



Before You Go

Vicktor Alexander

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Love's Landscapes

An M/M Romance series

BEFORE YOU GO

By Viktor Alexander

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love's Landscapes* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a gift to you.

What Is Love's Landscapes?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what these authors do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love's Landscapes*.

No matter if you are a long-time devotee to M/M Romance, just new to the genre or fall somewhere in between, you are in for a delicious treat.

Words of Caution

This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

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BEFORE YOU GO

By Viktor Alexander

Photo Description

A video of two, slim, toned Korean men, one with tattoos on his side. One is singing to the other and grips the back of his head and tugs on his hair as his handcuffs swing, one connected to his wrist, the other not connected to anything. The second man looks at the first man, slightly bent over, completely submissive even as his hair is tugged, his face awash in what appears to be a drunken pleasure.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

These two K-pop stars are performing at a concert with the 3 other members of their group, but they clearly have some special chemistry between them. If this sexy display is what their audience is treated to, what more goes on behind closed doors? I want to know more about their relationship!

I'd like to see some D/s (he needs to make use of those handcuffs!) and a HFN.

No endearments (baby, sweetheart, darling, etc.) and no calling the submissive "boy" please! Nicknames are fine :)

Sincerely,

Jenna

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: Asian characters, BDSM, crazy stalker fan, D/s, first time, friends to lovers, hurt/comfort, K-pop

Content Warnings: double penetration, edgeplay, edging, hardcore BDSM

Word Count: 9,525

Thank You

To Lynn Tyler and my sister Shi for giving me a crash course on K-Pop and telling me that if I get any detail of the culture wrong I would be lynched. It takes a lot to scare this Army soldier and Dom, but you two ladies did a GREAT job.

To Taylor Law who encouraged me the entire time. Even listening to K-Pop with me and gasping over the stories of the fans when I did. See? My obsession with John Barrowman and Shemar Moore is tame!

To Jerome who took the time all those years ago and trained me from being GD to The Dom.

To Raevyn and the Love's Landscapes moderators who came and asked me to write this story even though I'd already written two other stories. I was extremely, extremely, **extremely** honored that you all thought of me for this. I would have moved a number of things around to do this for you just for that reason. Thank you for believing in me.

To Jenna, the creator of this prompt, I hope I gave you something that you can enjoy. It's not often that I have characters who so often thumb their noses at me, but Jin and Won did it repeatedly, but I hope that you enjoy them. In the end, I wrote this story for *you*.

Author's Note

This story is written by a trained Dom. I have been in the BDSM Lifestyle for twelve, almost thirteen, years. I was trained for one year before being considered a Dom. The Dom character in this story has also been trained in the Lifestyle. DO NOT engage in the activities in this story without having a trained member of the BDSM community present or without a member of the Lifestyle. While it is fun and enjoyable to read about these things, aspects of the BDSM Lifestyle, especially edgeplay and RACK practices are extremely dangerous and should only be handled by trained members of the community. If you have any questions or you would like to know more, there are many members of the BDSM community out there who are more than willing to communicate with you. [Fet-Life](#) is one source. You may also [contact me](#) if you have any questions.

BEFORE YOU GO

By Viktor Alexander

Prologue

Won Sang Heo's breath stuttered out of his lungs, his body trembling as the soft leather strips from the cat o' nine tails brushed against his naked genitals. The hard press of teeth to the side of his neck made his mouth fall open on a silent cry of painful pleasure, and his body jerked from where it was restrained against the St. Andrew's cross. A pair of handcuffs hung from his nipple clamps, pulling them tighter against the hardened nubs. The clank of the metal against the cross echoed loudly in the room, a mellifluous harmony with his own harsh breathing.

"Mm. I love how responsive you are, Sang." His Dom's voice was low and guttural in his ear. "Will you still be this way years from now? When you've grown used to my touch?"

"Y-yes, Sir," Won panted out.

His Dom chuckled. "I'll just have to help you make sure of that, won't I?"

"Y-yes, Sir." Won groaned as his testicles were taken in a strong grip and tugged.

"Aren't you happy you finally gave in to me, Sang?" The swipe of a tongue on the side of his neck up to his ear was followed by a nip to his earlobe. His balls were released and his cock taken in his Dom's hand.

"Y-yes, Sir."

One stroke. Two strokes. Three.

Whack!

The sting of the cat o' nine tails against his back made him release a harsh cry. He wanted to beg, to plead, to whimper for his Dom to let him come. They'd been in the dungeon for a long time and still his orgasm was denied him. He felt as if he were going to fly apart at the seams.

Whack!

Pain and pleasure collided in his body, swirling together in a kaleidoscope of brilliant colors and sounds. A delightful, melodic hum playing in his mind, his body floating feet above him as he sank deeper and deeper into subspace. His every cell was focused on the man standing behind him, as it had been for months, for years. Now, finally, *finally*, he was being taken by this man. Owned. Claimed. Dominated.

Oh fuck yes.

Whack!

“You ran from me, Sang. That really upset me. It hurt. But, you are here now. Where you belong. And you will come back to the band. Do you understand?” That tone, that voice, brooked no argument, and Won was already nodding his head before the question was even asked. He wanted to be wherever his Dom was. His man.

Jin Woon Gwon. His best friend. His Sir.

The man who'd introduced him to the band: Song Sun Fin.

