Summary

"Do we have a deal, angel," Taehyung repeats, and Jeongguk can hear that he's losing his patience, hands resting on his hips.

Jeongguk lifts his head, snapping the lid closed. "Pleasure doing business with you, daddy," he nods, sending a grin up to Taehyung who just narrows his eyes at him.

"You're lucky I like you," Taehyung mutters, sounding mildly threatening as he steps over to Jeongguk's chin up, leaning down to press a kiss against his lips.

Lucky doesn't even come close.

Or, Jeongguk's trying to figure out how he ended up with a sugar daddy when all he wanted was a couple packets of instant noodles.

Notes

So I've been thinking about this au for a long time now, probably ever since Taehyung's been
so heavily influenced by Gucci. He's just made to be the perfect sugar daddy.

Warnings for Taehyung wearing make up and traditionally feminine clothing and looking kick ass in all of it. If you're not comfortable with that, then maybe this isn't the story for you. I also tagged 'non-sexual daddy kink' just to be safe, even though it's not really a kink? More like a term of endearment, really. But I just wanted to tag it still, because people can be iffy about it.

Once again—like most of my fics—there's visual and song links through out, so you should check them out. Though it's not necessary if you don't want to! Just want to thank Lucy and Amani for all the help they've given me with this. This story is for you both. Also, check out this, this and this for more visual aids!
Hope you enjoy!

(Title from Astrid S - Breathe)
"That'll be forty thousand won."

Jeongguk blinks up at the cashier, hand frozen on his wallet. He gives an awkward smile as thumbs spread open his light wallet, and he imagines fat fucking smug moths flying out. "Uh. Actually, forget about the soda." He clears his throat, "How much is it now?"

The cashier gives him a blank stare but taps away at the till, face barren. "Thirty four thousand won, sir."

Jeongguk flips through his wallet again, pulling out the handful of notes and counting through them once, twice, thrice—"Okay, what about without the gimbap, how much is it—"

"Sir, can you afford this?" She asks, tone clipped, and wow. Fucking brutal. "Because if not, I'm gonna have to ask you to leave and—"

"I'll take care of it."

Jeongguk looks over his shoulder as a guy sidles up beside him, wearing earrings that looks like they costs more than Jeongguk's fucking tuition. Sunglasses slip low down his nose, revealing a set of soft—yet sharp—looking eyes, dusted in gold make up. He can see the glitter in his eyelashes. On instinct, Jeongguk's eyes take the person in, eyeing the dress hanging off their shoulder, revealing shimmery looking skin. There's a fluffy looking wrap draped around their arms, a pastel pink to compliment the sequin encrusted dress riding high up their thighs.

His mouth runs dry.

"You don't have to do that," he rasps out, wincing at the break in his voice.

The person sends a smile to the cashier as they hand over a gold credit card, setting down a bottle of Rosé next to Jeongguk's sodium packed dinner. "I know I don't have to, sweetheart. I want to," the stranger tells him, shooting him a smile that feels like it sticks to the inside of Jeongguk's ribs, drizzling honey through his lungs.

Jeongguk swallows, shaky fingers pocketing his taunting wallet, head bowed.

"You shouldn't have to pay for his things, Mr. Kim," the cashier speaks up, and when Jeongguk peaks up through his fringe, she's wearing a smile so wide that his own cheeks ache. Still, the comment has his insides tightening unpleasantly, because he knows it's true.

Mr. Kim raises a perfectly sculpted eyebrow, staring the girl down. "Did I ask for your opinion? Do you control how I choose to spend my money?"

Just as quick as it came, the girl's smile vanishes and her face pales. "No! Of course not, but—"

"—but that's the end of this discussion, then. Now could you please charge it to my card? You're keeping both me and this young man waiting."

Fuck.
The girl moves quickly then, working probably the fastest she ever has, processes the card, double bags everything—all with an angry looking flush on her neck. Jeongguk wants to feel smug, but he knows that he's probably going to have to find a new local to shop at now. He keeps his head lowered as he takes his bag and holds it to his chest while Mr. Kim grabs his bottle of wine by the neck, shoots him a wink and heads on out. And jesus, the back is just as much of a picture as the front. With a quick shake of his head, he rushes out after the guy, just as he opens the door to a white, matte Benz.

Holy shit, how much money does this guy have?

"Excuse me!" Jeongguk calls, skidding to a stop when Mr. Kim turns to look at him, leg half extended in the car, revealing more skin, oh god. "Uh," he pauses to pull his wallet out of his pocket again, shifting his bag of groceries to one arm. "I can't pay you back everything right now, but I have fifteen thousand?" He offers, sheepishly holding up his crumpled cash. "But if you give me your number, I can—"

The guy slips his sunglasses up into his hair, and Jeongguk wasn't ready for full frontal face. "Wow, that's a line if I ever did hear one."

Jeongguk stops short, money still awkwardly raised in the air. "I, uh—what?"

Mr. Kim steps all the way out of his car and strides over to him, heels clicking against the floor with each step. "Is this how you flirt with people—" he snatches Jeongguk's wallet away, manicured fingers pulling out his drivers licence, "—Jeon Jeongguk?"

He blinks, feeling immobile as he meets contact blue eyes. "I—I'm not flirting. I'm just trying to pay you back, Mr. Kim."

The stranger hums, eyeing him for a long moment before his gaze slips down to Jeongguk's ID. "Just turned twenty-one, huh? You're practically a baby still. Do you really think you could handle me, sweet cheeks?"

What is happening right now.

"Um."

"Alright, you persuaded me." Mr. Kim pulls Jeongguk's phone out of the front pocket of his jacket, tapping away at it casually while Jeongguk can only stand there and gape and try to process this weird turn of events. His arm drops limp as he stares at Mr. Kim's eyelids, able to see the soft blend of colour transition into his skin. "It's Taehyung, by the way. You don't need to call me Mr. Kim."

Taehyung. Kim Taehyung. As in Kim Taehyung, the grandson of Kim Sangchul, international fashion designer?

The guy slips his phone and wallet back into his pocket, giving it a little pat before lowering his glasses back over his eyes and stepping back towards his car.

"Text me soon, Jeon Jeongguk. I don't give my number out lightly," Taehyung calls from his window. As he drives away, Jeongguk is just left there to stare after him with sweat damp money in his hands and a new contact in his phone.

He's not entirely sure what just happened.
Jeongguk stares longingly at the bare patch of skin above his wrist, just desperate to be inked. He has an appointment for tomorrow to finally fill it up, having gotten paid just this morning. But.

But he needs to pay back Kim Taehyung.

He knows he could easily delete Taehyung's number, could splash his cash on another piece of ink and forget all about the pretty boy who got him through the week with food a couple of days ago. Jeongguk doubts Taehyung would miss the money. Hell, he doubts Taehyung even remembers him. But his pride and need for not owing any debts is the ultimate factor that has him texting his artist and cancelling his appointment, then pulling up Taehyung's number. He's been staring at it for the better half of the day, still amazed by the circumstances on how he acquired it.

Fuck it.

to: mr. kim ;)

hey mr. kim i dont know if you remember me, but you paid for my food a couple days ago? i have the money to pay you back now

Jeongguk lets out the breath he was holding, flopping back against his shabby couch and blinking up at the ceiling. He's embarrassed to say that the night he returned home with a bag of free food, he'd been sporting a half hard dick and warm cheeks. He's never been physically attracted to another man before. Or no, he's found men attractive, of course, but not to the point where he got his fist around himself thinking of one in a close to sheer dress. The image of Kim Taehyung may be another reason he finally bit the bullet and decided to text him. He'd been searching up and down Google images for the last few days, looking at the shots of Taehyung, decked out in a plethora of designer clothes. Jeongguk also found through his research that Taehyung is one of the wealthiest people in South Korea. His net worth alone had Jeongguk choking on his reduced/half off japchae.

When his phone chimes, Jeongguk prepares himself for two responses. One from his artist giving him the confirmation. The other from Taehyung asking him who the fuck he is and how did he get his number. He braces himself.

from: mr. kim ;)

jeon jeongguk

about time

i told u not to keep me waiting

and what did u do? kept me waiting

naughty naughty

Jeongguk stares at his phone in stunned silence, frozen in place as he reads over the string of texts coming his way. Only then when Taehyung ends it with naughty naughty does he bark out a shocked laugh, an ugly sound in the back of his throat that jars through the quiet of his living room.

He remembered him.

Kim Taehyung remembered him.

to: mr. kim ;)

im really sorry
i just got paid today
do you maybe want to give me your email and i can send you the money that way?

from: mr. kim ;)

r u free right now????
im hungry
lets have lunch

He reads the last text over again, just double checking he's not seeing things.
to: mr. kim ;)
sure we can do it that way too
where do you wanna go?

from: mr. kim ;)

hmmm
im craving bbq
where do u live
ill come pick u up

Cue heart attack.
to: mr. kim ;)
you don't have to do that
i can just come and meet you

from: mr. kim ;)

im already in my car
ill be easier just to pick u up now
dont make me wait any longer jeongguk

address

Cue panic attack.

His fingers fly on his phone as he obediently gives his address, wondering where his backbone went in the process. Jeongguk wouldn't consider himself a push over. He's actually a very stubborn person. He likes to be right on most matters, and doesn't appreciate when people fight him on it. But you wouldn't think that with how quickly he relents to Taehyung's demands. Anyone with that much money needs to be a little feared.
"In a few?" He breathes to himself as he looks over his outfit of ripped sweats and a shirt with a toothpaste stain. Jeongguk curses as he quickly strips himself down, no time for a shower—extra deodorant—and rummages for the nicest outfit he has without hitting the suit he has from that one family wedding last year. He settles on a white t-shirt and his nicest jeans, still frazzled by this whole thing as he rushes to pull everything on.

When there's a buzz at the door, Jeongguk's heart sets in motion, rumbling audibly against his chest. He half sprints out of his bedroom to go and answer the rapid buzzes, clearing his throat as he hits the intercom.

"Just a sec!" He's never moved so fast as he spins to face his living room, dirty clothes strewn over the floor, an empty pizza box on his coffee table and other empty take out containers stacked high in his trash can.

"Hurry up, pretty boy. I'm impatient," comes the scarily familiar voice through his speaker before Jeongguk lets go of the button and starts bolting around his apartment, kicking boxes out of the way and shoving clothes beneath every nook he can. The buzzer sounds again after only a minute, and Jeongguk's apartment is in no fit state to have visitors—to the standard of Kim Taehyung, at the least.

"Fuck." Fuck, fuck, fuck.

He shoves one last sock under the couch before he's back over to the door and licking his dry lips, hitting the button to unlock the front door. With one final after thought, he grabs the air freshener off the kitchen counter and practically blesses his place in FeBreze, coughing on a lungful of freshly washed sheets in a meadow. Jeongguk hides that too when there's a knock on the door, shoving it under one of his couch cushions.

With a leap to the door, he smooths down his hair, checks his breath—decent—and opens his door. And proceeds to internally choke at the picture that is Kim Taehyung, leaning against the doorway, end of his sunglasses being chewed between expertly whitened teeth.

"Hey," he says as calmly as he can.

Taehyung takes one sniff of him—dossed in FeBreze and his one good Armani aftershave—and smiles. "Aw. That why you took so long? Dolling yourself up for me?"

Jeongguk splutters on a laugh, hand curling so tight in the side of his door that he wouldn't be surprised if he came away with wood chippings under his fingernails. He ignores the comment. "We should get going before—"

"So this is where you live," Taehyung cuts him off as he pushes past Jeongguk's arm to step into his apartment, giving the whole place a long look. "Cute."

"—it gets too late," he finishes to himself, sighing deeply through his nose as he steps to the side, keeping his door open to signal that that really should leave. Like now. "Yeah. It's not much, I know." He feels sheepish as he tugs at the collar of his shirt, skin sticky with fumes. "We should go, Mr. Kim."
"Taehyung, remember? Not Mr. Kim," Taehyung corrects as he steps further into the living room, standing out like a sore thumb in Jeongguk's standard apartment. There Taehyung stands in pants covered in sequins and a white fur jacket amongst Jeongguk's mug rimmed coffee table and a cracked ceiling. Taehyung eyes the books piled on the floor by the couch. "Are you attending college, by any chance?"

