sound inside me, waves inside you

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1124.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Real Person Fiction (RPF)
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Bangtan Boys | BTS
Relationship:	Jeon Jungkook/Kim Taehyung | V
Characters:	Jeon Jungkook, Kim Taehyung | V
Additional Tags:	Top Kim Taehyung | V, Bottom Jeon Jungkook, Trans Male Jeon Jungkook, Jeon Jungkook has a Vagina, Light Dom/Sub, Dom Kim Taehyung | V, Sub Jeon Jungkook, Vaginal Fingering, Cunnilingus, Face-Sitting, Anal Fingering, Nipple Play, Smut, Low/No Plot, Spanking, Pet Names, Multiple Orgasms, Fluff and Smut, Established Relationship(s), College | University
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-03 Words: 3,730 Chapters: 1/1

sound inside me, waves inside you

by vampjeongk

Summary

"Why'd you stop?"

Taehyung huffs a laugh, breath puffing over Jeongguk's wet heat. He smiles as Jeongguk's hips buck up, chasing the sensation.

"Keep your eyes on me, puppy."

or; jeongguk is horny from being on testosterone for nearly a month and desperately needs taehyung to get back to the dorm and take care of him.

Notes

hi! long time user of ao3 here, eager to use and support this lovely little site! it's an honor to post the very first bts fic on here <3

i originally wrote this fic for kinktober day 8: face-sitting! even if you don't like bts, i hope you enjoy it!

See the end of the work for more notes

Jeongguk bursts into his college dorm room, nearly ripping the button on his jeans in a hurry to get them off. He succeeds with fumbling fingers, hopping on one foot to finally rid himself of what had been torturing him all day. He bites back a groan as his boxers are shoved down, cool air hitting his warm, throbbing pussy.

He's been aroused all day, the seams of his jeans rubbing just right on his growing clit. A month on testosterone, and he's gotten to the point where he can't go more than a few hours without touching himself, always aching for relief, even when he's sitting bored in class.

Throwing himself on the bed, he scoots back into the pillows and spreads his legs, hands slipping down, down, down to right where he needs them. Light, teasing touches on his inner thighs have him shivering, hips bucking up into nothing.

He draws it out, already pushed to the edge despite not even touching where he needs. One hand slides back up, circling a puffy nipple through his hoodie. He throws his head back with a whine, brown hair falling into his face messily.

"Hyung, please," he pants into the empty room, spreading his legs more, writhing as the tips of his fingers brush the swollen, pulsing heat. He dips two fingers in, shuddering as they slide in with no resistance, already so wet he could take more with ease.

Ignoring his clit for the time being, he rucks up his hoodie, pinching and rubbing his nipples almost frantically. He feels like he can come just from this, two fingers unmoving inside him while he stimulates each nipple.

He's just been so *sensitive* ever since he started testosterone. He was always more sensitive than most before, but now? Every brush of skin on skin has him heaving, rutting into his hand for more, more, more.

Jeongguk tongues at his lip ring, sucking it into his mouth as he pulls his fingers out of himself, watching as the wetness drips down his hand, slick and heady. He sucks them into his mouth, tongue swirling over the digits as he lets out a sweet whimper.

The taste of himself has him intoxicated, eyes rolling back into his head as he glides his fingers over his teeth, down into his throat and back, relishing the feeling of being full, loving how he gags trying to push further.

He still hasn't resumed touching himself, a part of him waiting for his boyfriend to get back from class, to look at him with that feral look in his eyes and tell him how desperate he is, how pathetic.

He can imagine how Taehyung would react to him splayed out on the bed like this, needy and pliant, unable to do anything but beg and whimper to be touched. Taehyung would draw it out, undo him with his words before his hands came close to touching him.

Biting back a loud moan, Jeongguk withdraws his fingers with a pop, trailing them down his torso until they're buried in the tuft of hair above his clit, circling right above where he needs

them the most. He dips them lower for a split-second, eyes widening as one finger brushes the tip of his swollen clit, a stuttered groan escaping.

His chest is heaving just from that, one small touch nearly sending him over the edge. He glides his fingers through his folds, gathering wetness as he slips them down to his perineum. He rubs around the hole, eyes tightly squeezing shut.