Chapter One

Jin narrowed his eyes at his best friend Won's back as the slender man laughed with Hyeong Yeong Seon, one of the bandmates of their group, Song Sun Fin. He wanted to march over there and demand that Won stop smiling at another man that way. His dark-brown eyes shining with soft happiness, his pale-pink lips stretched wide, his white teeth reflecting the lights overhead, and his mouth open as joyful, melodious giggles escaped from his throat, but Jin couldn't do that. Not only because it would expose his jealous, possessive, dark, and almost animalistic feelings for someone who was so innocent and naïve it was borderline ridiculous, but also because of the fact that Won was a man.

And they were in a band.

In Korea.

And he did not have a death wish.

Not at all.

There was also the fact that while he was watching Won and Hyeong laugh and horse around on the edge of the stage during the sound check, he was preparing for yet another interview with yet another magazine reporter who would ask him yet another series of questions about how the group got started, what his favorite foods were, what his favorite songs were from the new album, what songs the next album was going to feature, if he had a girlfriend, what his favorite color was, what side of the bed he slept on, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

Jin rolled his eyes and huffed. What he wouldn't give for just a moment of solitude. Or maybe a really good fuck. He couldn't remember the last time he'd sunk his dick inside a nice, tight ass.

His eyes drifted of their own accord back to Won with that thought, and he found himself imagining his cock plunging deep within the recesses of the slender man's rear while Won was handcuffed, bent over the footboard of his bed. His skin would have red lashes on it, the marks lovingly placed there from Jin's single-tail whip. The flesh still warm to the touch.

"Mmmmm," Jin moaned, his shaft growing hard behind the zipper of his leather pants. He pressed down on the front of his groin to relieve some of the

pressure and cleared his throat. It wouldn't do for him to be sporting wood when the interview started.

"Grandma's chin hair. Grandma's chin hair," he chanted, in an effort to rid himself of the erection. When his dick was once again soft, he breathed a sigh of relief and rolled his neck to release the tension.

"Jin!" The harsh bark of the group's manager's voice was like nails on a chalkboard, and Jin clenched his teeth. He had an extremely hard time having the man talk to him in such a way. Not for the first time, he regretted being under the thumb of *The Company*. His naturally dominant personality clashed with constantly being told what to wear, where to live, where to go, what to say, not to date, et cetera. Were it not for the group of guys that he loved performing with and the fans he so enjoyed singing for, he would have left long ago.

There was also that fucking contract.

Five more goddamn years they were stuck under *The Company's* thumb. It wasn't as bad as it could have been of course. They had heard the horror of groups like DBSK who had been locked into fifteen-year "slave contracts." He shuddered internally as he turned to face Yun Eun Yu, pasting a smile on his face.

"Anyonghaseyo."

Yun waved his hand. "We have no time for small talk, Jin. We must go. Reporter is here. Now, you remember what you are to say?"

Jin clenched his right fist tightly even as he nodded his head. "Yes, Yun. I remember."

"Good. Then, we go."

Jin took one last glance over his shoulder at Won, desperately wishing that he could whisk his friend away to a secret place for some *adult* activities. Perhaps even to the room in the basement of his home that he'd spent the last three years having built piece by piece so as not to be outed.

His dungeon.

Chapter Two

As soon as Jin walked away Won released a sigh of relief, tension draining from his muscles. Hyeong let out a chuckle. "He's not going to eat you, you know?"

Won snapped his eyes up to Hyeong's face. "What?"

"Jin." Hyeong jerked his head in the direction of their departing lead singer. "He's not going to boil you and spread you over some rice and eat you if you talk to him or anything. You guys are best friends. Why are you all tense around him?"

"I'm not tense around him!" Won protested. An image rose unbidden to his mind, however, of Jin eating him, but in a completely different way than Hyeong intended and Won was spread all right. Spread eagle. Chained to the table. Unable to move. While Jin made a feast of his body. And pinched his skin with clamps, making him cry out with the most painful pleasure he'd ever experienced in his life.

And now he was tense again. But for a totally different reason.

Won's face grew hot, and he lifted his hands to place them against his cheeks.

"Won? You okay, man? Are you coming down with something?" Hyeong asked.

"Maybe he's got a flu from that American he was talking to at the party last night," Myung Iseul Lee, another group member said, laughing from behind them.

Won rolled his eyes and turned to face Myung. "You say all Americans get people sick."

Myung shrugged. "Because they do."

"He means all of the women who turn him down for a date get people sick," Gi Ji Kim, the group's resident rapper said as he walked onto the stage, looking bored as always.

"Isn't that what I just said? The Americans get people sick. It's the same thing." Myung looked around, confused.

Won laughed with the rest of the guys, trying to keep his mind off Jin and how his interview was going with the magazine. Did he need water? His throat always got really dry after one of those interviews. What about fruit? Did they have his fruit salad waiting for him to eat as soon as he was finished? Jin could never eat before he was about to be questioned, because he felt as if he was losing control. It was something he didn't handle well, so as soon as he was done, he was always starving. Maybe Won could just pop backstage and make sure he had the water and the fruit salad waiting for him. It didn't have to *mean* anything. It just meant he was being a good friend. Right?

"Won!"

Won jumped, with a squeak, and blinked. Looking around, he noticed the smirks of the rest of his band members.

"What?" he asked, putting his hands on his hips.

"You didn't hear a word we said, did you?"

Won opened his mouth, ready to deny everything, but he couldn't even lie about it, so he shrugged and shook his head. "Not a word."

