

## **i'm loving what you do to me**

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# **i'm loving what you do to me**

by [oddlycomforting](#)

## Summary

Jessi said she was trying to give him something more and well, she did.

## Notes

Started making it, had a breakdown. Bon Appetit.

I would've completely trashed this, but I was made to change my mind. So here it is, two and half months later, the JessiSon post performance pegging fic literally no one asked for. Shoutout to those who looked it over, y'all know who you are <3

It's somewhere in the middle of the night and his phone is ringing — the ringtone can barely be heard over the sound of his own harsh breathing — but Jackson's not concerned about that right now, too busy trying to get his breathing back to normal.

"I feel like I should ask, not that I need to right now or anything, but you good, baby?"

Jackson blinks. His throat is parched. It takes a few swallows for him to reply with an affirmative. "Yeah."

Fingers in front of his face, snapping sharply. Jessi's leaning over him, skin shiny with perspiration, eyes sharp and focused. Her spit-slick lips shine in the dim lighting of the lamp, her nude lipstick as smudged as her eye makeup, strands of her hair sticking to her neck. "You sure?"

"Yeah, I'm fine. It's not like I'm trying to wrap my head around the fact that you had a harness under that bodysuit the entire time we were on stage."

Jessi grins, lovingly tracing the Minx leather harness that Tiffany had gotten her when she'd hit the big three. It's a piece of information Jackson tries not to think about too often. "You know how I like to spice things up."

Jackson huffs out a laugh. "Oh, I'm aware." She'd often told him it was comfortable, waxing poetic about how it fit like a glove. His gaze strays — for a fraction of a second — below her chin, before coming back up.

Jessi smirks. "Jackson-ah, my eyes are up here."

Jackson flushes. He's a little too old to be caught stealing glances at bosoms, but damn, there's just something about the way Jessi's breasts are being molded by the transparent plastic bra cups and the geode dildo sticking out proudly from the harness. The visual is straddling the line between modesty and lewdness and it's honestly kind of fucking with his head.

His dick twitches, reminding him of the mess between his legs, the cum cooling on his thighs. Jackson usually put on a condom to minimize the mess, but Jessi enjoyed watching him make a mess of himself. It didn't matter how many times they had done this, but Jessi sliding her mouth off his cock seconds before he came over himself — the shock of fluidly disappearing hot wet suction clashing with the chill in the air — always sent him over the edge quickly than anything else.

A sizable speck of cum had gotten on his velvet coat which had been left on in pursuit of shedding his pants so Jessi could get her mouth on him. Denuding was top priority in such situations but Jackson had gotten — understandably — sidetracked. Jackson chances a glance at the drying cum fading away into the black velvet and thinks about the earful from his stylist that awaited his future self.

Oh well.

Jackson shifts out of the wet spot he's created, stopping to pull the waist cincher Jessi had on earlier out from under his back. "I am aware."

Jessi snorts. "You like them so much then why not say hi?"

Jackson looks up, trying not to scrunch his face up over the sensation of the cooling cum sliding down his balls. Errk. "Your eyes are much more beautiful."

Jessi snorts, unscrewing the lid off the tube of lubricant. At any point in time, you could always expect to find three things in Jessi's bag: spare acrylics, gloss and a tube of lube. That is another thing Jackson tries not to think too much about. Lube on The Go. "Nice try, I'm not letting you bust one over my face, lover boy."

Jackson groans at the unbidden vision that rises up in his mind at what that sentence implies. "Noona, you're killing me."

"Serves you right for being a playful little shit."

As much as Jessi appreciated Jackson's tact over keeping it PG-rated for the viewers she couldn't help but feel miffed that Jackson had not eyed them up as he had during practice especially when it was a common fact — among those who intimately knew him — how much he appreciated the existence of a rack.

On all sexes.

Hers was still bigger than Jackson's boyfriend's though.

"I was being respectful!"

The inelegant snort he receives in response hurts his soul. "Baby, ain't no such thing between us."

"Does that mean I'm allowed to touch them now?"

It's sweet how he always asks before pouncing on them like an eager, hungry puppy. The ease with which Jessi had switched between sexy playfulness to girlish delight during Jackson's displays of cuteness and 'manner hands' onstage translated across to their bedroom dynamics as well. She would giggle with delight at his cuter antics while still ensuring that Jackson's gait would be affected for days to come after they were done.

"I don't know, are you?" Jessi asks as she squeezes out what feels like half the tube of lube onto her palm, the gel glistening between her fingers letting Jackson get an eyeful of it before slapping the entire thing over his tender crotch.

Jackson screams — high-pitched and sharp — at the sensation of the chilly gel on his sensitive skin. Jessi laughs. It's a straight-up witchy cackle that makes Jackson's pout come out full force.