"H-hyung," he moans as he teases the fluttering muscle for a few more seconds before pulling back to glide over his pussy again. He's sweating now, hair sticking wetly to his forehead and cheeks as he tries so hard not to give in, wanting to wait for his boyfriend to get back from class.

With one hand, he picks up his phone, tapping on the screen desperately. 4:12 PM. Taehyung should be out in a few minutes, should burst through the door of their shared dorm any time now.

He squirms impatiently, unable to wait even eight minutes to get off. Choking back a high-pitched whimper, he drags his hand back up, two fingers *finally, finally* circling around his clit. It's hard and throbbing under his touch, the hood pulling back slightly with every flourish of his hand.

Within seconds he's got himself on the edge, hips bucking wildly into the air as he chases release. He pulls his hand away quickly, not wanting to come just yet. It's always better when he pushes himself to the brink at least once.

He waits for the pulsing to die down and dives right back in, pulling the hood back with two fingers while he strokes the underside of his clit with another. It's an intense, out of body feeling when he finally comes, not slowing his movements until he's heaving, trembling in the damp sheets.

Jeongguk barely has time to take a breath when the door bangs open, Taehyung finally making his appearance.

"God, that lecture was so fucking bor—"

Taehyung stops in his tracks, backpack halfway off of his shoulders as his gaze zeros on Jeongguk's hand where it's between his thighs, still stroking idly. He drops his things, kicking off his shoes to climb onto the bed as fast as possible, hovering beside Jeongguk.

"Been having fun without me, puppy?"

He says it teasingly, voice dropping a few octaves, making Jeongguk shiver. Jeongguk looks up at his boyfriend, desperation clear in his wide brown eyes.

"Mm, need you *so bad*, hyung, been turned on all day. Need you," he says again, a whine creeping into his voice. He bares his neck to Taehyung, squeezing his eyes shut.

Taehyung leans in, brushing his lips over Jeongguk's pulse, tongue darting out to wet his lips. "Yeah? How do you want me?"

"Want… want your mouth. Kiss me, please."

He's shaking beside Taehyung, still caressing the wet heat between his legs as Taehyung obliges, pressing their lips together. It's soft and gentle to begin, mouths brushing together almost chastely until Jeongguk takes it upon himself to deepen it, lips parting to swipe his tongue over his boyfriend's bottom lip.

Taehyung catches it, sucking it into his mouth with a groan. Their tongues curl together, Jeongguk letting out little whimpers every now and then. His hand stills completely and he reaches up to grasp Taehyung's shoulders, fingers digging into the hard muscle.

"M-more," he gasps out, pushing Taehyung's hand down towards where he wants him the most.

"Oh?" Taehyung mocks, voice soft and warm. "Gonna have to give me more than that, yeah, puppy?"

"Touch me," Jeongguk whines, nose scrunching cutely, making Taehyung laugh and dart back up to leave a kiss there before sliding back down his body, resting on his elbows above where he knows Jeongguk wants him.

"Touch you? Like this?" He trails a finger over Jeongguk's hip lightly, resting his head in his free hand. Jeongguk huffs, hips canting up into the touch. Taehyung keeps touching gently, fingertips ghosting over the flushed skin of his boyfriend's lower belly, brushing through the hair trailing down to his pussy.

"Or this?" He continues, other hand coming to rest on Jeongguk's chest, not quite touching his nipples, not yet. He wants to see Jeongguk squirm, wants to reduce him to a sobbing, begging mess before he gives him what he wants.

"*Hyung*, stop teasing, ah, please—"

He's cut off by Taehyung's mouth on his nipple, tongue swirling expertly around the perky bud. He sucks it roughly, eliciting a sharp groan as he presses lightly with his teeth, wanting to leave a mark. He rubs soothing circles on Jeongguk's hip at the same time, pinching lightly every now and then to draw out those beautiful, desperate noises.

"Yeah—*yes*, like that, fuck," Jeongguk pants, fingers tangling in Taehyung's messy blonde hair. He pushes harshly, shoving his boyfriend down on his chest harder, urging him to keep going.

Taehyung obliges, biting down on Jeongguk's swollen bud. Jeongguk squirms under him, mouth open in a silent gasp. His head is so fuzzy he can't think, already on the brink of another orgasm just from the assault on his nipples.

As if he can read his mind, Taehyung pauses, cocking an eyebrow. "Think you can come just from this, hm? From hyung playing with your nipples?"