"We said that we should start off with 'Feel You' first tonight, and then go into 'Lost My Mind,' 'Goodbye,' 'Your Body,' 'His Girl,' 'Tonight,' 'Love Letter,' and end the night with 'Endless.' What do you think?" Myeong asked.

Won went through the different transitions in his head quickly, his head bobbing slightly, humming the songs softly. "Switch 'Love Letter' and 'Tonight' if you're determined to end the night with 'Endless,'" he said.

"Are you sure?" Gi asked.

"Won is always right," Jin's voice was deep and commanding as he walked from backstage.

Won turned to watch him, his gaze moving over the slim, toned and sinewy muscles that pressed against the tight, black material of Jin's black, V-neck shirt and his low-slung black leather pants. He barely resisted the fierce, aching *need* burning within him to kneel before his friend, hands folded behind his back, head and eyes lowered, as he waited for instructions.

What the hell is wrong with me?

"The only time Won is wrong is when he disagrees with me, and then I set him straight. Don't I, Won?" Jin asked with a smirk.

Won gazed up at Jin who stood over him, his dark brown eyes gleaming with amusement but containing a dark and almost dangerous intent within them that made Won want to whimper. He swallowed nervously and merely nodded. Jin grinned at him and reached out towards him. The feeling of Jin's fingers in his hair, tugging on the black strands, purposefully sending shards of blissful pain from his head throughout his body to settle in the base of his groin caused Won's eyes to close. He moaned low in his throat.

His head jerked forward when Jin released him from his grasp, and Won barely refrained from pleading for the other man to pull his hair again or to maybe do something else to him. He didn't understand the dark desires that seemed to be thrumming through him or why Jin seemed to be the catalyst to them, but he *did* know that he couldn't be gay in Korea.

His eyes flew open with a gasp, and he looked around to see if the other members of the group had noticed his and Jin's rather intimate interlude. When he noticed them preparing for rehearsal, he breathed a sigh of relief. If they had noticed anything, they apparently didn't care.

"It's time to practice, Won," Jin's voice was in his ear, and Won jumped slightly. He turned to his friend and nodded. Jin sounded disappointed in him for some reason, and Won swallowed the lump in his throat, blinking back tears. He hated disappointing Jin. It was the worst feeling in the world. He would rather make Jin angry, because he knew he could make it up to him, but having Jin be disappointed in him was like a persistent dagger in his heart.

"Okay, Jin."

"No mistakes, Won," Jin said firmly.

"No, s-Jin." Won shook his head. He headed toward the microphone stand he always stood behind, confused. Had he almost called Jin, sir? Why?

Chapter Three

"Tonight, you're gonna be mine, girl," Jin sang into the mic, his vocal chords vibrating as he moved from one note to the next. He cut his gaze towards Won who stood next to him and noticed the younger man keeping up with the dance steps perfectly. He nodded his head, he was very proud of Won. Usually Won had a problem keeping up with the choreography, but he was in time with the music and still managing to sing and hit his mark every time. Jin was proud.

And so fucking hard he could pound nails.

That wasn't anything new, however. He was always hard when he listened to Won sing. It had been that way since the first time they sang together eight years before when Won was sixteen and he was seventeen. They'd met six years before that when Won was ten years old, and Jin was eleven and had come across Won trying to balance all of his school books in his arms and cross the street at the same time. Jin had run up and taken half of them, shoving them in his bag and walked Won home. They hadn't spoken one word to each other besides their names and who their teachers were, but the next day Jin had approached Won with a bag of his very own, so he wouldn't have to worry about carrying all of those books every day.

They'd been best friends ever since.

Jin had always known he wanted to grow up and be a singer. For that reason, he was always singing. In school, on the way home from school, at home, in the park, on the way to Won's house, everywhere. He'd shared his dream of one day being a famous singer with Won mere days into their friendship; Won smiled excitedly, and asked if he could be his manager. Jin nodded and said of course.

It wasn't until they were sixteen that he discovered his best friend's secret. They'd been on their way to the market for Won's mother when Jin heard the clearest, most beautiful sound coming from the street. He'd frozen, and Won stopped as well. He'd asked Jin what was wrong, and Jin realized that when Won started talking the music stopped. Narrowing his eyes, Jin demanded that Won sing. And as he always did, Won obeyed Jin whenever he gave him an order. Jin was floored, listening to the pure tones coming from his friend's mouth. He joined in with Won, their voices making a beautiful harmony, effortlessly.

It wasn't long before they not only had an appreciative audience, but Jin had an erection that was so hard he was actually afraid to touch any area around his groin for fear that it would immediately cause him to have an orgasm. He and Won finished singing, bowed to the crowd, who applauded them, and after a few hours of cajoling and blackmailing, Jin finally persuaded Won to start a group and thus Song Sun Fin was born.

"Jin?" Won's voice penetrated the haze of memory surrounding him, and Jin blinked away the image of a much younger Won and turned to look into the concerned gaze of the older one.

"Yeah?"

"Did you want to go ahead and finish, or did you want to run through it again?" Won asked.

Jin swallowed and looked around. How in the world had he gone through the entire set list on auto-pilot? He grimaced. Because it was starting to get boring, repetitive. Unremarkable.

Predictable.

"No. We're good. Everyone go home. See you guys tonight," Jin said with a wave. Even though he was telling them to go home, he knew the final decision came from *The Company*. If they didn't want the group to leave, they wouldn't be going anywhere. Regardless.