“Noona!”

“Awww, did that hurt our baby Sseunie?” she coos at him, mockingly fond, as she smears it all over - his chest, his abs, inner thighs. Pulls him, with some effort, to the edge of the bed to get to his cleft. Wherever her hands go, they leave a cool tingling sensation in their wake which makes him shiver and whimper, his fingers and toes curl and uncurl on the bedspread.

The Cuban chain link necklace around Jessi’s neck twinkles at him. Objectively it’s considered too masculine for a woman to wear, but she makes it work. Hell, she owns it, thinks Jackson as he touches it. The metal’s warm from her skin. They move to flick the silver hoop dangling from her left ear. Having jewelry on during sex is a disaster waiting to happen — previous such incidents have proven this to be a fact, like the time her silver chain pendant got stuck in the zipper teeth of those Made It leather pants — but sometimes, like now, you just cannot be arsed to go through the entire routine.

“I can’t believe you wore it.”

Jessi tosses her now loose hair back. She usually keeps it tied during sex but had untied for Jackson, who’d once mentioned that he enjoyed the sensation of being tickled by hair whenever she rode him or got on top of him in some way or form.

Jackson’s hit with a heady whiff of her shampoo, the hairspray, and Versace Bright Crystal. Mixed with his own scent interspersed with the smell of sweat and the peppermint of the lube, the heady cocktail makes his head spin. “My Jackie baby gave it to me, why wouldn’t I? Also, I can’t believe you showed up to this dick appointment smelling like another man, you hoe.”

The reminder that he’s been doused with Bitter Peach reminds Jackson of how the night of debauchery has just begun for him. Jinyoung understands that sometimes Jackson needs a feminine touch but that still doesn’t stop him from getting territorial. The knowledge that Jinyoung was probably waiting to get his hands on him after Jessi was finished makes his balls twitch in anticipation. His phone dings and Jackson fumbles around for it as Jessi finishes massaging the last of the lube into his ass cheeks.

Speak of the devil, Jackson thinks, as he takes in the lipstick emoji and no entry sign emoji — code for *no marks* among their group. Too late for that, thinks Jackson ruefully, looking at

the patchwork of little love bites Jessi had left all over his chest. Jaebeom was not going to be happy.

A hard smack to his ass makes him jolt and drop the phone. "Puppy better put some work in because mama just got her nails done." Jessi wagged the red nails at him.

That had earned him a raised eyebrow from Jinyoung who, while aware of the main highlights, wasn't privy to the finer details. About how Jessi enjoyed watching Jackson open himself up for her. That Jackson liked putting on a show, enjoyed the sensation of his own fingers opening his hole up under the smoldering gaze of his lover. He spread his legs wider, bracing his feet on the edge of the bed, raising his hips a bit so he could reach deeper, mouth falling open, his other hand fisted in his own hair.

Jessi takes this chance to casually wind her fingers around the necklace Jackson himself miraculously still has on, bringing him up onto one elbow using the thin golden chain. Her other hand is still working her cock loosely. Sitting up is a little hard because his other hand is working himself open. Jessi smirks as Jackson lets out little sounds of need and eagerness, doe-eyes darting from her chest to her mouth, to her chest again. That little act turns Jessi's smirk into a grin and she tugs on the necklace a little harder.

Jackson allows himself to be tugged forward like a dog on a leash. She leans back and his horny hindbrain interprets it as her pulling away, eliciting an honest to god whimper from him. Jessi let loose another cackle, but this one has an endearing tone to it. She flicks Jackson's chin as she had on stage before carding a hand through his hair, tongue between her teeth as she smiles down at him. There was definitely lube in his hair now too, but he doesn't care, enjoying the sensation of her nails scratching lightly at his scalp before coming down to squeeze his nape. Jackson melts, forehead coming to rest on her beauty bones, the Cuban chain digging slightly into the crown on his forehead. Sweat slides down the sides of his face, down his sideburns and drips down.

A few clicks later, Jessi's bra comes off. He pulls back slightly so she can get it off her person. Watches her throw it to the side where it joins the tiger print bodysuit, combat boots, Jackson's pants and underwear.

Jackson, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, fingers still working inside of him, looks to her for permission. Jessi grants it by pushing his face into her boobs.

Like a hungry puppy, Jackson mouths at the swells of her breasts. As he is a proud ass man, he cheekily squeezes her right buttock — is reminded of his impassioned speech on the one butt two butt debate for a brief second — before he winds an arm around her so he can pull Jessi flush against him, the slick head of her strap-on nudging against his now-hard erection, making his stomach flip. He tenderly kisses the mole that's present a few inches above her right breast. Tongues at the red indents on her shoulders where the plastic straps had dug in.

