Twitter Thread by silkcoeur



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[■ hopekook, rimming] happy vday if you celebrate it, last night i fell asleep thinking about a horny hopekook date where they set aside time to cuddle and watch something soothing and mindless. jk chooses a nature documentary, more for background ambiance than anything else.

they start out with hobi laying crosswise on the couch, and jk crawls between his legs, rests his head on hobi's sternum. he likes to cuddle like that because he can hear hobi's heartbeat. also hobi will usually skritch his scalp when they're in this position.

he's doing that now, running his fingers from jk's forehead to the nape of his neck, but then he scoops along jk's ear instead. fingertips smoothing along the shell curve and then gently tugging on his earlobe. he keeps doing it, repetitive. the apartment is warm.

and quiet, too, except for the doc in the bg and the soft sounds of their breathing. hobi's fingertips keep tugging easily, gently on his ear lobe and all of a sudden jk realizes he's getting hard. he doesn't pay it much mind, one or both of them often do when they cuddle, even

if it's just a cuddle session & not anything further. but then hobi moves his leg, feels it, laughs softly, & moves his leg again - this time, deliberately. jk smiles, rubbing his mouth against hobi's sweatshirt. he rolls his hips, real slow like, and feels hobi's dick, too.

they move against each other in this unhurried way, tiny hitches of their hips or rolling, easy motions. it's all kind of slowed down and soft, and hobi keeps tugging on his ear lobe, pinching a little at the end sometimes in this way that sends hot sparks down jk's spine.

it feels like there's no rush at all, which is - almost never how any of their lives feel. he realizes he's drooling, just a little, and wipes his mouth against hobi's shirt. "hyung, can i try um something?" he asks. he knows he sounds like it just occurred to him, but it hasn't.

he's thought about it a lot but they never seem to have the time or the space or the privacy or the patience, half the time getting off with each other in the shower, quick slick touches, or hobi pushing him up against his hotel door to suck him off when they haven't had a chance

to fuck in weeks. anyway, they have the time now. hobi's so relaxed he doesn't even question it, just goes along with jk kissing his clothes off, tugging him to sit at the end of the couch facing forward while jk slips down to kneel in front of him.

when jk hooks his hands behind hobi's knees and pushes them up, hobi smirks, replacing jk's hands with his own and holding his legs up. "oh, gonna eat hyung out?" he says, all teasing, cause he knows how much jk likes to do it, how it's definitely one of those things they

often don't have the time for. jk just nods. he's already blushing. he doesn't know why this particular thing makes him feel so hot-mouthed & stupid & spiky with embarrassment. maybe it's the noises hobi makes. maybe it's the way jk actually watched a lot of videos on it.

how to do it well. how to make it good. how to start off slow, with kisses & nuzzling licks, dragging the flat of his tongue around hobi's rim to get him relaxed and primed and a little wet, too. how to ease into stronger flicks of his tongue, wait until hobi is loose

and horned up enough that jk can use his fingers to spread his hole open and fuck the tip of his tongue inside him. how to alternate tongue fucking with laving motions, flat and wet, in broad strokes across his hole,

until hobi's so wet with spit that his hole starts clenching, gasping for more, spit-clicking when jk tongues at it, rubbing his lips back and forth and making hobi's ass cheeks jiggle in his palms. fuck - he loves it, loves doing this to hobi much.

and now they've got a whole evening ahead of them, no interruptions, and jk wants to eat hobi out until hobi is whimpering, making those messy, choked out noises that jk loves to hear. so he does it, going slow and easy, making it good for hobi like he knows how to do.

and hobi's into it, hand on the back of his head, tipping and tilting and guiding jk where he wants, sometimes pulling his mouth up to suck on the tip of his cock while jk pets at his hole with wet fingers. hobi gives him a steady stream of praise too, calling him a good boy.

"hyung's sweet boy, finest fucking tonguework, you're making me want that big dick of yours, you know that, baby?" until jk is shivering and licking hard, eyes shut, laser focused, tongue flicking and fucking. his hand is pressed between his legs, not moving.

afraid he'll come too soon, and hobi can tell, says, "make me come with your hands first, then you can get in hyung's ass, how's that sound, baby?" and jk just moans, muffled where his mouth is still moving, but that's what he wants, he wants to make hobi come so /bad/.

and he does - sliding his slick-spit fist over hobi's cock while he eats him out, until hobi's hole is clenching around the tip of his tongue as he comes all over his belly. "shit," hobi mutters, "shit," and then laughs, soft and fond, when jk emerges from between his legs,

red-faced from the friction, spit down his chin. hobi cuffs his cheek, slides his thumb along jk's red, puffy lips. "eager, aren'tchu?" jk nods. he is.

everything had kind of sped up, when jk was trying to make hobi come, but now it tilts into something slower & sweeter again.

hobi tugs him towards the bedroom, pushing him flat while he slicks his dick up with lube. the lights are off, just the low light coming in through the shades and the hallway, and hobi slides on top of jk, kissing him soft & deep while he rides him, unhurried and slow.

the end! happy vday! this was actually going to be about jk getting distracted by cool nature facts from the animal documentary while he was in the middle of rimming hobi until hobi was whimpering and needy, but that part got away from me, so here we are instead! <3