Won turned away, and Jin reached out to grab his friend's wrist.

"Hey." Won looked at him with a quirked eyebrow. "Got a minute?"

"Umm. Actually I need to get back home and feed the dog, but yeah."

"I wanted to..." *Good job, genius. You stopped him, but you have no idea what you were going to say. You probably should have planned this out before you grabbed his arm.* "I just wanted to tell you that you did a good job today. Good job, Sang."

Won grinned broadly, bouncing slightly on his toes. "Really?"

Jin nodded, feeling his lips spread into a tiny smile. "Yeah. I'm proud of you."

"Thanks, Jin!"

Jin inclined his head and released Won's arm and watched as Won hesitated as if unsure of what to do. Chuckling, Jin pointed. "Go home, Sang."

“Okay, Jin. See you later?”

“Absolutely.”

He watched Won leave, the notes of a new song spinning in his head, the words floating among them and knowing that this was his one and only time for some true solitude on stage before the concert that night, Jin walked over to the keyboard, sat down, and started to play.

Chapter Four

Won tilted the water bottle up to his lips and took another sip, nervousness coiling in the pit of his stomach. He was going to be sick.

“Where is he?” Myung hissed at Won as his clothes were adjusted for the fourth time. Myung was definitely the “pretty” one of the group. Due to that fact, when he stepped out onto the stage his clothes had to be perfect, his long, black hair which hung to his shoulders was always brushed and gleamed to perfection. His thin, svelte body screamed sex and naughtiness, and with his full, pink lips and arched brows he looked like a debauched angel.

“I don’t know,” Won growled. “Why are you asking me?”

“Because you two are usually joined at the effing hip, Won.” Myung rolled his eyes. “If you were a woman, because we know that Jin would be the man in your relationship with his dominant personality, you guys would be an old married couple.”

Fear streaked through Won at Myung’s words. Was his attraction and fascination with his best friend so obvious to everyone, then? He’d been so sure that he’d been hiding it well. He’d known there was something inherently wrong with him when at fourteen he realized he wasn’t daydreaming about the girls in school like his male classmates; he was daydreaming about Jin. That had never stopped. He still dreamed about Jin. Now, however, the dreams had shifted. Instead of dreaming about Jin kissing him and holding his hand, he dreamed about Jin tying him up, holding him down, fucking his ass, running the edge of a knife along his skin.

What the fuck is wrong with me?

“We’re not a married couple, and I am not the woman!” Won practically shouted. The commotion backstage came to a screeching halt as everyone looked at him. Myung looked at him and blinked. He reached out to touch Won’s arm.

“I know that, Won. I was just talking about how close you two are. Calm down,” Myung told him, looking at him in concern.

Won nodded. “Sorry. I’m just worried about Jin. It’s not like him to be late.”

“You never have to worry about me, Sang. I’m here. You know I like to make an entrance.” Jin’s deep voice sent shivers down his spine, and Won grew angry as his body betrayed him by growing hard.

“Sorry I’m late, guys, I was working on a song and lost track of time,” Jin said.

The makeup and costume assistants rushed over to Jin and set about dressing and preparing Jin for the concert. Won allowed himself a brief moment to caress Jin’s form from the top of his black hair over his tight muscled body to his feet, his gaze lingering on the bulge in his boxer briefs. Saliva pooled in his mouth at the thought of taking Jin’s cock in his throat, and he quickly jerked his head away.

“You wrote a new song? Are we doing it tonight?” Gi asked.

Jin nodded. “Yeah. I already practiced it with the Hyeong and the rest of the band. It doesn’t have any rap in it though, Gi.” He shrugged. “Sorry man. It’s a love song.”

Gi grinned. “That’s all right man. But you wrote a love song? Really?”

“I know. I don’t really understand it myself, but let’s just say, I was inspired.” Jin laughed, his gaze intense on Won’s face.

Won blushed and looked down, suddenly finding the tips of his shoes fascinating.

“Two minutes, guys. Time to take your places.” The stage manager shouted.

Won followed the rest of the group toward the stage, acutely aware of Jin’s presence at his back, a looming force offering him protection, dominance, seduction, control... fear.

“By the way, Jin, what’s the name of the song?” Myung asked.

“‘Before You Go’.”

Won moved fluidly through the choreography of “Love Letter”, his hands stroking down his torso before snapping to the side. He caught Jin’s eye and grinned before moving up to the microphone to sing his verse, adrenaline pumping through him.

“~eh su boo tu na eui shim jang dang shin gut. The words on this page. Come and be mine. Na eui sa lang pyun ji ik da.”

“Sing with us!” Jin yelled into his microphone.

“*LO-VE LE-TT-ER!*” The crowd sang along with them, and Won closed his eyes, his arms outspread as the music flowed through his bloodstream, the energy of the crowd pouring over him like water. Anticipation pulsed through him like an impending orgasm. Hyeong was building up to it, and Won couldn't wait. He started to bounce on his toes, pumping his arms up and down as he felt the surge rising higher and higher and then...

BAM!

With a crash of the cymbals, Jin effortlessly slid into “Endless”, easily their most recognized song, because it was the first one they'd ever written. It was the one Won loved the most, because it was the one he and Jin sang together.

He gripped his own microphone tight in his fist and started to sing along with the man who haunted his every waking moment. And just like the first time they sang together, their voices blended together perfectly. Joining together as if they had been made for each other. Two puzzle pieces desperately seeking the other half.

