take a picture

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take a picture

by tinyduckling

Summary

Anxin really likes taking pictures of his boyfriend.

Notes

This was like 90% written a while ago, then I got stalled for ages on the tiniest little details and only just got the motivation to finish it up. It's going to be mostly porn with just a little bit of setup at the start.

~~First time writing smut so we're on anon bc I'm shy 🙈 will consider taking it off eventually but only if everyone's real nice <3~~ yeah okay hi everyone 💚

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Xinlong's dance lines are beautiful. As in: photo-worthy, belongs in a museum *beautiful*. Anxin carefully positions his phone to capture the image through the window of the studio and- ugh. Someone blocks the camera at the last second. He frowns, shifting slightly. No problem- the other dancer moves aside and his boyfriend is back in frame. Anxin snaps several photos before the opportunity vanishes again, then flicks through them to make sure at least one turned out okay.

"Are you being a creep right now?"

Sanghyeon plops down on the bench next to him- when did he even get here?- and Anxin rolls his eyes. "No."

"Liar."

Anxin moves the three photos that aren't horribly blurry into his Xinlong folder, refusing to dignify that with a response. Sanghyeon peeks over his shoulder, then turns to look through the window. "That's your boyfriend?"

"Yeah."

"He's hotter in person." Sanghyeon smirks at him. "Does he know you've got a stalker folder full of his pictures?"

Anxin glares at him. "It's not a stalker folder."

"It is if he doesn't know about it."

"He knows."

It'd be crazy if he didn't. Anxin's been *obsessed* with Xinlong since the first time he saw him, during the dance showcase at the start of the semester. Xinlong's *beautiful,* especially when he's dancing, and Anxin can't help the desire to capture in on film. He'd have to been stupid to not have picked up on it by now- and Xinlong's not stupid.

Hell, Anxin's little habit is the entire reason they're dating. He would've been content to watch from a distance- Xinlong probably had dozens of people mooning over him, and what did *Anxin* have to offer?- but eventually he'd slipped up and Xinlong had noticed, and instead of getting upset or calling him a creep, he'd *liked* it.

He'd thought it was *cute*.

So they'd started talking, and Anxin soon learned that Xinlong isn't just insanely beautiful. He's also funny, and smart, and *fucking adorable*.

“Okay, but does he know you jerk off to it?” Sanghyeon grins at him. “Maybe this isn’t creep behavior, but *that* sure is.”

“Shut up,” Anxin snaps.

“Didn’t deny it.”

Anxin rolls his eyes again. No, he didn’t- because it’s true, and Sanghyeon knows it. *Whatever.*

It’s not that big a deal- he just has…a thing, for photos of Xinlong. Xinlong’s so attractive, in that sharp, fierce way that perfectly contrasts his gentle personality. And he’s so *innocent* too- Anxin’s his *first* boyfriend. They haven’t done anything more than kiss yet and Anxin can’t help that he’s getting impatient. He wants to take it slow, obviously, to not make Xinlong uncomfortable- but he *also* wants to fuck his brains out.

Which might finally happen tonight. They have tentative plans to hang out once Xinlong’s dance practice is over, and Anxin’s spent all day thinking of ways to subtly push for something more- as much as he loves kissing Xinlong, he’s also *really really horny.*

Speaking of, the practice seems to be wrapping up. Anxin tucks his phone away, sitting up tall to better spot his boyfriend in the exiting crowd.

Xinlong is one of the last to leave the studio, holding the door for the two girls behind him- always so *polite*. He lights up at the sight of Anxin, trotting over like an excited little puppy.

“Anxin! You didn’t have to wait for me!”

Anxin stands to meet him with a kiss- a quick one, barely a peck, but that’s okay. There’ll be time for more later. “I wanted to,” he says, “and I got to watch you dance. You’re really pretty, you know.”

Predictably, Xinlong blushes. Compliments are one of his weak spots, something Anxin picked up on immediately and has taken full advantage of since. “You’re just saying that.”

“Am not,” Anxin retorts. “Sanghyeon *just* said you’re hot.”

“Now, hold on-” Sanghyeon starts, holding up his hands.

“Oh!” Xinlong looks to Sanghyeon standing next to Anxin as if noticing him for the first time. “You’re Anxin’s roommate, right?”

“Yeah,” Sanghyeon says, glancing at Anxin. “Hi.”

His eyes ask *how much does he know?*

Anxin doesn’t have the chance to respond, distracted by Xinlong’s beautiful smile.

“Nice to finally meet you,” Xinlong says, oblivious.

“You too.” Sanghyeon shoots another look at Anxin. “I’ve…heard a lot about you.”

“Only good things, I hope.” Xinlong nudges Anxin’s shoulder affectionately- as if Anxin would ever have anything *bad* to say about him.

“Lots of pictures,” Sanghyeon says, and Xinlong laughs musically.

“Yeah, Xinnie sure likes taking pictures of people.”

Only of you.

“Ready to go?” Anxin asks, ignoring Sanghyeon.

Xinlong’s face falls. “Sorry, I meant to tell you,” he says. “I have last-minute tutoring. Junseo-hyung can’t make our normal time, so he had to reschedule for tonight.”

“Oh,” Anxin says. He can’t say he’s not disappointed. They were supposed to go to Xinlong’s apartment where his best friend and roommate is *finally* out of town for once- the perfect opportunity for him to *get Xinlong naked*. But Xinlong looks so apologetic, and besides, it’s not like he *knew.* So Anxin tries his best to hide it. “That’s okay,” he says, forcing a smile. “Another time, then.”

“Sorry,” Xinlong says again. “I’ll see you tomorrow?”

Anxin nods. Xinlong’s face breaks out in another radiant smile and he leans in to kiss Anxin on the cheek. “Love you!”

Then he’s gone, leaving just the two of them in the now empty hallway. Anxin sinks back onto the bench with a groan, covering his face with his hands, and Sanghyeon laughs.

“So, does he know we used to fuck?”

“No,” Anxin mumbles. “But before you yell at me, I’m not *hiding* it or anything. I really don’t think he’ll care. We’ve just barely even talked about the *idea* of sex.”

That makes Sanghyeon laugh even harder. “Wait, seriously? You haven’t done anything- *you?”*

Anxin thunks his head against the wall. “It’s driving me *crazy*,” he groans. “I need to get laid *so bad.*”

“Can’t help you there,” Sanghyeon says. “You were the one who said we should stop.”

“Yeah, cause I’m not a cheater,” Anxin snaps. “Besides, I don’t wanna fuck you. I wanna fuck *Longlong.”*

“Ouch.”

Anxin gives him a *look* and Sanghyeon laughs again.

“Yeah, yeah. He *is* pretty- you know, I’d be down if you’re ever looking for a third.” He smirks. “I just think it’s funny how he’s got you all wrapped around his finger and doesn’t even know.”

“Whatever,” Anxin scoffs. *A third, huh?* Doesn’t seem like something Xinlong would be into, but he’ll keep it in mind. It is the *only* downside to them dating- no more casual sex with Sanghyeon.

He pops the Xinlong folder open again and flicks through the photos inside. They’re a poor substitute for the real thing, but for now it’ll have to do.

“Come on,” he sighs, dragging himself to his feet. “My plans got canceled. Let’s go home.”

-

Anxin isn’t nearly as subtle as he thinks. It’s been a week since Xinlong last-minute canceled on him and they haven’t had any one-on-one time since. He’d feel a lot worse about it if Anxin pretending not to be jealous wasn’t so *cute*.

Right now they’re studying together in the library with a handful of Xinlong’s friends. At least, Xinlong is studying. Anxin is leaning into his side, listening to music as he types on his phone, and the other three are arguing about…something to do with movies?

Honestly, he’d probably prefer if it were just him and Anxin right now. Sangwon’s his best friend, but he’s *also* the closest thing Xinlong has to an ex. Which makes hanging out with *Sangwon's boyfriend* kind of weird, even if it really shouldn’t be. And he likes Geonwoo well enough, but in some ways it’s the opposite problem: they only know each other because of Arno, so since Arno’s not here right now to bridge the gap, it’s again: *weird.*

And despite them being here to *study*, he’s the only one actually studying.

“Long-ah, what do you think?” Sangwon asks, drawing his attention back to the argument he hasn’t been listening to.

“About what?” he asks. Leo rolls his eyes, but Xinlong ignores him. He didn’t ask Sangwon to drag him into this.

“Does being spoiled beforehand ruin a movie?”

Xinlong’s eyes dart to Leo for a fraction of a second before he answers. His instincts say no, obviously- which he’s pretty sure is Sangwon’s side. Assuming Sangwon’s currently outnumbered and looking for allies, that means there’s no good options: either he joins the majority against his best friend (and against his own beliefs) or he gives Leo yet another reason to see him as competition for Sangwon’s affections. Even though he definitely isn’t.

“No,” he says. “If the movie’s ruined by knowing what’s coming then it must not have been very good in the first place.”

“Exactly!” Sangwon smacks the table, shooting Leo a triumphant look. “I knew I could depend on you.”

“That’s still a tie though,” Geonwoo points out. “Two against two.”

“Besides, that’s not a real argument,” says Leo. “He’s just saying that cause he’s a fraidy-cat who cries at jumpscares.”

Xinlong’s cheeks flush. It’s sort of true, but the way Leo says it makes him feel like a child.

“Hey, don’t be mean,” Sangwon says, elbowing Leo as he stifles a laugh. “And a tie’s a tie, not a loss. Maybe Anxin can break it?”

