

Drawn Passions

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Jaejoong slipped into the bedroom he shared with Yunho and Yoochun, his eyes furtively glancing down the hall towards the main room where the others were watching television. Saying he had a headache, he'd already begged off watching a movie with them, dragging his feet as he walked down the long hallway. It took nearly all of his self-control not to sprint down length of the corridor. It took even more of his patience not to lock the door behind him.

Enforced privacy in a household of young men usually led to knowing winks and teasing, all of which the young singer wanted to avoid. It was bad enough that he was sneaking off. He'd never hear the end of it if the others found out why.

The crinkle of the plastic bag sounded so loud in Jae's ears when he dug it out from under his fitted sheet. He'd shoved it under the mattress of his bed when he'd come home from shopping the other day. Unable to take a peek at the bag's contents until today, he'd slept on the package for nearly three nights, imagining the plastic's rustling noise was audible against the silence of their sleep.

He'd spotted the book as the group was shopping in a nearby mall. Its bright colours drew him in. When he approached the window, Jae's throat closed up and his mouth went dry.

The two people wrapped around one another, their mouths and tongued tangled into a passionate kiss, were both men.

Jaejoong's heart pounded, rattling hard against the slats of his ribcage. A strange, hot flush worked up from his neck and stole into the breadth of his cheeks. The tingle at the back of his neck begged for something. There was a want there, burning up from inside of his belly and spreading into every inch of his limbs.

His hand trembled as he looked about, watching for prying eyes around him. The world he lived in had many eyes, often unseen and peeking over his shoulder. He could no longer stroll casually through a train station or window shop at a store. He certainly wouldn't dare picking up a book with two men kissing on the cover. The beauty of it caught Jaejoong and sucked him in. Colours and forms were liquid and

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erotic, a splash of sensuality formed from someone's hand and skill. He'd seen it from across the room and had to touch it, feel it and have the rush of eroticism under his fingers.

Grabbing at the book, he ducked around a corner of the store, his dark hair a filmy curtain over his eyes. Glancing about, he saw no one other than the manager and Yoochun, both hovering over magazines from America. With any luck, Jaejoong could glance at the art and put it back, convinced that he was merely curious and would be fine once that curiosity was quenched.

He couldn't explain the sensations. He didn't even have time in that moment to examine the whys of his body's reactions. Jaejoong only knew his legs moved forward as his mind remained clouded in a haze. The manga was in his hands before he knew it. Then paid for and slid into a purple plastic bag, the clerk smiling and bowing a thank you before moving onto the customer behind him.

As if the stealthy purchase was commonplace.

It was as if Jaejoong always nonchalantly strolled into a bookstore and plucked erotic illustrated novels from a shelf then plopped it onto the counter, handing over cash before rejoining the others. No one said anything. No whispered behind a held up hand. Nothing untoward at all.

Except for the pounding of his heart in his chest.

In the quiet of his shared bedroom, Jaejoong opened the manga slowly, then gasped, unprepared for the breathlessness that seized him when he stared down into the parted pages.

Amid the bold black and white were intimate acts, drawn without reserve or caution to the reader. Long legs hooked over shoulders and delicate faces were thrown back, mouths wide open and caught in mid-pant. Ecstasy was drawn into every line.

Jaejoong slammed the manga shut before his face was consumed by the fire rising from his blood.

He'd flirted with fan service, an engulfing obsession he was partially aware of but had paid it no mind until he'd gotten the script for *Dangerous Love*. Suddenly, in those pages, he was going to be crossing a line he was ill prepared to even venture near. He'd avoided Yunho for nearly two weeks after that filming, keeping his interactions with the slightly younger man down to as little as possible.

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His face still burned when he thought of the embraces they'd shared on that set. His body thickened when he thought of the dip of his body against Yunho's hips, their legs tangled around one another.

The images contained in the pressed paper covers flushed those feelings back up into his face, a simmering heat that seared along his cheeks and traveled down his throat until it closed up around the pressure.

"What do you have there?" Yunho's soft voice rumbled, startling Jaejoong. The leader had stolen into the room, concerned about Jae's health and the headache the other had begged off with. "Let me see it."

At the sight of the other man, Jae choked, a tendril of spit slithering down his throat. He bent over, coughing loudly and tapping at his chest to clear his airway. Alarmed, Yunho hurried to his friend's side, shoving aside the bag and book on the bed and rubbed at Jae's back, pounding lightly between his shoulder blades.

"Boo, are you okay?" Yunho's brow creased, not believing Jaejoong when the other nodded. "Do you want me to get you some water?"

Jaejoong shook his head, his face hidden by his dark hair. Bent over, the black froth hung forward, brushing at his flushed cheeks. A slice of pale skin peeked out at Yunho along Jae's neck, the tender area coyly peering out from behind the parted silken curtain.

"I'm okay," Jae finally was able to catch his breath. He gripped the edge of the bed, over-warm and nerves tingling. Yunho's hands on his back felt good, a comforting touch he'd grown too used to. "Thanks."

The other slid back around to sit besides his friend. Reaching for the bag and book, Yunho picked them up from the floor where they'd fallen. Turning the manga over, he grinned at the cover. Wagging the book under Jae's nose, he teased. "You're reading yaoi? Hah! You're such a pervert!"

"Ah! Give me that!" Jae lunged for the book, tumbling over Yunho's lap and tried to reach the manga. The young man held it aloft, twisting his body to keep it from the singer. Scissoring his legs, Yunho trapped Jae's hips, turning to hold him against the mattress. Leveraging his heavier body over Jae's, he lay across the other's stomach, effectively pinning him to the bed.

"I didn't know you read this kind of stuff," Yunho flipped open the cover, whistling under his breath at the graphic eroticism illustrated in his pages. "This one is pretty hot. I don't think normal people can bend like that."

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“I didn’t know you could read,” Jae muttered, trying to reach Yunho’s side with his teeth. Unable to get loose, he gnashed at the skin exposed by Yunho’s twisted up shirt, barely able to skim his incisors along the other man’s ribs. “Let me up! You’re heavy.”

“No, you stay there. I haven’t seen this one before,” The young man ignored his squirming friend, locking his ankles together and holding tight. Jae had good upper body strength, he’d experienced that phenomena more than once, Yunho still retained a hefty advantage in his legs, easily keeping his wriggling friend contained. “Keep that up all you want. I want to read this. It’s different from the ones I have.”

Jaejoong stopped his struggling. His ears were burning and his mind wasn’t sure if he’d heard what Yunho said. The heat of Yunho’s body was searing into his belly, the other man’s hip rubbing along the sensitive dip of his pierced navel. Panting from over-exerting himself, Jae drew huge mouthfuls of air into his lungs.

The singer lay there, considering his options. Yunho wouldn’t release him. His perversions had already been found out by the leader. There wasn’t much more he could do. Save die of embarrassment between Yunho’s clenched legs. All in all, Jaejoong considered, that wasn’t a bad way to die.

The random thought made him hot with shame and... something else he couldn’t put his finger on. Pushing that emotion aside, Jae used the one weapon he had available to him. The single last ditch effort he rarely employed because of the sheer power it had over the other man.

Tilting his head up, Jaejoong arched his neck and stared wide-eyed into Yunho’s smug and triumphant glare. Licking the ripe curve of his bottom lip, he took a small breath, just enough for the words he had to say. Whispering, he went lax between the other’s strong thighs, softening his rigid body then spoke.

“You’re hurting me.”

It had its desired effect. Yunho released him nearly instantaneously, pulling Jaejoong onto the middle of the bed and sliding him against the wall. The book lay forgotten, cast aside onto the pillows, as Yunho’s hands gripped Jae’s slender waist. Sitting up, the leader ran one palm down over Jae’s leg, settling on the knee the singer injured. Long used to checking for swelling, Yunho’s fingers explored the area, lightly skimming down into the crevices around Jae’s kneecap, searching for any sign of inflammation.

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“Boo,” His hands moved slowly over Jae’s long legs, cupping under the joint and bending it, testing it for a too-often familiar crispy rice feel of a recurring injury. “Does this hurt?”

Yunho’s worried look gave Jae flared a twinge of guilt deep into his guts. Reaching over to place his hand over Yunho’s probing fingers, he shook his head then went silent as Yunho’s touch traveled up to his hip, pressing down on the rise of bone and then into the hollow above his thigh.

“Does this hurt?” Bending over his sprawled friend’s body, Yunho lowered his head, carefully watching Jae’s blushing face. “I forgot. I’m sorry.”

“It just was straining,” Jae stammered, unsure of how to explain away the slight lie he’d told. “I’m okay.”

“You have to let me know when I do something like that, Joongie-ah,” Yunho pursed his lips, hissing through the space. “The members will never forgive me if I end up hurting you. I don’t want to have to face Min and tell him I hurt his favourite hyung.”

“Okay,” Nodding, Jaejoong righted himself, nearly spilling over Yunho’s body. They tangled together for a brief moment, all legs and arms until Yunho extracted himself from the other’s limbs. Stretching out onto his stomach, Jae reached for the book, hoping the other had been distracted enough to forget about the manga.

“Ah, no,” Yunho snatched it free from Jae’s grasp, holding it up. Sliding his hips over the bed, he pressed Jae back the wall, his greater body weight creating a firm obstacle between the singer and the yaoi. “It’s still not going to be yours.”

“Yunnie-ah, the others might come in,” Jae whispered out his fears, letting them sink into Yunho’s consciousness. “I don’t want...”

“They won’t come in. They’ve gone out,” The leader smiled, opening the cover to read the synopsis on the first page. “The movie was boring. One of the staff told them about a dance club that Changmin can get into. They went there.”

“You didn’t want to go?”

“No, I wanted to stay home and make sure you were okay,” He let out a slow, sensual moan, just loud enough to be heard over Jae’s heavy breathing. “This book is hot. Where did you get it?”

“At the bookstore in the mall,” Jae murmured. The press of Yunho against him was a warm blanket over his stomach and thighs. Propping

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himself up onto one elbow, he rested his chin on his friend's shoulder. "I didn't know you liked these. Hey, you called me a pervert for just buying one and you read them all the time."

"I never said I wasn't one too," Yunho admitted, giving Jae a glance over his shoulder. "You remind me of some of the boys in them. Sometimes when you're hurt, I think of you as Naoyuki Akiyoshi from *Lovely Sick*."

"What's that about?" Jaejoong settled against Yunho, comfortably draped over the other's body. They were close, too close sometimes for the liking of those around them but the singer enjoyed having someone who took care of him and more importantly, secretly loved having Yunho's attention drawn to him whenever they were a few feet apart.

"It's about a young man who is injured and his lover, the doctor," Yunho turned a page. The press of Jaejoong's body didn't go unnoticed in his mind, or from the heat along the inside of his thighs, his own libido. "Sumi, the doctor, wonders if his lover, Naoyuki Akiyoshi, will need him after he's been healed. He wonders if the only reason Naoyuki is with him is because he's dependent on him."

"That's sad," Jae's pout created a slight shadow over his chin. "Does he leave him? Does he leave the doctor when he's well?"

"I don't know," The other shrugged, careful not to dislodge the singer from his shoulder. "I don't have all of the series yet."

"Why do I remind you of... what was his name?"

"Naoyuki Akiyoshi."

"That Naoyuki... why do I remind you of him? Because I was hurt?"

"Partially," Yunho admitted slowly, unsure of how much he wanted to share with the other man. "Maybe also because I'm like the doctor and I'm afraid you won't need me any more if you're fully healed."

Jaejoong stopped breathing. He could hear himself take in air but the sweet richness of Yunho's slightly sweaty body was all he could taste in his lungs. There was nothing but Yunho in his world. His own body, traitorous and beguiling, slid closer against the other's back, pressing hard against his shoulders. The stutter of his heart betrayed him. Jae knew he was still alive, just captured in the amber of those so-heartbreakingly-said words.

"I will never not need you, Yunnie-ah," He murmured, his mouth on the rise of the other man's arm.

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Yunho gave a curt nod, the bob of his Adam's apple as he swallowed the only other sign that he heard the other's whispered confession. The sound of a page turning broke the silence between them, a pregnant noise that led to an image of a couple of men held in thrall.

"This is pretty graphic," Yunho said, a hushed admiration in his voice. "The artist is good."

"Do you think...it's okay that men love like this?" Jaejoong heard himself ask. "Do you think that it's really as enjoyable as it seems?"

Those words... a stuttering wondering that he'd held inside of him for so long... were finally free and out in the open. It seemed to the singer that everything he was or could be was suddenly out in the open, splayed apart and wanton for the other to dip his fingers into.

"I know it is," Yunho twisted slightly, looking over his shoulder at the other man. Touching Jae's lower lip with the tip of his index finger, he asked. "Do you want me to show you? Do you want me to kiss you like this guy is kissing his boyfriend?"

"You're not like that," Jaejoong shook his head, pushing Yunho away from him. The flat of his palms met the other's hard back, and the man's heavier weight refused to budge under Jaejoong's pushing. "Stop teasing me."

"You're curious," He shrugged, turning back to stare at the pages. "And no, I've never done that. It's sick."

"Then don't play," The singer hissed, struggling to break loose from Yunho's warm body. He got a leg free and pushed himself off the bed, resting his foot against the bed. He was firm in his indignation until he saw Yunho's smirk and knew the other man was teasing. Cocking his head, Jaejoong stood over the other, straddling the leader with a foot on either side of Yunho's waist.

"What?" Yunho stared up the long length of Jae's leg, stopping briefly at the peek of skin he could see of the other's hard stomach then traveled up to meet the older man's eyes. The chilled blue of Jae's contacts failed to ice over the warmth of his naturally dark eyes.

"You act like you're so big sometimes. Like you are so brave," Jaejoong accused, sliding down to sit on the other side of Yunho's prone body. "You poke and tease and then swagger away. You're probably more scared of kissing me than you want to admit. You call me a pervert but you're the one with all of the books!"

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“I told you that because I didn’t want you to feel bad,” Yunho blew off Jaejoong’s taunts with a wave of his hand, preferring to go back to his reading. Tapping the page showing a pair of men’s tongues tangled together, he said. “I don’t have that many and certainly not like this one. Sides, I don’t think you could kiss this good.”

Infuriated, the singer gritted his teeth, taking a deep breath in before flinging his last barb, a well-placed challenge at Yunho’s ego. “Fine.”

“Fine?” The leader rolled his eyes, prepared for one of Jaejoong’s ultimatums. He would probably have to endure a day or two of silence or pointed looks before the flighty singer forgot he was angry and began flirting again. He could stand a few days of coaxing the other man out of a hot funk. Even better, he could ignore Jaejoong and spend his time with one of the others, driving Jae insane from the lack of attention.

“Fine,” Jae spat back. Turning to face Yunho, he shoved at the other man’s shoulders. “Show me how to kiss, then.”

He made a face at the singer, sticking his tongue out. He couldn’t believe Jaejoong’s boldness or the fury in the other’s eyes. What Jae was asking crossed more lines than he could even comprehend. “You’re crazy. Go take a cold shower or something.”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought,” Jae taunted. “All talk and nothing behind it. I’m going to take a shower. A hot one. You don’t get me bothered enough to need a cold one.”

He wasn’t sure how he ended up against the mattress. Even more perplexing was the tilted view of the world he’d gotten before he was pressed into the pillows. What Jae was sure of was the feel of Yunho’s grip on his upper arms and the press of the inside of the leader’s thighs against his hips. The room continued to spin for a moment then settled down, filled with Yunho’s handsome face.

Yunho stared down at his friend’s beauty. Nearly flawless ivory gleamed over delicate bones, a dark beauty spot stood out against one cheek and another on the bridge of Jae’s nose. Restrained, Jaejoong struggled lightly, more from fallen dignity than anger or fear. Yunho shifted, resting his buttocks against the other’s thighs as he leaned forward and inhaled the sweetness of Jaejoong’s body.

With his chin tilted up, Jae glared back in defiance, silently daring Yunho to do his worst. He’d poked at the other’s pride too hard but what could the other do? Yunho was basically powerless to hurt him, as much restrained by his inability to see Jaejoong in pain as Jae was held down

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against the bed, trapped by Yunho's strength. He raised his chin up even further, cocking his head slightly in challenge.

It was that final tilt that pushed Yunho over the edge. That and the small dart of a tongue tip along the side of Jae's mouth. Yunho groaned, wondering if the other man even realized he licked his lips as if he were dabbing the most delectable sugary tidbit from it. But then, the leader realized, Jaejoong probably didn't realize how sweet he looked when pressed against soft pillows.

Jaejoong's upper lip always reminded Yunho of a strawberry. Its shape and colour often drove the leader into heated distraction, usually while they were on stage or on camera. The bow-shaped ridge draped down, dimpled at the tip and sometimes stained red from a sip of cranberry juice. A peek of white teeth drove him wild and there were times when he wanted to trace along the wet trail that the singer left behind when he roamed his tongue over his upper lip.

Yunho spent a lot of time telling himself that it was normal to lust after someone as beautiful as Jaejoong. That he wasn't gay because he found the singer erotic. It was healthy to respond to someone as sensually gorgeous as Jaejoong. Or so he kept telling himself.

He also spent a lot of his time in the shower imagining his thumb was the curve of Jae's mouth when he ran it over the head of his sex.

Right now, he was going to spend a lot of time on Jae's mouth. Ignoring, or rather inflamed, by the mewl of protest that whimpered from that maddening mouth, Yunho lowered his head and captured Jaejoong's breath.