Jeongguk swallows, having never felt so nervous by being asked such a simple question. "Uh, yeah—yes. Yes, I do. I mean I am. I am attending college."

Taehyung knocks the toe of his high heel gently against the textbooks, fiddling with his sunglasses as his eyes take in the rest of the state that is Jeongguk's apartment. "Is it fun? I never went."

It's such a strange question. How can someone say if college is fun or not? This is intense. Jeongguk is sweating. "Uh, aspects of it, yeah. I'd say it's fun."

"What are you studying?"

"Sports therapy. Or more so physiotherapy."

Taehyung looks back at him over his shoulder, and if that isn't a picture. He looks just as good today as he did the other night. He's got on less make up today, just a gloss to his lips, smudge around his eyes and a sheen to his cheekbones. Jeongguk bets he looks just as good without anything on his face. Or on his—no. Inappropriate.

"You a big sports fan?"

Jeongguk takes a deep breath, hands sliding into the front of his pockets. "Mostly basketball, but yeah, I'm a sport fan." He swallows. "Are you?"

"I take martial arts. Used to play a little bit of hockey and baseball," Taehyung shrugs, turning to face him, stepping over to Jeongguk and he towers over him a few inches with the help of his heels. "Don't you want to make a career out of basketball?"

Oh god, his eyes. They're no less fierce as they were the other night. "I don't think that's a realistic dream to have."

Taehyung pushes his bottom lip out, head cocking to the side. "That's not very optimistic, Jeongguk."

He swallows. "I'm being realistic."

"Sounds like settling." Jeongguk doesn't move when Taehyung curls a long finger under his chin, the tip of his pointed nail pressing into the tender skin behind his chin, tilting his head up a fraction. "You should never settle."

He can't bring himself to say anything, half afraid that one move will have Taehyung's nail cutting into him, half afraid that he'll spout nonsense. Silence is safe. And eventually Taehyung does drop his hand with a little smile, stepping around him and heading out of the still open door. Jeongguk is left to stare after him—which, yeah, not complaining—before he kicks himself back into gear, double checks he has his wallet and follows after the other guy with a lot less elegance.

Jeongguk shouldn't be surprised—but he still is—when he steps out of his complex to see Taehyung climbing into a completely different car than from the last one he saw him get into. This one's a purple and blue pearlescent Ferrari, buffed to shine. He's a little more than awe struck as he stops a few steps away from it, because this is a car. Like, it's not a car, but a car.
"Whoa," he whispers, eyes wide as he watches the way the multi-chrome purple transitions into blue with every shift of his head.

"You like?" Taehyung asks from where he's leaning against the roof, sunglasses back down covering his gaze, but Jeongguk can feel it through the lenses. Jeongguk can only nod. "You wanna take her for a spin?"

Jeongguk’s eyes snap up from where he was appreciating the polished rims and up to Taehyung’s face, spinning his keys around his finger. "What?" Taehyung just gives a slow smile, keys still spinning rhythmically, not repeating the question. "I mean, you really don't even know me. I could steal this."

Taehyung tosses him the keys and Jeongguk scrambles to catch them, holding them close to his chest as he stares at Taehyung in shock. "And I'd kick your ass. C'mon," he insists, already walking around to the other side of the car. "Have a little fun." After another ten seconds, Taehyung opens his mouth to say something again, but Jeongguk's finally moving, keys clutched tight in his hand as he opens the door, and gets a fucking fright when it opens upwards.

This is some fucking GTA shit.

"I've never driven a sports car before," Jeongguk confesses once they're in and belted, as if it wasn't obvious already.

Taehyung adjusts the seat a little to fit his long legs, and shows Jeongguk how to adjust his own to give him some more back support. "It's easy, don't worry. Just be more careful handling the gas pedal. Just take it slow." He shows Jeongguk where the ignition is on the console after he spends a good minute trying to locate it, and as the engine roars to life, Jeongguk feels the vibrations pool low in his gut. A jolt of adrenaline gets injected into his veins, like the fuel hitting the engine, but it doesn't mean he isn't still the most careful he's ever been in his entire life as he eases the car from the parking spot.

"Holy shit," Jeongguk breathes once they're out on the road, hands at ten and two, just like he's taking his test all over again. He's not about to fuck up when this car is worth more than his life. "Holy shit."

Taehyung laughs from beside him, hears him take a picture, but Jeongguk's too nervous to take his eyes off the street ahead. "You having fun, Jeongguk?"

He is, is the thing. Jeongguk's in this crazy beautiful car with this crazy beautiful person on the way to get bbq. It's maybe the strangest moment of Jeongguk's life, and no one is going to believe him when he tells them about this later. "I am," he laughs breathlessly, slowly starting to learn how to control the car, feeling comfortable enough where he can lax his grip on the wheel and lose the tension in his shoulders.

Jeongguk thinks Taehyung is just guiding him through the nicer part of town to let him hit the main roads, give him longer to drive. So when he tells him to pull up to one of the restaurants which Jeongguk has never stepped foot into, he feels his nerves flare up again.

"Mr. Kim, um. I can't afford this," he mutters as he parks up, voice hushed, even though no one can hear them. Taehyung apparently doesn't either, climbing out of the car and Jeongguk follows suit, only to be met with valet. He hands the keys over after a quick check with Taehyung before quickly following after him as he heads up into the restaurant. "Mr. Kim, I—"

"Taehyung."
"Taehyung, right, sorry. But listen," Jeongguk exhales sharply as they step into the restaurant, fingers reaching out to hold onto Taehyung's elbow before he can get too far. But he's quick to let go when the guy raises an eyebrow at him, then down to his hand. "Sorry, sorry."

With a snort, Taehyung finally stops, following him off to the side. "What's wrong, Jeongguk?"

He grinds his teeth, hands rubbing over the sides of his thighs as he takes in the restaurant. It's the nicest restaurant Jeongguk's ever stepped into—like a lot of things today—the interior definitely showing it's a more upscale business. "I can't afford this," he whispers.

Taehyung just stares at him. "Who said you were paying?"

Jeongguk gapes back. "I—I thought that was what we were doing. Me paying you back with lunch."

There's a beat of silence.

"Huh," Taehyung starts, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. "You actually were just trying to pay me back, then."

It's more of a statement than a question and Jeongguk swallows. There's a frown on Taehyung's face, and it makes something stone heavy lodge in his throat. "Though I am glad we're doing this! Because if I could have actually managed to, I might have asked for your number with a different intention," he rushes to get out, face burning hot.

It does the trick, the frown disappears and so does the stone in his throat. "That's settled, then. Can we get back to lunch now?" Taehyung asks through a grin.

Jeongguk is a little winded.

"But what about the—"

"I don't care about the money, sweetheart," Taehyung impedes, not letting him finish. "Now come on. I'm starving."

He doesn't give Jeongguk the chance to try and talk about, grabbing him by the front of his shirt and tugging him along like a housebroken puppy. He doesn't even seem to need to give his name before they're being seated at a nice two person table, a flurry of staff suddenly around them as Jeongguk pulls out his chair, only for it to be pulled away from him. He blinks at the waiter who nods for him to sit down, tucking him in when he does.

Taehyung doesn't even let Jeongguk touch a menu, just orders them samgyupsal, which from the brief glance he gets from the menu, is fucking ridiculous in price. He holds back his protests as Taehyung orders them a variety of sides and soju, all with such a charming smile that Jeongguk feels a little overwhelmed by being in his vicinity.

This is definitely all very different. He's never had someone order for him before, especially not with so much confidence in assuming that Jeongguk will like it without even asking. He gets the impression that Taehyung is very much a leader and not a follower, likes to be the conductor of the train. He's got a very assertive air about him, and Jeongguk's trying to figure out if it has anything to do with the money or if it's just wired into his personality.

"I like your ink."

Jeongguk looks up from where he was pouring them a couple of shots of soju once a bottle was brought over, barely having the chance to settle it down before Taehyung's curling his fingers around
his wrist and dragging his arm above the hot grill. He feels the heat lick up the underside of his wrist, but it's less noticeable as Taehyung uses his other hand to rub along his forearm. "Uh, thanks. Do you have any?"

Taehyung traces the skull on the back of his hand with the tip of his nail, and Jeongguk has to fight very hard to swallow back the shiver that threatens to break past his teeth. "I've considered it. But I've never been entirely sure what to get. Maybe a small, cute one on my hip or thigh," he ponders and Jeongguk's tongue feels a little like soaked cotton.

He's becoming increasingly frustrated and confused with his reactions to this person, this man who he knows the bare minimum about, just the surface information that everyone knows after typing in Kim Taehyung on Google. Jeongguk has always made a point to know the girls he's taken out on dates in the past—unless it's just a random hook up, only names really need to be exchanged for that—so he feels like he's a little blindsided in this situation. Hell, this is the first time he's actually been taken out on a date. It's hard to settle into the atmosphere when he's a little unsure what to do with himself.

"That'd look nice," Jeongguk says after a minute, realising that he'd fallen silent with his mess of thoughts. He's grateful when Taehyung lets go of his arm, which is now flushed pink from the heat, but also not just because of the heat. He thinks about what Taehyung would look like with a tattoo, something soft on his honeyed skin. Maybe a flower or some writing.

When their food is brought out—quicker than Jeongguk's ever been served before, holy shit—Taehyung gives him the role of grilling the meat, which makes him a little anxious. Not because he hasn't done it plenty of times before, but because he hasn't grilled meat so expensive before and he doesn't want to Fuck It Up.

Taehyung must sense it because he sends him a smile around his glass of water. "Don't worry, I like mine well done, so don't panic."

Jeongguk feels his shoulders sag a little in relief.

"How long have you been getting tattoos?" Taehyung asks as he picks at the kimchi.

"Got my first one when I was sixteen." Jeongguk feels the invisible pressure against the ink on the back of his ear, the upside down cross he got when he thought he was Edgy. His parents lost their shit when they first saw it, and Jeongguk still feels a pang of regret over his choice. He was naive then, but he still has an attachment to it—like his first child.

Taehyung pinches a piece of meat from the grill. "Any plans of stopping any time soon?"

He grins. "Nah, not yet. I'll probably keep going until I run out of space. I've still got a lot of it."

Taehyung's eyes are steady on him as he chews. "You should show me sometime."

Jeongguk almost drops the tongs. It's a blessing he doesn't. That was a blatant line and it effectively goes straight to his gut. He doesn't even know how to respond to that. Luckily he doesn't have to, as a server comes over to check on them and ask if they need anything else—though it's mainly directed at Taehyung.

Through out dinner, Taehyung does most of the asking, which Jeongguk is grateful for, or they'd probably end up sitting in silence. He wouldn't consider himself a socially awkward person, not at all. But something about Kim Taehyung is intimidating, makes him feel small and vulnerable like his belly and neck are on display, ready to be ripped into. Taehyung manages to pull personal answers
from him without needing to try too hard, asking just the right things to have Jeongguk spilling out part of his life story. He talks about his life in Busan, what basketball team he supports, favourite genre of music and somehow even the type of shampoo he uses.

Taehyung's a snake charmer and Jeongguk is the compliant serpent.

When the bill comes, Jeongguk almost physically winces at the price and almost shudders with how easily Taehyung gives his card, barely batting his long, pretty eyelashes. It makes Jeongguk feel a little better, though, about his almost obsessive spending on tattoos. The wrist to elbow portion of his left sleeve cost just a little more than their meal, which lasted about thirty minutes. His tattoos will last for life. It's kind of reassuring in a strange way.

Fuck, the tip Taehyung leaves could pay for his knuckle tattoos alone.

"Enjoy your meal, hon?" Taehyung asks as they head out, Jeongguk close on his heels—literally.

"It was delicious, thank you."

Taehyung shoots him a smile over his shoulder before he collects his keys from the valet, having already driven the Ferrari around. Jeongguk's slightly disappointed when Taehyung gets in on the drivers side. "Your refrigerator stocked?"

Jeongguk blinks, watching the other guy lower into the car, quickly doing the same and almost wiping out on the door again when it swings up. "What? You don't need to do anymore for me, Mr—Taehyung," he quickly corrects when he gets an arched brow directed at him. "You've done enough."