Xinlong glances at Anxin, who shows no sign of hearing through his headphones. As he’s watching Anxin lifts his phone to take a selfie of the two of them, then resumes typing. Probably texting Sanghyeon, if Xinlong had to guess. He doesn’t acknowledge Sangwon at all.

“Or not,” Sangwon mumbles.

“Stop trying to pull people onto your side,” Geonwoo tells him. “Just accept the loss and move on.”

“Yeah,” Leo adds with a cheesy grin. “What do these kids know about life anyways?”

Xinlong resists the urge to roll his eyes, turning back to his essay. It’s not due until tomorrow evening, but he’d really like to get it done before his dance class tonight. He won’t have the energy to work on it after- the little ones are a joy to teach but also *exhausting*. Hence why he’s actually trying to *work* right now, instead of argue about some pointless preference.

Unfortunately, the irritation is hard to tune out. Leo’s now going on about the sanctity of experiencing a story as the creator intended and the preachiness is really starting to grate on him. He needs a break, or he’s going to lose it.

Xinlong nudges Anxin gently off of him, prompting him to finally pull out one of his earbuds. “Bathroom,” he murmurs as explanation.

It’s more of an excuse than anything else. Xinlong does head to the bathroom and into the stall but just sits on the toilet with his head in his hands, taking a long, deep breath. Things were so much *easier*, when none of them were dating. Leo in particular has a way of making him feel *small*, that he can’t help but feel is intentional. It’s just insecurity, probably, from his history with Sangwon. Of course Leo sees him as a threat- it’ll probably die down over time. Knowing that doesn’t make it any easier to deal with.

But the solitude helps. Xinlong sighs, letting the tension bleed away. Maybe he’s reading too much into it. It’s just…different. That doesn’t mean *bad*. And he’s stressed about classes. This week has been rough.

He’ll be fine.

When he comes out of the stall, Anxin is waiting by the sink. “Everything okay?”

It's sweet of him to check in, and Xinlong can't help but smile. "Yeah," he says. "Just a bit frustrated."

"You wanna talk about it?"

Xinlong hesitates. The last thing he wants to do is burden anyone with his silly little problems- but Anxin does seem genuinely interested.

"It's not a big deal," he says, running his hands under the water. "Just…things are weirder now than they were, with everyone dating."

"Weird how?"

"I don't know." Xinlong shrugs, glancing at the door. Sure, it's just the two of them *now*, but someone else could walk in at any moment. "Maybe we shouldn't talk about this here."

Anxin follows his gaze, then grins and strides over to lock the door. "How about now?"

"Xin- you can't just lock everyone out!"

"Just did," Anxin sings, trotting back to hop up onto the counter. "It's fine, we won't be here that long. Cause you have to teach pretty soon, right? Which is why you should get it out, if there's something bugging you, so it won't mess with your head when you're supposed to be working."

"I guess," Xinlong says, glancing again at the door. It's sound logic- and this way there's no chance of anyone walking in. "I don't know. It's just weird. Leo-hyung and Geonwoo-hyung are fine, but I don't really know them, you know? And they're both kind of…loud, which makes it different. And I was just realizing, I don't think we've actually hung out with just the three of us since Leo-hyung and Sangwon-hyung started dating. There's always someone else there."

He looks back at Anxin and realizes what he said a second too late. "Not that I don't want *you* there, I mean- I like hanging out with you too. I just-"

"You just miss your friends," Anxin finishes. "It's okay, I get that. I'd probably feel weird too if I never got to hang out with Sanghyeon."

Xinlong relaxes. "Yeah."

"Are you sure Leo-hyung's *fine* though?' Anxin says. "He seems kinda weird about you. Like, does he think you're into Sangwon-hyung or something?"

"Oh," Xinlong says. "Wait- you could hear them?"

Anxin shrugs. "Yeah. I wasn't listening to anything, I just didn't wanna talk."

That's kind of smart, actually. Xinlong briefly considers using that trick himself, but dismisses the thought- he's sure he'd end up feeling guilty, and that would give him away.

Anxin is watching him intently, still waiting for an answer. There's no malice or anything, though, he just looks…curious.

"Right, um. Leo-hyung…" Xinlong swallows, looking away. "It's not anything really. He maybe just thinks- Sangwon-hyung and I, we never *dated* or anything, but- well, we've kissed and stuff." His ears are burning at the admission. "There's really nothing there, honest, but… Leo-hyung *knows*, and we're friends, and we live together, and I think that just kind of makes it…weird."

He glances back at Anxin- will he be upset, that Xinlong hadn't told him? It's not like he was hiding it, but Anxin does already get (adorably) jealous of Xinlong's friends for taking up his time.

Anxin nods slowly, gears turning behind his eyes. "That makes a lot of sense actually." He doesn't *sound* bothered, at least.

"Yeah," Xinlong says. "It's really not a big deal though. Leo-hyung's usually nice, he just… gets a little possessive sometimes. Cause they really care about each other. And I don't want to step on his toes, but I do kind of miss just hanging out with Sangwon-hyung."

Anxin nods again. "Has this happened before? With other boyfriends, or something?"

Xinlong shrugs. "Not really? I mean, Sangwon-hyung's had plenty of *flings*, you know? Which haven't been weird. But this thing with Leo-hyung is more serious, and since Runo-hyung's also got a boyfriend it's just… it's a whole thing." He sighs, running a hand through his hair. "Cause like- you know, they're all a bit older than me too, which has never been an issue before. But now it feels like they talk to each other more than me- Sangwon-hyung and Runo-hyung, I mean- because they both have more experience with- you know, dating and- and y'know, that sort of stuff. So they don't really talk about that with me. Which is *fine*, honestly, but sometimes it kind of makes me feel… I don't know. Left out. Like instead of being their friend, I'm just some little kid that's just tagging along."

Anxin hums in thought. "Have you talked to them about it?"

Xinlong looks away. "No."

"Well, maybe you should."

"Maybe," he concedes. "I don't know. I don't want Leo-hyung to actually think I'm jealous of him or anything."

"Why would you be jealous of him?" Anxin hops off the counter and loops his arms around Xinlong's neck with a smile. "You have your own boyfriend- and I'm *way* prettier than Sangwon-hyung."

Xinlong giggles. "You are," he agrees. Anxin's incredibly pretty- and so sweet. It was really nice of him to come in here to help Xinlong work through his silly insecurities. "Okay. I'll talk to them."

“Good,” Anxin says, and kisses him once before pulling away.

“Thanks for talking me through this,” Xinlong says, ducking his head. “You didn’t have to.”

“I wanted to,” says Anxin.

“Well, thanks anyway.” Xinlong checks the time and sighs. “I was really hoping to get this essay done before class tonight, but I don’t think that’s gonna happen.”

“Do you have to leave soon?”

“Kinda.”

“Guess we should go say goodbye to everyone then.”

“Oh, right.” Xinlong glances at the door. “How long have we been in here? They must be wondering what’s taking so long.”

Anxin shrugs, leaning back against the counter. “I doubt it. They probably just think we’re fucking.”

Xinlong turns bright pink. “In the *bathroom?”*

“Yeah.” Anxin grins. “Well, maybe not *that*. But something in that vein- making out, jerking each other off. You know.”

Xinlong does *not* know. He doesn’t know *at all*, but now he’s *thinking* about it. It’s not like he’s never done *anything*- he and Sangwon fooled around once or twice before deciding they were better off as friends- but they barely got past second base. Compared to what Anxin’s implying, that’s *nothing*.

He looks at the door again- the *locked* door, and oh *fuck,* Anxin’s *right*. That’s exactly what they would’ve done if they really were having sex. Has anyone tried to get in since they locked it? Not that he’s noticed, but he hasn’t exactly been paying attention.

The thought is horrifically embarrassing- what if his friends actually think that’s what’s happening?

It’s also, to his surprise, incredibly *hot*.

Anxin doesn’t look the slightest bit bothered- he’s a lot more experienced when it comes to sex; Xinlong knows that and it’s never really mattered. Now though, he’s grinning at Xinlong, relishing in his discomfort. Like he can see *exactly* what Xinlong’s thinking and he’s enjoying every second.

Xinlong chokes back a nervous whine, bringing his hands up to cover his face.

Anxin lifts up off the counter, grabbing Xinlong’s wrists to pull them out of the way and kiss him again. Xinlong lets him- more than that, he kisses back. He always kisses back. Anxin’s pushy, sometimes, but he’s *such* a good kisser.

It's all too soon before it's over.

"You're *adorable*, you know that?" Anxin whispers against his mouth. "Really makes me want to *take you apart*."

Xinlong whimpers at the possessive undertone, but Anxin just pulls back with a grin.

"But!" he says, clapping Xinlong on the shoulder. "You have a class to teach."

So he does. Xinlong lets out a long exhale, closing his eyes. He's half-hard in his pants already and needs to get a hold of himself. Anxin isn't *actually* suggesting they do anything here, just mentioning how it *looks*. It would be a terrible idea.

"How long do you have? Before you absolutely need to head over?" Anxin asks.

"Um," Xinlong says intelligently, blinking at him. He checks the time. "Ten, fifteen minutes?"

"Oh, that's plenty of time!" Anxin's grin widens. "Can I suck your dick?"

Xinlong chokes on his own spit. "What?"

"Can I" -Anxin kisses him as punctuation- "suck" -and again- "your dick?" -and one more time for good measure, this one much longer. He pulls back slowly, tugging Xinlong's bottom lip with his teeth and pulling another needy whimper from his throat. "Pretty please?"

Xinlong's mouth opens and closes like a fish. Anxin's got him trapped in the loop of his arms, smiling like the very picture of innocence, and Xinlong's mind swirls with all manner of thoughts. Is that why Anxin followed him in here? Was this the plan all along, or did he just decide in the moment? This is insane- has he done this kind of thing before?