It was as sweet as he'd imagined. Nothing he'd ever tasted could compare to the succulent flavour he found past those pink lips, a slithering honey unique to the infuriating singer that drove him insane. Yunho slowed his pressing kiss, dipping his head down and slanting his head, coaxing every last bit of gasping need Jaejoong had tucked inside of his body.

Teasing another moan from the strawberry kiss of Jae's mouth, Yunho felt a thrill scream across his chest, burrowing down past his belly and go straight to his groin. Releasing one of Jae's arms, he knotted his fingers into the other's dark hair, holding Jae in place as he deepened his exploration.

Jae's mouth bloomed under his tongue, sliding open into a welcoming pout. Yunho pressed in, nearly leaning fully onto the other's chest. The burr of Jae's tongue ran tingles against the roof of his mouth, and he

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fought the urge to suck on its tip, needing to soothe the fury he still sensed in Jae's body.

"Open for me, baby," Yunho heard himself say into Jae's parted lips, his mouth capturing Yunho's plea.

Responding, Jaejoong opened up further, allowing Yunho's tongue to push in and lick at the taste he found there. The frantic pounding of Jae's heart told Yunho he was affecting the other man as much as he was being turned on by having the other's writhing body under him.

His body wanted Jaejoong. Yunho knew that. He also knew that if he pushed, he could have Jae naked and on his stomach, opened for his intrusion. Jae wanted him nearly as much as he needed the singer. The press of hardness against his thigh told him that Jae's lust had been stoked. He wondered how insane it was that he didn't care who walked in on them. Yunho just wanted to be buried into the hot, sleek moistness of his friend's body.

"God, Boo," Yunho gasped, finally breaking the kiss and finding his reflection in Jae's lust-widened eyes. "I think I need to show you more than just kiss."

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They avoided one another for the better part of two weeks, ducking around the other members and speaking as little as possible. Cognizant of the tension between his two hyungs, Yoochun stealthily moved into the other room, claiming the shared space had become too warm in the encroaching summer heat. Junsu and Changmin welcomed the other man into their room, leaving the two older members to stew in the mess they'd made of their relationship.

“We need to talk this out, Boo.” Yunho cornered Jaejoong in the kitchen one afternoon. The sun had barely skimmed the horizon, casting long streams of light into the living room. They intersected the dark chairs set against the far wall, bringing a brilliant yellow splash to the vermilion fabric.

Jaejoong looked up, trapped against the long counter, his exit effectively blocked by the other man's presence in the kitchen. Ambient sunlight struck the paleness of his face, casting long shadows along the edges of his cheekbones. Startled, the singer looked up and Yunho nearly lost his breath at the sparkling amber depths lurking in his friend's deep gaze.

“What do we need to talk about?” Jae pursed his mouth. His emotions played over his pretty face, his guilelessness making it nearly impossible for him to hide behind any pretence.

Yunho knew that face all too well. It always surprised him when he heard others call Jaejoong cold and untouchable. To the leader, Jaejoong embodied fire, a hot burning flame that threatened to consume every shred of reason it came up against. There was no ice at all in the singer, only a heated eroticism which seared everyone he came near.

Sometimes, Yunho wished he could distance himself from that fire.

Other times, he wanted to walk through it and stand there until his flesh burned clean from his bones and his soul cracked under the heat.

“We need to talk about,” Yunho paused, unsure about how to approach the subject. “This thing.”

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He'd waited until the other three fled the too tight air of the apartment. He didn't care where they went, just so long as they were gone. He'd even given Changmin a handful of money and some mumbled instructions on not to return for a few hours.

"What thing? You grabbed me, shoved me down onto the bed, kissed me and then ran off," Jaejoong shrugged, trying to keep his body relaxed. It was harder than he imagined, feigning disinterest. "What is there to talk about? Did you leave something behind in my mouth? I brushed my teeth later to get the taste of you out of it. I didn't find anything."

Yunho was wrong. Jaejoong definitely knew how to be cold. The singer's words dug into his skin and ripped out entire strings of nerves, leaving a stinging in its wake. Wincing, he placed his hands on each counter top, blocking the aisle leading out of the kitchen. If Jae was going to flee, he'd have to climb up over the counter to do so.

"I didn't want to hurt you, baby," Yunho started to say and damned him if Jaejoong didn't hitch himself up onto the counter top, slide over the Formica and landed inelegantly in the dining room.

He watched with an open-mouthed horror as the other man grabbed at one of the chairs before he toppled over, his leg nearly giving out under the sudden press of his entire weight on his knee. Without thinking, Yunho reached for his waist, wrapping his arms around Jaejoong and supporting him, lifting him as he had often did when the other man was on crutches.

"Let me go," Jae meant for it to come out as a demand. Instead, it sounded like a plea, as if his words mean nothing but hold me closer. He wanted to hate himself for that but sighed heavily when Yunho's arms tightened, refusing to release him.

"No, Boo," Yunho whispered, his deep voice husky in Jaejoong's ear. "We're going to have to talk."

"I don't want to," He sounded like a petulant child, angered at being denied his favourite toy. Thinking on it, Jae supposed that is exactly what happened.

The leader was used to coaxing Jae into a better mood. He and Yoochun could teach a class on it. Most of the time, it was an easy task, a few whispers and that delicate, erotic smile would emerge. From the set of Jaejoong's jaw, Yunho knew he wouldn't see that smile for quite some time.

"Come here," He duck-walked a reluctant Jae down the hall, heading straight for their bedroom. The singer dug his heels in near the

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bathroom, refusing to go another step. The chilled look he cast over his shoulder at Yunho withered at the sight of the other's face. The leader was not going to be denied.

Gently pushing the singer through the open door of their bedroom, Yunho reached for the knob, shutting the world out behind him. Standing near the threshold of their small, square world, he watched as Jaejoong wandered about, his eyes everywhere but on the young man standing in front of him. The sight of Jae's long fingers tracing a pillow trim made him swallow, wondering if the singer would take such care in outlining everything he touched.

Since he'd savoured Jae on his tongue, everything Yunho ate seemed like cardboard, tasteless and dry. It infuriated him to no end to watch the others tease their singer, bringing out that shy laughter with only a few words. In the past few days, all he'd achieved were angry glances and pointed stares. The sharp words flung at him in the kitchen was the longest interaction they'd had since that single ill-fated kiss.

"Jaejoong," Yunho's voice stilled the other's movements, trapping the young man in mid-step. The singer turned and Yunho's heart cracked into pieces at the pain fighting with Jae's anger. Reaching for Jae, Yunho's fingers barely skimmed his arm before he pulled away. "Please, don't look at me like that."

"How do you want me to look at you?" The pain was seared away under the brunt of Jae's fury. Widening his eyes and tucking his folded hands under his chin, he gazed in mocking adoration at Yunho. "Maybe you expected me to just swoon because you touched me? Is this how you expect me to behave? Like some lovesick puppy wanting just a little bit of affection from you?"

"No," Yunho admitted, taking a step towards the other man. "I want to see you look at me like you did that night."

"That's not going to happen," Jae snorted, turning away slightly. "You're the one who ran off like I was something dirty."

"That was probably the stupidest thing I've ever done," The leader said, crossing the distance between them. Grasping Jae's shoulders, he roughly turned Jae around to face him. "Stop fighting me. I want to talk."

"I don't like how you do your talking," Jae started to say then his world filled with the softness of Yunho's mouth on his lips.

The cockiness that simmered in Yunho emerged, a strutting manliness that demanded attention and took everything it felt it

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deserved. Craving the sweetness of Jae's mouth, the leader pressed harder, forcing the other man back until his legs struck the edge of one of the beds.

It was the soft moan that crept up from Jae's throat that undid Yunho. And the feel of those long fingers pressing themselves into the hair at the nape of his neck. Not thinking about anything except for the licking flames curling out of his belly and scorching his senses, Yunho pushed Jae down onto the mattress, covering the young man's long body with his own hard weight.

His mouth took as much as it could, coaxing with little gentleness every single drop of sensuality in the moistness he found on Jae's swollen lips. Commanding Jae's mouth, Yunho turned his attentions to the buttons on the young man's shirt. They confounded his fingers, small infuriating plastic puzzles that refused to be slid free of their threaded prisons.

Edging his knee between Jae's, Yunho pushed aside the singer's legs, nesting himself in the V he created. The temptation of Jae's mouth lured him closer, a promise of something indefinable and unimaginable lurking just beyond the heat of the other's body. His instincts were driving his hands, his palms finding the inward curve of Jae's stomach, and the flat span of the other's ribs. He wanted to tear the cotton fabric from the singer's body, frustrated at the thin barrier keeping him from the satin ivory skin he knew lay beneath.

The sound of his shirt ripping startled Jaejoong, his breath coming in small gasps as he struggled to regain some control over his overheated mind. His mouth ached, left empty when Yunho pulled away. For a brief, all-too-scary moment, he feared the other was leaving again, abandoning him amid the tangled sheets like he'd done the other day. The jerking tear of his shirt's tattered remains pulled at his shoulders and then cool air wafted over his bared belly, a shocking brush of cold on his hot, flushed body.

The icy kiss of the air conditioning was replaced with a flick of Yunho's tongue on his nipple, the leader's hands roaming over his chest. Teeth nipped the areole into a rigid bud while sharp fingernails captured the other, twisting it around slightly until Jae gasped and writhed under the other man's touch.

"Yunho, this is crazy," Jae found his tongue pressed up against the roof of his mouth, and he swallowed, trying to get his mind working. Every fibre of his being said that he was crossing a line that he could regret but his hands refused to release their grip on Yunho's shoulders.

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Worse still, his fingers traveled over the firmness of the other man's back, clutching him closer still.

"Stop talking," The leader murmured around Jaejoong's nipple, taking another lingering bite around the soft plump nub.

"I thought we came in here to talk," Electricity arced down over his belly, clenching Jae's stomach muscles and tightening the hardness forming between his legs. "God, Yunnie-ah!"

He couldn't finish speaking, the small spark of desire burst into a cascade of explosions in the back of his brain, shutting off all conscious thought. Yunho's mouth had moved, tracing down the flat of his belly, following the line of his muscles until the heat of the other's tongue teased at his piercing. Suckling at the delicate span of skin cupped by the diamond mount, Yunho slid his tongue in deep, pressing into the shallow cavity as he moved his hands under Jae's body, cupping at the singer's ass.

Yunho knew he'd found heaven when he sucked small beads of sweat from Jae's abdomen. The salty-sweetness tingled his tongue and when he swallowed, the taste held a promise of the milky seed he could coax from Jae's body. He'd never considered another man before. Not once. He'd always been attracted to women, coy giggling creatures that smelled of baby powder and candy.

Now Yunho couldn't imagine not having the sexy, writhing young man under him.

"We're not going to do this," Jae tried to shake the other loose, his limbs refusing to dislodge the other man. His body trembled under Yunho's roaming touch, then shook hard when he felt the warmth of Yunho's tongue lap at the edge of his waistband.

"We are, Joongie," Yunho looked up, his dark hair disheveled and loose about his face. A storm lay brewing in those seductive, cocky eyes and Jae's breath hitched in his chest at the sheer want he could see in their depths. Tilting his head down, Yunho trailed a kiss along the low waist of Jae's pants, tugging at the material with his teeth until more of the other's skin was exposed. "You're so smooth. I can't imagine how soft you are and then it's like velvet. Sugared velvet."

"Do you know how pissed off you get me?" Yunho murmured against the intoxicating skin that held him in thrall. "You look at me so innocent and coy then look away when that dark something hits me in the guts."

"If I piss you off, why are you....God, Yunho, you're driving me crazy," Jae gasped, his nerve crumbling under Yunho's onslaught. The

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other man's mouth was wicked, a trail of sin winding over his naked torso. "We have to think about this. We have to..."

"We have to get these jeans off of you," Yunho's eyes were narrowed and he hooked his hands around Jae's waist, pulling the other man up further along the bed, Resting his knees on the mattress, he quickly stripped his t-shirt off, throwing it onto the floor where it lay near the remains of Jae's shirt.

Kneeling there, looming above the singer, Yunho knew he'd found salvation. It lay under him, long legs straddling his. Sprawled over the bed, Jaejoong looked like a fallen angel, cast down from Heaven for being sin incarnate. His face wore a slight flush and his hands fluttered up, unsure about his nakedness under Yunho's frank stare. There was a hesitance in the other man's movements, as if Jaejoong felt unworthy of the leader's admiration.

"Your mouth should always look like this," Yunho traced the swollen ridge of Jae's upper lip, pressing lightly against its softness. "And I should be the only one who does this to you."

"This isn't..." Jae sighed, opening his mouth for Yunho's kiss as the other man lowered himself onto the singer's prone body. Gasping, he arched under the leader's caresses, unable to form a coherent thought. "Yunho, I need to..."

"Do you want me to stop, Jaejoong?" Yunho tilted his head back, his breath hot on Jae's parted mouth. "Tell me that you want to go and I'll leave. Or tell me to stay and let me finish what I've started between us."

His body waged a silent battle, the heat of Yunho's body warring with the chill of being discovered. The leader's hands felt so right against his sides, gripping him and stroking the flush up from his pale skin. He could see himself in the pages of the manga he'd purchased, splayed apart and wanting, panting in need for the man who bent over him. Deep inside of him, Jae could feel an ache and his body seemed to betray him as it shivered when Yunho's mouth skimmed lightly over his jaw.

He couldn't breathe, much less think. His world suddenly became a rectangular padded mattress and warmed by the sensual, muscular form of Jung Yunho. If everything turned to dust around them, Jae knew he wanted one thing most of all.

"Don't go," He whispered, a whiskey heat setting his voice on fire. "I need you. Need you inside of me."

Looking up through his lashes, Jaejoong met Yunho's eyes and murmured. "Please, Yunnie-ah. Don't leave me."

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If Jaejoong said anything else beyond what whispered past those entrancing lips, Yunho didn't hear him. The world tightened down into a small space, just enough for their bodies and the air to keep them alive. Everything else fell away, a swirling darkness that held nothing of interest for the young Korean.

Blood rushed through his face, a thrush of heat spilling down his shoulders and past his ribs. Yunho felt himself aching, his sex pressing hard against his jeans. There were things to be said, he was sure of it. More importantly, there were fears to be brushed away, small bites of apprehension that surfaced in Jaejoong's luminous eyes.

"I'll take care, Boo," He kissed down the other man's throat, forcing himself to slow his progress.

There were passions to be incited in Jae's body, drawn out bit by bit until the singer would forget about his fear. What little Yunho knew about sex between men, the one thing he was very much aware of was pain. He would have to be very careful about how quickly he took his pleasure, and how much Jaejoong stand.

The singer's skin was slick with a sheen, his temper and the heat of their pressed together bodies salting his flesh. Yunho licked at the other man's chest, circling around one nipple then nipping at the rise of muscle. He got a moan for his efforts, Jae's eyes closing and his shoulders pressing down into the mattress. Licking at the pearled nub, Yunho teased it until it plumped hard. It tightened in his mouth, rubbing against the rough of his tongue.

"Yunho," Jae sighed, his hands clenching the sheets at his sides. The torture of Yunho's mouth was prolonged, needles shooting along the nerves of his chest. The other man seemed to know just how long to suckle, and when to dig the edge of his teeth into the sensitive tip. Stars burst behind Jae's closed eyes when Yunho rolled his prize under his front teeth, working the nipple back and forth with flicks of his tongue.

"Touch me, Joongie," Yunho commanded, his voice husky and fierce. He wanted to feel Jae on him, a willing participant to the madness he'd brought down upon them. "I need your hands. I need your mouth."

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Jaejoong's breath left him, a seemingly common state he found himself around Yunho. The ridge of Yunho's jaw drew his attention, the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes. Daringly, he bent his head and kissed a spot just to the right of Yunho's mouth. Another kiss found the strength of the other's high cheekbone, the flicker of Yunho's eyelashes against his face making his body tingle along his spine.

"Lift up your hips, Boo,"

Another whispered demand, one that held consequences. There would be no going back from this, Jaejoong realized. Once he crossed that line, he would be offering up more than just his body to the man lying over him. Taking a deep breath, the singer canted his body and held his breath as Yunho's fingers found the snap of his jeans.

The button giving way echoed between them, a final step towards something unknown and in Jae's mind, terrifying. Unable to speak, he rested most of his weight on his shoulders, lifting nearly his entire body onto the balls of his feet. Yunho's fingers grasped the denim waistband, capturing the elastic of Jae's briefs as well.

He tugged the restricting fabric off of his intended lover's body, slowly revealing the long stretch of pale skin he knew lay beneath. Tossing the jeans and underwear to the side, Yunho rested back on his haunches and stared down at Jae's nude body, breathless at the sight of the other man sprawled over his bed.

"I shouldn't have run away," Yunho whispered. He allowed himself a single touch, trailing his fingers along Jae's thigh. The shiver it gave the other man made him smile. There was so much power to be had in stoking the other's passions. Jaejoong's trembling body promised him so much. He intended to slake every single one of his desires in the other man. And hopefully, incite a few of his own in Jaejoong.

There were minute keloids along Jaejoong's knees, remnants of surgeries intended to heal the singer's injuries. They did nothing to detract from Jae's beauty. If anything, the shiny pink dips bore out evidence of the young man's determination and strength. That turned Yunho on more than the mewling sounds of Jae's desire.

