Only One (Or, The Taming of the Taemin)

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Only One (Or, The Taming of the Taemin)

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Summary

In which TaeKai are a besotted pair of adorkable horny idiots who get in over their heads and face a challenge they are wildly unprepared to handle.

Or: BoA makes Taemin cry and has a great deal of fun in the process, and Jongin is a very good boy who does his best to help.

Notes

Yes, okay, BoA stepping on Taemin at MAMA 2020 marked me for life. I feel uncomfortable taking her name in vain in some porno fic because, as discussed, she is a goddess, but let's not kid ourselves here, it's definitely her.

(I originally posted to Ao3 many years ago, now adding it here!)

See the end of the work for more notes

Jongin had been out of his depth right from the start. This whole evening was just too weird. He had made plans to sneak Taemin out somewhere quiet and private after an eternity of exhausting show prep, as was their custom. Taemin had been, like, oh also can one of my dancing partners join us? He wouldn't ask without a good reason, so, fine.

Jongin had almost died when he'd got downstairs and it was *Her*.

Back when he'd joined the company as just another idiot teenage boy, he'd had various stern warnings impressed very firmly on him by the Overlords. He'd known how badly it would end for him if he ever fell to the temptation of deploying his considerable charms against any of the ethereal girls who flitted about the place. Luckily, the Overlords had been less specific about the deployment of his charms against Lee Taemin. It had gone far better than he'd had any reason to hope, and the pair of them had decided to keep that particular loophole to themselves.

As the years had gone by and they'd grown at least partially out of being complete morons, they'd been afforded a little more trust by Those Who Monitored Such Things. And they'd allowed each other a fair degree of liberty. The urge was only natural, when they were both so sought after and so surrounded by astonishing beauty on all sides. Life was short. They might as well enjoy this bizarre enchanted bubble they'd somehow gotten stuck in. In the end, though, they always took due care, and they always kept their touch light. In the end, they would always come back to each other.

Right from the beginning, though, when the Overlords had cast their mantle over the company girls, it had been a totally unnecessary precaution when it came to *Her*. Teenage Jongin had known, right down to his stupid hormone-saturated soul, that if he so much as looked at Her the wrong way he would end up like that guy in that Greek myth who accidentally ogled a goddess and ended up getting turned into a deer and eaten by his own hounds. This wasn't angry HR department stuff, this was primal terror.

So, he'd been a bit on edge as they'd slipped into the booths at their usual joint. It was a basic little place far enough away from the company to be fairly safe from stalkers. He had a long-standing commercial arrangement with the proprietor to reserve a little corner invisible from the rest of the room. It was a safe place for him and Taemin to gossip and drink and be silly. It was not a place for a legit goddess to manifest in a biker jacket and silk scarf, to sit amongst them with a beer and a respectable pile of chicken bones, asking graceful questions which betrayed a horrifyingly omniscient awareness of his personal history.

That was weird enough, but he could get over that. She was lovely. She had always been lovely, honestly, he was almost completely certain that his buzzing adrenaline was irrational. This was fine.

Except Taemin, that goddamn little shit, Taemin was *flirting*. He did this, he did this with everyone, the more wildly inappropriate the better, before sliding back behind the force-field of the Maknae to end all Maknaes, He Who Must Be Protected At All Costs, to giggle at the devastation unfolding around him.

Taemin was flirting, and she hadn't yet struck him dead, which somehow managed to be even more concerning than if she had.

His soul had left his body when Taemin had looked her right in the eye and purred something like "You know, I think Jongin has always had a crush on you."

Before he could flip over the table and bolt for the door, run into the woods, and live the rest of his life as a hermit, he was pinned in the blaze of her attention like a mouse in front of a rattlesnake. In a moment, she'd looked into the deepest places in his mind and stripped the truth right out of him. While he was still remembering how to breathe and move his eyes, his body had helpfully decided that half of his blood needed to be in his cheeks. The other half was heading somewhere even less useful. This didn't leave a lot in reserve for, eg, forming words, or for strangling Taemin.