Much too soon for Won, the song was over, and Jin was walking center stage.

With a pair of handcuffs swinging from his wrist.

Chapter Five

Jin was trembling with fear inside, and it wasn't really an emotion he was comfortable with. Even when he'd spent a year and a half being trained by a Dom, who also had to keep his identity secret, Jin had been nervous about being caught engaging in homosexual and "obscene" sexual acts, but not fearful. But right now? Getting ready to sing a song that he wrote? He was shaking in his boots. And singing in front of crowds was something that he did for a living. How fucked up was that?

Perhaps it was because this time he was singing a song not just for the crowd of adoring fans, but for Won? Oh, who was he kidding? Every song he sang, he sang for Won. It had been that way since he was seventeen. Every note was for his best friend, every interview was about him. But this time he would finally let Won *know* it.

Pulling off his sweaty shirt, Jin tossed it into the audience, cringing as a group of girls started fighting over the article of fabric. When one girl held up the shirt, hair mussed, and with a bloody lip, he smiled and waved at her.

"This is a new song," he said. "It's called 'Before You Go'. I wrote it about a very special person. I hope you all like it."

The opening strains of the song began on the keyboard, the pyrotechnics igniting, and Jin gripped the microphone in his fist as he began humming.

"Watching you hurts my soul. Because I want to hold you. But I can't touch you. Because you're not mine. If I could be so bold. And have you do as I want you to. I'd make you stay with me forever. But tonight I have to say what's in my heart."

Jin turned to where Won stood on the stage, and with dominance and possession riding him hard like a snarling dragon, with its talons digging in his skin, and its breath on his neck, he gripped Won's hair and jerked his head back. The handcuffs he had clipped to his wrist before the song signifying how he was bound to Won just as much as he wanted to chain Won to him swung freely behind Won's head. He looked down into Won's face and saw the drunken pleasure there and wanted to howl in delight. He knew he was responsible for that. Instead, he kept singing.

"Before you go. I want you to know. That you own every part of me. Before you leave. Know that you take every piece of my heart. So stay with me. So I can be complete."

He caressed the side of Won's face furtively, before turning to walk away, continuing the song, the crowd going crazy. While homosexuality wasn't illegal, the stigma attached to it was so damning he'd had many "brothers" and "sisters" in the community commit suicide. Even though many Koreans had no issue with men walking down the street holding hands. It made no sense to him. But he would do nothing to hurt Won... without his consent.

He grinned. With Won's consent, he'd bring him all measure of pleasurable pain.

Kneeling before the crowd, Jin concluded the song, stretching out his hand as if he were reaching out for one of them. His ears rang with their deafening screams. He stood and stepped back quickly before they could pull him from the stage. *I won't let that happen again.* He waved with everyone else and hurried off the stage, determined to talk to Won.

Jin scanned the area but couldn't see Won anywhere. There was no way he could have moved that fast. Not with everyone backstage. Not unless...

He's running.

"Fuck!" Jin yelled out.

"What the fuck happened, Jin?" Gi asked as he headed towards his dressing room.

"Have you seen Sang?" Jin asked as he rushed down the hallway.

"Yeah, he was running down the hallway, said something about getting home. He said he had to leave the group. I told him to wait for the rest of us, so we could talk about it, but he wouldn't wait." Gi pointed to the exit door.

Jin raised a hand in thanks and took off running. *Goddammit, Won!* Why the fuck would he run? Why would he leave the band? Did Jin's feelings really freak him out *that* much? Didn't he know how dangerous it was for them to be out there without their guards or without each other?

Jin slammed open the door and stepped out. Looking left, then right, he tried to figure out which way Won went. The sound of a cry alerted him, and he turned right and took off in a dead run. His breath rushed from his lungs. Their fans were great, but there were a few who took obsession to a whole new level. And as Jin turned the corner he realized that was what Won was dealing with.

Won was lying on the ground with a young girl standing over him with a pair of scissors in one hand, a pair of soiled panties in her other hand, ranting and raving at him. Jin slid to a stop and very casually walked up behind the young lady and, without her being aware, jabbed his fingers at the pressure points behind her collarbone at her shoulder. As she crumpled to the ground, knocked out, Jin caught her and lifted her up in his arms.

He glared down at Won.

“I’m going to deliver her to Ki Yong, so she can get help. You are to be at my car when I get back, do you understand? You are going home with me tonight.”

Won’s eyes widened, and he nodded his head.

“Yes, Jin.”

Chapter Six

Won was beyond nervous as he followed Jin through his house. It wasn't that he hadn't been here before. He had been. Plenty of times. But this was the first time he'd been here under these circumstances. He wasn't stupid. He knew what was going to happen tonight.

Jin was going to fuck him.

Hard.

He wasn't sure at what point he knew that Jin was like him. Maybe a part of him had always known. But tonight at the concert, listening to Jin sing "Before You Go" had clinched it for him, and he had freaked out. He didn't think he was strong enough to handle the backlash from coming out. No. He *knew* he wasn't strong enough to handle it. Not even for Jin, whom he was pretty sure he loved more than life itself.

But coming out in Korea was a death sentence waiting to happen, and unless they were prepared to leave Asia and try to find asylum or move somewhere else, then there was no way Won could come out.

Was there?

He'd also thought there was no way he could be a famous musician, but with Jin by his side, pushing him, giving him the strength, he'd done it. He'd not only done it, he'd exceeded his own dreams. Maybe he had been underestimating Jin and what they could possibly have this whole time.