Well, almost, Yunho thought to himself.

That supposition was broken as soon as Yunho leaned over and kissed the softness of Jae's thigh and the other man purred under the other's mouth. Digging his fingers into Jae's thighs, Yunho parted them slightly, coaxing the singer into submitting to the vulnerable position.

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Jae reached for the other's shoulders, gripping tightly when Yunho's mouth descended. His hardened sex pressed tight against his stomach, and it wept, pearling his want along its slit. Reaching down, he was stopped by Yunho's hand on his wrist.

"Mine, Boo," Yunho looked up from the spot on Jae's thigh he'd drawn into his mouth, a red love bite swelling along the pale flesh. "I want to taste all of you. If you're going to be my first, then I want all of you."

He moved up along Jae's body, straddling the man's legs into the curve of his thighs. Yunho wondered how Jae would taste there. Leaning over, he took a tentative lick, startled at the flavours bursting along the ridge of his tongue.

It was clear, like a translucent honey. The beaded dew tasted of heaven and spice, a tint of salt and more. It held Jae's most private scents, a lingering offer of everything that was the singer. He took another lick, bolder this time and was rewarded with a hand fisting his hair, Jae's fingers gripping the back of his neck and the other man's hips rising to meet his open mouth.

The head was shaped different than his own, a slender bulb flaring out slightly. His own heft was thicker and the ridge was more pronounced. Still, the slick hard feel of the other's man shaft was nearly familiar, the loose skin around the root sliding under Yunho's fingers. Gripping the base of Jae's sex, Yunho lowered his mouth over Jae's head, tucking it against the curve in his palate, sucking lightly on the underside.

"Yunho, I need to taste you," The plea was heartbreaking, a need to give as much as he was receiving. Yunho heard the desire and smiled against Jae's sex.

"Let me try this first, Boo," He murmured, the thrum of his voice sending vibrations down Jae's shaft. "I'll be up there to take care of that mouth in a bit."

Yunho laved and suckled, drawing out each moan he could from the writhing singer. He was sure Jae's fingers would leave bruises along his shoulders and the ache in his jaw was threatening to linger if he didn't stop soon. Wanting to swallow his new lover deep into his throat, Yunho waited until he felt a spurt of seed hit the roof of his mouth before pulling away, just the beginning weep of Jae's passions slipping from the heat of his body.

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With the scent of Jae in his mouth, Yunho kissed up his lover's body, taking a long sip at the diamond piercing before reaching the other's lips. Capturing the enticing upper bow in his teeth, Yunho moaned in pleasure when Jaejoong reached for the waistband of his jeans. The singer made quick work of undoing the buttons along his fly, tugging the denim down Yunho's slender hips.

He'd rushed getting dressed when he realized he was left alone with Jaejoong, leaving off his underwear when he'd pulled his clothes on. The bareness of his body made Jae smile, a knowing smirk quirking the other man's sensual mouth.

"You were that sure of yourself?" Jae cocked his head, one eyebrow raised in speculation.

Looking down at his turgid shaft, its tip nudging at the pressed juncture of Jae's thighs, Yunho grinned back at his lover. "No, I just was in a rush to catch you in the kitchen. I figured it would be the one place that I could corner you and make you see reason."

"You make me lose reason," Jae murmured, gasping in shock as Yunho's teeth closed down over the birthmark on his throat. "Yunnie-ah!"

"Yes, baby?" He laughed at Jae's irritated hiss. Placing one hand on Jae's hip, he nudged the other softly. "You can either turn over or lay on your back, honey. Your choice."

Fear clenched Jae's stomach and filled his face. Yunho's expression softened at the sight of the terror and he leaned forward to kiss Jae's trembling lower lip. Bending his head up, Jae took the kiss, savouring it before nodding slowly.

"Trust me, Boo," Yunho placed his lips on his lover's shoulder, tracing down to the jut of Jae's collarbone.

"I do," Jae's voice cracked, and he swallowed hard, wishing his fear away. Staring into Yunho's honey-brown eyes, he bite at his upper lip, worrying it to a bright pink.

His curiosity led him to this. Jae knew that. The burn in his limbs was merely a symptom for the desire he'd held for Yunho. There was a trust the other was asking for, something he'd never given to another before. The look in his leader's face was familiar, a comforting firmness that often led him along.

This was the man who held him up when he was hurt. The same man who caressed his back when it ached or laid a kiss along his temple

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when the world flung pain in his direction. Yunho took the brunt of the trouble his loose mouth often got the group into and never once blinked under the glare of the camera, often bending over to place a hand on Jae's thigh.

"Make love to me, baby," Jae kissed his lover's mouth, drawing Yunho's tongue into a lingering caress. Breathing a kiss into the other's open lips, he said softly. "I want to see you when you come inside of me. I want to see what I do to you."

"Boo, you can't even imagine the things that you do to me," Yunho's eyes narrowed and he pressed his hands up against the underside of Jae's thighs.

They fumbled together at first, laughing when Yunho nearly fell off of the bed, his arms windmilling about before he found his balance. Unprepared, the leader darted into the bathroom for a brief moment, unwilling to let his lover's body cool down too much. Digging into the cabinets, he found a small tube of petroleum jelly one of the other men bought to use for lip balm. Tucking the tube into his fist, he returned to the bedroom, closing the door behind him and locking it.

Jaejoong was where he'd been left, legs splayed open and arms up over his head. The singer turned his head at his lover's entrance, eyes dark with desire. Yunho stood still, gazing at the pale man stretched over his bed. He'd known since the moment he'd kissed Jaejoong that they would come to this moment. He'd just been startled at the tremendous weight of his desire when he'd pulled away that day.

Yunho had more than a few days to reconcile himself to being lost inside of Jaejoong's body and heart. He'd give Jaejoong the same amount of time to adjust to the realization that he'd never shake Yunho loose. Maybe less, the leader told himself when he approached the bed and Jae sighed, his mouth surrendering a kiss to Yunho's hungry mouth. Much less, Yunho decided as he pulled away.

The gel was slick and oily between his fingers and Yunho wondered how much he would need to slicken Jae's passage. Kneeling onto the bed, he slid his hand down between his lover's legs, stroking at the sac dangling against the sheets. Laying a single finger against the cleft between Jae's orbs, he pulled up along the plum-hued skin, searching for the tight swell he knew lay behind the heft.

A shocked gasp from Jae's open mouth gave Yunho some idea that he'd found what he was looking for. Pressing against the tight ring, he slid the tip of his finger past the muscle, letting Jae resist for a moment before bending over to kiss at the other man's nipple. He took his time,

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alternating between sucking and biting at Jae's chest, drawing one nipple in then moving over to the other, keeping the other man twisting under his mouth as he tentatively pushed in.

Jae couldn't stop moaning. He heard himself, a distant purring constant in his own ears. Yunho's mouth seemed to be everywhere, and never where he ached the most. The leader's fingers crested across the head of his sex then left, caressing down over his hip bone until Jae raised his hips, nearly demanding Yunho's fingers be inside of him.

Neither were prepared for the shock of heat when Jae's body surrendered under Yunho's initial thrusting finger and they gasped into each other's mouths, a mingled breath too hot to swallow.

"I need more," Jaejoong cried, feeling a warm tear trail down his face. His emotions were too strong to be contained. The other man was searching up inside of him, looking for some release they could share. "Yunnie-baby, please."

Jae nearly screamed when Yunho complied, working the tip of a second finger into his heat. His hips bucked up, then back down as his body tried to work Yunho in deeper. Jaejoong felt like he'd lost all control over his body, its movements seemingly driven by some underlying instinct neither of them was willing to fight.

"Do you want me inside of you, Boo?" Yunho reached for the open tube, squeezing out a thick line of jelly onto his sex. Wrapping his free hand around his head, he spread it down his shaft, leaving a liberal coat behind. The last thing he wanted was to hurt Jaejoong.

There was something about Jaejoong that made him want to wrap the other man in tinsel paper and set on a shelf. The delicate face and erotic mouth begged to be taken care of. Of course, Yunho grinned wickedly as he stared down at Jae's sensual form, there was something about Jaejoong that made him want to bury himself deep and never let go.

Lifting Jae's legs, he carefully placed the young man's shins on his shoulders and slid one of his pillows under Jae's hips. Canted forward, Jaejoong panted when he felt the tip of Yunho's sex push up against the entrance to his body.

Yunho bit down on Jae's shoulder, letting his teeth gouge out a semi-circle into the tender flesh. The aching discomfort brought Jaejoong's hips up, moving his chest closer to Yunho's searching mouth. One of Yunho's hands pinched at Jae's nipple, twisting it slightly between warm

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fingers while the other gripped at the base of his own sex, intent on guiding it deeper into the hot opening.

Jae started to push against the head, wanting more than just the tip pressuring him. Yunho's fingers coasted over his entrance, then a burning breach of something at the edge of his entrance. He wanted more but his body refused, tightening up against the intrusion.

"Relax baby," Yunho whispered into Jae's ear. "Let your body relax. Let me in."

The first push felt as if a fist was entering him and Jae gasped, his breathing turning into short grunts. Working to push and relax, Jae inhaled sharply, letting his legs rest against Yunho's shoulders. The ring of muscle suddenly gave way and released its hold on Yunho's tip, swallowing the whole of the head into his heat.

"Ah, baby," Yunho moaned. He couldn't believe the sensations along his body. Jae's hands were around his neck, and the singer's mouth found his, searing them together in a long kiss. Moving slowly, he edged into Jae's body, letting the other man adjust around him.

Wanting a kiss, Yunho suckled on the man's tongue, letting the his lover's tiny moans reverberate in his mouth. Jae's murmuring pants were turning sensual, his voice deepening as his ass stretched to accept Yunho's breadth. Unable to stop himself, Jae's hips moved in slow circles, tightening around Yunho whenever he lifted himself up.

"You ready for me, Boo?" Yunho bent carefully. He was cautious of Jae's injured knee. It ached during rainy days and from long days of dancing. Resting his thumb on the kneecap, he pushed lightly along the edge of the bone, testing the area for swelling.

"Need," Jae's hands slithered down from Yunho's shoulders, resting on his own chest. His fingers found his nipples, left abandoned by Yunho's mouth. The sight of his lover's hands working the pinked tips into a peak left Yunho breathless and he placed his hands on either side of Jaejoong's ribcage, resting his weight on his palms.

"Hold onto me, baby," He ordered, meeting Jaejoong's eyes with a searing glance. Yunho would have his lover wrapped around him, as much as the other could be. Buried deep into the soft velvet of Jaejoong's body, Yunho knew he would never let the other go, no matter how far he ran or how often he raged in a fit of temper. Jaejoong was his, to have and cherish.

He thrust deeper in, hitting the curve of Jae's muscled rear. The singer gasped in surprise, his toes curled down then his hips followed,

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rising to meet Yunho's movements. His hands roamed over Yunho's ribs, trying to pull the other man as deep as he could be. Arcing, he strained against Yunho's slower thrusts, mewling in need when the other man nearly stopped moving then picked the pace up again after dripping a length of gel on the space between them.

The rubbing friction of their bodies turned the lube to honey, a hot slither of jelly making Jae's passage slick for Yunho's thrusts. Spreading Jae's thighs, Yunho opened the cleft between the other man's ass cheeks, working his own hips up and around until he felt Jae jerk in an alarmed shock.

"Yunnie," The singer panted, unable to think.

He wondered if he'd somehow licked an electrical current, lightning coursing through his body then subsiding into a dulled throb. The sensation hit again when Yunho thrust in again, rubbing on a spot deep in his passage. Twisting, Jae struggled to match Yunho's thrusts, fighting the other man when the leader placed his hands on Jae's hips.

"Say you're mine, baby," Yunho bent over his lover's face, holding Jae's gaze. He gripped Jae's body until the other man lay nearly still despite his straining needs. Diving deep with each rocking of his hips, Yunho bit down on Jae's lower lip, pulling it out then sucking on its plumpness. He released it after hearing Jae's small cry of pain, smiling at the dimpled ridge he'd left behind.

"I want to hear you say it, Joongie-ah," Yunho nipped at Jae's nose, running the tip of his tongue along the small down-turned edge. "Mine. I want to hear you say that you're mine."

"Mine," Jae bit Yunho's earlobe, carried over the edge of his passion with each hard push into his guts. "You're mine."

Yunho couldn't help laughing as he found his release in his lover's heat, his desires rising up from his belly and poured out into Jae's curved body. Jaejoong's seed spilled onto their stomachs, splashing hot and wet when Yunho's fingers rubbed against his sex. Gasping, Yunho pushed in one final time, burying down as deep as he could before his shaft tingled then spilled, filling Jaejoong's tightness with his slickness.

He reluctantly slid free from Jae's body, not wanting to leave their coupling behind. Grabbing at his shirt, he wiped at their spill, moving Jae's lethargic limbs aside until he could spoon behind the singer. Wrapping his arms around the other's chest, Yunho kissed at the mark he made on the other's shoulder, the heat of the bite rising on his tongue.

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“I love you, you know,” He whispered into the curve of Jae’s neck, licking at the dark beauty spot on his jaw. “I’ve loved you for a long time, Boo. I just didn’t know what to do with it.”

“You made me so mad when you walked away from me,” Jaejoong admitted, his eyes downcast. Unable to meet Yunho’s gaze, he opened his heart to the other man, holding it out with a trembling fear. “It hurt so much. I’ve never hurt as much as when you walked off, leaving me behind. I felt like I was breaking apart.”

“I’ll never do that to you again, baby,” Yunho leaned over Jae’s shoulder, holding his lover’s naked body against his own. “I promise, Boo, I’ll never walk away from you again. Just say that you love me, and I’ll be here forever.”

Jaejoong bent his head, kissing the other man’s knuckles where they rested against his collar bone. Sated and vulnerable, he nodded, breathing a sigh of relief when his heart was taken up and cradled in the other man’s affections.

“I do love you, Yunnie-ah,” Jaejoong whispered. “Even when I’m running away, I love you.”

“Good,” Yunho murmured. “Then, baby, I promise you one more thing.”

“What’s that?” Sleep tugged at Jae’s eyes, drowsy and happy in the warmth of Yunho’s arms.

“No matter where you run or how far,” The leader hugged his lover close, unwilling to have even a breath separate them. “I’ll chase you. I’ll follow you forever and a day because I’m never letting you go.”

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Ecchi 1

Fog hid most of Tokyo, a dense curtain that kept the world at bay. Flickers of lights broke through the mists, sporadic mechanical lightning bugs dancing out in the far off night. Momentarily enamoured by the sparkles outside of his window, Se7en stretched out his legs across the couch, fighting a yawn. Curling his foot, he worked his toes into the opening of Min's pants leg.

"Reading," Changmin murmured, not looking up from his book. He scrawled a line of Japanese in his notebook, carefully translating the words into Korean below. Unhappy with one of his choices, he consulted his translation dictionary, he erased a character and scribbled in two different options, unsure of which worked better.

"What are you reading?" Se7en inched forward, leaning over and placing his hands on either side of Min's feet. Pulling his legs underneath him, he rested on his knees, staring over the edge of book.

"A manga," Changmin frowned, pursing his lips in concentration. He glanced at his dictionary again, going back to the troublesome word. Chewing on the end of his pencil, he contemplated his third choice, wondering if the word he liked was what the author had in mind.

"Those look like two men," The older man took a good look at the book's cover, cocking his head at the art deco images. "They are guys."

"It's a yaoi," Nodding, Min grunted in pleasure. The last selection was definitely better than his first choice. "A dōjinshi, to be exact."

"Dōjinshi," He repeated the word, grinning at the purring sound it made on his tongue. "What's it called?"

"Gravitation Megamix Capybara," The younger man returned to chewing on the end of his mechanical pencil, the rattle of the lead a distraction. "Your fingers are on my ankle."

"My fingers like your ankle," Se7en moved closer to his lover, stroking at the strong tendon line at the base of Min's leg. His palm covered the jutting bone at Changmin's joint, rubbing down over his foot before tugging up the denim blocking his access to the man's leg. "Actually, my fingers like a lot of your body."

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“Still reading,” Min wagged the book in his hands. “I’m trying to figure out these words.”

“By reading porn?”

“It’s common usage,” He explained, smirking over the pages when Se7en rolled up the offending jeans leg. “I need to learn words that everyone uses in every day life.”

“There are a couple of common words I could teach you,” Se7en promised.

“I could learn those from a bathroom wall,” Min replied calmly, trying not to let the other man see how much the slow stroking of his skin was arousing him.

The other man’s mouth moved across the ridge of muscle on Min’s calf, licking at the shadowed line he found there. Changmin shifted his leg forward, sliding it firmly into the palm of Se7en’s hand. Fighting not to moan in pleasure at the caress, the young singer hooded his eyes, drawn off of the page and onto the other man’s broad shoulders.

Alone with Changmin in the high-rise apartment, Se7en wore only a white tank top and loose cotton pants, the ribbed shirt hugging his torso and leaving his arms bare. Min recalled swallowing hard when the other man greeted him at the door, sensual and sleek-bodied, relaxed in his self-confidence. His swaggering arrogance had drawn Min in. His gentle loving kept Changmin entranced.

The young singer had to admit, Se7en’s shoulders were more than enough to keep him in love.

“What are you doing?” Min asked casually, feeling the nip of teeth along his leg.

“I’m helping you learn Japanese,” His lover bit again, harder and deeper. “This is a bite.”

