anxin’s shoulder, and freezes. *Is that even okay?*

“Longlong really likes you,” Anxin tells him, prompting Xinlong to shrink even further into his chest. “He talks about it a *lot*. I’ve been trying to set this up for a while, actually.” He reaches past Xinlong to hook a finger under Sanghyeon’s collar and pull his face in close. “I guess I kind of like you too.”

And then Anxin is *kissing* him. Sanghyeon’s mind goes blank for a second as he processes what’s happening- then a *thrill* rushes through him as he kisses back. If he had a tail it’d be thumping up and down. This is the *best*, more than he ever could’ve *dreamed*.

Anxin breaks the kiss far too soon, smirking against his lips as Sanghyeon tries to chase after him and tugging at the collar again to direct his face towards Xinlong’s. “Your turn, Longlong,” he sings.

Xinlong stares at Sanghyeon, his hands still fisted in Anxin’s shirt. His face is inches away, eyes blown wide, and his throat bobs as he swallows visibly. Sanghyeon tracks the motion, tongue slipping out to

unconsciously wet his lips- then Xinlong closes the distance to kiss him too. It's much softer than Anxin's, which was confident and demanding. Xinlong's kiss is gentle and sweet, shy at first but quickly becoming just as eager.

As Xinlong lets go of Anxin to cling to Sanghyeon instead, Anxin shifts to hug Sanghyeon from behind, kissing his neck and slipping his hands under Sanghyeon's shirt. He runs them along Sanghyeon's torso, then lets them dip lower- and Sanghyeon ruts up into his hand before he can stop himself.

Anxin laughs into his ear. "Excited, puppy? What do you want to do?"

Sanghyeon whimpers into Xinlong's mouth. "I don't know."

Anxin pointedly squeezes his bulge. "Do you want your *owner* to take care of this for you?"

Sanghyeon whimpers again, bucking his hips and grabbing at Xinlong.

"Well you've got some options, then," Anxin continues. "You could just hump his leg like a real dog, but I think we can make it a bit more fun. Maybe he could ride you, or suck you off. He's pretty good with his mouth."

Xinlong makes an embarrassed noise, shrinking in Sanghyeon's arms, as Anxin sucks a mark into the soft spot behind Sanghyeon's ear. *Good with his mouth*- how would Anxin even know that? It sounds like they…

Several images flash through his mind: Anxin on Xinlong's lap, Anxin's arm around his shoulders, the two of them *kissing*, Xinlong on his knees-

"That- um, that last part," he says, between kisses. "That sounds…good."

Anxin chuckles in his ear. "Alright Longlong. You heard the puppy- go get on the floor."

Xinlong nods, pulling away with a nervous smile.

"You don't have to," Sanghyeon blurts out. "I just mean-"

"He wants to," Anxin tells him as he pushes Sanghyeon to sit on the edge of the mattress. "Relax, puppy."

Sanghyeon bites his lip, trying to contain his excitement as Xinlong kneels between his legs and looks up at him through his lashes. "Can I?" he asks, reaching for Sanghyeon's waistband. Sanghyeon nods wordlessly.

Xinlong frees his cock from his pants and begins to stroke it lightly in his hand. Sanghyeon groans, his eyes slipping shut, and fists his hands in the sheets. There's a low chuckle in his ear, and Anxin wraps his arms around Sanghyeon from behind, pressing soft kisses on his neck.

Sanghyeon leans his head back to rest on Anxin's shoulder, and Anxin pauses in his kissing to look down at the floor. "Come on, Longlong," he says. "Give the dog his *real* present."

The hand on Sanghyeon's cock stills, but only for a second before a soft, wet warmth envelopes the head. Sanghyeon moans, opening his eyes so he can *watch* as Xinlong takes him into his mouth. It feels

amazing, like nothing he's ever felt. Xinlong's tongue swirls around the tip as he bobs his head up and down, and Sanghyeon whines with pleasure. His hips jerk forward on pure instinct and Xinlong gags, pulling off with a choking gasp.

"Bad dog," Anxin snaps, tugging at the collar. "Stay still, don't move like that. You have to wait til he's ready."

"Sorry," Sanghyeon whimpers. "Sorry, hyung, I didn't mean to-"

"It's okay," Xinlong assures him, patting his knee. He offers Sanghyeon a sweet smile, then takes him into his mouth again. Sanghyeon inhales sharply, resisting the urge to move again. It already feels so *good*; he doesn't want to do anything that might make it stop.

"Don't worry, puppy," Anxin whispers in his ear. "I'll tell you when you can start moving." He bites down on Sanghyeon's earlobe and Sanghyeon lets out a loud whine.

Anxin nibbles on his ear a little longer before pulling away. "Longlong, you can go a little deeper, can't you? He's being so good."

Xinlong hums around Sanghyeon's cock- the vibrations shoot through him like a little bolt of pleasure- and places his hands on Sanghyeon's thighs. He pushes his head forward, taking even more of the cock into his mouth and throat, pulls back until it's just the tip inside, and pushes forward again. It's slow, but rhythmic. In and out, in and out, like Sanghyeon is actually fucking him.