He hadn't had faith in his best friend.

"I'm sorry, Jin," he apologized.

"Don't speak, Won," Jin growled back without stopping. "We are going to go downstairs and talk there. We will work out a negotiation, and then there will be rules and you will follow those rules if the negotiation works out to both our benefit. *Only* if it works to benefit *both* of us. And after the rules have been established..." Jin stopped and turned around, grabbing Won and slamming him into the wall. Won grunted, the air leaving his lungs in a rush.

Lust raced to his cock, and he whimpered at the aggression he could feel radiating from Jin. He looked into Jin's eyes and panted with desire, his knees growing weak, the need to sink to them before his friend, before his... *fuck*

what did he call Jin now? He wasn't just Jin any more. He was something so much more now. He needed to show him his submission. He yearned to be on his knees before him. To show him that he could obey. To give him his faith. His control. His power. To give all of himself to Jin and to receive all of Jin in return.

"...I'm going to turn your creamy skin red with my marks so you know who you belong to."

Won moaned and nodded. Jin's fingers stroked his throat before wrapping around it and pressing tightly. Won gagged, his air cut off for just a moment, before Jin released his neck. Adrenaline pumped through Won, his body trembling. His gaze growing hazy and his fingers shaking.

He looked at Jin, who was nodding. "That's what I thought. You are perfect for me. But I apologize. I shouldn't have done that. Not before doing the negotiation. Regardless of how close we are or how well I know you, we have no agreement." Jin sighed. "Come."

Won was confused but followed Jin on shaky legs down into Jin's basement, his cock heavy between his legs. He was startled by the cross, the padded bench, the hook hanging from the ceiling, and the plethora of paddles, whips, floggers, and other items that filled the room. Jin led him to the table in the corner that sat next to a bed and directed Won to sit down in one of the chairs. He reached into the nightstand next to the bed and pulled out two packets of paper.

"I'm going to ask you questions, and you should ask me questions as well. I've been trained in the BDSM Lifestyle, but you haven't, so you should have a lot more questions. Okay?"

And with that, Won's eyes were opened to an entirely new world. He discovered that the things he enjoyed weren't perverse or *wrong*. There was, in fact, an entire community. There were rules, guidelines, websites, support, contracts, clothing, and ceremonies. By the time they were finished with the negotiation, hours had passed, and Won would have been sure that the mood would have been killed, but instead of it being dead, Jin rose and Won saw that his friend... no, his *Dom* was extremely turned on.

"Stand up, Sang. I want you to take off your clothes and fold them up neatly and place them on the table. When you have finished with that, I want you to go and stand on the X in the middle of the room," Jin ordered, his voice low.

"Yes, Sir," Won answered immediately, peace settling on his shoulders as he rose and began to immediately set about doing as he had been commanded.

When he stood on the X, he realized that he was beneath the hook he'd noticed earlier. Anticipation coursed through him as he listened to Jin's footsteps move around the room behind him. When Jin walked in front of him, Won's eyes trailed over the tattoos along his side. Jin had the group's name tattooed on his side along with the words "power," "dominance," and "care." Won had never understood why he'd had those particular words imprinted on his flesh, but now he did.

"Hold out your wrists."

Won stuck out his arms and shivered when he felt Jin strap a blue wrist cuff onto each of them. Jin then walked over to the wall and cranked a lever that lowered the hook. Walking back over to Won he grinned at him.

"Hands up, Sang."

Thinking of the game of "Cops and Robbers" they used to play as kids, Won lifted his hands in a sign of surrender. Jin slid the D-ring of one wrist cuff over the hook, then did the same with the other before walking back to the wall and cranking the lever. Won felt his body slowly begin to leave the floor until his toes barely touched it, and then he watched as Jin prowled towards him like an animal.

Jin stroked his hands down Won's body, causing him to tremble. He reached out and pinched Won's nipples, twisting the buds hard. Won's body jerked from the pain, and he hissed.

"So beautiful, the way your body responds to me, Sang. I always knew it would," Jin said.

He walked around to Won's back and ran his hands down Won's body, first with his fingertips, then with his nails. The first smack to Won's ass surprised him, and Won let out a gasp. The tingle spreading throughout his body.

"I've wanted you for a very long time. Did you know that?" Jin asked.

"N-no, Sir," Won answered.

"Well, I have." Jin's voice was low, seductive. He smacked Won's ass again and again with his hand, the flesh growing warm. Won felt himself sinking into a state of blissful unawareness. A state of euphoria starting to overtake his mind. His limbs grew heavy, even as his spirit floated above him.

"Did you want me this whole time, Sang?" Jin asked.

"Yes, Sir," Won answered without hesitation.

"You should have told me," Jin told him.

"Yes, Sir."

Won heard Jin walk away, and when he returned, he felt Jin's body press extremely close to his own.

"Do you trust me, Sang?" Jin asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"A relationship between a sub and a Dom is all about trust and faith, so you must have extreme trust and faith. Especially for what we are about to do. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Good."

With those words, Won felt the sharp edge of a knife pressed against his skin. He knew that Jin wouldn't draw blood. Neither of them were into blood play. That had been established during the negotiation, but they were both into edgeplay. *R.A.C.K. - Risk Awareness Consensual Kink* is what Jin had called it.

As Jin stroked different parts of his skin with the knife, Won grew harder, his cock leaking pre-cum onto the floor beneath him.