"I'm gonna take that as a no, then," Taehyung says as he reapplys his lip gloss in the rearview mirror. "Want some?" He offers and Jeongguk splutters before giving a little shake of his head.

He's straying from his point. "Honestly, I'm fine, you don't need to—"

"Enough," Taehyung cuts in, voice dropping an octave as he sends a sharp look over to Jeongguk that immediately has him enough-ing, lips pressing tightly together until Taehyung sends him a smile and a little giggle that gives Jeongguk whiplash. "Need to make sure you're well fed. Growing boy like you."

Jeongguk think he's pretty grown at this point in his life, but any backtalk he has dies in his throat before it can leave his lips.

"You need to eat better," Taehyung tells him once they're in a mini mart, a whole shopping cart full of food that Taehyung shoved in, things filled with protein and that'll give him strong bones. He's twenty-one, okay, his mind didn't make a dirty fucking joke.

Jeongguk frowns. "I eat pretty healthily," he mutters under his breath, hunched over the cart, having been given the responsibility of wheeling it around. "Kinda."

"Kinda isn't good enough. I saw your apartment, Jeongguk. Thought you could hide those take out boxes from me?"

Jeongguk curls into himself further, continuing to follow Taehyung around as they walk through the aisles. He honestly doesn't think he's going to have the space to fit all this food in his kitchen.

When they reach the check out, Jeongguk tries to insist that he at least help pay, but Taehyung dismisses him with a wave of glittery nails and has the food set to be delivered to Jeongguk's
apartment so they don't have to carry it out to the car and try and fit it in the small space between the seats. He thinks that's the end of it, but instead of heading back to the car, Taehyung walks further down the street, long legs carrying him quickly and Jeongguk has to half jog to catch up to him.

"Where are we going?"

"Shopping. I have a dinner party tonight and I have nothing to wear," Taehyung explains as they step into Tom Ford, and Jeongguk once again feels immediately out of place.

He's a little surprised when Taehyung steps over to the men's suits, having expected him to go straight for the dresses or the more feminine clothing. He can't imagine Taehyung in a suit. A four million won suit at that, fuck. Jeongguk keeps close to Taehyung's side, well aware of his cheap shirt and the nicest jeans he has costing a cuff's worth of one of the suits in here.

Taehyung picks out two different styles of suit and gives them to the lingering store clerk, who looks like she's vibrating with nerves. Jeongguk can relate. He feels some of his solace return for his own predictions when Taehyung steps over to the shoes and eyes the heels, wondering how a person can be so confident to go against every gender norm there is. It's admirable. Taehyung is definitely a rare breed.

"What size shoe are you?" Taehyung asks as he looks over the sneakers, then down to Jeongguk's worn Converse.

"Uh, two eighty? Two eighty-five?"

Taehyung hums. "I thought so. I'm a little bigger than you, just wanted to be sure." And then he proceeds to grab a pair of black leather high tops and asks for them in a two eight-five and—

"Taehyung, I can't let you do that," Jeongguk rushes quickly as he stalks after him towards the dressing rooms. "You're being a little ridiculous now, I can't—"

The other turns on him, sweet smile on his face, but his eyes say otherwise. "What did you call me?" He asks gently and Jeongguk feels his blood ice in his veins. When he doesn't say anything, Taehyung proceeds, once again squaring up to him. "Listen, angel," he sighs. "I will always come out the winner in these little fights you insist on having, so you should save your breath and understand that I'll get my way eventually. No matter how much you want to stomp your little feet and throw a tantrum." He grins again. "'Kay?"

Jeongguk feels like a deer in headlights. He can only nod dumbly, his throat threatening to swallow up his tongue.

"Good boy," Taehyung coos, giving his cheek a little pinch. "Now sit down and put on your new shoes. I need to try some clothes on. Can you be patient for me?"

Another dumb nod.

"Excellent."

Jeongguk's never sat down so fast, staring after Taehyung as he heads to one of the dressing rooms that's been prepared for him. He thinks about his life for a good five minutes, not entirely sure what to make of it. He's trying to dissect everything and piece it back together to the point where it makes sense to him, but before he can, another assistant is bringing him the shoes in his size. Jeongguk honestly considers setting them to the side and walking home, because this is some crazy shit that he can't fully process. But they are nice, and Taehyung's been nothing but sweet to him—if a little scary—and he doesn't want to be rude...
He tries them on.

And holy shit, is it like walking on a cloud.

He gets to his feet once he's tied the laces and tucked them away beneath the tongue, heading over to the mirror and looking himself over. Shit, he knows he's never had shoes this nice. They're comfortable too, having expected them to be immediately tight and ill fitting, only worn for fashion and not comfort. Suffer to be beautiful, and all that. But they're surprisingly wearable, and they look fresh as fuck.

"You got them on?" Taehyung calls from the dressing room.

Jeongguk stares himself over in the mirror for a beat longer. "Yeah, I'm wearing them."

"Come here, baby, let me see."

He obeys, heading into the line of dressing rooms and stops outside the one with sequin pants spilling beneath the stall. When the door opens, Jeongguk is once again slapped in the face with the picture that is Kim Taehyung. He's dressed in full suit, tie and everything, all paired with some black and gold high heels, exposing his pretty pink toenails.

Jeongguk is just a man. He can't be expected to be able to tolerate all this new beauty. His fingers itch for his phone to take a picture, Taehyung looking like he's somehow managed to step straight off the runway. Suit and heels. Amazing.

"How do they feel?"

He startles, having been caught up in his mess of thoughts. "Sorry?"

Taehyung gives him a smile that looks a little too knowing for Jeongguk's liking and his heart almost stutters and dies in his chest. "The shoes, Jeongguk. Do you like them?"

"Um," Jeongguk starts, inhaling deeply as he stares straight down at his own feet. It's safe down here, aside from the peek of toes he can see a glimpse of. "Yes. I do. They're very comfortable."

"Perfect. They look great on you," Taehyung says, and suddenly he's tilting his chin up once again with a finger, forcing Jeongguk to meet his eyes. "How do I look?"

Jeongguk feels his neck burn up, eyes darting down to Taehyung's lips when he drags his teeth over the gloss. "You look nice. Really nice," he murmurs, hoping it doesn't sound as choked as it feels coming out.

"Up here," Taehyung hums lowly, forcing Jeongguk's eyes to snap back up to his, chin still tilted up to meet the height difference. The guy doesn't say anything, just stares at him with an unwavering intensity that has Jeongguk's insides plaiting themselves together, his heart beating way up in his throat. He doesn't know if Taehyung's silences are worse than his demands. Jeongguk feels like a bug lured in by a venus fly trap.

Eventually, the moment is broken when Taehyung steps back as if nothing out of the ordinary had just happened, while Jeongguk's over here trying to remember how to breathe. He quickly changes out of the high tops and tries very hard not to look at the price tag attached, knowing it'll just have another complaint threatening to spill past his lips, which means it'll have Taehyung breathing down his neck. And not in a good way.

Good way, what? There is no good way. Hah.
He keeps any protests buried inside the cavity of his chest once Taehyung’s dressed back in his previous outfit, and just follows him to the till silently, feeling even more like an obedient animal. Jeongguk wonders if this is what it’s like to know Kim Taehyung, to just obey his every demand and hold your tongue to stop him from using that tone that is steadily warming Jeongguk from the inside out the more that he thinks about it.

He refuses to acknowledge as anything but fear.

Taehyung drops him off with a new pair of shoes, food waiting for him outside of his door and a strange feeling in his chest.

Later that night, he wakes up to his phone constantly chiming.

from: jimout

WHY ARE YOU ON THE NEWS

ok maybe not the news news

BUT CELEB NEWS

THAT WAS DEFINITELY U GUK

Jeongguk checks the time, one eye squeezed shut while the other stares at the blurry numbers and even blurrier texts. He indeed is in the news, opening up the link that Jimin sends him next. It's not a huge article, just some pictures of him and Taehyung out shopping together earlier in the day. Nothing is really said about him—labelled a mysterious, tattoo heavy man. Well, they're not wrong.

from: jimout

HOW THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW KIM TAEHYUNG

WHY HAVEN'T YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THIS

DJNKJN WAKE UP

to: jimout

tell you tomorrow
dont text me again

from: jimout

FUCK YOU

BUT OKAY!!!!

He's just about to switch off his phone when he gets another text through, this one having his heart leaping and sitting up quickly, forcing the blur from his eyes.

from: mr. kim ;)
i just saw the articles

im really sorry jeongguk
Jeongguk’s a little surprised. He was expecting maybe a cocky text or something amused, not an apology and an offer to have his pictures taken down. He considers it, if he’s comfortable with his pictures being out there for people to look at and wonder who he is. It's never something he's even considered before, like most people, but now that he's being put into this strange spot, he finds that he doesn't feel much on the topic.

to: mr. kim ;)

its okay!

i dont mind

He considers leaving it there, but the pull in his chest that he's had since Taehyung dropped him home tugs harshly.

to: mr. kim ;)

how was the party?

from: mr. kim ;)

ok if ur sure

let me know if it ever gets too much

Jeongguk inhales slow and deep. That sounds like a future, like the promise of more news articles on him. He kind of hopes he's reading that right.

from: mr. kim ;)

and it was fine

bit dull

good lamb tho

did u eat dinner???

to: mr. kim ;)

i did, dont worry

and not noodles

i grilled up some gammon

And was it delicious. He'd cooked up some eggs with it too, had some kimchi and one of the many bottled waters Taehyung bought for him. It's probably why he crashed out so early, going to sleep feeling well fed and happy. It's definitely a comforting thing to go to sleep with a fully stocked kitchen. Whenever you have takeout, you wake up with a grease hangover. The smell of fried noodles in your hair and clothes. Take out is only satisfying when you're hungry and while you're eating it. After, it kinda makes you feel like shit. Jeongguk’s had to work hard to sweat it all off at the
gym the following day.

from: mr. kim ;)

yum!! well done

anyway im gonna get some sleep

im beat

u should get some sleep too

u need it

text u l8r jeon jeongguk

xx

to: mr. kim ;)

sleep well taehyung

x

He's sweating.

-- -- --

Over the next week, Jeongguk's school life and upcoming game have him occupied enough to almost not think about the fact that Taehyung hasn't texted him.

Almost being the key word.

Jimin had demanded each and every detail of how he came to know Kim Taehyung, and the story really wasn't that interesting or impressive, but Jimin acted as if he read him the New York Time's Best Seller. He still catches him gazing at him every now and then, in this curious, astonished way. But now with Jimin knowing, it means that as much as Jeongguk tries to put the thought of Taehyung to the back of his mind, his infuriating friend constantly hassles him with questions.

("Are you dating? Or are you, like, fucking.")

("Has he texted you yet?")

("What does his house look like?")

("Oh my god, what does he smell like? Expensive I bet.")

"What the fuck, Jimin? Don't be weird.")

So with the constant questions rattling around his mind, Jeongguk can't help but compulsively check his phone, just to make sure he hasn't missed a text or a call. He stays away from google and the possible links of Taehyung's social media that he could conjure without much difficulty—that would feel like borderline stalking. He's not that desperate. If he doesn't get a text, then he doesn't get a text. Shrug. Brush of the shoulder. No Big Deal.

When his phone chimes a week later, he dives for it.
Jeongguk takes a minute. Takes a minute to centre his chi. To take a deep, steadying breath. He's fine. He's fucking fine.

to: mr. kim ;)

hey

have a basketball game tonight

wbu?

from: mr. kim ;)

basketball game????

what time??

to: mr. kim ;)

6

from: mr. kim ;)

u playin at ur school???

to: mr. kim ;)

no it's an away game, over in yonsei

from: mr. kim ;)

perfect !!

c u then stud x

Jeongguk's mind works a little slowly as he processes the fact that Taehyung just invited himself to his basketball game. Kim Taehyung will be there in the stands, watching Jeongguk play.

He's quick to type back a reply how Taehyung doesn't have to come, that he'll probably find it boring. But he's not surprised when he gets no reply other than a smiley face, taunting him through the cracked screen of his phone.

He needs to reevaluate his life, because this is becoming a little bit of a problem.

