pretty voice

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by tinyduckling

Summary

Xinlong is desperate to lose his virginity, but terrified of being seen. His roommate offers a solution.

Notes

kinktober day 5: glory hole

See the end of the work for more notes

Xinlong's heart is pounding as he enters the stall. There's no one around, no one to see- no one even knows he's here, except Sangwon, and he was the one to suggest it in the first place. Still. Maybe he should leave.

The door shuts behind him with a deafening click. It's not a large space, of course, but at least it's not claustrophobically small. Taking a deep breath, he turns towards the barrier between the stalls. It's plain and unassuming, except for the small hole at waist height- only a few inches in radius. The entire reason he's here.

This is a terrible idea.

This all started with a drunken conversation with his roommate and closest friend, one that he cringes to remember. Sangwon had been talking about his sex life, with all it's wild and crazy stories, and somehow it turned to Xinlong's complete *lack* of sex life. He'd opened up in ways he really never should have- not that Sangwon would ever judge. It's not that he *wants* to be some kind of loser virgin. In fact, he'd very much like to get the whole *first time* thing over with, to get past whatever mental block he has about *sex*. The only problem: he had no idea how to make it happen- or how to deal with the aftermath.

"I just really don't want it to be a *thing*," he said. "Like. I'm twenty-one, and still a virgin, and I hate it. I just want to get it over with."

"If you don't care about it being a special person, you could always just look for someone at a club," Sangwon suggested. "It wouldn't be hard to find someone interested. You're hot."

"I've tried that," Xinlong said. "You've seen me. I chicken out, like *immediately*. I can't help imagining everything that might go wrong-"

"So let me set you up," Sangwon interrupted. "I bet if you can get past the hurdle of *do you wanna make out*, even *you'd* be fine."

"I don't know about that," Xinlong said. "Kissing is one thing, being-" he shudders- "being *naked* in front of them is *completely* different. And besides, won't it be weird after? I mean, if we see each other later? Even if it's totally normal and nothing goes wrong, which- I mean, I don't think I'm that lucky."

Sangwon shrugged. "Not really. I mean, for you it might be, cause you overthink everything. But most people really don't care. And if for some reason they do and they're judging you, then they suck and who cares what they think?"

"I guess," Xinlong said, though he wasn't exactly convinced. The idea of meeting someone, *fucking* someone, and then just going about their lives like normal- all while *knowing* that they'd seen each other like *that*…

He shuddered at the thought. Too weird. Not worth it. Maybe he could just stay a virgin. He could definitely survive a little longer on his own. Sex couldn't be *that* exciting.

What was he *really* missing out on anyways?

Sangwon gave him a *look*, then sighed. “Would it somehow be better if it were anonymous? If you could have sex with someone without them knowing who you were?”

“I mean, probably,” Xinlong said. “But how would that even work? We…wear masks or something?”

“No,” Sangwon laughed. “I mean, you could if you wanted, but that probably wouldn’t work as well as you’re hoping.” He paused, raising an eyebrow. “You’re sure this is something you want?”

“Yes,” Xinlong said. “Literally the only thing holding me back is the crippling fear of being *seen*.”

“Okay.” Sangwon leaned forward with a conspiratorial grin. “In that case, there’s something you might want to try…”

Which brings him to tonight. Two drinks in, just enough to take the edge off, standing alone in a tiny room at the back of the bar and staring at a hole in the wall, his breath catching at the sound of a zipper on the other side and the sight of a hard red *cock* poking through.

Xinlong *freezes*. Now it’s real, in a way it wasn’t before and he’s equal parts thrilled and terrified. What now? Does he touch it? Does he flee?

He doesn’t move.

Something taps against the wall. “Hello?” a voice calls from the other side. “I thought I heard the door. Anyone there?”

Xinlong swallows, and *almost* responds- before thinking better of it. His voice is deep and memorable, and the whole point of this is *anonymity*. So instead, he lifts his hand to knock lightly on the wall. *Yes, someone’s here*.

“Oh, good,” the voice says, sounding relieved. “I would’ve felt pretty stupid just standing here alone with my dick out. So, are you gonna suck me off or what?”

Xinlong gulps, staring at the penis in front of him- he hasn’t taken his eyes off it since it appeared. And now he’s supposed to put it in his *mouth?* That…wasn’t the *original* plan, but it might be okay. It’s at least better than nothing. Hands shaking, he kneels on the floor and slowly wraps his fist around the base.

“What’s the matter?” the voice teases. “Scared?”

There’s something vaguely *familiar* about it that Xinlong can’t quite place- all the more reason to stay silent himself. He takes a deep breath and opens his mouth, shoving it forward around the cock- and immediately gags, pulling back with a cough.