She was smiling. She looked so sweet. So – concerned? Honestly it was really nice, she was really nice –

Her hand was on his. He gulped like a stranded fish.

"Jongin-ah, you poor thing, you try hard and you're very brave, but you're doomed."

"Uhh - huh?" *Oh that's just fucking great, Jongin, nicely handled.*

"This boy. This boy is a monster." That goddamn asshole Taemin giggled and hid in Jongin's shoulder, mock-blushing, cute little wholesome cheek-heart aegyo *brat.*

"Me??"

She ignored him. *Wait, you can do that? That was an option, this whole time?*

" – a monster. Nobody can stop him. You do your best. You keep him fed, because you have a kind heart, but – " He felt Taemin freeze beside him as that arc-light of a stare pivoted to him. His hand clutched Jongin's thigh under the table, hard enough to bruise. She sipped her drink, drew out the silence, made sure these two idiots were paying attention.

"Someone needs to tame him."

Over the years, Taemin had developed an exquisitely engineered defence system of reflexive adorable comebacks, ingrained at a brainstem-level. But the system had just glitched, leaving whatever cute zinger he was relying on to save him misfiring uselessly somewhere in his speech centres long before reaching his dumb, slack mouth. *Taemin has crashed. Taemin is not responding.*

Damn it, Taemin, where the hell is your plan for this, you walked in here and started this shit and you didn't even have a contingency? Now what?

Now it was apparently her move, again.

She slipped her scarf free, played the long painted silk through her delicate fingers, toying with the strength of it. Then she stood. All Jongin could see was the glossy black veil of her

hair as she leaned over the table to smoothly extract Taemin's hand, bring it beside its opposite, and loop her scarf around his slender wrists.

And she'd slid out of the booth, gone to take the cheque, while the two of them sat helplessly clutching at each other in some atavistic blend of disbelief and terror and stupefied horniness. Taemin squeaked.

"Nini, help."

"Fuck that, you brought this on yourself. It's been fun and I'll miss you, but I'm not interfering. Call me in the morning if you're still alive." Honestly, he had to admit that the plaintive look in Taemin's eyes was kind of delightful. He was looking forward to the stories, they could cuddle upand Taemin would embellish and embroider and get all poetic, and then re-instate his wounded dominance by properly and genuinely wrecking Jongin -

"Are you boys coming with me, or not?"

Boys. *Boys??* As in - Oh, *shit.*

Taemin was leaning against him, his hands still tangled in silk, his eyes bright, his breath fluttering against the skin of Jongin's neck. "I love you." *Well, fuck it.*

She lived walking distance away. They stumbled along behind her, Taemin's bound wrists at least moderately subtly hidden under the sleeves of his soft autumn sweater. He kept meeting Jongin's eyes every so often over his mask, like he was worried he was still there. *Of course I'm here, you goddamn moron. I love you too.*

She ignored them completely, this pair of tall gangling fools trailing her home, right up until the elevator door closed.

"Kai ~ "Oh.

She was pressed against him, her hands purposeful on the thick musculature of his thighs. The monumental force of lust in her eyes reached inside him and burned his nervousness away. Then the door was open, and he was following her like the tide follows the moon. Alongside him Taemin was quite literally being dragged by the scruff of the neck.

It was nice, this place. It was exactly as nice as you'd expect of the place you get taken once you're chosen by the gods. It was intimidatingly elegant, open more to the calm darkness of the distant mountains and the sky than to the neon chaos of the city below.

Taemin was Cast Down by Her upon the vast milky expanse of the sofa, where he flopped in a boneless sprawl.

"Stay."

Then she was against Jongin again, her dark lips curling in a smile so lovely he completely forgot he was afraid of her.

“Kai.” The weight of inference she put into that little syllable was staggering, but it gave him a surprising degree of comfort. What she wanted from him, expected from him, he probably knew how to do, although admittedly he’d never done it alone with Taemin. He blinked slowly, breathed deep, let himself sink into practiced confidence, and realised she was waiting for him. He bowed his head down closer to her, moved like he’d taught himself to over so many years, fluid and poised, and heard her hum in approval.

“Kai, will you kiss me?”

