

Love Much Mine

This is a work of pure fiction.

This is not real. In any way shape or form.

fic-tion (n.)

1. a. An imaginative creation or a pretense that does not represent actuality but has been invented.

b. The act of inventing such a creation or pretense.

2. a. A literary work whose content is produced by the imagination and is not necessarily based on fact.

b. The category of literature comprising works of this kind, including novels and short stories.

Just so we're all clear :::grins:::

This is for the boys.
You are loved. You are adored.
By so many of us.

Haato and Saranghae

one

When love is not madness, it is not love.

Pedro Calderon de la Barca

“Did you ever wonder what it would be like...” Yunho trailed off, staring past his reflection caught in the window and into the city beyond. High above Tokyo, he was still dwarfed by other buildings, tall steely fingers reaching up past the bank of windows.

“Wonder what was like?” From the kitchen, Se7en asked absently as he tasted the sauce with his fingers. In a few hours, Changmin would come by for dinner and the older man hoped he’d gotten the teriyaki mixture correct. “Come taste this. Is this too salty?”

Padding over to the counter, Yunho sipped at the end of a metal spoon, making a face at the bland sauce. “It doesn’t taste like Joongie’s.”

“I’m making teriyaki, not bulgogi,” Se7en complained, staring at the bottle of soy sauce and then the recipe he’d printed out. “It’s supposed to thicken.”

“You sure that’s not just your dick talking?” The other man sipped at his beer, answering Se7en’s sneer with one of his own. “And no, that sucks. Why don’t you just take him out to eat?”

“Because I want him to have something special,” He said with a frown. “He cooked for me once... well twice but you fucked us up the first time. I want to return the gesture. It’s romantic.”

“Romantic for Jaejoong is me saying I’ll wash the dishes,” Yunho commented, swinging up to sit on the bar chair. The leather squeaked as he moved across the cushion.

“It’s cute what you’ll do for your wife,” Se7en said, laughing when Yunho flipped him off.

“I keep daring you to say that to his face but you’re too much of a coward to do so.” The beer numbed his shoulders and Yunho stretched, grateful for their Japanese manager, Shizu.

The man relaxed their schedules at times, giving them hours off at a stretch. Juggling the members’ activities, the group stretched over the city, doing interviews and then joining up to sing on shows. Changmin and Junsu were currently out doing a promotion while Jaejoong and Yoochun used some studio time to hammer out a melody they’d been working on. At loose ends, Yunho found himself at Se7en’s apartment tasting horrible teriyaki sauce and complaining about nothing at all.

“Add sugar or something,” He finally suggested, pushing the bag over to Se7en. “Min really likes bulgogi. Making him teriyaki is okay but he prefers his meat Korean.”

“Oh, you don’t have to tell me that,” Se7en winked at his sometimes-friend. “I am more than happy to give Min all the Korean meat he needs.”

“God, you’re an asshole,” Yunho said, shaking his head and tipping his beer back for another sip. “Why the hell does Min even come near you?”

“Because he likes assholes,” The other man replied, tapping a cupful of sugar into the mix. He swirled it in slowly, breaking the crystals up with circular movements. “Minku...”

“Don’t call him that.” Wrinkling his nose, Yunho rubbed at his face. “I overheard him talking to Je Je about how it leaves his mouth open so it’s wide enough to slide something wet in. I don’t want that image in my mind. I shouldn’t have that image in my mind.”

“You’ve got to stop eavesdropping then, hyung,” Se7en teased.

“Hyung my ass,” Yunho sniped back. “Just call him Changmin if you have to talk about him.”

“Minku,” Se7en slurred a seductive emphasis on Changmin’s nickname. “He likes complicated things. He’s a thinker. I like that about him. He likes me because I have a wicked streak in me that matches his. Your youngest is a naughty, wicked young man.”

“He’s a boy,” Yunho grouched, laughing into his beer when Se7en rolled his eyes. “No, I know he’s a man now. You’ve made him one.”

“Sex doesn’t make a man,” The other disagreed softly. “Anyone can stick themselves into something hot and wet. It takes a man to make it pleasurable. You should know that by now, Yunnie-ah and if you don’t, then your kitten needs someone new to love him.”

“No one but me needs to love my kitten. I’d kill anyone who touched him, including you.”

“If I touched him, you don’t have to worry about killing me.” Se7en snorted as he blended sesame seed oil into his sauce. “You’ll find small pieces of me on the floor with Min picking at his teeth with my bones.”

“True,” Yunho agreed. The smell of food poked his hunger. With his lover wrapped up in music, it would be several hours before he was fed, more if Yoochun and Junsu made them wait. Maybe he’d listen to his own advice and take Jaejoong out for food. But then, he reasoned, anything tasted better when he stole kisses and bites of noodles from Jae’s succulent mouth.

“What were you asking me?” Se7en looked up. “Before when you were staring out of the window.”

“Um.” Yunho’s face stained red and he ducked his head down. It was easier when he was looking away from Dong-wook but with the other man so close, he wasn’t sure he could get the words out of his mouth.

“I won’t tell anyone,” Se7en promised. “Are you having a difficult time getting it up? Do you need to shove a chopstick down there to hold you stiff so you can have sex?”

“This is why I don’t want you to see Minnie-ah.” Yunho stabbed an accusatory finger at his friend’s chest, poking the other man hard. “I need you to be serious and you mock my manhood.”

“Ho, you’re serious,” Se7en said, stepping back. “Really? I mean...it’s not that is it?”

“No, it’s not that,” Yunho said. He took a deep breath and glanced up at Se7en’s earnest face.

The other man was a good friend and an even better enemy. They drove one another on, sometimes wringing out every last ounce of patience and energy from their bodies until they collapsed from dancing or arguing. It was a balance he'd needed for a long time. Wrapped up too tight in the role of leader, he couldn't reach out to the others for a friendship like the one Jaejoong shared with Yoochun. He could see the awakenings of a relationship with Se7en, however odd it might seem to the outside world. The other man understood Yunho, and best of all, could keep a secret.

Putting the spoon down, Se7en gave the man his full attention. "What is it then?"

"I think Jaejoong needs...something more," Yunho whispered, turning the beer bottle around in his hand. The glass scraped over the counter, a chalky sound on the stone. "I think he needs to be... or wants to... be inside of me and I don't know if I can do that. I just don't know."



"Honey, I am home!" Junsu called out into the apartment, flinging his jacket onto the couch.

Changmin shuffled in behind him, working his sneakers off and leaving them in the rack by the door. Shrugging off his hoodie, the young man stretched, cracking the knot between his shoulder blades. The promotion took longer than expected and his face hurt from smiling too much.

He'd groaned when he heard the others wouldn't be going with them, especially Jaejoong who could tease his way out of any tight situation. When they'd arrived at the radio station, he could almost taste the hostess' disappointment when their lanky, volatile singer wasn't with them but her smile didn't slip and she greeted the Korean men with a deep respectful bow. The box of chocolates she handed him smelled

delicious and she'd murmured in delight at the elaborately wrapped cookies he'd brought as omiyage.

The chocolates would be something he brought to Se7en. Feeding the older man's sweet tooth was a delight, especially when Se7en bit into a truffle and slid his mouth over Min's to share. They'd taken two hours to eat four chocolates once. With ten in the box, Min hoped he could occupy his lover for the entire night.

"You're home!" Yoochun bounced out of the hyungs bedroom, capturing Junsu in his arms. The baritone spun his lover around, planting butterfly kisses along the other man's throat. Sucking noises crept down the hall, making Changmin curl his lip in disgust.

"Go do that in your room," He said, pushing the two men towards the end of the hall.

"I can think of better things to do in our room," Junsu laughed. Hooking his legs up, he curled himself around Yoochun's thin body. "Giddy up. I shall be the cowboy. You can be the horse."

"I don't want to know about that either," Changmin cursed, wiping his face with his palm. "Great, now I have that image in my head."

"You sound like Yunho," Jaejoong laughed. Leaning against the doorframe of his bedroom, the older man looked relaxed, the worry lines around his eyes were gone and his skin shone porcelain clear. "He's always grumbling about them."

"Yunnie-ah is right," Min said, flopping onto the large bed dominating the room. His body stretched out, he nearly

reached from the headboard to the foot of the mattress. "Ah, this feels good. I like your bed. It reminds me of Shichi's."

"I think Yunho would definitely not want to hear that," Jae teased, falling on his stomach near Min. His fingers stroked at the younger man's hair, swiping strands of golden silk from the other's eyes. "Are you heading over there tonight?"

"Yeah," Min nodded, letting his eyes drift nearly closed. He watched the light fracture into stars on his eyelashes and the spots reminded him of the bursts of pleasure Se7en could draw from his body. Hardening quickly, Min swallowed and tried to think of other things, trapping his mind in a curl of mathematics before his want for his lover slackened. "He drives me insane. I just think of him and..."

"You need him," Jae sighed, lying with his chin on his hands. Beyond the open door, giggles erupted from the other room, its thick wood door doing little to mute the couple behind it. "Just like they need each other."

"But with less silliness," Min said with a roll of his eyes. "Or at least mature silliness. If that's possible. I think it is. We don't... do whatever it is those two do. I don't think I've ever seen two people more ridiculous than Yoochun and Junsu. It's like they're children."

"Children don't do what they're doing in there," Jae reminded him. "And silly for them is good. They lighten their hearts with it. Without that, Yoochun would be too dark and Junsu would burst apart from holding it in. Think of Yoochun feeding off of it to make him brighter."

"Chunnie, the giggle vampire," Min laughed. "Sucking Junsu's laughter into his soul so he can walk through the daylight."

“Our Chunnie barely wakes up during the day,” Jae replied, pretending to think hard. “You might be right, Minnie-ah. What shall we do?”

“Ah, I’m too sour for him to eat off of so I’m safe,” Changmin said, leaning into Jaejoong’s hand to feel the other man’s warmth. “You and Yunho are too strong together so he won’t have a chance there. No, he’s only allowed to feed on Junsu.”

“Good thinking.” The older man nodded. Turning over, he lay still as Min shuffled around to lean into the crook of his arm. Lying against one another, they stared up at the ceiling, watching the overhand fan’s arms spin soft shadows about the room. “Did you have fun at the radio station?”

“Aish, no work,” Min shoved the subject off. “She gave me chocolates. We gave her the cookies. I think she liked them. Junsu got chocolates too and there are boxes for the three of you even though you didn’t come. I told her I would give you a kiss for her.”

“Do it now before Yunho comes home,” Jae laughed when Min kisses his arm. “Ah, good place for it. He’ll never see it there.”

“Would he even look?” He yawned, wondering if he had time for a nap before meeting up with Se7en. “Does he get jealous still?”

“Not as much,” Jaejoong replied, hooking his arm around Min’s shoulders. “Although I think he still gets angry about Dong-Wook.”

“I think he just likes being angry about Dong-Wook,” Changmin fought off another yawn. “He wouldn’t know what to do if he was actually friends with my Shichi. Aish, I’m tired.”

“Me too,” The singer admitted. Pulling his cell phone from his pocket, he set a timer notice and lay the mobile down on the night stand. “Let’s take a nap. We have a couple of hours before you have to leave and I can make a quick dinner for Yunho to eat. I think we’ve seen the last of Junsu and Yoochun for the night.”

“A nap sounds good,” Changmin said around his open mouth. He laughed, wiping at the cobra-spit thread that shot from under his tongue. “Aish, I’m a snake.”

“No, silly,” Jaejoong corrected sleepily. “You’re a Minku but it’s okay, you can be a snake for a little while. I like snakes.”

“Do you think Yunho will make those noises again if he sees us like this?” The young man murmured, a wicked thought forming in his mind. “He said that seeing us together makes him hot.”

“Heh, good then,” Jaejoong’s voice rumbled in his chest. “We’ll sleep like this and you’ll head off to your Shichi. Then I can take care of Yunho’s hot all by myself.”

Two

*Other men said they have seen angels, But I have seen thee
...And thou art enough.*
G. Moore

“Aish, the two of you are killing me,” Yunho sighed, resting his forehead against the door frame. Both exasperated and turned on by his body’s reaction to the men tangled up on his bed, he drew out his cell phone and snapped a picture of the singers. Framing the shot carefully, he cropped it and sent it to Se7en with a clear firm text to come get his boyfriend.

His phone blipped a moment later and he growled at the other man’s response. Why don’t you keep them warm for me. And leave the door unlocked. I’ll be right there to take care of it.

“Ass,” He muttered, taking a final longing glance at the men. The bed was big enough for five. God knew they’d all piled into it during a thunderstorm to watch lightning crackle across the black night sky. He was about to fall onto the covers himself when the door behind him opened and chaos poured out.

"Yunnie!" Junsu bounced from the bedroom, his hair damp and hanging into his face. Behind him, a sloe-eyed Yoochun padded out on bare feet, wearing nothing but low-slung cotton pants and a smile. A dark purple bite mark shone on the baritone's chest, a few inches from his collarbone. Unprepared for the younger man's assault, Yunho tumbled to the floor when Junsu tackled him in a full hug.

They hit the wood floor with a hard smack. Yunho's cheek smarted from the contact and the air in his lungs flew from his mouth, pushing a soft whoosh from his lips. Turning, he pounded a fist into Junsu's round ass, shoving at the younger man.

"Get off," He grunted, unable to gain enough leverage to remove Junsu's weight from his ribs. "You're heavy."

"Not heavy when he's sitting in my lap," Yoochun smirked, grabbing his lover's wrists when Junsu held his hands up for the other man to grab. "Maybe you're just getting weak in your old age."

"Probably not used to anyone being on top of him," Junsu teased. "Poor Jaejoong is probably always on his back or belly."

"Hey!" Yunho scrambled to his feet, quick with a slap to Junsu's bare shoulder. He left a handprint, a pink mark that Yoochun quickly kissed away. "What is it with all of you? Talking about what we do in the bedroom?"

"Sure," Yoochun shrugged, nodding his head to the sleepy voiced Jaejoong waking up to the noise in the hallway. "Not like you two are exactly quiet."

"You should talk," Changmin murmured, sitting up and rubbing at his eyes. His lashes tangled, making him uncomfortable. Unable to shake his nap off quickly, he

yawned and stretched his arms out, nearly smacking Jaejoong in the forehead. "Ah, sorry, Joongie-ah."

"You better get ready, no?" Yunho growled at their youngest. "Don't you have plans tonight?"

"Shit," Min scrambled off the bed, hunting for his shoes before he recalled leaving them at the door. "Shichi should be here soon. I need a shower. Someone open the door for him. Just not Junsu. Someone else. Someone sane."

"I'm sane!" Junsu grumbled, flaring his nostrils and lifting his chin up. "He's just old."

Their youngest sprinted off of the bed, elbowing Yunho as he passed. The other two followed him down the hall, either to torment Changmin or in search of food. Yunho didn't care which they chose, as long as he was left alone with Jaejoong. Carefully closing the door, he twisted the lock with a quiet snick and stared at the long-legged man sprawled out on the bed.

His hair shone a rich sable, secretly Yunho's favourite colour for Jaejoong's soft mane, and his eyes were naked of their customary contacts, their warm deep honey brown soulful and open as the singer looked up at him through hooded lids. The young man's mouth sang with temptation and sin, a siren song Yunho could rarely ignore. It was his downfall and it drew him forward before Yunho was even aware he'd taken a step. Pale against the blood red linens, Jaejoong stretched out and welcomed Yunho's weight as the man lay over him. Resting his weight on his knees and elbows, Yunho stared down into his lover's face, studying every mark and minute scar on the man's skin. The flaws were tiny, adding character to the heartbreaking beauty. Without the tiny mole under Jae's eye or the curve of a thin scar on his cheek, Jaejoong would be too perfect to touch, too sacred to kiss.

He bent forward, taking a subtle sip of his lover's waiting mouth. Their bodies warmed to one another, fitting in comfortably where they could and sliding in to spaces they instinctively knew were there. Yunho's hands slid under Jae's shirt, lifting it up and over his head. He left it tangled around Jaejoong's arms, holding his lover firmly tied in the fabric's folds. Pushing up with his thumb, Yunho turned Jae's chin until the other man's head was thrown back and the soft skin under his jaw was exposed to Yunho's questing mouth.

Trailing a long slithering kiss down Jae's cheek, he stopped long enough to nip affectionately at the blush birthmark on the man's neck before tracing a heart with his tongue below it. His teeth snicked at the skin, bringing up tiny red rosettes that faded quickly. He longed to leave a more permanent mark, something that would glow dark against Jae's paleness but they needed to be careful... always so careful. It chafed at him. Yunho's traditional demeanor fought with his raging need to mark and claim the other man as his. Anything to show the world Jaejoong lay splayed open for no one but him.

"Yunnie-ah," Jaejoong's moan was a deep keen of want and need. He writhed under Yunho's devastating kisses, twisting his hips up in a primal dance. "Need you..."

"Here, baby," Yunho replied.

They danced this way often, sometimes spending an hour rubbing against one another until their skin burned and sang, too sensitive to touch but the mewling need inside of them ached for fulfillment. Already primed for his fingers, Jaejoong churned and arched, trying to press himself into the flat of Yunho's palms. A skim of his hands brought Yunho's fingers to Jae's hip and he hooked his thumb on the man's waistband, pulling it down one side until the top of his thigh was

exposed. Lowering his head, Yunho laved at the jut of Jae's hipbone, holding the man's waistband down with one hand with the other roamed under Jaejoong's shirt. He found the hard arousal of Jae's nipple with his nails, scraping over the nub until Jaejoong's cries became senseless noises.

He missed the ring Jaejoong wore once. The gold hoop was something to play with, a nice cool slick ring he could twist and work with his fingers. Naked now, the nipple was more responsive than the other, its nerves bared open for the other man's touch. He moved over, flicking over the other until it hardened as well, pearling up in his palm. Below, he felt Jae's arousal thickening and pressing into his chest. Moving his shoulders, Yunho rubbed against the man's sex, trapping it between the fabric and rolling over its sensitive head. Moaning louder now, Jaejoong's hands twisted in his shirt and he began to pant, lifting his hips to get friction against Yunho's body.

"Let... me," Jaejoong gasped, his eyes flying open when Yunho left off kissing his hip and moved to the plump heart shaped heat of his sex. The wet of Yunho's mouth soaked through Jaejoong's thin clothes and the other man's teeth unerringly finding the weeping tip, nibbling at the edge until Jaejoong couldn't stand it any longer. "Need... you. Please Yunho. Now."

"Are you sure, baby?" Yunho asked, looking up at his lover's flushed face.

Sitting back on his haunches, Yunho stared down at the heated body of the man under his hands. Jaejoong's chest glistened with a sheen of sweat, his skin hot from Yunho's questing fingers and mouth. Suddenly cold, Jae caught his breath and tried to sit up, taking a moment to disentangle

himself from his shirt. Tossing it aside, he righted himself, reaching out to Yunho with a hand on the other's shoulder.

"What's wrong, Yunnie-ah?" The other man's curious expression alarmed Jaejoong, a detached and thoughtful look out of place with the simmering desire they'd shared a moment before. "Did I do something?"

"No, baby," Yunho shook his head. "It isn't what you did. It's what I haven't...done."



"Do you think they ever... switch?" Junsu asked as he wiped down the kitchen counter. Forgoing an evening out, he cleaned up after the mess he and Yoochun created while making dinner. Simple noodles seemed to grow into a production as the baritone found things to add to the broth until the ramen was weighted down with various meats and steamed vegetables. The microwave dinged and Yoochun reached into grab a plate of won-ton, puffing his cheeks when the hot dish scalded his fingertips.

"Ouch! Why so hot?" He slid the plate onto the counter and blew on his hand. Flicking on the faucet, he held the pinked tips under the cold water, washing away the pain. "Who switches? Min and his Shichi?"

Yoochun's moon-eyed look made Junsu burst into an uncontrollable laughter. He googled his eyes back at the baritone, serving up steaming noodles into large bowls. A skimmer made taking out the toppings easier and he chased a chunk of char siu around in the broth.

"Not Changmin and Dong-Wook," Junsu replied, holding his tongue between his lips as he concentrated on his fishing. "The hyungs. Do you think they... you know... trade off?"

“Didn’t you hear Yunho say he didn’t want to hear about those kinds of things?” Yoochun teased, poking a finger into Junsu’s ticklish spot.

“He didn’t want to hear us talk about it. He’s not here so we can talk about it.” Junsu yelped and edged away. “Stop that. I keep missing the green onions.”

“Pour the broth in and the rest of it will come,” Yoochun said, resting his chin on the shorter man’s shoulder. “It’ll be faster.”

“There’s too much broth for that.” Junsu slapped Chunnie’s hand away from his butt. “Go put the movie in so it’ll be ready when I bring the bowls in. Oh, and maybe get us something to drink?”

“Do you want beer or soda?” Yoochun reluctantly drew away but not before giving the man’s ripe ass a pinch.

Junsu made noises about a soft drink and he retrieved to tall bottles of cola from the ice box. Grabbing utensils, he headed into the living room and arranged place settings on the coffee table. Humming, he popped in the drifting movie Junsu chose and turned to study the room. A few plumps of pillows made the place look homier but something was missing. Lighting candle pillars added to the feeling of the room but their dinner wasn’t quite ready yet.

Vaulting over the loveseat, he ran to their room, his feet stomping loudly over the wood floor. Approaching the bedrooms, he slowed, not wanting to disturb the others. In a moment he found what he was looking for, retrieving it from its spot on their pillows. Stealing back into the living room, he rearranged the pillows, placing his prize facing the television.

"Isn't this movie kind of violent for our son?" Junsu asked, nodding his head towards the lavender bunny sitting up on the end of the couch. "And it's almost past his bedtime."

"Aish, you are a horrible father," Yoochun arranged the plushie's ears, patting it on the head before sitting down. Patting the seat next to him, he leered at Junsu. "Come here, baby."

"That can wait until I put this down," He replied, maneuvering around the table and setting a laden dinner tray down. Steam rose from the noodles' broth, a fragrant seafood aroma that woke up Yoochun's hunger. Sitting down, he moved one bowl over for Chunnie and placed the other in front of him, cracking apart a pair of take out chopsticks. "Go easy. It's hot. You always burn yourself."

"What?" Yoochun said around a mouthful of steaming noodles. The heat hit the roof of his mouth and he gaped, sucking in cold air. "Ouch. Hot."

"You never learn," Junsu shook his head, plucking a won ton from the bowl. Blowing on it to cool, he amused himself by watching Yoochun sip soda to cool down his mouth. Holding the won ton out with his chopsticks, he offered it to Yoochun. "Here. This is cool enough to eat, piggie."

"Nom," Yoochun opened his mouth wide and closed his lips over the dumpling, grinning as he pulled away. "It's missing something."

"What?" Junsu looked down into his bowl. He'd gathered up everything he thought he could get away with and put the ingredients into the broth. Even the pink swirl of fishcake that Yoochun loved floated somewhere in the nest of goodies.

"This," Yoochun captured the back of Junsu's neck with his hand, pulling the man towards him for a kiss. Suckling at the

fullness of Junsu's upper lip, he moaned in appreciation as Junsu shifted his body against him. They shared the taste of one another, licking at their mouths and holding the other's breath in their lungs before exhaling for another sip. When Junsu's mouth felt hot and swollen from Yoochun's kisses, the baritone sighed and left a small nip on the tip of his lover's nose. "There, that's what it needed."

"We're not going to get much eating done," Junsu murmured, rolling his mouth over his lover's in a sensuous kiss.

"I'm pretty sure we're not going to watch the movie," Yoochun replied, cupping Junsu's face in his hands. His fingers cradled the other man's head, sliding one down to stroke at the sensitive skin on his neck. Junsu shivered under the touch. "God, you're gorgeous, baby. So fucking beautiful."

"That mouth is bad," He whispered, catching his breath when Yoochun bent him back into the cushions and pulled his shirt off. "Come and let me fill it with something else, Chunnie-ah. Something hotter than your naughty words."



"What you haven't done?" Jaejoong propped himself up on his elbows and looked towards the bathroom. "What? The laundry? Isn't it my turn?"

"Not the laundry," Yunho sighed, cursing his lover's random thoughts. "I'm talking about... us. Between us."

"I'm pretty sure we've covered all of the basics," Jaejoong smiled, tucking his hand under his head and leaned back into the mattress. Playing with the hoop in his belly button, he pursed his lips as if in thought. "Yep, pretty sure. What did we forget?"

"You...inside of me," Yunho said, crossing his legs under him.

"Oh, that." Jae puffed his cheeks out and blew out slowly. "Now you bring this up? In the middle of... that?"

"I've been thinking about it for a while now." He bent his head back, closing his eyes. His body was still hard from touching Jaejoong's smooth skin and the last thing he wanted was to talk but the nibbling voice in the back of his mind prodded him on. "I thought we should... talk about it."

"Now?" He shifted on the bed. Plucking at the damp spot on his pants, Jaejoong exhaled hard. "Okay...now. I can do now. Give me a second."

He left Yunho on the bed, unlocking the door and paced to the kitchen with his hands knotted into his hair. Passing the couple spread on the couch, Jae made a half-hearted murmur against them having sex in the living room before throwing open the refrigerator door. Staring at its contents, he let the cold air wash over his sex-heated chest and belly. The chill hit the wet spot from Yunho's mouth and he winced, feeling the ache in his sex subside with a grumble.

"What's wrong?" Yoochun appeared behind him. In the living room, Junsu gritted his teeth and plucked the bunny up from the cushions. "Junsu, hold on. They're having problems."

"They're always having problems. They are one big problem." He grumbled from the living room. "I just don't understand why their problems always become our problems. Why can't they just have their own problems and not share them? Why do they always have to share?"

"It's okay, Chunnie-ah," Jaejoong cupped his best friend's cheek, patting at his face. "I'm okay."

“Then why are you standing in front of the refrigerator?” Chunnie’s eyebrows came together in confusion.

“I am getting a soda,” Jae said, grabbing a cold bottle from the back. “You go back to Susu and continue... well, doing what I was doing but no, now I can’t.”

“What? Why not?” Junsu joined Yoochun, wrapping his arms around the baritone’s stomach and peering over his shoulder. “Is everything okay? I mean... everything’s working right?”

“Everything seems to work fine,” Jaejoong muttered as he stalked back down the hallway. “It’s Yunho. He’s decided he wants to talk instead.”

Three

What else is love but understanding and rejoicing in the fact that another person lives, acts, and experiences otherwise than we do...?

Friedrich Nietzsche

“Your leader-sshi is a wicked man. In case you didn’t know,” Se7en said, stirring a bowl of miso soup. A blackened cookie sheet lay partially in the sink, soaking in hot water and soap suds. The kitchen smelled faintly of smoke and burnt soy sauce. On the counter, white takeout containers did battle with dishes of pickled vegetables and salads. “Here, open your mouth for me, baby.”

Min leaned forward, half closing his eyes as Se7en filled a wide-bowled spoon with soup and guided it to his mouth. The salty sweet miso went down smooth, even smoother when Se7en followed it with a kiss. Their mouths met, trapping grains of miso between them. Licking his lover’s pout, Se7en wiped at the corner of Min’s lips, tucking the crumbs of his kiss back into his mouth.

“There you go, Minku,” Se7en whispered. “You’re better?”

“No, I think I might need another sip,” Min said. He caught at Se7en’s wrist when the man reached for the bowl. “Not the soup, Shichi. Another sip of you.”

Se7en’s touch was soft, a shimmering lightness over his own mouth. Changmin deepened the touch, sliding his tongue past the other man’s lips and delicately darted his tip against the roof of Se7en’s mouth, teasing at the light ridges. The older man laughed, unable to help himself. Catching the sound in his mouth, Min made a show of puffing his cheeks and swallowing, turning his head when Se7en grabbed at his hips.