Since the last encounter Jeongguk had with Taehyung, the guy's been on his mind non-stop, from dusk til dawn. It's hard to pin point a time where he's ever thought so much about another person. He's not sure he has. Maybe it's because Taehyung has managed to weave himself into the most simple parts of Jeongguk's life. In the water he drinks, in the food he cooks, in the shoes he wears. There's been more than one occasion now where he's had a hand around himself and thought of long legs and glittery eyelashes. That whole suit and heels thing really fucked him up, too.
He's not sure that it's healthy for him to be thinking about someone so much after meeting them twice. Thinking of a person who's in the spotlight and probably has a ton of little Jeongguk's looking for attention, wanting to be acknowledged by him. Jeongguk's slightly ashamed of himself for letting himself be so hooked on the idea of Taehyung and his sharp attitude and middle finger to traditional society standards.

Jeongguk looks down to the wrap around his wrist, protecting his healing tattoo along the thin skin of his wrist.

Taehyung is art. Jeongguk just so happens to like art.

-- -- --

They're up by three with three minutes left on the clock.

Jeongguk is sweating through his jersey, constantly having to lift the collar to wipe at the perspiration hanging dangerously from the tips of his bangs. Yoongi's yelling from the sidelines, having been benched with a bad knee, which he'll be steaming about for the rest of the week if they lose.

When Jimin misses his free throw with a curse, Jeongguk gives him a reassuring smack on the back as they set back into motion. It's a tense game, and it's only made more tense for Jeongguk, all too aware of the person in the stands, cheering him on.

At the start of the game, Jeongguk had almost frantically searched the bleachers for a sign of Taehyung, only to come up empty. Not more than five minutes later did he hear someone yelling his name, and almost got a ball to the face when his head whipped up to see the man himself whistling through pretty fingers.

Still, Jeongguk is a dedicated athlete, and as much as Taehyung's presence serves to both comfort and unnerve him, the game is his priority and he won't let the team down just because he has a mild case of heart eyes.

Jeongguk manages to score them another two points before the time runs out, just about cancelling out the last bucket the other team made. It's a close game, not the greatest of victories, but a victory nonetheless. And he definitely preens over the loud cheer of his name, able to easily pick it out through the screams and yells of victory.

It makes the win that much sweeter.

"Look at you," Taehyung whistles once Jeongguk's dressed back in his street clothes, gym bag slung over his shoulder. "That was very impressive."

Jeongguk's neck gets hit with another wave of heat, rivalling his exertion. "Thanks. You didn't have to come."

Taehyung gives him that look that Jeongguk is coming to know too well as the I don't have to do anything, and it's confirmed when the other man says as much. "I wanted to see you play. You looked good out there."

Him good? He's sure Taehyung hasn't seen himself then if he thinks a sweaty Jeongguk is good to look at. Taehyung is dressed a little softer today; no sequins, no glitter, but no less striking. Light wash jeans, rolled to the ankles with a soft looking white blouse tucked in, exposing the shimmery skin of his collarbone. A beige jacket draped over his shoulders match his strappy heels and Jeongguk feels that deep rush of heat hit him straight in the gut like a welcomed punch.
Taehyung doesn't seem to give a shit about the attention he draws, people either looking him as the guy in heels or the guy in the tabloids. But Taehyung doesn't pay them mind, his attention seemingly completely on Jeongguk, which only has that flare of warmth flourish inside him.

"Thanks for coming, hyung," Jeongguk manages to say after clearing his dry throat, despite the litre of water he just chugged back in the locker rooms.

Another smile is settled on him, making him feel like he's standing there completely naked, his toes curling in his Tom Ford sneakers.

"Let's go," Taehyung says without another moment of hesitation, slipping his arm into the crook of Jeongguk's elbow and leading him out of the gymnasium, leaving behind a squawking Jimin who just steps out of the locker rooms from the other side.

Jeongguk fixes him with a shrug, amusement curling around his lips as his friend yanks his phone out of his pocket, presumably to text him. And a second later, when his phone chimes, Jeongguk doesn't bother to check it.

"Where are we going?"

"What do you fancy, baby? You had a big win tonight, you can have whatever you want."

Taehyung lets go of his arm as they reach his car, this time an all black G Wagon.

These cars and pet names are really starting to get to him.

Jeongguk bites back the urge to resist, knowing well enough by now that Taehyung will and does get whatever he wants. It's dangerous. "Jajangmyeon sounds good?" He half asks, half requests as he seeks approval once he's climbed into the car.

"Jajangmyeon it is," Taehyung agrees, starting the engine.

Jeongguk thinks about how Taehyung came all the way out to Yonsei for him to see his game. He didn't have to, Jeongguk's sure he could have found something much more interesting to do. But no, he came and watched Jeongguk play, and is now taking him out to dinner to celebrate.

His mild case of heart eyes may have upgraded a peg.

Chapter End Notes

Chapters are almost done, so updates shouldn't take too long! All edited by me, so sorry for spelling errors/mistakes.

Come say hi on twitter!
The drive is long, but Jeongguk can't complain when he's got a stellar view.

Taehyung's profile is something to be marvelled, the glow of the passing streetlights casting him in a tangerine light, accentuating the long slope of his nose, the purse of his lips and the curl of his eyelashes. He looks so at ease, one hand wrapped around the steering wheel while the other rests on the open window, head propped up against his fist. It's a beauty Jeongguk can't fathom and once again has the urge to reach for his phone, capture this beauty like it's a rare animal, stepping out in broad daylight.

Something hot bubbles up in Jeongguk's throat.

"You look really pretty!"

Taehyung startles with the sudden raucous declaration, eyes flicking over to Jeongguk with a curl of his lips. It has the back of his neck burning hot, shoulders squaring as he faces forward and watches the road pass them by with each inching yard. His whole body feels hot with embarrassment, wondering when he'd gotten so useless at being normal.

"Yeah?"

He doesn't say anything. Doesn't even breathe.

Though his breath hitches when fingers slip through the back of his hair, nails scratching at his scalp.

"You're precious, Jeongguk," Taehyung says. "You know that?"

No, he definitely does not know that.

He doesn't say anything else for the rest of the drive, until they're pulling up outside of another lavish looking restaurant, valet once again waiting for them. Stepping out of the car, Jeongguk catches a glimpse of the people already sat inside and gets a wave of déjà vu, feeling self conscious all over again.

Jeongguk looks down at himself, wearing a faded graphic tee and sweats and internally cringes.

Once again, he reaches for Taehyung's arm, giving a gentle tug. "Um, I don't think I should go in there."

Taehyung frowns, eyebrows lowered. "And why not?"

Jeongguk awkwardly gestures to himself, smile strained.

"What? What am I missing?"

"I don't fit in, Taehyung."

Taehyung's eyes narrow. "What does that matter?"

He scratches the back of his ear. "I don't want to embarrass you."
"And who says you'd embarrass me?"

Jeongguk fidgets under the fierce gaze.

Taehyung's finger once again takes its place under Jeongguk's chin, albeit rougher this time, thumb digging into his chin. "There's nothing you could do to embarrass me. I don't give a fuck what you wear, I don't give a fuck about how you look. Don't you think I know that better than anyone else? If people stare, they're staring at the guy in make up and heels. Not the cute boy with tattoos. Understand, sweetheart?"

He can only nod frantically.

Taehyung brushes his thumb over his lips, soft and barely there before dropping his hand and taking Jeongguk's instead, harsh look to his eyes disintegrating as he leads him into the restaurant.

Now that it's been pointed out, Jeongguk really thinks about the fact that Taehyung probably knows better than anyone what it's like to have unwanted attention on him. Being a man and openly wearing "traditionally feminine" clothing—especially in a place like South Korea—must earn him lots of it. People don't like what they can't understand. And for some reason, they can't understand that fashion is for everyone. Clothes shouldn't have limitations on who's allowed to wear them. But with people so narrow minded, Taehyung must have a lot of confidence to go against gender norms, wear whatever he wants and not let other peoples opinions affect him.

And Jeongguk fucking admires the hell out of him.

With those thoughts and words in mind, Jeongguk finds it easier not to pay attention to any lingering looks their way. Maybe they look like an interesting pair. Both saying a giant fuck you to society's traditional expectations of what a well rounded man should look like. Heavy body modification and women's clothing.

Jeongguk walks with a little more height and pride.

Dinner is nice. Taehyung takes the role of pouring them drinks and even feeds Jeongguk from across the table, wiping away the sauce that spills down his chin and sucks it straight off his thumb.

His heart may or may not have imploded in his chest.

"I got you something."

Jeongguk's chopsticks pause halfway to his mouth, looking up through his eyelashes at the man sat across from him. He swallows back the urge to protest as Taehyung pulls a rectangular box out from the inside of his jacket and slides it across the table.

With shaking fingers, Jeongguk sets his utensils down and thumbs at the gold clasp for a second before slowly opening the lid as if a blood thirsty rat could jump out and go straight for his face. But it's not a rat. It's actually a chain, a thick rope of silver, gleaming under the lights overhead.

"Taehyung," he almost squeaks, eyes comically wide as he looks up at the other, Taehyung's hands folded beneath his chin, a tender look to his face.

Before he can say anything else, Taehyung's up on his feet and walking around the table towards him, plucking the chain from the velvet box and unlatching it easily. Jeongguk swallows as the band of cool metal is suddenly wrapped around his neck, pooling against his collarbone, a gentle weight. He looks down at himself, eyeing the way the chain is a stark contrast against his inky skin and black shirt, like a slice of light in the dark.
"Look at that," Taehyung says, fingers stroking the nape of his neck and Jeongguk resists the urge to shudder. "Suits so you nicely, Jeongguk."

Jeongguk looks up to see Taehyung standing beside him now, hand resting on his shoulder and thumb stretching to stroke over the side of the chain. "Thank you, hyung. You really—" he pauses and thinks of his next words carefully, Taehyung clearly waiting. "You're very kind."

It appeases the man, who shoots him a wink and retakes his position on the other side of the table, so casual despite giving Jeongguk a piece of jewellery that he hadn't needed to. It has him thinking about the fact that Taehyung was carrying this around with him, possibly a gift for winning the game. And he wonders if he'd have been gifted such a thing if he had lost.

For some reason, Jeongguk is waiting for the catch that never comes. Throughout the whole of dinner, he half expects Taehyung to asks him some sort of favour, explain to him why he's interested in him, needs him somehow. It just all seems a little too good to be true. Odd, but good. He expects it every time the other man opens his mouth, but instead of a reason, he gets another question about his life and a look so genuinely interested. He doesn't understand what a person like Taehyung could possibly find interesting about him of all people. A poor college student who gets amazed over stainless steel chopsticks.

"You want dessert, angel?" Taehyung asks, running his fingers along the inside of Jeongguk's arm, soft pout on his face. And before he has a chance to assure that he's fine, Taehyung's already flagging down the waiter. "You need some dessert."

So Jeongguk has dessert.

And Taehyung feeds it to him once again. Little mouthfuls of chocolate soufflé cake that melt on his tongue, receiving little praises every now and then between bites. It makes his face warm every time Taehyung cleans him up, even goes so far as to licking his thumb and wiping at the corner of Jeongguk's mouth like he's a child.

"Messy boy, aren't you?"

He laughs weakly.

At the end of dinner, Jeongguk thinks about reaching for his wallet, maybe contribute somehow, but it's as if Taehyung can read his mind and he gives him a little warning look as their bill is brought over. But he's starting to like it, having those eyes on him, terrifying or not. He... likes Taehyung's attention on him. Likes being his centre focus.

"Wanna drive, stud?"

Jeongguk's quick to nod, because he's just a boy. A boy that likes cars, and Taehyung has lots of cars.

He's not sure where he's going, so it's a safe bet to say he's heading home. But maybe like the last time, he takes the longer streets to have more time driving. Or maybe to have more time with Taehyung. It's a win-win either way. But it's hard to focus on the road when Taehyung's stretched out beside him, knees peaking through the rips in his jeans, soft, tan skin breaking through and Jeongguk wants to touch—god, he wants to touch so much—but he curbs the urge away, blunt nails digging into the soft plastic cover around the wheel.