Jin gripped his throat and tightened his fingers, growling in his ear, "Don't. You. Dare. Come. Until. I. Say. So."

He released Won's neck, and Won swallowed, lubricating his dry throat, not responding. He knew that hadn't been a question. His heart pounded in his chest, passion and desire collided within him as he struggled to stave off his orgasm. His Dom told him that he couldn't come so he couldn't come. He bit his lower lip. Even as he felt Jin drag the knife over each cheek of his ass as he ran his fingers in the crease, toying with the hole.

After what felt like an hour, Jin walked away to put the knife in its place and then back to the wall to let Won down from the hook. Thinking the scene was over, Won almost threw his arms around Jin's neck, until he realized Jin was leading him over to the cross.

Won trembled as he walked towards it. Jin stopped him before the structure and grabbed a pair of nipple clamps. Leaning down he flicked his tongue over

Won's nipples until they pebbled tightly, Won moaning and shaking from the pleasure swamping him. Jin pinched one nipple and affixed the clamp onto it before turning to do the other.

After the clamps were attached, Jin removed the handcuffs he'd been wearing earlier from his pocket and attached them to the clamps, and then positioned Won onto the cross, restraining him, tightly. Won squirmed. Pain warred with pleasure, his mind floating in the stratosphere of bliss, and his sphincter clenching with a desire to be filled, though it had only ever been filled by his own fingers before.

He listened to Jin moving around the room behind him and tracked him. He was always in tune with the man, no matter where they were, and tonight was no different. Though knowing that Jin was getting something that would bring him pain and pleasure simultaneously had Won's senses a little hyperaware.

He heard the sound of rustling fabric as Jin's boots moved across the floor back towards him and stopped directly behind him. "This is a cat o' nine tails," Jin said.

Won's breath stuttered out of his lungs, his body trembling as the soft leather strips from the cat o' nine tails brushed against his naked genitals. The hard press of Jin's teeth to the side of his neck made his mouth fall open on a silent cry of painful pleasure, and his body jerked from where it was restrained against the St. Andrew's cross. The handcuffs hanging from his nipple clamps pulled them tighter against the hardened nubs, the clank of the metal against the cross echoed loudly in the room, a mellifluous harmony with his own harsh breathing.

"Mm. I love how responsive you are Sang," Jin's voice was low and guttural in his ear. "Will you still be this way years from now? When you've grown used to my touch?"

"Y-yes, Sir," Won panted out.

Jin chuckled. "I'll just have to help you make sure of that, won't I?"

"Y-yes, Sir," Won groaned as his testicles were taken in a strong grip and tugged.

"Aren't you happy you finally gave in to me, Sang?" The swipe of a tongue on the side of his neck up to his ear was followed by a nip to his earlobe. His balls were released and his cock taken in Jin's hand.

"Y-yes, Sir."

One stroke. Two strokes. Three.

Whack!

The sting of the cat o' nine tails against his back made him release a harsh cry. He wanted to beg, to plead, to whimper for Jin to let him come. They'd been in the dungeon for a long time and still his orgasm was denied him. He felt as if he were going to fly apart at the seams.

Whack!

Pain and pleasure collided in his body, swirling together in a kaleidoscope of brilliant colors and sounds. A delightful, melodic hum playing in his mind, his body floating feet above him as he sank deeper and deeper into subspace. His every cell was focused on the man standing behind him, as it had been for months, for years. Now, finally, *finally*, he was being taken by this man. Owned. Claimed. Dominated.

Oh, fuck yes.

Whack!

"You ran from me, Sang. That really upset me. It hurt. But, you are here now. Where you belong. And you will come back to the band. Do you understand?" That tone, that voice, brooked no argument, and Won was already nodding his head before the question was even asked. He wanted to be wherever his Dom was. His man.

"Good. I'm glad we understand each other, Sang," Jin sounded satisfied and happy, which made pleasure fill Won. He had made his Sir happy and that was all he really wanted.

"Mmmm. You should see my marks on you, Sang," Jin moaned. "They are so beautiful." Won trembled as he felt Jin's tongue trail over his back and the curve of his ass, groaning as Jin sank his teeth into his rear and bit down hard. When Jin spread his cheeks apart and ran the flat of his tongue up and down the crease of his ass, Won didn't know if he wanted to get away from the sensation or press himself down onto the protruding member. He had never experienced such a thing before.

Jin chuckled darkly and took away the choice from him by forcing his tongue into Won's hole. Won let out a keening cry, his hand grasping for something, his body experiencing tiny explosions. Won let out a shout when Jin reached up and wrapped his fist around Won's cock and balls, staving off the orgasm that had been dangerously close.

“Uh-uh. Bad, Sang,” Jin’s voice sounded amused.

Jin released Won from the cross and walked him over to the bed. Seeing the handcuffs there Won knew the scene wasn’t finished, before Jin said a word.

“Spread your arms out to the sides, but I want you up on your knees with your ass in the air, Sang.”

Getting into position, Won knew that it was finally time for him to be fucked, and he was so looking forward to it. He may have run from Jin before, but he wasn’t running now. He needed Jin. He was *aching* for it.

After his wrists were restrained to a new pair of handcuffs attached to the bed, he turned his head and watched Jin open the drawer next to it. When Jin pulled out a blindfold, Won bit his lower lip, even as the tip of his cock released another spurt of pre-cum. Jin lowered the blindfold over Won’s head, and everything went black. Knowing he wouldn’t be able to see anything else, Won lowered his head back to the bed and waited. The chains attached to the handcuffs gave him just enough give to get up onto his hands and knees and to fall back to his chest, with arms outspread, in his original position. He whimpered inside, anticipation thrumming through him.