“Give that back,” He growled, failing at a frown. His wide mouth burst into a smile and the struggle to reach Min’s mouth tumbled them both to the floor.

“Too late. It’s mine,” Min replied, trying to swim away from Se7en’s grip. The older man held him fast, pushing his slender hips into the thick area rug. The pile worked up under his shirt, tickling the small of his back. “Ah, let me go. I have stolen it. It’s mine. You can’t have it. All your laughter belongs to me.”

“I’ll just take some of yours,” Se7en straddled Min’s legs, laying over his lover’s long torso.

Softening his touch, he ran his hands up Min’s side, over the ticklish spot of his ribs but didn’t linger long enough to make the young man squirm. His fingers made quick work of Min’s shirt buttons, leaving Min’s belly exposed. Dipping his head down, he licked at the young man’s belly button then drew his mouth into an O before making sucking noises over Min’s stomach.

“Hey! No! That is not what I want there,” Min squirmed away, hooking his elbows on the rug in an attempt to slide out from under Se7en. Trapped firm, he writhed, twisting to loosen his legs. “No... that tickles.”

“Mine,” Se7en said, nipping at Min’s belly. “Stop wiggling. You’re making me lose my spot.”

“You’re supposed to be feeding me dinner,” Changmin looked up, lifting his head to stare down his body at his lover. “Remember?”

“Oh, I thought I having you as dinner,” He winked. “I like my idea much better.”

When he slid his fingers into Min’s waistband and used his teeth to undo the button of Changmin’s jeans, the younger man leaned back into the rug and sighed, wondering exactly when in their relationship he’d become accustomed to Se7en’s hands taking possession of his body.

The slither of cotton on his hips hardened Min’s sex. It pushed and strained against the fabric, a dampness forming in the slit when Se7en’s calloused fingertips stroked at his soft pale hip. A puff of breath on his belly button and Min closed his eyes, fisting his fingers into the rug’s plush, riding the sensations of his lover’s touch.

In the dark of his self-induced blindness, Min felt his zipper give and then heard a metallic rasp when the teeth released his trapped arousal. Held back by only the mutable cotton of his briefs, it pulsed and throbbed under Se7en’s hot breath then quivered when the older man licked along its clothed length.

He’d fallen into a murmur of thoughts, unable to separate his mewling from his words and Min panted with need when Se7en’s mouth closed over the dip in his briefs, capturing the lip of his sex’s head with strong teeth. Every nip sent shockwaves up Min’s belly and spine and his ass clenched and gave, needing to be filled or touched but Se7en’s hands never strayed from its task. Growing taut, Min’s sex steeled for the other man’s touch, every stroke was a torture and Min

tautened his shoulders, trying to ride out the tingles growing across his chest.

Changmin tried to swallow, his throat working soundlessly around its dryness. His mouth was drenched, liquid filled from his desire. Parting his lips was an invitation for possession, one Se7en took with a fierceness that both thrilled and frightened Changmin. He wanted the man more and more with each passing day and when his tongue touched the flat pad of Se7en's thumb, Min laved at it hungrily, swallowing the taste of his own skin mingled with Se7en's as if to brand their joining to the roof of his mouth.

Se7en's thumb pressed on the curve of his tongue and he sucked, wetting it thoroughly. The man's free hand tugged at his briefs and he lifted his hips, falling back down only when Se7en eased his knees up to pull the underwear off. Lying loose, his sex dipped and wove, brushing on his belly. It left a sticky trail on the dark brush under his navel, capturing the wet of his arousal. Tightening the clench of his eyes, Min gasped and rocked against Se7en's hand when the man slid his other thumb into his mouth, leaving Min's body empty of his touch and aching.

"God, you're so pretty like this, baby," Se7en whispered into Min's ear, suckling at the drop of onyx piercing his lobe. "I love seeing this in you too. I love seeing things I got you on your body. Does it remind you that you're mine?"

Changmin opened his eyes, staring up into Se7en's face. He hollowed his cheeks and sucked harder, drawing his tongue along the nails, abrading the tip. Se7en slid himself free of Min's hot moistness and the young man groaned, reaching up to replace Se7en's thumbs with his mouth.

They fought for air and Se7en used his shoulder to press apart Changmin's knees, unwilling to release their kiss. He

smiled when Min's mouth parted with astonishment as he worked the tip of one thumb against the pout of muscle hidden between his cheeks. Groaning, the younger man tilted his hips up, silently begging for more and the other man complied, sliding in past the ring with a gentle push of his thumb.

Buried up to the first joint of his thumb, the older man edged in further, stretching his lover's body slowly open. Min's hands released the rug, clasping over Se7en's shoulders in a tight grip. When the man's other thumb joined the first, he let loose a shuddering whimper, hitching his breath in when Se7en's mouth closed over his sex. When the man's tongue traced the long vein running under his shaft, Min bit at his lower lip, holding back the scream crawling in his throat.

"We should do this on the bed," Se7en murmured, easing in all the way. Fully engulfed by Min's body, he wanted to plunge in deeper, held back only by his want to see the younger man writhe at his touch. They would need more moisture before he could slide himself into Min's heat. As ready as the younger man was, Se7en felt the tightness of Min's body on fingers. "Hold onto me, baby. I'm going to take you with me."

Releasing Min was agony, sliding free of his lover's clenching body nearly a torture Se7en wasn't willing to stand but his own sex ached, pulsing and begging on its own. Dipping down, Se7en hooked one arm under Min's knees and slid the other under his shoulders, easily lifting the long-limbed man from the floor. Changmin panted, holding on to his lover's neck with a loop of his arms. His innate shyness took over and Min buried his face into the crook of Se7en's neck, suddenly aware of his nudity and the bank of windows exposing them to the Tokyo skyline. More importantly, he worried at his doubts, wondering if he were pretty enough in

Se7en's eyes, manly enough to stand against the others who'd shared his lover's bed.

The heat in Se7en's gaze as he lowered Changmin onto the bed's cool sheets was all Min needed. The older man shed his clothes, dropping them to the floor and bent over, kissing his way up Min's ankle then to his calf and thigh. Changmin's mind blanked, any lingering fears whispering away when Se7en pressed him into the mattress. Lifting his legs, he hooked his calves around the other man's legs, holding him as tightly when Se7en's arms wrapped around his waist.

"Need you," Se7en murmured, kissing the length of Min's neck. He nipped, not caring if he left a mark, almost daring Min to protest his ownership but the younger man said nothing, responding only with a roll of his hips against Se7en's thighs.

"Want..." No longer able to fully speak, Min fell into an intimate Korean, closing any space between their hearts. He knew the casual terms — had for years but the rawness of the language seemed more shocking to him than cursing. It seemed so right to use the words, a guttural crossing of boundaries and Se7en deepened his kiss, responding to Min's growing desire.

"Need to ask you something," The older man tilted his head back, grabbing at air scented with arousal and Min.

"Talk less, kiss more," Changmin frowned, his mouth turning flat. His eyes held a smile, washing away any sincerity in his growl.

"No, this is important," Se7en shuddered when Min's hand closed over his length. "Baby, I need to ask you..."

"What?" His breathing was heavy, laden with an effort to keep his thoughts straight. His fingers made long strokes

against Se7en's sex, stopping momentarily to grip the base before sliding back up again. Palming the shaft, he lightly touched its head, spreading the dampness of the older man's seed around before licking his hand clean.

Watching his lover wash himself with long feline strokes of his tongue nearly made Se7en lose his mind. Growling he bit down hard into Min's collarbone, the feel of the young man's salty skin on his tongue giving him focus. Min yelped then laughed, knowing he'd driven the man to the brink of his self-control.

"This is important," Se7en said softly. "Something... I've wanted to ask and it's okay if you say no, because... I'd understand."

"What is it?" Min cocked his head, concern creasing his forehead.

Se7en was so rarely serious. Other than his music, the older man usually kept his tone light and teasing, especially during sex. The time between them was usually short, a few hours spent delving into their pleasure that they devoted little to no time to discussing somber matters. The phone was an easier way to talk about troubling things, especially when hard times hit the singers while on tour.

"I've wanted you for so long," Se7en started, shifting so he could lie down across Min's body. "From the beginning, I've wanted you but I'd never imagined... never dreamed I'd want you like this."

"Like what?" The young man sat up slightly, resting his weight on his elbows. "What are you saying, Se7en?"

"I know... I've been the only one for you." Se7en dropped his head to Min's shoulder, exhaling hard. "God knows, now... I wish there had been... less for me, especially now that

I've tasted something as sweet as your mouth. I can't change the past but I can change the future, baby. And I can change the now, if you'd let me."

Stretching out, Se7en grabbed a folded piece of paper from the night table and offered it to Min. Turning it over, the young man opened the sheet, staring at the range of numbers and stamps printed on an official looking letterhead.

"What is this?" Changmin focused, wishing he'd passed on drinking the glass of red wine Se7en poured him. The headiness of the liquor remained in his brain, fogging his senses as much as Se7en's kisses. "It looks like a doctor's note or something. You're not sick, are you?"

"No, I'm not sick," Se7en replied, smiling. "That's the point. I took... tests to make sure I was clean of anything. I wanted to show that to you and ask you to think about... maybe having nothing between us.. when we..."

It was odd yet comforting to hear Se7en stumble over his words. The enormity of what he was asking of Min dawned on the younger man and Changmin stared up at him, his mouth partially open with understanding. Staring down at the paper, he saw the word negative in all of the columns, a simple word that meant so much to lovers sharing more than just their hearts.

"I won't... It won't hurt my feelings if you say no," The older singer explained quickly, kissing Min on the temple. "Between the two of us, I'm the least trustworthy, the most...let's face it, I've not been an angel. But I promise you, Minku, I've not been with anyone since... God, before we started even speaking on the phone. I just..."

"I believe you," Min replied, putting his hand over Se7en's lips to stop him. "I do, Shichi."

"You shouldn't," Se7en snorted, lowering his gaze to stare at the bed. He wrapped his fingers around Min's, keeping the young man close. Rubbing his thumb in a circle on Changmin's arm, he traced the young man's wrist bone. "You don't have any reason to trust me. Not really. Not considering... everything. Everything that I was... I am..."

"You're mine, remember?" Min asked, cupping Se7en's chin and lifting the man's face up. Lightly kissing the singer's mouth, Min laughed softly. "You're as much mine as I am yours. I believe you're faithful to me, Dong-Wook."

"It's a risk, baby," Se7en warned him, taking the paper and laying it down on the bed. "You're saying you trust me not to touch anyone else. That's a big thing. I can trust you... but really, can you trust me? How can you trust me? You aren't with me and baby, between the two of us, you're the good one. The pure one."

"Things between us are... neither one of us wanted forever. We weren't looking for it. We didn't want it but here it is. I trust you as much as I trust myself not to stray which is a lot because I don't want anyone but you." Min replied. "I've looked. I've wondered. When I ask Jaejoong how it is between the others, he says that's normal to... ponder about another man or even a woman but never to cross the line by giving your heart or your body to someone else. I don't think either of us would do that. I have faith that you wouldn't do that to me. I want to feel you inside of me. Feel you against me. I want to feel you lose everything you are in me. I don't think that's a risk. I think that's a gift."

"You're crazy," Se7en laughed, hugging the young man close. "I need to be certain. This is a lot to ask and it's..."

“Shichi, shut up,” Changmin bit Se7en’s lower lip gently, releasing it with a kiss. “I love you and I’m here with you, for however long you’ll have me.”

“I could say the same, you know,” Se7en chuckled, rolling Min over until he lay on Se7en’s stomach. “I’m here for as long as you’ll have me.”

“If that’s the case, baby,” Min wrinkled his nose and stole a kiss from Se7en’s smile. “You better learn how to cook because I like to eat. We can’t have take out every time we get together and your kitchen is eventually going to run out of pots.”

Four

*Listen to no one who tells you how to love.
Your love is like no other, and that is what makes it beautiful.
Your self is your divinity... Express yourself.*
Paul Williams Das Energi

It had been years since Se7en felt a raw warmth around his body. With Min tightened around him, he wondered what he'd been waiting for. When Changmin kissed his mouth, he remembered with a startling clarity.

They'd begun slow; kissing one another and stroking with slow fingers over their chests and arms. For Se7en, it was the sweetest time of lovemaking, that anticipation of the act and the build up of his lover's experience. Changmin purred when touched, shivering and sleek under Se7en's fingers. Loathe to be casually handled, the young man only came alive with the right contact and Se7en spent hours learning how his lover enjoyed being touched.

Odd places made Min shudder, spots on his body Se7en never would have guessed until he explored. The inside of Min's elbow was sensitive, a soft downy spot that brought a

giggle to his serious mouth. A spot to the right of his belly ground out a throaty growl and when licked at the base of his sex, Min's breath caught with a sensual gasping moan. Responsive, Changmin slid easily in Se7en's hands, arching and craning to be stroked, bringing a glow to his dusky gold skin.

He bore the mark of Min's teeth under his collarbone, a deep purple heart carved from a bruising bite. At the time, Changmin's fingers were around his shaft, playing with the tip until Se7en nearly pulled free, overly excited and stimulated. He needed...wanted to last longer than a few moments inside of his lover but the wicked-humoured young man had other plans. The rough of his tongue on Se7en's head laved away the crème of his excitement and the older man fought his instinct to bury himself deep into Min's willing throat. Kneeling over his lover, Se7en slid away, placing a hand on the man's ribs and gently lifted.

"Turn over onto your stomach, baby," Se7en's voice was firm, a thin line of authority cloaked in satin. The young man twisted his hips, sliding over and placing one foot on either side of lover's knees. He lowered his legs, spreading himself with the movement.

There was nothing sweeter than the sight of his lover opening for him, Se7en thought. Slender, Min's body was lean but muscled, his arms thickening from weights and his pert ass a tight mound of milky perfection. With his legs in a V, the dimples of his ass pressed him together, not something Se7en wanted. Reaching for a pillow, the older man tapped his lover's hip and ordered him to lift up. Min complied, a ripple of sleek power rolling up his spine as he undulated to rise in a cant. Sliding the cushion under him for support, Se7en pressed Min down, murmuring in soft satisfaction at the change in view.

The cleft on Min's body parted, unfolding for Se7en's eyes. Smelling of vanilla and spices from the soap they'd used in the shower, there still was the musk of a man lingering on the other's skin. Treasuring the scent, Se7en bent over and licked from the part of the cleft to the small of Min's back, smiling with the shaky moan he'd earned from Min's tight throat. Trapped against the pillow, the young man's sex twitched and Se7en rubbed his thumb over the pout. He pulled a weeping drop of seed from the tip and slid the salty treat from his finger to his tongue, savouring the taste. Sliding his hand under Min's body, he gently freed the man's sex from its uncomfortable prison, stroking the shaft to a high colour before laying it up against his stomach.

Prepared for the evening, Se7en opened a bottle of warming gel, letting the heat from his hand work through the plastic container before dribbling it over Min's part. The young man hissed, his body much warmer than the lubricant but then simmered a groaning purr when it activated fully. The heat spread, sliding down his core and pooling on the rounded sac below. Carefully, Se7en coated his fingers with gel and worked two deep into his lover, finding the pearl of nerves inside.

"Shichi!" His name came quickly to Min's lips, the young man unprepared for the breach. Adjusting to the fullness inside of him, he leaned back, needing to rub Se7en against the spot hidden in him. The tip of the man's fingers remained tantalizingly out of reach, always nearly whispering over the bundle until Min could scream with frustration. After a few moments, he began panting, twisting his hips against the pliable cotton bring him succour.

"Almost, baby," Se7en said, biting at Min's ass with a brief nip. "Do you need me here?"

“Now,” Min growled, pushing back futilely at Se7en’s fingers. “Please.”

“I love hearing you beg.” He grinned, lathering more gel over his sex.

Placing his tip at the entrance to Min’s body, Se7en scissored his fingers, opening the tight ring. The kiss of Min’s body sucked him in and he pulled his hand away, letting his boyfriend’s body adjust to the heft of his sex. Trilling sensations rippled up and down his shaft. Se7en could feel every flutter of Min’s entrance around him and slowly, he pushed in, sinking deeper and deeper into the other man’s body.

Under him Changmin moaned and twisted, panting heavily as he gradually filled with the girth of Se7en’s sex. Once the head pushed through, the rest came in quickly, drawn forward by the ripple of muscles tugging and pulling to receive his lover.

Fully engulfed, Se7en paused, his chest heaving with the effort of remaining still until Min nodded to continue. The young man’s body thrummed with anticipation and want, his body taking Se7en into its grip and holding him tighter than the older man could imagine. It felt so different to be nestled in Min’s body without any barrier. It was frightening and comforting, a terrifying salve to his weary soul.

If he died in the next second, Se7en knew that his entire life would be worth that one moment... that single breath of his life when he lived inside of Changmin’s core.

Min began rocking, unable to stop the desire filling his belly and sex. Driving up, he tipped Se7en into motion until they both fell and rose into one another, deepening their connection with every slap of skin on skin. Each thrust of his hips brought a shiver to Min’s long body and a corresponding

shudder to his own. Free of a thin membrane between them, he felt more alive and connected to the man he loved. Se7en forced himself to slow down, leaning his head back and closing his eyes to feel everything he could. There would be no other first time for them and he wanted it to be an experience Changmin would dream of.

Smooth as silk, Changmin's body clenched Se7en tightly, and tucked up against his lover's hips, Se7en lowered himself down, kissing the push of Min's shoulder blades. A shimmer of sweat dewed the young man's skin, their movements a slow, long dance drawing out each stroke until Min mewled and thrust against Se7en for more. Buried deep, he lingered, holding his own release back and hit the pleasure point inside of Min, a masculine pride blooming in his chest when Changmin's breath caught and his words fractured.

Making Min lose his mind made him hard. Making Min lose his words was sublime.

"God, I want this to last," Se7en murmured, slowly drawing out. Changmin's ass clenched, holding him in. "Don't worry, baby. I'm coming right back."

They fell into a rhythm, a slow beat and push Se7en memorized. He wanted to set music to it, hearing the growl of a deep voice underlying the soft moans and cries of another's need. Falling into Min's heat, he rolled his hips, hitting Min's hidden sweet centre. Changmin growled and cursed, pushing back with hard thrusts to fill himself again.

The room was hot with their scents, warmed cotton and the vanilla aroma of the candles burning around them. With their bodies golden from the light, they moved again, even slower than they'd started. The world closed in on them, existing only around them. The rush of their bodies increased and Se7en felt his sac tighten with his release. Spreading his

palms on the small of Min's back, he urged his lover into an undulating roll. Catching the angle, Min echoed the man's hands, rising and falling as he was kneaded along his spine. He was almost there, hovering at the edge.

"Want you to fill me," Changmin growled, biting at Se7en's hand when the older man stroked his face. "Now, iro."

"You're like velvet, baby." Se7en gasped, excited at the feel of his lover's sharp teeth.

He rocked, holding it out until Min nearly screamed his name. Clutching the sheets, the young man wrapped his wrists in the soft cotton, anything to keep him from crawling back onto Se7en's body. Wringing his hands, every word out of his mouth became a begging groan, reveling in the soft thrush of Se7en's breath on his neck. Unable to stop himself, he spilled, splashing hot seed over his stomach and thighs.

Feeling Min's release, Se7en gave in, riding the lightning growing in him. He felt himself go, spreading deep into his lover. Holding one final push, he fell forward, wrapping his arms around Min's chest as he filled Changmin's core.

The heat was a shock. Min panted, unable to find words for the feeling of Se7en's release inside of him. Before he'd only felt a tingle of his lover's spill but the intimate kiss of searing liquid tickled him deep. He wanted to hold his boyfriend, keeping him inside until they sun rose again and maybe even beyond. He wanted to remember the rush of Se7en's release, knowing that he'd brought the other man to his knees.

"God, I love you," Se7en murmured, kissing Min's neck, rocking him as their bodies shivered with the intensity of their coming.

"When are you going to remember," Min gasped, trying to find his breath. "I'm Buddhist. If you thank one, you've got to thank the other. Only fair."



It was an awe-inspiring thing to watch Jaejoong's temper. It was a raging storm, threatening to break apart the sky when invoked. When it was directed towards Yunho, his first instinct was to flee, run to find cover from the tempest.

This time, he stood his ground, ready to reap what he'd sown.

"Okay, so talk," Jae said, crawling up onto the bed and sitting down cross-legged. He twisted open the soda bottle, first offering it to Yunho then taking a sip when the other man politely refused. "What's so fucking important that you need to talk about it now of all times?"

"You're not making it any easier for me being angry," Yunho said. "I'm trying to be... trying to communicate."

"We were communicating. Communicating just fine," The other man replied. "You're the one who stopped communicating to talk."

"Baby, hear me out, okay?" Yunho rubbed at the back of his head, wondering how he was going to break open the subject. "I wanted to talk to you about how we...did things. Between us, I mean."

"It's not hard to figure out," Jae snapped back. "We've been doing it that way for a few years now. I'd think you'd have caught on by now. Do I have to go get a book?"

"No," Despite himself, Yunho's annoyance spiked. "Look, I know you're pissed off..."

"Good word. Keep going."

“Shut up for a moment and listen,” Yunho said then winced when he caught the sharp look Jae threw at him. “I didn’t mean... shut up. I meant... shit, just listen to me. Do you think this makes things any easier?”

“Makes what any easier?” Anger fled under Jaejoong’s worry. “What’s wrong? What happened?”

“Nothing happened,” He said, taking the soda from his lover’s hands and placing it on the floor. “I just wanted to talk to you about us. I felt like I owed it to you to try to... even things out between us.”

“What do you mean even?” Jae crooked an eyebrow and leaned over, bringing himself nose to nose with Yunho. “We’re even. I’m shorter but heavier.”

“Focus, baby,” Yunho tapped the other’s forehead. “I’m talking about in bed. I thought I needed to speak to you about... what you needed.”

“What I needed was for you to be inside of me about half an hour ago but right now I’m sitting in the middle of our bed wearing pants instead of you,” Jae reminded him. “So yeah, I’m a bit confused.”

“Okay, so I was talking to Dong-Wook...”

“Never a good sign,” Jae mumbled.

“Be quiet. Now I know where Min picked up his bad habits,” Yunho shushed him. “I was talking to Dong-Wook about something that’s been bugging me for a while.”

“It’s been bugging you for a while and you went to talk to Min’s Shichi,” Jae said. Yunho didn’t like the timbre in his lover’s voice, liking it less when Jae continued with a cold flatness. “What was so important that you had to stop what we were doing and talk about something you and Dong-Wook

spoke about? What the fuck could be so damned important but not so important that you couldn't come to me first?"

"Shit," Yunho sighed, rubbing his face. Looking up at Jaejoong, he replied. "I needed to ask him how it felt to have another man inside of him. I needed to talk to someone I didn't love because if I asked you and found out it hurt, it would break me apart. I would die if my loving you caused you pain at all, baby. And I know you, you'd lie to my face and smile..."

Cupping Jae's face, Yunho kissed his lover deeply, savouring the surprise on the other man's mouth. "You'd lie because you love me. And nothing would make you happier than to bring me pleasure...no matter how much pain you're in."

Five

*I love thee, I love but thee; With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold, And the stars grow old.*

Bayard Taylor

Huddled under the blanket, they smelled the first hint of rain on the wind. A cold bite forced them under the covers, a heavy fleece comforter pulled from a linen closet becoming a shelter from the growing storm. Tokyo sat in a swell of hot winds hitting icy fronts, lightning dominating the far off mountains. Under their blanket, Yoochun and Junsu created a storm of their own, their bodies hot and slick with the movements.

“Suppose someone comes out here?” Junsu peeked out and cast a worried glance at the sliding glass door. A heavy patio chair’s legs were wedged into the door’s tracks but he still was concerned. One push from Yunho’s strong arms and the chair would go flying, he was sure of it.

“No one’s coming out,” Yoochun murmured. He blew into the short cropped shear of Junsu’s sideburns, ticking the young man’s ear. A daub of his tongue left a wet dot behind,

another whistle of wind crisping Junsu's nerves. "Relax, baby."

They'd come far from where they'd started; unsure and teasing with lust to comfortable and secure, able to stroke one another's bodies into a simmering heat with the touch of a finger. Yoochun's palms were filled with Junsu's ass, his hands spread over the young man's full cheeks. Straddling his lover's hips, Junsu ducked back under the blanket, hiding from the cold night.

After Jaejoong stalked back to the hyungs' bedroom, Yoochun made an apologetic look at his boyfriend, begging forgiveness for leaving their dinner to tend to his best friend. Junsu rolled his eyes, leaning back against the couch.

"You always go to him," Susu shook his head, unable to stop his smile from dimpling his face. "I think that's what I love about you, even when I'm mad. You're always looking out for the ones you love."

They shared a bowl of noodles, keeping the lights low and the television off. The lavender bunny Yoochun brought out from their room remained on the couch when the baritone stood and held his hand out for the other man. Curious, Junsu slid his fingers into Yoochun's palm, rising to his feet.

Night fell a few hours before, deepening the Tokyo skies to a muted blue. The clouds were afire with the city's lights, only the brightest stars strong enough to fight the urban glow. Sheltered by an overhang, a section of the balcony patio was obscured from the living room's sliding doors, the short end of the L furnished with an old futon couch and beaten, worn pillows.

Yoochun pushed Junsu gently towards the futon. "Wait for me there, kamo."

He returned in less than a minute, carrying a bottle of ice cold sake and a thick fleece blanket. Jamming the door with a chair, he joining Junsu and covered them with the enormous comforter. Pulling his lover into his lap, Yoochun shivered as the cold slowly left his body, kicking off his zoris and crossing his legs under Junsu's hips. The tenor shuddered when Yoochun's cold hands touched his back. The icy feeling took a moment to fade away and Yoochun splayed his fingers over his spine, stroking long circles with his thumb.

"What are we doing out here?" Junsu's teeth chattered as he spoke. Even under the fleece, the night air clung to him, a tingle of cold on his skin.

"I thought we could do something adventurous." His lover dug into his pocket, holding up a bottle of gel. "Some place where no one could see us but..."

"Are you crazy?" Junsu squeaked, and laughed as Yoochun put the tube into his hand. "God, you're serious!"

"Very serious, baby," Yoochun whispered. Emptying his pockets, he located the thin LED flashlight he'd stolen from Min's room. Although tiny, the crook necked book light illuminated the darkness under the blanket and he stared up at his lover's face, wondering again how he'd ever managed to pull Junsu to his side.

Rarely serious, the tenor wore a somber look now, contemplating the American-influenced Korean with steady eyes. When still, Junsu's fine, haughty features emerged from his smile. He was model-fine, a strong bone structure combined with a delicious mouth and soft skin. Classically handsome, Junsu looked... expensive, Yoochun decided, as if he would be comfortable in couture and driving exotic cars.

The flat of Yoochun's tongue fit against the upper curve of Junsu's mouth. A dipped movement and he traced the sweet

pink bow. Slowing his possession, he licked at the corners of Junsu's mouth, sliding the tip of his tongue past its part. Heady from the delicious torture of Yoochun's kiss, Junsu moaned, letting his lover take him, sliding his own tongue against Yoochun's in a seductive dance.

Junsu tasted of their dinner, smoky broth and sweet noodles. A hint of heat curled in Yoochun's belly and he grew wilder, angling his head and cupping Junsu's face. The other man's hips moved, rocking against Yoochun's thickening sex. The baritone felt every languid stroke through the thin fabric of his drawstring pants, encouraging the other man with a knead of his ass. Digging his fingers into the man's hips, he pulled his lover forward, keeping Junsu tight against his erection.