He was vaguely aware, as he met her lips, of Taemin’s scandalised gasp somewhere over there. Weirdly it helped, having an audience. It made it more natural. He wrapped her in his powerful form, his hands around her waist, lifting her as she opened herself to straddle his thigh, rocking against him. She permitted herself tiny sounds of pleasure as she rode him, devoured him, one hand buried in his hair and the other working down the columns of muscle in his back, then around the sharp jut of his hips. He hissed and bucked as she traced the line of his cock, the lightest brush through the fabric electrifying.

Someone was whimpering and it wasn’t him.

“Kai, baby, what is Taemin doing?” The edge in that dulcet voice set every hair on his body on end, and by the sounds of things it did far worse to Taemin.

“He’s – “ His tongue was thick, his breath too ragged already to make words, like he was ever that good at it “ - he’s watching.”

She nuzzled against his neck, stroking him, still rolling her hips in a rhythm that was melting his mind. “Is he touching himself?”

Luckily he didn’t have to respond to that one, given Taemin’s shameful moan. He could put all his concentration into not collapsing as she released him, slipped away, leaving him swaying and blinking from the loss of contact, from the suddenly undirected flood of arousal. He had a feeling she was going to be asking more of him very shortly. He’d better get it together quick, so he could somehow deal with the fact that she’d just taken a limp and unresisting Taemin by the hair, slid him down onto the floor, and was now standing with one delicate foot on his belly.

“You think it’s funny, don’t you, how you always get tied up badly?” She pressed down, inches above the helpless bulge in his jeans, and Taemin whined and squirmed. “Such a little *shit*.” She leaned over him, seizing the length of silk twisted round his wrists, lifting his upper body off the floor with startling strength, and Jongin tried to ignore how much her control of Taemin made his dick jump.

“It’s time for someone to do it right. Would you like that?” Taemin moaned something too low for Jongin to hear, flushed and panting. She swooped in, eye to eye, now, her full attention burning into him, her voice falling, a lustrous predatory menace to it. “Would you like me to hurt you, Taemin?” His eyes fluttered closed, his head dipping, shoulders curling in on themselves, his body slack.

Jongin realised he hadn't drawn breath in quite some time. He sighed along with his lover's answer, the smallest whisper.

" - yes."

"Look, at me, Taeminnie." Sweet but commanding, soft but insistent. He stirred from his reverie, opened his eyes with a little gasp. "I need you and Kai to be clear with me, hmm? Both of you."

One exquisite eyebrow cocked in Jongin's direction and he remembered enough of himself to grunt affirmatively.

"Wait means wait, and we'll talk about it." He saw Taemin's involuntary swallow, his fractional nod, her benevolent smile. "Stop means stop, and we'll make it better." One finger traced along Taemin's trembling lips, and Jongin realised he was licking his own. "Yes, Taeminnie?"

"Mmmm – yes." A cheeky threat of a smirk returned here. Taemin back in control, Taemin as the centre of attention, fussed over, fawned over, revelling in it. He let himself be pulled forward, up, rising onto his knees, keeping his hands where she'd left them, crossed against his chest as she untied him, sighing luxuriously as she drew the silk across his wrists. She was on her knees beside him, her hands playing on the hem of his sweater, slipping underneath the downy grey wool and sheer white cotton to his soft pale skin. In one smooth movement she pulled all of it up, over him, off him, tossing it aside, leaving him half-naked and shivering, bowing his head again so he could hide his pleased blush under his shaggy black hair. God, he was so disgustingly beautiful, he was beautiful all the time but especially like this -

"Get up."

Jongin was jolted out of his daze by the harshness in those words. Taemin's eyes flashed open. Even startled horny Taemin was still a creature of enough grace to elevate himself in one movement, but the effect was that her voice had animated him like a puppet, frozen now in the absence of command, stiff from the adrenaline. Waiting for her.

She ignored him.

"Kai." *Oh wait that's me.* Luckily she'd already worked out that waiting for him to speak was not a good idea.

"Kai, can you please hold his hands behind his back for me. Thank you."