Like all good things, the ride eventually comes to an end, and Jeongguk's slow to pull up outside of his complex, turning the car off and twisting to say something, anything to prolong him going back
inside. But his stomach drops a little unpleasantly when he sees Taehyung already climbing out of the car. He's quick to join, stepping out and joining Taehyung on the other side.

"Thanks again for tonight, hyung," he says, fingers restless where they pick at the lint in his pockets.

His breath leaves his lungs in a slow whoosh as he's suddenly pulled in, fingers curled into the loops of his jeans while another cups the side of his jaw. He's once again a few inches shorter than Taehyung, head tilted up to meet his eyes, calm and unreadable unlike his own, which probably show the nerves, show the hope that maybe, just maybe—

"Did you have a good time tonight, Jeongguk?"

"Yes. I did."

Taehyung hums, licking over his bottom lip and Jeongguk's eyes track the movement, muscles tensing at the faint smile that tugs at those full lips.

"You played well tonight. I was extremely impressed. Were you giving it your all?"

He shifts. "Yes."

"And did you have fun while doing it?"

"Yes, Taehyung."

Taehyung smiles as his thumb sweeps over the dip just beneath Jeongguk's cheekbone. "You made me very proud."

Jeongguk preens, feeling something warm smoulder inside of him, the praise making him a little light headed. When Taehyung reaches up and pushes Jeongguk's hair out of his face, he almost whimpers, gently leaning into the touch.

"You're a good boy."

Oh shit.

He's so fucked.

-- -- --

You're a good boy.

"Jeon!"

His head snaps up quickly, watching as the ball whizzes by his head and in the hands of the opposite team.

"Sorry," he apologizes, scratching at his eyebrow, gaze wary on Yoongi.

"Where is your head at, man? You've been zoned out since practice started," Yoongi chastises, the disapproval evident on his face as he jogs down the court.

That's a good question. Where has his head been? Oh, that's right. It's been lopped the fuck off and locked in the fold of one Kim Taehyung's pretty hands.

Since that night last week, Jeongguk's been playing those four words over and over in his head, like
a video on loop.

*You're a good boy. You're a good boy.*

Jeongguk’s barely been able to think of anything else, stuck on the way it felt to be praised by Taehyung, to be called a *good boy* by Taehyung. Jeongguk likes praise just as much as the next person, but there was something about that, about the way Taehyung said it... It's been on his mind ever since. It makes him want to work harder in every aspect of his life, achieve things he's put on the back burner, *accomplish* things.

He wants to make Taehyung proud again.

The silver chain hangs heavy beneath his shirt, sticking to his heated skin and scalding him every time he shifts. It feels like a mark, like Taehyung's always there, wrapped around him and making himself known with every subtle movement of his body. He finds himself just staring at it sometimes, looking himself over in the mirror, naked from his shower with nothing but his murky skin and necklace.

With a little tug of his chain, he takes a deep breath and forces himself not to get so caught up on what Taehyung had said and instead tries to work harder on to what he can do to hear it again.

And that involves putting his all into this game.

So he does just that.

Because he's a good boy.

-- -- --

"Dear god, how do you survive on that thing?"

Jeongguk's thumb stills on his phone, skin catching on a crack in the screen, his message to Hoseok half complete.

He's been hanging around by the till while Taehyung went into the back room to look at the selection of fabric on offer, apparently needed for a new line he's working on. So Jeongguk has been busying himself by playing Piano Tiles and answering texts.

"What? You mean my phone?"

Taehyung tsks. "I'd hardly call that a phone anymore, hon."

He shrugs. "It gets the job done."

"How do you even see what the job *is* with your screen half gone?"

Jeongguk eyes his phone. An old iPhone 5 that he'd bought on ebay for cheap. He'd cracked it two months in and was too broke—to too willing to spend money on ink, rather—to get the screen changed.

"It's not *that* bad, hyung."

But apparently that answer wasn't the right one, because Taehyung scoffs, handing his card over as the clerk racks up the rolls and rolls of different kinds of fabric. "Not that bad. The understatement of the year."
Jeongguk's slowly getting used to Taehyung's lifestyle, how everything must be in the best condition, the newest of this and that. He's no longer as self conscious as he was a month or so ago, knowing Taehyung isn't being rude, it's just the world he's used to.

"Did you wear that shirt yesterday?"

"Yeah, but only for a few hours, so it's still good."

That's clearly the icing on the cake, the cherry on top, the birthday candles, because Taehyung looks floored. "Okay, let's go," he mutters, thanking the girl behind the counter as Jeongguk takes the bags on the table, arm soon hooked through his own.

"Where are we going?"

"Shopping."

Okay, nothing new there. They've gone shopping a few times now. But as they approach the Apple store, Jeongguk just knows that they're not doing their traditional shopping. Taehyung walks straight up to one of the store clerks and asks for—

"A Macbook? Taehyung, I don't need a laptop. I already have one."

"Weren't you the one texting me the other night about how your professor was going to rip your head off because you wouldn't be able to give in your report? Why was that again, Jeongguk?"

This cheeky fucker.

Taehyung smiles when Jeongguk doesn't say anything, just sulks and thinks of his old Acer laptop back at home, the same one he's had since freshman year. It's done him good over the years, got him through hundreds of thousands of words and a whole plethora of papers and even helped him find Gino's Pizza from a random pop-up. They've been through a lot together.

"Would you like that in matte black or slate silver?"

Jeongguk's eyes snap up to the store clerk. He lowers his voice. "You have them in black?"

"He'll take one of each," Taehyung says easily.

"Taehyung!" He all but squeaks, staring at the other man. "One is too much, why would I need two?!

He just shrugs. "Can never be too safe, petal. We'll take an iPhone 7 Plus too. Matte black."

Jeongguk may faint.

Ten minutes later, they're walking out with two new laptops and a phone, all set up and ready for Jeongguk to use. He feels shaky. He hopes this is the end of it, for the sake of his heart.

"Ah, Versace! You look like a Versace man."

Or not.

In a matter of moments of walking into the store, Taehyung has people all around him, taking his measurements, skin tone and height. And then the next moment, he's being guided into the changing rooms with more clothes than Jeongguk has in his entire closet.
It's all a little awkward, Jeongguk trying on item after item, taking far too long because he's fucking terrified that he'll accidentally rip a button off or tear a seam. And it just doesn't end, Taehyung constantly hanging more and more clothes over the door, adding little this will look great on you's and this is your colour, baby boy, put it on's.

He declines a lot of the stuff, not afraid to voice his opinions when this much money is on the line. It helps Taehyung tailor to what he does like, picking more similar articles of clothing. He slings over a variety of jeans, and Jeongguk finds himself drawn to one pair in particular, though he tries not to wince when he catches a glimpse of the price tag.

"I like the grey ones."

"Yeah? I liked those too. Put them on for me."

Oh god. That makes everything a little more difficult, his fingers a little clumsier, his palms a little sweatier. But he manages.

Kinda.

"How they looking, baby?"

Jeongguk looks himself over in the mirror, standing side on as he admires the jeans. "They're a little tight," he calls back, feeling the seams dig into the insides of his thighs.

"Open up, let me have a look," Taehyung says from right outside the door. He reaches over and unlocks the stall, watching as Taehyung slips in and closes the door behind him. He steps in the corner and looks Jeongguk over, head cocked to the side to look him over in a way that makes Jeongguk feel like he's standing there stark naked. "They're a little bunched up."

Jeongguk looks down at himself, seeing the fabric of the denim indeed crinkle around the tops of his thighs and makes an effort to try and tug them down. Pants have always been a bit of a problem for him, having always struggled to find a size that fit properly around his waist and thighs without being too tight or too baggy in one area.

Taehyung steps closer, taking his own turn in trying to pull the fabric bunched around Jeongguk's thighs down a few inches. He swallows thickly when Taehyung lowers himself down to his knees in front of him, insistently pulling the fabric, and Jeongguk feels the waistband of the jeans slide down a little more. "That feel a little better?" Taehyung asks, glancing up at him when he doesn't answer straight away, his heartbeat pounding heavy behind his ears.

He manages to nod, eyes blown as he stares down at Taehyung who's still got his hands resting along the sides of his thighs, staring up at him through long, dark lashes.

"That's—That's better, yeah. Thanks, hyung."

He expects Taehyung to stand back up, leave him to get changed again, but he doesn't move. He continues to stare up at Jeongguk for a long moment, his hands eventually starting to slide up and down the sides of his legs.

"You have such nice thighs, Jeongguk," Taehyung hums, eyes dropping from Jeongguk's to stare straight ahead of him, watching his hands smooth up and down the material. "Nice and thick. They feel so strong," he adds as his hands slide to the back of Jeongguk's thighs, giving them a tight squeeze, able to feel his nails just barely pressing in.

He can't bring himself to say anything, not sure he even knows how to properly verbalise anymore,
so he stays quiet as Taehyung touches him, trying to will away the hard on that's threatening to make an appearance. As quick as it happens, it's gone, but not without Taehyung sweeping his hands up the insides of Jeongguk's thighs, his knuckles brushing over his crotch, enough pressure to tell him that it wasn't his imagination. Felt intentional.

Taehyung's up on his feet before Jeongguk can fully process what just happened. "They look good. Let's get them," he decides, sounding completely fine, compared to Jeongguk who's inner voice is even stuttering in his mind. "I'll be outside when you're ready."

And just like that, he's gone, leaving Jeongguk to stand there, thighs burning and head spinning. That was definitely new.

"Come on, we need to break in the camera."

"I'm awkward taking pictures. I never know what to do with my face."

Taehyung tuts, taking his new phone from his hand and switches the camera on. "You look good no matter what. You don't even have to try."

There goes Jeongguk's heart again.

And then it full on stutters and dies when Taehyung leans across the console and presses his back against Jeongguk's chest, head resting back against his shoulder as he snaps a picture. He can't imagine it's a great one, with how tense Jeongguk is.

And it's proved when Taehyung opens up the camera.

"What is that?" He laughs. "Why are you looking at me like that? I don't have rabies."

"I—I—"

"Come on. Get in close. Put your arm around me."

Jeongguk gulps back the weird noise threatening to bubble up from the back of his tongue and instead clears his throat as he lifts his arm to drape around Taehyung's shoulders, still very aware of the moment not too long ago in the dressing room.

He doesn't look at the camera, nor his own reflection. But instead stares at Taehyung's reflection in the screen, lips parted and tongue sneaking out the corner of his mouth, looking so effortlessly sexy. He switches through a few poses; pouts, grins—jesus christ, what a smile—bites his lip—jesus christ, what a boner—and winks. All the while Jeongguk has this steady look of what he likes to call *I'm Not Constipated, Just Struggling*. He likes to think he pulls it off well.

"Aw, this one's cute," Taehyung coos, stopping at the one of him grinning while Jeongguk stares at him, the corners of his lips turned up ever so slightly.

Yeah, he thinks it's cute too.

"You're not mad at me, are you?" Taehyung asks once he's handed Jeongguk's phone back.

He frowns. "What? Why would I be mad at you?"

"For taking you shopping. You didn't seem happy. Are you mad?"
"No! Hyung, no. I'm not mad," Jeongguk assures. "I'm just, y'know, not used to this."

Taehyung reaches over and fiddles with one of the rings on Jeongguk's fingers, and it's strange, seeing him looking nervous. "Are you sure?"

"I'm sure, Taehyung."

"We don't have to go shopping anymore if it makes you uncomfortable."

Jeongguk gives Taehyung's shoulder a squeeze from where it's still looped around his neck. "I want to. Okay? I want to."

Taehyung looks up at him through his lashes, eyes hopeful. "You really mean that?"

"I do."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

"Promise promise?"

"Promise promise," Jeongguk laughs. "You need me to spit shake?"

Taehyung grins, knocking his shoulder into Jeongguk's chest. "Buy me dinner first."

Oh dear god.

They end up at Taehyung's place, and Jeongguk's immediately taken back by the sheer size of his house. It's a two story house, large and modern, looking like a house straight from California. It's intimidating, the neatly cut lawn and three door garage, a house people could only dream of owning. There's various balcony's, three sets of steps just leading up to the house alone and a fountain.

There's actually a fountain in the front yard.