"That's it, baby. Keep on rocking me," Yoochun moaned, breaking off their kiss to lean his head back. Trapped under the blanket, the air grew hot, smelling of young males and arousal. "God you feel so good."

Junsu sighed, rubbing his own sex with the flat of his palm. Yoochun pushed his lover's fingers away, digging into the man's waistband. Even warmed, his fingers were much cooler than Junsu's hot shaft and the tenor hissed at the contact. Using the flat of his thumb, Yoochun smeared the drop of pearly seed he found at the tip, rubbing it around the head. Velvet soft, it swelled, parting the pout so it wept again.

"God, I love when I can make you do that," Yoochun said, catching the dew and sucking his thumb clean. Junsu groaned, his backside thrusting up with need. With Yoochun's hand gone, he needed it back...needed something to hold him. Grinning with the overwhelming feel of his own power, Yoochun tucked his hand back down the front of his lover's pants. "Get up a bit, babe. I need to get under you."

Junsu lifted, moaning when Yoochun's fingers slid under his sac. Rolling his lover's balls in his palm, Yoochun used his thumb to stroke Junsu into a ready hardness, watching the flutter of his eyelashes when he brushed his fingers around the man's entrance.

"Push into me," Junsu lowered his mouth, digging a bite into Yoochun's throat. He captured the man's pulse between his teeth, feeling the beat on the tip of his tongue.

"Hold on. In a second, Susu-ah," Yoochun promised.

Tucking the cold sake bottle between his knees, he twisted the cap off, flinging it aside. Bringing the bottle up, he offered a sip to his lover, kissing away the drop of alcohol on Junsu's trembling mouth before taking a swallow for himself. Holding his mouth full, he passed the bottle to Junsu to hold then kissed him, sliding some of the sake past his lover's lips. They drank slowly, warming the cold liquor between them, swallowing dribbles until their tongues were numb from the potent alcohol.

"Where's the bottle?" Junsu asked, his voice rough.

"On the ground," Yoochun murmured, keeping his hand busy. His fingers tested the man's pout, pushing and teasing the rosy ring. Able to dip the tip of his finger in, he pulled down, getting a long shuddering moan from Junsu's panting mouth.

"Not that bottle," He growled, rumbling a warning when Yoochun pulled his fingers back. "The other one."

"By my thigh," Yoochun laughed when Junsu's fingers fumbled at his leg, searching for the vial of gel. "The other leg, baby."

A snap of a lid opening sounded in the dim cave and the blanket's air bloomed with the scent of chocolate and

raspberry. Inhaling the gel's odor, Yoochun leaned back and held his hand up for his lover to coat but Junsu shook his head.

"No," He murmured harshly. "You'll just tease me. Use that hand to get your pants undone. I want you to feel me when I do this."

Yoochun frowned, wondering what his lover was up to when Junsu tilted his hips forward and the cold slippery feel of lubricated fingers joined his at Junsu's entrance. Working his hand down the back of his pants, Junsu arched his back, thrusting his sex into the flat of Yoochun's belly and rocked a finger into his entrance. Thick with gel, it slid in, taking Yoochun's fingers with them and Junsu cast his head back, nearly throwing the blanket off of them.

Groaning at the sudden contrast of heat and cold on his hand, Yoochun pushed up, flattening Junsu's balls into the hollow of his thigh as he dug his fingers deeper into Junsu's core. The man's tightness resisted the intrusion then suddenly gave way, sucking him in. A few strokes and Yoochun's wrist ached, throbbing from the unnatural angle but the discomfort was easy to stand, especially when Junsu's mouth fell open and his eyes rolled back, glazed with sexual tension.

Yoochun tugged at his pants, freeing his erection with a pull of his loose waistband. He ached from the rigidity of his sex, its head wet and bobbing as he withdrew his hand from Junsu's heat. Hooking his hands into Junsu's pants, he pushed the back down until his lover's ass was exposed, rocking the young man forward so he could get the fabric half way down Junsu's thighs.

Shivering Junsu released his fingers, grabbing at the blanket and tucking it down over Yoochun's head. Trapped under the fleece, the small sounds of their lovemaking grew

intense, echoing in the small space. Coating himself with gel, Yoochun gripped Junsu's hips and guided the man up, angling him until the tip of his sex brushed over the tenor's entrance.

Sweat dappled Junsu's shoulder blades, making his shirt stick to his back and he groaned, trying to pull his lover closer. The push of something hard against his core made him gasp and he held steady, working his fingers into Yoochun's dark hair. He rocked with need, mewling and begging as Yoochun played with him, the baritone's questing fingers parting his ring and applying a thick line of lubricant around his pout.

"God, need you, Chunnie-ah," Junsu breathed, nibbling at the tip of his lover's ear. The young man tightened his knees around Yoochun's legs, canting his hips down until he could feel the wetness of his lover's sex. "Push in. Now. God, please."

The thrust of his head against Junsu's entrance breached the first ring, and Yoochun waited for the man's body to let him go further. Forcing himself to relax, Junsu arched when Chunnie's fingers ran under his shirt, finding his hardened nipples and pinching them tight. Gasping, he thrust down, riding the slight pain until he found the pleasure of being filled, Yoochun's heavy sex pushing at the insides of his core. He felt the burn of the man entering him, stretching him until he thought he would burst but Junsu needed more.

Pressing down on his lover's shoulders, Junsu steadied himself with his hands and pushed down, engulfing Yoochun fully into his heat. The brush of silken hair against the cup of his ass was what Junsu needed, the pressure of his lover's heft against the nearly too taut skin of his rectum spreading his nerves apart until he felt the bitter-sweet tingle he was looking for.

“Baby, you are so tight...so hot...” Yoochun mumbled, forcing himself to stay still until Junsu grew used to him. Of average width, his sex was long, nearly too much for the tenor to take all the way in but Junsu often forced the issue, needing to feel Yoochun buried deep inside of him. A ripple of stimulation against his shaft and Yoochun bit his lip, nearly drawing blood as his control was tested. Keeping his hands on Junsu’s hips, he breathed out hard, his warm exhale cooling the damp sweat on Junsu’s neck.

Raising the hem of his shirt up, Junsu hooked it over his neck and shoulders, exposing his chest to Yoochun’s mouth. Taking up the invitation, the baritone leaned forward, pushing himself further into the tight channel and with a flick of his tongue, tasted the plum nub on his lover’s pectoral. When Junsu moaned with pleasure, Yoochun licked again, swirling his tongue around the man’s chest. A nip of teeth on the areole drove Junsu’s hips into motion and the tenor began rising along the length of his lover’s sex, plunging back down with a slow glide.

Yoochun suckled, drawing the nub out until he could pull it and dug his teeth in deep, reveling in the shiver of Junsu’s warmth rippling around him. His fingers found the man’s other nipple, twisting it slowly around and scraping at it with his nails. Digging his hands into Yoochun’s shoulders, Junsu rode him, undulating forward then up with a rise of his hips backwards before drawing back down again. He let himself feel the push of his lover’s thighs against his ass before he started again, wanting to have Yoochun in as deep as he could before pulling up.

The feel of Junsu’s ass around him drove Yoochun wild. He thrust up, meeting Junsu’s hips when they lowered down

on him. Dropping his hand down his lover's ribs, he stroked the soft skin there before moving down to cup Junsu's swell.

"Keep going, baby," He said, biting and nipping a trail down from Junsu's chin to his shoulder. "I'm going to make you insane."

The heat of their bodies warmed the gel to a liquid, pooling down Yoochun's shaft. Wiping at some of the gel, he rolled his fingers into the lubricant and reached behind his lover, pushing first one then another finger along side of his sex, driving hard into Junsu's soft warmth.

Surprised, Junsu toppled forward, panting at the stretching. Unable to stop himself, he quivered, quickly surrendering control to the baritone as Yoochun twisted his fingers up to hit the soft bundle of nerves along Junsu's core. Stroking hard, Yoochun pounded his hips up, hitting the base of Junsu's body and filling him to top. Thrusting, he scoured the back of Junsu's channel, hitting the ridge of his body over and over until Junsu's mumbling cries grew louder with each grunting twist.

"You like that, baby?" Yoochun gasped, breathing hard. He kept up the pace, driving into his lover until Junsu could do nothing more than hold on, pushing down to grasp Yoochun's length with tight clamp of his muscles.

They rode one another hard, feeling the pleasure build up past the shimmer of almost pain as their bodies smouldered and ached. His face shiny with the sheen of his exertions, Junsu forced himself to take the heat of their lovemaking, holding the blanket down with his hands against the back of the futon, hiding them from the world as they fought to reach their release.

A touch of Yoochun's palm on Junsu's too sensitive head made him jerk and then, the world spun out of control.

Gushing, his sex spurted its release, a trail of spicy salt liquid hitting his chest and stomach, curling into the faint whorl of hair along Yoochun's navel.

Yoochun quickly followed, his balls cupping tight into him and then he jerked with the feel of Junsu's climax. Enclosing him with velvet heat, Junsu's core drank Yoochun's seed, pulling it from him with a roll of the man's hips. Exploding, Yoochun thrust once and then again, pushing himself as far in as he could get while his body spilled out its heat.

The pool of hot liquid forming inside of him comforted Junsu, easing away the shuddering spasms of his muscles as his body fought for control. He twitched, unable to calm his nerves as his sex roiled with a softening he didn't think was possible. When the head of his shaft brushed over Yoochun's belly, he hissed, his skin too sensitive to be touched. Clamping over Yoochun's lessening erection, he milked his lover with easy, slow rolls of his hips, watching the fire fade in Chunnie's eyes and a languor slip into their brown depths.

"I love you." Whispered in the dimness of a rain-speckled fleece, Yoochun's words were soft, nearly unheard in the pounding beat of their hearts.

Leaning his head on his lover's shoulders, Junsu panted, breathing in Yoochun's sweaty scent and the masculine aroma of their sex. It was a comfortable position, the slender length of his lover still inside of his body and the hard form of Yoochun's chest against his own made the world steadier and Junsu blinked, trying not to cry from the swell of emotions in his heart.

"I love you too, baby," Junsu whispered back. He rarely called the baritone by a pet name but in their joining, he often found himself needed that intimacy, that comfort of knowing

the man was truly only his. “You bring me to life, Chunnie-ah. I was dead before I had you. I don’t know how I could breathe before without you first warming the air.”

“Honey,” Chunnie covered Junsu’s mouth in a searing kiss before licking at the bruised swell of his lower lip. “Without you, there wasn’t any air for me to breathe.”

Six

*To love someone deeply gives you strength.
Being loved by someone deeply gives you courage.*

Lao Tzu

In the dark, whispers carried more weight. For Yunho, his heart and soul bloomed in a dimmed light, cradled in the night's womb, and he could speak freely, without a care of who would see the tears on his face. Even if the only other person in the room was Jaejoong. Especially if the only other person in the room was Jaejoong.

The singer lay with his back against the mattress, his head on his lover's shoulder. Yunho's arm looped under him, draping up over his stomach. Jae's fingers trailed over the man's skin, feeling the downy hair spring back and forth under his wandering touch.

With the curtains drawn back and the lights dark, the room blurred under the washed out glow of the city. They lay under the blue and white shimmer, inhaling one another's scent mingled with their own. It was an intimate, closed in kiss of bodies against rumpled sheets. Despite the tension left in

the air, they were relaxed, comfortable in the fit of their hips, sides and legs.

"I'm... scared," Yunho whispered into the dark. "God, Joongie-ah, I am so...scared."

Jaejoong waited, listening to the fear in his lover's voice. It permeated every breath, lead weights hanging on each word. He placed his hand on Yunho's arm, turning his head to the side to kiss his lover's chest. A flick of his tongue wet the leader's nipple, a puff of wind ghosting a chill over Yunho's damp skin. The touch of his lover-friend's mouth on his skin connected Yunho to Jaejoong's heart, leaving a warmth in the man's belly.

"There are so many... things in my mind. Everything's fighting and I can't figure out... what I'm thinking or what I'm feeling," Yunho continued.

"Start with one thing," Jae replied, his voice a deep purring sound in the bright blue light. "Start with one thing and don't worry about what it is. Don't worry about what you believe I might think or do. Just that one thing."

"I worry that I'm... less of a man," He broke, his voice cracking under the heat of his emotions. "I look at the... doing of this and think, am I less of a man? Which is stupid because I don't think of you as anything but a man but you... God, Jaejoong, you're so strong... and you..."

"One thing, Yunnie-ah," His lover whispered. There was no anger or worry in Jae's soft voice, just a calming salve on Yunho's taut, frazzled nerves. "Focus only on the one thing and let's talk about that first. Don't worry about me. Let's just talk about you. Why does it make you feel like you're less of a man?"

“Not less, just...” Yunho struggled to find what he wanted to say. “I think it’s... It’s not that by... doing that, I’m becoming a woman or losing my manhood. Or maybe it is? Maybe I don’t know what I’m afraid of.”

“I can understand how you feel,” Jaejoong said, keeping his lover warm with the stretch of his body over Yunho’s chest. “It’s like there are pieces of who you should have been struggling against who you’ve become. The past-future Jung against the present and now different-future.”

“I don’t think I understand... everything you’re saying.”

“You have a set path in your mind. You always have. When you focus on something, there’s nothing strong enough to stand in your way of achieving what you want.”

“Nothing but you,” Yunho laughed, a short sweet burst jerking his chest. Jae chuckled, joining him for a moment.

“No, nothing but me,” Jae acknowledged his lover with another kiss. “What I’m saying is that you have pieces... a shell of who you were supposed to be around you still. I watch it crack but it never falls off.”

“What do you mean?”

“Now, all of us are older and you don’t need to be the...father any more but you still are so serious in front of the camera,” He spoke softly, contemplating his words. “You are still wearing your father’s skin, Yunho. I don’t think that you’ll ever stop being afraid until you are able to take that off.”

“My father’s skin?”

“Well, the skin your father ... the one you put on for your father,” Jaejoong sighed, turning Yunho’s ring with a twist of his thumb. “It’s like a suit your father made for you... the skin

of the Jung Yunho he wanted you to be but it doesn't fit. I don't know if it ever fit but you wore it. Because it was what... it was who your father wanted you to be."

"And now, I don't want to be that...skin anymore. I don't want to wear it." He exhaled, letting the fire in his belly whisper out of his parched throat. His stomach burned, reminding him of his troubles. "And you think that it... that is why I am uncomfortable?"

"Think about it," Jae offered his hand for the man to take. Yunho reached over with his free hand and gripped his lover's fingers. "You are not the man you were supposed to be. You became your own man but there are some things so ingrained in you... traditional things... that are going to be hard to shake off. You might never shake them off. They are a part of who you are but you can bend them, shape them into different things. You need to make the skin that you wear now fit you. If it's patched together with parts of what your father gave you, then so be it but it needs to be comfortable for you, baby."

Yunho fell silent, holding Jaejoong in his arms, their hands intertwined. The singer's breathing fell into time with Yunho's, their bodies rising and falling as one. A peek of the moon appeared, slivering moonlight onto their bed. The silver touched their golden bodies, naked to the waist and hot from touch.

"Talk to me, Boo," Yunho sighed. "Tell me what's on your tongue."

"I think... you're worried about how I would feel. I'm not upset by what you said. Those words, those feelings are something inside of you, not me." A move of his shoulders dismissed Yunho's worries with an elegant shrug. "My masculinity isn't tied up in how the world views me."

"You're stronger than me," He admitted. "I can't even imagine... you're just stronger."

"I am different than you, not stronger," Jae corrected. "We are complimentary, strong where the other is weak, giving where the other dominates. These aren't bad things to be. If you want to change that... if you need to change that... then we can work on it."

"Do you want to change that? Change how I feel about... doing that?" Yunho asked. "Be honest with me, Jaejoong. For once, say what's on your tongue and not what you think my heart needs to hear."

The young man kept quiet for a minute, sorting out his thoughts. Yunho's stomach growled, his nervousness broiling his innards. Smiling, the singer pulled his hand free of his lover's patting the man's belly. He left another kiss on Yunho's chest, then another, leaving a soft stinging bite under the nipple. The man hissed when Jae's teeth sank in deep then released, his sex stirring uncomfortably against the fit of his pants.

"I...I like what we do," Jae started, shifting so his head rested on Yunho's collarbone. "I love it. Are there times when I wish I could be inside of you? Yes, there are."

Jaejoong closed his eyes, feeling himself out. Yunho stilled, barely breathing with his throat closed up over the words he needed to keep inside. Nodding, Jae sighed, letting his lashes flutter on his cheeks then stared up at the ceiling. It was safer to look up than at Yunho's face, a safer but not prettier alternative.

"I've had sex with women, you know that," He said. "It was nice but there was something... missing...something I wasn't reaching inside of myself. When you... sank into me for the first time...when you pushed me open for the first time

I thought; God, this is what I'm looking for. This is what I've needed."

"I felt that way too." Yunho kissed the top of Jae's head, tightly closing his eyes. He needed to cry. He wanted to cry. In the dark, he let go, as he told Jaejoong once to and his eyes watered, drops falling into his lover's dark hair.

"Don't cry, Yunnie," Jae said, turning over to inch his way up Yunho's naked chest. Pressing his lips to Yunho's eyes, he kissed away the man's tears, taking Yunho's sorrow into his mouth. "Please, don't cry."

"Sometimes, I cry because I can't... feel any more," Yunho whispered, cupping his hand against the back of Jaejoong's head, holding the other man in close. He kissed Jae's chin, tasting his lover's skin on his tongue. "Like I'm too full and I can't go any further unless I cry some of it out."

"Then cry, baby," Jaejoong replied, licking away the salt water on his lips. "I'll be here to take in your sorrow."

Yunho held Jaejoong tightly, rocking against one another until Yunho felt the shudder of his unhappiness wisp away. Wiping his face with the back of his hand, he exhaled, ruffling Jae's hair. They kissed., sweet and slow, lingering on one another's mouths until their bodies shimmered with heat.

"You unmake me," Yunho said. "You take me apart and I feel like I'm someone else. Someone I want to be. So I guess you're right... about that skin I'm wearing. The one my father made. I don't want to wear it anymore, Joongie. I don't."

"I wish I could tell you just not to... to just take it off but I know it's not easy," Jae replied. "When I left home, I was... who my father made me. I was scared and lonely. I didn't want to be... I didn't want to love men. I tried not to. I hated myself for a long time because of it so I understand where you

are... who you are. Even if we're different people, there are some things that are the same. Fear doesn't care who it infects. It's just there."

"Fear. I never thought of it as a sickness," He murmured, rocking Jae back and forth for a moment just to feel him in his arms. "So maybe it's time to... heal myself."

"I don't want you to change what we do because you think I need it," Jaejoong said. "Do I want you? Do I want to be inside of you? Yes, I'm not going to say no to that. I like feeling your hand around me. I love feeling your mouth on me. I know what you look like when you're inside of me and you are almost there, reaching inside of yourself and coming inside of me. I admit I want that. I want to fill you but not if it loses you."

"You will never lose me, Jaejoong," The man protested heatedly.

"No, I don't mean you'll leave me," Jae said. "I mean I don't want you to force yourself into something you can't do."

"Something I won't do, you mean," Yunho replied bitterly. "I'm the one balking at this. You're not saying anything because you don't want to hurt my feelings."

"I didn't feel it was time to say anything. With everything behind us now, I just wanted to be happy for a while before throwing a stone into the water," He replied, catching Yunho's nipple in his fingers. Twisting the nub lightly, he smiled wickedly when the other man hissed in pain. "Because if I told you it hurt, you would say we should stop doing it. And I'd kill you before I stopped making love to you."

"So it does hurt?" Yunho rubbed at his chest.

“No,” Jae made a face. “Yes. No. It’s nice. It’s more than nice. It’s like sipping from Heaven when you’re buried deep inside of me. Even when it stings, it’s okay because it’s you.”

“If I hurt you...I hurt you?” Sitting up, Yunho nearly dumped Jaejoong to the floor. “And you let me....?”

“Shut up for a minute,” Jae said, pushing his lover back down. Settling back against Yunho’s chest, he slid around until he was comfortable. “It doesn’t hurt, not really. Not when you know what you’re doing.”

“Neither one of us knew what we were doing,” Yunho said sharply. “Not at the beginning. You can’t tell me that it doesn’t hurt... didn’t hurt.”

“Okay,” Jae shrugged. “It did. Sometimes it still does. Usually when I need you so badly inside of me that I don’t want to take the time ... won’t take the time. And then, it’s good. Even then it’s good. I can’t explain it but I’d like to try. It’s okay to be scared, Yunho. I know I was. You were...are worth it, baby. You are worth facing every fear I have ever had.”

Se7en

Love is a friendship set to music.

E. Joseph Cossman

Jaejoong took the glass of wine from Camui's hand, taking a light sip of the potent zinfandel as the older man moved around his kitchen, unpacking a take-out order from one of his favourite restaurants. A cold case steamed with dry ice fumes when Gackt cracked open its lid. The mist smelled clean, a fresh rush of winter in the warm summer of the Japanese singer's house.

Rain pounded at the long picture window in the living room, furiously reaching with wet fingers at the two men inside. Jaejoong shivered, his body chilled from standing out in the storm before Gackt retrieved him from the entertainment building's side entrance.

"Here, we'll start with dessert." The older man walked to the long couch set in front of the roaring fire. Jaejoong followed, barefooted and silent. Setting two white plates down, Gackt handed his friend a chilled spoon and slide a

napkin over Jae's lap.

"It's an apple," Jaejoong said, studying the fruit.

"Mostly," Gackt laughed, removing the top of the sliced open apple with a graceful flourish. "This is my favourite thing to eat. The fruit is sweet and highly prized. When it is at its ripest, the chef prepares the inside of the apple as a sorbet and fills the hollow. The apple and its sorbet is then chilled until the meat is nearly brittle crystal from its sugar."

"So it's like... apple sauce?"

"No spices. Just the fruit at its best." Gackt motioned to the spoon. "Try it, Je-san. I think you'll like it. It's complexity simplified. Much like you. Close your eyes and take a taste."

Jaejoong let his world go dark, guiding a little taste of frozen apple sorbet into his mouth. The perfume of the fruit hit him first, filling his nose with a scent that drowned out the rain's winter. He expected mush or the starchy bite of a taro cube but the frozen shards melted on his tongue like cotton floss.

"It tastes...more than an apple." Jae's eyes flew open. "Are you sure there's only apple in this? It's so... strong."

"Very sure, Je-san." Gackt laughed, a deep rumbling darkness.

"It's good. Really good." Jae took another bite, letting the cold wash down his throat. "It's like a kiss."

"Try it with the wine. I paired it with the same one they serve at the restaurant." Gackt retrieved the wine bottle from the kitchen and topped off Jae's glass. After a few spoonfuls of frozen apple, he leaned back and cocked his head, sipping at

his own wine. "Tell me what's troubling your pretty little soul?"

"Yunho," Jae parted his lips to warm his tongue.

"Your lover? I thought you'd worked out all of your... kinks," The older man smiled when Jaejoong choked on his own spit. "Or maybe you need to work on some?"

"No, please," Jae shook his head. "Let's concentrate on one thing at a time. You have to promise not to tell anyone."

"Who would I tell, Je-san?" Gackt asked. "Besides, I'm sure whatever secret you want me to keep will be nothing compared what I already have under my tongue."

"Not for me," Jaejoong smiled. "For Yunho. He'd be... embarrassed."

"For your teddy bear then," Gackt said, bowing his head.

"He...aish, he'd kill me if he heard me talking about this but I need some guidance," Jae started. He picked up the apple top and nibbled at its edges. Swallowing the bits of skin, he continued. "In our relationship, he... is usually the one who...initiates, not that is the wrong word. He is the one who is... the intrusion."

Jaejoong's face coloured, his eyes dropping to stare at the glass table. Gackt let the man's shame leave his cheeks then reached forward to tuck Jae's hair behind his ear. Patting the back of his young friend's head, he smiled and urged Jae to continue.

"Yunho needs to be dominant. It is a part of who he is." Jaejoong shrugged. "Now, he is worrying that it's not enough."

"Is it enough?" Gackt asked softly.

“Yes,” Jae stammered. A cocked eyebrow ground out the truth. “No. I want... more. I want to feel Yunho around me. I want to feel him like he feels me.”



“He needs more,” Yunho said, palming his face. “I know it. I know him. He says he can wait. He says he doesn’t need it but I know him. He loves to feel... needs to feel... and I’m denying him that pleasure.”

“It’s not like you to deny him anything,” Se7en said, handing the other man a beer. “So, I guess the problem is on you.”

“It is,” Yunho agreed. Taking a mouthful of the yeasty brew, he swallowed. “I want to be able to give him that...part of me. But I’ve got to tell you, it scares the hell out of me.”

Se7en nodded, sliding onto the couch. Crossing his legs under him, the Korean gathered his thoughts before speaking. “Are you scared of the pain or the loss of control?”

“You go straight for the gut, don’t you?” Yunho asked bitterly.

“You wouldn’t be here if you wanted someone to jerk you off,” Se7en replied with a shrug. “Answer the question, Yunho.”

“I think the loss of control. The pain, I think I can take,” Yunho’s jaw set tight. “I would be giving up a lot of...”

“Control,” Se7en finished for him. “You ask Jae to give up that control every time you stick yourself inside of him. What makes you so special that you ask him to take what you won’t?”

“You don’t hold back, do you?”

"Hell, no. You didn't think twice about punching my face in when this was about Min."

Yunho winced. "I paid for that. You have no idea how much I've paid for that."

"Changmin can be a brutal and slow-acting avenger."

"He and Jaejoong both," Yunho replied. "So what do I do then? Just lie on my stomach and say; Sure baby, Go ahead?"

"Well no," He laughed then grew serious. "If that's how you did Jaejoong the first time, then you deserve to be scared. I hope he puts on a sandpaper condom to fuck you with."

"Ouch." Yunho shifted on the couch. "If this is how you treat friends..."

"Is that what we are now, Yunnie-ah?" Se7en asked. "Friends?"

"Fuck you." Yunho said without any heat. "I helped sneak Min into the apartment when you got him too drunk to walk. If Jae saw that, I'd be sitting here talking to your corpse."

"True enough. Friends it is." He laughed. "Well then, Jung Yunho. I think you need a teacher then. Someone to guide you through all of the ego-breaking and to teach you how pleasurable it can be to have someone make love to you for a change."

"You are not getting a hold of my ass," Yunho snorted, taking a sip of beer.

"Oh, not me, Yunnie-ah," Se7en grinned wickedly. "Well not just me. I was thinking now would be a great time for you to bond with your youngest. Changmin would be the perfect person to help you overcome your fears."

Eight

Passion makes the world go round.

Love just makes it a safer place.

Ice T

“I am not going to talk to Changmin about my relationship with Jaejoong,” Yunho said. His tone flat, the man glared at Se7en, wondering when the other man had lost his mind. “There is no way I am ever going to discuss anything of a sexual nature with Min. Ever.”

“But you will with me?” Se7en scoffed. “What’s the difference?”

“I don’t love you.” He pointed out caustically. “Changmin is one of the members. I don’t...”

“See, this is what I’m talking about,” The other man said, stretching back. “You build up walls around you...”

“You’re one to talk,” Yunho snorted.

“What I’m saying is that Min has a good insight on things. A bit odd but good.” Se7en shrugged. “I was offering you my

best advice. If you won't take that, I can give you my second best advice."

