



Beer Kwantes

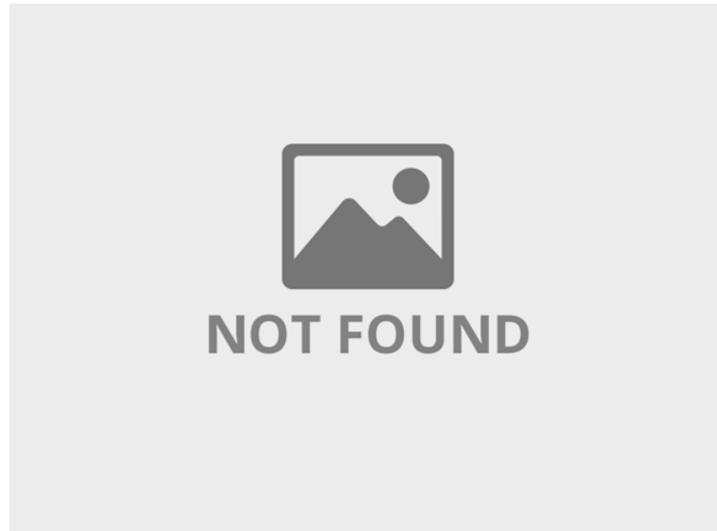
@ikbeer

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// exhibitionism, blindfold, slight degradation and praise k!nk, sxn-centric ot8

sxn likes attention. he can deny it all he wants, but everyone already knows that he does. performing on stage, in front of a large audience, feeling all those eyes focused on him...



it's a different kind of rush, the kind that he can't get anywhere else, the kind that gets him addicted. the kind that gets him aroused.

sxn bites his lips as the lights on stage dim, chest heaving with exertion from performing, throat dry, hair slicked with sweat. the cheers+

from their fans are deafening, he can't even hear anything else. he can only hear them chanting his name, clapping, screaming--all that attention, just for him. he shivers as he gets off the stage with the others, missing the last step and stumbling, only to be caught by a pair+

of familiar arms.

"look at you. already hard, huh?" yvnho whispers, his arms tightening their hold around his slim waist. sxn swallows a sound.

"let's hurry home, shall we, so we can take care of our dear sxnnie," hcngjccng adds, and sxn swears he can hear faint snickers from+

the others. but he can only nod dumbly, letting himself be maneuvered out of their stage

costumes and then into their cars to go home.

once they're in the privacy of their own dorm, sxn finds himself sitting on a chair in the middle of the living room, a makeshift blindfold+

from one of their ties around his eyes. sxn cant see them, but he can feel their eyes on him anyway, the familiar little pinpricks on his skin.

a firm hand guides his own behind his back, crossed at the wrist. "keep them there," he hears se0nghwx whisper right by his ear.+

sxn shudders, and gives a quick nod. of course, he can move his hands if he really wants to since they're not bound, but the fact that his members know he won't sends heat down to his groin. "words, baby."

"y-yes, hyung," he says thickly. he receives a gentle pat on this thigh+

in return.

"good boy." sxn shudders.

someone's taking off his clothes now, peeling them slowly until he's fully naked. "look at you, so hard. you like all the attention on you, huh? you think our fans won't notice that big bulge of yours on stage? your pants don't exactly+

leave much to the imagination," yvnho laughs.

sxn blushes all the way to the tips of his ears, face hot, mortified and embarrassed that he's so transparent. he doesn't even know which hands are whose anymore, but they're everywhere. stroking his neck, caressing his torso,+

trailing downwards from his pecs to his abs, raising goosebumps along the way. with his sight taken away, he feels like his other senses are heightened. his skin is on fire from the scorching touches the others lay on him. sxn squirms in his seat, a little ticklish, but keeps+

his hands behind his back. he wants to be good--he can be good for them.

someone's laughing near him. "look at you," jxnghx says, tapping his hard c0ck and making him flinch. "been hard since the stage, huh?" jxnghx leans down closer to blow on his ear. "pervert," he whispers,+

and sxn can feel his c0ck twitch. "oh, he likes that."

"why don't you touch yourself and show us how good you are, sxnnie?" wyng purrs. sxn whimpers, and brings his hands forward unsurely. "touch yourself. give us a show," wyng repeats, assuring him. biting back a moan, sxn+

wraps his small hands around himself, using both to slowly pump it. precum is dribbling from the tip now, making the movement smoother. slicker.

"that's it," m!ng! says breathlessly, and sxn is hit with the realization that the others are touching themselves while watching+

him. even though he can't see them, he can hear their breathing, slightly labored, their bit-off moans of pleasure, and the sloppy sounds of their hands down their own respective pants. they're getting off, on him. they're watching him, and it arouses them.

sxn moans out loud+

now, unable to hold back, picking up speed, his hips jerking in tiny increments with wild abandon.

"I-I'm close," sxn pants. "can I cum, please? please, I want to cum," he begs, desperately chasing that impending release but telling himself to wait.+

"hmm, does our sxnnie deserve to cum?" y3osxng says to his right. "admit you're a little pervert who gets off on performing on stage." sxn whimpers again. "say it."

"mhn--i'm a pervert, an attention wh0re, getting hard on stage, I get off on being watched, please can I cum+

please I can't--"

"what a good boy." suddenly, the tie blocking his vision is untied, and he's met with seven pairs of eyes on him, seven pairs of eyes that are staring hungrily, intensely at him, like they're ravishing him in their heads. "go ahead, baby, cum for us."+

sxn's body jerks with his orgasm, keening with the sudden surge of pleasure, one hand gripping the edge of his seat and the other stroking himself through it, cum spurting and staining his abdomen. when he can feel the oversensitivity set in, he releases himself, whimpering.+

hands wrap around him immediately, propping him up as he sags bonelessly, his thighs still twitching from his orgasm.

"look at you, so good for us, so pretty, you like having our attention on you, don't you? you like knowing the effect you have on us?" someone's gently carding+

through his hair as he comes down from his high, but at this point he's not even lucid enough to tell who.

"let's get you to bed, hmm? we'll bring you some water." sxn just sighs contentedly as he closes his eyes, letting his members fuss over him with the aftercare. he feels+

safe in their hands. he knows they love him and will take care of him.

/end

(that felt long..... anyway all this over sxn's v prominent bulge in con fancams??? yeah□□□ he def got hard on stage plsskdjaldowndkdn)

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