"This is where you live?" Jeongguk asks as they climb out of the car, head tilted back to try and see the top of the house.

"Yeah, this is home. You coming?" He asks when Jeongguk doesn't take a step to move.

He spends another moment just looking the place over, taking in the fine details and exterior. It's like art and Jeongguk feels like he should marvel it like it's something out of a gallery in Florence.

After another minute, he follows Taehyung up into the house, and if he thought the outside was impressive, the inside is a whole different story. Immediately, he's greeted with something small, pink and fluffy, scuttling on the floor so quickly that it startles Jeongguk. Until it lifts its head and oh. It's a dog.

"Your dog is... pink?"

Taehyung tosses his purse on the table, shrugging out of his jacket. "That's Crystal. Isn't he precious?" As if on queue, Crystal turns and struts over to Taehyung, standing up on his hind legs and is soon scooped up. "One of the loves of my life. The one other is around here somewhere. Cash! Come here, baby!"

Jeongguk expects another small dog to come bounding out. What he does not expect is a huge dog with wrinkles drooping down his face and lines of drool hanging from his saggy mouth.
"There's my baby boy," Taehyung coos, setting Crystal down next to Cash and the size difference between them has Jeongguk laughing.

"They make quite a pair."

Taehyung smiles proudly, pressing a kiss to Cash's head before he nods for Jeongguk to follow him. He watches with interest as Crystal barks at Cash and leads the way into another room, his bigger brother following behind obediently.

Huh.

Jeongguk follows Taehyung into the living room and he's once again amazed. The place is huge, a large row of couches pressed together to make an open square, facing a cinema sized screen. This really is what dreams are made of.

"You want something to drink, sweetheart?"

Jeongguk sits down on the edge of the couch, spreading out over it and certain that it's more comfortable than his bed. "What are you having?"

Taehyung riffles through the fridge, able to see him from his spot on the couch, humming a soft tune. "A smoothie, I think."

"I'll have one too, please."

Taehyung returns with two pretty shaped bottles and hands one to Jeongguk as he sits right beside him, tucking his knees up and pressing them against the side of Jeongguk's thigh.

"Do you like the place?" Taehyung asks once he's had a long sip.

"Yeah, it's incredible. It's huge."

Taehyung hums, looking around like it's the first time he's seeing it too. "A pity, honestly. I travel around so much I don't have the chance to stay here as much as I'd like to."

Jeongguk looks away from where he was admiring the sound system and over to Taehyung. "Where have you travelled to?"

"All over, really. Spent Christmas in America, over in the Hamptons. The night we met, I'd just flown in from Milan."

"That's so cool," he says in awe. "I went to Japan once for a school trip in high school. Didn't really get to see much. We went to visit the Tokyo Fuji Art Museum. I would have liked to have seen more."

Taehyung nods. "Japan is beautiful in the spring, the cherry bloom trees rival the ones we have here. Where's one place you'd like to go if you could?"

Jeongguk takes a sip of his smoothie as he thinks about it. It's sweet and peachy. Just like Taehyung. "Hawaii, I think. Always wanted to go there."

"Hawaii, huh? I've been there a few times. People are really friendly there."

"I'm jealous."

"Why?"
Isn't it obvious? "You've just seen a lot of the world. I wish I could too."

Taehyung presses his knee more firmly against Jeongguk's thigh. "You can."

Jeongguk doesn't bother with a response. He's not being rude, he just knows that him being able to afford to travel the world is not a realistic dream. And he's okay with that, a lot of people can't. Though the mention of dreams makes him wonder.

"What's your dream?"

Taehyung looks a little taken off guard, almost spilling his smoothie as he lowers is. "Excuse me?"

"Your dream. You know my dream, as unrealistic as it is. Playing basketball," he chuckles. "What about you?"

The other sits there in a silence for a minute, eyes flickering all over Jeongguk's face, mouth slightly turned down in thought. Jeongguk wonders if somehow he may have offended him, and he's about to apologise, but before he can, Taehyung speaks up again, voice soft.

"To have my own fashion line."

It sounds a little vulnerable, a little raw, and Jeongguk wonders why. "I think that sounds amazing. You'd make amazing clothes."

Taehyung circles the rim of his bottle, head tilting to the side as he stares down at his hand. "You think so?"

Jeongguk nods. "I'm surprised you don't already have one."

That has the corners of Taehyung's mouth twitching down further. "I want to earn it. I know my grandfather would happily help me start it up. But I don't want to be associated with that kind of label, you know? I—I want to be able to draw my own designs, try out different companies to see which I'd like. I want to start from the bottom."

"You could definitely do that. You've got the drive to."

Taehyung's eyes lift to meet his own, finger pausing. "Don't you think it'd be better for me just to take the easy route?"

He considers that briefly, but he already knows the answer. "No, I think it'd be more satisfying for you to be able to see it through from beginning to end. Make your own mistakes, learn things yourself. More rewarding that way."

There's a deep inhale and Taehyung sets his bottle on the coffee table, scooting closer to Jeongguk. His fingers thread through his hair. "You're a very wise young man, Jeon Jeongguk. I'm very enamoured by you."

Jeongguk's heart jumps in his chest, bruising the inside of his ribs, chipping away at the bone. He bites the side of his tongue to calm himself. "I'm just being honest," he tries to say, but his voice is weak.

Taehyung smiles. "I know." He suddenly scoots closer, resting his head on Jeongguk's shoulder and wraps his arm around his waist. "I'm glad we met."

He feels like his brain spills out his ears, turning into more of a mess with every little look, word and
touch. "Me too, hyung."

Nothing else is said after that and it takes Jeongguk a good ten minutes to pick up on the steady in and out of Taehyung's heavy breathing, casting a look down to see the man fast asleep, cheek pushed up from where it's pressed against Jeongguk's shoulder. He knows he should wake him up, but he can be secretly selfish for another couple of minutes. Because this is nice. It's different and it's nice. And for those few minutes that he'll let himself be selfish, he rests his head over Taehyung's, cheek brushing against soft hair.

He doesn't mean to fall asleep, but later on, when he wakes up, he realises that it's gotten incredibly late, and he's got practice bright and early tomorrow morning. Jeongguk kind of doesn't want to move, though, when he remembers the man asleep on his shoulder, snoring softly and looking so at peace that it would be a crime to disturb him.

But alas, he must.

"Hyung," Jeongguk rumbles softly, keeping his voice quiet as he reaches across himself after rubbing his bleary eyes so he can shake Taehyung gently awake.

"Mm," comes the low reply.

He can't help but smile.

"Taehyung, I should go. And you should get to bed."

His smile only seems to grow as he watches Taehyung bury his face into the fabric of Jeongguk's shirt, unable to care that he's leaving streaks of make up behind.

"I need to drive you home."

Jeongguk shakes his head. "It's okay. I'll walk."

Taehyung snorts. "I'm not going to let you walk home, Jeongguk."

"Then I'll catch the bus."

"No, just take one of the cars."

*What*? "What?"

Taehyung sits up then, his mascara a little smudged beneath his eyes. Jeongguk thinks he looks stunning. "Take one of the cars, then. But before you do, help hyung to bed."

Jeongguk quickly obliges, standing and taking Taehyung’s outstretched arms, gently getting him up to his feet. With tired directions, he manages to navigate his way through the house and to Taehyung’s room. It's just as big as he was expecting, probably bigger than Jeongguk's entire apartment. He gets a little distracted by the huge, blown up pictures of Taehyung on the wall. Pictures of him modelling tiny dresses and white power suits and even minimalist ones of him with a turtle neck pulled up high on his chin, face bare. They're all so beautiful, and he's only reminded of the real life thing when it presses its nose into the crook of his neck and huffs out a soft *Gukkie*.

He doesn't think it appropriate for him to help Taehyung out of his clothes, so he just pulls the covers up to his neck and carefully smooths the silky strands of hair from Taehyung’s face.

"Sleep well, hyung."
Taehyung grumbles quietly, pressing his face more into his pillow. Jeongguk thinks he's as good as asleep until his hand is suddenly grabbed and soft lips press to the back of his knuckles, a heavy pair of eyes on him.

"Thank you, sweetheart. The keys are on the wall in the garage. Drive safe."

Jeongguk's poor, poor heart.

He's quiet as he heads back downstairs, stopping briefly to admire more pictures of Taehyung hung up on the walls, along with pictures of his dogs. He finds said dogs curled up together in a luxurious looking bed in the kitchen, Cash curled up around Crystal. It's such a precious sight that Jeongguk can't resist snapping a quick picture. Dogs are a weakness to even the strongest of men.

A short debate takes place in his mind about whether or not he should just walk it home. But it really is a long way out, and his wallet is laughing at him, so the bus is out of the option. So once he navigates the garage in the back of the kitchen, Jeongguk decides that it wouldn't hurt to take one of the cars.

But holy shit, which one should he take. The garage was deceiving from the outside, because there's at least twelve cars inside, two lines of them, parallel to each other. It's like a car junkie's wet dream. He doesn't let himself try and pick one, just grabs a random set from the hook of keys hanging up.

"Fuck," he laughs as he presses the button on the keys, eyes going to the chrome Lamborghini when the lights flash back at him.

Fate has picked well.

"Ooh," he hums as the car purrs back once he starts the engine, buckling himself in and going through a glut amount of buttons until the garage door opens, no longer three doors, but just one large one instead.

Needless to say, Jeongguk takes the long way home.

"Holy fuck, who's car did you steal?"

Jeongguk didn't need to drive to practice. But he totally did.

As he climbs out of the car, his teammates all gather around the lambo, circling her like the vultures they are.

"I didn't steal it," he shoots back, giving Hoseok a sharp look. "A friend let me borrow it."

Jimin looks up. "As in Kim Taehyung? That friend?"

Jeongguk's silence speaks volumes.

"I fucking knew I recognised that guy at the game. That was Kim Taehyung? How the fuck do you know him?"

He sighs, pushing his sunglasses up into his hair. "Gave me his number."

Jeongguk may be enjoying this a little too much.

"You all gonna stand there with your dicks in your hands or are we gonna play some basketball?"
He calls over his shoulder as he heads to the court, pointing the keys over his shoulder to lock the doors and smirking at the chorus of *whoa's*.

Yeah, definitely enjoying it a little too much.

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Jeongguk knows he shouldn't be annoyed. He has no real right to be annoyed. But there he is, you guessed it: annoyed. Because on the screen of his gifted iPhone is a picture of Taehyung holding hands with another guy.

Now he's not possessive, that's definitely not it. He's just... jealous. There's definitely a line between jealous and possessive and Jeongguk has no intention of locking Taehyung up as his own. He just wants him to maybe pay him some more fucking attention? So yeah, jealous is definitely the right word. But even then, he has no real right to *be* jealous.

They've been doing this thing for a couple of months now - hanging out, going on "dates" and spending a lot of time together. Jeongguk doesn't know where they stand—or no, that's not true. He doesn't know where *Taehyung* stands. Because Jeongguk himself is very much infatuated with the guy, wants to be around him all the time, and when he's not around him, he's thinking about him. It's giving him a constant migraine, thinking about the fact that he's harbouring feelings for someone who probably has other guys falling at his feet, looking for attention.

So seeing Taehyung holding hands with someone else makes him feel... mad. He's not mad at Taehyung, he's never said what he and Jeongguk are doing is technically exclusive. No, he's mad at the guy who gets to lock fingers with the guy he's very much interested in. That should be Jeongguk’s hand that Taehyung is holding.

Taehyung had texted him last week to tell him that he'd be out of town for a couple of days and Jeongguk hadn't thought it'd affect him.

Boy was he wrong.

He's been close to *mopey* since the moment Taehyung left. He's missed going out with him, missed being *spoiled* by him. Missed just being around him. Missed him so fucking much that he spent all of practice yesterday pouting and skulking around the court. So he gives himself the right to be annoyed at the fact that Taehyung is very much back in Seoul and hadn't even bothered to tell Jeongguk.

And who was this punk he was holding hands with? Who the fuck was Kim Namjoon and what did he want with *his*—ehem. His friend.