It felt so damn good to touch Taemin again, to slide his hands down the elegant sweep of him, to gather his slender wrists behind him, gripping him firm. He tried to hold himself together as Taemin's head rolled back onto his shoulder, his breath hot on Jongin's skin, his hands pawing at Jongin's body, searching out familiar territory, familiar points of control, but that didn't seem like it should be allowed, right now. Jongin twisted to the side, his hip in the small of Taemin's back, pulling harder on his wrists to draw his shoulders together, forcing him to arch. The indignant yelp of protest was delicious. He decided to indulge himself

further, pressing himself closer, letting Taemin feel the urgent swell of his arousal against his ass, triggering a cascade of little needy mewls. He let himself growl, and Taemin ground back against him, panting and straining in his grip. “Jongin, please – “

“You two are so beautiful.” He hadn’t really registered that she’d left the room, but she was framed in the doorway to some other, smaller space, her jacket discarded and her legs bare under the brief hem of her knit dress. She was breathtaking, honestly, even disregarding the soft coil of rope which draped casually from one hand, complicating the picture considerably. She padded forward, silent on the dark stone, until she was on top of them, trapping Taemin between them, the bundle of rope slung over her shoulder, heavy with promise. Taemin whined and squirmed as her hands closed on his hips, fingertips digging in to the tender flesh above the pelvic bone just the wrong side of too hard, which Jongin took as his cue to force him even further into his arch, exposed and shivering.

Assured and relentless now, she went to work on baring him further, stripping him completely, casting his pants aside somewhere. Then she stepped back, her eyes falling on him narrow and dark and hungry, pausing only momentarily to scan the intricacies of his tattoo, tracing the swirls of it with the back of her nail. “So beautiful. Thank you, Kai, for sharing him with me.”

“Now put his hands in front of him, please.”

Uh, sure. Why not. He wrapped himself around Taemin from behind, one hand on each forearm, clasping them together in front of his waist, just above his already achingly hard and tragically neglected cock. Taemin flexed his shoulders, like he was challenging his hold, testing if he could wriggle free. When he realised he couldn’t he melted back against Jongin with a sigh, loose and compliant as she started to wind the rope around his wrists, a long neat coil locked into place with a braided loop through the centre. He strained discreetly in it, testing it, like he did with every prop tie, and moaned softly with the confirmation that it had finally been done right. He was trapped.

But she wasn’t done yet. Jongin held him firm around the waist as Taemin’s hands went up over his head, then down again, elbows bent, wrists resting on the back of his neck, his arms framing his face. Quick loops of rope passed around his upper arms, wrapping around the tops of his biceps, anchoring his hands behind him. The last went around his throat, not tight enough to mark the skin if he stayed still, but firm enough to unavoidably transmit any attempt he made to struggle, a feature he discovered within seconds with a ragged gasp. He leaned against Jongin, panting, his eyes wide, a catastrophic blush creeping over him.

After all these years, Taemin was genuinely helpless.

She stood back, examining her quarry, the tail of the rope in her hand like a leash, a pleased glint in her eye and a vicious edge to her smile.

“Come with me.” Like they were going anywhere else.

She’d put a plump pillow on the gorgeous ornate rug at the foot of her bed. Jongin didn’t need more than a sideways glance to know that he was supposed to put Taemin there, on his knees. He wasn’t really sure what to do next until she put one hand to his arm and firmly

pushed him away, away from where Taemin knelt with his knees apart and his chest heaving and a little unspoken plea on his lips, his cock reaching uselessly into empty air. He wanted to touch him so badly, to taste him -

“Kai baby, I’d like to see you. All of you.” He swallowed hard. Then he followed his cue, and felt the familiar intoxicating rush of their eyes on him, on his body, on Kai, as he bared his skin to them, daring them to look at him, to want him. He knew these moves. He drew his shirt over his head, his nerves pricking with the pressure of their gaze, dropped his hand to his belt.