The guy on the other side bursts into laughter. It's a laugh he's *definitely* heard somewhere before- but he puts the thought immediately out of his mind. "Aw, first time?"

Xinlong's face reddens. *Is it really that obvious?*

"Come on, try again," the guy says. "You don't have to go so deep at first. Just like, use your tongue. And your hands- they're so nice and soft."

Xinlong flushes darker at the compliment, but obeys. This time he takes just the head into his mouth, running his tongue along the underside and swallowing the saliva that pools around it. He presses his left hand against the door, and grips the shaft with his right, slowly stroking it up and down. His heart is *hammering* in his chest.

"That's better," the guy says encouragingly. "Keep going."

It doesn't taste like how Xinlong thought it would. It's just…fleshy, like a finger. Maybe a little salty. He pushes his head slightly forward, trying to take more of it in, but pulls back quickly as his gag reflex threatens to make itself known again. He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath through his nose, and tries again- only to pull off completely with another hacking cough as he goes just a bit too far.

"Wow, you're really bad at this," the guy says. "You know, you don't have to. I can wait for someone else."

Xinlong swallows a groan, rubbing his eyes. This is *exactly* what he was afraid of, exactly why he needed it to be secret. It's so *embarrassing*, being *so* incompetent- the only saving grace is that this stranger will never know who he is.

But he can at least keep trying. Maybe he can get better, so that next time it's less terrible. Xinlong opens his eyes, leaning forward to do just that- only to watch as the cock pulls out of the hole, retreating to the other side of the wall.

A soft sound of disappointment escapes his throat, and the stranger on the other side laughs incredulously.

"You really wanna keep going?" he asks.

Yes. No. I don't know. Xinlong swallows, then taps the wall again.

What he *really* wants is for someone to actually *fuck* him. That's what he prepared for, both mentally and physically, and it seems like it should be easier to just *let happen*- but how can he even ask for it? Sangwon made it sound like an option when he talked about this place, but then this guy mentioned *sucking* and he sounded so confident, and now… This was a bad idea. Xinlong's in way over his head.

The guy hums like he's considering something. "Tell you what," he says eventually. "I'll let you keep trying, if you really want- though I can't honestly say I'm excited to get *baby's first blowjob* here. Or, if you're open to it, I could just fuck you. I have lube, so if you turn around and let me see your little hole, I could open you up real nice."

Xinlong's thoughts stall- it's like the stranger just read his mind.

Oh, god- what if he really can read my mind?

No, he definitely can't. That's insane.

"No pressure," the guy adds softly, when Xinlong doesn't answer. "You can also just leave. Whatever you want."

No. No, he's not leaving. Not *now*, not when he's just been offered the exact thing he was waiting for. This person has no idea who he is, and he'll *never* know, and Xinlong has just been handed a golden opportunity.

He takes a deep breath and gets to his feet, unbuttons his pants and shoves them to the floor, then turns to face away from the middle barrier. Squeezing his eyes shut- even alone in the stall, unable to be seen, his ears are *burning* with shame- he leans forward on his hands and presses his hips back, lining up his butt with the hole in the wall.

"Oh my god," the guy whispers in awe, and Xinlong bites back a whimper as something touches his skin. "Is that what I think it is?"

He pokes at the base of the plug, then chuckles as Xinlong squirms. "Oh, *sweetheart*- you were being so *cute*," he coos, gripping the plug to slowly start rocking it out. "I never would've guessed you were such a little *slut*."

This time the whimper does make it out, and the guy laughs again, finally pulling the plug free.

"I'll hang onto this for now," he says. "Don't worry, I'll put it back when I'm done with you."

When I'm done with you. Xinlong whines, burying his mouth in the crook of his elbow to smother the sound.

A finger prods at his entrance, then pushes inside with ease. It moves in and out a few times, before being joined by a second one.

"You're already so *wet*," the guy says. "I don't even need to open you up. Did you do this yourself, baby?"

Yes, Xinlong thinks. *I wanted to be ready. To be good. Wanted to do this right*.

The guy must know by now Xinlong won't give him an answer, but it doesn't seem like he's looking for one. His fingers are moving steadily, exploring Xinlong's insides and pulling all manner of soft whimpers and moans from his throat.

"So *this* is what you came here for," the guy says. "No wonder you were so bad with your mouth- you didn't want to suck me off, you were hoping to get *fucked*. You know, you could've just said so."

He punctuates the words with a twist of his fingers that has Xinlong arching his back and yelping with pleasure.

“Found it,” the guy says, sounding way too pleased with himself. Then he pulls his fingers out, and Xinlong whimpers at the loss, pushing his hips back against the wall.