"Ah- hyung!" Sanghyeon gasps. "Feels good-"

Anxin tugs harshly at the collar again, cutting him off. "You know what I think would be fun?" he muses. "I think you should *bark*."

Xinlong whines loudly, closing his eyes and the vibrations around his cock have Sanghyeon keening. He gasps for air, struggling to keep his wits about him.

"After all," Anxin adds sweetly, "dogs can't talk, right?"

"Woof," Sanghyeon says, mostly just to see what happens, and Xinlong makes another sound. His eyes are squeezed shut, his face bright red. Now Sanghyeon's *intrigued*.

"Woof," he says again, watching Xinlong closely. This time he stays silent, but his breath hitches minutely and his movements stutter. It's…really *cute*, actually- he's clearly *way* more into the dog thing than he's trying to pretend.

Anxin laughs, breath ghosting over Sanghyeon's ear. "Good dog," he murmurs. "Told you he likes you." He plants a wet kiss on Sanghyeon's jaw, before moving to mouth at his neck. Sanghyeon keeps barking, watching as Xinlong keeps sucking him off, getting redder and redder with each little sound.

Eventually Anxin laces his fingers together with Sanghyeon's hand and guides it to rest on Xinlong's head. "He's ready for you, puppy. Go ahead."

Sanghyeon hesitates, but Xinlong opens his eyes to nod up at him, so Sanghyeon grips his hair and bucks his hips forward. The tip of his cock grazes the back of Xinlong's throat and Xinlong whimpers, eyes falling shut again as he continues to work his tongue over the shaft. Sanghyeon slips into a steady

rhythm- it's not like he has anything to compare it to, but Xinlong *is* good with his mouth. Anxin is running his hands up and down Sanghyeon's torso, sucking marks into his shoulders, and Sanghyeon is so *close*-

"Hyung, I'm gonna-" he starts, then belatedly remembers the thing about *talking*. He barks again, then *whines*, throwing his hands off of Xinlong's head to let him pull away before Sanghyeon comes down his throat- but Xinlong doesn't.

"You can come inside," Anxin tells him. "Come on- be a good dog and *let go.*"

Xinlong hums around his cock, looking up at Sanghyeon with big wet eyes, and Sanghyeon groans. He bucks his hips again, thrusting once, twice- then spills into Xinlong's mouth. Xinlong's throat tenses around him as he swallows, but he doesn't pull off until Sanghyeon collapses bonelessly back against Anxin's chest.

Anxin reaches forward to grab Xinlong by the front of his shirt, pulling him onto the bed. He's practically sitting in Sanghyeon's lap. Now Sanghyeon is sandwiched between them, and over his shoulder Anxin takes Xinlong's chin and pulls him in for a kiss, lapping at the little droplets of cum staining the corners of his mouth. Sanghyeon's heart *jumps* at the sight, eyes going wide. His two favorite people are kissing *inches* from his face.

Anxin glances at him with a smirk, hooking a finger under Sanghyeon's collar to pull him into the kiss. It's awkward and *messy*, trying to kiss two people at once, but Xinlong whimpers and fists at his shirt to pull him closer. In the post-orgasmic haze it's somehow even better than the earlier kisses. He could do this forever.

Anxin breaks away first, letting Sanghyeon lick his way into Xinlong's mouth. "Do you taste yourself, puppy?" he asks. "Told you he was good."

He doesn't bother to wait for a response, instead taking Sanghyeon's hand and guiding it down to Xinlong's crotch. "You should help him out too," he murmurs into Sanghyeon's ear. "Let him know how much you appreciate it."

Sanghyeon whines as Xinlong bucks up into his hand. With Anxin's guidance (he's not sure he has the presence of mind to do it himself) he frees Xinlong's cock from his shorts and starts to stroke.

"Ah- Sanghyeon-" Xinlong whimpers.

"Hear that?" Anxin whispers. "You're doing so well. Such a good dog."

Sanghyeon barks again, feeling Xinlong twitch in his grip.

Xinlong's already pretty worked up, and it doesn't take long before he's coming over their hands. He clings to Sanghyeon's chest with a desperate whine as Anxin turns his chin away from Sanghyeon to kiss him through it.

After he's spent, Anxin lets go and Xinlong sags against Sanghyeon. Anxin pulls them all down into a little pile, Sanghyeon in the middle with Xinlong in his arms, and snuggles himself up on Sanghyeon's other side. "Knew this would be fun," he says with a contented little sigh.

Xinlong reaches up to fiddle with the tag on Sanghyeon's collar, a shy little smile crawling onto his face. For all that he was embarrassed earlier- and maybe still is- he does seem just as happy.

"So are you guys dating or something?" Sanghyeon blurts out. "Cause it really seems like you've done this before." And maybe that's something he should've asked before they got so carried away.

Anxin and Xinlong share a glance.

"Well- I guess technically, yeah," Xinlong says. "We haven't, um. We haven't really talked about it."

"Oh," Sanghyeon says. He bites his lip, working up the courage to ask what he really wants to ask. "So, um. Is this like a one time thing, then?"

Xinlong shrugs, looking away. "It- well, um. If you want, then yeah. But…it doesn't have to be."

"Don't be silly," Anxin says, pulling him close. "What kind of pet owners would we be if we didn't keep taking care of our puppy?"