It's a terrible idea.

He can't deny that he really, really wants it.

"Okay," he breathes, not even sure exactly what he's agreeing to. Anxin grins, gives him another gentle kiss, then pushes him against the wall and drops to his knees. Xinlong's entire body tenses and Anxin laughs, reaching for his waistband. "Relax, Longlong," he says. "Gonna make you feel good."

Xinlong whimpers, covering his face again and peeking through his fingers as Anxin frees his cock from his underwear and- looking up to make direct eye contact as he does- *licks his lips*.

"You're already so hard for me," he coos. "Am I turning you on?"

He doesn't wait for an answer, which is good because Xinlong doesn't think he could come up with one. Instead, he pins Xinlong's hips against the wall as he takes the head into his mouth and swirls his tongue around the tip.

Xinlong moans, clapping a hand over his mouth to muffle the sound. The warm, wet heat on his dick is *heavenly* and he has the tremendously embarrassing thought that he doesn't know how long he's going to last.

Anxin pulls off with a wet pop. "Tastes so good, Longlong," he says, then licks a long stripes up the length of his cock. Xinlong whines into his palm, involuntarily bucking his hips against Anxin's hold- not that it does anything.

Anxin laughs. "I wish you'd let me hear all your pretty noises," he says, licking up the other side. "You're so cute like this. I knew you would be. Wish I had more time to really *play* with you."

He sinks back down, hollowing his cheeks and starting to gently bob his head.

"What if- ah! What if someone hears?" Xinlong whimpers, and Anxin's chuckle sends *wonderful vibrations* through his cock that have him keening.

He pulls off long enough to say, "Let them hear," and- grinning devilishly up at Xinlong- "I want everyone to know who you *belong* to."

Before Xinlong can even *process* the words, Anxin's mouth is back on his cock- taking him in even deeper than before- and his eyes stare up, dark and *possessive*.

You belong to me, they say. *Only me.*

That's what pushes him over the edge. Xinlong clamps his hand even tighter over his face as he *wails*, the other one flailing about for purchase and landing in Anxin's hair as he comes- and Anxin stays where he is, pinning Xinlong's hips to the wall and swallowing around his cock, only pulling off when it starts to soften.

Xinlong feels…broken. Shattered. Like maybe he died, a little bit. Anxin finally lets him go and he slumps to the floor, blinking dazedly at his boyfriend.

Anxin locks eyes with him, then slowly, *intentionally*, runs his tongue over his lips.

Xinlong burns red.

"Good?" Anxin asks innocently, and Xinlong groans, burying his face in his hands as he nods.

Anxin laughs at him again. "Don't hide from me, silly," he says, pulling Xinlong's chin up to kiss him. "You're just so *cute*." There's a faint salty taste in his mouth, and Xinlong whimpers at the realization that it's probably his own *cum*. It feels…*filthy. Disgusting.* And yet, he wants *more*.

Still kissing him, Anxin reaches down to fist at his own cock. Xinlong's hands twitch and he whines against Anxin's mouth- he wants to help, to do *something* to return the favor. He doesn't know *how*, but he *should*.

“Don’t worry about me, baby,” Anxin murmurs against his lips. “We don’t have time. Just sit there and look pretty for me, okay?”

Pretty gets another whine- he’s fairly confident Anxin is doing it on purpose- but Xinlong isn’t going to fight him on this. Not now, when he’s all soft and boneless and *inexperienced*.

Anxin’s breath hitches, and he pulls back from the kiss, pumping himself harder- then fixes Xinlong with a fiery gaze. “Can I come on your face?”

Xinlong blinks at him in shock. “Wh- what?”

“I’ll clean it up. Promise. Please, Longlong, I want to see it. Wanna mark you up.”

It’s a bad idea. A very, very bad idea. He’s about to go teach dance to a group of hyperactive five-year-olds. This is further than he’s ever gone and it’s already gotten out of hand-

-but Anxin is kissing him again and rutting into his hand so desperately, murmuring about how it’d *look so pretty Longlong* and *wanna mark you with my cum, wanna* see *you*, and against his better judgment Xinlong finds himself nodding his assent.

Anxin staggers to his feet- oh, it feels like such a *worse* idea now that Xinlong’s at eye level with his dick- and grabs a fistful of his hair to hold him in place.

“Stay there,” he says, pumping faster. “Open your mouth- and stick your tongue out for me.”

Xinlong obeys, watching how Anxin’s eyes flash with lust. The tip of his cock is inches from Xinlong’s tongue and he’s struck with the powerful image of Anxin rutting *just a little bit closer* and *fucking into his mouth*-

Then Anxin is coming with a loud grunt, ropes of hot white liquid painting across Xinlong’s face and tongue. He squeezes his eyes shut, resisting the urge to jerk away- not that he could, really, with Anxin holding his hair.

“Don’t move,” Anxin commands, and he freezes.

“Open your eyes,” Anxin says a moment later, and Xinlong squints up to see Anxin’s phone pointed at him- *is he taking a fucking* picture?

Of course he is. Anxin is always taking pictures of him. *So I can still see your pretty face even when you’re not around,* he says. It’s always been…cute. An endearing little quirk. But now that he thinks about it, given how intent Anxin was on *seeing* this it’s not at all surprising that it’s something he’d want to save.

Something coils deep in Xinlong's gut: *that’s actually kind of hot.*

Then the moment is over. Anxin tosses his phone onto the counter and finally lets go of his hair, squatting down to kiss him again- not-so-subtly pushing more of his cum into Xinlong’s mouth as he does.

“Good boy,” he whispers as he breaks the kiss. “You were so good for me.”

Xinlong blushes again, closing his eyes, and whimpers. His hands twitch towards his face- but it’s still wet and sticky, so he resists the urge to fully hide.

Anxin laughs, pulling him to his feet. “Come on- I said I’d clean you up, so let’s get to it. You have to leave in five minutes.”

Xinlong whines again, but follows obediently. He’s very careful to avoid looking at himself in the mirror- he doesn’t think he’d survive the sight.

Chapter End Notes

The tagged hyeonxinxinz will come in later, and the rest of this is pretty much all porn. Like I said it's mostly written so the other parts should be up in the next few days but that's it for now okay byeee!!

Chapter 2

That evening, Anxin is lying in bed scrolling through the Xinlong folder like he does every night- only this time, it's better than ever before. Most of the photos are perfectly innocent: Xinlong dancing, Xinlong smiling, Xinlong striking a goofy pose when he catches the camera pointed in his direction. Some toe the line a bit more, like Xinlong licking an ice cream cone in a way that's pretty suggestive if you squint, or a close-up of his abs when his shirt rode up during dance.

Now, though, there's two that don't just *toe the line*- they're decidedly *filthy*. Anxin studies them carefully, a sharp thrill running through him at the memory. Just the other day he was whining to Sanghyeon about the torture of waiting to fuck Xinlong, and a few short hours ago he had Xinlong's dick in his *mouth*.

He'd be lying if he said he wasn't *hoping* for something to happen when he locked them in the bathroom together. Of course, he'd have been fine with just talking- it did seem like Xinlong needed the comfort- and he wasn't *expecting* anything. But he'd certainly hoped.

He zooms in on Xinlong's face in the first picture. It's gorgeous- his head held in place by a tight hand in his hair, his eyes squished shut and tongue sticking out, and all *deliciously* coated in Anxin's cum. *Marking* him as Anxin's, and only Anxin's.

The whole thing was better than he ever could've dreamed- Xinlong's just so *responsive*. Anxin already knew he's weak to compliments; that much is obvious to anyone paying attention. But the way he whimpered at Anxin's words, trembled under his touch- hell, Anxin may have gone a bit overboard with the possessiveness, especially at the end there, but it seemed like Xinlong actually *liked* it.

He flicks to the second picture. It's almost the same as the first, but here Xinlong's eyes are open and gazing up at the camera. He looks absolutely *wrecked*- completely fucked out and almost *reverential,* with a faint blush dusting his cheeks.

Anxin sighs. It's really such a shame they were on a time limit. Xinlong was just so sweet for him- and so *pliant*. He'd still been so fuzzy around the edges when they were done cleaning up that Anxin had ended up walking him to dance class, just to make sure he made it there in one piece. That his friends didn't seem to pick up on it is practically a *miracle*.

How much sweeter would it be to take Xinlong apart *slowly*- to get him into that space of being all soft and fuzzy without the rush of needing to be *functional* after? And how much prettier to watch him *break*, if he wasn't so caught up in the fear being caught or overheard?

This line of thinking has him starting to get hard. It wouldn't be the first time he's jacked off to pictures of Xinlong by far- Sanghyeon reminded him of that very recently. But this time…

Xinlong's let him get away with *so much* already. He definitely saw Anxin taking the photos, or at least the second one- he didn't *say* anything about it, but he has to *know*. And maybe it's just wishful thinking, but from the look in his eyes he might've actually been into it.

Anxin's been holding back for so long, not wanting to push too far. But now? He's feeling greedy.

He switches to messages and pulls up Xinlong's contact.

Anxin
u up?
and alone?

He holds his breath as he waits for a response. It's late enough that Xinlong should be in bed, and there's a chance he's already asleep. Which would be extremely disappointing.

Xinlong
yeah, why?

Perfect. Anxin sighs in relief. It's kind of adorable, honestly, the way he doesn't seem to know what a *you up?* text means. Before he has the chance to chicken out, Anxin clicks back into photos, selects the second picture- the one where Xinlong's eyes are open- and drops it into the chat.