Taemin was whining again. She was standing behind him, her hand clasped in his hair, hard enough to make him twist in the ropes. “He’s so sexy, isn’t he? You’re so lucky. What would you do to him, if I wasn’t here, Taeminnie?” Her voice was cute and lilting and fucking devastating. “What would you do with that body?” *Fuck* – Taemin's tongue darted between his teeth, his gaze filthy, sending a shock of energy straight to Jongin’s cock right at the moment he was sliding free of his pants, aware that he wasn’t being very elegant about it but not in any condition to do better. He kicked his clothes away, blushing suddenly, took a deep breath and tried to settle back into Kai the powerful and assured dancer who loved standing naked and immaculate in front of them, to ignore the radiant crystalline epiphany of just how badly he wanted to be the one on his knees before the two of them -

“Next time, show me how you use him, hmm?” Jongin just stood there, slightly breathless, inexorable heat rising through him, one hand curled around himself, her words coming through the hum of his own wild pulse in his ears. “Next time, show me how you make him writhe and cry your name ~ ” *god have mercy, the noise Taemin just made*. He wanted to close his eyes in some pathetic attempt to hide from them, but then he’d miss the sight of Taemin, caught against her, his lips parted hungrily, his cock pulsing.

She giggled and kissed his cheek. “So worked up already. We haven’t even started yet, Taeminnie.” Yeah, that was definitely a sob. She cooed, stroking his back, then turned her attention back to Jongin. To the bed.

“Kai, baby, please don’t just stand there all alone. Why don’t you lie down?” Yeah, that sounded like a really good idea, honestly. He let himself slide down across the vast cool expanse of it, stretch out, let his skin soak up the fine texture of the threads, grounding him in something besides the ravenous force of her gaze.

“Touch yourself. Show Taemin how good it feels.” Oh god, that whimper. That *want.*

And just like that, he’d already slipped back into performance mode, the palpable energy of their voyeuristic scrutiny lighting him up, their thoughts his thoughts, his touch their touch, a conduit linking them which he could feed with whatever he wanted. Without any trace of self-consciousness he let himself move with it, his fingertips gently charting the lines of greatest sensation, drawing indulgent sounds of pleasure out of himself. When he was properly adrift in it, too overwhelmed to be deflected by any residual trace of shame, he looked back down at them, watching him.

She had something in her hands now. A length of cane.

She raised it to Taemin's open, panting mouth. He whined, high and desperate, as she fitted it between his lips, then further back, between his teeth, like a bit.

"Bite."

He obeyed.

"Stay."

Then she was on the bed with him, and Jongin gave up any pretense that he wanted anything except to please her, to be whatever she wanted him to be, to let her do whatever she wanted with him. His breath hitched as without any particular ceremony her hand was on his cock, grasping him, slipping him into the inevitable flimsy sheath of latex, he didn't care, she was over him, straddling him, *on* him –

Some deep broken sound escaped from him but he barely heard it, all he knew was her, her breath, her eyes fluttering closed as she succumbed to the will of her body, riding him, using him. He cupped his hands gently around her slender hips, surging with satisfaction at the blissful sound she made as he worked for her, raising himself up for her, offering himself to her. One of her hands curled under the hem of her dress, caressing, and he groaned as she tightened impossibly around him, swelling with slick heat, her other hand clawing at the flesh of his ass, goading him lift her up, to fuck into her, to give her everything. He was dimly aware, through the haze of it, of her arching back, her hips shuddering in time with her high feathery gasps, *please Kai yes ~*, and he couldn't hold back any longer, thrusting up with a desperate final energy that had her crying out as he spilled into her, shaking with the force of it.

Oh my god what just happened, am I dead

Her hands were on his shoulders, the dark shroud of her hair obscuring all of the world except her face as she leaned down, provoking another moan as he throbbed inside her one last time. She kissed him. Then she was gone, floating away from him, leaving him drained and depleted, while she turned her energies back to the other boy, the one kneeling bound and naked and crying on the floor.

Jongin had been pretty fucked out and wrecked a fair few times in his life. It was kind of his thing, truth be told. But to see Taemin in this condition was something else, his muscles trembling, his pale belly flushed, tears streaking his cheeks, that vicious cane clenched between his teeth like he was trying to bite through it, which he probably was.