Jeongguk shakes his head but pulls him back down anyways, pressing his thighs together for friction. Maybe he *can* come from this, he thinks, as Taehyung slips a hand between his legs for him to grind into. He can't help himself, rocks his hips against his boyfriend's hand like there's no tomorrow, stifling a moan into Taehyung's hair.

He's coming less than a minute later, biting back a cry as he feels teeth sink into his nipple, drawing out an intense wave of pleasure, so strong he feels like he's going to combust. Taehyung works him through it with soft touches, fingers barely brushing his heat until he's recovered, still tonguing at his nipple when he starts rocking his hips again.

Desperate, that's how he feels. It's like he can't get enough, not until he's come fifteen times and been fucked within an inch of his life.

Finally, Taehyung pulls off his chest with a smirk, pressing soft kisses to the abused skin. He trails down Jeongguk's milky skin until he's hovering over his core, breath coming in soft puffs against Jeongguk's heat.

"Looks like puppy's still excited, hm?"

Jeongguk's nodding before he even hears the end of the sentence, hips bucking up into Taehyung's face. He wants—*needs*—to feel Taehyung's hot mouth on his cunt, slick tongue gliding through his folds.

"H-hyung, please," he whines, biting down on his bottom lip. He plays with the piercing there, pink tongue flicking out every so often to soothe the sting. Gazing down at Taehyung with hooded eyes, Jeongguk lets out another soft sound, trying *so hard* to be a good puppy.

He wants to be patient, to show that he deserves it, but it's difficult when his boyfriend's face is right there, soft lips pressing gentle kisses into the skin of his thighs.

"Please what, Ggukie? You know you have to use your words if you want hyung to do things for you," Taehyung teases, nipping lightly at Jeongguk's hipbone.

Jeongguk's trembling at this point, eyes squeezing shut as he tries not to move, to touch.

"Want *you*, hyungie, please—your mouth on me." He squirms, hands clenching into fists by his sides, fingernails digging into his palms with a sting.

Taehyung licks up Jeongguk's inner thigh, sucking dark marks into the soft, creamy skin there. He lifts his head slowly, blonde hair falling into his hungry eyes. He stares up at Jeongguk for what seems like hours, waiting for his boyfriend to open his eyes so he can take him apart piece by piece.

A few moments go by until Jeongguk notices, eyes cracking open slightly as a pout forms on his pretty pink lips. He tilts his head questioningly, brows furrowing.

"Why'd you stop?"

Taehyung huffs a laugh, breath puffing over Jeongguk's wet heat. He smiles as Jeongguk's hips buck up, chasing the sensation.

"Keep your eyes on me, puppy."

He relishes how his words make Jeongguk's eyes glaze over before he finally gives him what he wants, licking a fat stripe from his fluttering hole to his clit. He slips a finger in without hesitation, crooking up to find the spot that makes Jeongguk go wild.

Jeongguk writhes under him, tangling a hand in Taehyung's hair to pull him in harder, trying to grind against his face. He huffs when Taehyung catches his wrist, pinning it to the bed beside them.

"Patience, Ggukie. Let hyung take care of you, yeah?" He hums, loosening his grip on Jeongguk's wrist slightly when he sees him nod, pouting.

"Just—get on with it, *please.* 'M so horny," Jeongguk whines, nose scrunching in frustration. He tongues at his lip ring with wide eyes, trying so hard to keep himself from moving as he watches his boyfriend unbuckle his belt, not even bothering to take his pants off fully before pulling his cock out.

Jeongguk nearly starts drooling as he watches, eyes tracing the vein that runs from base to tip, wanting so badly to have it in him—his mouth, his pussy, anywhere. He just needs to feel it in him, splitting him open in the delicious way it always does.

His admiration is interrupted when Taehyung abruptly flips him over, face in the pillow, ass in the air. He's pulled back by his hips, feels Taehyung press light kisses up his spine.

"So pretty laid out like this for me, puppy," Taehyung croons in his ear, tongue flicking over a lobe piercing, sucking it into his mouth with a groan. His cock brushes against Jeongguk's pussy and they both hiss at the sensation, Jeongguk pressing back for more, chasing the feeling.

"Can you please just—*ah*—put it in," Jeongguk whines, pushing his ass back into Taehyung. He grinds his pussy on Taehyung's length, gasping each time the tip catches on his hole.