This time, the response is immediate, and exactly what he was expecting.

Xinlong
sklhjjjkl
!!!!!!
ANXIN
WHAT ARE YOU DOING???

Anxin grins at the screen- Xinlong must be bright red right now. He wishes he could see it.

Anxin
jerking off ;)

Xinlong
with THAT????

Anxin
ya
ur so hot longlong
wanna do that again
with more time tho so i can take care of you properly

Xinlong is typing for a long time, bubbles popping in and out. Anxin bites his lip in anticipation- he's fairly confident he's playing this right, but hopefully it's not too much. The last thing he wants is to push Xinlong away. Eventually, after much longer than it should've taken to write:

Xinlong
oh my god

That's it? Anxin snorts a laugh. *Cute*. How flustered must Xinlong be right now, if that's all he can think of to say?

But more importantly- it doesn't sound like he wants it to *stop*.

Anxin
am i turning u on?
be honest

It takes Xinlong about thirty seconds to respond, which is long for a simple yes or no question, but then:

Xinlong
yeah

Anxin sits up straight, determination flaring.

Anxin
show me

Xinlong
????

Anxin
take a pic
i wanna see u 🥺

He's not sure whether Xinlong will agree to do it, but if he doesn't Anxin can probably change his mind. Xinlong's a bit of a pushover, especially when it comes to him- and now he knows about Anxin's thing for photos.

Xinlong
its dark

Boo. Anxin purses his lips. Guess he'll have to try harder.

Anxin
so turn on a light 🙄
u can send a selfie first if thats easier
betchu look all cute and flustered rn

Xinlong doesn't respond for a minute or two, but there's no indication that he's typing either. There's a small chance Anxin's freaked him out- or he's busy doing what he's told. Anxin shifts back, leaning up against the headboard and palming at his crotch. He'll give it another minute before he starts stressing too hard.

Sure enough, when the next message comes through it's a selfie: Xinlong looks to be lying on his bed, soft lamplight dancing over his features. His face is smushed up against the pillow like he's trying to hide the blush on his cheeks, and he's looking up at the camera from under his eyelashes.

He's adorable. Anxin wants to *eat him alive*.

Anxin
so pretty <3
love how shy you get like this
now send the other one 😈

Typing bubbles pop up immediately, then disappear- which means either Xinlong is still fighting him on this, or he already took the picture. A thrill runs up Anxin's spine at the thought of the latter- Xinlong's so innocent, so *corruptible*- and Anxin wants so badly to corrupt him.

Xinlong doesn't disappoint. After about ten seconds of staring at the screen, a second photo pops up underneath the first- it's not the best dick pic but it's a dick pic from *Xinlong*, the waistband of his boxers pulled up to reveal his cute little cock standing at attention.

Anxin doesn't think twice before pressing the call button, wrapping his hand around the base of his cock.

Xinlong answers on the first ring.

"Good boy," Anxin croons the moment he hears the line click, and Xinlong lets out a broken whimper.

"Anxin-" he starts.

"Look how worked up you are already," Anxin interrupts. "Just from a little sexting. You're kind of a slut, aren't you Longlong?"

"I don't-"

"Want me to take care of that for you? Make you feel all nice and fuzzy again? I'd much rather fuck you in person, but I bet I can get you off like this. If you're interested."

"I-" this time Xinlong cuts himself off almost like he's expecting Anxin to interrupt him again. When he realizes this time Anxin actually wants an *answer*, he swallows audibly, hesitating for a moment before saying, "Yeah. Um, okay. If- if you want."

Cute. Anxin drags his hand up his cock, letting out a soft moan. "Are you touching yourself?"

"I, uh- no. Not- not yet."

"Waiting for permission?" Anxin teases. On the other end of the call, Xinlong chokes on another whimper and oh, he's *done for.*

"Don't worry, baby," Anxin coos. "I know you're new to this sort of thing. Want me to tell you what to do?"

"Y-yeah," Xinlong whispers, voice breathy and soft.

Anxin's mouth curls into a cruel smile. "Hmm, let's see." He pauses, drawing it out. "How far have you gone, anyways? You said you've kissed Sangwon-hyung."

"Yeah," Xinlong confirms.

"You do anything else, besides kissing?" Anxin's not jealous, really, just curious. It's good to know where Xinlong's at, so he doesn't push too hard or too fast. Sangwon's pretty in his own right- and they'd look good together- but given the innocence that radiates off Xinlong, he'd be surprised if they did much more than make out.

"Not really," Xinlong says. "We- um. He- he rode my thigh, once, when we were drunk. We both- we had clothes on, though. That's all."

"Cute," Anxin murmurs, closing his eyes to picture it. It *is* cute- almost *chaste*, the way he's talking about it. "Have you ever played with your chest at all?"

"What do you mean?"

"Like, your nipples. Are they sensitive?"

"Oh," Xinlong squeaks. "I don't- I don't know."

Anxin hums sinfully into the phone. "Let's find out together then. Try rubbing them, or pinching them with your fingers. See how it feels."

There's a slight rustling sound from Xinlong's end, then a quiet whimper.

"You like that?"

"Y-yeah," Xinlong whispers. "Feels good."

"Good," Anxin croons. "Pinch a little harder for me, will you?"

From the sounds coming through the phone speaker, Xinlong obeys. He's all soft pants and moans, quiet like he's trying to hold it back.

"You really do make such pretty noises, Longlong," Anxin tells him. "Wish I was there with you. Touching you. You think you'd like it, my tongue on your tits? Bet you'd cry so pretty for me."

Xinlong crying, that's a pretty image. Anxin doesn't wait for an answer before moving on. "So, I'm guessing you've never had anything inside then? Your fingers, maybe, or a toy?"

He can practically *hear* the redness of Xinlong's face as he stutters, "I- no, I never-"

"That's okay, sweetheart. Another time," Anxin promises. "I'll make sure to fuck you open nice and slow."

Xinlong keens. "Anxin, can I- please, I want-"

“What do you want, baby?”

“Can I- can I t-touch-”

“Oh, do you wanna touch your cock?” Anxin asks, like he’s only just remembered that’s an option. To be fair, he’d never told Xinlong he *couldn’t*- implied it, sure, but this is mostly on him. “Of course, baby,” he purrs. “Go right ahead.”

Xinlong whines loudly, and the sound goes straight to Anxin’s dick. He bites his lip, tightening his grip on the base so as not to come too soon. He needs to focus on Xinlong first.

“How does it feel?” he asks.

“G-good.”

“Good? How good?” Anxin licks his lips. “Better than my mouth?”

“Ah- no,” Xinlong whimpers, and *god*, Anxin wants to fuck him *stupid*.

“God, you’re so fucking *hot*,” he groans. “Such a slut for me, and I’m not even *there.*”

He puts the call on speaker so he can look at his phone, switching back to their chat. “Did you like the picture I sent you?” he asks, tapping the picture in question to zoom in. “I think it’s going to be one of my favorites. You looked so pretty, all fucked-out and covered in cum. Wish I could've fucked your mouth for real. Bet it’d feel so good.”

“Xinnie-” Xinlong pants. “Xinnie, ‘m close-”

“Close?” Anxin asks. “You wanna come for me, baby?”

“Yeah- ‘m gonna-”

A cruel but *wonderful* image pops into Anxin’s head. “Stop,” he commands, letting his voice go sharp.

“Wh-what?”

“I said, *stop*.”

Xinlong lets out a long, broken whimper- but from the sound of it, he obeys. *“Why?”*

“It’s okay sweetheart,” Anxin shushes him. “Gonna let you come in a second. I just need you to listen carefully, okay?”

“…Okay.”

“Are you still wearing a shirt?”

Xinlong sniffs, and it sends a sick thrill through Anxin that he might *actually* be crying. “Yeah?”

“Take it off.”

There’s more rustling from Xinlong’s end, then he says, “Okay. It’s off.”

“Good,” Anxin coos. “Now, in a moment you can start touching again, and this time I promise I won’t stop you. But when you come, I want you to try to get as much of it as you can on your face and chest. And then- with me so far?”

“Yes,” Xinlong whimpers. He sounds *gone*.

“Good. Then, when you’re all dolled up for me, I want you to take another picture and send it over, so I can see how pretty you look. Can you do that?”

“Yes,” he says again, barely a breath of a word.

“Good boy,” Anxin croons. “Go ahead, pretty. You can touch again. Wherever you want- your dick, your tits, whatever you need to make yourself come. And be as loud as you can- I wanna hear all your pretty noises.”

Xinlong whines, chasing his release as Anxin talks him through it. He’s not even really paying attention to what he’s saying at this point, just chanting whatever filthy words come to mind as the sounds Xinlong’s making get louder and more desperate until it all builds into a sharp whine, high in his throat.

Anxin shifts immediately to praising him, lots of *so good baby* and *such pretty noises*, talking Xinlong through his orgasm as he slowly strokes his own cock. Xinlong doesn’t say anything back, but a few moments later Anxin’s phone buzzes as another photo pops up in the chat.

It’s a little crooked, but clear- and so much better than he could’ve imagined. Xinlong looks absolutely *ruined;* eyes half lidded and dazed, and filled with tears as he gazes up at the camera. His face is red with a mix of embarrassment and exertion, and his torso splattered with white globs of cum. It doesn’t seem like any of it reached his face, which is a shame- but on a closer look Anxin realizes he’s swiped some up with his fingers and has two of them pressed against his *tongue*-

“God, you’re *perfect,*” Anxin moans, earning another high pitched whine from the other end of the call. “So beautiful. So *messy.* Does it taste good, baby?”