He listened to Jin grab things out of the drawer and place them on the bed.

He hissed at the first pinch of pain on the back of his wrist. He groaned at the pinch of pain on his forearm. By the time the pinches had reached his shoulders, Won was trembling with the need to come. Jin had decorated his skin with clothespins, or clamps of some kind. *Fuck. That’s hot.*

Won felt Jin move behind him and pour lube down the crease of his ass, smearing it until it coated the area. Won whimpered at the feeling of Jin’s first finger sinking into his hole. He was thankful when Jin waited and let him get adjusted to the feeling of being penetrated before he moved on. But, rather than move on to two fingers, Won could feel what seemed like three fingers pressing and probing at his back entrance. He wanted to tell Jin that there was no way they would fit back there, but with the bliss flowing through him from the scene earlier, the subspace he currently floated in, his body was so relaxed that Jin was able to get the fingers in.

Jin pounded his fingers in and out of Won’s body, and Won whined at the pleasure exploding through him. Before long, Jin pulled his fingers free, and Won listened to the sound of Jin’s zipper being lowered, heard the snap of the condom being rolled down over his shaft and him groaning as he coated his

cock with lube before lining up the head of his dick with Won's hole and pressing in deep.

"Oh!" Won gasped as Jin's shaft slid into him.

"Fuck, yes."

Jin set up a maddeningly slow pace, speeding up and pulling out whenever Won's voice grew to a fever pitch, keeping him on the edge of an orgasm. He reached over after the second time of pulling out and, one after another, unclipped the clamps or clothespins from Won's body. The blood rushed to each area, and Won cried out as adrenaline and passion collided in those areas as well.

Jin thrust his dick back into Won's ass and held still. Won almost asked him what was wrong until he felt Jin spreading more lube around the rim of his hole.

Won gasped and clenched the bed sheets as what felt like a second cock pressed its way into his entrance alongside Jin's cock. Won's ass felt so full his mouth fell open, but no sound could come out. Jin's hips started moving again, and the second cock moved slower, but the pleasure was overwhelming.

After long moments, the second cock was removed, and Jin rammed his cock in and out of Won's passage, the sound of his groin slapping against the curve of Won's ass reverberating loudly in the room. Their harsh breathing in perfect harmony just like their singing.

"Come."

Won's arms flew out to the side, and he collapsed as his entire body shook with an orgasm of epic proportions rocking through him. He screamed Jin's name until he went hoarse and heard Jin shout his name as he pumped his own orgasm in the condom covering his dick. Jin's hands gripped Won's hips tightly, but Won didn't care, barely aware of what was going on around him. He felt as if he were floating in a bubble, high above any troubles or worries. Pain and pleasure had coalesced into one bright, beautiful cloud that he was riding on in his bubble.

Long moments later, he came back to himself. Jin's hands were stroking Won's skin, massaging his limbs, and he was cradling him in his arms as he spoke to him softly, bringing Won down gently from his high into a soft landing back on Earth.

“Hey.” Jin smiled.

“Hey.” Won blushed.

“Welcome back.”

“Thanks.”

“So... about the song...”

Won shook his head and lifted his hand to Jin's lips. That song may have freaked him out when he first heard it. It was a song filled with possession, dominance, emotion, love, and commitment, but though he hadn't wanted to admit it to himself, he had always belonged to Jin. Ever since the day Jin had told Won to give him half of his books and *told* him that he was going to walk him home.

He was Jin's. And Jin was his. They belonged to each other. Always had and always would.

“It was a beautiful song, Jin. Thank you.”

Jin swallowed and nodded. “I'm glad you liked it.”

“I did. Do you think maybe we could write a song together?”

Jin tilted his head. “Sure. Do you have one in mind?”

Won shrugged and grinned. “Just the title.”

“What is it?”

“Owned.”

The End

Author Bio

Viktor Alexander (everyone calls him “Vic”) is a southern gentleman by day, and a writer and purveyor of steamy, sticky, hot man on man (sometimes on man on man on man on man on man) sex by night. He started out writing about his sister destroying the world with her breath, went on to writing steamy, erotic interracial historical romances in the middle of his classes but noticed the guys seemed to enjoy each other’s company much more than being with the women. He now enjoys writing about shifters, humanoids, cowboys, firemen, rent boys, fairies, elves, dancers, doctors, Doms, subs, and anything else that catches his fancy, all sexy men falling in love with each other and having lots of naughty, dirty, man-on-man sex. He is a huge fan of the “happily-ever-after” ending, but while all his characters ride off into the proverbial sunset, all sexually satisfied and in love (because it’s the least he can do), they all bear the scars of fighting for that love, just like in real life. Out and proud, he doesn’t believe that love only comes in one form, one race, one gender and that not only is gender fluid, but sexuality as well. He loves to make people laugh (and guys hot) and when he’s not writing, or rather, procrastinating in writing, he’s reading, playing Sims 3, talking to his adopted daughter whom he calls Chipmunk, seeking the man or men who can handle his crazy, stressful, soap opera-esque life and being distracted from said writing by pictures of John Barrowman, Charlie David and Shemar Moore. All interested men in the role of “Future Husband(s)” may apply, auditions are being held every night... multiple times.

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