“I know that word,” He reminded Se7en. Repeating the sound, he mimicked his lover. “Bite.”

“Good,” The older man nodded. “Let’s try this one.”

“It better be one that I don’t already know.”

“Lick,” Se7en ran his tongue up the length of Min’s inseam. “Hm, that doesn’t work as well as the bite did. I don’t think you can get the full use of the word through fabric.”

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“What do you recommend?” Changmin cocked his head, pouting playfully. He’d played this game with Se7en before, usually with food. Once it was about body parts but their patience ran out before their vocabulary did.

“I think maybe these jeans need to come off,” Se7en examined the pants carefully, assessing them with a practiced eye. “The fabric is too thick to feel anything through. Can you feel this?”

He bent his head down and ran his tongue along the middle of Min’s thigh, turning to the side and keeping his eyes on the young man’s mouth. The book slithered from his lover’s hand, hitting the floor with a solid thump. After a second, the dictionary joined the yaoi manga on the area rug, landing flat and heavy.

“No, not...enough,” Changmin admitted, leaning his head back against the arm of the couch. He slid down, his hips sliding down Se7en’s stomach, guided by his lover’s hands. “Just a little bit. Like if Yunho is brushing something off of my leg.”

“I don’t want Yunho touching you there,” Se7en growled, biting into the thick fabric at Min’s hip. “Actually I want your hyung to keep his hands to Jaejoong. Where they belong.”

“Jealous?” The younger man slithered under his lover’s hands, gasping when Se7en’s fingers moved to undo the button closure on his fly. “That tickles. I’m ticklish there.”

“I know,” He said, smiling before leaving a soft kiss on Min’s natural pout. “It’s one of my favourite places to lick.”

Se7en freed the button and slowly tugged down the tongue of Min’s zipper, parting the fly with the flat of his hand. Frowning, he glanced up at his lover’s smug grin and cocked his head. “What’s this?”

“Underwear.”

“Underwear should be,” Se7en debated which word he wanted to use before finally settling on one. “Normal. These are not normal.”

“They cover what they’re supposed to cover,” Changmin pointed out.

“They have...small black hearts on them. And they’re red. Underwear should not be red with little hearts on them.” The singer gripped Min’s waistband, tugging slightly. “Lift.”

“I don’t know,” Min stalled. “You don’t like my underwear.”

“Those are coming off soon,” He promised. “I won’t have to dislike them for very long. Lift, Minku.”

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Changmin was naked before he took more than five more breaths, the other man stripping him quickly. Se7en sat back on his haunches, staring down at his young lover. In the months since they'd begun their relationship, Min had changed, his body tightening from the hard regime of dancing and running about.

"I love your arms," Se7en murmured, bending down to lock his mouth of Min's. "I love your legs too. And that stomach. Watching you get older has to be one of the most erotic things that has ever happened to me. I loved you before but now....God, baby, if you get any hotter, you're going to kill me."

"You're just saying that to get me to do what you want," Min scoffed.

"I like getting you to do what I want," His lover reminded him with a chuckle. "I think you like doing what I want. Or at least those little miaowing noises of yours tell me you do."

Changmin flushed pink, bare and vulnerable under his lover. Although they'd spent entire nights clutched in passionate and intimate embraces, he felt exposed and open under the glare of the living room lights. Embarrassed by Se7en's frank perusal of his body, he instinctively covered himself, cupping his hands around his crotch.

"Don't do that, Minku," Se7en shook his head, wrapping his fingers around Min's wrist. Pulling the other's hand gently away, he bent down to lick at a chilled nipple, luxuriating in the sweet, musky taste of his young lover's body. "Don't ever feel like you have to hide from me."

"I feel... open," Min whispered, soft and gentle against Se7en's hair. He inhaled deeply, loving the scent of anise on the other man. "I feel like you can see right down into my soul."

"Right now, baby," He responded with a little nip of teeth against Min's chest. "I'm not looking at your soul. I'm man enough to say that I'm going to be a selfish asshole and just take my time licking over every inch of your body. Or at least long enough to make you scream my name and want me inside of you."

"That usually doesn't take long," The younger man stifled a loud shriek when Se7en bent forward and dug sharp teeth into the tender skin on his neck. "Aish!"

"Aish yourself," Se7en teased, roughly rolling the bite of skin between his teeth. "Stop thinking, baby. Just lay back and let me do what I want to you."

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“Close. Your. Eyes. And. Stop. Thinking,” Punctuating each word with a tightening of his bite on Min’s neck, Se7en scolded his lover sternly. “No. More. Thinking. Minku.”

Changmin nodded, swallowing the protests he had lingering on his tongue. Se7en pouted playfully at him, mocking the serious look he knew he had on his face. Giving the other man a smile, Min closed his eyes and took a deep breath, forcing his body to relax.

It was difficult to will his muscles to loosen their tightness. Too many days had been spent honing the dances their choreographer created for their concerts and the ache in his shoulders reminded the young man that he’d spent a bit too long working out in the gym. Lifting his arms, he crossed his wrists over and lay them against the couch’s side, holding himself still for his lover’s kisses.

“You are so beautiful,” Se7en whispered into Min’s ear.

The young man’s long hair hid a variety of sins, including the love bite he’d just left under Changmin’s jaw. He’d have no regrets for that although he’d catch hell from the young man once it was seen. Sometimes, Se7en needed to leave behind a mark, something to tell the world that Min was his. Especially when their lives separated them for days at a time.

“Do you have any idea how hard it is to leave you?” He traced the dip along Min’s bridge, laughing when the other man giggled. “Don’t laugh. I’m serious.”

“You make me laugh,” Min dared a peek at Se7en’s face, laughing harder at the other man when he crossed his eyes at his lover.

“Close your eyes, pretty baby,” Se7en ordered. “I’ve got some places I want to kiss and you distract me.”

“Yes, sir,” Changmin gasped when Se7en bit at his chin. “Ow, what was that for?”

“For calling me sir,” The older man said. “But then, I think we can play that game later. There’s something about the idea of your hands bound by a leather strap that just makes me hard.”

Se7en licked at the young man’s mouth, tracing the dip above his upper lip. He enjoyed the deep gully between his lover’s lips and the slight ridge of his bottom pout drove Se7en insane. Sucking on the plump pink flesh, he pulled it slightly between his teeth, just hard enough to feel it spring back against his own mouth. Slanting his head, he leaned into Min’s kiss, laving at the surface until he felt his desire

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boil up from his groin. His shirt felt too warm and he pulled it off, balling the fabric up and tossing it aside. It landed on the coffee table then slithered to the floor.

“I’m not going to let you do that,” Changmin gasped again, feeling Se7en’s fingers along the part of his sac. The older man stroked and teased, pulling at the wrinkled skin. “Okay, maybe. God, don’t do that. I’m going to explode.”

“No, we can’t have that,” The older singer said, rubbing his mouth over the purpling bruise on Min’s neck. He was satisfied with the heat he could feel under his tongue. The welt was rising beautifully. “I don’t want you to lose control without me.”

“I want to watch you, Shichi,” Min lowered his hands, resting his forearms on his lover’s shoulders. Opening his eyes, he shook his head at Se7en’s warning murmur. “I want to watch you kiss me.”

“Okay, but no complaining that I’m taking too long,” He warned the younger man. “I am not going to rush things.”

Daringly, Changmin reached down, finding one of the dark nubs of Se7en’s nipples. The older man hissed, nearly jerking back away from Min’s pinch. Meeting his lover’s gaze, Changmin continued the caress, rubbing the nipple against the pad of his index finger, pressing his thumb hard on its turgid peak.

The nudge of Se7en’s sex on Min’s thigh, hard through the thin fabric of his cotton pants, gave the young man pause. He’d often wondered how the other man held back as much as he did. Whenever Se7en touched him, he nearly wept his release in a matter of moments.

“Take off the rest of your clothes, Shichi,” Changmin pleaded, capturing Se7en’s mouth in a fierce kiss. “Please.”

The older man untied the drawstrings of his pants, pulling them down over his butt. Kicking his legs free, he used his hands to support his weight, leaning forward as Min guided his mouth over the nipple he’d pulled into hardness.

Changmin trailed his tongue over the tip, reaching down with his hands to cup the length of his lover’s heft. There was moisture at its tip, a sticky clear drop welling under Min’s thumb. He spread it over the soft head, then returned his attention to the nipple he’d left abandoned.

A chirruping noise echoed through the apartment, the treble of Min’s recorded voice rising in volume before fading away. Sighing, Se7en

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rested his head against his lover's shoulder, gritting his teeth when Min's teeth sank hard into his chest.

"You answer that," Min warned, his mouth moving down over his lover's nipple then fitting it against the jut of his front teeth. "And I will bite this off."

"It could be one of your members," Se7en gulped then laughed when Min's teeth nearly pierced his peaked tip. "Okay, I won't answer it."

"Good," He continued his suckling, moving down with small nibbles.

Se7en's stomach twitched when Min reached his belly button, the young man licking around the dip. The couch fabric on his back rubbed the crest of his ass when he moved down, bending his knees up between Se7en's legs so he could reach the hardness bobbing below the other's belly.

The sound of a key in the lock froze both men in place, Min's mouth hovering just above the moist tip of his lover's sex. His tongue darted out of his mouth, his desires needed a taste of the other's seed, despite the fear that crawled over his nerves.

"What the fuck?" Se7en swore, grinding his teeth together. A familiar voice called out to him in Korean, a too-familiar and at the moment, very much hated. "Shit."

"Dong-Wook! Where the hell are you?" Se7en's best friend strolled into the apartment, slinging his packed duffel back onto the kitchen counter. Reaching for the lights, he turned on the overhead floods, filling the main living room with a wash of white.

"Hey, wow," Taebin whistled at the sight of his friend standing stock still against the couch back. Grinning with a lopsided smirk, he stared at Se7en's naked chest and the heart-dappled boxers straining under the thrust of his arousal. He could see the pretty faced young man nearly hidden behind Se7en's body, a pair of cotton sweats covering his hips. "Nice underwear there. Nice boyfriend too. Got anything to eat?"

Ecchi 2

“You have nothing to eat in this place,” Taebin moaned, complaining into the empty refrigerator. “What do you do in your spare time? You can’t even go to the store?”

“Are you crazy? Get out,” Se7en hissed, leaning his hands on the counter. He glanced behind him, taking a peek at the bedroom door Min closed behind him. “What are you doing here? You knew that I was only going to have a couple of weeks with him in Japan. And you came to visit now?”

“Hey, instant noodles!” The Korean perked up, the pantry offering him a greater selection of food. “Oh and the good kind too. I can’t get this kind in Seoul. I like the one with the fishcake in it. And it’s the hot kind too. Even better.”

“Tae, he’s going to kill you,” Sighing, the singer scrubbed at his face with his palms. “And after he’s done killing you, he’s going to kill me. He’s going to chop up our bodies into little pieces and fling them off of the balcony one by one, hoping to hit the street where a car can run us over.”

“Wow, it sounds like you’ve talked about it before. Is that how it is with an old married couple? You sit around plotting how to kill each other?” Wrinkling his nose, Tae debated if he should boil water for the soup or microwave it hot. Spotting the tea spigot on the espresso machine, he beamed with joy. “Ah, that’ll do it.”

“I’m serious, Taebin,” Se7en insisted. “Minku’s got a bad temper. And I’m not too happy with you either. Why didn’t you call and tell me you were coming?”

“I did call,” He replied, folding back the paper lid of the noodle bowl. The dribble of hot water, while nearly boiling, was taking too long and he frowned, wondering if the water on the bottom would be cold by the time the top was filled. “You didn’t pick up.”

“Where did you call from? The hallway?” The other man sighed between clenched teeth.

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“Well yeah,” Tae shrugged. “You didn’t pick up so I used my key. I didn’t think I’d walk in on a porno shoot. Gotta tell you, that boy’s really grown up. He’s got a hot little body. And that mouth. Very sexy.”

Se7en stood across the counter from his friend, wondering if he should kill himself before Min got a hold of Tae. It would be easier on the younger singer. He would have less to do, other than the chopping up part. If he did it in the kitchen, then Changmin wouldn’t have to drag him far. Then, Taebin’s words sunk in.

Controlling the flickering rage that rolled up in his chest, Se7en asked calmly, “Did you just scam a look at Min’s body?”

“Se7en, it’s hard not to,” Tae reminded him. “He was naked on the couch. By the way, I think you should put a sheet down or something if you plan on having other people sit there. Unless it’s a special couch and no one else is allowed on. My mom’s like that. There’s only certain couches the dog can get up onto.”

“Min’s off limits,” Se7en shook his head, partially disgusted by his friend’s leering smile. “I’m serious. Do not touch the Changmin.”

“I have no intention of poaching,” His friend held up his hands in surrender, letting the noodles steep. “I’m just appreciating the view you provided to me when I walked into the apartment. Tell me you can look at those legs and not think about how good they’d look wrapped around your hips.”

“I can’t,” He growled in response. “I just don’t want to hear you say it. God, he’s going to be pissed off. I’ve got to get you out of here.”

“Hey, I just got here. You can’t kick me out,” Tae protested. “Besides, you don’t even know that he’s pissed. He might be in there laughing his head off.”

“I know Minku,” Se7en shook his head. “He’s not laughing his head off. If anything, he’s sharpening the set of knives he bought just for this occasion. Min is very prepared. He would have planned on something like this.”

“I’m going to fucking kill him,” Changmin sat on the bed, mortified and angry. The smirk on Taebin’s face loomed in his mind, vividly embarrassing. “I’m going to kill them both. God, damn, shit.”

“What the hell was he thinking?” He asked the air, wrapping the sheet around his hips. “He knew we were going to spend some time

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together. Shichi told him that. Did he do that on purpose? Does he want Dong-Wook for himself and that's why he's ruined our night?"

"And why am I talking to myself?" Min clenched his fist, lightly battering his forehead. "God, I'm so stupid. I thought Tae was just Se7en's friend. Suppose he's his lover and I'm just in the way?"

"Okay, I thought maybe I'd talk you out of being angry, but I didn't think I'd have to talk you out of being crazy too," Se7en said, closing the bedroom door behind him. Approaching the glowering Min, he gave the younger man a sexy smile, hoping to lighten the mood. "I have never ever been in love with Taebin. He's my friend. Like Junsu or Yoochun is your friend."

"I lusted after Junsu before, remember?" The singer pointed out.

"But then you came to your senses," Se7en replied, tugging at the linens' hem. He could see the outline of Min's legs under the sheets, the dark outline of space between them cast from the overhead lights. Bending down, he moved the sheet edge aside, licking at the top of Min's foot.

"Don't do that," The young singer narrowed his eyes, poking at Se7en's shoulder with a sharp jab. "I'm mad at you."

"What are you mad at me for?" He continued to lick, pressing his lips against the blue vein running up from Min's toes to his ankle. "You should be mad at Taebin. He's the one who barged in here."

"Is he gone?" A quirk of one eyebrow should have warned Se7en but with his head down, the older man didn't see the brewing storm on Min's face.

"No, he's making instant noodles in the kitchen," There was a small pink nibble mark on Min's ankle and Se7en smiled against it. He was secretly pleased at leaving behind a memento of his kisses. Sucking on the spot, he pulled more skin between his teeth, running his tongue under the bite area.

"I should take a chopstick and shove it into your..." Min's angry words were cut off by Se7en's hard mouth, the older man slanting his lips across his lover's.

Pressing the young man back onto the bed, Se7en refused to let Min go, working his fingers into the singer's dark, long hair. Cupping his hands around Min's skull, he guided the other man into a leisurely kiss, drawing out each breath the other took. Their tongues battled for an

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instant and for a second, Se7en wondered if the young man's sharp teeth would nip at the tip he'd slid in past Min's defenses.

He'd not been expecting Min's hands on his hips nor the fingers that traced a hot trail over the rise of his buttocks, pushing at the tight elastic waistband. The young singer struggled to free his lover from the constraining fabric, fighting the boxers as they twisted about Se7en's hips.

"God, I'm still so mad at you," Changmin drove his teeth into Se7en's lower lip, nipping and biting into the plump moist rise. "You piss me off so much. I could scream."

"I like it when you scream, Minku," Se7en mumbled around Min's mouth. He lowered his hands, tangling his fingers around Min's. "Here, let me help you. You're going to tear them if you keep that up."

"I thought you hated them," He gasped, breaking off their kiss. Shuddering to get a breath, he looked down Se7en's long, lean body, infuriated at the stubborn boxers. "Just take them off."

"Hold on," The other man held up a finger, tapping Min on the nose. "Give me some time."

Se7en hooked his thumbs into the waistband, slithering the fabric down his lean hips. The elastic caught on his hard length, the knob of his sex leaving behind a wet stain along the front. The sight of a sheet-swaddled Changmin turned him on, a present to be unwrapped and suckled clean of its packing.

Lifting the sheet, Se7en stuck his head behind Min's calf, licking at the other's smooth skin. Changmin rustled the linens away from his hips, stopping when his lover bit him lightly and told him to leave the sheets where they were. The older man nearly winced at the heaviness in his groin, the length of his sex rubbing on the bedding as he moved under the covers. Twisting his hips, he avoided the bed, not wanting the friction to bring him over until he'd had his fill of his young lover.