Taemin my love, you're in big trouble.

She paused, just as she reached him, and favoured Jongin with a glowing smile.

"Kai was so good, wasn't he? He worked so hard." A tiny whimper from Taemin, a tear scoring a bright line down his cheek. "Take a break, Kai baby." She winked. "I'll need you to last longer for the next one." *Oh.*

He didn’t get much peace, though, a few moments to check that his limbs all still worked and make a cursory attempt to make himself presentable again, but he was too captivated by the spectacle on the floor. She had retrieved her cane and pressed her fingers into Taemin’s mouth, cooing as he licked them clean, eager and hungry.

“You okay, Taeminnie?” He nodded, then gasped then she hauled on the the short rope leash and forced him to his feet, swaying, staggering as she yanked him towards the bed, awkward and clumsy. She gripped his shoulders, helping him balance, leading him to kneel over Jongin’s shins, his legs spread wide. Then she forced him down, his ass in the air, his hands laced between his shoulder blades, his face pressing hot into Jongin’s hip right beside his still half-hard cock. Taemin hummed softly, licked his lips, clearly wanting, knowing what reactions he could wring from Jongin if he was allowed to –

"No. Don’t be greedy.” A loud smack, just her hand this time, and Jongin groaned as Taemin jerked and exhaled against his skin, “Kai, hold him still please.”

Taemin’s eyes met his, silently pleading, and it sent a ripple of heat down through his core.

“Sorry, baby ~ “ he brought his best Kai pout to it, gently petting his lover’s hair, and Taemin closed his eyes with whine, lowering himself fractionally so that the tip of his cock brushed against his leg, enough friction to tease but not enough to satisfy, shivering as she ran the cane delicately down his flank, only to draw back with astonishing speed and

“SHIT – fuck – ahh – “ Taemin jolted against him, his eyes snapping open, a gasp of startled pain only enhanced by the alarming pull of the rope on his throat as he reflexively struggled.

“Too much, Taeminnie?” her words were drenched in scepticism, even as she pressed the warmth of her palm to the angry red line she’d just made. “Tell me.”

He moaned, nuzzling against Jongin. “ – no ”

Wordless, merciless, she went to work, playing with the tempo of it, the placement of it, until that flawless ass was marked with a meshwork of welts, Taemin twitching and crying and writhing through it, his sweat and tears and drool glistening on Jongin’s skin. And damn it, Jongin realised his cock was full again, reacting to every movement, every one of Taemin’s pained sounds sending lightning up his spine, almost enough to make him forget how jealous he was –

She paused long enough to replace his hands in Taemin’s hair with her own, lifting him, twisting him, whispering in his ear “Too much, Taeminnie?” and he sobbed at that, eyes screwed shut, biting his lip, shaking.

“ – no.”

“Mmmm, good boy. Be good to Kai.” In one move she had Taemin’s mouth positioned over his cock, lowering him, and he groaned raggedly as Taemin took him in, panting and desperate for distraction, only to squeak helplessly as she pushed him down just that crucial fraction too far, his throat spasming around the intrusion even as the rope pulled tight from his indignant resistance, his eyes bright with panic. All Jongin could do was lie there and

attempt not to pass out from the overwhelming sensation of it, too hot too tight too much *ohhh –*

She was watching them both with calm amusement, holding Taemin in place, until she was satisfied that he understood what was expected. Then she lifted him back up, holding him firm as he sucked in a huge lungful of air, flushed and wild. “Can you do that for me, Taeminnie?” He was gasping, panting, his lips red and wet and filthy, and Jongin had never wanted anything more, except maybe to be where Taemin was right now –

“ – yes.”

Then that ravenous mouth was on him again, and he wasn’t going to let Taemin control this. Wasn’t going to disappoint her. He held Taemin’s hair with one hand and his jaw with the other and forgot anything except the electrifying pleasure of thrusting deep into this frantic choking struggling mess of a boy, his throat clenching with sobs as the cane slashed into his bruised flesh another half-dozen times in rapid-fire succession, until he jerked and thrashed and wailed as he was finally lifted up, away, and Jongin felt himself growl in frustration at the loss of it.