Taehyung stocked up his kitchen again before he left, but instead of eating any of the healthy, nutritional food, Jeongguk orders take out. He orders burgers and fries and everything that'll probably make him break out again. It's stupid, but it's his way of spiting Taehyung. Fucking up his own skin and insides. Yeah, that'll show him.

He needs to eat his feelings and stay away from the internet, which he's been prowling for the last two hours, reading every article about Taehyung and stalking through his Instagram, cursing every time he sees a familiar glimpse of Namjoon and his stupid dimples.

Fucking dimpled shithead.

In the middle of his third burger, the buzzer goes and he grunts, ignoring it. It's not until the person presses it insistently does Jeongguk almost spit out his lettuce in a huffed rage of *what do they want.*
He jams his finger against the receiver. "What is it?" He snaps a little harshly, knowing in the back of his mind that no one's put him in this bad mood but himself.

And Kim Namjoon. Dimpled bitch.

"Package for Jeon Jeongguk?"

If this is another one of Hoseok's jokes, sending him assless chaps or phallic shaped lipsticks, then he's going to gut him like a fish. Jeongguk's not in the Mood.

He hovers by the door, wiping the ketchup from the corner of his mouth with the collar of his shirt, smearing red against the white. Fuck being presentable. Jeongguk's in his own home, he can be as messy as he likes.

When the knocks finally comes, Jeongguk's ready to tell the delivery boy to return the package back to the sender. So to say he's shocked to see Taehyung is an understatement.

"Surprise! I brought sushi." Taehyung pushes past him like he did the first time and steps into his apartment, though he pauses when he sees Jeongguk's mascaraed food already on the coffee table. "Jeongguk, why are you eating that crap again?"

Jeongguk is still facing the door, staring out into the hallway. It takes him a moment to remember how to function properly. "I didn't want to eat healthy," he says, and it's half the truth. The other half is petty.

"This isn't even unhealthy. It's a heart attack waiting to happen."

"Yeah, well. Too late now." Jeongguk knows he sounds short. And that's exactly what he's going for.

Taehyung stares at him. Jeongguk stares at the wall.

"Are you done eating? I think you've had enough by the looks of it."

Jeongguk huffs, walking back around his coffee table and dropping his ass back on the couch and taking another big bite of his burger until his cheeks bulge with food. "Not done," he says, voice muffled.

Taehyung continues to stare at him, tongue digging into the side of his cheek, eyes narrowed. He looks good. Dressed in dark clothes that scream high fashion, but still manages to look casual. It makes it a little harder for Jeongguk to remember why he's mad.

"Put the burger down."

Jeongguk takes another bite.

"Young man. Put the burger down. Now." Taehyung's voice is low and monotone, but there's something about it, something strong, something demanding that makes Jeongguk put the burger the fuck down. "Come here."

He's up on his feet instantly, stepping over the coffee table to cut half a second off the time. Half a second is too long to keep an angry Taehyung waiting.

Taehyung doesn't say anything and Jeongguk does his best not to fidget under his intense stare, the food going down a little roughly as he swallows. "Care to tell me why you're being such a brat?"
Jeongguk's anger flares up again, because he's not being a brat. He's *not*. "Why didn't you tell me you were back in town?" He demands before he can think better of it.

It does something because Taehyung looks momentarily bewildered, eyebrows raised high beneath his bangs. "I only got back this afternoon. I came over to surprise you."

"Well, I'm not surprised. I saw you online."

"You saw me online?"

Jeongguk resists the urge to stamp his feet. "I saw you online with that guy!"

Taehyung scoffs. "What guy?"

"Kim Namjoon."

Silence.

"You mean my brother?"

More silence.

Oh.

Jeongguk purses his lips, embarrassment hitting him like a truckload of bricks. "Kim Namjoon is... your brother?" He asks, voice meek.

"Wow, you didn't do very much research, then."

"No, I *did*. It didn't say anywhere that he was your brother!"

Taehyung raises an eyebrow. "You didn't look very hard, then."

Apparently not. Maybe in Jeongguk's blind rage of trying to target the word *boyfriend*, he may have overlooked the word *brother*.

The space between them closes as Taehyung steps closer. "Jeongguk," he tsks. "Were you jealous?"

"No," he bites quietly.

Taehyung hums, tilting Jeongguk's head up. "Sounds like you were jealous."

Yes, he was jealous. But he doesn't want to admit that. He doesn't want Taehyung to think that he's crushing on him—he one hundred and ten percent is—and can't even bear to see him out with other guys.

Fingers slip from his chin to the back of his neck, grey nails scratching through his undercut—courtesy of Taehyung's hairdresser. Taehyung presses his forehead against his own, chest to chest now, tips of their noses pressing together.

"Were you jealous, baby boy?"

Jeongguk's suddenly hot all over, heat thrumming from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. "Yes," he whispers.

"Yeah?" Taehyung pouts.
He nods.

"Did you miss me?"

Another nod.

"Aw, it's okay," Taehyung coos. "Daddy's here now."

Every ounce of Jeongguk's blood rushes south.

"I'll forgive you for that little outburst this time. But I might not be so understanding about it next time. Are we clear?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

His throat feels like sand paper. "Yes, daddy."

Taehyung's eyes twinkle, but only for a second before he's grinning and stepping back. "Good boy. Now throw that shit excuse of dinner away and eat some sushi with me."

Jeongguk's never obeyed so quickly in his entire life.

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He's got a hand curled in the top of his hair, chest rising and falling quickly to match his shaky, uneven breaths. His other hand is curled just on the right side of tight around his dick, but on the wrong side of dry. With a grunt, Jeongguk's hand falls to his thigh, eyes opening to stare up at his ceiling. He's been trying to get off for the good part of twenty minutes now, only to throw himself off every time he so much as thinks about Taehyung. He's been thinking of his usual material, of girls with shaking thighs and swollen lips. But then his mind jumps to 'yeah but what if Taehyung's thighs were shaking, and Taehyung's lips were swollen.' And every time it happens, he stops his hand from quickening, leaving himself growing increasingly more irritated.

The idea of jerking off to Taehyung makes him feel bad, makes him feel dirty, jerking off over his new friend—though friend feels like a stodgy word to call him. It just doesn't fit into the puzzle in his mind.

Jeongguk considered firing up his laptop, but every time he so much as goes near it, he remembers Taehyung bought it for him. Same goes with his phone and his old reliable pictures he's got stocked away. Taehyung bought him it.

Everything seems to come back to Taehyung.

Taehyung Taehyung Taehyung.

Daddy.

Daddy's here now.

"Christ," he stutters when his hand curls tight around his cock, taking him off guard.

No. He can't. He absolutely can't.

He's tempted to just roll over and try and will his hard dick away. But he's been aching since
Taehyung's sweater rode up earlier at dinner, revealing a slip of tan skin and a belly bar. He was sweating for the rest of the night.

Tears threaten to burn at the back of his eyes from frustration—he's always been quick to cry whenever his emotions spike too quickly, too suddenly—and with a determined breath, his fist curls back around his dick, working himself back up, thinking of the dullest things his brain can summon without flagging his boner.

But thoughts come right back to Taehyung when his phone pings from beside him. He grabs it with a shaky breath through his teeth, opens up his messages and—proceeds to die a slow and painful death.

"Shit," he breathes, eyes running all over the picture, taking in every-fucking-corner. His hand wraps back around his dick, and this time he doesn't stop himself, stroking himself as he stares at the meat of Taehyung's thigh. It's thick and beautiful and would look even better with a set of Jeongguk shaped teeth marks branding the skin.

Taehyung's a heathen, sent straight from hell to lure Jeongguk down with him, and he's more than willing if it means that Taehyung will be down there. Sign him the fuck up, Satan.

He swallows thickly as he takes in all that gold skin with all that gold silk, showing just enough to force him to use his imagination. He pictures Taehyung laying in his bed, thinking of him as he takes the picture, just knowing—god, does he fucking know?—what he's doing to Jeongguk and his pea sized brain.

It's eventually too much and he drops the phone to the bed, his hand too shaky to hold it up any longer and instead bites at his knuckles as he lets himself have it. Lets himself think of Taehyung with slick, sticky lips, lipstick smeared down his chin to accompany Jeongguk's come. Imagines him with shaking thighs around Jeongguk's head as he eats him out like it's his fucking job, easily knows how Taehyung's long nails would feel scrapping through his hair.

God, he wonders what he sounds like when he's about to come, when he's just on the verge of losing it, only for Jeongguk to pull off.

*God,* he wonders what kind of punishment he'd get for that.

His hand speeds up, thinking about how Taehyung might sit on his thighs and grind that beautiful ass
back against his dick, work him up. Maybe Taehyung would still have his underwear on—shit, does he wear panties?—still wet from where Jeongguk just pushed them to the side to get to his ass. Jeongguk would make such a mess of Taehyung's panties, smearing precome all over them, getting them sticky and damp. Maybe he wouldn't let Jeongguk have his ass, because he hasn't earned it, because he's been a bad boy. Make him get off just like that, rutting desperately against Taehyung's ass, his beautiful, perfect—

"Oh fuck," he hisses, curse muted in the back of his hand as he comes, biting his knuckle hard enough to bruise. Jeongguk's back lifts off the bed as he works himself through it, mind a surfeit of TaehyungTaehyungTaehyung, right up until the moment the heat in his stomach fades and instead licks at his skin instead.

He's shaking as he tries to catch his breath, still coming down from the aftershocks of his orgasm, nipping at him like barely there electric sparks.

Jeongguk's not sure he's ever come so hard in his entire fucking life.

Chapter End Notes

Oh, Jeony boy. And so the descent begins.

Come say 'die' on twitter!
"Well, well. Look at you, dressed up all fancy."

Jeongguk's fingers still on the empty dish he was in the middle of stacking, staring down at the mustard stained napkin. He glances over his shoulder and almost drops every dish in his hand at the sight of Taehyung standing there like he's ready for a photo shoot, leather jacket pooled around the joints of his elbows.

"Hyung," he yelps, steadying the plates in his arms before they spill onto the floor. "What are you doing here?"

Taehyung drags his sunglasses down his nose, exposing a row of gems beneath each of his eyes. "You told me you worked here. I wanted to come see it for myself. See if this place deserves to have my boy working here."

This is no time for Jeongguk to swoon and keel over. He's working.

Jeongguk spares a glance to the rest of the restaurant, people looking their way, some taking pictures of Taehyung. His boss looks like he may faint, clutching his chest as he stands in the corner.

"Besides. You said you couldn't hang out with me tonight. And I missed you," Taehyung adds and Jeongguk wonders how he can say things like that so easily.

A steak knife slips off the plate and before Jeongguk can think about how to manoeuvre to pick it up, Taehyung's already bending down to pick it up for him. "Thanks," he chokes out.

"You have anywhere you can squeeze me in?"

Jeongguk sets the plates on the trolley with the rest of them, eyes sweeping the tables. "You really want to eat here?"

Taehyung takes his sunglasses off and slips them on the inside of his jacket. "Why? You got a rat problem or something?"

"No, no!" He's quick to assure, checking that his boss hadn't heard that. "It's just that, uh. You know. It's not really your usual style?"

"I'm not a prig, Guk. Show me to a table."

Jeongguk quickly grabs one of the menus from behind the pedestal before gesturing Taehyung to follow him. He's not entirely sure where to put him, if he should put him in one of their smallest tables or on the family sized table, just to give him space. He eventually settles for a booth. A booth seems safe.

Once Taehyung's seated, he shrugs out of his leather jacket to reveal so much skin that Jeongguk's knees wobble. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"Look at you, my little boy being all professional. Getting me all hot, Jeon," Taehyung teases, shooting him a wink as he opens his menu.
Jeongguk only internally screams for about twenty seconds rather than the usual thirty. He's definitely getting better.

Taehyung hums, looking over the wine list. "I'll take the '98 Merlot. Been a while since I've had anything that young." And then he proceeds to look Jeongguk over, head tilting to the side.

Jeongguk stills, pen on the paper digging in so hard that it tears a hole through at least three pages. He laughs too loudly and quickly rushes off to go and get the wine. This will be a test of strength for him. To see if he can keep his professional work place composure, even in the face of Kim Taehyung. It'll be a stress test of sorts. He can't imagine anything tougher, though. Because when he's not working, he's out back texting Taehyung, or thinking about Taehyung. So how is he supposed to focus when the man himself is sitting at one of the tables?