"What's that?"

"Talking to me," Se7en wiggled his eyebrows with a leer. "But you're going to be talking about having sex with Jaejoong. You sure you want to share that kind of information with me?"

"You... I don't care. You could be temporary for all I know," Yunho said. "Min is permanent. He is Dong Bang Shin Ki."

"Wow, you couldn't have hurt me more if you tried," Se7en winced. "Let's get one thing straight, Leader-sshi. I'm not temporary."

"You're not one of us," The other man replied. "I'm not saying that you aren't a part of Min's life but I... don't see the relationship. Not like I see the others. We live with each other. We know everything about each other. You're not there. You're not there when we're rubbing each others' feet or popping blisters. You don't know what it's like to try to walk off stage so tired you're dizzy and feel one of them put their arm around you to hold you up so you look strong. You don't have that with us, Se7en. You won't understand."

"No, I don't have that," Se7en admitted. "But that doesn't mean I love him less. If anything I feel like punching the shit out of you now for making Min's love for me something you can scrape off your foot. You don't have the right to do that, Yunnie-ah. Any more than I have the right to tell you that you don't deserve Jaejoong."

"I don't deserve Jaejoong?" Yunho gasped. "I've given everything to be with Je Je."

“You’ve given up shit,” The other man said. “You have everything your way. The relationship is secret and don’t give me any crap about how you want it to be open. You’re too traditional for that, Yunho. Even if Jaejoong looked at you one day and said, yes, love me openly, you would come up with something to keep him in the shadows. Your parents, your sister... your family wouldn’t have an easy time of it and he’d nod and step back behind you. You’re the leader of your group because you are the traditional face of our country. Everything you do is filial and discreet.”

“Jaejoong would be too much of a shock for anyone to handle and the group wouldn’t have been accepted as readily.” Se7en put down his bottle, watching the tightness in Yunho’s face increase. “Even in Japan, he looks to you and it appears as if you are the traditional family type. You’ve given up nothing you didn’t already have. He’s given up ever being seen as anything other than a pretty boy with a gorgeous face... a pretty boy that spends most of his time on his stomach or back instead of being an equal in a relationship he can’t even talk about.”

He braced for the punch, steeling himself with a stern reminder that he wasn’t going to take it from Yunho this time. Se7en swore he’d come out fighting, giving as many bruises as he got if the other man attacked him. Pursing his mouth, Yunho contemplated the other man, cocking his head to one side and letting the anger fill his eyes but he remained against the end of the couch, simply watching Se7en.

“You’ve got something to say?” Se7en challenged. “Or are you just waiting for me to shut up so you can knock my teeth back into my throat.”

“No.” Yunho exhaled slowly. “You’re right.”

Se7en swallowed, refusing to relax until he was certain he wasn't being tricked. Being around Changmin for any length of time meant keeping on his toes and he wasn't going to get sucked in by the group's leader. Min would never let him forget it. "I'm right?"

"Yeah, you're right." The other man nodded. "I haven't given Jaejoong anything. Hell, he still doesn't think he's worthy of being loved. I want to give him that. That's why I want to do this. For him. To show him I love him and trust him. It scares the hell out of me for some stupid reason but I want to give him this. I want to give him me."



"Are the two of you fighting again?" Min asked softly. He peered into the bag of take out, glumly looking at the white boxes.

"Why do you ask that?" Jae pulled at the hem of his jacket, trying to get his arm loose.

"Because you brought home take out food. That usually means you're not cooking," Changmin explained slowly, as if talking to a child. "You have the rest of today and all of tomorrow off but you're not cooking for us. That usually means Yunho has pissed you off and you don't want to risk giving us burnt food just because you're mad at him."

"I gave you burnt food once," Jae said, making a face. Finally shaking the jacket loose, he stretched his arms out. "And no, we're not fighting. I went to see Gakkun and he had food. He told me to bring home the leftovers so the rest of you could eat it. He orders too much. I think sometimes he's lonely but doesn't want to say anything. He spends too much time alone."

“Ah,” Min replied, sniffing at a seafood stew in one of the containers. “I would agree with you. He’s intimidating. I can’t believe you talk to him like you’re talking to one of us.”

“He’s not that... scary,” Jaejoong shrugged. “I like him. I was thinking of inviting him over the next time we do shabu-shabu. I think he’d like it.”

“You’re crazy,” The younger man said, chewing on a piece of taro. “But sure, ask him over. Maybe he’ll scare Junsu into shutting up.”

“Knowing our Susu, he would take Gakkun’s stoic nature as a challenge to get him to laugh.” Jaejoong reflected on the quality of Junsu’s gags. “On second thought, maybe inviting him over here to be in the middle of us is a bad idea. I want Gakkun to keep liking me. One night of Junsu could change that.”

“Why did you go over to talk to him?” Min asked, sliding onto the couch. Lifting his long legs up, he looped them over the arm and picked at the containers with a pair of chopsticks, finding a plump piece of unagi and rice.

“Yunho and I... we’ve been talking about trying something new.”

“Yunho’s finally going to let you have him?” Min asked, casually guiding another piece of eel into his mouth.

“Dongsaeng!” Jae slapped at Min’s knee. “God, you’re horrible.”

“No, I’m right,” He pointed out, snicking a pinch of Jaejoong’s arm with the chopsticks. “He should bite his pillow for you. Se7en does for me and we both know the hyenas are constantly going at each other like a pair of Danish building blocks. Why should he be the only one to have that fun?”

"You're crazy," Jaejoong said, puffing out his cheeks.

"I might be crazy but I get to top my boyfriend." Min chewed. "You don't."

"He's got issues with it," The older man admitted. "Gakkun thinks that Yunnie-ah might need some control, even if he's..."

"The fuckee?" Min winced at another of Jae's punches. "Quit hitting me. What else do I call him?"

"Uke," Jaejoong made a face. "Never mind, I hate that word. It's stupid."

"What did Camui-san suggest?"

"He suggested getting Yunho drunk." Jae sniffed. "And then seducing him."

"Drunk works," Changmin agreed. "Have you played with him? Or has it only been him touching you there and not the other way around?"

"How can you talk about..." Jae turned his head, breathing with his mouth open to relieve the heat on his face. "Changmin!"

"Look, it's a natural thing," Min grinned, resting his head back. "Well talking to you is natural. I still blush when I talk to Dong-Wook but that's because I do things with him. I can imagine doing things with him while we're talking about it. I don't even think about you and Yunho that way so it's more scientific."

"Life is not always science," The older man reminded him.

"No, but sex is," Min replied, waving with his chopsticks. "It's mechanics and lubrication. The emotions attached to it

comes from your heart, not your body. That's what turns it into love-making."

"You make it sound simple."

"It is simple," The young man shrugged. "Either he feels comfortable with you touching him inside or he doesn't. If he doesn't then it's not fair for you to push him on that. If he likes it, then you know you can try. It's not hard to figure out."

"He... likes it," Jae admitted slowly. "I've... slid my finger inside of him while..."

"Sucking on him?" Min finished, reaching for another container. Finding noodles, he murmured with pleasure and dug in. "Okay so that's good."

"Do you have to slurp while we're talking about this?" Jae rolled his shoulders, pulling himself back into the couch.

"You have two choices, listening to me slurp or waiting until I am done. I'm hungry. I haven't eaten all day and I want to grab something fast before I shower and head over to Dong-Wook's. We're going to see a car show."

"I'm surprised you two even make it outside of the apartment." Jae teased.

"Unlike the two of you, we don't have to live inside of each other," Min shot back. "We can actually go outside without crawling back into one another. It's called... living."

"Funny," The singer sneered. "We go out."

"Rarely," Changmin responded. "What are you doing tonight?"

"Um, I don't know. We haven't planned anything."

“There? You see? You should plan something,” Min replied. “Maybe go out and see a sex show or go to a club. Have a date then come home and screw his brains out.”

“Too soon,” Jae said, shaking his head. “We just started talking about this. I can’t just...we can’t...”

“Sure you can.” Changmin wiped at his mouth with a napkin and flattened the take out containers he’d emptied. Standing, he covered his lips to burp and then rubbed his stomach appreciatively. “Yunho needs to have control and you want to be inside of him so lay on your back and let him ride you. That way, he can take in as much as he needs or wants and you can have him around you. No one says that the receiving lover can’t call the shots. Hell, most of the time, that’s the one that’s really in charge.”

Nine

*We are, each of us angels with only one wing;
and we can only fly by embracing one another.*

Luciano de Crescenzo

A few weeks later, they scraped together enough time to relax, their schedule lightening for one of Japan's national holidays. Their night started at a restaurant, sharing a private meal with the other members and Dong-Wook. Rare steak and grilled asparagus was accompanied by many glasses of chilled sake and a bottle of wine. Min left swaying, Se7en's arm around his waist to hold him up and Junsu's minute sips sent him into the giggles. Smiling, Yoochun shook his head and guided his lover out, leaving Jaejoong and Yunho to finish off the last of the sake.

The red flush in Yunho's cheeks spread with each glass and by the time they'd left the restaurant, he'd somehow caught the giggles as well, laughing at nearly everything Jaejoong said. Smiling, the singer called a taxi and gave directions to the club, hoping the music would be enough to work the edge off of Yunho's drunk.

Shinjuku glowed, a neon salad of colours and sound. Lean men with cigarettes or toothpicks at the corners of their mouths passed out flyer cards advertising massage parlours or strip clubs. They eyed Jaejoong and Yunho as the young men walked by, ignoring the loud hawking of female skin.

The Liquid Room was loud, a hot bed of music and conversation. The uneven ceiling caught the sounds, tossing it back down on dancers. Orange-yellow lights turned the glossy black columns into flames and the stage set up for live acts swayed from a trio of pink-haired women dancing enthusiastically to the music with pounding feet and flailing arms.

Jaejoong smiled, recognizing the XJapan song playing through the speakers. Leaning over, he half-shouted over the music, "Do you want something to drink?"

"Maybe later," Yunho grinned widely. "I want to dance."

On the floor, the alcohol didn't seem to seep into Yunho's limbs. Graceful and precise, the man moved confidently through the crowd, holding his hand out to Jaejoong when the shorter man joined him. Around them, other men danced together, slipping their bodies around one another in time to the beat. Swaying, Yunho picked up the song with his body, placing his hands on Jae's hips and telegraphing the motion into his lover's movements.

Jae glanced around. The pressure of their situation hung over him. A chance snap of a picture could ruin them, dashing their group into scandal but the shadows around the couple were thick, their faces blackened by darkness. Slowly, he relaxed, allowing Yunho to drag him forward. Falling into the hypnotic beat, Jaejoong pressed himself into Yunho's body, riding the other man's movements with a circular thrust of his hips.

In their private corner, thick walls and columns blunted the music, shunting off the heavy whine of guitars and synthesizers. Daringly, Jaejoong lifted his shoulders, pulling himself up to his full height and moved his shoulders in time with Yunho, curving into the man with every rock of his torso. The leader pursed his lips, a heat enflaming his dark eyes and he ducked his head, kissing at Jae's neck.

"Pull back, Yunnie-ah," Jaejoong whispered into his lover's ear.

Curious, Yunho lifted his head away from Jae's throat. The singer guided Yunho's chin up, exposing the lean line of his neck and a peek of a collarbone from the part in his shirt. Pressing the young man against the wall, Jaejoong spread his hands over Yunho's chest, rubbing his palms over the erect nipples he found through the fabric of Yunho's shirt.

"Stay put," Jae growled, biting at the line of bone under the hollow of his lover's throat. "I want to taste you."

Yunho's eyes widened and he shifted against Jae's long legs, sliding down the wall with a bend of his knees. Straddling his lover's thighs, Jaejoong's mouth wandered over Yunho's jawline, rasping his tongue against the hint of a shadow above Yunho's lip. The tickle of hair was faint, enough to stimulate his tongue. The touch of wet on his upper lip made Yunho laugh and he pulled his head back, rubbing at the spot where Jae touched him.

"Don't run from me," The singer bit into the soft skin under Yunho's ear, hard enough to mark the man. Yunho hissed when Jae's teeth sunk in deep, the bite scraping his skin.

A thickness pressed up into Jae's thigh, Yunho's sex responding to the aggressive kisses and bites from his lover. Aroused, Yunho moaned when Jaejoong slipped his hands

between the buttons of his shirt then gasped when the young man pulled sharply. Tiny white buttons flew everywhere, hitting the wall and floor. Filtered cold air hit Yunho's chest and he gasped, his nipples hardening tighter and a spray of goosebumps rippled over his bared chest.

"Joongie-ah!" Attempting to grab the edges of his ruined shirt, Yunho was stopped short when Jaejoong's strong fingers gripped his wrist.

"No," The singer said with a single shake of his head. "I want to see you."

It was unexpected, at least in Yunho's mind. His young lover was demure, acquiescent when Yunho needed him. An aggressive Jaejoong was a surprise, not unwelcome but a surprise.

His skin burned with Jae's touch, rosettes of pleasure blooming under the singer's fingers. Jaejoong slowed his palms, rubbing the flat of his thumbs over Yunho's ribs, caressing each ridge then skimming over to run the back of one hand on his lover's muscled stomach. He hooked the tip of his index finger into Yunho's belly button, rimming the flattened dip.

"Sometimes," Jae whispered while he sucked Yunho's earlobe, playing with one of the small diamond studs they shared. "I wish you were pierced here too. So we could be chained together when we make love."

Yunho's mind exploded with the image rising in his mind. Jaejoong loomed over his body, a sparkling golden chain looped between them, connecting their bodies together. He could almost feel it between his fingers, warmed from their heat and then dripping with the spill of their shafts.

“You’re making me lose my mind, Joongie-ah,” He murmured, unable to keep still. Long shadows played over them, people moving up and down the flight of stairs leading to the loft. “Baby...”

“Do you always talk this much?” Jaejoong licked, finding Yunho’s nipple and circling the tip. He felt his lover shiver and the ripple of cold on his skin when he breathed over the wet spot. The salty-sweet of the man’s skin held a hint of sake, marked by a spill in the restaurant.

“You’re...” His brain fled, running when he felt Jaejoong reached into his pants, stroking at his sex. His shaft throbbed, trapped between his lover’s hand and his briefs. “God... there are... people.”

“Forget the people,” Jaejoong skimmed his nails along Yunho’s head, playing with the velvet soft skin. He pushed the tip of his finger into the damp pout, flicking the sensitive edge until the touch became too much for Yunho to bear. “For once, Yunho, take your own advice and let go.”

“I ca...” He started to speak when the lights went black. Plunged into nearly total darkness, they rocked slowly to the growing beat. Jae rubbed under him, gripping his root and Yunho nearly lost himself in Jae’s hand.

“Shut. Up.” Jaejoong gritted his teeth, pushing his tongue past Yunho’s lips. He sealed the man’s mumbling protests, using his shoulder to pin his lover against the wall.

He reached in, stroking with his tongue. Drawing out his kiss, he covered Yunho’s mouth, angling his head so he could fully taste the man he loved. A ridge of skin on Yunho’s upper lip begged licking and Jae fell to the temptation, stroking the spot. He kept in time with his fingers, circling and biting while he explored the length in his palm.

With every touch, Yunho grew harder and wetter, leaving a damp trail on Jae's fingers. Growling, Jaejoong bit Yunho's lower lip, "Spread your legs. Get down a little bit lower."

"Like this?" Yunho grinned, his teeth white in the dark.

His eyes were adjusting, focused on the fierce paleness of his lover's face. Half hidden under a mask of shadows, Jaejoong's beauty took on a dangerous sexuality. Gone was the playful young teen he'd met. Burned away by years and hardships, a man remained, sleek and in command of his sensuality. Captured in Jae's hand, Yunho felt freed of his worries, half-scared and half-thrilled at the risks they were taking.

Around them, the sounds of other couples taking advantage of the shadowy cover. Their voices created a low bass line of moans and higher pitched whimpers, almost inaudible under the blasting music. Something popped open, unseen but its odor stretched out, dank and too-human. It touched Yunho's senses and he shook his head, holding his breath until the smell passed. Jaejoong's mouth was busy on his body, too busy for him to think clearly. It seemed as if nearly every inch of his body thrummed and he leaned his head back, coasting on the sensations filling him.

Then he clenched, feeling Jaejoong push the tip of his seed-dampened finger past the tightness of his core. Panting, Yunho gasped into Jae's mouth, sucking in the man's hot breath. He felt Jae's lips, full and needy on his own, pushing and taking until Yunho couldn't resist and he sighed, his body giving in to Jae's insistence.

"I want this, baby," Jae murmured. His shoulder ached with the angle of his body but the welcoming heat on his hand was delicious. Yunho's core suckled on his finger, as lovingly pursed around his flesh as the man's mouth was against

Love Much Mine

Jaejoong's lips. "God, please... Yunnie-ah. I want you like this so badly."

Ten

At the touch of love everyone becomes a poet.

Plato

“Not here,” Yunho whispered, raising his voice to be heard. There were too many people, too many eyes and voices. He felt himself shudder and close up, tightening himself into an armoured ball. “Not here, Joongie.”

There was a pleas in his voice Jaejoong could not ignore. A private person, Yunho’s daring was personal and intimate and Jae could respect that for his lover. Sliding away, Jae eased off the pressure he’d placed on Yunho’s entrance and nodded, brushing a gentle kiss on the other man’s mouth.

He’d barely touched Yunho but the man’s sex strained with the touch. Inured to alcohol, they both were relatively sober, the edge of their stoicism taken off with the few drinks they’d consumed back in the restaurant. Loose boned and feeling free, Jaejoong laughed when Yunho grabbed at his hand and pulled a tissue out from his pocket to wipe at Jae’s fingers.

“I didn’t touch you that deeply,” Jae said in Korean.

"I..." Shame flooded Yunho's mind, pinking his face brightly. His eyes skirted to one side and then another, searching the darkness for prying glances but no one around them was paying them any attention, the couples...and in one case, a threesome... enraptured in their own worlds.

"Live with me for once, Yunnie-ah," Jaejoong said, leading the other man out. "Tonight, let's pretend that we aren't anyone with burdens or responsibilities. That we're two young men who have found one another to love."

"I don't want to go back home," Yunho said, shifting away from the crowd with a dip of his shoulder. The burn of sake in his belly was gone and the bracing chill of night air on his face shocked him into sensible thoughts. "Let's find some place..."

"Come, I know what to look for," The other man replied.

The street outside of the Liquid Room was cramped. Throngs of people milled under the area's banners and overhangs, a cloud of cigarette smoke lingering overhead. Behind them, the club's music crept out past closed doors, spilling noise into the street. Nearby, a young woman in a green plaid skirt and tied off white shirt danced alone, her black hair pulled up into two pony tails on either side of her head. Jaejoong caught the stealthy glance Yunho gave her, his gaze drawn to her naked long tanned legs. Keeping his shirt closed with his hand, Yunho looked up, catching Jae's curious glance. He shrugged, a half-apology for being caught looking.

A quick question to a waiting cab driver earned them information, the answer easily secured with a few crumpled yen. Following a hastily drawn map on the back of a receipt, they found the love hotel's entrance, a discreet door with a placard of rates next to it. Falling into a fit of giggles, they slipped into the lobby, a short carpeted foyer that smelled of

apples and flowers. The older man behind the counter bowed once and then took Jaejoong's credit card.

"Here," Yunho said, reaching for his wallet. "I'll pay."

"Not tonight, Yunnie-ah," Jaejoong pressed his hand over Yunho's. "Tonight, it should be me."

The room was a pleasant surprise. A frothy white comforter covered the king-sized dominating the small room. The walls were a light honey wood panels offset with peachy-cream paint and two small lamps provided a soft light, lengthening the shadows along the smooth white ceiling. Sprays of orchids were arranged in a rectangular glass vase on a small round table and Yunho touched a white Phalaenopsis, amazed to find it was real.

"I think..." Yunho stood at the end of the bed, watching his lover take off his jacket. "I think I'm too sober for this."

Spotting the small bar fridge tucked next to the bed, Yunho opened the door and pulled two mini-bottles of cheap whiskey. Cracking the plastic ring, he was about to tip the end up and fill his mouth when he spotted Jaejoong standing next to the bed, studying him with a resigned look on his face.

"What?" He said. A few drops of alcohol dribbled onto his tongue and he gagged at the raw taste, choking on the fumes. Making a face, Yunho took a quick breath and downed the bottle, swallowing the double-shot with distaste. "Meh, that's horrible."

"You..." Jaejoong picked up his jacket, clenching it with his fist. "You have to get drunk before you can... God, I'm an idiot."

Shaking his head, Jaejoong fished the key out of his pants pocket, tossing it onto the table. Yunho crossed the room in two strides, grabbing his lover's shoulder and turning him

around. Facing the taller man, Jae blinked and looked away, an uncomfortable heat pushing up from his belly.

"It's not like that," Yunho leaned in. He slid his hand down Jae's shoulder, gripping his upper arm tightly. "I don't have to get drunk to touch you."

"No, but you have to get drunk so I can touch you," He shot back, canting his chin up to stare into his lover's face.

Familiar anger simmered then flowed from the centre of Jae's arousal. It hurt to see the empty whiskey bottle on the bed and stung more if he looked at the unopened one in Yunho's hand. The stink of cheap alcohol burned his nose and the smell of it on his lover's breath roiled the calm in his brain. Hissing, the singer jerked away, pulling himself free. Reaching for him, Yunho stopped cold when the young man snarled at him, baring his teeth.

"Don't touch me," Jaejoong spat. "God, how fucking stupid can I get sometimes?"

"Joongie-ah..."

"Don't Joongie-ah me, Yunho." He paced away, circling the bed.

"You promised to be patient." Yunho reminded him.

"I promised patience," Jae replied sharply. "I didn't promise to rape you while you're half drunk. Fuck, I might as well be..."

The man's name hung there, unspoken and heavy. Yunho canted his head back, breathing in deeply to ward off his temper. The sour taste of whiskey gurgled up from his stomach, searing his throat and tongue. Anger rolled off of Jae's body, his shoulders tucked in tight and his hips squared off.

"You're more angry at yourself than you are at me," Yunho said softly.

"That would be pretty hard," Jae snorted derisively. "I'm pretty pissed off at you. But yeah, I...there's just so much... stuff around us. You have to be the leader and in control because it's who you are. We've fallen into these roles and I can't become more without stepping on who you are. I can't even have sex with you without tangling up into these... problems. They're like octopus arms strangling me."

"Legs," Yunho said absently. "Octopus have legs, not arms."

"You know what I mean, Yunho," Jaejoong tried not to smile and failed, ducking his head to hide his laughter. "You're throwing me off of my anger."

"Good," The man said, walking over to slide his arms around Jaejoong's waist. "Listen to me, Boo. Okay?"

Tucking Jae's head against his shoulder, Yunho rocked him close, relieved when the other man's arms snuck up to wrap around him. They stood holding one another, listening to the other breathe and feeling their bodies relax. Yunho sighed with relief when Jae's jacket slithered to the ground as he let it go to place his hand on the small of Yunho's back.

His body remembered the touch of Jae's finger against his entrance and he ached there, unsure of the need growing inside of him. The stroking had been erotic, nearly as softly sexual as Jaejoong's mouth on his lips. Fuzzy from the alcohol, Yunho rested his cheek on Jaejoong's shoulder, kissing the bone rise under his shirt.

"I tried to make this easier," Jaejoong whispered. "I did... everything the others suggested."

“How many others did you talk to?” Yunho closed his eyes. If he listened to their breathing, he heard a lilting beat, the harmony of their bodies falling into a song. “How many people know I’m too scared to let you make love to me?”

“Two,” He answered. “Gakkun and Minnie-ah but Gackt-san wouldn’t say anything...”

“Three,” Yunho laughed. “I talked to Dong-Wook about it too.”

“What did he say?” Jae took up Yunho’s song, stepping into a slow circle, dancing to a silent melody. They swayed without thinking, the sounds of traffic and street noise coming through the hotel’s thin walls.

“He suggested I get drunk and force myself on you.”

“Hah!” He chuckled. “Min said to get you drunk and make you ride me like a carousel horse.”

“A carousel horse?” Yunho laughed. Jaejoong’s scent intoxicated him, more so than the whiskey he’d downed. “I don’t need to get drunk to have you touch me, Joongie. I really don’t. It’s more...”

“It doesn’t matter why, Yunho,” He said, rubbing the line of his lover’s back. “It’s that you need it at all. If you need to be drunk to do something, then it’s not something you want to do. I don’t ever want to be a part of something that you need to be drunk for.”

“Unless it’s a belly button piercing?” The man teased.

“Oh God no, you’ll throw up,” Jaejoong lifted his head, jostling Yunho from his shoulder. The horrified look on the singer’s face was priceless and Yunho kissed the corner of his open mouth. “You will. Being drunk and piercing your belly

button can make you sick. Your muscles all clench up. I know. I was drunk when I did mine.”

“Then I’ll keep that in mind whenever I have the crazy idea to be chained to you for the rest of my life,” Yunho whispered. “Although I think we do fine with rings and kisses.”

“Those are nice too.” Jaejoong pressed his forehead on Yunho’s temple and the man turned his head until they were nose to nose, moving their feet in soft, lazy circles. “I want you, baby but I don’t want you to... hurt for me. I can’t stand that. I can’t. I don’t want to get you drunk or trick you or even seduce you. I only want to be inside of you because you want me there. I only want to be around you because you want me there. That’s the only way I ever want to make love to you, Yunnie-ah. The only way.”

“Good,” Yunho said, capturing his lover’s mouth in a fierce kiss. “Because I can tell you, scarily sober and wanting you very badly, that I want to try to do this. Not because it’s what you want but because I think it’s what I need. I need to complete us, Joongie-ah. I need to complete this ring we wear between our souls. No matter what happens... no matter how long we take... I need to be there with you... inside of you and around you. Show me how good it is, baby. Make love to me, Boo. Please.”

Eleven

*Everyone is searching for a place,
That can take away the sorrow and loneliness
So... for you, that place is here.
Don't be afraid, don't hesitate anymore, because I'll protect you.*
Dong Bang Shin Ki

For Yunho, everything began with a kiss. The taste of Jaejoong in the rain, captured on his tongue by an accidental brush of their lips. When they were trainees, not yet debuted — before Dong Bang Shin Ki existed, groups of them would race from the studio back to the dorms where they lived. Athletic and long-legged, Yunho would easily outdistance the others until the day Jaejoong cheated.

A dig in his ribs by a sharp elbow threw Yunho off his stride, and they tumbled to the grass, arms flailing and legs tangling. Spring hit Seoul hard and they'd not seen the sun in days so the momentum of their failing hydroplaned them across the sodden lawn, digging a long groove into the stalks and mud. They skidded to a stop against a tree, slamming into the trunk and shaking a rain of leaves down on their mud-soaked heads.

Yunho's anger flared. The country born, gutter raised street rat annoyed him and his friends. They spent hours teasing Jaejoong or mocking him. Straddling the skinny teen, Yunho balled up his fists, ready to strike at the pretty faced singer.

Until Jaejoong began to laugh.

It was an infectious sound. Yunho felt the edges of his mouth tug and then his belly convulse with a giggle. Covered in mud and lawn, they looked like rice grass demons ready to be burnt for good luck in the fields. His laughter was deeper than Jaejoong's, a counter melody to his higher pitch.

They moved at the same time, dipping their heads together and skidded again, unable to get traction on the slippery grass. Laughing didn't help them get to their feet and when Yunho leaned forward to balance his weight on his hands just as Jaejoong shifted under him.

And the moon bloomed on Yunho's lips.