Don’t stop, he thinks. *Feels good, don’t stop, want you to touch me, want you inside*.

“You ready, baby?” the guy purrs, as something solid rubs up against Xinlong’s hole. “Gonna give you that cock you’ve been dreaming about. You think you can take it?”

Please, Xinlong thinks, biting his lip so he doesn’t say it out loud. *Please, want it, need it so bad-*

With a soft groan, the guy pushes inside, drawing a sharp wail from Xinlong’s throat. It’s big, bigger than the plug, bigger than his fingers, and it doesn’t *hurt* but it feels *strange*. Tears poke at the corners of his eyes as he struggles to adjust- and fortunately the guy isn’t moving yet.

“You’re doing so *well*,” he croons, and the condescension goes straight to Xinlong’s dick. “Such a sweet little thing. You want me to fuck you, baby? Gonna make you feel real good.”

Xinlong whimpers, lifting his heel to kick lightly at the wall. *Yes. Fuck me, hurry up, move-*

The guy pulls out slowly and *slams* back in, shoving Xinlong away from the wall with the force of his thrust. “Oh, come on, sweetheart,” he says. “I can’t hold you in place like this- you’ve gotta stay close.”

Xinlong nods, focusing on pushing his hips back. “That’s good,” the guy coos. “Good boy. Just stay right there, okay? So you can take my cock like a good little slut.”

Again he pulls out to slam back in, and this time Xinlong doesn’t let himself be pushed forward. With his arms now outstretched in front of him to hold him in place, it’s harder to cover up the noises he’s making. He tries his best, biting his lip, but then the angle of the cock shoving into him shifts to press against that little bundle of nerves and his lip slips free from his teeth as a loud moan bursts out.

“You sound so pretty, moaning for me like that,” the guy laughs. He keeps their hips flush, grinding the head of his cock against Xinlong’s prostate as Xinlong squirms, more soft noises escaping his throat. “You know, I just love your *voice*. Guess it’s my lucky day, huh?”

Mine too, Xinlong thinks. Is this what sex always feels like? Or is this guy just really, really *good?*

The stranger doesn’t say anything for a little bit after that, but between his breath coming out in pants and Xinlong’s half muffled whimpers the tiny room feels impossibly loud. Xinlong grinds his hips back, trying to somehow push the cock even deeper inside. It feels like it’s splitting him in two, in the best possible way.

The guy's breathing is becoming heavier, his thrusts getting faster. "Can I come inside?" he asks. "I wanna fill you up with my cum, and then put the plug back in so you can keep it inside. Want you to feel it as you're walking around, so you remember I'm still inside of you."

Xinlong whimpers, shifting to lean on one hand so the other can grasp at his own cock. He's close to coming himself, with how the stranger is pounding inside of him, and if he can just get himself over the edge…

"You like that baby?" the guy asks, and Xinlong can *hear* the grin in his voice. "God, you're so *dirty*. Really had me thinking you were so *sweet* and *innocent.* I mean, you didn't even know how to suck cock, but here you are taking one like a champ." He pauses, then, sounding almost *curious*, adds, "Are you going to stay here after I'm done, wait for the next one? Let another guy take a shot at this greedy little hole?"

Xinlong whines, shaking his head. The thought hadn't even occurred to him- he honestly didn't expect himself to make it this far-and while there is something *very* tantalizing about it, he doubts he'd even *survive*.

"No," he says, pumping his hand faster.

There's the tiniest pause before the guy echoes, "No?" He chuckles softly to himself. "Well, then. *Good*. I don't like sharing my things if I can help it."

My things. He's calling *Xinlong* his *thing*, like he's enjoying himself, like Xinlong is something to be *used*. That thought is enough to finally push Xinlong over the edge, and he keens as he comes into his hand, clenching down around the cock still inside of him.

The guy laughs again, thrusts twice more, and then groans as he bottoms out, hot cum gushing out of his cock and filling Xinlong deep inside.

Xinlong whimpers at the feeling, breath panting. He's…totally *spent*. That was probably the most intense orgasm of his *life*, and he leans his forehead against his arm as he tries to get a hold of himself. Right now, he could just die *happy*. He might even already be dead.

"Stay still," the guy tells him, as he slowly pulls out. Xinlong whines at the loss, but does as he's told. He's not even sure he *could* move, if he tried.

The feeling of cum starting to drip out of him is unpleasant, but it only lasts a second before the guy's fingers return to gently push it back inside- and then something else.

The plug. Xinlong completely forgot.

"There you go," the guy says. "Nice and full, just like you wanted. Don't go taking this out until you get home, okay? I want you to feel me for the rest of the night."