Jessie praises him the entire time, calling him her baby boy and other such endearments as she caresses the back of his neck and shoulders, occasionally stopping to croon something insensibly comforting her sultry and raspy voice.

Framed in the dark curtain of her hair, as he sucks languidly on a nipple makes him feel safe, secure, cared for. It makes him slip into a dazed state of mind, calming the noise in his head, slowing down the energy bouncing around in his muscles, giving him what he came for.

He's brought out of his fugue-like state by Jessi tugging on his ear, thumbing at the earring. "You think you're ready for me now, baby?"

Jackson experimentally squeezes around his fingers. They're probably - definitely - a little pruny from being in there too long, but he's definitely worked open enough. "Ready as always for my *nununana*," he trills, laying emphasis on the last word.

Jessi scrunches her nose hard, caught between fondness and disgust at his aegyo. She slaps his thigh, digging the nails into the stinging flesh, "You're lucky you're cute because you are a pest."

"The best of the best too," Jackson parries. He thrived on weaponizing his aegyo, especially if it inspired such a reaction. This is why Jaebeom was his favorite target for it. "Gimme a kiss."

Jessi quirks one finely done brow at him. There's more sass in that one eyebrow raise than in her entire form. "Gimme one good reason."



Jackson gives her that smile. You know, the close-lipped one that took up his entire face and couples it with the biggest puppy eyes she'd seen from him in a while. It should not be cute, it shouldn't be, what with his hair sticking up in all directions, coat rumpled and ruined beyond salvation, dick out and his front shiny with fluids but it fucking is because it's Jackson Wang.

Jessi swears.

Jackson's smile morphs into a victorious grin.

"Fuck am I gonna do? Say no?" She mutters, taking Jackson's face into her hands at the same time Jackson cups her ass and squeezes, sealing their mouths together. The firm squeezes to her ass remind Jessi of the ache and heat between her legs and she moans into Jackson's mouth, biting down hard on his lower lip, tugging it taut before letting go.

"Move it, lover boy."

Jackson obeys, rolling over so that he's on his front. He sighs as the silk comforter comes in contact with his leaking cock. The bed in the suite is a little short in height, putting the shorter woman at the exact level with his hips. Jessi nudges his legs apart with her feet, guiding him a little forward so that he was balanced on the balls of his feet.

Jackson props himself up on his elbows, eyes finding the mirror opposite the bed. He takes in his disheveled appearance, offers a short prayer for the coat that's now also lost its buttons, and watches in the mirror as Jessi slicks up the amethyst strap-on one last time. Her hand came up to rest between his shoulders, fingers curling around his neck like a vice, a collar, and Jackson tips his head down, letting his eyes fall shut.

Jessi taps the head of the strap against his hole a few times, rubbing it up and down. Jackson's mouth inches open with each slide of the strap, forming an O when Jessi starts to sink into him.

He thinks of how it must look — the head of the dildo sinking into his lubed hole. The first nudge, the first push, always made his breath stutter, made him feel like it wouldn't fit, would

tear him apart. When Jinyoung was in one of those moods, he would skimp on the preparation, knowing how much Jackson enjoyed the stretch, the burn as his hole worked to accommodate his girth. Jessi, aware that her beloved dongsaeng was a bit of a size queen, had a dildo with a wide head, set aside for this purpose but she hadn't brought it today, alternating it with their usual one.

She sinks in, inch by considerable inch until it's all the way in, her pelvis pressed up snug against his ass. The fingers on his nape ground him, and he feels full, but he wants more.

"Noona," Jackson grunts, hands fisted in the comforter. "More, I want more. On top," he clarifies when Jessi doesn't move.

Jessi's smaller than his usual bedpartners who are easily able to casually drape their larger forms over his own. He still gives her credit for trying and moves to accommodate — as best as one can when on their front, balanced on tippy-toes whilst skewered on a synthetic phallus — and Jessi moves with him, familiar with his body in a way that is usually attributed to Jinyoung.

It requires some crafty maneuvering, but soon all of Jackson is lying flat on his belly, arms over his head. Jessi slides back in, squatting over his ass, balanced on her tiptoes, hands braced on his back. Once settled and adjusted, she drapes herself over his back.

Jackson is always *aware* during sex. More so than your average person, in the sense that he's hyper-aware of everything. It's as if all of him is on high alert, cataloguing every single touch, sensation and feeling.

Like Jessi's solid weight on top of him, the thighs bracketing his hips, firm breasts crushed against his shoulder blades.