Changmin hissed, startled at the feel of Se7en's mouth on the inside of his thigh. The rough texture of his lover's tongue made him purr, and he arched his hips up, straining to keep still under the moist onslaught. His knees threatened to lock around Se7en's ears when the older man licked up his length, stopping only long enough at the head to run his tongue along its rim before moving back down his shaft.

"Oh, Shichi," His breath came in short pants, little explosions of sound amid the harsh purr of his strangled cries. A shadow moved across the bottom seam of the door, cutting off the thin slice of light coming

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under the wood. Min almost sat straight up, held down by Se7en's strong hands, his foot kicking at the older man's ankle.

"Stay still, baby," Se7en murmured, running the edge of his teeth along the vein pulsing over Min's sex. "I'm trying to do something here."

"Did you lock the door?" He tapped Se7en's forehead, trying to get the other's attention. "God, do you know what Taebin is? He's karma! He's karma for all of the times that I've walked in on Yunho and Jaejoong having sex. That what it is. I have to make atonement for all of the problems I caused for the hyungs."

Sighing, the older singer rested his forehead on Min's hip, taking in a deep breath before replying. "Minku, first thing; I locked the door."

"Secondly," Se7en continued, pulling off the sheet that covered his head and shoulders. "Why do you think so much when we're doing this?"

"I can't help it," Min protested, keeping his voice down. "My brain doesn't shut down like yours does. It still has blood left in it."

"I can fix that," He mumbled and began to suck at the moist tip of Min's sex. Sliding his fingertips into Changmin's mouth, Se7en cut off the young man's arguments, effectively silencing him. "Suck on these, baby. I'm going to need them as wet as you can get them."

Se7en worked his fingers around Min's tongue, sliding his palm along the square of the young man's jaw. Slurping at the sweetness of his lover's body, he withdrew his hand, sliding the tip of one index finger into the hot twist of Min's entrance. Gulping, Changmin fought to curl his hands around the sheets, trying to keep from digging his nails into Se7en's skin.

"Go ahead, baby," Se7en whispered. "Hold onto me. You can mark me. I don't care who sees."

Crying out, Changmin nearly choked on stifling his cries, letting a low whimper escape from his tortured throat. The press of Se7en's finger into his heat made his guts twitch, his body anticipating the slow, gentle invasion that would soon follow the first delicate touch. Another finger tip joined the first, his spit moistening the way for his lover's entrance. Scissoring his fingers apart, Se7en spread his lover's tightly furled bud, slowly working back and forth to loosen the ring of muscles.

Returning to the hardened shaft pressing against his cheek, Se7en tucked his lips over the head, sucking harder as Min dug his heels down into the mattress, lifting his hips up and spreading his thighs apart for Se7en's pleasure. Pulling back up, Se7en slowly worked down the length,

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using his free hand to massage Min's root before stroking at the sac tightening up into the hollow between his lover's legs.

He could vaguely hear the soft, moaning pleas coming from the young man's throat, a whispering chant mingling his name and profanities. With each thrust of Min's hips, Se7en pressed in a bit further, working in deep until his first two fingers were buried into the velvet flesh.

There were other sounds, a banging against the wall and then a shout at the door for them to keep it down. Min's low growl suddenly cut through the soft, sensual moans, and his body tightened hard around Se7en's fingers, nearly cutting off the older man's blood supply.

"He's so fucking dead," Se7en promised, moving his mouth faster until Min's senses were overwhelmed with the pressure of his lover's lips closed in over his sex. "Baby, ignore him."

"I'm going to kill him, Shichi," Min groaned, trying to keep his thoughts from being tangled up into the sensual overload washing over him. "I'm going to slide a dull spoon under every inch of his skin and pump salt into the space, like he's a duck that needs to be brined. Then..."

"You're scaring me," The older man murmured. "I think you and your hyungs are probably the most bloodthirsty pack of rats that I've ever known. I'm afraid of what they're teaching you."

"One more word from him, and Yunho is going to become your best friend," Changmin frowned, then swallowed as Se7en pressed yet another finger at his entrance. "Gods, Shichi, I don't know if..."

"Relax, Minku," He replied, hushing his lover's startled cries. "It's not much more than taking me in. We've not done this in too long. I don't want to hurt you. And, I have other friends besides Taebin."

"I'm going to kill every one of them, leaving you only Yunnie-ah to talk to," Min's eyes were glittering, murderous at another far-off thump. "Maybe he just fell off the balcony? Or off of the kitchen counter? If he's bashed his head in and is bleeding all over the floor, then no one can blame us for cooking him and feeding him to stray dogs."

"Me, Minku," Se7en shivered at the gleeful blood thirst flirting in his lover's eyes. "Pay attention to me. Only me, Minku."

It had been too long since they'd made love, Se7en could feel that now. Pressing up into his lover's tight body, he maneuvered his shoulders until Min's hips were pressed hard against the bed.

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Murmuring, the young man was nearly senseless as Se7en's mouth closed tight over his sex. He could barely hear Se7en tell him to reach for the lubricant sitting on the nightstand, its cap mostly undone.

"Put some on my fingers, baby," Se7en held out his hand, listening for the tell tale click of the top being opened. He didn't have to look to know that Min's fingers were trembling with the effort of keeping the tube steady. The young man nearly shook with passion, his body shaking with every swipe of the older man's tongue along his sex. Another thrust of spit-moistened fingers raked a hard gasp from the young man's chest, his hips jerking and lifting to meet the soft pressure.

Changmin could barely see straight, his eyes crossed from the sensations of his lover's touch on his body. Filled with the thrusting hardness of Se7en's fingers, he struggled to unclip the tube, nearly spilling the gel from squeezing it too hard. It splurged over his palm, the aromatic oil filling the air with the scent of almonds and mint. It tingled as it warmed up in the cup of his hand, a tiny dollop, barely enough to make a small dot on his fortune line.

Trying to keep his aim steady, he lightly squeezed the gel onto Se7en's free hand, coating the man's first two fingers. Laughing around Min's sex, the older man rubbed his fingers together, motioning with a flick of his wrist for more. Breathing in heavily, Changmin applied more, wondering if there would be any gel left after they were done.

"Turn a bit to the side, Minku," Se7en ordered, biting at the young man's hip. "I want to be able to get my hand under you."

Twisting, he complied, trying to keep his cries to a soft murmur. When the gel-hot touch of Se7en's fingers touched him, he jumped, shocked nearly speechless when the older man worked a second index finger into him, stretching him apart. Panting, he strained to relax his tense body, nearly too full and needing still more.

Air rushed into his core, a cold kiss against the overheated entrance to his body. Without his feet flat on the bed, Min lacked a purchase on the mattress, something Se7en had planned. With no leverage under him, the young man was helpless to struggle, vulnerable to his lover's ministrations.

"You're so hot down here, baby," Se7en murmured, rubbing his cheek on the curve of Min's butt. Pursing his lips, he blew lightly on the parted rose curl of Min's body. He resisted licking at the dark whorl of hair along the plumped up sac under his lover's sex. The older man could sense his young lover was near the edge of his control and any more sensation along or near his shaft would make him spill his seed.

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“Are you ready for me, Minku?” Se7en asked, working his fingers in until he could feel the press of Min’s body close in on him. There wasn’t much room for anything else, the older man reasoned. One day, he’d see how much they could stand, how full he could make his lover. For the moment, he just wanted to be plunged up deep into Min’s heat and feel the young man’s legs around his waist.

“Do you want me there, baby?” He leaned forward, purring as he kissed and nibbled Changmin’s earlobe.

“Yes,” Min panted. “But Taebin...”

“If I even hear Taebin breathe near us, I’ll kill him myself,” Se7en promised. “Then I’ll drag you over and fuck you on his cooling corpse. Nothing’s going to stop me from having you, baby. Nothing and no one.”

Ecchi 3

Changmin's waist felt too slender to Se7en when he spanned his hands along the young man's sides. The days spent apart had been hard ones, the constant activity thinning Changmin's already too slender body. His stomach muscles were firm, the lines of his arms distinct. Kissing his way up his lover's body, Se7en paused, and kissed at the spot above Min's heart.

"Did you keep me there while you were taking over Asia?" He asked, licking once at Min's nipple. "I kept you with me."

"I called, didn't I?" Changmin smiled softly, moaning slightly with every movement of Se7en's mouth. "I need you, Shichi."

"You called all the time," His lover nodded, guiding Min into a sitting position. Working his legs under the young man's legs, he pulled the singer in close, placing one ankle behind him then the other. Placing his hands under Min's rear, he pushed up, maneuvering the young man into place. "Come here, baby. Sit against me. I want you facing me."

Changmin allowed himself to be raised above Se7en's hips, settling himself against the other's chest. Reaching back, he ran his fingers down his lover's hard sex, grasping the tip to lead it in. The head was slippery, made slick from gel and spit. He fought from laughing when Se7en's shaft slid from his fingers, dancing away with a coy bob.

"I don't think he wants me," Min teased his lover, sucking at Se7en's mouth with a sloppy kiss. "He's shy."

"Minku, there is no part of me that's shy. He's just afraid we're going to be interrupted again," Se7en growled, sliding his hand under his lover's body. Grasping himself, he pressed up, looking for the dip between the shadowed cleft. He found the spot with little effort, familiar with the feel of his lover's entrance. "Hold still, Minku. I don't want to hurt you."

Changmin never wanted to get used to the feel of Se7en sliding into him. That was an experience he hoped he would always relive anew each time they were together. The other man's thick head pushed in, incessant on reaching up inside of the younger man's core. Hissing, he leaned his head back, holding himself up as Se7en worked his way in.

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The older man rested the tip of himself at the tight swirl, rubbing into the gel he'd left there. He cupped Min's rear, holding the other man steady as he gently lowered him down. Gasping, Min growled at the slow pace, frustrated at being left empty and wanting.

"Not enough," Changmin scraped his teeth along Se7en's jaw, resting his hands on the other man's chest. He let his fingers wander, stroking at the tattoo on his lover's arm. Supporting himself on one hand, he bent over to lick at the ink, biting down at the wings when Se7en slid further past the tight ring.

It filled him and he bit harder, wanting more of his lover. As Se7en's hard length pushed up into his guts, Min nearly screamed, stretched apart by the invading flesh. Letting go of the other man's arm, he cast his head back, panting as he tried to maintain his balance, guided carefully down by Se7en's hands on his hips.

The feel of flesh entering him drove Min wild, and he gripped at Se7en's shoulders, pleading with the other man to fill him. His words were growled, a darkness heating their meaning until Se7en couldn't hold back any longer. Taking short thrusts, he buried himself deep into Min's body, pulling the younger man down upon his lap until they were joined tight.

Grunting, Changmin pushed down, driving himself against his lover's hips. Se7en rose to meet him, hands tight along his back, thumbs stroking at the younger man's hip bones. The jutting flesh rooted into the young man, driving farther in with every stroke.

"Tell me that you missed this," Se7en pulled Min's earlobe into his mouth, chewing the drop of flesh between his teeth. "Tell me that you lay awake at night with your fingers inside you and hoping I'd be here."

"You know that," Min panted, dropping his head down. Resting his temple against Se7en's cheek, he rolled his hips up, circling around his lover's sex.

"I want to hear you say it, Minku," The other man bit harder. He knew he'd leave a mark there, a small purple splotch to remind Min of their night together. He started to drive hard, pushing and straining deep into Min's body. The gel slid around Se7en's shaft, moistening Min's entrance.

"I did," Changmin nodded, his pants growing longer. He tried to answer but his tongue seemed leaden in his mouth, his words driven from his mind. "You hear me do that for you."

"I want to hear you say that you missed me," Se7en insisted.

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“I missed you, Shichi,” The younger man tangled his tongue against Se7en’s, knotting his fingers behind his lover’s neck.

“God, you have no idea how hard it makes me when you say that,” He laughed into Min’s open mouth, listening to the echo reverberate. “I thought I was going to have to stop what I was doing to make you beg.”

“I don’t like to beg,” Changmin growled, clamping himself tight around his lover’s shaft, twisting his hips.

“I know,” Se7en kissed him harder, pushing him down onto the mattress. “That’s why I like hearing you do it.”

Changmin bounced against the bed, his legs suddenly under him. Se7en had withdrawn fully, much to his disgust. About to protest loudly, he found himself being turned over, the older man’s strong hands easily moving his slender frame.

“Hold onto the bed, Minku,” Se7en sank his teeth into the skin between Min’s shoulder blades. “I’ve got some plans for you.”

“Good, because you’re taking too long,” Changmin snarled when Se7en’s fingers dug into his mouth. He bit, sucking on the invading pinkie. The scent of their mingled bodies thickened his sex and he growled, needing his lover inside of him.

He was suddenly full again, Se7en’s body resting against the line of his back. The deep thrusts of his lover’s shaft into his heat nearly lifted him clear from the bed. Curling his toes, Min bent his knees, trying to get a bit of leverage under him, hoping to drive the other man in harder. The world stopped then spun as Se7en’s length touched at the spark hidden inside of him. He could hear himself moan, then plead before finally falling into small short pants that mingled Se7en’s name in with guttural cries.

Changmin no longer worried about Taebin and if the other man could hear them. Tilting his head up, he turned his face, searching out for Se7en’s mouth. The older singer bent close, keeping his hips moving as he stole a kiss from his lover’s mouth.

The sweetness of Min’s kiss made him want more, driven by the passionate clench of his young lover’s rolling hips. Gripping Changmin’s waist, Se7en drove in deep, harder until he felt the brush of a pearl along the top of his shaft. Twisting up, he found the spot again, nearly exploding his release when Min’s cries grew higher in pitch, the young man urging him to go faster. The lithe singer’s body shook under him, his arms bulging with the effort of keeping a hold on the mattress edge.

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Se7en dipped under, working at an angle to get each stroke to count. He felt a shudder work over Min's body every time he struck the sweet spot along the other's passage, and he strained to hit it again. He found Min's hands with his own, wrapping his fingers into his lover's grip.

"Love you, Minku," The older man whispered, not expecting an answer. He knew the young singer was lost in the throes of passion. Seeing Changmin bloom open under him was a gift to his heart and Se7en cherished every demanding mewl his lover made, driving himself to reach up into Min's body, hoping to bring him to the edge of release.

Loud thumps on the wall made Se7en spit in anger until he realized it was the frame striking the drywall, its headboard rattling the sconces set on either side of the bed. Plaster crackled then split, driven apart by the force of their combined thrusts. The light fixture lay in the path of the fissure, its shoring broken as the wall crumbled under it. Swinging down, the sconce fell from the wall, dangling from the mutli-coloured wires providing it with electricity.

Gasping in surprise, Min twisted around, nearly unmaning Se7en. Driven to madness by the sudden pressure along his shaft, the older man plunged in deep, panting hard as he pushed one final time into his lover's channel, churning his seed into the tight space.

Reaching under Min, he stroked at the softening length he found under the other man's stomach, a wet pool soaking into the crumpled sheets. Breathing hard, Se7en rolled over onto his side, taking Min with him.

"Don't pull out," Changmin whispered, reaching behind him with one hand to press his palm against the back of his lover's thighs. "I don't want to lose you just yet."

"I'm not going anywhere, Minku," Se7en promised. His flaccid state was long enough to remain inside of his lover's heat, the head resting deep past the ring of Min's entrance. Curling his arms around his lover's waist, he lay there, listening to the young man's heart rate slow then steady out, a firm beat against his arms.

"I love you," The whisper was barely loud enough for Se7en to hear but it reached him, a small drop of affection amid the tangled confusion in Min's mind. "I do, you know. I love you a lot, Shichi."

"I love you too, Minku," He confessed, brushing his cheek on his lover's face. The rasp of his chin stubble raked the young man's soft skin, leaving behind the faintest pink burr. He smiled ruefully, reminding himself that he'd have to shave before they went to sleep.

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The light seemed odd to Changmin and he looked up, wondering what was different in the room. Shadows fell strangely, a bobbing, weaving motion to them. Spotting the broken off lamp still gently swinging from its harness, he winced at the damage to the wall.

“You broke the lamp,” Min said, staring up at the fallen sconce.

“That was you,” Se7en snorted in response. “I was the one in the back. The one closest to the broken object is responsible for the breakage.”

“You provided thrust and momentum,” The young man shook his head, his long hair nearly covering his face. “If anything, I supplied dampening for the motion. You are so responsible for that lamp.”

“You’re very sexy when you’re talking smart,” He teased his young lover. “I’m guessing that phrase, dampening the motion, wasn’t in the yaoi you brought over.”

“If you’re talking about the dōjinshi that I left in the living room and is probably the reason your best friend, the asshole is quiet, then no,” Min murmured, working himself back against Se7en’s length. “Those words weren’t in there. Thrust might have been. I didn’t get that far before I was rudely interrupted.”

“Would that be me or Taebin?”

“That was you bothering me while I read and weren’t we not going to talk about that idiot,” Min asked, humming in his throat as Se7en began kissing his neck. “I like that.”

“I can’t believe I’m already getting hard again,” He touched Min’s chin, guiding the other’s face around. Se7en took small kisses from the young man’s soft mouth, reveling in the tiny, dainty sounds of their lips meeting and falling away.

“I know, I can feel you inside of me,” Changmin rested his head back, lolling to one side. “Getting bigger. I like that too. I like knowing I can do that to you.”

The sensation was one he enjoyed, the gradual thickening of his lover inside of him. Se7en stretched him to a fullness he’d once feared. Now, he couldn’t imagine his nights without the other man’s mouth on him or their bodies tangled against one another.