“Y-yeah,” Xinlong stutters, sending another jolt of pleasure up Anxin’s spine. He speeds up, pumping his cock faster as he chases his own release.

“Yeah?” Anxin laughs breathily. “You *like* having your own cum in your mouth? Who would’ve known- you really are a slut. Is it better than mine?”

Xinlong sucks in a breath, and again it feels like Anxin can *hear* him blushing.

“Ah- no, I- yours is better. Want- Anxin, I want you to- to-”

It’s adorable, the way he’s trying his best to talk dirty and can barely get the words out.

“Want me to fuck your mouth?” Anxin asks. “Want me to fill it up with my cum you love so much?”

Xinlong whines, the sound muffled by what’s probably his pillow, and Anxin laughs harshly. He’s being mean; he knows that. Xinlong is all fucked out and dirty already, and Anxin just keeps *pushing*- but he’s so *close*, and it doesn’t exactly sound like Xinlong minds.

“Xin- are you close?” Xinlong asks. “I- I want that. Want it so bad.”

“Yeah?” Anxin hums. “What do you want, baby? Use your words- tell me *exactly* what you want me to do to you.”

“I want- want your *cock*,” Xinlong whispers, and it *does* something to Anxin, the way Xinlong’s trying so hard to get him off too. “In my- like you said. I want- I want you to f- to *fuck my mouth*.”

“Next time,” Anxin promises, closing his eyes to imagine the scene- Xinlong on his knees, teary eyes looking up for approval. Mouth around his cock, spit dribbling out of the corners, practically choking on it as he tries his best to take it all in. Anxin cumming down his throat, holding his head to make sure he swallows every last drop.

He comes into his hand with a loud groan. “Fuck. You’re so precious, Longlong.”

For several seconds he just lies there, panting.

Then, from the other side of the phone: “Xinnie- are you still there?”

“Yeah, I’m here,” Anxin says.

“Was it- was it good?”

He sounds so nervous. Anxin huffs a quiet laugh, reaching for the tissues on his nightstand to clean himself up. “It was *perfect*,” he says, and grins at the way Xinlong’s breath catches at the compliment. “You’re so sweet, Longlong. Always so good for me. I’m really glad I called you.”

“Me too,” Xinlong whispers.

“You should get cleaned up,” Anxin tells him. “I’d help, if I were there, but- you shouldn’t go to sleep all sticky.”

That makes Xinlong groan- not in a sexy way, more like a kid being told to clean his room. “Don’t wanna.”

Anxin laughs into the phone. “Come on, please? For me? Doesn’t even have to be a full shower, but at least go wipe off the cum. Then you can go to sleep.”

“Okay,” Xinlong grumbles, and Anxin hears the bed creak as he stands. “I have to hang up then.”

“That’s okay,” Anxin says. “I should get to sleep soon too. Text me when you’re done?”

“Sure.” It’s an odd request, but Xinlong doesn’t question it at all. “G’night.”

“Good night.”

The call ends and Anxin sighs, shifting over to the edge of the bed to finish cleaning up. When he’s done he taps back into the chat, saving his three new photos to the Xinlong folder.

If he had any remaining traces of shame or guilt for hiding these less than pure desires, this phone call has washed them all away. He’s been so nervous about pushing too hard- pushing Xinlong *away* with all his weird kinks- but based on tonight, Xinlong might be just as freaky as he is. He just hasn’t had the chance to show it yet.

Anxin taps open the last picture to study it again. It’s *beautiful*. Xinlong’s beautiful. And who else gets to see him like this? No one, that’s who. Everyone gets to watch Xinlong dance, but only *Anxin* can make him fall apart. And apparently, he doesn’t even have to be in the room to do it.

It feels…*powerful*.

He zooms in on Xinlong’s face, the fingers on his tongue as he tastes his own cum- by his own choice, without Anxin even telling him to do so. Seems like Xinlong is just full of surprises. Who would’ve known he’d be so…*dirty?*

Want your cock, he’d said, all soft and shy despite the obscenity of the words. *Want you to fuck my mouth.*

Anxin’s phone buzzes with another text, pulling him out of the memory.

Xinlong
all clean👍
good night

Anxin
night bby
sweet dreams ❤️

He closes the chat, resting his phone on his chest.

Xinlong could’ve hung up at any point, but he didn’t. He could’ve told Anxin to stop, that this was all too *weird*, that no, he’s *not* going to send a picture of him *cumming on his face* just because Anxin told him to- but he *didn’t*. He’d *let* Anxin push him around, whining and begging so prettily as he did everything he was told- and at the end of it all, he’d even asked if he *did a good job*.

Anxin sighs, closing his eyes. This man really is going to be the death of him- he’s already dreaming about *next time.*

Chapter 3

Xinlong is absolutely *losing his mind*.

The phone call with Anxin unlocked something primal that has him thinking near constantly about *them having sex*- and yet *Anxin* is acting like nothing's changed. His entire world has been turned on its head but *nobody else seems to notice.*

To be *fair*, he doesn't know the extent of Anxin's sexual history- only that it's way more than his, which isn't exactly hard. So maybe he's only freaking out about the bathroom blowjob and phone sex because he's new to the whole thing. Maybe *he's* the weird one, for the way he can't stop obsessing.

But the worst part- worse than all these horrible, wonderful images bouncing around in his brain- he has no way to get them *out*. Anxin hasn't mentioned any of it and Xinlong's too afraid to, so it's only the backlog of their text chat to prove it wasn't some incredibly vivid dream.

(He'd thought it might have been, when he woke up, but the selfie he'd sent Anxin with *his own cum in his mouth* shook that belief instantly.)

Not that he can see those texts without scrolling back up- the moment he'd proven to himself it was real he'd panicked and started rambling about anything that came to mind just to push the conversation and more importantly the *pictures* off the screen. Which might be *why* Anxin's not saying anything, now that he thinks about it, because that wasn't subtle at all.

The next several days are bafflingly normal. Nothing's changed- or rather, only *Xinlong* has changed. Anxin is still taking his picture at every opportunity, still just as touchy in public, exactly the same as he's always been. The only difference now is that Xinlong's reading into it. Anxin lifts his phone camera and Xinlong burns red. He tosses an arm around Xinlong's shoulder and Xinlong chokes on his breath. He's spinning out, imagining everything they've done- everything he wants Anxin to *do to him*- while Anxin's just *there*, totally fine.

And to top it all off, he still has *school* and *work* and *dance*. Way too much to do- he has a tendency to overwork himself under the best of circumstances- but how is he supposed to focus on any of it when he can't stop thinking about Anxin looking at him like something he *owns?*

He should talk to someone about it- anyone, really- but he has no idea *how*. Where would he even *start?*

Sure, they're dating, so this is a natural next step. Yes, given his complete inexperience with everything it makes sense for Anxin to take the lead. But even taking that into account, what they've been doing… isn't it *weird?* Xinlong's older, after all, and used to taking care of people. Should he really be falling to pieces so easily? Just because Anxin's a little possessive, telling him he's *pretty*, that he's *doing a good job?* Both times now, Anxin's taken

complete control from the start, reducing him to a whimpering mess who can barely think straight, soothing and directing him with the confidence of a god.

It's not that he doesn't *like* it that way- he maybe likes it a little too much. It just feels… *selfish*.

Maybe *that's* why Anxin's acting like nothing happened. Maybe he was hoping for something different- maybe Xinlong did something wrong. He'd like to think Anxin would tell him if that were the case, but maybe he doesn't want to hurt Xinlong's feelings.

How he's managing to hide all this from his friends is beyond him, but he must be doing something right because it doesn't seem like anyone realizes anything is off. Except maybe Sanghyeon- he joins them for lunch a day or two after everything went down, and while Xinlong can't for the life of him pin down *why*, it really feels like Sanghyeon *knows*.

Maybe Anxin told him.

They are best friends, after all. Xinlong's considered telling Sangwon half a dozen times, though he always chickens out. Partially because he didn't get the chance to have that conversation about feeling left out before this stuff took over his entire brain, but more because talking about sex with Sangwon could make things with Leo even weirder.

(He'd also considered Arno, which was much harder to immediately dismiss, until he remembered Arno would want all the *details*. The thought of describing any of this out loud- or worse, showing him the evidence- was mortifying enough to shut that idea down *forever*.)

But again: *Anxin* isn't acting any different than before, so he might not have the same hang-ups. Would it really be that weird, if he did tell Sanghyeon? Maybe, because Xinlong doesn't really know him, but Sanghyeon's at least not *making* it weird. He's actually really nice- friendly, funny, the type of person Xinlong could absolutely see himself getting close with.

And, he suddenly remembers midway through their conversation, according to Anxin *he thinks Xinlong's hot*.

That train of thought gets shut down before it can even leave the station. It's bad enough he's reacting so much to Anxin just *behaving like he always does;* he doesn't need to get anyone else involved.

Though he does have to wonder, now that he's perving out over perfectly innocent actions, just how innocent they truly are. Is Anxin acting like nothing's changed because he's *not* thinking about it, or because he *already was?* And if so… then what? What does he even *do* with that?

The whole thing is driving him crazy.

Then, after probably the most harrowing three days of his life, Anxin asks if he wants to come over that weekend and Xinlong jumps at the chance.

In theory it's innocent- he'd asked in front of several of Xinlong's friends, saying something about a new game he wanted to play, and no one so much as batted an eye. In fact, he hadn't even been the one to *agree*- Arno accepted the invite for him, saying something about Xinlong "needing to take a break for once in his life." Which is probably true, but not the point. And he would've agreed regardless.

