



star

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// spanking, exhibitionism, degradation

"sxn-ah," hxngjxxng-hyung says, getting his attention. "come here "

sxn eyes him confusedly, shuffling over. it's just the two of them sitting outside on the sofa, the rest of their group members in their respective rooms.





he yelps when hxngjxxng yanks him forward, leaving sxn sprawled across his lap.

he pulls some more, till sxn's ass is right over his thighs. "you remember when i said you'd be getting a punishment later?"

sxn does remember, remembers being on his knees in hxngjxxng's studio,+

sucking his cock instead of warming it like he was supposed to be doing.

and then hxngjxxng-hyung had been all stern at him for being distracting, and said that sxn would have to be punished for it later, which was completely unfair because he'd come down sxn's throat, but—

"here?" sxn protests "now?"

hxngjxxng-hyung hums in confirmation, fingers already tugging sxn's pants down his hips. he leaves them bunched up around sxn's thighs, fingers resting gently on the exposed skin.

"someone will see!" sxn complains. their walls are thin, and if he +

makes noise, which he will, his members will come out. and he really doesn't want them to see him bare, ass up on hyung's lap. even if it's not exactly an uncommon sight.

"then let them," hxngjxxng-hyung says calmly, drumming his fingers lightly on sxn's asscheek.

sxn lets out a petulant whine, kicking his feet a little on protest.

hxngjxxng-hyung swats his ass in return. "be good," he warns. "otherwise this'll be even

worse for you."

sxn stares at the sofa, pouting, but he stays still in place.

"good," hyung says, his proud tone sending warmth spreading through sxn's chest.

"should i count?" sxn asks, hoping that taking the initiative will make hxngjxxng-hyung keep talking to him in that voice and delay the inevitable.

it works. hxngjxxng-hyung's fingers are tracing little designs on sxn's skin as he says, "you should, sxnnie. good boy."

sxn preens. "how many?"

hxngjxxng-hyung chuckles. "that's for me to know and you to guess, darling."

sxn pouts again. this will just keep him on edge, +

with no idea of when hyung will stop to get him through it, no idea how much he'll have to bear, just pain.

the first hit comes without warning.

sxn barely manages to hold in his yelp, keeping his lips pressed tight together to muffle the sound.

hxngjxxng-hyung had been harder than he'd expected, starting off with enough force to make sxn's skin sting. though perhaps that was to be expected.

they always said short people had the most pent up anger, and it was obvious with both hyung and wyng.

hxngjxxng-hyung clears his throat.

"one," sxn whispers quickly.

"why are you being so quiet?" hxngjxxng-hyung asks. sxn can imagine his expression, the raised eyebrows. "ah—you don't want the others to hear you?"

sxn blushes.

hxngjxxng-hyung lets out another of those low chuckles that make sxn's stomach twist every time.

his hands comes down again, with even more force, pain blooming in sxn's ass, and—

sxn can't help it. he shrieks, body jerking, the sound echoing through the room.

through the apartment, more like.

in the time it takes him to catch his breath, sxn can already hear footsteps. he tries to curl up, but hxngjxxng-hyung is holding him down, keeping him exposed and open.

"what number?" hyung asks.

"two," sxn whimpers.

hxngjxxng-hyung delivers the next one without warning.

"three!" sxn yelps, covering his mouth with his hands.

it's too late. he can hear footsteps in the background, slow enough that he can't make out who it is. he can't look, either, thanks to hyung's hand keeping him down.

"just teaching sxnnie a lesson," hxngjxxng-hyung says to whoever it is.

"go ahead. i'll just watch."

oh no.

stomach churning with dread, sxn manages to twist around enough to see wyng settling opposite them, smirk fixed on his face, eyes teasing.

"hy—ah! four!" sxn is cut off by hxngjxxng-hyung's next slap, harder than ever.