“I was planning on having you inside of me,” Se7en followed the line of Min’s neck, leaving a succession of nibbles down the strong column. “We can switch if you want.”

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“No, please,” Min shook his head, reaching behind him to press one hand against the small of his lover’s back. “I don’t want to lose you there. I’ve missed this. I’ve missed having you. I’ve missed being haved by you.”

“Haved?” Se7en wrinkled his nose, chuckling on Min’s shoulder. “That’s a horrible word. Is it even real?”

“Probably not but I was going with the flow of the words,” Changmin made a face, his eyes crinkling with humour. “I miss being taken?”

“I don’t like the idea that I’m taking you,” Se7en began a gentle roll of his hips, just enough motion to rub his length against Min’s soft core. “How about if we’re...sharing love. How does that sound.”

“It sounds nice,” He pushed back, matching Se7en’s lazy rhythm. “Do you think your house guest is gone? We’ve not heard him in a bit.”

“Maybe we’re lucky and he did fall off the balcony.” Se7en grumbled. “That way we don’t have to clean up the mess. If we’re really fortunate, then he hit that car with the alarm that goes off every time someone walks by it. That would be a double blessing.”

“You’re a bad friend,” Min hitched a breath into his lungs, trying to match Se7en’s pace when the other man slid against the tingle of nerves hidden inside of him. “If you loved me, you would kill him for me.”

“If you loved me, you’d let him live,” The older man’s hands moved, cupping his lover’s shaft, Rubbing his thumb around the ridge of Min’s sex, he moaned with increasing pleasure as he thickened up into the other’s tight body.

“So,” Changmin laughed, Se7en’s fingers tickling the spot below his belly button. “We’re at an impasse.”

“Now that’s a good word,” He nodded, stroking along the fine hairs trailing down to Min’s crotch. “Impasse. I like that one.”

“I do too,” The young man agreed. “But not as much as I like others. Your version of bite, for instance. Very nice word.”

“I’m glad you like it,” Se7en complied with Min’s unspoken request, taking a large span of the other’s skin between his teeth, lightly working it back and forth. He let go of a small murmur of pleasure at Min’s rising moans, his fingers moving back down to his lover’s sex. “You up for another go, baby?”

“I think you’re up for it,” Changmin gasped. “God, Junsu’s contagious. When we’re done with Taebin, we’ll move on to Junsu. The others won’t mind.”

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“I’m not killing Junsu. Yunho would kill me and you’ll be lonely. And with Junsu dead, who would keep Yoochun busy? Jaejoong. And that would cut into your leader’s loving time,” Grinning, Se7en pushed Min over, lifting the other man’s hips up until his chest was pressed against the mattress, most of Min’s weight resting on his knees. “Let’s see if we can’t break that other lamp.”

“If it comes down,” Min warned him off. “It’s your fault. I even screamed your name while you’re doing it. That’s proof that it’s your fault.”

“Baby,” Se7en bent over, kissing down his lover’s back. “If you scream my name as loudly as you did the last time, I won’t mind if we break the whole fucking wall. Hell, I might even kill Taebin for you if you’re that loud again. I like hearing you moaning my name.”

“Deal,” Changmin growled, clenching his muscles down around his lover’s hot length. “Make me scream, Shichi. Do it right, and I might even help you hide his body.”

Shunga 1

The hotel room seemed like a gift from Heaven, its soft bed a beckoning oasis. Yoochun placed his duffel bag onto the dresser, rubbing at his tired face with his hands. If someone asked him at the moment where he was, he would have to shrug off the question. He could say with semi-certainty that they were in Japan but the baritone had reached the point of not caring.

“Aish,” He sighed, sitting down on the edge of the bed. Leaning over, he undid the zipper of his boots, sliding them from his feet. His socks were left stuffed in the crevices of his footwear, the mingled scent of sweat and leather not too unpleasant, he decided.

Either way, Yoochun shrugged, he was too lazy to gather up his things and do much more with them other than put his boots aside. Even the shower seemed like too long of a walk to make. He glanced longingly at the bathroom door, wondering if he had enough energy to make it over the tub lip.

“Shit,” He sighed, unbuttoning the buttons of his shirt. Yoochun knew he needed a bath, the stink of the day clung to his body. Traveling did nothing but leave layers of dust and grime behind, an oily feeling against his skin. Not wanting to sleep on soiled sheets, he went about shedding his clothes, working the shirt from his shoulders.

He’d just undid the button of his jeans when the door to the room opened. Startled, Yoochun grabbed his discarded shirt from the bed, thinking he’d ended up in someone else’s room. With the waistband of his jeans hanging down low on his hips, the baritone debated dropping the shirt and grabbing his pants to pull them back up.

“Hey, Chunnie-ah,” Junsu came in, smiling at the sight of his flustered lover. Closing the door behind him, he set the top lock, shutting the world out with a solid click of a metal bar into its chute. Slinging his bag down, he bent forward, leaving a brush of a kiss on the other’s mouth. “God, I’m dead tired.”

“What...?” Yoochun glanced down at the single king-sized bed that dominated the room. “Does the manager know you’re in here? I was supposed to share with Jaejoong tonight.”

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“It was going to be either me or Changmin,” Junsu grinned up at his lover’s shocked face. “Yunho pretty much said that he was going to be sleeping with Jaejoong tonight. He’s in that kind of mood. There wasn’t going to be any argument.”

“So,” Micky whistled under his breath. “You...”

“Like I said. Me or Changmin,” The tenor cracked a wicked smile at Yoochun’s blush. “And Min would beat you senseless with his fists. You know what he’s like when he’s tired. He fights off monsters in his dreams. You’d be black and blue.”

“And,” Junsu stood, turning slightly so his lover couldn’t see his face. Sliding his shirt up over his head, he stretched his shoulders back, hearing them crack back into place. “If you’re going to have bruises all over your body, I’d rather they be from my mouth than Minnie-ah’s fists.”

Yoochun sat on the edge of the bed, trying to gather up enough energy to continue taking his clothes off. Sighing, he nearly toppled over when he yawned loud enough to pop his jaw. Wincing, he rubbed at his face, letting go a heavy breath.

“Let me help you, Chunnie,” Junsu shook his head. “Before you kill yourself trying to get undressed.”

“Why aren’t you as tired as I am?” Yoochun frowned, a crinkle forming between his eyes. “We’ve all traveled the same distance.”

“Because you let me sleep on your shoulder,” His lover reminded him, pulling his own pants from his ankles. Standing in front of Yoochun wearing nothing more than a pair of briefs, Junsu tapped the other’s hip. “Lift a bit. I’ll get these down for you.”

The denim snagged on Yoochun’s hip bone, the jut catching on the waistband. Micky’s body hardened as they moved about Asia, his lean form bulking along his arms from hours spent in hotel gyms. Junsu preferred to catch that extra hour of sleep, sacrificing his energy to dancing instead.

He smiled at his lover’s lean form, working his fingers along Micky’s belly and up onto the flat of his chest. In their years together, Yoochun had grown, his body trimming down and his face maturing to an amiable handsomeness. The young man’s legs were powerful, his thighs thick with muscle. Junsu lusted for the other’s hips and stomach, slender and sleek, an erotic landscape that begged for the touch of his tongue.

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“You going to take a shower with me?” Yoochun asked, his rough voice a bare murmur above the purring hum of pleasure he let slip when Junsu’s hands worked over his shins. “God, that feels good.”

“I think if I take a shower with you,” Junsu placed his hands behind his lover’s knees, lifting them up to place the other’s feet on the mattress. He leaned over, kissing down Yoochun’s calf then biting his ankle with a teasing nip. “You won’t be able to stand up long enough for anything to happen and I’ll be left very frustrated. How about if you bathe and I’ll wait until you’re done.”

“Maybe I’ll just fall asleep and forget the shower,” The baritone moaned again. He loved Junsu’s hands, even more so when the other man’s fingers dug at the tender, sore muscles of his legs. Dancing always seemed to knot him together and his lover’s hands seemed to know all of the spots that released his tension.

“I know you, Chunnie,” Patting his lover’s stomach, he stepped back, leaving Yoochun enough room to slide off of the bed. “You hate sleeping on dirty sheets. Sex-stained sheets are okay but dirt, no.”

“You do know me,” Yoochun sighed, feeling the grit of airports and the road on his body. “What time do we leave tomorrow?”

“We don’t,” Junsu shook his head, gripping Yoochun’s wrists and pulling him off of the bed with a heave of his body. “Tokyo is rained in. We were supposed to connect into the city tonight but our flight was canceled. Weren’t you listening to the manager when he was talking?”

“No,” The American-raised man winced, quirking his mouth to one side. “I think I dozed off. I thought we were.. Hell, I don’t even know where we are.”

“Kobe,” Exasperated, the tenor pushed at Yoochun’s shoulder, heading him towards the bathroom. “We’re going to be here for a couple of days. No work. Nothing. Then we’ll head home to Tokyo if the airport is clear. If not, then they want to drive us in a bus.”

“Ah, a bus. Oh joy,” Yoochun grumbled under his breath. “Long twisting roads that will make me sick. I’ll have to get some of that medication that stops my stomach from wanting to be outside of my body. You’d think I was a starfish looking for something to eat.”

“Definitely not a starfish,” Junsu caressed the round of his lover’s ass. “For one thing, I don’t think they are as pretty as you are. Go bathe so you can pass out on me and I can lay awake playing with your helpless body.”

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“Just make sure I have a good time,” Nodding, the baritone nearly stumbled into the bathroom, his legs leaden from lack of sleep.

The water felt good on Yoochun’s body, a hot pounding spray that loosened the tightness from his body. Leaning his forehead against the shower tile, he half-wished Junsu had joined him but the limpness in his limbs made him wonder if he’d even respond to something as beautifully erotic as his lover’s skilled mouth. Sighing, he reached for the towel hanging by the glass door, letting the lush pile soak the water from his chest and arms.

Stepping clear of the shower, the baritone knotted the towel around his waist, tucking the ends into the fold. He entered the bedroom, smiling at the sight of his lover bending over the mattress, pulling the comforter from the mattress. Junsu’s rear plumped the seat of his cotton pants, the cleft of his butt a dark shadow under the fabric and despite his fatigue, Yoochun’s mouth watered at the thought of his lover’s body clenching around his shaft. His sex grew heavy, twitching along his leg. Rubbing at the growling length under his damp towel, Yoochun sighed when the tired of his body overwhelmed his lust.

“You look good, Susu-ah,” Yoochun reached for the other man, cupping his hands around Junsu’s rear. He squeezed the mounds lightly, letting his palms fill with the tenor’s muscled flesh. He moved to bite one of the globes, stopped only by Junsu’s hands covering his ass.

“You look dead on your feet,” Junsu slid out of his lover’s grasp, pushing Yoochun down onto the bed. Tugging at the other man’s towel, he worked the wet cloth off, pulling it out from under the young man’s hips. “You need to sleep.”

“Sleep,” Mumbling, the baritone let his legs be tucked under the sheets, reaching for the young man’s wrist. “Come here.”

“Later,” He promised, leaving a kiss on Yoochun’s mouth. The dip above the man’s upper lip glistened with a drop of water, scented with soap and the unique taste of his masculinity. “You wouldn’t be able to do anything either to me or for me in this condition. I love you, Chunnie. Get some sleep.”

The dark swallowed Yoochun before he even could finish complaining, the softness of the pillow under his head luring him to sleep. Grinning, Junsu left a kiss between Yoochun’s shoulder blades. A faint snore escaped the young man’s slack mouth, another sign of his fatigue. He turned, intending to turn the light off and let his lover sleep but the dark splash of ink on Yoochun’s back made him pause.

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“Ah, Park Yoochun,” The tattoo enticed him, mark of rebellion to many but Junsu knew different. The ink was a connection to family, to the group and to the young man Yoochun called his brother. His fingers reached for the area, nearly instinctively needing to touch the inked flesh. His hands often found that spot, sometimes even during a concert, his palm spanning the breadth of the tattoo.

He left the other man alone, brushing his mouth over the ink then turned the overhead light off. Curling up into the armchair set next to the window, Junsu reached for the manga set Changmin tucked into his duffel, the sensual images nearly as hot as his lovemaking with Yoochun.

Junsu was still reading when Yoochun woke up a few hours later, refreshed and horny at the sight of his lover’s bare chest against the vibrant purple armchair. Unaware of Yoochun’s gaze, the tenor turned the page he just finished and readjusted the ears of the lavender bunny plushie he’d taken out of his luggage.

“You’re reading our son porn?” Yoochun laughed at Junsu’s startled yelp. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you.”

“I didn’t know you were awake,” Junsu pulled his lip back into a fierce, playful snarl. Leaping forward, the tenor tackled the other man, savagely biting at his shoulder. “Rawr!”

“Ouch!” He caught Junsu before the other man toppled them both off of the bed. Naked, he tucked his legs together when the tenor’s knee came too close for comfort. “You’re going to make sure that you’re always going to be on the top if you’re not careful. And we both know how much you like to switch up.”

“Heh. Sorry, Chunnie,” He turned, sliding down to rest beside the man’s hips. Hooking one leg over his lover’s thighs, Junsu leaned in, kissing Yoochun with a teasing slide of his tongue. “I definitely don’t want that.”

“You brought the bunny?” Yoochun reached for the stuffed animal, picking it up off the floor. “Why didn’t you leave him at home? Suppose he gets lost?”

“I’d rather he be with me than at home,” Junsu made a face. “Remember the last time we went away and they packed up all of our things? It took me a month to find him in all of those boxes.”

“You drove me nuts with that,” He shifted on the bed, glancing towards the window. The night sky twinkled with the city’s lights, the

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tint softening the harsh glare of the streets below. “I didn’t sleep too long, did I?”

“No, just long enough for you to get rest, I think.” He shimmied closer, sliding over Yoochun’s waist. “You look better. No more puffy eyes.”

“I like having puffy eyes. It makes you feel sorry for me,” The baritone worked his arm under his lover’s hips, lifting Junsu’s lighter body up until he lay down over Yoochun’s stomach. “Kiss me, Susu-ah.”

He liked it when Yoochun was sleepy. The baritone’s gentle nature usually gave way under the brunt of his lust when he woke up and found Junsu nearby. The young man liked that in Micky. Even better, he loved the reaction Yoochun’s body had when he rubbed the lush of his rear against the other’s thighs.

“You’re definitely waking me up,” Yoochun growled, aroused to a near painful hardness by the other man’s movements. His sex ached and he knew without touching its length that he was already pearled at its tip. The sheets were damp where his hard-on bulged, rubbed hot from Junsu’s ass.

“I can see I’m waking you up,” Junsu replied, his eyes dark with lust. He pressed the heel of his hand on Yoochun’s shaft, rubbing back and forth, letting the sheets create a tingling friction along its length. He could feel the skin slipping under his hand, the pulse of Yoochun’s heart beating a thread of blood beneath his fingers.

“Why are you dressed and I’m naked?”

“Because I was waiting for you to wake up before I took off my pants,” He pressed his weight onto his knees, lifting himself up.

Hooking his thumbs into the waistband of his sweats, Junsu slowly worked the pants down his hips, inching them past the round of his ass. Leaning forward, he brushed his lips against Yoochun’s chin, moaning loudly when he found the tip of his lover’s tongue waiting just beyond the sweetness of his lips.

“I love your mouth, Chunnie-ah,” Junsu poured a kiss into Yoochun’s mouth, capturing the man’s lower lip.

“Yeah, I’m glad. I love yours too,” Yoochun broke the contact, peering around his lover’s shoulders. “I want to watch you take those off.”

Junsu moaned loudly, rubbing himself against Yoochun’s fingers. The other man’s hand reached for Junsu’s sex, finding the veined line at

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its underside. Pulling his pants clear of his legs, he kicked himself clear of the sweats, then slid back down onto Yoochun's waist.

"That was too quick," Yoochun frowned. "Put them back on and do it again."

"I'll think about doing that for you later," Junsu bit at the curve of his lover's chin, leaving his teeth prints behind. "I'm going back to your mouth. Just lie there and take it."

"You think I'm just going to lie here and..." He nearly bucked Junsu from his waist. The young man's teeth had moved from his chin and onto the soft skin of his throat, nipping down until he found the beauty spot near his collar bone. Gasping, Yoochun gripped Junsu's hips, digging his fingers into the other man's thighs.

"Okay, I'm going to just lie here," Yoochun clutched at the sheets, wrapping them around his wrists. Junsu freed his legs from the linens, leaving them both bare to the cold of the room's air.

"And take it," Junsu repeated. "You're going to take it."

"Can I give as much as I take?" He gasped, Junsu's mouth closing down over his nipple. The baritone pulled in a breath, writhing against his lover's body. "God, you're hot. You've got to be one of the sexiest guys I've ever seen."

"Good, I don't want you to be seeing any other guy as sexy," He teased Micky's nub between his teeth, flicking his tongue against the purpled peak. He breathed on the bitten swell, watching it bob and dance in reflex from his mouth. Laving at the line of muscle, he returned to his task, sucking Yoochun hard again. Mumbling against the other's chest, he said, "I don't want you seeing any women as sexy either."

"I won't," Yoochun growled, trying to catch his breath as Junsu's mouth worked down his belly. The other man's tongue found the sparse hair around his navel, licking them until they lay flat on his abdomen. Blowing on the wet spot, Junsu laughed at the wave of goose bumps he made, chasing them with his teeth as they worked up Yoochun's ribs.