He carried Jaejoong's taste in his mouth for years, unsure about the sweetness of another man until they'd kissed in the heat of their complex beginning.

He'd found his moon again in that kiss. Now he wanted to go looking for his stars.

Jaejoong knelt on the bed, naked and slim. They kissed, a slow simmering meet of their lips. Yunho moved his mouth over Jae's, reveling in the soft feel of the skin. The singer reached for Yunho, pulling him closer. Resting his hands on Yunho's hips, he guided the other man to the bed, silently urging him to join him. Stepping over the white filmy bedspread lying on the floor, Yunho slid on his knees towards his waiting lover.

"I love your hair," Jae murmured, working his fingers across the back of Yunho's head. He played with the strands, luxuriating in the feel of it on his hand and wrist. "I like how it smells."

"You should," Yunho teased. "You picked out the shampoo."

"I liked how it smelled," Jaejoong said, wrinkling his nose. Yunho's hand touched his sex and he hissed, thrusting his hips forward. "I like when you do that."

"I don't do that enough," He admitted. "Lay back, baby. Let me take a look at you."

"Still in charge?" The singer teased as he lowered himself back into the pillows.

"I was thinking," Yunho said softly. "I want to have you in me and you want the same. How we get there is our own business. I'm bossy. We both know that. Why can't we be who we are and still make love the way we want?"

"So just let you be bossy then?" Jae grinned, stretching his legs out onto the bed in a V. "What do I get out of it?"

"You, baby," The taller man whispered, sliding his hand up Jae's toned leg. "You'll get yourself buried inside of me for the first time."

The differences in their bodies was distinct. Jaejoong was smooth beneath Yunho's hands, his legs barren of thick hair. Leaning over, Yunho licked at Jae's ankle, using his tongue to circle the bone before following the line of his calf muscle. Jaejoong laughed and tried to pull his leg free of his lover's grip but Yunho was insistent.

“Let me explore you, Boo,” Yunho said, looking up at his lover through his long lashes. “Let me look at you like you look at me.”

Jaejoong nodded silently, laying out under his lover’s gaze. He lifted a hand to Yunho’s broad shoulders, running his fingers over the bump of bone at the joint then on the soft satin skin of Yunho’s back. Lightly, he played with the soft downy trail on Yunho’s neck, hidden under the man’s hair.

They’d left on a radio, turning the channel to something soft and heavy. An R&B beat played in the background, a one-two punch of a bass line guiding Yunho on his journey. Somewhere in the tune, a woman sang, her words indistinct but the thread of sound stitched through the air, melancholy and lovelorn.

Yunho licked and tasted Jaejoong’s skin, a faint salt and green tea shimmer of heaven on his tongue. He stopped suddenly when he felt the smoothness of a scar under his touch, shiny and metallic to the taste. Tracing the long keloid, he explored the area Jaejoong kept hidden. Whimpering a protest, the singer tried to push Yunho away with a light shove of his shoulders but he refused to be moved, taking his time to lave Jaejoong’s damaged knee.

“Yunnie-ah...” Jaejoong murmured. “Not there...it’s ugly.”

“It’s not ugly, baby,” Yunho kissed the spot, then another, finding each torn and shattered line of skin with his mouth. “You wear us on your skin. When you got hurt, it was the scariest thing for us. We were so afraid to lose you. This is your strength. Your determination. How can something so strong be ugly?”

He’d wiped away Jaejoong’s tears when the young man woke from his surgery, tasting the tight pain in Jae’s body on

his fingertips. Now, he covered the area with butterfly kisses, teasing the puckered skin with his tongue. Wandering inward, Yunho pushed at Jaejoong's thighs, parting them for his exploration.

"Aren't I supposed to be doing this?" Jae asked, languidly stroking Yunho's cheek and neck.

"Nope, I'm in control," Yunho grinned, winking at his lover. "Let me take care of you, baby. Just lie there and enjoy."

Jaejoong convulsed on the sheets when Yunho took long swipes along his inner thighs. Avoiding the trembling shaft shifting on Jae's leg, Yunho dipped his head down and inhaled the soft powdery scent of his lover's skin. The V of Jae's body was soft, nearly as bare of hair as his legs and Yunho licked along the curling sac tucked into Jae's hollow, savouring the musky heat of a man.

There was something intimately passionate about exploring another man, Yunho thought, especially a man as beautiful as his Jaejoong. The singer was still relaxed, his sac filled with two hanging globes. One rolled when Yunho touched it, tightening slightly up in response. Intrigued, he bent in, sucking one into his mouth and licking at it with the flat of his tongue. The loose skin shimmered against his lips and Jaejoong hissed, lifting his legs and parting his knees when Yunho suckled harder.

Pulling slightly, Yunho released the first and took in the second one, rolling the mouthful around. Panting with the effort to keep his body under control, Jaejoong fisted the sheets, holding his arms out. Yunho murmured in pleasure, alternating his sucking and release until Jae's shaft pearled at its tip.

"Sometimes, Boo," Yunho whispered. "I can't tell where sin ends and love begins."

Jaejoong curled up and to the side, laying one of his bent legs down against the bed. He took in a deep breath, exhaling it slowly when Yunho blew softly on his wet balls, tightening his thigh muscles to stave off the rush of his arousal. Chuckling, Yunho glanced up, entranced by his lover's mouth as Jaejoong bit into his lower lip, his teeth white on his kiss-swollen pout.

Following the ridged line running up Jae's sac, Yunho reached the root of his lover's sex. Gripping its base, he slid a circle of his fingers up and down the first inch, marveling at the differences between them. He was thicker and longer than Jaejoong, an echo of their bodies but Jae's sex was a graceful swoop of satin and velvet. Lean and pale, the ridges of his shaft stood out, elongating his erection and parting to the sides as they approached the tumescent head.

Curious, Yunho took his time in tasting the different textures of Jae's shaft, starting with the wrinkled root where his sac joined the crux of Jae's body. A prickle of hair teased and taunted Yunho's tongue, scraping lightly on his lips. He continued up, releasing his fingers from their grip on Jae's sex so he could lave at the skin beneath.

It was smoother, silk to the roughness under it and when Yunho circled up to the brighter blush under Jae's head, he was surprised to find it slick, a satiny flush turning to a velvet at the ridge. The helm was shiny, Yunho's explorations rubbing drops of seed into the hardening head. He dabbed his tongue along the part in the head's tip, feeling with the tip at the smoothness hidden in the velvet.

"Baby, turn a bit," Jaejoong murmured, lifting his head up. "I need to touch you."

“You need to get me ready, Boo,” Yunho kissed Jae’s shaft, longingly cradling its head into the cup of his tongue. “Make me ready for you while I make you ready for me.”

They’d found lubricant in the nightstand, individual packets in varying flavours. Jaejoong laughed at the selection, tempted to crack open one of each until Yunho stopped him. He chose several chocolate and some strawberry, making a face when Yunho suggested the mint.

“Mint is for toothpaste,” Jae said with a shake of his head. “I don’t want to think of you and toothpaste.”

“How about the banana?” Yunho wiggled his eyebrows, leering at his lover. Jaejoong grabbed a pillow from the bed and smacked him across the head. Yunho laughed and put the banana flavour away, teasing Jaejoong that the smell would make him wish he were longer. Another pillow smack to them both down onto the bed and the discarded packets slid to the floor.

The foil packet twisted to open and Jaejoong hesitatingly tasted the lubricant. Overpowering, the sugar sweetness gagged him and he made a face, offering his fingers out to Yunho to try. Smiling, Yunho hooded his eyes and slanted his mouth, sliding his lover’s fingers into his mouth. A long slither of his tongue reached down the man’s hand, brushing on his palm’s mons.

“I’m supposed to use it on you,” Jaejoong said, his breath catching in his chest. Watching Yunho lick his hand clean hardened him, the erotic image burning a fevered course from his brain down to his erection. “God, you look so... hot doing that.”

“Give me the other one,” Yunho reached for the packet, shaking the lube down into the corner with quick flicks of his wrist.

Tearing off a corner, he smiled at the burst of strawberry spurting into his mouth. His lips savoured the flavour, too sweet for the other man but just right for him. Drizzling a line of pink gel over his lover's hard shaft, Yunho licked at a stray drop on the man's tip, closing his eyes in pleasure when Jae's salt-pearly seed mingled with the sweet-tart strawberry.

"Now I know why it's too sweet," Yunho murmured, grinning up at his lover as he eased Jaejoong's head past his parted lips. "You taste so damned good with this on you. Good enough to make me want to swallow you whole."

He breathed in through his nose and slid down his lover's length, puffing in his breath when the tip of Jae's shaft hit the back of his throat. Unable to push down any further, he fluttered his tongue up, skipping the tip around the base of Jae's sex. The other man's hips moved slowly and he moved his arm to cup one hand against the round of Yunho's head, letting Yunho guide the pace.

The chill of lubricant at the opening of his body stiffened Yunho's spine and the man took a breath, pulling back up on Jae's sex. The other man's fingers stilled, unsure if he should continue but Yunho nodded, catching Jae's head against the roof of his mouth and scoring a light bite with his sharp teeth along the head's ridge. Taking another breath, Yunho uttered a low hum, feeling the vibrations of his deep voice rumble down his lover's hard sex. The man's head tightened and his sac roiled in Yunho's hand, the leader's fingers pulling down on the soft flesh until Jaejoong cried out from the pleasurable pain.

"Relax, Yunnie," Jaejoong murmured as he trailed his fingers around Yunho's entrance. The pucker twitched with each pass and the young man pressed around the rosette slowly. He smeared a drip of gel into the minute folds,

working the tip of his finger in with a circular motion. "This should feel good. It helps me... relax. It makes my stress go away."

Lying forward on his chest, Yunho lifted his hips up and spread his knees on the bed. Keeping Jaejoong's shaft in his grip, he concentrated on suckling the velvet head in, leaving his breathing natural and even. The initial push was a surprise, more from the pressure against the soft channel of his body. He fought pushing against Jaejoong's tip, forcing himself to push out rather than down. His body accepted the man's finger, almost gratefully pulling it in further when he took his next breath.

Another application of lubricant slickened Yunho's entrance, the oil leaving a sheen on the man's untanned skin. Clenching his butt muscles, he found himself playing with Jaejoong's intrusion, willfully coy as the other man worked to slid his finger in. A brush of Jae's index tip hit a nodule inside of him and Yunho yelped, unable to control the shock to his nerves when Jae struck his erogenous spot.

"Oh God, that... Jae!" Yunho said, unable to do more than pant heavily as Jaejoong circled his finger once more. The shaking tremour returned and Yunho shuddered, moving his hips in a jerking motion, unable to stop himself from trying to bury Jae inside of him. Arching his back, Yunho pushed back, his mouth poised over Jaejoong's erection. Steadying himself, Yunho tried to take Jae into his mouth but the other man moved his hips away, murmuring over Yunho's hard breathing.

"I'm too close, Yunnie-ah," Jae sat up, licking the back of Yunho's thigh. "Too... too close. Let me do this. Let me make you ready for me."

Nodding, Yunho stretched out on the bed, hooking one leg up. Cradling a pillow to his cheek, he closed his eyes and forced himself to relax again, trying to ignore the trembling of his muscles when Jaejoong's hand skimmed over his ass. Jaejoong's mouth rode the rise of his butt, kissing him gently while at the same time, probing along the cleft.

Yunho felt Jaejoong dribble more lubricant down the crease of his body and he shifted, spreading his legs farther apart. The other man's fingers ran down the shallow dip on his back, circling around and down until once again, the tip of his index finger tantalized his opening.

The sheets' folds against his erection felt good, a rough tug on his shaft as Yunho shifted his hips. Jaejoong nibbled on nipped at his thigh and slid in the rest of the way, searching for the small rise in Yunho's tightness. With a curve of his hand, Jae rubbed on the crinkled mound and purred in satisfaction as Yunho's legs jerked in response. Moaning, the other man twisted against the bed, using the sheets to massage his rigid length.

"Joongie-ah," Yunho whimpered his lover's name. "God, how do... stand this?"

"Almost baby," Jae worked a second finger into Yunho, carefully moving his hand up until his palm lay flat against Yunho's cheeks. Cradling his lover's ass in the curve of his hand, he lay a long kiss on the small of Yunho's back, working up the man's sweat-dewed spine. Under him, Yunho trembled with the effort to remain in control of his body.

That control shattered when Jaejoong twisted his hand and pressed up into Yunho's heat, stroking and fluttering his fingertips on the sensitive spot near Yunho's entrance. The other man shook, shouting into the pillow he held against his

face. Biting down into the fabric case, Yunho growled, raising his hips up and sliding hard on Jaejoong's fingers.

"Now!" Yunho snarled, working to force Jaejoong's questing touch in deeper. "Need you, Boo. Now."

"Lift up," Jae said, sliding free from Yunho's tightness.

Empty, Yunho rose onto his knees, panting with the effort. His spine ached and his legs were rubbery, nearly unable to support his weight. Resting on his elbows, he reached down and stroked at himself, amazed at the wetness of his sex's pout. He thumbed over his head, rubbing and stretching himself out as Jaejoong ran a gelled hand over his own shaft. Turning his head, he watched his graceful lover prepare himself, taking his time to coat his erection. Any other time, Yunho would feel touched at the man's care but in the grip of his need, he only could shift impatiently and stroke under himself, reaching down to caress his sac as it rolled up tight against the root of his shaft.

"I'm here, baby," Jaejoong said. "Are you sure you want to be like this?"

"If you don't make love to me now, I'm going to go insane," Yunho reached behind himself and hooked his fingers on the back of Jae's thighs. "Now, honey. I can't get any more ready than I already am."

"I'm going to go slow, baby," Jaejoong whispered, leaning forward to kiss between Yunho's shoulder blades. "Trust me, okay?"

"I do," He murmured, shivering again when Jaejoong guided the tip of his sex to Yunho's entrance. "Just relax and push out. Like you did before."

The emptiness left inside of him after Jaejoong pulled away brought Yunho to tears but the press of his lover's

slender sex entering him made the man gasp and he inhaled sharply, puffing to stand the pressure. Jaejoong rubbed at the small of Yunho's back, soft nonsensical sounds.

"Let me know when you want more of me," Jaejoong said gently. "Or if it's too much..."

"No, just..." Yunho panted. "Give me a second."

He shifted, pulling up and then moving his hips down. Slathered with lube, Jae's head slid further in, parting Yunho's opening. Taking a deep breath, he canted his body and took his lover in. The fill of another man's body in his left Yunho breathless and he struggled to find air, dropping his head down until his forehead rested on the pillow case.

The feeling was sharp, nearly pain but not quite pleasure. A slow burn stretched out from the piercing of his entrance. Yunho pulled himself up onto his hands, keeping his head down as he controlled his breathing. A change of angle and Jaejoong's sex tilted out, nearly escaping the grip of his body. When he felt the head catch on his opening, Yunho moved in a small circle, feeling the shiver of Jaejoong's arousal vibrate up the man's sex and into Yunho's body.

Another tilt and Yunho moaned, lifting his shoulders up and lowering his belly until the head of his shaft brushed against the bed. Jae's fingers found him, stroking at his length until its hardness returned. Murmuring encouragement, Jaejoong lay still against Yunho's back, one hand on his lover's sex and the other moving back and forth over Yunho's shoulders.

"Move, baby," Yunho breathed, letting himself go. Filling Jaejoong's hand, his sex pulsed, needing more of the other man to drive him over the edge. The tingle of their joining began to crawl up Yunho's spine and he shivered, sliding further down Jae's length. "Please."

“Just... let me know if...” Jaejoong closed his eyes, savouring the feeling of his lover around him.

The tight velvet grip of Yunho’s channel made Jaejoong tremble. Buried inside of a man for the first time in his life, he stretched himself as far as he could to dip deep against Yunho’s pleasure centre. Yunho groaned, grunting for more and moving his hips, throwing them into a hard rhythm. Holding Yunho’s hip, Jaejoong tried to time his strokes with the roll of his fingers, passing his hand over the other man’s sac, covering it with slick gel so it moved easily with his caress.

Yunho covered Jae’s hand with his fingers, tightening the other man’s hold and tangling himself into the grip. They slid up and down Yunho’s sex, its satiny skin rolling over the shaft in time with the thrusts of Jae’s hips. Catching himself into the beat of their bodies, Yunho drove up to meet Jae with each stroke. Pushing his lover in, Yunho felt his control loosen and Jaejoong’s sex slid further in until the other man was buried up to his root.

“Can’t last... baby,” Jaejoong shuddered, trying to slow his own spill. The hold the other man had on him was beyond heavenly, encompassing every inch of his sex in a spiraled clench. Looking down, he watched Yunho’s body taking him in, pulling him in with a pout and release. Quickening, he flicked his thumb over Yunho’s entrance, running the spread of lube around the rosette. The rough feel of his finger against Yunho’s smoothness drove Jaejoong wild and he lost himself in the feel of his lover’s body.

“Give it to me, Joongie,” Yunho panted.

Covering himself with his hand, Yunho pulled his sex hard, jerking his palm over the head in a simple motion, trying to match the pleasure growing inside of him with the tremours

building up along his erection. Nearly painfully hard, his sex throbbed and spurting, a thin trail of white spreading over his fingers. Shouting Jaejoong's name, Yunho lunged forward, dropping his shoulders and pushing back into the other man, driving Jaejoong as far in as he could take him.

Yunho cried out, inarticulate and needy. Jae rocked in time to the man's encouraging grunts, spreading his knees further apart. Digging his fingers into the small of Yunho's back, he regained his control long enough to hold on, slapping their bodies together in a wet slide of skin on skin. The room filled with the sounds of their heavy breathing and the rough slap of their bodies meeting.

A spark lit in Yunho's core, spreading a numb fire through his limbs. Unable to stop, he crested, shouting and crying out, unable to stop his body from clenching down hard around Jaejoong's hot shaft. Pulled in by the man's contractions, Jae bunched his muscles, sweat dappling his shoulders, back and stomach with the effort of bringing Yunho to release.

Desire built between them, growing hotter and burning through their skin. It erupted through Yunho first. The man jerked, his body stiffening tightly as his body gave up its release. A cloud of creamy liquid spilled from his shaft, covering his palm and dripping down into the pale sheets below.

Dipping in, Jaejoong thrust into his lover's channel, once then again until he felt the tight sac under his erection give, curling up into his body and filling Yunho. The hot spill bloomed into the man's hot crevices, working a flood of sexual desire through the space and Yunho cried out again, his climax running endlessly up and down his limbs. The feel of his lover's seed in him brought him to the edge and he jerked

around Jaejoong's releasing shaft, holding his lover tighter and tighter as Jae nearly screamed Yunho's name.

Jaejoong dropped down, covering Yunho's back and they lay against one another, Jae's softening erection held captive by Yunho's rippling entrance. Bound by sweat and seed, they rubbed hands on what they could reach, wet skin slick under their palms and the smell of musky sex blended with an aromatic strawberry fragrance. Their hearts fell into pace, pounding blood into their ears and gently settling, giving their lungs room to breathe in their air-deprived chests.

"God," Yunho said softly, mournfully letting a soft Jaejoong slip from his body. "God I love you."

"I love you too," Jaejoong whispered, kissing the space between Yunho's shoulder blades. "Thank you. For this. For everything."

"No need to thank me, baby. Hell, you... I can't even find words for how you made me feel." Yunho turned, facing his lover. His fingers were wet with his own release and Jaejoong lifted Yunho's hand to his face, licking the man's fingers clean. Stirring, Yunho's aching sex reacted to the sight of Jae's sinful mouth frosted with the creamy salt from his spill. "Keep doing that and you're going to find yourself on your stomach again. Watching you do that is making me crazy, Boo."

"I don't mind. We've got all night." Jaejoong's dark eyes twinkled with mischief. Holding up some of the unopened packets, he shook it under Yunho's nose. He sealed Yunho's murmuring protests with a hard kiss, keeping his lips on his lover's mouth. "And I really like the taste of you and chocolate."

Twelve

*All the pictures that hung in my memory
before I knew you have faded
and given place to our radiant moments together.
Now I cannot live apart from you...
Your words are my food, your breath my wine.
You are everything to me.*
Sarah Bernhardt

“How was it?” Se7en said, handing the other man a cold bottle of Tsing Tao. “Everything you imagined?”

“Cute,” Yunho sneered, moving his legs so Se7en could sit down on the couch. “Better. Different. I can’t imagine doing that every night...”

“You expect Jaejoong to,” He reminded the man.

“Not every night.” Yunho grimaced when Se7en crooked an eyebrow at him. “Shut up. Like you don’t think about it every thirty seconds.”

“Twenty,” The singer corrected, pointing with the neck of his beer bottle. “I’m precocious. It’s why Min loves me.”

“Min loves you because I’m taken,” Yunho responded with a snort.

“Jaejoong’s only with you because Min was too young and Yoochun is in love with Junsu,” Se7en mocked, smiling when Yunho sputtered. “If you want to keep playing that game, I’ve got more ammunition than you do. I haven’t even brought up Camui.”

“Aish, Camui.” He shook his head, rubbing his hand through his newly trimmed hair. “That one’s scary.”

“I’ve never met him.” Dong-Wook shrugged. “How scary can he be?”

“Pretty scary,” Yunho replied. “Imagine a cross of Jaejoong and Changmin with a healthy dose of vampire. That’s what he’s like.”

“Sounds...” Se7en thought for a moment. “Nope, sounds scary. You’re better off keeping Jaejoong from him.”

“Can’t,” Yunho said, sipping his beer. “They’re friends. Talking on the phone friends.”

“You better be careful then,” He teased. “Min and I were ‘talking on the phone friends’ in the beginning. Now look at us.”

“Jaejoong would never break my heart that way,” The man grew serious, turning the bottle around in his hands. The condensation felt good on his palms. “He drives me insane but I love him. He’d never do that to me.”

“He has to love you. If you’d held out on me that long I would have killed you a long time ago.”

“I didn’t hold out on him,” Yunho protested. “I just wasn’t ready.”

“And now?”

"Now you're wandering into territory that's none of your business."

"Hey, I'll tell you anything you wanted to know," Se7en laughed at Yunho's horrified look. "What? Like you've never looked at another couple and wondered what it was like between them?"

"Nope," He said. "No one really gets to me like Jaejoong. Once in a while he and Min end up on our bed and that drives me a little nuts but I think it's because I have a thing for legs. Changmin has gorgeous legs."

"You should see them when they're up around my shoulders," Se7en teased. "They're gorgeous then."

"Once again, I don't want to know," Yunho replied. "He's my little brother."

"You've never thought about Jaejoong and Yoochun?"

"Hell no," He said, flaring his nostrils. "I hate sharing him with Chunnie as it is. Sometimes I want to take them and bash their heads together. Or yell at Junsu that he's not holding up his end of the bargain and keeping Yoochun busy."

"You have a bargain with Junsu to keep his lover busy?"

"No," Yunho snorted. "If I were smart, I would. It would make my life a lot easier. I'd have Jaejoong all to myself..."

"And give you more time to be on your stomach," Se7en interjected.

"You're an asshole."

"Better than being just a dick that makes my lover wait years before I agree to turn over."

"You're never going to let that go, are you?" Yunho gave Se7en a hard glare then burst into laughter when the man

crossed his eyes and stuck his tongue at him. "You going to teach Min to be that silly?"

"I keep trying but he doesn't do silly well," Se7en complained. "I've got him to be silly between us. I think that's going to be the extent of it. But I'm serious. What are the two of you going to do now?"

"I don't know," Yunho admitted. "I like the way things are between us. He does too." Leaning back into the couch cushions, he shrugged, staring at his friend. "I can see... wanting him inside of me once in a while. It was... nice. Maybe more often as we go on but something just feels right when he's under me."

"You're still caught up in protecting him," Se7en murmured. "Not a bad thing so long as the two of you agree to it."

"How do you and Min... do it?" Yunho held up his hand when a wicked gleam sparkled in Se7en's eyes. "I don't want details. I just want to know how you accomplish... changing sides and how often?"

"Pretty often," Se7en said, thinking on it. "I'd say we're two to one. I like him either way but he's sometimes a bit uncomfortable being the aggressor. I think that's because there's some part of his brain that still says hyung when he thinks of me."

"He has a fetish for that word," Yunho said wryly. "He tortures us into calling him that."

"That's because with the four of you, he feels like the baby," He replied. "Face it, he's the tallest and smartest of the five of you. He's used to being hyung."

"Well, he's not," The man smirked. "Brat."

"It's probably what makes it easier for us. He's got a good ego. He wants to be..."

"How do you know?" Yunho prodded. "How do you know he's not just doing it because you want it?"

"Don't make me doubt this, Yunho," Se7en warned. "Min and I aren't like the two of you. We talk about what we want. Not just where we want to go but where we are now. That's something the two of you need to work on. Not us."

"So he just came out and said; Dong-Wook, I want to trade places?"

"Pretty much," He said, thinking on it. "I did bring it up. I had to. He's got the two of you as an example."

"And the other two," Yunho pointed out.

"That's a good example?"

"Okay, maybe not." The other man frowned, remembering the mess he and Jaejoong had come home to. Yoochun still had no explanation for the cracker box in the main shower and they were all still finding rubber duck couples hidden about the apartment, set in appalling and compromising positions. "Never mind. Definitely not."

"The two of you is what he had as a relationship model," Se7en explained. "I had to break that stereotype pretty much from the very beginning." The singer's face softened. "No, the first thing I had to do was convince him that he was beautiful. Being with the four of you rocked his confidence."

"We've never made him feel stupid." Yunho shook his head. "That's only for Junsu."

"Not stupid," Se7en corrected. "Intimidated. All of you intimidated him. You are the older brother he never had. Junsu is an angelic voiced pretty boy that took his concept

from him. Even if that concept rankled, it still was his. Yoochun is moody and unpredictable. Our Changmin likes things to be in order. Yoochun throws him off his game. And Jaejoong...”

“If Yoochun makes him uncomfortable, Jaejoong must drive him insane,” He sighed. “No one is as unpredictable as Joongie. Most of the time, I can’t guess what’s going to come out of his mouth.”

“Je Je’s moods are pretty steady. He’s rarely angry and when he is, it’s a hot temper that flashes and is gone. Min’s temper’s hot like that but stays,” Se7en replied. “And he found ... a mentor in Jaejoong. Someone who encouraged his evil wickedness. The world became much more dangerous when Dong Bang Shin Ki brought those two together.”

“That’s the truth,” Yunho muttered, clinking his beer bottle against Se7en’s in salute. “God help us all.”

They sat in a companionable silence, watching a flock of birds fly between the buildings. Yunho cocked his head, studying the movement of the dark cloud with a curious interest. Se7en murmured, nodding to the other man and motioning his arm, simulating the wave of birds with his upper body. Yunho laughed, sitting up to put his beer bottle down. Dipping his shoulder down, he flowed into his own motion, adding a twist of his arms.

“That’s not a bird,” Se7en scoffed, sipping at his beer. “That’s not even a dead bird.”

“You study a lot of dead birds?” Yunho teased. “Maybe that’s something Min should know about you?”

“Everything comes back to that, huh?”

“As much as everything comes back to me and Jaejoong,” He retorted.

“But, you guys are okay?” Se7en asked softly. “I was worried you wouldn’t be able to...”

“What? That I wasn’t not man enough?” Yunho asked.

“No, Yunnie-ah,” The man shook his head, skirting closer to Yunho on the couch. “I’m serious. I want you to be happy with this. I was worried that you did this because everyone was pressuring you.”

Yunho stared at his friend for a long moment, unsure if he could trust Se7en’s sentiments. “You’re serious?”