He pats the base of the plug twice, then moves away, and Xinlong takes that as his cue to finally straighten up, turning to collapse back against the far wall. Through the hole he can see the faint motions of the guy's legs as he shuffles around- cleaning up, probably. Xinlong

glances to the dispenser of wet wipes to his left and sighs, taking a couple to start cleaning himself up too.

A few minutes later, the guy pipes up again. “You good?” he asks, softly. “I think I’m ready to head out, but if you need anything…”

Xinlong opens his mouth to respond, but catches himself before he can say something stupid like *what’s your name?* or *can I see you again?* Instead he leans forward to rap his knuckles gently against the wall. *I’m good. You can leave. This was great. Thanks*.

The guy laughs quietly. “Back to the silent treatment, huh? I guess that’s fair. You were being so loud earlier, though. I did love hearing it- you have a *really* pretty voice.”

Xinlong’s breath catches in his throat, something like fear spiking in his chest. He refused to think about it at the start, but that voice, that laugh, it’s all just a little too *familiar*. And now that it’s over and he’s thinking a little more clearly… He still can’t place it exactly, but this has to be someone he *knows*- if they heard him enough to comment on his *voice*, then what if they recognized him too? Did he somehow fuck this whole thing up?

At the same time, the thought of this guy walking out of his life forever kind of makes his heart hurt. Once again the urge to say something bubbles up inside his chest.

He stays silent.

“Well, thanks for this,” the guy says eventually. “I had a *lot* of fun. Until next time.”

On the other side of the wall, the door swings open and then slowly clicks shut.

Xinlong counts the seconds before leaving. Ten, fifteen, twenty. At thirty he reaches for the door and slowly cracks it open. The stalls open on opposite sides into different corridors to preserve the anonymity, so there’s no real chance of running into each other, but still he’s hit with a wave of relief when the space outside is just as empty as when he entered. Quickly he rushes out, scurrying down the hall to the bathroom to wash his hands more thoroughly before returning to the bar. His skin is buzzing with the thrill of everything that just happened- and he could really use another drink.

Sangwon is nowhere to be found and Xinlong doesn’t plan on staying long himself, so once he’s ordered he just hovers by the bar, letting his eyes wander around the room. A small smile crawls onto his face as the lingering anxiety fades in favor of the thrill of success. He did it! He did what he came here to do, and it *worked*. He Xinlong is a virgin no more, and he didn’t even have to look anyone in the eye to make it happen.

Then, a sharp, familiar laugh from across the room cuts through all the noise and he jerks his head up to find the source. There, at the other end of the bar, is…

Zhou Anxin.

Xinlong’s eyes go wide, and he snaps them away before Anxin can catch him looking.

That's the laugh.*The* laugh. That's who was on the other side of the wall, whose cum is still *inside* him right now- *Zhou Anxin*.

They've never *really* spoken, but Xinlong knows who he is. *Everyone* knows who he is. He's a professional model, a fashion *icon*- the kind of person with his face on magazines. He's someone who gets paid for being *pretty*, but is also supposed to be incredibly *nice*. Not arrogant at all, if the gossip train is to be believed. And he comes into the cafe where Xinlong works part-time at least three days a week for an iced chai and a blueberry muffin. He's always on his phone on some important sounding call so he can't exactly make conversation, but he smiles so *beautifully* in apology for the rudeness and never lingers long enough to disrupt the other customers.

And not ten minutes ago he was fucking Xinlong within an inch of his *life*.

Xinlong takes another huge gulp of his drink. Okay, so he knows who it was. That's *fine*. Anxin doesn't know it was him though- this could be *way* more embarrassing. All he needs to do is play it cool for five more minutes, finish his drink, and leave. And no one *ever* needs to know.

"Longie! There you are!" Sangwon cheers, appearing out of *fucking nowhere* and making him jump. The plug shifts minutely, Anxin's cum sloshing inside of him, and Xinlong's heart races at the reminder. *Oh, god. This is so much. This is insane. I must be insane*.

"I missed you," Sangwon continues, oblivious to his thoughts. He throws an arm around Xinlong's shoulder with a mischievous smile and leans in close to whisper, "How'd it go?"

"Tell you later," Xinlong says.

Sangwon pouts. "Aw, come on. Give me something."

"I-" Xinlong's eyes dart involuntarily back to Anxin- who, for some reason, is now looking his way. Not *at him*, of course, he couldn't be. Still Xinlong jerks his gaze back to Sangwon. "Not here," he hisses. "Not- not now. I can't. Just- I think I'm gonna go home, okay?"