"wxxyxung-ah? did you find out what's the noise—oh."

sxn closes his eyes in misery as yvnhx's voice fills the room. he's sure the other three are exchanging looks above his back, but he really +

can't bring himself to look at any of them.

he can hear yvnhx snicker. he's presumably settling down next to wyng to watch, since apparently this has become a show now.

he counts through the next three hits, yelps sharp against wyng and yvnhx's laughter.

he hears footsteps again.

he curls his fingers into hxngjxxng-hyung's pants. then he hears—

"see, hyung, i told you something was happening!" jxnghx complains.

sxn whimpers. no matter how many times their makdoongie sees him like this, it's humiliating every time.

"you were right," sexnghwx-hyung says, and, oh, no, he sounds disappointed. "weren't you over my lap just last week, sxnnie?"

sxn doesn't answer, but it's true.

sexnghwx-hyung sighs. he's just putting it on, sxn knows, because neither of his hyungs would ever be +

disappointed in him, but it still makes him wither in shame as sexnghwx-hyung walks straight past him into the kitchen, ignoring him completely.

hxngjxxng-hyung starts again, and sxn squeaks out an "eight!" he's not even sure where jxnghx is, eyes fixed on the grey of their +

sofa and nothing else.

hxngjxxng-hyung hits him harder for nine and ten, and then sxn hears footsteps again.

there's a sigh. "didn't this just happen last week?" yexsxng asks.

"i don't mind it happening every day," mngi replies. "i love watching."

from the sounds, sxn can tell that mngi is settling beside wyng and yvnhx, in prime position to watch him, while yexsxng is surpassing them and going straight to the kitchen to sexnghwx-hyung.

sxn's not sure which is more humiliating, the three using this for their +

viewing pleasure and possibly jerk off material, or the two acting like they're not even slightly affected by the sight.

hxngjxxng-hyung hits him.

it's hard, this time, the pain making tears spring to his eyes.

"don't get distracted," hxngjxxng-hyung reminds him.

"yes, hyung," sxn whimpers. "eleven."

hxngjxxng-hyung doesn't give him a break after that, the next four in rapid, aching succession.

sxn is gasping for breath by the end of it, pain blooming on his no doubt red ass, tears slipping down his face.

"maybe you should go easy on him, hyung," jxnghx calls. "he's crying."

wyng laughs. "no, go harder."

jxnghx usually doesn't hurt sxn too much, even when sxn asks for it, so what he said makes sense. as opposed to wyng and his aforementioned pent up frustration that he takes + out on the rest of them, like now.

it makes sxn burn with shame. it's awful, to be spanked right here out in the open where they can all watch, make comments and suggestions about what hyung should do.

hxngjxxng-hyung isn't even doing it just as a punishment anymore, sxn can + feel the way he's making it more of a performance. for them. sxn is just a tool he's using.

it makes sxn cry even more as hyung hits him, his counts barely coherent among the others' chatter and laughter in the background.

"sxn-ah, you're being too loud," sexnghwx-hyung sighs.

sxn lets out a little sob into the sofa cover.

"you're crying but you're that hard?" yexsxng asks, as always surprisingly mean. "really, sxn-

ah."

"are you really surprised that he's a such a whore?" wyng asks, amusement clear in his voice.

sxn moans in misery. it's not his fault—he's half naked, cock rubbing against hxngjxxng-hyung's thigh every time hyung hits him, jolting him forward and making him rub against his hyung.

so of course he's hard and leaking, the friction of hyung's long shirt delicious even +
when he's in pain.

hxngjxxng-hyung scoffs. "he really is, he's getting my shirt wet." he clicks his tongue. "this is a punishment, sxn-ah, you're not supposed to be enjoying it."

his words are slow and exaggerated, like sxn is just a child who can't understand things, like +

he needs to be taught how to take spankings without getting aroused.

sxn cries out at the next few hits, counting through little hiccups because he's openly sobbing now. and through it all, the others just watch, watch and laugh at him getting hard even though he's being +

spanked like a naughty child.