Taehyung just watches, amused, as Jeongguk gets more and more desperate, writhing and panting before they've gotten to the main course.

"You're so needy, puppy. Can't even stay still long enough for hyung to properly touch you."

He smacks Jeongguk's ass, drawing out a delicious moan as the sensitive skin reddens. He repeats it on the other side, grabbing Jeongguk's cheeks to spread them, admiring his glistening pussy and cute asshole. Trailing a finger down his crack, he circles it around Jeongguk's holes, collecting slick from his pussy to push a finger into his ass.

Jeongguk keens, slumping into the pillow. He fucks himself back on Taehyung's finger, completely lost in the sensation. He's not usually one for anal, but he's so wound up any type of stimulation is welcomed, wanted, *needed*.

The finger inside him is slow and patient, letting him adjust until he's rocking back on his own, soft little *ah, ah, ah* sounds spilling into the pillow. It's strange, but it's good, despite

how desperate he is for his boyfriend to touch his neglected pussy, but Jeongguk is so far gone everything is starting to blur together.

"That's it," Taehyung murmurs, pulling his finger free and soothing his palm over the marks he left on Jeongguk's ass. "Such a good puppy. Taking hyung's fingers so well."

Jeongguk whimpers, shuddering all over. The praise goes straight through him, arousal spiking sharply in his belly.

"Hyung, *please*. Need to feel you." He looks over his shoulder at Taehyung, bottom lip trapped between his teeth as he wiggles his ass enticingly.

Taehyung tilts his head, an idea forming. He smacks Jeongguk's ass one last time before grabbing his hips, guiding him to sit up. He presses soft kisses onto Jeongguk's pretty pout, tongue slipping in as he adjusts their positions.

"I have an idea. I think you're gonna like this, puppy."

Jeongguk just lets him be moved, brushing hair out of his face. It's plastered to his forehead with sweat, the sheets beneath him soaked through from how wound up he's been since he got back to the dorm.

Taehyung kisses him one last time before crawling up to the pillows, laying down on his back. He pats his stomach, looking at Jeongguk expectantly.

"Come here."

Jeongguk stares, eyebrows knitted together in confusion. He doesn't understand why they haven't gotten into it yet, doesn't know why his boyfriend is being such a tease. "Hyung?"

"I want you to sit on my face, puppy." Taehyung's voice is soft, his hand stroking up Jeongguk's calf. "You think you can do that? Be a good boy for hyung?"

Heat floods Jeongguk's face, down his neck, across his chest. He can be a good boy. He *wants* to be a good boy, but he's still a little insecure about trying a new position.

"Are you sure? I mean, I don't want to hurt you or—"

"Puppy." Taehyung squeezes his thigh. "I can take it, I promise. You're nothing I can't handle." He grins, tugging Jeongguk up to straddle his chest. Jeongguk's legs are shaking from tensing the muscles, thighs trembling as he places a knee on either side of Taehyung's torso.

He groans as Taehyung pushes his hoodie up over his chest, lifting his head up to take a nipple into his mouth, tongue swirling over the bud before pulling off with a pop.

It takes Jeongguk a minute to scoot up further, knuckles turning white where they're gripping the headboard. He lifts himself up, hovering over his boyfriend's face. He shivers as Taehyung's hot breath caresses his inner thighs, slick from how aroused he's been all day.

Throbbing, he dips lower, just enough for Taehyung's nose to brush against his clit, and moans, eyes squeezing shut.

"Hyungie, I'm gonna—you won't be able to—"

"Sit, puppy," Taehyung almost growls, curling his hands around Jeongguk's hips and *pulling*.

The breath punches out of him in a broken cry as he seats himself on Taehyung's face, feeling his boyfriend's lips part to press open-mouthed kisses on his pussy. There's no more teasing as Taehyung licks into him like he's starving, tongue dragging over his hole and up to his clit, sucking it between his lips until Jeongguk's thighs clamp on either side of his head.

Taehyung moans against him, the vibration ripping through Jeongguk so hard he feels like he's going to black out for a second.

"Oh my *god*—Tae, please—" His hips stutter as he grinds down, needy and helpless. "S-sorry, I can't, I'm—"

Taehyung's grip tightens on his hips, encouraging him to keep going. Jeongguk gives up on holding back, grinding down harder, chasing the feeling of Taehyung's tongue on his clit. He gasps as he feels a hand slip between their bodies, two fingers pushing into his dripping pussy without hesitation.