“Yeah, pretty much,” Se7en nodded. “I worried about that. I did.”

Narrowing his eyes, Yunho asked softly, “Did you say something about that to Changmin?”

“No, just between us,” He said. “Our secret. If Min and Jaejoong can have secrets. So can we.”

They toasted again, to their own secrets and Yunho settled into the arm of the couch, putting the flats of his feet together as he bended his knees. Quirking his full mouth, he debated about what to say then decided to talk about the first thing he thought of.

“It was stranger than I thought it would be,” He started. “I didn’t expect to feel pressure inside of me. Not like I was...um...”

“Not like going to the bathroom,” Se7en said with a smile. “That’s what I thought it would feel like the first time.”

“Oh good, so it wasn’t just me.” Yunho blushed, ducking his face when his cheeks began to burn. “It was okay. A little bit... stretched apart but I was okay and then he hit that spot in me and...it was like someone shoved a star inside of me.”

“Bad visual but decent feeling.” Se7en nodded. “How was he as a lover?”

His eyes grew distant, remembering the feel of his lover inside of him. The sensation of holding Jaejoong intimately defied his experience. He’d heard his name screamed by thousands of voices and that overwhelming adoration paled in comparison to Jaejoong whispering about love in his ear.

“I don’t want anyone else ever touching me like that, ever again,” Yunho said, choking on the emotion welling up from his heart. “I only ever want him there. No matter what happens, that’s a part of me that will only be Jaejoong’s. I can’t... I won’t share that with anyone else. He gave me that much love... touched me that deep. It was nice. It was... just... it was everything we are. As if we’d come around and touched fully.”

“Did he take his time?” Se7en laughed at Yunho’s disgusted look. “You’ve got to tell him what you like and don’t like. Don’t just depend on what the two of you do... on the other end of things. It’s going to be different between you when you’re in that position. Something he likes might not work with you.”

“I hadn’t thought about that,” Yunho said, chewing on his upper lip. “I wanted him to hurry up. So did he. It was over too quickly but then at the same time, not quick enough. I was sore.”

“You guys didn’t take enough time getting ready,” Se7en said, standing to get them more beer. Bringing back the bottles and packages of arare, he sat back on the couch. “It’s important to do that, especially if you’re not going to be on the bottom a lot. You’re going to have to take more time, even if you don’t want to.”

"That's a problem Jaejoong has," The other man commented softly. "There are times when I don't think we've gone slow enough and he's... insistent. Then the next morning, he's moving sorely and I feel guilty."

"Did you tell him you were sore?"

"God no," Yunho snorted, frowning at Se7en. "Are you kidding? I don't want him to know that. He'll think he did something wrong or something. I can take it."

"See, that's why the two of you have problems," Dong Wook said, angling his head against the couch back. "You've got to stop thinking like you're in a traditional Korean marriage. You don't have to protect Jaejoong from your feelings. He's a guy, Yunho. As much as you are. You keep telling me he's not your wife. Stop treating him like one."

"I don't treat him like a wife."

"You don't treat him like a husband," Se7en pointed out. "He's going to want the same things that you want, for the most part. Yeah, he's more nurturing than you are but that's because he was raised in a convent of women. I know girls' boarding schools with less women than his family has. Don't let what he does, like cooking and fashion, fool you. He's just comfortable in being anything he wants to be. It's the rest of us who have to catch up."

"So you're admitting that you aren't perfect?" Yunho asked slyly.

"Hell no," He winked. "I'm as perfect as I need to be. I got Changmin, didn't I?"

"Hah, you're the one who said the only reason Jaejoong didn't get Min was because the dongsaeng was too young," Yunho laughed. "Maybe that's also the reason he's with you."



Changmin was brushing his teeth when Se7en came up behind him. The older man wrapped his arms around his young lover's waist, hooking his hands together under Min's belly button. Resting his chin on Min's shoulder, he grinned when a large dot of toothpaste froth ended up on his nose.

"You look like a sea cucumber, frothing at one end," He said, bumping Min from behind. "How does this end look? Same thing?"

"Hope not." Min bent his head, spitting out the toothpaste. "I'd have to worry about what you fed me for dinner if that were the case."

"It would be interesting," Se7en grinned, wiggling his eyebrows at Min's reflection in the mirror. "I could see how much suds we can get worked up."

"Ew," The young man made a face, returning the brush to his mouth to do the back of his teeth. Se7en rocked into him again, pressing his heat into the cleft of Min's body. Spitting again, Min gave him a mock stern look. "Stop that. I'm trying to finish this."

"And I'm trying to start this," Se7en said, kissing Min's long, bare neck. He moved his hands up, working under Min's tank top and over the smooth skin of the young man's belly. His thumb ran over the soft hair around Changmin's belly button, stroking at the line leading down past his waistband. Changmin moaned softly, leaning his head back against his lover's shoulder, fitting into the curve of Se7en's body.

"I haven't flossed yet," He murmured, hissing softly when Se7en pinched one of his nipples between two sharp fingernails. "I really should do that."

"Why?" Se7en left a trail of kisses, stopping only long enough to tug Min's shirt off and toss it to the floor. "I plan to

do some very dirty things to that mouth of yours. You might have to even brush your teeth again.”

“Ah, I have something for that.” Min nodded. “I have to show you what Jaejoong told me about.”

“When ever you say that, I get cold chills down my spine,” Se7en grumbled, tightening his grip on Min’s waist. “Mine.”

“I know. Hold on, old man. It’s good. Or I hope it’s good.” He disengaged from his lover’s hold, padding barefooted out of the bedroom to the living area.

Se7en muttered at being called an old man, picking up Min’s shirt from the floor and carrying it with him to the bedroom. He could hear Changmin rifling through his backpack, looking for something he’d brought with him. Standing by the chaise near the door of the room, Se7en stared down at Min’s open carry-on suitcase, the young man’s belongings and clothes piled haphazardly in it. He folded the tank, placing it carefully in the corner then took care of the rest of Min’s clothes, a soft sadness filling him with every item he put away.

Looking into the living room, he smiled briefly at the roundness of Min’s ass as the young man bent over to reach into the cavernous space of his pack. They would be apart soon, hundreds of miles away and connected only through airwaves and letters. Quietly, Se7en retrieved the tank top from Min’s suitcase and walked over to his dresser. Opening a drawer, he tucked the tank away, next to a weather-worn journal and a stack of letters tied with a blue ribbon. Pulling one of his white dress shirts out, he placed it under Min’s clothing, patting the pile carefully down.

“I miss you, baby,” Se7en said softly. “Even when you’re in the next room, I miss you.”

“Hey, I found it,” Changmin said, rattling a tin of mints as he came into the room. He peeked around Se7en and grinned widely. “You didn’t have to fold my clothes.”

“Yeah, I did, brat,” Se7en laughed. “Now come here so I can take the rest of your clothes off too.”

Thirteen

*If you live to be a hundred,
I want to live to be a hundred minus one day
so I never have to live without you.*

A. A. Milne

Se7en's breath froze in his lungs. The wintergreen lozenge on his tongue seared a mint cloud into his brain, wiping out most of his senses. Changmin slid the mint into his mouth with a kiss, telling him to suck on it while he filled his own mouth with several more.

Then Se7en lost his mind.

Min's breath on his sex was a mingle of hot and cold. The hit of mint in his own nostrils flared, driving down into his throat and streaming through his face. Se7en lay his head back, his shoulders propped up against the bed's numerous pillows so he could watch his lover consume him but when Min's lower lip caught on the ridge of velvet skin along his head, his eyelids fluttered and he gulped, nearly passing out when he forgot to inhale.

Se7en ran strong hands over Min's shoulders, enjoying the feel of the man's strength on his palms. Wiry, the younger man's body ran lean with muscle, a long expanse of bone and sinew seemingly designed to drive Se7en wild. Fisting one hand in Min's hair, he let his lover roam over his sex, panting when Min's tongue circled his head and exhaled a frosted breath into its slit.

The icy puff worked down into his sac, pulling it up in response. His shaft tingled, hardening until the loose satin skin grew taut over his length, unable to expand any more to contain his desire. Min gripped him at the root, burying the side of his hand into the wealth of silken hair under Se7en's belly and ran his tongue over the twin grooves leading down to his tip. Stopping just short of the head, Min circled Se7en again, licking at the vein pulsating beneath the shaft, transferring the minty shock of his mouth to Se7en's sensitive skin.

"Don't know if I can hold it, baby," He murmured, spreading his knees apart when Min nudged at his thighs with an authoritative push with his chin. "God, you are beautiful."

The sweet innocence of Min's features and the wicked intelligence in his dark sultry eyes turned Se7en on. Combined with the sexy quirk of his mouth, the younger man hit every single one of Se7en's desires, from his long legged lean body to the deep throaty laugh and macabre sense of humour.

Min's sinful lips, usually used for a smile or a smirk, wrapped around Se7en's sex and sealed him into a long succulent kiss. A single strong stroke slid the older man's length down Min's throat and Se7en gasped, lifting his hips up to touch his tip against the roof of Min's mouth. His softness cradled the pearling slit, then he drew back, dragging the older man's tip across the ridges of his palate.

The group's stylists left Min's hair a deep rich brown, thrilling Se7en. It was shorter than he'd like and his fingers reached the end of the young man's fringe and kept going, mostly out of habit. It was a match for the lush mink cowl of his leather jacket, a favourite now that the colour reminded him of Changmin. As soft as the luxurious fur, Min's hair tickled Se7en's hand, escaping from between his fingers when he tried to clench his fist as his body tightened.

"Like that?" Min gave Se7en a naughty glance, long lashes barely hiding the gleaming sparkle in his brown eyes. He took another long lick, tauntingly working Se7en down his throat again. He held him there, gripping the man's sex tightly and swallowed, enclosing him in a mint-frosted silken tightness.

The chill of Min's mouth spread over Se7en's sex. With a quick inhale, the younger man sent shivers down the shaft, leaving a sea of goosebumps over Se7en's thighs and stomach. Sliding the tip of his finger briefly in his mouth, Changmin left it wet then reached for the tin, haphazardly picking up what he could of the dust along the bottom.

Se7en opened his eyes and his breathing hitched, transfixed by the cunning smile on his lover's mouth. "What are ...you up to... Minku?"

"You'll see," He grinned up at the older man, cupping under his sac and rolling the man's globes in his palm. "Or maybe, I'll just show you."

Se7en yelped when Min slid the tip of a mint-dusted finger past his tight ring. The heat exploded outward, running along his nerve endings and he cried out, nearly losing control in the spiced cool of Min's mouth. A flip of Min's tongue burrowing into him followed, chasing the cool past the rim and deeper towards the delicate spiral knot hidden inside of

him. Dampened, his entrance opened and Min slid his finger in, caressing the sensitive flesh with long, passionate strokes.

“Killing me,” Se7en choked out. He forced himself back down onto the bed, pushing into the mattress. His knees rose, cradling the young man between his legs. When his lover stretched in deeper, he called out, almost screaming Min’s name with a hoarse shout.

“Yeah, I think you like that,” Min murmured, returning to the tin to dip his tongue into the mints. Picking up several on the wet from his mouth, he held them against the roof of his mouth, tucking Se7en’s sex into the hollow of his cheek.

The renewed sting of cool-hot enflamed the older man and Se7en gripped Changmin’s hair tightly, filling his hands with soft brown silk. When the young man’s tongue lapped at his head, he growled and pulled, yanking Min up from his perch across Se7en’s hips.

“Hey, not done,” Changmin complained softly then gasped when Se7en flipped him onto his back.

Growling even deeper, the older man fell forward to cover him, tangling his legs into Min’s and forcing them apart. Grabbing Min’s wrists, he leaned into a kiss, coaxing a sucked on lozenge from the other man’s mouth. “You’re teasing me too much.”

“Really?” Cockily, the younger man smirked. “I thought I hadn’t teased you enough.”

Se7en descended, claiming Min’s mouth. The younger man surrendered, parting his lips and sighed, cupping the back of his lover’s head with a trembling hand. Se7en squeezed Min’s thigh then reached for the gel they’d left open on the night. Grazing the underside of Min’s sac with one

hand, he warmed the bottle in his palm, heating the chill from the lubricant as he sucked on the mint in his mouth.

Changmin's legs fell open and his tongue darted out to lick at Se7en's mouth, tracing the man's lower lip. Groaning with the need to be buried deep inside of his young lover, Se7en trailed a line of gel on his fingers stroking Min's sex and balls, working the warmed lube around until it flowed down and over the entrance to his body.

His finger slid in easily, a long and supple stroke into the heat beyond Min's muscled rind. The younger man cried out, lifting his hips to meet each movement of his lover's hand, clamping down tightly when Se7en withdrew his finger out to tease him with its tip.

"Want more, baby?" He asked softly, biting into the length of Min's neck, small nibbles barely hard enough to leave a red trail along the young man's tanned skin. "Want more of me?"

"Yesssss." Min's hips thrashed and he lay his feet flat on the bed, rising and mewling when Se7en withdrew again. "Keep... inside."

"I've got a better idea, baby," Se7en flicked his tongue over Min's earlobe, drawing his teeth against the tender bit and tugging gently on the downy skin on his lover's cheek. "Get on your knees and turn around. I'm going to show you what happens to teasing, naughty young men."

Changmin rose, turning around as he got to his knees. Reaching up to grip the headboard, he gasped when Se7en clamped his teeth down on his shoulder, biting hard enough to dimple the skin. Releasing Min, he licked at the spot, drawing up the welts with a pass from his thumb.

“Hold onto the headboard, Minku,” Se7en’s voice was rough, gravel-harsh and thick with lust. “Don’t make me have to tie you to it.”

“Maybe I want...” He hissed as Se7en’s hand left a red print across the flat of his ass.

“Later,” Se7en promised. “Right now, I don’t want to take the time to get off of the bed. Hold on for now and do not let go.”

Guiding Min’s hips back, Se7en leaned over to kiss the small of his lover’s back. Licking at the crest of Min’s cleft, he bit him at the shallow dip of his ass then kissed the spot again. A dribble of gel along Min’s crack seeped slowly into the valley, flowing in when Se7en pushed Min’s shoulder’s forward to cant his hips up. Using his fingers, he stroked the gel along the seam of Min’s sac and then up into his core, parting the entrance with an forceful thumb.

Exhaling sharply, Se7en slid the half-dissolved mint from his mouth and pinched it between his fingers. Licking the edge of Min’s ear, he whispered, “Remember this the next time you decide to tease me, Minku. Turnabout’s fair play.”

The lozenge sliver slipped easily past Min’s entrance, trembling at the ring’s edge. Changmin’s gasp shuddered through his body, rocking him forward until his chest pressed up against the padded headboard.

Se7en parted his lover’s ass cheeks and slid forward, pushing the heat of his erection deep into the gel-slick channel beyond, forcing the icy burst of mint in besides him. Gleaming with the remnants of the tin’s dusty leavenings, Se7en’s sex parted Min’s core and reached the curl of his sexual knot, slamming his body into overdrive.

Changmin was velvet around his hard shaft, cloyingly tight around Se7en as he began to rock his hips. Snowflake fireworks expanded within the young man, leaving trails of heat that Se7en chased down with every thrust. Cocking his hips, the older man hooked himself in, barely drawing out before slamming in again.

The mint burst inside of Changmin, filling him and pushing outwards as Se7en pressed in again and again until he ached with the need to release. Needing to grip himself, he almost moved his hand from the headboard, stopping when his lover growled a warning.

“This,” Se7en said, cupping Min’s dripping sex. “This is mine. I’ll be bringing you off. No one else. Not even you.”

His erection was tight, nearly painful but Se7en held on, working his hand around Min’s shaft. He used his thumb to part the head’s slit, rubbing his fingernail along the pout and drawing out the creamy pre-cum Min built up. Changmin’s body twisted around him as the younger man tilted his ass, straining to hit the sweet spot with Se7en’s length and the older man obliged, drawing himself against the nub he knew lay deep inside.

Gripping Min’s shaft, he slowly pulled up, closing his fingers over tight around the slender tip and then down to the thicker root, taking his time with each stroke. Dripping gel from the bottle with his free hand, Se7en slickened Min’s erection, slipping his fingers around the lubricant until he could move smoothly. Tossing the bottle to the side, he flattened his hand on Min’s lower back, pushing the young man down until he arched his hips and thrust his shoulders back.

Falling into a deep rocking rhythm, Se7en heard the slap of his sac hitting Min’s body, their skin sticky with sweat as

the young man writhed and craned his body, driven to a frenzy by Se7en's thrusts. Unable to do more than hold on, he cried out, pleading at first then guttural moans filled the air. Se7en's grip on his sex lessened when the goosebumps hit Min's back, the remaining shoots of ice from the buried mint working over his skin.

The bed rocked and creaked, slamming the frame against the wall. Shifting his hands, Min spread his fingers over the padding, holding onto the fabric as Se7en thrust and groaned against him. Paint chipped from the plaster, revealing the white gypsum board beneath but the older man kept on, amused at the fine white dust covering his lover's fingers.

"That's right," He said, purring. "That ice inside of you. That's probably what you left on me, no? How does it feel, baby? Cold enough to make you hot?"

"Shichi," He moaned, dropping his head forward. Unable to do more than quiver in Se7en's grip, he pushed back, thrusting harder and tightening his muscles to hold his lover in deep. "It's cold... inside of me. Oh God, but it burns. Need you. More."

"Want me, Minku?" Se7en murmured, licking away the sheen forming over Min's shoulders. He could feel the stretch of the younger man's ring around him, pulling him in further and further as spasms began to filter up from Min's tight sac. A flick of his fingers down Min's erection confirmed his suspicions. The coil of his body fit up against the root of Min's sex and his balls roiled, barely able to part between Se7en's fingers. "Good because I want you too."

Possessing Min fully was all Se7en needed and the jump of the young man's cock in his hand told him Min was close to the edge. The older man bit, holding on tightly to the back of

Min's neck and pushed in deep, working his hips around in a tight circle to stretch his lover apart.

Grasping Min's root, he palmed up his length and over the head, Changmin drawing back from the touch as his glans tingled, too taut to be stroked but Se7en persisted. A thumb press against the slit was all Min needed to release and the young man's body went rigid, his head cast back as he screamed up into the ceiling.

Se7en heard the rush of his lover then felt the heat of his spill on his hand. Stroking quicker, he held Min's shaft as it jerked and spat, thrusting his hips quicker and deeper to spread the gel-mingled mint around. Unable to stand the icy kiss working over his sex, he closed his eyes and squeezed one final time, unwilling to let Min go as he gushed a release into the depths of Changmin's body.

The final tremors of their coming rocked their bodies as they sank down to the mattress, Se7en still fully engulfed by Min's tightness. The older man held him close, wrapping his arms about Min's slender torso and stroked at his deep brown nipples, using his other hand to milk the last drops from Min's softening sex. Running his fingers into the trail of dark hair around Min's navel, he played with the slippery release of his lover's body, spreading it over Min's skin and then his own as they touched each other with wandering hands.

"Love you, Minku," Se7en whispered, rubbing his cheek against the soft hair on Min's sweaty temple. "Always be mine, baby. Promise me that."

"Always your love, Shichi," Min leaned his head back, rocking his hips gently against the length of Se7en's body he still possessed. "Even when we are apart, I'll feel you in me. I promise you that. I am always yours like you will always be mine."

Love Much Mine

Fourteen

*I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,
or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.
I love you as certain dark things are to be loved, in secret,
between the shadow and the soul.*

Pablo Neruda

Yoochun laid down a string of lyrics, rapping through the English as he tried words. On the bed, Junsu looked up at the odd patterns his lover beat out, trying to figure out what Yoochun was saying.

“What is that you’re saying?” Junsu sat up, putting his book on the bed. “It sounds like nonsense.”

“It is,” Chunnie said, blushing. Rubbing the hair on the back of his head, he looked down. “Sometimes I just like putting words together that sound good, even if they don’t make any sense.”

“Huh.” The tenor cocked his head and motioned for his lover to join him, waving Yoochun over. “Come here.”

“Quack quack,” Yoochun duckwalked over to the bed, hooking his arms around Junsu’s waist and falling into the

pillows with him. The frame squeaked, the mattress hitting the wall. On the night stand, the lamp rocked on its base, light streaming wildly about the room as it rocked slowly in a circle. Lifting Junsu's shirt, he blew a raspberry on the young man's belly, making a loud wet noise with his mouth.

"Silly," Junsu laughed, a bright sound drowning out the giggle Yoochun left on him.

"Always," Yoochun replied. His laughter faded under the weight of his melancholy expression. "You taught me how to laugh, Susu-ah. Whenever I see you smile, I want to hold you so my heart can feel it more. You're like my own sun."

He stroked at the young man's hair, holding the slender tenor to him. In the dim light of a single lightbulb, they lay in the near darkness, listening to the night outside and the sounds of each other breathing. Junsu's heart beat skipped when Yoochun slid his hand under his t-shirt, roaming up until his fingers brushed gently over the tenor's nipples.

Junsu shimmied the shirt over his shoulders, tossing it to the floor. Hooking his fingers into the waistband of Yoochun's shorts, he said, "Want to fool around?"

"The hyung will be back soon." He made a face, glancing at the open door. "They went to the movies and unlike us, they just watch the movie and come home."

"Maybe we could..." Junsu shifted on the bed, trailing his fingers over Yoochun's mouth.

"Close the door?" Yunho asked, poking his head into the room and grabbing the doorknob. "When you're done screaming like alley cats, we brought home ice cream if you want some. Wash your hands first before you touch anything."

The door closed with a firm click and Yoochun burst into a fit of giggles, falling over Junsu when the young man sat up straight, shame flushing his cheeks. Pressing his hands to his face, Junsu bowed his head, moaning soulfully at the admonishment.

“Oh... God, quit laughing,” He balled up a fist and struck Yoochun. “You’re why they call us the hyenas.”

“God,” Yoochun gasped, wiping his eyes. “They call us the hyenas because Min started it. Say it in English. It sounds like hyung, no? It’s a joke. A pun, word-play. Hy-ena.” He pronounced the word slowly.

“Changmin is an ass,” Junsu muttered, his nostrils flaring. “He mocks us.”

“He mocks everyone,” The baritone replied, leaning back into the pillows after shucking his shirt. “It’s how he shows you he loves you.”

“Then he must be ready to toss aside Se7en and marry me,” He said, staring at his belly. “Did he sneak in here in the middle of the night and get me pregnant? Because I think he loves me that much.”

“You’re just too easy to tease,” Yoochun laughed, pulling him closer. “And why are you using your mouth to talk about Changmin instead of kissing me?”

“He makes me...” Junsu narrowed his eyes. “We should put his sheets in the freezer.”

“We could,” The other man cocked his head, contemplating the idea. “But do you want to start a war with a clearly superior intelligence? The baby is smarter than the two of us combined. I don’t want to start sleeping with one eye open.”

“Jaejoong would protect you,” He sniffed. “I’m alone. No one will keep Min from retaliating.”

“I would protect you from Min,” He promised. Yoochun’s whisper tickled Junsu’s ear, his breath hot and wicked. His fingers stroked at Junsu’s sex, circling its thickening head under the soft fabric of the tenor’s shorts.

“Who’s going to protect you from me?” Junsu asked, grinning as he pushed the other man into the pillows. Straddling Yoochun’s hips, he lowered his head and licked at the young man’s peaked nipple, rolling its hard tip between his tongue and teeth. Dragging the nub out with a slow bite, he sank his teeth in deeper when Yoochun hissed with pleasure, the baritone’s hips rising to rub on Junsu’s crotch. Letting go of Yoochun’s nipple, he pressed a small kiss to the man’s neck, inhaling his spicy, musky scent.

“Too many clothes,” Junsu said, wrapping his fingers around the elastic of Yoochun’s pants.

Everything came off at once, their mouths touching with a ferocious possessiveness in between gasps of air. Hands roamed over vast stretches of bare skin, fingers stretching to touch anything within reach. Junsu found himself breathless when he skimmed his hand over his lover’s hips then down Yoochun’s thigh. Trailing down Chunnie’s leg, he teased the other man by stroking against the direction of the hair on his shin, tickling him briefly. Eventually, he touched the tattoo on his lover’s leg.

“I will never regret those,” Yoochun whispered, pushing himself up onto his elbows and capturing Junsu’s upper lip with a teasing touch of his mouth. “My angel’s feathers, giving me strength and peace.”

“I’m too scared to get one,” Junsu laughed, rubbing at his own shoulder to chase away his goosebumps. “The needles!”

"It's more like a burn." He teased. "And I'm the biggest coward of all of us and I get them."

"That's because Jaejoong is your best friend," Junsu replied softly. "You steal his courage and wear it on you like a skin. Then you come to me and whine that it itches."

"That's not all that itches." Yoochun kissed his lover softly, his hand traveling down to grip at Junsu's sex. "I'm pretty sure this probably does too."

"Maybe a little bit," He replied with a cocky grin. "Maybe you can help me with that."



"Did you tell them we have ice cream?" Jaejoong asked, unpacking the last bag of groceries he'd brought in.

"Oh I told them," Yunho replied with a snort. "Then I closed the door on their sweaty nakedness and told them to clean up before coming back out here."

"Aish, you walked in on them?"

"No," He grinned at his lover, coming up behind Jaejoong and wrapping his arms around the singer's waist. Rocking the slender man back and forth. "They still had pants on. It doesn't count as walking in on unless pieces and parts are in mouths or other things."

"Ai!" Jae ducked his head, the burn of embarrassment filling his cheeks. "Being around Dong-Wook is bad for your mouth."

"Being around you is good for my mouth," Yunho bent to kiss his lover's neck, circling the spot under Jae's jaw with the tip of his tongue. "How about if we grab some of the mochi ice cream and spend some time on the couch? It's been a long time since we just sat together."

"It's going to be longer if we don't do it now," Jaejoong sighed, detaching himself from his lover's grip. Digging a few boxes from the freezer, he held up the ice cream. "What would you like? Coffee, chocolate, green tea, mango or strawberry?"

"Leave the mango for the others," Yunho replied, grabbing some napkins and a plate. "I know they like that and the chocolate the most. I bought two of the chocolate. How about some of the coffee, green tea and chocolate?"

"Not the strawberry?" Jae grinned.

"Oh I have strawberry for later, Boo," He winked at Jae then piled the cold treats onto the plate.

Stashing away the ice cream, the singer followed the taller man to the living room, carrying two water bottles. He waited until Yunho settled into the red couch before folding himself around the other man's body. Cradled in Yunho's curve with the other man's hand looped around his back, Jae sighed with deep contentment.

"You good, Boo?"

"Yeah," Jae said, nibbling on the chewy mochi around the ice cream centre. "I'm going to be sorry to get back onto the plane. We won't be sleeping together any more. I hate that they choose our roommates for us."

"It's what we agreed to," Yunho replied sadly. "All of us behave when we outside of the apartment."

"I hate being... away from you," Jaejoong wanted to say more.

He hated living behind a mask of friendship, unable to kiss Yunho's tears away from his eyes when they won an award or giving the man a fierce hug during a performance. His hands itched sometimes to feel Yunho under them and he

found himself living for the rare times when Yunho touched him. He couldn't trust himself to initiate the contact or they'd end up on the floor tearing each other's clothes off under judging and hard stares.

"It's not raining," Yunho murmured, taking a small bite of the treat when Jae offered it. The cold reached into his teeth and he chewed quickly, trying to warm the ice cream before it gave him a headache. "We could go out to the balcony and sit there."

"Ah, no," Jaejoong blushed, biting into a large piece of the treat.