"twenty!" he lets out finally, voice guttural and torn. hxngjxxng-hyung hadn't gone easy on him, and sxn really doesn't think he can take any more. "hyung, hyung please—"

"that's it," hxngjxxng says, stroking sxn's ass softly. "you're done, baby."

sxn snuffles and lets hxngjxxng-hyung tug off his pants fully, dropping them to the ground before pulling him up.

sxn stays on his lap, burying his face into hyung's neck immediately.

hxngjxxng-hyung is rubbing up and down sxn's back, murmuring words that soothe sxn's frayed +

nerves. "you did so well, sxnnie. so, so well. what's your colour?"

"green," sxn says, loud enough to be audible to the others as well. "hyung, please, can i—"

there's no point in asking, because he's already jerking his hips, rubbing his still-hard cock against +

hxngjxxng-hyung's body, leaving streaks on his shirt, but sxn really can't find it in himself to care.

"you'll hump anything, won't you?" wyng says disdainfully.

sxn twists to give him a glare, but stops when he sees that wyng and mngi already have their hands down their pants.

yvnhx is palming his cock over his pants with some modicum of shame that is immediately betrayed by his next words.

"he can't help it if he's desperate," yvnhx says, smirking. "sluts only think about getting off, they don't care about how pathetic they look doing it."

sxn burns red. he lets out a petulant whine and turns back to hxngjxxng-hyung, pouting.

hyung shushes him. "keep going, sxnnie."

sxn does, biting his lip in concentrating as he focuses on rubbing himself against hxngjxxng-hyung's body, so hard he feels like he could burst, but—

"hyung, 's not enough, i need more, please—"

"help him out, jxnghx-yah," hxngjxxng-hyung orders.

sxn can feel jxnghx coming up behind him, arms snaking down sxn's shoulders to twist and pinch at his nipples.

the extra stimulation is enough for sxn's movements to get more frantic, moans more desperate—

sexnghwx-hyung lets out a low noise. "what did i say about you being too loud, sxn-ah? yexsxng-ah, shut him up, will you?"

yexsxng is standing behind the sofa, smiling down at sxn's +

teary eyes. "open," he instructs.

sxn obeys, letting his mouth fall open enough for yexsxng to slide two fingers inside. drool pools around them and down the corners of sxn's lips immediately.

he knows he looks wrecked, desperately humping hxngjxxng-hyung, jolting with every + flick of jxnghx's fingers, fingers in his mouth muffling his moans and an ass that's likely red all over.

but no matter how embarrassing it is to be doing this in the living room with them all watching, sxn can't bring himself to stop, moving his hips faster and faster.

he cums with a loud moan around yexsxng's fingers, streaking white stains on hxngjxxng-hyung's shirt. it races through him after so long of the build up, leaving him gasping when it's over.

yexsxng's fingers withdraw from his mouth, but jxnghx pinches his nipples a few more + times, clearly just for the pleasure of making sxn flinch, before letting go.

sxn goes limp, collapsing into hxngjxxng-hyung, uncaring of the mess on his shirt.

hxngjxxng-hyung's hands sneak under sxn's shirt to rub up and down his bare back, pressing kisses into sxn's cheek.

there are hands in his hair, and it can't be hxngjxxng-hyung, because he's still stroking sxn's back. sxn lifts his head a bit too see sexnghwx-hyung smiling down at him, face tender, unlike before.

"i'm sorry i was so mean to you, baby," he says.

sxn shrugs, nuzzling into his palm. "'s okay. i liked it."

"we know," wyng says dryly, the others making agreeing noises.

sxn harrumphs into hxngjxxng-hyung's neck. they're acting like he's the only one who likes it when the hyungs are mean.

"can i get up now? you got me +

all dirty, hxngjxxng-hyung complains."

sxn clings onto him tighter in response.

he feels hxngjxxng-hyung's chest rise and fall on a smile, staying still and letting sxn continue to cuddle him. sxn's own lips turn up in a smile.

his hyungs are the best.

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