Jeongguk throws his head back, panting as he finds his rhythm, rocking into Taehyung's face like there's no tomorrow. He's babbling now, nonsense and curses and *hyung, hyung, feels so good*, one hand leaving the headboard to fist in that messy blonde hair.

Taehyung just lays there, letting Jeongguk use him. He sucks harshly on Jeongguk's clit, the tip of his tongue flicking under the hood while he fucks his fingers into the fluttering heat of his hole.

It's too much and not enough at the same time. Jeongguk lifts himself up for a second, letting Taehyung catch his breath before lowering himself back down, thighs burning from the control it takes to not suffocate his boyfriend. Underneath him, Taehyung moans lowly, a hungry sound that makes it seem like he's the one being devoured.

"I'm close," Jeongguk sobs, tears forming in his eyes as he rocks his hips, overwhelmed with pleasure. His entire body is trembling, shaking as his orgasm builds in his abdomen.

"I'm gonna, hyungie, I'm—can I? *Please*, can I come?" he begs, not able to stop himself. He can't help it. He needs permission, needs to be a *good boy*.

Taehyung pulls back just enough to breathe, harsh breaths puffing over Jeongguk's swollen pussy. He squeezes Jeongguk's hips, prompting him to look down. Jeongguk obeys, breathless, because there his boyfriend is, chin slick, grinning up at him, eyes dark and fond and hungry all at once.

"You've been so good, puppy. Come on my face. You deserve it."

He yanks Jeongguk back down, devouring his pussy like it's the last chance he'll ever get. Jeongguk slumps against the headboard, tugging harshly on Taehyung's hair as he chases his release, moaning every time his clit brushes his boyfriend's hot tongue.

Jeongguk finally lets go, thighs locking around Taehyung's head as he comes. Waves of arousal wash over him, tearing a long, wrecked whine out of his throat as he gushes against Taehyung's tongue. Taehyung works him through every wave until Jeongguk can't breathe, can't think, can only shake until it goes from pleasure to too much, too sensitive, and he's squirming, trying to get away.

"T-too much, hyungie, *please*—" He taps Taehyung's head twice, clumsy and desperate, panting into his arms where they're resting on the headboard. Taehyung loosens his grip on Jeongguk's hips, stopping his movements to press soft, sticky kisses on his inner thighs, drawing another shuddering moan out of Jeongguk before guiding him off of his face.

Jeongguk collapses beside him in a tangle of limbs, panting, eyes wet and unfocused. He watches as Taehyung wipes his face with the back of his hand, giggling breathlessly.

They both look a mess, Jeongguk sweaty and undone, Taehyung with his blonde hair sticking in every direction and his face glistening with Jeongguk's slick.

Taehyung pulls Jeongguk into him, nuzzling into his hair with a content sigh. "You did so good, puppy. So pretty and perfect for me," he says soothingly, pressing a kiss into the damp strands.

Jeongguk buries his face in Taehyung's neck, mouthing over his pulse with a pleased sound.

"Oh my god. That was… I think I died."

"We'll definitely be doing that again, then." Taehyung laughs, kissing his temple, his cheek, the corner of his mouth, and Jeongguk tilts his head to brush their lips together properly, blushing as he tastes himself on his boyfriend's tongue. "So you liked it? It was really okay?"

"It was perfect." Jeongguk burrows closer, throwing a leg over Taehyung's hip, bare thigh brushing the hard line of his erection still trapped in his jeans. He presses down, brows furrowing. "But you're still… I wanna help you now."

"It's not going anywhere, Ggukie, trust me," Taehyung laughs again, tugging Jeongguk's hoodie back up to rub slow circles into his back. "Catch your breathe, first. Then you can take care of hyung, yeah?"

Jeongguk pouts but relents, burying his face back into Taehyung's neck. He listens to his boyfriend's heartbeat as his own slows, a pleased smile forming on his sleepy face.

"Okay, but then I'm gonna ride you. So… you better get ready," Jeongguk murmurs softly, eyes slipping shut. "'Cause I'm gonna blow your mind."

Taehyung just hums, pulling Jeongguk tighter into his embrace as he tucks himself back in his jeans with his other hand.

"I believe you."

End Notes

thank you so much for reading!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!