Yunho lifted his eyebrows at the red in his lover's face. "I don't want to know. Do I?"

"No," He said, shaking his head. "Probably not."

"You know, they're the reason we keep moving, I swear." Yunho sighed. "It's like they smear their bodies all over everything."

"This is nice," Jaejoong sighed, cuddling against the taller man. "Can't we leave them in their bedroom?"

"Only if they stay in their bedroom," Yunho growled. He bent his head, stealing the sliver of mochi from Jaejoong's mouth. "Maybe we should take a hint from them and just do what we want out here."

"Only if you want them to comment on the length of your..." Jaejoong smiled when Yunho's fingers came up and pressed on his lips to close them.

Jae opened his mouth, sliding the tips of Yunho's fingers past his lips. He sucked hard, sliding his tongue around the pads and flicking over the lines of the joints. Opening his throat, Jaejoong swallowed the first tip of Yunho's finger,

undulating the back of his tongue around. He heard his lover gasp and he slowly moved his hand over Yunho's thigh, feeling the press of Yunho's sex throbbled beneath his palm as he moved his hand over the man's crotch.

"I thought we were going to cuddle and..." He swallowed hard, unable to finish his sentence when Jae's flexible tongue licked his palm. "Keep that up and I'm going to toss the ice cream back in the freezer."

"Why not just bring it with you?" Jaejoong's sensual mouth curled into a quirky smile. Rising to his feet, he bent over and gave the line of Yunho's shaft a long lick, stopping only to press the tip of his tongue against its tip before straightening. His smile wickedly seductive, he padded towards the hallway, stopping to trail his hand on the back of the love seat. "When you can walk again, why don't you join me in the bedroom? I'll finish what I started back there."

Fifteen

Love makes your soul crawl out from its hiding place.

Zora Neale Hurston

Yoochun tasted of mint and laughter. Kissing the baritone's mouth was like taking a sip from his soul. Chunnie held nothing back, letting his thoughts warm his tongue nearly as quickly as they flew to life in his mind. His lover reminded him of summer.

At least Yoochun's kisses did.

The young man's lips left star bursts along Junsu's shoulder and he moaned when the tenor's dominating mouth captured his in a hungry kiss. Lying naked over Yoochun's body, he covered as much of his lover's skin as he could, rubbing along the length of his slender torso with slow strokes of his hands.

There were spaces on Yoochun's body that Junsu loved to taste the most. A salty sweetness lingered in the cup of the young man's collarbone. He grew sweeter towards the V of his throat and Junsu swore he was sipping from a pluck of nectar

when he found Yoochun's mouth. The man's perfect bow held a candy sweeter than anyone could make.

If he didn't believe in God before, Junsu would have found the presence of a higher power in Yoochun's kiss.

Tearing himself from Yoochun's mouth, he roamed, flicking a nipple with his tongue. He played with the potent musky of Yoochun's chest, finding the other nub with his fingers. Tweaking it roughly, he grinned slyly when Yoochun groaned and twisted his hips under Junsu's thighs. A wetness already tipped across Junsu's hip as Yoochun's sex left a silver trail on the smaller man's skin.

Unable to wait, Junsu blindly searched for the small bottle of lubricant he'd tossed on the bed. The plan to seduce his lover was a long one but his patience was at an end. Nearly desperate to be buried in the hot snugness of Yoochun's cheeks, Junsu flicked open the top and poured some into his hand. Licking at Yoochun's belly button, he tracked the shiver of goose bumps across the man's hip bone with a swipe of his tongue.

"Spread your legs, Chunnie," Junsu shushed his lover's creeping moan, nudging the man's leg with his shoulder as he moved aside. "Let me see you."

"Susu..." Yoochun turned his head, his dark eyes hooded and hot. "It's..."

"It's mine, no?" The tenor nudged again. He teased Chun's sex with a nip of his teeth, licking at the damp slit until he coaxed out a drop of the man's salty musk. "Let me see what is mine, baby. Let me have what you've given only to me."

Nestled between Yoochun's legs was the sweetest scent of all. A mingle of masculinity and crispness, Yoochun's body

exhaled an erotic storm of flavours, each bursting in Junsu's mouth like the bite of a snowflake caught on his tongue. Parting the soft skin around Yoochun's head, he teased and licked at the sensitive spot until the other man writhed. Unable to pull away from Junsu's incessant tonguing, Yoochun raised his knees, anything to stop the delicious torture of his sex.

"Ah, much better, Chunnie," Junsu's chuckle was as satyr-dark as his eyes and he dipped his hand down, the warmed lubricant spilling down the crease of his lover's body. Spreading the aromatic around, he flicked his finger tip around the other man's opening, stroking the velvet skin crimping.

A reticent shyness sometimes rose in Yoochun, a shimmering self-doubt that turned his expressive eyes sad. When the man's melancholy hit, Junsu wished he had the moon to pull down to fill his lover's heart with silver light. In the dimness of their room, he did what he could to chase away the bruised ghosts lingering in the air.

"Junsu," Yoochun crawled slightly back into the bed, pushing his shoulders into the soft pillows. Splayed, he felt vulnerable as if the world could see straight through the cracks of his smile and into his imperfect soul. When Junsu swallowed the length of his hard sex into the hot cradle of his mouth, he gasped and crooned, closing his eyes to ride the sensation.

Hot was the only way to describe Junsu's mouth. No, Yoochun stopped his thoughts before he fell into the wantonness of his lover's daring ways. Wicked. Sinful, even. Then with a flickering touch of Junsu's tongue on his slickened entrance, he damned Junsu to soul-breaking.

Fully exposed, Yoochun let go of his control, falling easily into the feel of Junsu's mouth and tongue moving over his crotch. Fingers splayed his sac, then the man's mouth suckled first one orb then the other, pulling them out before letting them drop back with a wet slurp. His teasing continued, licking up and down Yoochun's shaft, following the ridges along the top and across the shiny, slick skin.

The vein on his cock throbbed, pulsing with each butterfly kiss Junsu left along its length. A deep kiss left his head puckering on Junsu's tongue and the ripple of need rocking Yoochun made him swoon. Catching his breath, he was ill-prepared for the thrust of a finger into his depths. Rocking Yoochun in his mouth, he dug in deep, stroking at the tender heat inside until he found the spot he was looking for.

A flick of his nail against the burl in Yoochun's channel drove the baritone up onto his toes, his hips rising with the shock of Junsu's touch. His panting breaths became cries, loud mewling begging noises that made as much sense as his rap but the noise was a welcome one. As melodic as his patchwork of words, Yoochun's cries were music to Junsu's ears. The sounds rose and fell, peaking then numbing to a whimper when Junsu pulled away.

The splash of seed on the back of his throat warned Junsu that his lover was close and he wanted to feel the baritone's spill on his belly as he made love to him.

Clutching the sheets, Yoochun gasped and moaned, "Why did you stop? God, why? Driving me crazy."

"Because I'm going to be inside of you when you come," Junsu whispered, rising up to his knees. Leaning over to give Yoochun a fierce kiss, he slid another finger into his lover's warmth, stretching him out with a twisting motion. He knew how Yoochun would feel when he slid into him. The world

would explode and come together time and time again. It was how Junsu felt whenever Yoochun entered him.

He wanted to give his lover the same bliss Yoochun gave him.

“Love you,” Yoochun murmured into Junsu’s mouth, laving the man’s mouth until the tenor parted his lips and let him in. “Want you inside of me.”

“You have no patience, Chunnie-ah,” He teased. His fingers fluttered around Yoochun’s entrance and he exhaled hard when Yoochun rubbed his thighs against Junsu’s sides. “Silly.”

“Silly?” Yoochun growled and lifted his head, biting into Junsu’s earlobe. Pulling hard, he guided his lover down with a twist of his jaw.

“Ouch! Ouch!” Junsu howled and laughed, sliding his fingers along his hard length to cover himself with lubricant. “Let go.”

“Get in,” Yoochun said, releasing him and kissing the spot wetly before Junsu pulled away.

“Yes, hyung,” Susu murmured and tipped his head into the pout of Yoochun’s body. He pushed in gently, rocking his hips as Yoochun’s entrance sucked at his sex.

Holding Chunnie’s hips, Junsu braced himself steady when the young man hooked his hands under his own thighs to hold them apart for Junsu’s penetration. Leaning against the pillows, Yoochun’s deep brown hair covered his eyes as he tilted his body, straining to feel his lover in him.

Junsu went slowly, pushing in and letting the drag of Yoochun’s tight body close over him. Pulling out slightly, he roiled his hips, clenching his own ass in tight to withdraw. His

shoulders dipped, hooking Yoochun's knees over his arms and he pushed down, spreading the baritone further apart. Plunging in, he rocked and pushed, cradling Chunnie's neck with one of his hands.

"Love you," Susu whispered, giving Yoochun a hard kiss. "Hold onto me, baby."

They surged against one another, sweat beading on their foreheads. There was a quiet frantic pulse to their movements, a quiet slap of reality at their backs as their free hours were ticking off to an end.

Yoochun pushed his hips up, needing to have Junsu buried deep inside of him and he called out when the other man buried his shaft in deep. Feeling the slap of Junsu's sac against his thighs, Yoochun cried out and rose, slamming his lover's sex against the tingle inside of him.

Junsu kissed him again and Yoochun felt the swell of their kisses chafing their lips. Junsu's skin glowed, shining under the scant light where the sweat glistened on his shoulders and pooled into dew along his chest.

Licking at the drops, Yoochun swallowed his lover's scent, a sweet male musk that hardened his sex until it was almost painfully stretching up to his belly. His heart racing, he dove in to suckle at Junsu's nipple, then lapped at the length of his collarbone, tightening his ass muscles to bury the other man deep into him.

With their bare skin slippery and heat flushed, they moved, undulating and rolling their hips in time with one another. They danced this way on stage, separated by too much fabric and too many eyes but Yoochun always felt the skim of his lover's hands on his back when Junsu passed him. He'd burned his own fingers on the succulence of Junsu's ass

more times than he could count but he kept going back for more.

“Love doing this with you,” Junsu gasped, feeling the rush of his release gathering at the base of his erection. He would lose himself soon, unable to stand much more of Yoochun’s hot tightness. Gripping his lover’s sex, Junsu tugged, sliding his palm up and over Yoochun’s sex until his head pinked and throbbed.

“Love you doing this to me,” Yoochun struggled to catch his breath, gasping as his body burned from Junsu’s touch. “God, baby. Keep... doing...”

“Yeah,” Junsu grunted, falling into a rhythm as he stroked his lover off.

The pressure between them was building and his own sac coiled up, hard and full. He needed to spill into Yoochun soon and the thought of his seed around him, coursing hot into Yoochun’s guts was all Junsu needed to drive him over the edge.

His release was long, an intense flood gushing from his body and into Yoochun’s hollow. The other man arched his back, sliding Junsu in to the hilt, sealing himself with the thickness of his lover’s erection. Yoochun wanted to hold as much of Junsu as he could inside of him, unwilling to let even a single drop of Junsu’s desire for him leave his body.

His sex had other plans. Junsu’s fingers tightened once more on his root and pulled up, fusing heat along the shaft and down into the core of his belly. When Junsu’s wicked, tempting mouth touched his lips, Yoochun felt himself surrender to the other man’s sweetness and came, filling Junsu’s hand with his hot cum.

They lay against one another, vibrating and sighing. Neither wanted to let go and the bed creaked with the movements of their tired bodies rocking slowly against one another. Hearts pounding and the rush of their sex ebbing away, they kissed, lingering in the taste of each other.

“I wish I had a better word for love,” Yoochun whispered, saddened when Junsu pulled free of his body and cleaned them both of their sticky releases. He lay on his side, letting the tenor bathe him with a warm washcloth, smiling when Junsu hooked the balled up cloth over his head like a basketball, landing it in the laundry basket by the door. “This feels too good just for the word love.”

“This,” Junsu climbed onto the bed, curling up against his lover’s long, warm body. Stroking at Yoochun’s bare belly, he leaned in and gave the man a gentle, sweet kiss that left them both breathless. “This, my Chunnie, this is YooSu. That is a word greater than love. Greater than anything. And it is something that is truly, only ours.”

Sixteen

*Time is too slow for those who wait, too swift for those who fear,
too long for those who grieve, too short for those who rejoice,
but for those who love, time is eternity.*

Henry Van Dyke

It was a lover's revenge. They'd spent years fighting, pulling at one another until the other screamed with frustration. Blows exchanged drew blood and tears were shed in private, both vowing to never let the other touch his body or mind again. Words were sharpened with fierce anger then thrown like knives into one another's hearts, hurting deeper than they intended. No joy was gained in the battle, both men slinking away to nurse his wounds, licking at the tears in their souls as they curled around a love they nursed in the secrecy of their hearts.

The most difficult thing to do is love in secret. It was a truth both men knew to be a truth but being apart was more painful than living in a broken glass cage and despite the anguish of being apart, it was preferable to being without one another.

Kneeling on the bed, Yunho stared down at the length of his lover's body loosely wrapped in soft crimson sheets. They'd spent a long time laughing and touching, culminating their arousal in a frenzied coupling and Jae dozed, belly full and mouth swollen with kisses.

The singer's young form wore scars, reminders of the battles Jaejoong fought to get to the bed he now lay on. Several Yunho was ashamed to admit he probably had a hand in causing. A peek of a knee showed small gashes where arthroscopic cameras led surgeons in to repair extensive joint damage.

Driven to attain a perfection beyond his capabilities, Jaejoong broke, his knees snapping when extended beyond the singer's remarkably flexible body. Yunho knew he was responsible for the injuries. He'd driven the others, a rigid taskmaster that demanded all members matched his physical prowess. The beauty lying mostly asleep before him struggled and fought to make Yunho proud of him, shattering his legs in the process.

A stain of black ink along Jaejoong's shoulder blades was also Yunho's fault. The man disliked tattoos but Jaejoong's stubbornness won him over. With his hips twisted and his arms curled over his chest, the letters on Jae's shoulders were partially visible, a T vivid in black on the man's pale skin.

He'd been angered when Jaejoong sauntered in bearing the name of their group on his back and even angrier when he'd seen Micky's matching script. His rage was volatile and he simmered even after the initial fight, enraged that there was now a visible link between the two young men. When Jaejoong finally got around to telling him the SOUL in his tattoo wasn't for Yoochun but for Yunho, the leader was

humbled and he choked on the ashes of his rage, unable to swallow around the dry grit of his shame.

Jaejoong could bring him to down to earth, fiercely independent but searching for someone to love him as he was... a someone who would defend his oddness and love him for the scattered focus that dominated Jaejoong's thoughts. Mercurial and unpredictable, Kim Jaejoong shook Yunho's world apart with ever step he took into it and the man felt powerless to stop the seductive, wicked tempest forcing his way into Yunho's heart.

Yunho hoped Jaejoong would never stop pounding at his rigidity and traditional ways. His life would fade to a dull grey if Jaejoong left. In loving Jae, Yunho discovered that a storm was needed in order to cleanse the skies of smudge and to make rainbows.

Placing his hands on either side of Jaejoong's turned torso, Yunho bent his head down and kissed the man's shoulder lightly. Shifting so his knees straddled the other man's thighs, he kissed again, pressing his lips down and tasting the night on his lover's skin. Murmuring, Jaejoong shifted in his half-sleep, unwilling to surface completely out of his slumber but drawn to the heat of Yunho's love like a flower turning to the sun after a hard rain.

"You taste soooo good," Yunho whispered. His words were soft, barely audible over Jaejoong's slow steady breathing. Flattening his tongue against the meat of Jae's arm, he took a long slow lick, savouring the musky sweetness. Opening his mouth wider, he took a bite of the man's bicep, sucking hard on the mouthful.

Jaejoong woke with a gasp, long lashes fluttering as his smoky brown eyes flew open. Turning, he caught his breath

and parted his lips, his hips rubbing against Yunho's knees and calves. The sheets slid partially off his stomach, his muscles clenched with the shock of the slight pain.

"Yun?" He mumbled, rubbing at the sleep in eyes. "What...?"

"Want you," Yunho replied, canting his head and capturing Jaejoong's full mouth.

Possessiveness surged in Yunho's heart, thickening his sex. The beauty lying under him was his. No one could take Jaejoong away from him. The beat of Jae's pulse was his, coursing through the heart he possessed fully. The flush of pink under Jae's pale skin was from the touch of his fingers and Yunho nuzzled his lover's neck, inhaling the faint scent of their sex lingering there.

He'd touched Jaejoong, cupping the man's delicate jaw with his hand after they lay together. Driving Jaejoong to a peak, he'd held the man's spill in his palm, licking the liquid from his hand. They cuddled, a bittersweetness in their languid touches and Yunho watched his lover slowly give in to sleep.

"Don't," Yunho stopped Jaejoong from shifting. "Let me unwrap you."

Tangled loose in the sheets, Jae's body played a seductive game of peek-a-boo with long stretches of skin and shadow. He lay still, reposed on his side with his shoulder turned down, hiding his chest and most of his stomach. A hip was fully bared, his back side lying flat on the bed. With his arms up and loosely crossed over his torso, Jaejoong turned his head to look up at his lover looming over him, the light from the street lamp outside reflecting in the depths of his dark, hooded eyes.

Yunho slid his hand under the linens, running his palm over Jae's thigh and up over his hip. Pushing the sheets slowly aside, he unveiled his lover's torso. Enraptured by the tightness of muscles pulling Jae's shoulders, Yunho took his time studying the young man breathing quietly under his hands.

His fingers roamed, tracing each bump of Jae's spine before running over the black ink baring Jae's heart for the world to see. The skin was healed flat but Yunho imagined he could still taste the grit of the tattoo when it was new. It gave Jaejoong an earthy pungency as the ink slaked off in tiny flakes of skin. As Jae's skin sloughed, Yunho gave in to his macabre curiosity and dabbed a shred on his tongue and was rocked by the visceral explosion of his senses.

Consuming his lover's release in the darkness of their love was one thing but by taking in the stain of black and skin into his body, Yunho finally held a part of Jaejoong no one else ever had.

It both thrilled and scared him.

"You're my addiction, Joongie-ah," Yunho whispered. He pushed Jaejoong onto his back, gently guiding the man down. A flip of the sheet remained along Jae's groin and Yunho left it there, knowing the wet daub soaking into the cotton and the rigid line of Jae's sex was from his touch. "Every time I taste you, I break apart and want to bury myself into your soul. Loving you reminds me that I'm not indestructible. You drop me to my knees with a single glance and when your mouth touches my body, I want to cry because you take away any pain I've ever felt."

Yunho rested his weight on one palm and his knees, leaning over to whisper into Jaejoong's heavily pierced ear. "When I'm inside of you, I feel like God touches my heart

because he's let me make love to one of his angels. And the only thing I want to do most is to tear out your wings so you'll stay with me forever."

"Death won't take me from you," Jaejoong whispered, closing his eyes and arching his back when Yunho's fingers rubbed a line across his hidden sex. "I will be with you always. Until forever fades."

Yunho bit into the young man's earlobe, reveling in the feeling of Jae's hips rising to grind into his. Licking the reddened spot, he moved to Jae's mouth, teasing out a pout with light nibbles. Shifting to lay on his elbow, he lowered his body down to cover Jaejoong's long torso and thighs, caging the singer in with his legs.

"I love to do this to you," Yunho said. "I like making you shake under me. I love having you trapped against me, pinned like a captured angel."

He sucked at the man's mouth, shoving his tongue deep into Jae when the man parted his mouth for him. He took as much as he gave, laving along the inside of Jae's teeth and sliding around the other's tongue. Yunho lapped at his lover's mouth, drawing out long kisses as he rolled his hips into a slow circular push. Jae shuddered, crying out and pushing his thighs up off the bed, stroking his bare skin against Yunho's legs. The other man's calves were dusted with a fine hair and the rough silken feel of Yunho's masculinity on his smoothness drove Jaejoong wild.

He lifted away, reluctantly leaving Jaejoong's mouth behind. A plum taut nipple took the place of the man's swollen lips, plump turgid when Yunho kissed first one and then the other. He licked at the tiny gold stud piercing Jaejoong's navel, the balled loop barely visible in the curve of the man's belly. They'd spent some time choosing the piece,

wanting something simple in Jae's piercing. Preferring gold over silver, Yunho selected a barbell that would fit snugly into the piercing but be large enough for him to find quickly when he skimmed his hand over Jae's stomach.

"Mine," Yunho looked up the span of Jae's stomach and chest, meeting the man's downturned gaze. Licking the piercing, he grasped the man's rigid sex and stroked up to pull at the velvety head. "Mine too."

Jaejoong moaned, grunting unintelligibly as Yunho's fingers worked his length. Rigid from the pleasure, he strained to keep himself under control. Yunho pushed away the rest of the sheet from Jaejoong's taut body, spreading the wetness of Jae's pearling head with his thumb.

Sucking off the drops of Jae he'd coaxed clear of the man's body, Yunho dipped his head down to taste the spiced pout he'd made ready for his mouth. Jaejoong's pants grew shorter, heaving breaths jerking his chest up and down with each touch of Yunho's lips and tongue to his sex.

Yunho mixed his warm, wet kisses with long licks around Jae's shaft, stopping periodically to nip at the warm, musky skin of his sac. Taking his time, he prolonged his suckling, drawing back to leave a searing trail of kisses on the inside of Jae's thighs. Turned on, Jaejoong reached to thread his fingers into Yunho's hair but the other man shoved the searching hands aside, pinning Jae's arms down with a firm grasp on his wrists.

"Not yet, baby," Yunho promised. "Maybe soon." Nipping at the tender sac, roiling one ball into the hot wet of his mouth, he sucked hard, closing his lips tightly around Jae's smooth ball before suckling at the other. "Or maybe not."

"I want you, Yunnie," Jaejoong whispered, arching his body when Yunho swallowed him down to his root. With his

arms spread apart, he pushed his shoulders back, his stomach and chest muscles trembling. He writhed, gasping and pleading for Yunho's touch. "Please...baby... please."

"I like hearing that too," Yunho said, his voice rough and low with desire. He moved lower, licking at the man's entrance. A couple of scattered foil packets were within reach and he grabbed one, tearing it open with his teeth, not caring what flavour he chose. A burst of rich chocolate hit the roof of his mouth and Yunho murmured in pleasure. Next to Jaejoong, chocolate was one of his favourites.

"Get on your hands and knees, Boo," Yunho said, giving Jaejoong's sex a final kiss before placing his hands on Jae's hips.

The young man was slender in his grasp, wiry and flexible. Jaejoong let himself be arranged to Yunho's pleasure. Yunho's hands were deliberate, his mouth hot and mobile over the singer's tender skin. Pressing the heels of his hands against Jae's shoulders, he worked his lover down until his chest touched the bed. Tucking a pillow under Jae's head, Yunho kissed him, whispering for the young man to hold on. Cradling the pillow, Jaejoong closed his eyes and waited, letting his imagination take him to the dark erotic places only Yunho seemed to know lurked inside of him.

He kissed the three beauty spots at the base of Jae's spine, small hidden angelic spots. Jaejoong reached up behind his hips and stroked Yunho's thigh, running his fingertips up and down the man's leg. A tilt of his hips brought the cleft of his ass cradling Yunho's thick sex and the man groaned, hoping he had enough control and patience not to plunge deep into Jae before the other man was ready.

Pinching Jae's left cheek, Yunho followed up with a sharp quick bite, laughing at his lover's outraged mewl. "Stop that before I lose myself before I even touch you."

The lubricant was cold and Jaejoong hissed with slight displeasure when it hit his warm skin. A delicate sweet aroma of chocolate coaxed his desire and Yunho's tongue along the crease of his backside startled him. Clenching his body tightly at first, Jaejoong forced himself to relax. The tickle of a sheet corner played havoc on his nipples and the slow drawn out prodding of Yunho's thumb at the ridge of his entrance dried the moisture in his mouth.

Swallowing, Jae tried to moisten his tongue, failing miserably when Yunho's lips briefly brushed through the sheen of oil spread over his entrance. A sharp quick burst of pain followed the kiss, the other man's teeth scraping along the outer muscles. Huffing air through his open mouth, Jaejoong gulped once then yelped at the touch of Yunho's broad thumb entering him.

Sliding into Jae with a single push of his thumb, Yunho turned his hand slowly, pulling at the ring gently. Hooking his other thumb at the man's entrance, he eased it in, slowly filling Jaejoong with barely enough rigid hot flesh to drive him insane. Yunho knew his thumbs could whisper over the sweet spot in Jaejoong's passage, not long enough to fully rub the man into a frenzy but easily brushing at the edges with a deep thrust in.

Parting Jae's entrance, Yunho stretched him open and leaned in close, blowing a kiss into Jae's core. The man yelped then giggled into the pillow, his laughter rich and sultry. The sound broke the darkness of the night with its brightness, stars falling down on Yunho's shoulders. Jae smelled of their time together; first the crisp green tea soap they used to shower

with and the whisper of vanilla and sex over that mingling in with the spiced exotic otherness Yunho always associated with his lover.

“Yunnie,” Jaejoong whispered, frantic and needful. “Please!”

His hips moved in slow time with Yunho’s fingers, his sex brushing the sheets as he dipped and curled. Already damp from Yunho’s mouth, Jae’s erection glistened as his longing welled along his head’s slit. The seed Yunho licked away earlier was already replenished with a soft dewy drop.

“Anything you want, baby,” Yunho promised, bending down to kiss the space between his lover’s shoulder blades. Slathering his own erection with a heavy slick of lubricant, Yunho raised his hips from the bed and guided himself to his lover’s entrance.

Their bodies honed firm from endless hours of dance and lean from eating on the run, Jaejoong felt blisteringly tight every time Yunho pressed into him. Savouring the feel of his lover’s velvety entrance, he moved slowly, lingering at the almost virginal feel of Jaejoong’s resistance giving way to his insistent pressure. The soft kiss of Jae’s body enveloped him, the sensation sliding down Yunho’s shaft and tickling the sensitive skin along his head.

He knew he hit the spot Jaejoong craved for him to touch when the other man keened with pleasure, his rear twisting in tight and his hips rose to meet Yunho’s heft. Drawing out, Yunho waited until the shuddering reflex of Jae’s body subsided before he thrust back in. Moistened from their prior coupling, Jaejoong was ready for him, fully engulfing his length with a push back of his thighs. Swallowed up to the hilt in the hot turmoil of Jae’s body, Yunho lay forward, resting in

the comfort and spread kisses over Jae's back and shoulders, catching his breath before he started moving.

Pulling out with a cant of his hips, Yunho sank back in, going in deep. Wrapping his arms around Jae's shoulders, he cradled the slender man to his chest. His breath ruffled Jae's dark hair with each of his grunts, his stomach and back working hard to thrust his length into his lover's core. The muscled ring barely gave with each stroke, holding Yunho in an almost painful grip while whipping pleasure tendrils around his erection with each clench of Jae's ass.

A whimpering kittenish noise fell from Jae's open mouth, his head turned against the pillow and his lips parted, gasps escaping between his moans when Yunho thrust into him. The man's heavier body covered nearly all of him, weighing him down into the mattress. Dominating and possessive, the curl of Yunho's sweat-glistening skin against his felt good, a sanctuary against the harshness in the world. Yunho's body was his shield, their joining was a time he shared everything he had inside of him with the other man, letting his lover have him completely.

Tomorrow he would move and hiss in pain when the bruises on his hips ached but the pounding Yunho gave him spread Jae apart and held him as a treasure. He closed his eyes when Yunho bit down on his tattoo, marking him around the ink. He wore his soul along his blades for Yunho to hold onto when they made love. The other man rode him with a hard ease, their bodies barely breaking apart as they moved together.