"You and I are fun together," Junsu stopped suddenly, resting his chin on his lover's hip. Staring up into Yoochun's open face, he stared into the other's wide eyes. "I love having you in my life, Chunnie. You make me laugh so much. I don't think I tell you that often enough."

"Every time you smile, you tell me that," He reached down, cupping Junsu's face and running the ball of his thumb over the other's plump mouth, "I look across the stage sometimes and you make me cry. All I

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can see under the lights is your face, your smile and sometimes, I just want to cry because you're so gorgeous."

"You're crying now," Junsu wiped at the tear that crept from Yoochun's eye, the dip of his lashes capturing it in a trembling drop. Bringing the smear to his mouth, Junsu sucked it clean from his thumb, murmuring at the salty taste. "Don't cry, Chunnie. You break me when you do."

"Come here, Jun," Yoochun brought his hands up, moving them until he could press against the small of his lover's back. Bending the other forward, he led Junsu's mouth down until he could kiss at the butterfly pout that drew him in.

His tongue found his lover's mouth, licking and pushing past the other's defenses. Rolling over, he pushed Junsu against the bed, pressing the young man down. Junsu's feet rose, hooking against the back of Yoochun's calves. They lay wrapped around one another, sucking the breath from their mouths, exchanging the heat of their hearts in the panting moans escaping their lips.

Yoochun rubbed his index finger along the pout of the other man's mouth, running the tip over Junsu's tongue. The velvet of the tenor's mouth was hot, a burning sear on Yoochun's fingers. Working further in, he dipped the flat of his digits against the burred length of flesh licking at him, leaving a heavy slather of spit behind.

"Leave me wet, Junnie," He murmured, kissing around his fingers. "Make it easier for me to get inside of you."

Junsu sucked at the fingers pressing into his mouth, making them wet and moist. The gel he'd gotten from Yunho was too far away for his liking, hidden in his backpack. The bed's warmth smelled of Yoochun, an aroma that drove him insane. His body ached to be filled with his lover's heft and in return, his own sex wept, hoping to be buried into the other's muscled flesh.

Yoochun withdrew his fingers, dipping them down between Junsu's spread thighs. Reaching under the curled up sac he found there, he pressed the tip of his index finger into the rounded pout, its hot centre gaping open for his intrusion. The other man's spit made the entrance slick, the ring of muscle straining to suck him in as Junsu forced himself to relax.

They'd been apart too long, stolen moments in dressing rooms and closets, sometimes only long enough for their hands to wrap around one another's sex, pulling hard and quick while kissing, hoping to spill their

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seed into one another's palm. Yoochun sometimes growled at the lack of Junsu's taste in his mouth, the days spent outside of one another's reach rubbing him raw.

He would take his time with his lover, enjoying each stroke he was able to have inside of Junsu's warmth. Providing he could part the tightness of the tenor's body.

"Chunnie, I need you," Junsu moaned, working himself back and onto his lover's fingers. The feel of Yoochun's hand hitting the rise of his ass made him want the young singer inside of him, his guts aching to be filled. "Let me turn over, Chunnie. Please."

He slid off of Junsu's stomach, helping the young man flip over. He kissed the small of Junsu's back, licking at the spot where his own tattoo lay on his skin. Yoochun often left a blue-bitten mark there, wanting to leave something of himself behind on the singer. Junsu complained of the small ache but Yoochun suspected he was secretly pleased, happy that he bore a sign of their shared passion some place only they knew about.

Lining himself up with Junsu's shadowed pout, Yoochun pressed in, gripping the base of his sex to steady his progress. The tenor growled, a warning against taking too long. Junsu lifted his shoulders, raising himself up until his weight rested on his hands, his head bowed down. Nestled between the singer's spread legs, Yoochun bent forward, kissing the dots of bone under Junsu's skin, licking along the other's spine as he pushed further to the welcoming heat.

Stroking at the dangle of Junsu's sex, Yoochun buried himself deep into the hot grasp of his lover's body, gasping when the other man shuddered around him. Rocking his hips back, he withdrew, moaning in time with Junsu's animalistic pleas.

"I've missed you, Susu-ah," Yoochun murmured, keeping one hand wrapped tight around the base of Junsu's length. "I've missed being here, inside of you."

"Don't stop, Chunnie," Junsu growled, letting his head roll back. "I want to spend the whole night doing this. We might not even see outside of this hotel room until it's time to leave."

Shunga 2

Junsu burned.

The push of Yoochun on the tight entrance to his body made him crawl back against the other man, his sex dripping in anticipation for the stretching of his flesh. There was a quaking in his guts, a trembling he knew could only be satisfied by the length of his lover on the centre of his nerves. Easing further in, Yoochun rolled his hips up, hitting the spot Junsu craved to be touched.

“There, Chunnie,” Junsu panted, gritting his teeth.

The pillow already bore the print of his teeth, its linens soaking up his spit. Needing to scream, Junsu bit down into its feather plumpness, feeling the crackle of down against his tongue. His breath came in short little bursts, his lover taking too long to fill him. Fire licked at his innards, scorching along his back and into his chest. His heart pounded, matching Yoochun’s panting breaths. If the other man didn’t start moving soon, Junsu wasn’t sure if he would be able to hold onto his sanity.

Tantalized by Junsu’s moans, Yoochun pulled back out, his fully engorged member dipping and bowing as he slid from Junsu’s pout. The other’s body was heaving with the effort to remain still enough for his lover to find his entrance again, the tenor’s fingers scrambling to clutch the pillows resting against the head board.

Yoochun looked down, watching the head of his sex slide past the tight ring hidden in Junsu’s rounded rear. Flexing his fingers into the meaty globes, he spread them apart, trying to get a better view of his entrance. He licked his mouth, his tongue run too dry and sticking to the roof of his mouth. The sight of his tip being swallowed up by Junsu’s heat was nearly too much to bear. It became doubly erotic as the other singer moaned in frustrated pleasure and bucked his hips back, pushing down on Yoochun in an attempt to plunge him in.

“Take your time, Susu-ah,” Yoochun cautioned, grinning at the round of invectives pouring from his normally sweet-mouthed boyfriend. “Ah, that mouth on you.”

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“I need your mouth on me,” Junsu growled, dipping his rear down, pressing the tip of Yoochun’s sex up against the moist walls inside of him. “I need you. I need this.”

They often spent time laughing, poking at one another with stiff fingers and childish giggles. Standing close to one another day in and day out, neither tired of each other’s company, often drifting together until they were laying against the other’s body or draped limbs across hips and shoulders. It was in the private slice of their lives when their love could blossom, fully open with the scent of their mingled bodies.

Yoochun marveled at his lover’s supine body, the other’s long form twisting under him. His shadow fell across Junsu’s shoulders, distorted wings that mimicked the angel feathers Yoochun was sure were hidden under his lover’s skin. He slid back then pushed forward, feeling the tight whorl around him open up to accept him. The ridge of his weeping head rubbed and slid, then entered fully, the ridge easing past the ring.

The soft skin of Yoochun’s sex twitched when it struck the other’s moist heat. He paused, letting the feeling of satiation roll over him. Trembling, Yoochun fought for some control, his mind screaming at being held back from plunging down into the welcoming body.

“Now,” Junsu spat, his voice low and rough.

Yoochun knew better than to argue with the other man when he’d reached that point of frustration. The playful silly boy Junsu often pretended to be fell away, stripped away under the sheer brunt of their lust. Fingernails dug into Yoochun’s legs, the other reaching behind to clutch at his lover. Curles of skin peeled back under Junsu’s onslaught, small stinging reminders that Yoochun was too far away for the tenor’s liking, something Yoochun thought he’d better rectify before he was flayed apart by his lover’s mind-numbing desires.

He started with leisurely motions, a dip of his hips that plunged his shaft deep into Junsu’s guts. The tenor grunted then let go of a long, strident mewl, his head cast back in ecstasy. Drawing nearly all the way free of his lover’s body, Yoochun plunged back in, gripping Junsu’s hips to hold the other man still.

Writhing, the tenor struggled against Yoochun’s hands, needing to have some control over the driving shaft piercing his core. Slightly frustrated at his lack of movement, Junsu growled, grinding his hips about in a small circle around Yoochun’s sex, squeezing down as the other pressed in.

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They worked against one another, loud groans working up from Junsu's chest, mewling cries that quickly became arching pleas for Yoochun to go deeper or faster. The baritone rocked against the other's body, pressing deeper until he felt as if he could come out of Junsu's guts, a dark wash of want filling his groin. Yoochun couldn't get any further in but his body needed more, wanted so much more of the beautiful young man offering everything of himself for the singer to take.

The scant spit from Junsu's mouth soon dried under the continuous thrusts, Yoochun hitting up with each long stroke, his shaft driving the moisture past the ring and into Junsu's body. The tenor's pants became tortured, his pleasure nearly reaching its peak under the mingled pleasure-pain of his tightness. A slight burn began along his cleft, the push and pull of Yoochun's shaft rubbing at him and touching up against the shock of nerves enflamed by his desire.

Gripping at the bed, Junsu bent his head down, resting his forehead on the pulled back sheets. Surrendering himself to his lover's thrusts, he rode the sensations of being pulled apart, his core being pushed aside by Yoochun's hardness. While each stroke hit his core, he trembled under the lightning overwhelming him, the tender nerves nearly too painful to touch as his pleasure filled him. Junsu wasn't sure how much more he could take, his body fully open and accepting Yoochun's width. With the ring stretched all the way, the shaft now rode in easily, rocking back and forth in a steady rhythm broken only by Yoochun's grasp of Junsu's sex.

The touch of the other's fingers on his tip spilled Junsu's seed, the explosion of his body sudden and twisting his nerves. He fell forward, his limbs twitching with the power of their movements. The sensation started in his face, a familiar near-blush that warned him his sac would soon boil over. Then the tightening of his balls against the hollow of his thighs came, roiling about under Yoochun's inquisitive fingers.

Everything happened too quickly after that, the thunder of his blood roaring into his ears followed by his stomach clenching, folding his body over until he was firmly clenched about Yoochun's shaft. He let the sensations of his release wash over him, a tide he could hold back no longer. Submerged deep into his passions, Junsu barely heard the raspy scream of his lover's name, echoing up from his throat and onto the bed, as hot and wet as the seed gushing from his sex.

Yoochun's vision blurred, stars filling his mind as he let go. Bending his shoulders back, he thrust hard once then again, burying himself deep into his lover's body. The lightning working over Junsu's nerves traveled into him, shocking him into release. As his lover's muscled form closed over him, spasms carried him over the edge and a hot rush of liquid

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flowed into the small space of Junsu's passage. Another thrust pushed him further still until Yoochun was sure he'd reached deep enough inside of the tenor's body that he could touch the other's soul.

Leaving a kiss of salt in Junsu's soft core, Yoochun rocked his body gently, carrying his lover's climax along its course, slowing his body only when it seemed as if Junsu had spent his entire spill. Laying carefully over Junsu's heat-flushed back, Yoochun kissed at the other's shoulder, rubbing at the other's strong neck where tiny vermilion flecks were forming, remnants of the baritone's nibbles.

"God, I'm not going to be able to walk for a week," Junsu finally gasped, his voice harsh and rough. His breath staggered in his chest, unable to fall back into a steady rhythm. Weak-boned, he lay under his lover's heavier weight, enjoying being pressed into the mattress. The feel of Yoochun's body was a comfort, a shared pleasure that gave him some measure of safety in the chaotic world they lived in.

"I'll carry you," Yoochun promised, leaving another wet kiss mark on Junsu's shoulder. "Here, let me get a towel for you."

Junsu whined as his lover pulled away, the feeling of emptiness fighting with the relief against his entrance. The ring felt hot, tucked between his globes and he pondered on the wisdom of leaving the lubricant so far away from their bed. Shifting over, he winced, still feeling stretched open by Yoochun's thrusts. Panting, he took a deep breath, willing himself to relax around the burn.

"Here, let me see," Yoochun returned. He placed a folded towel on the bed, a damp washcloth on top of it. Unscrewing a tube of cream, the baritone gently placed his hand on his lover's hip, turning Junsu back onto his stomach.

"You knew this was going to happen," Junsu accused, eyeing Yoochun over his shoulder.

"This always happens between us," The other man laughed. "We always get too excited and one of us sits very carefully the day after. Who ever goes on the bottom first always suffers."

"True," Junsu nodded, turning his head to rest on the pillow, watching his lover pick up the wash cloth.

"I don't like to see you in pain, Susu-ah," Yoochun said, carefully washing his lover clean. He regretted taking his seed from the other's golden body. If he had his way, they would spend a week lying together, perfumed by their sex and love. Taking the wet cloth, he moved around

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Junsu's entrance, letting the water's coldness moisten his lover's bruised heat. "You should stop me before we do this again."

"If I didn't have you right then, I was going to cry," He pouted, moaning in pleasure at the icy touch of the cloth. "God, that feels good."

"Hah, that's what you said about me and look where it's gotten you!" The baritone crowed. "Still on your stomach waiting for me to do something. I'm serious, Susu, we have to be more careful. This can't be good for you."

"Anything you do is good for me," He reached for his lover's wrist, closing his fingers around Yoochun's arm. "I love you, Chunnie. I don't regret doing this. If anything, I would do it all over again and make it last longer."

"You're crazy sometimes, Duck." The baritone blew a raspberry on the small of his lover's back, making Junsu giggle. "Stop laughing. This is very delicate work."

"Okay," Junsu lay back, resting his head on his folded hands. Yoochun patted the area dry, then squeezed out a teaspoon of white lotion from the tube. The chill of the cream nearly made Junsu jump, the icy tingle spreading over the tortured heat of his body. "Aish! That's freezing!"

"Stop wiggling," Yoochun ordered. "You're making me spread it too far. You're going to look like an ice cream sundae with whipped cream all of your ass if you don't stop moving."

"Where did you get this from? A polar bear?" He struggled to maintain his position but the other's moving fingers were nearly too much to bear. Junsu felt himself getting harder, the long strokes of Yoochun's digits against his core. "Ah, Chunnie, that's driving me insane."

"Does it feel better?" He ignored the wriggling singer under him, concentrating on spreading the cream on the swollen area. "Stay still. You're like talking to the wind."

"It's cold!" Junsu complained. "We'll use it on you next time and we'll see how much you like it."

"Let it sink in," Yoochun ordered, placing a kiss on Junsu's nose. Wiping his hands on the towel, he leaned back, pulling back one cheek to survey his work. "Jaejoong gave it to me."

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“You told him about this?” The tenor gasped, a rush of shame pinkening his cheeks. “God, Chunnie! Isn’t there anything that’s sacred? Do you have to share everything?”

“Joongie-ah gave me the tube without me saying anything,” Shaking his head, the baritone lay next to his suddenly bashful lover. Pulling a pillow under his chest, Yoochun sighed at Junsu’s embarrassment. “And it’s not like they don’t know we’re having sex. Changmin complains about how loud we are. I’m surprised the neighbours don’t think someone’s murdered you sometimes.”

“Oh, you are going to die,” Junsu tumbled over, yanking the pillow out from under Yoochun’s body.

Swinging at the other’s head, he connected and then rocked backward, the momentum carrying Junsu’s arms around his torso. Regaining his balance, he readied another hit, missing a chance to dodge when Yoochun tackled him about the waist, pulling him down onto the bed.

“Hey!” He complained, tasting the sheets with the flat of his tongue. “No fair! You’re heavier.”

“And you bite but I’m not stupid enough to go near your mouth,” Yoochun laughed, sitting on Junsu’s legs. “Hey! That’s my foot! No biting my foot!”

The knock on the door startled both of them, sending the couple flying apart. Panting hard, Junsu stood on the far side of the room, his calves pressed up against the arm chair. Fear flew into his chest, the ever-present threat of being discovered embracing Yoochun always in his mind. The baritone shook his head, raising himself up on his knees to kiss his lover’s trembling mouth.

“Never be afraid, Junnie-ah,” He reassured the other man. “I’m not going to let anything happen to you.”

Tossing his lover the pair of sweats he’d peeled off earlier, Yoochun grabbed one of the hotel’s bath robes, tying it around his waist. A quick flick of the sheets covered the evidence of their lovemaking, the tube of cream and towels hidden from casual view. He could do nothing about the musky scent of sex and hoped that who ever was at the door was someone with a very bad sense of smell.

Peering through the eyehole, Yoochun frowned at the sight of a liveried attendant, the man shifting as he adjusted his bow tie. Cracking open the door, the singer peered out and then down, gaping at the silver dishes nearly covering the top surface of the trolley cart.

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“Room service, sir,” The young man cleared his throat, putting on a wide smile.

“Um, we didn’t order anything,” Responding in Japanese, Yoochun replied then glanced behind him, eyes wild and questioning towards Junsu. “Junnie-ah, did you order something from room service?”

“Uh, no,” He shook his head, wondering if he could bend over to pick up the plush bunny lying on the floor and not lose his grip on his untied waistband. “Not that I would say no to food.”

“It’s from the gentlemen next door, sir,” The bellhop nodded. “Jung-san said that you would be hungry after your exercise. Shall I bring it in?”

“Ah, no, that’s okay,” Yoochun reached for the cart. He’d caught a glimpse at Junsu’s bared hips, his cotton pants drooping down around the back. One step would send the sweats tumbling to the carpet. “I’ll do that.”