Still, it doesn't *have* to mean sex just because Xinlong's brain can't focus on anything else, especially with Anxin acting like nothing happened. But even as he tries to convince himself he's reading too much into it, he remembers the promise of *next time* and can only *hope*.

When he arrives, Anxin lets him in with a cheerful smile, one that gives no hints as to any secret intentions.

"Is Sanghyeon home?" Xinlong asks as he toes off his shoes. If Anxin really did invite him over for sex, he probably made sure his roommate was scarce.

Anxin shrugs, leading him down the hall. "I think so? He's probably holed up in his room."

Xinlong nods, glancing towards the room in question. It's right next to Anxin's.

Maybe we will have sex, and Sanghyeon will hear.

It's a dirty thought, and not one he ever would've imagined having a week ago. He barely knows Sanghyeon. Under no circumstances should Xinlong be thinking about him in that way.

And yet… he *is* attractive. The thought is annoyingly difficult to get out of his head. Maybe it's all Anxin's talk about *his pretty noises* and *showing them who you belong to*, but the idea of someone- of *Sanghyeon*, specifically- hearing them is…kind of hot.

He shakes his head to clear it, missing the way Anxin's eyes track the motion.

"Come on," Anxin says, grinning at him. "I seem to recall I made you a promise, and I've been *really* looking forward to it."

That gets Xinlong's full attention, the hypotheticals vanishing from his thoughts and replaced by guarantees. He swallows visibly, and lets himself be dragged into Anxin's room.

-

Twenty minutes later, Xinlong is fully naked and pinned to the bed with three of Anxin's fingers buried inside of him- and he's completely *gone*.

"You're so pretty, Longlong," Anxin croons. "You're doing so well- so responsive. I knew you would be."

"Anxin-" Xinlong moans, cutting himself off with a squeal as Anxin presses the spot inside him that makes him see stars. "Please, I want-"

"What do you want, baby?"

It takes a while to form the thought, what with Anxin's fingers spreading him open. "I want- Xinnie, please, I- it's not *enough*."

Anxin laughs. "Aw, poor baby," he mocks. "My fingers aren't enough to fill you up?"

Xinlong whimpers, eyes slipping shut at the tone. Anxin being *mean* to him isn't something he'd have guessed he'd be into, but he's learning a lot about himself this week.

Anxin leans closer to whisper in his ear. "You need something bigger, don't you? Want to feel what it's like to be *properly* fucked? You're just so *needy*, Longlong. Never had anything inside before and already begging for a cock?"

Xinlong whines, high in his throat, and Anxin laughs again.

"Sorry, sweetheart," he says, pressing a soft kiss to Xinlong's temple. "I don't think I can."

Xinlong blinks up at him with teary eyes. "Wha… why not?"

"It's not that I don't want to," Anxin says, brushing a tear away with his thumb. "It's just, I already promised to fuck your mouth, and I can't do that if I've already been in your ass. Cause like, bacteria and stuff. It's unsanitary."

He says it so easily, like they're just…having a regular conversation. Like he isn't *literally inside Xinlong.*

Xinlong feels like his brain is melting.

"You do still want that, right?" Anxin asks. "Want me to come down your throat, make you swallow it all down like a good boy?"

He scissors his fingers again and Xinlong gasps, gripping at Anxin's shirt. "Yes," he breathes. "Yeah, I want- Xin-"

"So you see the problem," Anxin says sweetly.

Xinlong whines pitifully. He doesn't, honestly, but he's too far gone to argue. All he knows is that Anxin is *torturing* him right now and he needs *something*-

Anxin's fingers still inside of him and he whimpers at the loss.

"You know," Anxin says, "I do have an idea how you can have both. Only if you're okay with it, of course."

Something about the way he says it is…a little too casual. Xinlong wets his lips. "…What is it?"

"We could ask Sanghyeon."

Xinlong's heart *stops*. He *was* just thinking about it- Sanghyeon *hearing* them, not *joining*. Was it that obvious? Does Anxin *know?*

“What?” he chokes out.

Anxin hums. “We’ve messed around a bunch, you know. Not since you and I got together, obviously, but before that. He’s really good at this, and he’s got a nice big cock that’d fill you right up. Make you feel all warm and fuzzy inside. How does that sound?”

Honestly? It sounds *wonderful*. And completely insane. Anxin is proposing having his roommate and best friend come in her to *fuck his boyfriend* like they’re making plans for a dinner date.

“I don’t- I don’t know,” he stutters, trying to make it make sense in his head.

“Come on, baby,” Anxin pouts. “We don’t have to if you really don’t want to, but I’ll be right here the whole time. Wanna see him split you open.” He twists his fingers again, making Xinlong whine and curl into him. “You’ve been so *tense* lately, always working so *hard*. I wanna watch you fall apart, all soft and pretty for me. You know, I bet he could make you come on his cock without anyone needing to touch yours at all. What do you think?”

Xinlong swallows, hands twitching where they grip at Anxin’s shirt. His cock has been horribly neglected this whole time, hard and red against his stomach. He wants to come *so bad*- but he wants to be *good* even more, and Anxin asked him not to touch.

Sanghyeon fucking him. Does Anxin really want that? Would *Sanghyeon?*

He can’t get the image out of his head- but isn’t this exactly the thing he’s been worrying about all week? Once again, Anxin’s focus is solely on him and has been since they started. Xinlong’s way too out of it to even begin to return the favor. Sure, bringing Sanghyeon in is Anxin’s idea- but is it *really?* What if Xinlong’s manipulating him somehow?

After all, isn’t that *cheating?* Isn’t it *selfish?*

“Longlong, hey- look at me.” Anxin’s voice is soft above him. Xinlong blinks his eyes open. He doesn’t remember closing them- or Anxin pulling his fingers out for that matter, but his hands are gently cradling Xinlong’s face.

“You’re thinking too hard,” Anxin says, just as gently. “Stop worrying. You’re always trying to take care of everyone, but I want to take care of *you*. So don’t think about anything else- just tell me what you want.”

Xinlong swallows again, and wets his lips. He’s not thinking straight, hasn’t been for a while, but he trusts Anxin. And what Anxin’s proposing… he *does* want it. Really, really badly.

“Okay,” he whispers. “It’s- I- yeah, if- if that’s okay.”

Anxin’s face splits into a wicked grin, before he’s pulling Xinlong in for a bruising kiss.

“Good boy,” he says when he breaks it off, smirking as Xinlong blushes bright red. He shifts to sit against the headboard, manhandling Xinlong into his lap with his back against Anxin’s chest. “Come here. Spread your legs for me, okay?”

Xinlong flushes darker but obeys, turning his head to hide his face as best he can. He's not quite following *why* this is happening, but the position is embarrassing under any circumstances. Anxin laughs, of course, but doesn't stop him from hiding. He rests his head on Xinlong's shoulder as he picks up his phone from where it lies on the bed, pausing briefly to take a picture of the both of them. Xinlong squeezes his eyes shut, feeling a sharp rush of something either embarrassed or excited- probably a combination of both.

Then Anxin calls Sanghyeon, putting the phone on speaker.

It rings three times, and Xinlong starts to wonder if maybe he's busy- but on the fourth ring, Sanghyeon picks up.

"What do you want," he says- more a statement than a question.

"Check your texts," says Anxin. "I have something for you, in my room. But you need to hurry."

Xinlong frowns. What would Anxin have *texted* that he couldn't just say over the phone?

On the phone, Sanghyeon snorts. "If you want me to fuck you again you can just *ask*," he says. But then- opening the message just as Xinlong realizes what's in it- "Oh, *shit*."

The picture.

Anxin takes that moment to thrust two fingers back inside, pulling another panicked whimper from Xinlong- one that's definitely audible over the phone.

"*Fuck,*" Sanghyeon hisses. "Is that him?"

"I got him all nice and wet for you," Anxin purrs, scissoring his fingers inside of Xinlong. Xinlong presses even closer against him, hiding from the embarrassment as his mind slips even further away. "He's being so *good* for me, so sweet and pliant. Better hurry if you wanna come play."

"Shit," Sanghyeon says. "Yeah, okay- wait, you both want that, right? This isn't some kind of fucked up game?"

"You hear that, Longlong?" Anxin coos, pulling his fingers out to tilt Xinlong's chin towards him so their eyes meet. "Hyeonie needs to hear you want this. You want him to come in here and play with you, right? To fuck you open with his big cock?"

Xinlong whines, closing his eyes as his hole clenches around nothing. He wants that, wants it so bad, but can he really say it *out loud?* And not just to Anxin, to *Sanghyeon?*

"Words, baby," Anxin says, tapping his jaw. "It's okay- just tell Sanghyeonie what you want."

"Want-" Xinlong cuts himself off with a moan as Anxin's hand sneaks down to pinch at his chest. His face is burning. "Sang- want *Sanghyeonie*, ah-! Want your cock-"

“That enough for you?” Anxin laughs into the phone.

“Yeah,” Sanghyeon says breathily. “Don’t move. I’ll be right there.”

Anxin hangs up without saying goodbye, tossing the phone back onto the bed and splaying his hands over Xinlong’s torso, running them up and down the smooth skin. “Good boy,” he coos. “You’re doing so well.”

Xinlong sobs- it feels like Anxin’s hands are touching every inch of his skin *except* for his dick. “Please, Anxin- I can’t- I want-”

Anxin shushes him. “I know, sweetheart, I know. I got you. You’ll be all nice and full soon, okay? We just gotta wait for Sanghyeon to get here.”