Sangwon frowns. "Wait, are you okay? Nothing bad happened, right?"

"No, no," Xinlong assures him. "Everything's fine. It was good, I'm just- I'm tired, that's all."

"Okay," Sangwon says slowly. "But you might want to hang around just a *tiny* bit longer."

"What?" Xinlong frowns. "Why?"

"Because it looks like *someone* wants to talk to you." Sangwon winks, then grabs Xinlong by the shoulders and spins him around.

Zhou Anxin.

Zhou Anxin is walking up to him with that picture-perfect smirk, and if it weren't for Sangwon holding him in place he would definitely be running for the door.

“Hi,” Anxin says, and *that’s the voice*. There’s no doubt about it- it really was *him*. “I’m Anxin. Sorry to interrupt. I just saw you from the other side of the bar, and thought, *you know, he really is just so pretty*. So I figured I’d come over and offer to buy you a drink?”

Pretty. A professional model just called me pretty.

“Um,” Xinlong says. “Th- that’s okay. I already have one.”

Behind him Sangwon stifles a laugh, and Anxin’s eyes crinkle up in amusement.

“Fair enough,” he says. “Well, can I at least get your name?”

Bad idea. Bad. Bad. This is supposed to be one and done, anonymous, never see each other again. If you keep talking to him he actually might find out it was you.

“Xinlong,” he squeaks. “My name. Is.”

Sangwon claps him gently on the shoulder. “You seem like you have this under control,” he whispers. “Good luck, have fun- oh, and don’t wait up.”

Wait, no, don’t leave me! Xinlong paws desperately at his arm, not daring to take his eyes off Anxin, but Sangwon slips away, and now they’re alone. *Again*.

“Um,” Xinlong says into the silence that follows. “I was actually going to go soon. Home. To sleep. Sorry.”

“Oh.” Anxin’s face falls. “Okay. Sorry to bother you.”

“No!” Xinlong blurts out. “Um. I mean. It’s not a bother, I just- bad timing. I’m- I’m tired. So I really need to go. It’s not- sorry.”

“Okay…” Anxin says, frowning. “Well…in that case, could I maybe get your number?”

Xinlong stares at him. “What?”

“Could I get your phone number?”

“Oh.”

Bad idea. Very bad idea. Say no. Under no circumstances should you say anything but no.

“Okay.”

Anxin lights up, hands Xinlong his phone to enter his contact information, and hovers over his shoulder to watch like an excited little kid as he types. Their hands touch briefly as Xinlong returns it- only the slightest contact, but still enough to make him flinch. Anxin doesn’t seem to notice, or if he does he doesn’t say anything. He fires off a quick text that has Xinlong’s pocket buzzing, and looks up with that beautiful smile.

“You know, I’ve actually been wanting this for a while,” he says.

“Really?” Xinlong frowns, and glances around. “But you just met me.”

“Technically no,” Anxin says, looking a little sheepish. “I’ve seen you at work, at the cafe? I’ve been going there for weeks now, just to see you- but I thought it might be weird to like, corner you at your job. I’ve been kind of scared to talk to you actually, so I usually just pretend to be on the phone. Which is *so* rude, I know, but…yeah.”

“…Oh.” So Anxin noticed him. Anxin has been thinking about him. Anxin *likes* him. Anxin is *asking him out*- and he doesn’t even know that they *just had sex*, that Anxin already sort of *claimed him as his own*- “Um. That’s- that’s cool. I guess.”

Cool? Cool?! Could you sound any less lame?! Xinlong swallows nervously. “But, um… I guess, just- why?”

“Cause you’re cute,” Anxin says simply, “and you seem…really *sweet*, too.”

Such a sweet little thing. Xinlong’s breath catches in his throat, and he twists the sound into a cough, burying his face in his arm to hide how his face is *burning*. He peeks back up at Anxin, who’s smile has widened into a knowing grin.

“And *innocent*,” he adds. He looks Xinlong up and down, then leans closer til his lips are right up against Xinlong’s ear. “And,” he whispers, “you have a *really pretty voice*.”

Xinlong’s heart *stops*. He doesn’t even have time to finish processing the words before Anxin pulls back with a smile and steps back into the crowd. “Have a safe trip home,” he says, making a phone gesture with his hand. “Call me.”

Xinlong nods dumbly, pressing a hand back against the bar to keep from crumpling to the ground. *He knows. He knows it was me, he remembers, he knows-*

And he likes me.

A tiny smile crawls onto his face. Not exactly a normal start to a relationship, but he’d be an idiot not to take it.

As he heads out he checks his phone to find a text from an unknown number sitting at the top of his notifications.

i was really glad when i realized it was you ❤️

End Notes

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