She was beside him, her arms around Taemin’s heaving chest, her lips against his cheek, nestled against him, soothing and warm. “Shhhh, Taeminnie. It’s okay.”

He moaned, his head lolling against her, demolished. Jongin sat, adding his hands on Taemin’s waist, on his shoulder, holding him secure while she unlaced the ties around his throat and his biceps. He drew his hands in front of his face to hide in them, his wrists still bound, trembling. “You remember your words?”

A long silence. Taemin’s shoulders were shaking.

“ – yes.” She smiled, brushed a kiss on to the reddened skin of his throat.

“*Ahhh ~ !*” She’d let one hand drift down Taemin’s belly to take hold of his poor confused neglected cock, which was trying to make up its mind what it should be doing, and had taken advantage of its somewhat lax state to fit a firm band of silicone around its base. Prompted by her nod, Jongin moved to help Taemin roll down gently onto the bed, onto his back, legs splayed, hands still curled protectively over his face, shivering like a racehorse after a run. He whined and
shimmied his hips minutely as her fingertips ghosted over the underside of his cock, coaxing it back to the centre of his focus in place of the throbbing expanse of pain that was his ass, in place of the abused rawness of his throat, in place of the fear that was ebbing out of him, replaced again by surging want. The situation was slightly complicated now by the ring on him, forcing him even further into desperate needy hardness, provoking piteous keening from him as he assessed the implications of what she’d done.

She handed Jongin a little bottle, and he couldn’t help but notice that even her lube was some exotic European thing that came in a vial like bespoke organic skin care.

“Taemin, I want to watch Kai fuck you now.” The wrecked little noise that got from Taemin did such things to him he couldn’t even begin to process. But, okay, yes ma'am. He felt

himself move without thought, posing himself over Taemin's body, one hand drawing his wrists over his head and pinning them there, leaving Taemin blinking and panting and swallowing nervously, wide eyed and skittish. He was just so unbearably pretty. Kai snarled, pressing his weight down against the other boy, his cock hot and heavy against the smoothness of his belly, arousal pulsing through him as he saw Taemin tip his head back, exposing his throat, docile, inviting. He barely made any protest as Kai folded his legs back towards his shoulders, exposing him completely, his lips falling open with dirty sounds as Kai's long fingers slid into him, not wasting any time in opening him, he wasn't prepared to wait any longer, he needed so badly to fuck something again, seeing Taemin in this condition completely unmoored him, pulled out urges he didn't realise he even had –

She was in front of him, her back to him. He felt Taemin buck and tighten around his fingers as she gracefully raised herself over him, straddling his shoulders, holding him in place by the hair as she sank down -

Fuck

The way Taemin throbbed against him, the noises that escaped as he gasped and whimpered and licked at her as she *sat* on his *face* oh *fuck* –

Then he remembered what he was supposed to be doing. *Kai, you have one job*. In a long slow relentless push he lined himself up and slid into the unbearable delicious heat, let the sheer molten bliss of it flood over him. Taemin writhed and arched against him, his cry muffled by her body and masked by her murmurs of contentment. She rolled her hips with sinuous power, and Kai followed her lead, followed her rhythm, let the energy build in him, waves of it, overwhelming, maddening. He was so close to the edge of something terrifying, he couldn't fall, not yet, not yet. She wasn't done with him yet. She was gasping, her thighs tightening, "*Ohhhh yes* Taemin, so good, so good for us ~ " Underneath them both Taemin convulsed, impossibly tight around him, his muscles stiffening, clawing at her hands as he apparently came, dry and untouched, with a shattered scream.

Fuck, how

Poor Taemin was genuinely crying now, proper shuddering sobs, clutching at her as she slid off to kneel beside him, kissing his forehead, soothing him, praising him. Jongin felt he should probably make a withdrawal but was suddenly trapped, Taemin's legs wrapped around his waist, the astonishing power of him reactivated by pure urgency.