“Just put the cart out in the hall when you’re done, please,” The young man bowed deeply. “Someone will come and take it.”

“Food!” Junsu nearly tripped coming across the room, his feet tangled in the sweats. Tugging them free, he climbed over the bed, sitting up on his knees as Yoochun brought the cart into the main area. “I will never speak ill of our leader again.”

“You might want to think that over,” Yoochun held up a folded note, a wide grin plastered on his face. “Yunnie-ah left you a message. Thank God it’s in Korean.”

“What’s it say?” Junsu peered under a silver dome, deeply inhaling the aroma of hot tonkatsu steaming under it.

“Dear Junsu,” Yoochun read aloud to his lover, sitting on the edge of the mattress. “We can hear you through the wall. Since it doesn’t seem like Yoochun is enough to keep your mouth full, we thought we’d send you something else to put in there. Hope it helps. Love, YunJae.”

Shunga 3

“Son of a ...” Junsu mumbled around Yoochun’s hand. Glaring over his lover’s fingers, the tenor tapped furiously at the piece of paper.

“You kiss me with that mouth?” The other man snorted, wincing and pulling back when he felt Junsu’s teeth bite down into the soft flesh of his palm. “Ouch! Hey! Don’t get mad at me.”

“I’m not,” Glowering, he took the scrawled message and studied it. “It’s in Yunho’s handwriting but it sounds like Jaejoong.”

“It is signed YunJae,” The savoury scent of cooked meat wafted through the room. Yoochun inspected the dishes the older men ordered, approving each with a nod of his head. “They at least took care of us. Look at this. Little dishes of panchan. It’s like we’re at home”

Sniffing at one of the vegetable offerings, Yoochun peered curiously at the long strips of white root. “Kind of. I don’t know what this is.”

“There’s a menu here,” Junsu dragged the cart over to the bedside, patting the space next to him. “We can figure this out.”

“Tonkatsu,” Yoochun left the dome off of the plate, deeply inhaling at the steam rising from the food. “And it smells really good. What’s the rest of it?”

“Onigiri?” Junsu sounded it out. “Ah, the rice balls. With ume in it. I like that. I’ll forgive Joongie-ah for including that.”

“You should, he doesn’t like ume,” Digging around the bottom of the cart, Yoochun found utensils and crowed with delight at discovering a pair of spoons. “Ah, we are loved.”

“Either that or they think that we can’t use our fingers any more for chopsticks.” He was still a bit bitter at being called loud. Yes, Junsu reasoned, his throat was a little scratchy but that was probably due to the air conditioning and the travel. More than likely, his husky tone had nothing to do with the bout of screaming he’d done when Yoochun was planted deep inside of him. “What else is there?”

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“It looks like cucumber kim chee,” Yoochun grinned, picking up the bowl to sniff at it. The vinegar mixture was sweeter than he expected and without the tang of peppers. “Almost. I don’t know.”

“The menu says that is Tsukemono,” He sounded the word out. “Did I pronounce that right? Su-kay-mo-no?”

“It sounds good,” The taste of sweet and fresh burst on Yoochun’s tongue as he chewed a piece of the vegetable. “I think it’s got mooli in it too.”

“Ah, this one looks a bit like danmuji,” Junsu poked at the bright yellow semi-circles. “Like half-moons. Ah, takuan. The paper says tah-coo-wahn.”

“It’s sweeter too. Spicy. This one is hot,” Yoochun fanned his open mouth, huffing out his breaths. “Chili. I found the chilis.”

“What, you think you’re Min with an iron stomach?” He teased. “Go carefully.”

“I’m hungry,” Chewing around a mouthful of food, the baritone tucked his legs under him, reaching for a bowl of rice. “You wore me out.”

“Just be careful what you touch,” Junsu warned him off of picking up a slice of nearly-crimson kim chee with his fingers.

“What? We eat all the time with our fingers,” A slap across the back of his hand made Yoochun jerk back. “What?”

“Think about where your fingers might be in a few hours,” Settling gingerly down on the bed, Junsu nudged his lover with his shoulder. “Use your chopsticks.”

“Oh,” The man grimaced an apology, wrinkling his nose at Junsu’s teasingly stern face. “Sorry, didn’t think.”

Junsu offered Yoochun a slice of meat, following the delicacy with a kiss. He was fed in return, careful mouthfuls of rice mingled with pickled vegetables, dainty bits arranged on a spoon for him to taste. The sour bit of umeboshi stuck to the roof of his mouth, its tang soothing on his worn throat. As Yoochun’s Adam’s apple bobbed during a swallow, Junsu bent over to kiss the rolling movement under his kin, making his lover burst out into a sharp laugh.

“You’re going to make me choke,” Rubbing at his short hair, Yoochun tumbled back onto the bed, coughing around his giggles. “Come here.”

“Why? The other man flirted, a coy smile cast in the other’s direction. Shifting, he stared down at Yoochun’s legs. The line of muscle along the

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other's calves aroused him, a sensitive twitching along his sex as his head rubbed on the sheets. "You come here. It's your turn. And besides, you've been digging around in the kim chee. You're crazy if you think I'm coming near you with those fingers."

"You like my fingers!" He complained. "What about your fingers? Should I let you come near me with those?"

"How about if I come near you with my mouth?" Junsu slid over the bed, rumpling the sheets as he moved across the mattress.

A tug at Yoochun's robe belt stripped the loose cotton fabric from the other's hips, leaving him bare to the other's lips. His tongue found the plump sac between his lover's legs, and he traced the dark line that separated the two orbs rolling inside.

"Lean back, Chunnie-ah," Junsu licked again, sending the other man into shivers. He blindly reached for the duffel he knew was somewhere near his foot, the nylon bag crinkling as he moved. A small pocket on the side held what he needed, a small triangular tube that would slick Yoochun's body for him.

His throat closed down on his lover's length, its head jumping up to hit his palate. Yoochun's hands dug into his hair, tugging his head back up, the sensations nearly too much for the baritone to take. Going slower, Junsu lowered back down, moving his tongue around until moisture dripped down Yoochun's shaft. His fingers were waiting to catch his spit, spreading it around the base of his lover's sex and into the tight hole he had to work loose.

"Chunnie, can you get the gel open?" Junsu's voice echoed in Yoochun's ears, his mind nearly broken under the spell of his lover's mouth.

With Junsu's tongue wrapped around his length, Yoochun lost all sense of where he was, plunged down into the velvet sweetness of heat settling around him. Scrambling for the sleek tube, he could barely open its lid before the lubricant slithered free, the pressure of his thumb working out the air.

A spurt of cold on open hand was nearly lost under Yoochun's moan. Grinning around a mouthful of the other man, Junsu tucked his gelled hand around Yoochun's tightened sac, rubbing the tingling liquid into the musky skin. The faint mint scent mingled with his lover's more earthy aroma, their past lovemaking adding a spice to the mix.

The smell of his own body on Yoochun made Junsu hard, a thick vein on his shaft throbbing in anticipation for the heat of the other man. The

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baritone's hands were roaming around Junsu's chest, moving around over the other's glistening skin. Moving, Junsu felt the rub of something under his knee, the rough terrycloth belt of Yoochun's robe slipping against the satiny sheets.

"Turn over, Chun," Junsu whispered, biting into the soft meat of his boyfriend's thigh. "I want to do something."

Yoochun paused for a moment, eyeing the glint in his lover's eyes. Searching his heart, he found nothing in it but trust for the pretty-faced man he fell in love with. Nodding silently, he twisted his body over, sliding up along the bed until his shoulders lay flat against the mattress. The feel of Junsu's hands over the back of his legs gave him a start. This touch was different, a feathery skim of exploring fingers, barely enough to ruffle the down along his skin.

"Do you love me, Chunnie?" Junsu's whisper ran dark, a dangerous shadow under his words. "Do you trust me?"

"Yes," He responded. There was nothing else he could say. He would go anywhere for Junsu, do anything. Biting at his upper lip, Yoochun nodded again. "Anything, Susu-ah."

"Close your eyes. Let me do this then."

His hands were pulled up from his sides, guided to the small of his back. Curious, Yoochun twisted his shoulders, trying to see what Junsu was doing but the other's hands closed over his temple. Remembering Junsu's instructions, he screwed his eyes shut, plunging himself into a steep blackness.

A rough cloth wrapped around his wrists, binding them together over his tattoo. The knot was tight, giving him just enough room so as not to lose circulation but a tug on the wrapping held against his faint struggles. Yoochun shifted an inch, his shoulders hard against the mattress, his arms pulled back and bound tight.

"Lift your hips, Yoochun,"

Junsu's hands were on his waist, pulling him up. Yoochun fought to gain purchase on the slippery sheets, his knee nearly going out from under him. Caught about the stomach by Junsu's arm, he felt himself being maneuvered up, his face pushed down against one of the pillows. The linens smelled of his lover and a whiff of Junsu's mint toothpaste. Slightly damp still from Junsu's mouth, Yoochun turned until his cheek rested on the slightly wet spot.

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His knees were pulled into different directions until he was spread open, displayed and vulnerable. The belt rubbed against his wrists, its end trapped under his clenched hands. Unable to hold onto anything else, Yoochun tangled his fingers into the terrycloth tie, clutching at it tightly. His weight settled firmly against his shoulders, taking most of the strain off of his stomach and legs. He felt the pillow being tugged out from under his face, the stressed angle of his neck immediately becoming more comfortable.

Yoochun quivered, blind and defenseless. He'd never felt so exposed before, the air brushing against the whorl of muscle between his buttocks. The weight of his sac pulled down, helpless to Junsu's touch. His sex strained against the sheets, trapped between his stomach and the linens. The barest movement of his body against his bindings sent a nerve-tingling shudder up from his shaft and into his limbs, leaving him nearly weeping at the clench of tightness on his sex.

"Susu-ah," He moaned, trying not to rub against the bedding. His arousal was sharp, a starburst of near-pain in his belly. The moisture of his release had already begun, leaking into the sheets.

"Give me time, Chunnie," His lover whispered, licking at the round globe under his mouth. Junsu ran his teeth over the mound, working his fingers around the other, flexing his fingers into the meaty flesh. "Don't start without me."

Junsu bent for the tube, coating his fingers with the gel. Rubbing his thumb into the lubricant, he activated its chill, smiling when the underlying warmth kicked in. He knew what Yoochun would feel first and he smiled, a wicked deliciousness spreading into his soul.

Water dripped from Junsu's hand, the gel shedding drops into rivulets down his arm. He knew he would have to go quicker than he'd planned. The hard length of Yoochun's shaft bulged under the other's stomach, threatening to slide free from its fleshy prison. Roiling tight into the press of his body, his sac plumped and turned, the coils bobbing and contracting with each breath Yoochun took.

Junsu worked the ice cube into his lover, reveling in the astonished gasp of shock when the cold square meet Yoochun's hot core. He placed a hand on the other's back, holding him down before he lifted free of the bed. With his digits slick from the water-resistant gel, Junsu worked his index finger besides the ice cube, working it in deep past the ring until it rested snug into the tight passage.

Another followed, picked up from the tray that he spilled them into. His mouth guided the second one in. Junsu couldn't trust Yoochun not to

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twist away from the torturous filling. With his fingers, he pushed the cube in, lapping at the water that spilled from the other's hole. Bared and open, the pout bloomed, spread apart by Junsu's fingers and the flexing of Yoochun's wriggling body. The baritone's legs nearly slid out from under him, threatening to topple both men over. A slap across his ass stopped the singer from moving, the red mark standing out on his pale skin.

"Stay still, Chunnie-ah," Junsu growled, nipping along the curve of Yoochun's sac, following the crease down to the root of his sex. His teeth pulled on the small slack still left in the other man's hardened flesh, Yoochun's hips jerking forward each sharp bite.

"Can't last," Yoochun's gasps were coming in small pants, his heart struggling to keep a steady beat. The feel of his lover's hot tongue mingled with the freezing squares being pushed into him drove him insane and he pushed his hips up, his body begging to be filled. "Susuah, please. No more."

"You don't want this then?" Junsu steadied himself on his knees, rubbing the tip of his hard cock against Yoochun's moistened entrance. "Shall I leave you like this then? I could do this to you all night."

"God you're evil," Moaning, Yoochun's entrance flexed tight against the barest whisper of Junsu's gel-slick head. "Junsu, don't... please, just please."

"You're pretty like this, Chunnie," He bent over, licking at the other man's fingers, drawing first one then another into his mouth, leaving them as wet as he'd left the pout he was pushing on. "I think I want to see you like this more often."

"Junsu, I'm begging you," The baritone's voice broke, rough and husky with need. "God, I can't hold on."

Grabbing at Yoochun's wrists with one hand, Junsu guided himself against the other's entrance, coaxing his lover's body to accept him. The ring pushed him back, drawn tightly closed from the ice but the gel eased him through, the heart-shaped head of his sex sliding past the rim and into the chilled heat. Yoochun arched, straining to push his lover further in but Junsu resisted, taking his time as he worked deeper.

The remaining ice cubes were still sharply cold, tiny glaciers amid the lava-moistness Junsu buried himself into. Pressed against Yoochun's rear, he bucked up, a jerking motion that brought his length hard against the tangle of nerves controlling his lover's release. The touch made Yoochun spasm, his muscles reacting to the long caress.

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Amid the cold and hot, Yoochun wasn't sure which would be the death of him. That is until Junsu started rocking his hips, holding Yoochun's waist still as he began to pound with an unrelenting rhythm into the other man's core. Each stroke brought him closer to the edge, the melting ice cubes staving off his release. They were melting too quick for Junsu's liking but the tray was out of reach and the man held fast under him would soon be spilling his own seed by the sounds working loose from Yoochun's throat.

A growl came free first, a low rumbling creep of sound followed by a higher pitched moan. Yoochun tilted his body up, arching to fill Junsu's hands with his hips. Straining, he thrust up, using his shoulders for leverage as the other man stroked into him, the bed creaking loudly as he struggled to be filled.

Biting down, Yoochun filled his mouth with sheets that tasted of Junsu's seed, the milky liquid now dried and flaking onto his tongue. Swallowing, he let go of the linens, unable to control himself from letting loose the boiling torment of need in his belly.

The tangle of profanity spilling from his mouth would have surprised Yoochun if he'd been listening but the cascade of emotions simmering in his soul finally spilled and he screamed, his throat raw with the sound of Junsu's name. He barely registered the pleas for his lover to go deeper, his mind scrambling to keep up with the needs of his overwrought body. There was a dim echo of agreement from Junsu, his lover shouting his name then came the rush of molten liquid Yoochun needed so very badly.

His orgasm curled his body around his stomach, hips raised to take Junsu's lessening thrusts. Lifted from the bed, Yoochun came in long ripened ropes of seed, splattering along his stomach and splashing droplets along his thighs. The scent of his lover's release pushed Junsu over the edge and he craned to go deeper, hoping to bury himself as far into Yoochun as possible before he lost control.

Junsu felt the first wave of his desire break when Yoochun's whorled muscle clenched down on his shaft. The ripple of his lover's body ran up and down his sex, massaging each nerve until his length was nearly too sensitive to take much more. His shaft head throbbed, almost pained from the thrusting into the other's heat. The ice was long melted, leaving only the scorching sear of Yoochun's body wrapped around him. He knew it was time when his sac parted and tucked in tight against his thighs, the hollow under his sex filled with its hard rounds. The roil had stopped, the skin stretched taut as he struggled to maintain his rhythm, drilling into Yoochun's passage with steady thrusts.

Drawn Passions

He fell, letting go of his control. Yoochun's core sizzled with his release, spilling up deep into the other's guts. Pressing his lover's rear cheeks together, Junsu milked himself with the spasm of Yoochun's muscles, riding the erotic sensations plying his sex. He leaned his head back and pushed in hard, shoving in as far as he could, touching the core of Yoochun's nerves once more, the baritone bucking and twisting from the sensations flooding his mind.

Gasping, Junsu struggled to catch his breath, his nerveless fingers working the tie loose from around Yoochun's wrists before he collapsed onto the bed. The baritone lay where he was, resting most of his weight forward, pressing his bent knees into the mattress, too weak to do anything but breathe in, his ragged gasps slowly dragging oxygen into his tortured lungs.

"Love you, Chunnie," Turning his head, the tenor was about to kiss his lover when the wall above them began to rattle.

Straining to hear the sounds, Junsu swore when he made out Yunho and Jaejoong's shouts and applause, their fists rocking the wall as they struck the plaster on the other side. Scrambling onto his knees, he pounded back, yelling at them to shut up. Their mocking laughter, nearly muted through the thick wall, fell away suddenly and Junsu glanced down at his bemused lover, Yoochun's face split with a wide grin.

"Love you too, Susu-ah," He tried to stop his giggles but they bubbled up, splashing over his lover's red-faced shame.

"Don't laugh," Junsu complained, sliding down against the headboard. "They are never going to let us forget this."

"It's okay," Yoochun lay flat on his stomach, using his elbows to pull him forward until he could reach Junsu. Kissing his lover's bent knee, he left a wet circle behind, slathering his spit over Junsu's skin. "I'll never forget this either. And that's much more important."

"Help me kill them later?" Junsu quirked one eyebrow. "After we eat, of course."

"Of course," Yoochun nodded emphatically. "Food, then murder. That's why I love you, Junnie. You always know what should come first in our lives. Sex, food and killing the hyungs. A perfect evening."