He brushes away Xinlong’s tears, though they’re quickly replaced, and Xinlong chokes on another sob. He clings to Anxin’s shirt and cranes his neck to reach for a kiss- something, *anything* to ground him. Anxin obliges, gripping his jaw tightly to hold him in place as he explores Xinlong’s mouth. The kiss is harsh, possessive, and Xinlong feels some of the nerves bleeding away as he closes his eyes and sinks further into that deep part of his mind where everything is hazy.

Anxin breaks the kiss at the sound of a knock at the door. “Who is it?” he calls.

“Me, obviously,” says Sanghyeon. “Can I come in?”

“About time,” is all Anxin says before capturing Xinlong’s mouth in another kiss. The hand not holding his face trails down to force his legs open as they try instinctively to close, exposing his wet, gaping hole to the door.

“Oh my *god*,” Sanghyeon whispers as the door clicks shut behind him, and Xinlong opens his eyes. He tries to look, but is stopped by the fuzziness in his head and Anxin’s grip on his chin.

“Hi, Hyeonie,” Anxin sings, finally straightening up. “What do you think?”

Xinlong, now free to turn his head, does just that. Sanghyeon is standing at the door, looking at him with something like *reverence*. It kind of makes him want to curl up and hide, but Anxin’s hands are now on *both* of his thighs, holding him wide open and exposed.

“He’s beautiful,” Sanghyeon says.

“Isn’t he?” Anxin smiles down at him and Xinlong whimpers, hiding his face back in Anxin’s shoulder. They’re talking about him like he’s not even *there* and that *does* something to him; sends a sick thrill up his spine that has his cock twitching.

“He’s been waiting *so* patiently, don’t you think?” Anxin continues, kissing Xinlong’s temple. “I got him all ready for you. Did you know, he’s never had *anything* inside him before today?” He pushes his fingers back inside as he says it. Xinlong whimpers, trying to shrink away- but there’s nowhere for him to go. Anxin fixes Sanghyeon with a challenging look. “I want to watch him come on your cock.”

Xinlong opens his eyes halfway, peeking from under his eyelashes, and watches Sanghyeon's tongue flick out to wet his lips before he says, "Yeah, I can do that."

Then Sanghyeon is joining them on the bed, crawling across to lean over Xinlong- with his back against Anxin's chest and Sanghyeon looming over him he feels trapped in the best possible way. Sanghyeon smiles at him so sweetly before pressing his lips to Xinlong's in a kiss that's just as harsh and possessive as Anxin's. Behind him, Anxin leans down to suck on his neck.

"You ready, hyung?" Sanghyeon asks as he pulls back, reaching to grab the bottle of lube on the nightstand. Xinlong whimpers helplessly.

"You gotta tell him yes," Anxin murmurs, trailing kisses down from his ear. "You want him to fuck you, right? Split you open, make you feel so good you can't remember your own name?"

Xinlong wails as Anxin *bites* down on his shoulder- he's not convinced he could remember it now. "Please," he whimpers. "Please, Anxin, Sanghyeon, want- need it so bad-"

Anxin chuckles softly into his ear, whispering, *"Slut*." The insult goes straight to his dick, but before he can even process it Sanghyeon is pulling his cock out of his pants to slick it up- there's something so delightfully filthy about the fact that he and Anxin are both still fully dressed while Xinlong is nude- and Xinlong shudders involuntarily. He can't breathe, can't look away, can only *watch* as Sanghyeon pumps himself twice, lines up, and thrusts inside, burying himself to the hilt in one swift push.

Xinlong wails, thrashing at the intrusion- it doesn't *hurt*, exactly, but Sanghyeon's cock is so much *bigger* than Anxin's fingers and it really does feel like he's being split in half. Anxin laughs in his ear, holding his legs so he can't even try to escape. Xinlong's hands land on Sanghyeon's shoulders, and he clings on for dear life.

"Oh, he's so *tight*," Sanghyeon groans, slowly pulling out only to thrust back in just as harshly.

"Told you," Anxin says, planting another kiss on the side of Xinlong's head. "Longlong's a total *virgin.* He's never had anything inside, not even his own fingers- until today."

"Fuck, that's so hot," Sanghyeon says. "Why aren't *you* fucking him then? Not that I'm complaining."

Sandwiched between them, Xinlong is losing what's left of his mind. Sanghyeon sets a brutal pace, and with Anxin's hands on his thighs there's nothing he can do but take it. His own cock bounces on his stomach as he squeaks and moans. It feels *incredible* and he wants *so badly* to come, twisting his fingers into Sanghyeon's shirt to keep from touching without permission.

"I promised to fuck his mouth instead," Anxin says, lifting a hand to trace a finger along Xinlong's bottom lip. Xinlong lets his mouth fall open on pure instinct and Anxin pushes two

fingers inside, pressing down on his tongue until he starts to gag. “Turns out he *really* likes the taste of cum. Thought it was time I give him a full meal.”

“Fuck,” Sanghyeon whispers, hips stuttering at the sight.

“But I couldn’t just leave him *empty*,” Anxin continues. “Not when he was begging so sweetly. So I figured you could help me take care of him.” He removes his fingers from Xinlong’s mouth, pulling him in for another kiss.

“Hnghn,” Xinlong groans when they break apart. Sanghyeon has found his prostate, hitting it with every thrust, and he’s so *close*. “Xin- please, Xinnie-”

“What’s that sweetheart?” Anxin coos. “Are you finally gonna come for me? Get yourself all nice and dirty on Sanghyeon’s cock?”

Sanghyeon takes that as a cue to speed up and Xinlong howls at a particularly harsh thrust.

“*Please,*” Xinlong begs. “Please, Xin, *please*, I need-”

“Go ahead, then,” Anxin says, trailing his hands up Xinlong’s torso. “Show Sanghyeon how good he’s making you feel.”

Xinlong sobs, tears streaming down his face- he’s *so close* and his body is like a live wire with every touch setting off sparks. Sanghyeon’s cock punches into him over and over, and Anxin is *kissing* him again- and then, Anxin’s hands reach his chest, pinching *hard* at his nipples, and he’s *gone.* Xinlong thrashes and wails, his vision flickering, and thick ropes of cum spray from his untouched cock to paint his torso white.

He comes down from the high to the feeling of Sanghyeon still pounding into him, their foreheads pressed together, chasing his own release. It’s overstimulating, almost verging on the point of pain, but Xinlong can’t put together the words to complain.

Sanghyeon presses a harsh kiss to his lips and Xinlong, despite the fuzziness in his head, tries his best to return it.

“Come on Sanghyeon,” Anxin chants, arms wrapped tightly around Xinlong’s torso. “Fill him up for me. He’s been so good for us- time to mark him up. Show him who he belongs to.”

Who he belongs to. Anxin said that before, in the bathroom- Xinlong *belongs* to him. Does this mean he belongs to Sanghyeon too? He can’t say he minds the idea.

Sanghyeon breaks the kiss with a stuttering groan, thrusts twice more, and bites down on Xinlong’s shoulder as he comes deep inside. Xinlong whines, writhing at the feeling- it’s too much, too *much*, and he can’t make it *stop*- but Anxin peppering soft kisses against his skull and whispering about how he’s *doing so well* and *such a perfect little fucktoy* and *so good for us baby, you did such a good job*, and with another loud sob he collapses boneless onto Anxin’s chest as Sanghyeon relaxes, sitting up and slowly pulling out.

“Wow,” he says, a little breathless. “That’s probably the best sex I’ve had in a while.”

“Better than me?” Anxin asks, reaching down to scissor his fingers into Xinlong’s hole. Xinlong squirms at the intrusion, but Anxin ignores him in favor of pushing him open to watch Sanghyeon’s cum leak out. “Look at that, Longie, the way he’s dripping out of you. So pretty- and so *messy.* Take a picture, would you Sanghyeon?”

Sanghyeon makes show of rolling his eyes, but picks up Anxin’s phone to snap several pictures: Xinlong’s dripping hole, his cum-splattered chest, his fucked-out face. Xinlong thinks vaguely that he ought to feel self-conscious, but he’s so far away right now he can’t bring himself to care.

“Much better,” Sanghyeon responds, tossing the phone aside. “You’re not *bad,* obviously, but we was just so tight and needy. Couldn’t stop sucking me in. And he’s just *so* sweet- I mean, look at him.”

Anxin does just that. “Yeah,” he says. “He really is something.” He runs gentle fingers through Xinlong’s hair and Xinlong whines, leaning into the touch.

“You good, baby?” Anxin asks. “You have fun?”

Xinlong blinks up at him, trying to process the question. He snuggles closer to Anxin, letting out another soft noise, and Anxin laughs. “Cute.”

Something hard is pressing against Xinlong’s back, punching straight through the fog as a sudden reminder- Anxin hasn’t gotten off yet. He tilts his head up. “Xinnie…”

“Hmm? What is it, sweetheart?”

Xinlong swallows. “…Promise?”

Surprise flashes in Anxin’s eyes, followed by something *dangerous*. “Oh?” he says. “You wanna suck me off, like I said you could? Think you’re up for that?”

Xinlong whimpers- he’s tired and boneless from his orgasm and all the teasing before it, but he wants to be *good*, wants *Anxin* to feel good- and nods.

“Okay, baby- whatever you want. Sanghyeon, give me a hand?”

Somehow, between the two of them, they get Xinlong onto his knees by the edge of the bed. He still feels all floaty and soft, being manhandled like a doll, and the cum drying on his chest and dripping out of his hole feels absolutely *filthy*.

Anxin looks down at him from above like some kind of god with Sanghyeon perched at his side- both of them staring like they could eat him alive. Xinlong can’t help but shiver under the attention.

Anxin unzips his pants and pulls out his cock, pumping it a few times before leaning forward to tap the tip against Xinlong’s cheek.