"Please, please *please*, I need, I *need* – " he bit the base of his thumb to muffle his cry as she worked the ring off his cock, replacing it with a far more subtle slip of a thing, a merciful portent that the end might finally be in sight for him.

"Shhhh, Taeminnie. You've been so good. Will you do one last thing for us, please baby?" He whimpered and flinched under her touch, nodding. "Kai's going to have to come out for a moment though."

"No-o-o-o-o *please* ~" god, he shed actual huge shiny tears as Jongin slid out, wrestling his way free, leaving Taemin curled on the bed, his head buried in her lap, begging. She petted his hair, ruffling her fingers through it, sighing happily as she wriggled down to lie beside

him and set to work unlacing the ropes around his wrists. As she released him he gazed at her, his panic melting into devotion, the torrent of pleas on is lips calmed by some deep underlying upswelling of faith.

She was going to look after him.

Taemin let her nestle against him, one leg thrown over his, her hands around his waist, then she rolled to pull him on to her, into her, her hair fanned out around her as she luxuriated under him, her hands gripping his slender hips, holding him. Stilling him. His head was bowed low over her, his eyes fluttering closed, silent and reverent even as he ground almost involuntarily against her.

“Shhh, Taemin. Not yet. Not yet.” She beckoned Jongin, and he’d never been so ready for anything as to join them, to glide into Taemin's yielding body, to bask in the incandescent energy of him. He plunged his face into the blazing skin of Taemin's nape, drunk on the scent of him, felt himself throb helplessly as Taemin moaned his name. Sprawled rapturously below them, she made some gorgeous lilting wordless cry of euphoria as she abandoned herself to them. She let Kai drive Taemin into her with every roll of his body, her legs enfolding both of them. Kai was the wellspring of some incomprehensible cascade of ecstasy, starting with a delicious tingle on his cheekbones and then shimmering down through him, through Taemin, into her, filling her –

Taemin's fractured cry echoed through Jongin's psyche as she wrapped her hands around his throat.

“Please, Taemin, give me everything ~ “

The world went white as he felt Taemin shake underneath him. The force of his own orgasm punched the breath out of him, launching him out into some weird liminal state that lasted something like forever, until he started to sink back into himself, his ears ringing, his heart thundering, shivering waves of it rippling along him from his eyelids to his feet, gradually receding and dropping him stunned and gasping and sweaty.

Taemin had fainted. Which, okay. She had him nestled on her shoulder, his lips parted, his eyes glinting obliviously behind tear-laden lashes, profoundly ruined and completely at peace. All Jongin could do was stare dumbly at him while a brutal tide of hopeless sentimentality rose in his chest, so vast and all-consuming that it hurt. He was just so motherfucking beautiful, so vulnerable, so *perfect* -

It dawned on Jongin that she was smiling at up him, as he sat there paralysed by the sight of this brilliant kinky glorious boy, this boy he loved so goddamn much. She nodded, silently, and reaching up to brush his sweat-soaked hair from his forehead, a blessing, an affectionate gesture which helped to anchor him back into the world. It returned him enough to his senses for him to tumble free, to make some feeble effort to clean up, to help her envelop Taemin in soft warmth and touches and kisses as he slowly resurfaced, stirring and blinking and whispering poorly-articulated disbelief that he was here, that he hadn't evaporated into some weird parallel dimension, that he was fine. Jongin curled around him, wrapping him in the reassuring strength of his body, and told

Taemin again and again that he loved him, for no reason other than to see the glowing happiness which bloomed across the other boy’s face.

She folded herself elegantly beside them, watching them wordlessly with fond admiration until Taemin roused himself enough to turn his head towards her, to raise one hand, open and expectant, for her to take in her own. She kissed his fingers.

“You're so cute. Both of you. Thank you so much for sharing with me.” She leaned in close, to place one gentle kiss on each of their heads, first Jongin, then Taemin. Then she curled herself by Taemin's side, gazing into the depths of him, into the infinite golden fragments suspended in his eyes, genuine adoration warming her features.

“You’ve always been my favourite partner.”

End Notes

Did you know they're in love?

You can find me talking more about this on Bluesky and other places @ Rogue_Taeminbot

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