The sting of Yunho's teeth grew and then a sharp give of pleasure jerked Jae's erection nearly to spilling. He smelled the faint watery scent of his skin breaking, peeled slightly from Yunho's bite. Growling at the release of his mouthful, Yunho

turned his head and bit again, coming at the spot from another angle.

Heat from Yunho's breath burned the broken skin now captured in the new bite but Jaejoong kept his head bent, needing his lover to continue. He could no longer feel his body as separate from the other man's. They moved too close together, hips roiling and plunging back and forth. With the mouthful of his flesh captured by Yunho's mouth, Jaejoong felt himself on his lover's lips, the roll of skin pushing in and out with each thrust.

Jaejoong came first, drawn out by the grip of Yunho's powerful fingers over the head of his sex. Shouting, he went rigid, trembling as he gushed out his pleasure. The hot liquid poured from him, surging with the force of a storm moon's tide. Unable to hold back, he rode the sensation out, feeling his face and hands tingle then go numb as his sex emptied itself into Yunho's hand.

Yunho felt the hot on his fingers and let go, jerking in once then again until he felt the tip of his shaft brush the too tight crush of Jae's body. His seed welled up from his sac, the skin tight along his orbs and his base swelled with the rush of his release. Holding Jae in a crushing hug, he came, filling every crevice of the man's passage until he felt as if he were swimming in the warm waters of a tropical bay, his lessening sex held by his lover's spasms.

Caught in the undertow of their lovemaking, they sank down, holding one another tightly. Stretching out behind Jaejoong's slack body, Yunho cradled his lover closer, unwilling to pull free from Jaejoong until absolutely necessary. The singer shifted back, laying on his side and curling into Yunho's hips. He held his lover with the clench of his body, the rippling sensations of his climax still rolling through him.

Sweaty and tired, Yunho kissed the top of Jaejoong's ear, licking along the ridge and down to his earlobe. Nuzzling his cheek against Jae's damp temple, he whispered softly. "You are everything to me, Kim Jaejoong. I know I'm a coward when I say I want you to live longer than me but I... can't imagine what would happen to my soul if you weren't here. I don't think I'm strong enough to stand that kind of pain. Can you forgive me for that, baby? Can you forgive me for wanting to always have you in my arms when I wake up?"

"Yes," Jae murmured, his voice sleepy as a satisfied languor took him. "See, I don't mind you dying first if it's okay that I die a day later."

"A day? Not the same day?" Yunho laughed, teasing a soft smile from his lover. "Maybe even that afternoon."

"No, it has to be a full day," Jaejoong replied, stifling a tiny yawn. "That way, you get to Heaven first and then, I'll have you waiting there for me. Too soon and you'll think I couldn't live without you. That would just feed your ego even more. And any longer, I wouldn't be able to stand."

"Why's that, my baby?" He asked, lulled by the lilting song of Jaejoong's country accented Korean.

"Because I don't think I'm strong enough to live without you either," He said, kissing Yunho's arms where they crossed over his chest in front of him. "I don't think I could go much longer than a day without telling you that I loved you. And I don't want you to go a day without hearing it."

Se7enteen

*There is no end. There is no beginning.
There is only the passion of life.*
Federico Fellini

*It is the passion that is in a kiss that gives to it its sweetness;
it is the affection in a kiss that sanctifies it.*
Christian Nevell Bovee

Tokyo's skyscape provided the only light to the room, a brilliant blue-hued softness barely enough to see by. Neon shone in the distance, advertising Pocari sweat, music groups and electronics. A line of blinking lights streamed up the edge of a nearby building, its white light catching on the tiny drops of sweat on Min's chest.

With one hand curved over the back of the couch, digging into the cushions, Changmin trailed his fingers along Se7en's naked stomach, teasing the curl of black hair under his navel. Enveloped in the niche's darkness, he felt daringly exposed, throwing back his head and lifting his hips forward. Damp strands of hair clung to Min's face, plastered to his cheek.

Se7en's hands spanned his hips, his thumbs pressing into the bone and his fingers stroking along his back.

Spread wide, his legs curled around his lover's legs and Min shuddered with pleasure when he rose slowly from Se7en's sex. His nipples were tight with need and his entrance stretched apart with the other man's shaft, Changmin took his time in riding Se7en with long leisurely strokes of his body. Lifting his sweat-dampened hand to his mouth, he sucked Se7en's moisture from his fingers, moaning with the taste of the man he loved hitting his wine-infused tongue.

"God, baby," Se7en whispered, his voice filled with awe at the beauty of the slender singer straddling him. Min's body seemed endless, a lean sculpture of golden skin and hard muscle with the barest shimmer of downy hair tipped wet from their lovemaking.

"Right... there..." Changmin gasped. "Gods..."

"Don't stop, honey," Se7en grunted. "Baby, damn...just... don't Stop."

Slowing his thrusts, Se7en drew himself out, listening with pleasure to the whimpering moan of his young lover's desire. Mouth pursed and eyes closed halfway, Changmin looked made for sin, a delectable study in erotic temptation. Guiding his lover up with a gentle push of his hands, Se7en watched under hooded eyes as the muscles of Min's stomach clenched and released as he slithered along his sex. The tight grip of Min's body on his shaft twisted with each sensual roll of Min's hips.

The years of dancing cut long lines of muscles in the young man's legs and arms, a balance of graceful beauty stamped hard with a pretty masculinity but it was Changmin's face that kept Se7en entranced.

Photographs of his lover singing could make him hard with a glance, especially when the young man was caught in mid-lyric, his erotic mouth captured in a pout moistened with his tongue. It was the face he saw when they made love. It was the expression Changmin wore when immersed deep into the pleasure of his body and mind, forgetting the world around him.

Body-shy and insecure about his looks, the group's youngest was reluctant to shed his clothing or wear something revealing, at odds with the seemingly exhibitionist tendencies of the other members. Changmin's boldness fought with his inner shyness, the solemn thoughtful young man unwittingly projecting a sexual innocence that drove Se7en wild. Min's responses to his lover's touch were uninhibited and sensual, often pushing the limits of Se7en's imagination.

And Min was exactly what Se7en needed in his life.

"Move for me, Minku baby," He murmured, enraptured at the sight of his gleaming lover. "God you feel so fucking good on me."

"Like this, Shichi?" The brat rolled his hips hard and slow, circling down until Se7en gasped at being swallowed whole into the grip of Min's tightness. A smirking cocky grin grew on Changmin's face when Se7en moaned loudly. Grinding up, he completed the circle up, rising nearly to the end of Se7en's sex then spiraled his hips down again, legs muscles bulging with the smooth effort of controlling his body.

"God, yeah," Se7en shifted, hitching his shoulders up an inch against the couch arm. Sliding his hand up Min's back, he pulled the man forward, driving him down again. "Come here. I need that mouth of yours."

"I'll be there in a second," Changmin grinned and reached for his wine glass, tipping a mouthful of the strong red past his lips.

Bending over, he kissed Se7en hard, dribbling the kiss-warmed wine into his lover's mouth. Sipping, Se7en drank deep, drunk more on the feel of Min than the alcohol. The sting of the red blurred the line between the numb headiness of Min's mouth and the seep of wine. Swallowing, he deepened their kiss, dragging his fingers into the Min's hair and pulling the man down closer until they lay chest to chest.

The position slid Se7en partially out of Min, leaving only a whispering touch of his sex against the throbbing ache in Min's passage. Growling, Changmin thrust his hips back, rocking slowly against Se7en's tip, needing more and more of the man's touch but his lover held him fast, taking his time with his kisses.

"The journey," Se7en punctuated each word with a searing kiss, keeping his fingers tangled in his young lover's hair to control him. "It is about... the time spent... getting to where we need to be."

"I like the journey," Min snarled, gasping when Se7en's fingers tightened and he arched his back, a cresting wave of pleasure at the slight pain. "I just like getting there often."

Tipping his lover's head back, Se7en moved his mouth down Min's throat and the young man arched his shoulders back, thrusting his chest forward. A stiff nipple brushed on Se7en's lips and the singer took it into his mouth, suckling the salty tip with a fevered hunger. Guiding Min back slightly, Se7en laved at the nipple, curling his tongue around it until the young man tightened his body around the older man's sex, his body suckling at Se7en's tip.

“Need...” Min gasped, his hands moving over Se7en’s broad chest and clinging to the man’s shoulders. “God, need... you.”

Toying at the nipple, Se7en gave it a tweak with his teeth, hard enough to press it against his tongue and flick it quickly with the tip. Moaning, Min’s hips moved on their own accord, caught up in the sensation of his body being played with.

Se7en moved his hips up in small jerking motions, sliding in and out of Changmin’s damp body. Held tight by the older man’s strong arms, Min could do nothing but moan and twist against his lover, aching to push the man’s sex deep into him. Se7en kept his thrusts shallow, slowing then quickening the pace when Min’s writhing slowed.

“Bastard,” Min swore hard, needing more than what Se7en was willing to give him. He retaliated, sinking his teeth into the man’s shoulder. Se7en laughed, a dark sensual pleased sound, shortening his thrusts so his tip barely brushed the inside of Min’s entrance. The younger man swore again, “Fucking... son... of a... bitch.”

“Such a filthy mouth,” Se7en murmured, capturing Min’s mouth again, swallowing the man’s heated words. He toyed and teased the younger man with his tongue, coaxing out the fiery passion he knew Min kept hidden inside of him.

Changmin responded, an inferno of hot sensuality that burned up and down Se7en’s body. Pushing the heels of his hands down on Se7en’s collarbones, he dug the man back into the couch and broke free of the man’s confining embrace. A plunge of his hips drove the older man in deep, and he clenched down on Se7en’s sex, trapping his lover’s legs between his thighs.

“No... more...” Min began to move, pressing Se7en down, his fingers digging into the man’s shoulders. He

undulated his body, rolling out an S curve that would make his members proud. Lyrical, his spine moved and shivered, canting his hips up and rubbing his sex against Se7en's stomach. His sac rolled over the faint dusting of silken strands under his lover's navel, the hair slickened with spit and sweat.

"Yeah... baby," Se7en gasped, pushing his shoulders back under Min's hands.

They joined then broke apart, sweat from Min's chest welling to a drop then falling, splashing salt on Se7en's nipple. Bent over his lover, the younger man kept his head down, eyes closed and rode the man hard, taking control of the beat of their bodies. Their grunting grew, a slithering whispering moan from Min's parted lips punctuating a deep thrust.

Changmin's face was curtained with his damp hair, his keen eyes hooded and shadowed. His teeth bit down into his lower lip, he sighed and released the plump flesh only to lick it clean of sweat with the tip of his tongue. Cheeks flushed and breath heavy, Min's eyes were unfocused, staring down at Se7en's prostrated body with a predatory intensity.

Se7en couldn't think of a time when his young lover looked more beautiful.

"Mine..." Min growled, turning his head to fill Se7en's palm with his cheek when the man cupped his face. "Nobody...else..."

"No," Se7en murmured in agreement, lost in the deep burn of Changmin's honeyed eyes. "No...one... else."

Their world tightened in, a rectangle of deep red fabric and cushions. Only the two men existed, breathing in one another and tasting of their love. The perfume of spilled wine ran hot on their sweaty bodies, purpling bruises blooming in dark poppies on their pale skin. Long red welts rose on

Se7en's shoulders where Min's fingers claimed him and similar marks ran across Changmin's hips, deepening now with the older man's hands held his lover's lower back to drive him down on his sex.

Se7en arched his spine, trying to hold himself back but the tight glove of Min's squeezed him and he lost reason. The lightning neon of Tokyo's skyline seemed to pour into him, starting to well into his sac and rushing up his shaft. Every nerve in his body came alive, starting with the small tingle of his spill and working outward until Se7en swore he saw stars glistening under his skin.

Min cast his head back, tossing the hair back from his cheekbones. With his face turned to the sky, the young man's mouth dropped open as he tried to reach his climax, quickening the pace of his ride with short, hard thrusts. Se7en fell into a primal rhythm, driven on by Changmin's guttural pleas.

"Almost..." Min mewled, unwilling to lose contact with Se7en's hard length in him. The man seemed to hit every spot he needed touching and then thrusting in deeper, found the tangle of stars in him. "There... Dong-Wook... please... more."

Changmin clenched, his body going rigid and the pleasurable tightness in his gut released, spilling up from his shaft. Caught between their bodies and rubbed to a peak from their lovemaking, his sex shivered with the prickling stimulation. Another long lingering brush of Se7en's shaft along his passage and Changmin's body crested, falling over to drown in the sensual waves he'd been wading in.

His neck tightened, muscles rigid with the ride of release when his climax hit. Spurting once then again, his sex spilled hot into the tangle of hair on Se7en's belly and he clasped his

fingers over his length to bring himself the rest of the way. Se7en's hand joined his and they rode the tide together, working Min's release to Se7en's increasingly harder thrusts.

Casting his shoulders back, Min shouted, an unintelligible sound lost in the frantic beating of their hearts. His ass closed in on Se7en and the depth of his spasms touched the older man's sex, milking him to his peak. Se7en groaned between his clenched teeth, pulling in sharp breaths and pushed up, one hand firm on Min's hips while the other slowly rubbed along Min's softening sex.

Min's gentle kiss on his mouth drove Se7en the rest of the way. Bending down, the young man delicately played with Se7en's full lips, leaving searing affectionate kisses along the already swollen flesh. Pushing his tongue briefly into the older man's mouth, Min pulled out and closed a kiss over Se7en's lips and breathed a whisper into the singer's throat.

"I love you, Dong-Wook," Min rode the man faster, pulling him into a frenzy. "You make me... dream."

Se7en came, hard and fast. Lifting his arms up, he wrapped a tight embrace around his lover's torso, clinging to Min fiercely as he filled the younger man with his seed. The rush of his release surged and poured, going deep into Min's tightness until Se7en wondered if he would ever stop. An eternity sang before his sex lessened, pumping strands of his heat into Changmin's body and Se7en gasped, trying to find enough air around him.

Every breathe he took in tasted of Changmin, a sweet, sultry poet with serious eyes and a wandering imagination. His body ached and burned from bites and sweat but Se7en refused to let the younger man go, rocking him against his chest, falling in love with the beat-beat-beat of his heart. The rhythm was slowing as they caught their wind.

“I love you too, Minku,” Se7en whispered into Changmin’s hair. Closing his eyes, he tried to trap the hot tears burning his lashes but he couldn’t stop the rush of joy and pain in his heart. “Maybe I love you too much, baby because you’re still around me and I miss you already.”

“That’s not loving me too much,” Changmin whispered, lifting his head to kiss away Se7en’s fallen tears. Brushing the man’s lashes with his lips, he then kissed his lover, sharing the salt of their seed and sorrow between them. “That’s loving me just as much as I love you. I miss you too. I will miss you until I have your arms around me again.”

“All you have to do is close your eyes, Changmin,” Se7en murmured, kissing his lover deeply. “I’ll come find you in your dreams. No matter what, I shall always come to you when you need me. You are...forever my Minku. Forever my love.”

Eighteen

*Love is the emblem of eternity; it confounds all notion of time;
effaces all memory of a beginning, all fear of an end.*

Madame De Stael

Watery stars struck the limo's blacked out windows, the drops too fat to cling to the glass for long. They rolled quickly, dashing down to run down the long car's sleek curves. After nearly a month of dry weather, the storms returned to Japan with a vengeance, nearly drowning the city with sheets of hard driving rain.

"They're nearly here, sir," The driver said, adjusting the brim on his cap. "Stay inside please. The last thing the gentlemen need is to have you make a scene at the airport."

"Have you ever known me to make a scene?" He responded, quirking his full lips into a sardonic grin. "I'm the model of decorum."

"You would not know decorum if it bit you on the ass, sir," The man replied smoothly, adjusting the line of his jacket and opening the car door. "I shall be right back. Preferably with better company."

“Bastard,” Se7en said without any heat. He had a special fondness for his driver in Japan. The man adored Changmin and could be counted on his discretion, especially considering even the sight of him near the Dong Bang boys would drive the rumour mill into overdrive.

Security parted the crowd for the Dong Bang boys to pass through, their eyes straight ahead and their faces solemn. Towering above the shorter Junsu, Changmin looked slightly melancholy, his shock of hair hidden by a rumpled ball cap. The shirt he wore was too big for him, swaddling him with fabric and Se7en smiled, recognizing the garment from his own dresser drawers.

The world shifted when Min spotted the man driving their car. A smile broader than Se7en had ever seen in countless photographs of his lover lit up the young man’s face and pushed back the grey in the day’s light. Crossing the expanse of concrete, he hurried past the crowds of fans, nearly barreling over the security to get to the curb.

Startled, Yunho glanced up from his conversation with Jaejoong and squared his shoulders. Se7en knew that look. He’d worn it himself when jostled in a crowd with Min to protect. The group’s leader was readying to go do battle for his youngest, about to launch himself into a situation with a fierce aggression Se7en was all too intimate with.

His jaw still hurt whenever he thought about Yunho’s fists, a psychological memento from their first real fight.

A skycap handled the luggage, taking Changmin’s trolley from him and unbuckling the young man’s suitcase. Winking at the driver, Min tumbled into the cool confines of the limo’s interior, his feet catching on the rug and legs tangling as he tried to reach the broadly grinning older man sitting against the long seat next to the curb. Hidden from view, they

embraced, arms tightly wrapped around hips and waists, murmuring softly into one another's hair.

Changmin smelled like the rain and soap, a brisk clove and coffee scent Se7en brought back with him from America. The shirt the younger man wore was soft, as if worn nearly to tears and stained with ink at the rolled up cuffs. Se7en's hands knocked the cap from his head and his hair spiked forward, nearly covering his forehead.

"Oh, look what they've done to you!" Se7en bent his head back, studying his lover's face. "Your hair is shorter."

"Stop looking at my hair and kiss me," Changmin growled, straddling his lover's thighs.

Lowering his face, he sweetly sipped from Se7en's pursed lips, savouring the first taste of the man on his mouth in much too long for his liking. Their tongues flirted, sliding slowly into a dance before deepening, their mouths moving slowly in an unbreakable clinch. Consumed with the sensations of their emotions, neither man noticed the limo slightly giving under the weight of new passengers, the shocks dipping slightly as each member entered.

The click of the door went unnoticed as did Yunho's loud throat-clearing. Laughing, Yoochun grabbed Junsu and squished his face between his hands, making wet slurping noises while flamboyantly kissing the other man's cheeks. Giving up polite as useless, Yunho followed up with a swift kick to Se7en's shin.

"Ouch! What the hell...?" Se7en ground out between his teeth, pulling back from Min's mouth to glare at the group's leader. "What? Jealous? Come over here! I'll give you a fucking kiss too."

“Mouth on that one,” Junsu shook his head and sighed. “He’s like a grumpy old grandfather with no teeth having to gum at his jook.”

“Why the hell did I agree to pick you all up from the airport?” Se7en complained to his young lover. “I should have just had the driver grab you and take off. The others can walk home for all I care.”

“Ever the gracious host, sir,” The driver’s voice sounded over the intercom. “If you gentlemen would like to be taken somewhere other than our scheduled destination, I shall be glad to ferry you to some place other than his den of depravity.”

“The den is fine,” Changmin laughed. “It’s less depraved and more domestic now.”

“Aish, you’re going to destroy my playboy reputation,” Se7en protested loudly.

“He ruined mine.” Yoochun offered the man a shrug. “Junsu stole his angelic persona in retaliation. Now he has his sights set on Yunho’s leadership title. Pretty soon, Yunnie-ah will need a food taster to test everything he eats because Min will poison him.”

“Hah!” Junsu mocked his lover. “He’d sooner poison the hyungs’ lubricant and get them both. We’d then be too scared of him to challenge him.”

Rather than looking disturbed at the allegations, Changmin tilted his chin back and looked down at the others from his perch on Se7en’s thighs. Sniffing, he nodded once and grinned at the older man holding him. “They’re right. I would.”

"You... scare... me, Minku," Se7en chuckled, lifting Min's shirt to leave three kisses along his belly. "Is this what I have to look forward to if ever I cheat on you."

"You will suffer for a very very long time if ever I catch you wandering, Shichi." Min's wicked smile glittered dangerously. "You will spend days praying for the quick death of a slow acting poison. I will bleed you dry drop by drop and feed your entrails to my dog."

Se7en burst into a hearty laughter, dipping his lover down to the seat. Kissing Changmin soundly, he nuzzled against the younger man's cheek. "God, I've missed you. Thanks for coming home, baby."

"Missed you too, Dong-Wook," Min whispered. "Now tell the driver to take us home."



"Where's the couch?" Yunho frowned, setting down the bags of take out food he'd brought in with him.

"What couch?" Se7en swirled the last bit of rinse water from the rice pot, holding his hand up against the lip and draining it into the sink. He turned the water on, filling the pot with enough water to reach the first joint line on his finger while loosely touching the rice. Shutting down the faucet, he set the rice cooker up and turned it on, making sure the red light came on before turning away.

"The one that was up near the windows over there. In that sitting area?" The Korean cocked his head. "You had a big red couch over there where you've now got those three love seats. Where did it go?"

"It's in my... bedroom," He replied, meeting Yunho's hard gaze with a cocked eyebrow. "And it's staying in my bedroom. Understood?"

“Completely,” The other man said, brushing past Se7en. “And if ever something happens between the two of you, I expect you to burn it.”

“I’ll burn in hell before I let anything happen to the two of us,” Se7en replied, stepping back to trap Yunho against the counter for a brief moment. “Then you can do anything you want to the couch.”

“Leave Shichi alone,” Changmin growled at his leader, pushing Yunho from behind and towards the sitting niche. “And take the food with you. We can set up on the low table and just help ourselves.”

“But I just made rice,” Se7en protested.

“That’s for Min to eat later,” Yoochun remarked, dodging their youngest’s wild punch to his shoulder. “Wow.... Look at the view.”

Standing at the corner of the living space, Yoochun stepped up behind Jaejoong and rested his chin on the man’s shoulder. The sheer wall of glass sparkled, letting fading daylight into the room. From where they stood, they could see the sparkle of the river cutting between two skyscrapers and the illuminated playground of the entertainment district. Further beyond, the tip of Japan’s greatest treasure, Mount Fuji, peeked up from the clouds, its tip dusted with a kiss of white. Clouds of egrets rose from the river, diving back down to feed in the dark waters.

“It’s nice,” Junsu murmured, leaning into Yoochun’s one armed hug. “But there’s something about a balcony that makes things...”

“Nicer,” Yoochun grinned, winking at his lover as he pulled away from Jaejoong’s side. “I’m starving. We better eat before Changmin sits down.”

"We better tie ourselves to the chairs before Min sits down," Junsu corrected. "Every time he opens his mouth, it's like a someone started up a vacuum."

"Must be why Shichi likes him so much," Chunnie teased then yelped when Yunho smacked him on the back of the head. "Ouch! What was that for?"

"First, for disrespecting our host," Yunho gave the baritone a glare. "Secondly, I don't want any sexual references to Min's mouth in my mind before I eat. It'll turn me off my appetite."

"Aish," He rubbed at the sore spot. "I can't believe you just defended Se7en."

"I can't believe he hasn't figured out Min encourages you so he has more to eat," Jaejoong remarked quietly, settling into one of the love seats. "Yunho, come here."

"Ah, look how he moves when the wife calls," Se7en teased the other man then stopped short when pierced with a cold stare from Jaejoong. It unnerved him how the goofy sweetness in the singer's face could shift to a dangerous iciness in a matter of a breath. "Shit."

"Sometimes your tongue moves when it should stay still." Jae said coldly. "Perhaps you should try to keep that flaw to kisses and not words?"

"Apologies," Se7en said, puffing his cheeks out. "Really, you're the last one I think of when I think of a woman."

"I should be the first one you think of if ever you think of a woman," Min replied, bumping his lover as he arranged the take out containers on the table. "Sit down and eat. Jae won't hold your loose mouth against you. Keep it concentrated on me."

“Can any of you have a conversation without talking about the bedroom?” Yunho complained, taking a helping of vegetable stir fry. Passing Jaejoong the hot sauce before the singer asked for it, he unwrapped a spoon to eat with. Shaking his head at Jae’s offer of rice, he relented when his lover scooped out a serving of purple rice for him to see. “Ah, thank you. Just a little.”

Se7en sat back, holding his plate steady as the men around him chattered as they passed containers back and forth. Periodically, Changmin dumped a serving on his plate, the young singer bemused at Se7en’s perplexed look. Giving his lover a watery smile, he shook his head at the noise and laughter.

“They’re loud,” He said, leaning over to whisper into Changmin’s ear.

“It’s...hard to get used to at first,” Min agreed. “Just imagine you were born with all brothers instead of sisters. Yoochun says that his family is like this and there are only he and his brother.”

“Eat,” Yoochun leaned over and nudged Se7en’s elbow. “We’ll play games afterwards.”

“I’ve heard about your games,” The soloist scoffed. “I plan on taking my clothes off for only one of you. And that one, gets pretty scary when he’s pissed off.”

“Why does everyone use me as a threat?” Changmin lifted his legs, splaying them over his lover’s. “I’m a nice boy. Everyone loves me.”

“Everyone loves Jaejoong!” Junsu laughed. “You — they think are weird.”

An hour later, there were only a few dregs left in the containers and the younger members were cheering Se7en on

in a karaoke game. The English song was giving the man a few difficulties and having Yoochun as his backup singer didn't help matters. They groaned and shouted obscenities at the television when it buzzed a failure at their attempt while Changmin and Junsu howled with laughter. Behind them, curled up in one of the love seats, Jaejoong watched them playing while Yunho cradled him from behind.

The singer fit into the V of his lover's legs, snuggling his back up against the other man's chest. With Yunho's strong arms crossed over his body, Jaejoong felt safe and warm, energized despite the long hours spent traveling. Leaning his head back, he rested against the other's shoulders, smiling at the goofy dance Yoochun was doing to throw the other team off their singing.

"I like that he's your friend," Jae whispered. "You need someone to tell you when you're full of yourself."

"That's what I have you for, Boo," Yunho replied, kissing the back of Jae's head.

"No, someone you listen to," He scoffed back. "Me you nod your head and say; yes dear, like I am a good housewife telling you to pick up your socks."

"Didn't we agree that you are no man's wife?" Yunho bent down to nuzzle Jae's throat. "You are my Joongie-ah. There is nothing wife-like about you."

"You need a wife," Jae snorted. "Or a maid. Maybe just a maid. You're messy. If I'd known you were this messy, I would have chosen..."

Yunho stopped Jaejoong from saying another word, sealing their mouths together in a searing kiss. The sounds of the others' singing and laughing faded until neither heard anything but the sound of their own breathing and the beats of

their hearts. Shifting, Yunho pulled the man closer, angling Jaejoong across his lap to cradle his face and stroke at his lower back. Sighing, the singer let himself be arranged, shifting into the curve of Yunho's lap and leaning back on the man's arm.

"You wouldn't have chosen anyone but me," Yunho replied softly, leaving delicate, brushing kisses over Jaejoong's parted lips. "From the beginning of this, despite everything we have tried to do, we have been drawn to one another. We knew that as soon as we set eyes on each other and even if it took years for us to realize it, we've come around to what the universe wants from us."

"To be together," Jaejoong whispered, closing his eyes as Yunho deepened their kiss once again. Breathless, he clung to his lover, his fingers wrapped in Yunho's shirt. "Promise, I'm not going to love anyone but you, Yunho."

"No one but you, baby." Yunho murmured back, touching Jae's forehead with his own. "Promise."