“You ready, Longlong?” he asks. “Need me to tell you what to do?”

Xinlong swallows and nods. Anxin's tongue darts out to wet his lips, and Xinlong thinks he'd liked to be *devoured*.

"Open your mouth," Anxin says, and he does.

He's never done this before- the closest he's come was letting Anxin come on his face- but Anxin guides him through it, mixing commands with compliments and cruel, cruel barbs that go straight to his dick.

"This is his *first* blowjob?" Sanghyeon asks, like he can't quite believe it.

"Yeah," Anxin sighs, as Xinlong's tongue curls around the underside of his cock. "He's a natural, isn't he?"

"That's so hot."

Xinlong digs his fingers into Anxin's thighs, whining at the way they're talking about him *again*, and the vibrations around Anxin's cock have him hissing.

"You ready baby?" Anxin asks breathily. "I wanna fuck your mouth for real, like I promised. Try to relax for me, okay?"

Xinlong blinks up at him again, nodding as best he can- then Anxin's fingers are twisting into Xinlong's hair as he shoves his cock deep into Xinlong's throat with a low groan, until Xinlong's nose is pressed up against his crotch.

Xinlong whimpers, almost choking at the feeling and trying to focus on breathing through his nose as Anxin just holds him there for a moment- breath stuttering- then pulls back slowly only to thrust forward again just as harshly.

"God, Xinlong," he whispers. "You're so fucking *hot*. And so *good at this*- I knew you would be. So *good* for me, so wet and warm- such a perfect little *cocksleeve*-"

Xinlong whines again at the compliments coated in cruelty, closing his eyes against the feeling. He can hear Sanghyeon shifting, maybe palming at his crotch, like just watching Xinlong is turning him on again. Xinlong's hands flex on Anxin's thighs, searching for some semblance of control- but of course, he's given all the control to Anxin and now all he can do is take what he's given.

"Where did you even find him?" Sanghyeon asks. "I mean, I knew he was hot, but he's also just so sweet, and precious- I just want to eat him up."

"You hear that, Longlong?" Anxin mocks. "Sanghyeon thinks you're *sweet*. Bet he wants to fuck you again- and you'd let him, wouldn't you? After how good he made you feel, of course you'd let him fuck you as many times as he wants. Maybe I'll let him have a go at your mouth next time- he's so big, bet you'd choke-"

"Oh my god," Sanghyeon laughs. "Look, he's getting *hard*."

Xinlong whimpers, blushing fiercely.

Anxin laughs too. “Of course he is,” he says, through his panting. “He may be new to this but he’s such a little *slut*- haven’t you noticed the sounds he makes, when we talk about him like a *thing* and not a person? He *likes* this; being *fucked,* being *used*. He likes being nothing but a toy for us to get off with. Isn’t that right, baby?”

He wouldn’t have put it that way himself- and it’s not like he can say anything, not with Anxin relentlessly fucking his face- but it feels like Anxin can see straight through him. Xinlong moans deep in his throat, blinking up at his boyfriend with teary eyes, begging wordlessly for him to hurry up and come.

Anxin groans at the sight. *“God*, you’re just so *hot*,” he says again. “I’m so lucky to have you. Want me to fill you up, sweetheart? You gonna be a good boy and swallow it all down for me?”

Xinlong whimpers, jerking his head in an approximation of a nod. Anxin grips his hair tighter, smacking Sanghyeon’s thigh as he pounds his cock even faster down Xinlong’s throat.

“Yeah, yeah,” Sanghyeon says, picking up on *some* nonverbal communication. “You’re such a freak.”

He leans back out of Xinlong’s sight- then, when he returns, he’s holding Anxin’s phone again, angling it over where Xinlong is kneeling. Taking another picture, of course, or-

-actually, from the way he’s holding it steady, Xinlong would bet he’s *filming.*

The thought hits him like a freight train and his eyes flutter shut as he moans involuntarily. Anxin’s cock stutters in his throat, then pulls back enough that Xinlong can taste the cum on his tongue as it pours into his mouth.

There’s so much of it, coming out so fast, and he swallows as best he can with Anxin holding his head in place, hands scrabbling against Anxin’s thighs.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Sanghyeon whispers above him. Anxin lets out a breathy laugh as he finally pulls his cock free.

Xinlong opens his eyes, blinking hazily up at them through his tears. The phone is still pointed at him- still *filming*- and before he can fully process that his tongue is darting out instinctively to lick up some of the drops that escaped onto his lips.

Sanghyeon swears loudly, finally ending the video, and Anxin grabs Xinlong’s arm to drag him up for a harsh kiss. The world spins and tilts around him until he lands on the bed between them, Anxin holding him close and licking up the residual taste of cum in his mouth.

A rough hand finds its way onto Xinlong’s cock- he’s honestly not sure which of them it belongs to- and Xinlong whines, jerking away from the touch. Yes, he’s hard again, but it hasn’t been that long since he came and he’s still so *sensitive.*

Sanghyeon’s arm loops around his waist from behind, and the hand stays where it is.

“Come on, Longlong,” Anxin purrs into his ear. “Give me one more. You’ve been *so good* for us, such a sweet little toy. You deserve to feel good, don’t you think?”

Xinlong sobs against him- how he still has tears left to cry is beyond him, but they’re pouring out. “Too much,” he whimpers, curling his fingers into Anxin’s shirt. “Too much, Xinnie, *hurts*-”

The hand on his cock doesn’t stop- if anything, gets faster.

“Aw, baby,” Anxin coos, holding his face and kissing his forehead like he’s a toddler throwing a tantrum. “Don’t worry, you can do it. You’re such a *good boy*, wanna see you *break*.”

Then he’s kissing Xinlong again, swallowing any attempt at a response. Behind him, Sanghyeon peppers light kisses on the back of his neck- and it must be his hand on Xinlong, as Anxin’s slip down from his chin to his chest.

Despite the pain, despite the overstimulation, he can feel his release building again. Anxin tugs roughly at his nipples and Xinlong whimpers pitifully into his mouth. He clenches his fists, clinging to Anxin and writhing between them as the pleasure builds and builds- then *screams* as he shatters, Sanghyeon’s hand on his cock and Anxin’s tongue down his throat, thrashing in their hold as he cums and cums- until finally, it’s over. Xinlong collapses, completely spent, eyes drifting shut as he falls into nothingness.

-

As he floats back to consciousness, Xinlong can hear the distant sounds of voices above him. A gentle hand runs through his hair and he stirs, leaning into the touch.

“…think he’s waking up,” Sanghyeon says from somewhere very far away.

“Longlong?” Anxin asks, only slightly closer. “You awake?”

Xinlong mumbles something incoherent, slowly blinking his eyes open. Anxin is smiling down at him, Xinlong curled up against his chest.

“Hi there,” Anxin coos. Xinlong hums quietly, letting his eyes drift shut again.

“Can’t we just let him sleep?” Sanghyeon asks. “He looks so cozy.”

“He’s *covered* in cum right now,” Anxin says. “That’s going to be so uncomfortable when it dries- we should at least clean him up first.”

“True.” Sanghyeon’s hand comes to rest on Xinlong’s shoulder, shaking him gently. “C’mon hyung, wake up. Let’s get you a bath.”

Xinlong grumbles in protest, snuggling closer to Anxin. *No bath, sleep. Comfortable.*

Anxin laughs, shifting out from under him- then laughs harder as Xinlong grumbles again, curling up tighter in his absence and keeping his eyes shut tight. “Come on, you big baby,” he

says, shaking Xinlong's arm. "Sanghyeon, help me lift him.

Strong arms wrap around him, cradling him like a princess, and Xinlong whines as he's lifted up off the bed, leaning into the hold. Anxin laughs again, the sound moving away with that of light footsteps, and in the distance Xinlong hears a faucet turn on. Sanghyeon follows more slowly, carrying Xinlong in his arms, and Xinlong finally blinks his eyes open again with a pout as they enter the bathroom where Anxin is waiting.

Anxin's eyes crinkle up at the sight of him and he coos, pinching Xinlong's cheeks. "You're so cute, Longlong. I promise you can rest soon, just let us clean you up first, okay?"

Xinlong hums in response, letting his eyes drift shut as Sanghyeon sets him down gently in the tub. He's still all soft and fuzzy in the head, but the warm water is nice. Anxin runs a washcloth over his stomach, over his chest, gently wiping away the evidence of their debauchery. Sanghyeon sits by the head of the tub, moving to wash his hair just as gently, and Xinlong sighs contentedly, settling into the comfortable feeling of being taken care of.

He might have actually fallen asleep because it feels like he blinks and then the water is draining away. He's lifted again, carefully wrapped in a warm towel and carried back to Anxin's bed. Xinlong notes, vaguely, as he blinks his eyes open, that someone has changed the sheets in his absence. Sanghyeon sets him down gently, crawling up on one side as Anxin joins them on the other. Xinlong curls up between them with a contented hum, pulling one of Sanghyeon's arms to hold against him as he leans his head into Anxin's shoulder.

Anxin trails soft fingers through his hair. "You have a good time?"

Xinlong nods, eyes closing once again.

"That's good," Anxin says. "Get some rest. You've definitely earned it."

Xinlong hums again, snuggling closer. He still feels fuzzy and floaty, but also soft and warm and *safe*.

Anxin shifts beside him, lifting his arm.

"Freak," Sanghyeon whispers affectionately. Xinlong snorts, squinting one eye open- predictably, Anxin's phone camera is open, pointed down at the three of them. He lets his eyes fall shut again, but smiles as the shutter clicks, adding yet another picture to Anxin's collection.

End Notes

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