The ends of her hair tickling his skin wherever the strands made contact. Her fingers, curved around his waist, gripping and squeezing, the tips of the artificial nails digging in slightly.

(Through trial and error they'd mastered the art of intimately touching Jackson without losing a nail or two in the process — ending up with a plastic nail in the knee or the inner thigh was

not an experience that demanded repetition.)

Jessi takes a deep breath before hooking her chin over his shoulder, taking the opportunity to nose into the crook of his neck, gently bite the shell of his ear. Her hair tickles his biceps, making him squirm. The new position is applying constant pressure on his prostate, making him pant.

Jessi's arm comes around Jackson's neck, grabbing his throat lightly. She doesn't choke him, but she holds him firmly, controlling, the length of his back pressed flush against her front. Her other hand curls over his hip, the acrylics digging slightly into the skin there, to hold him in place as she begins a steady thrusting motion.

It doesn't take long for Jackson to cum. The day had been long, the first orgasm had kind of taken it out of him. It was the post-performance high that had carried him so long and he was lax and loose enough, so when the hot wetness spread out underneath him, he didn't react, just closed his eyes and let out one last deep, meaningful moan, reveling at the heat of it.

Through the blissed out numbness, he vaguely registers Jessi pulling out and flopping down next to him. Turning his head, he asks (more like slurs) "Did you —" as Jessi raises her hips in the air and chucks the harness off. It lands somewhere on the floor with a hissy clatter. In response to his gentlemanly query, she sticks a hand between her legs and brings up a slick covered hand in front of his face.

Jackson licks it.

Jessi snorts, but doesn't pull away. "You nasty."

Jackson sucks, mindful of the nails. He scoots closer, managing to throw one leg over Jessi. Post-coital cuddling was vital. "You love it. You love me."

"Ain't no such thing between us."

They giggle because they both know that's untrue.

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Jackson wobbles back to the hotel room on jellyfish legs. He catches his reflection in the hallway mirror; looks like he's been mauled by some ferocious cat. Jessi had been kind enough to lend him a bathrobe to cover most of it with.

His return from this venture is treated with the usual gusto and spectrum of reactions:

Mark wolf whistles. The hickeys on his chest make Youngjae's eyebrow shoot up to his hairline. Bambam puts on his Gucci shades and pretends he does not see. Yugyeom sighs out his usual, "How I wish that were me," and offers Jackson a glass of water. What a sweet boy.

Jaebeom looks like he's torn between tearing Jackson a new one and locking Jinyoung in the bathroom. He does neither, just looks to the heavens imploringly as if asking to be released from the agonizing ordeal of being their handler. Jackson pouts at him through the loving chokehold Jinyoung has him in.

"Shut up," snaps Jaebeom, without any heat. He throws Jinyoung a look. "Don't do anything strenuous, we leave in five hours."

"Hyung, I'll be honest when I say I can't even *think* of doing anything else to my ass right now."

Jaebeom's long-suffering hiss is drowned out by another wolf whistle from Mark. "Get his ass away from here before he gives Jaebeom hyung indigestion," Youngjae says, ushering Yugyeom and Bambam into their room before Jaebeom decided to redirect his wrath to them. *He was such a dad.*

Jackson bestows Jaebeom with a flying kiss before allowing himself to be led into the bathroom, where the bathtub has already been filled. The hot muggy steam fogging up the

place made him feel drowsy and he slumped against Jinyoung, limp and pliant as he was stripped and lowered into the tub.

Jackson's utterly boneless as Jinyoung cleans him up, handling him with well-practiced ease. He sings softly under his breath as he shampoos Jackson's hair, hums as he lightly soaps him down, mindful of the love marks.

"You're the best boyfriend ever," Jackson tells Jinyoung when they're bundled up in bed, his face buried in Jinyoung's chest.

"You say that but you'll be crying like a baby when I get my hands on you tomorrow."

"I cry like a baby because you like it!"

"Sure, Jan."

"I take it back, you're not the best boyfriend ever," grouses Jackson, but he makes no move to remove his face from where it is.

Jinyoung tugs on Jackson's hair like one tugged on a cat's scruff. "Keep telling yourself that."

"I think I will!"

"Good boy. Now shut up and sleep before I change my mind and make Jaebeom hyung more mad than he already is."

"Between you and me, he could use some downtime with Jessi noona."

Jinyoung never pried into the details of what went on between him and Jessi, but he never turned down anything Jackson gave either. This was Jinyoung's way of expressing his entire stance on the matter, of showing that he was chill with the whole thing. Sure, he got a little petty sometimes over the marks (they were going to be twice the size tomorrow) but that was all.

Jinyoung traced the darkest one, the one right over his heart, his touch light and reverent. "Between you and me, I think you might be right."

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