His bow tie feels a little tight around his neck, tugging it away a few inches, only to drop his hand quickly as his boss, Mr. Jung dashes over to him.

"Are my eyes deceiving me, or is that really Kim Taehyung at table fifteen?"

Jeongguk lets out a shaky laugh, grabbing the cork screw and sticking the prong into the softness at the top of the bottle. "No, that's definitely him."

"Do you know him?" Mr. Jung demands.

"Yeah, we're friends." Once again, friends definitely doesn't feel like the right word.

Mr. Jung looks over his shoulder at the small window on one of the double doors separating the kitchen from the dining area. "Here. Let me." He takes the bottle from Jeongguk just as he gets the cork out, picking one of the wine glasses and inspecting it closely, looking for stains. "I'll handle this one."

Jeongguk frowns, but he can't really say anything, just watches as Jung heads out through the dining area and straight over to Taehyung. He bites at the tip of his tongue, stepping out of the kitchen to continue busying himself and trying his hardest not to look over to where Taehyung's sitting. But it's hard when he swears he can feel eyes on him, burning into his back as he checks in with other guests, refills water and brings more baskets of breadsticks.

He's just about to go and check in on table ten's chicken alfredo when Jung suddenly comes back, looking a little flustered as he passes him, pressing the bottle of wine back into his hand.

"He insists on you serving him," he sniffs, tilting his chin up a little higher and smoothing the invisible creases out of his vest. "I'm too busy anyway." And then he steps back into the kitchen, presumably to go attend to that work he's so busy with.

Jeongguk's eyebrows raise as he looks over to Taehyung, who's already staring his way, chin propped up on his fist. He gives a little wave of his fingers when their eyes meet.

He clears his throat and heads over on shaky legs. "Have you decided on what you'd like to order?" Taehyung smiles up at him, nude painted lips pulling back to reveal teeth. "Are you on the menu?"

God fucking yes he is. "Taehyung," he tries not to whine. He fails.

"Okay, okay. I'll stop," Taehyung laughs, finally freeing Jeongguk from his relentless stare. "What would you suggest?"
He inhales deeply. Treat this like any other shift. He's just a customer. A fucking beautiful customer that has Jeongguk's entire heart. "The chicken piccata is excellent. Comes with a side of chorizo gnocchi and a salad."

Taehyung hums, folding the menu and passing it back to Jeongguk. "I'll have that, then."

Jeongguk bows his head before filling Taehyung's half empty glass and setting the bottle down.

"When're you off?"

Jeongguk makes sure not to spill a drop. "Ten."

"Sleepover at mine?"

Jeongguk spills a drop. "Sleepover?"

Taehyung nods, wiping the side of the wine glass with his finger and sucking it clean, much to Jeongguk's disintegrating sanity. "You don't have class tomorrow and practice isn't until afternoon. You're free to spend all your time with me, Gukkie."

He's got a point. "Okay. But you don't have to wait for me, I can't imagine it'll be much fun sitting here while I work."

"Oh, I'll be fine. I've got a nice view."

Fucking shit fuck fuck fuckity fuck.

"Okay, cool."

As if it wasn't obvious, Jeongguk has a hard time trying to work when he knows he's got the attention of Taehyung on him, feels his gaze as he talks to other customers and takes orders. But every time he looks up, Taehyung's either on his phone or sampling food that he decides to order on a whim. He notices that he's not the only one wound up tight, the chefs scrapping whatever food they had left to start again, prepping whole new meals, just for Taehyung and waiting eagerly for the verdict. Jeongguk supposes he'd be nervous too, a wealthy man with a lot of power, tasting their food. He has the ability to tear this place apart with one negative comment. The guests also seem to be focused on Taehyung, some people calling Jeongguk over, just to ask what Kim Taehyung is having and then switching their meals to that.

At one point, Jeongguk overhears some lady say something disrespectful, along the lines of if only he didn't dress like one of those queers, he'd be such a handsome young man.

She may accidentally get marinara sauce spilled all over her lovely white dress.

"Uh oh. What happened there?" Taehyung asks when Jeongguk brings him over some porchetta, staring across at the woman who's trying to wipe as much sauce out of her dress as possible.

"Fingers slipped," he shrugs, grinding some pepper onto the pork joint.

Taehyung eyes him briefly before he takes a sip of his water, having switched out from wine.

"Thank you, sweet cheeks."

Jeongguk bows his head and returns back to the kitchen, giving a halfhearted apology to the woman as he passes.

He has a small break at seven, to which he goes and spends it with Taehyung, bringing out a bowl of
carbonara for himself and a espresso for Taehyung.

"I don't know how I feel seeing you like this," Taehyung says, taking a bite of his biscotti. "You're all hidden away. You're too neat looking. I can't see any of your tattoos." He suddenly frowns. "I don't like it."

Jeongguk's not a fan either, really. He has to take out all his piercings, has to tame his hair and has to put foundation over his hands and neck every few hours to keep his tattoos hidden.

Taehyung pouts, reaching over and thumbing at Jeongguk's ear. "They're so empty. Do you have anything in right now?"

"Just retainers."

"I don't like it," he repeats.

Jeongguk thinks it's cute, Taehyung sulking. "It's okay. They're a commitment, so you have to adapt. I don't mind too much. Though the make up is a bitch to keep putting on."

Taehyung runs a finger down his neck, nail lightly dragging through one of the intricate patterns inked beneath the caked layer of foundation. He'd marvelled when he took Jeongguk to get his haircut, had the undercut shaved in and all but gasped when he saw the tattoo hidden by his hair, the one that only reveals itself when he gets a major cut.

"Is this the right job for you, Jeongguk? You're having to cover up who you are."

His eyes briefly shut when Taehyung's fingers find his ear again, playing with the soft skin usually occupied with jewellery. "Can't afford to be picky. Plus it's just for a few hours, it's not a long lasting thing."

Taehyung hums. "Still. I'd much prefer you worked somewhere that let you express yourself."

"It's really okay, hyung. I wouldn't work here if I had a serious problem with it," Jeongguk assures, but Taehyung doesn't look entirely convinced.

"Here. Have some water. I haven't seen you drink anything," Taehyung orders gently, refilling his glass and sliding it over to Jeongguk, who complies because he is pretty thirsty after neglecting to stop and have a drink every now and then.

"Thank you."

"Thank you, what?"

Jeongguk's ears burn, fork scrapping along the bottom of his plate. "I can't say that here."

It's become more of a regular thing now, for Jeongguk just to call Taehyung daddy without being prompted to do so. He'll say it when Taehyung hands him a bottle of water or picks an eyelash off his cheek. It still sends burning hot embers pooling in his stomach, because he's calling another man daddy for christ's sake. He doesn't even call his own father daddy.

"Why not? No one can hear you but me. Shoulders back," Taehyung adds.

Jeongguk sits up straight, fork idly swirling around his pasta as he looks over his shoulder then back to Taehyung. Even his nose feels hot. "Thank you, daddy."

Taehyung smiles, taking another sip of his espresso.
He eventually goes back to his phone when Jeongguk has to go back to work, and the sight of Taehyung just sat in some two star, unauthentic Italian restaurant, waiting for Jeongguk to finish work is something he thinks he'll treasure forever. Taehyung doesn't have to wait, he doesn't have to invite Jeongguk back to his for the night, doesn't even have to talk to him. But there he is. Willing to wait for almost six hours, just for Jeongguk to finish his shift because he wants to spend time with him. He still can't wrap his head around it.

Finally—after a mild scolding from his boss for the marinara incident—Jeongguk's shift comes to an end, and he's ready to get out of the damn penguin suit and make up. But what he's most ready for is spending time with Taehyung. Jeongguk gave him his phone when his own died and he's been sat there for the last hour and a half discovering the addiction that is Piano Tiles.

("Beat your score, Jeonggukkie!")

And now thankfully they can both go home—or more so back to Taehyung's home.

"Do we need to stop at mine first? I don't have any clothes on me," Jeongguk realises once they're in the car, unfastening the clasp of his waistcoat.

"It's fine, you can borrow something of mine."

His heart jumps at that.

Jeongguk's been around Taehyung's place a few times by now and it's almost unreal how used to the place he is, how he can navigate himself around the house with only minor mistakes of stepping into the wrong room. He never thought he could get used to a place that big, but here he is, leaning out of the open window to punch in the code for the gates without a second thought.

They're greeted by Crystal and Cash as they step in, and they seem to recognise him now. Cash had been a little wary of him at first, clearly doesn't take kindly to strangers. But since he's seen Jeongguk around more and more, he's actually started to come up to him and insist on being pet. Somewhere in the back of his mind he imagines Crystal barking at his brother to stop being so shy, to go properly introduce himself to Taehyung's new friend.

There's that word again.

"Let's get you out of those clothes."

Taehyung takes his hand, threading their fingers together as he leads him upstairs, and the whole scene has Jeongguk sweating. He doesn't need to think too hard to imagine a different scenario in which Taehyung says those words and takes him up to his bedroom. But it's a dangerous thought, one that he can't afford to have when he's in the same proximity of all his recent thirteen-year-old like wet dreams.

He's led straight through to Taehyung's room, but they don't stop, just continuing through until they reach the en-suite bathroom, one that Jeongguk's never actually stepped foot in. The sink is lined with skin care products, all expensive looking and Jeongguk has no idea what half of the stuff is. His skin care routine doesn't stray far from some body wash being rubbed briskly over his face when he's in the shower.

Taehyung shows him how to start the shower, tells himself to help himself to anything he wants, and that there's spare toothbrushes in one of the many drawers beneath the sink. Jeongguk's expects him to leave then, but of course, he really should stop trying to predict what Taehyung's next move is, because he's always way off the mark.
"Here, let me help you," Taehyung says, reaching up to untug Jeongguk's tie, which brings immediately relief, feeling as if he can finally take a proper breath of air. "That better, baby?"

Jeongguk laughs softly, Taehyung's fingers now working on his shirt once he's shrugged out of his waistcoat. "Much. Always feel like I'm slowly suffocating whenever I wear a tie."

"I hear that."

His smile drops slowly when he realises that Taehyung's unbuttoning his shirt all the way, eyes following the slowly revealing skin, watching tattoos start to appear beneath the cotton shirt. With all the times they've hung out, this is the first time Jeongguk's had this much skin showing, close to naked aside from his slacks once Taehyung pushes his shirt over his shoulders.

"Wow," Taehyung breathes, warm hands running along Jeongguk's sides, palms smoothing over detailed lines and patches of shading, taking it all in. "Your body's like a beautiful canvas."

Jeongguk's cheeks pink once more. It's a high compliment, having his tattoos appreciated in such an intimate way, rather than a random person saying whoa, dude, your tattoos are sick and holy shit, you've got a lot of ink. They're appreciated all the same, but being told that his body's a beautiful canvas trumps them easily. Especially coming from Taehyung.

Everything is in last place when it comes to rivalling Taehyung.

He happily stands there, staring at Taehyung while Taehyung stares at his body, lifting his arms and turning when directed to do so, letting the man see everything. Tattoos are intimate, they're on his skin, but he has no problem sharing them with Taehyung.

Taehyung eventually strokes at the sides of his neck, whispers a soft this just won't do and guides Jeongguk to climb up on the counter. He grabs one of his many bottles, a soft looking cotton pad and proceeds to start wiping the make up off Jeongguk's neck and hands, making sure to get every last bit, turning colour corrected skin back to hues of blue and green. He's still through the whole thing, eyes trained on Taehyung as he focuses on wiping the poor make up job away, lips parted in concentrated.

Jeongguk can't resist but to reach out and gently peel the diamonds away from Taehyung's eyes.

And Taehyung lets him. He stills, smiles and tilts his head up for Jeongguk to remove the gems away until they're all gone. Taehyung goes above and beyond and hands Jeongguk a clean pad and make up remover, pressing them into his palms before clipping his bangs back.

"Go ahead," he sighs, fingers wrapping around Jeongguk's thighs. "Take it off."

Jeongguk blinks, certain he can taste his heartbeat. He's never seen Taehyung without make up on before, even if it's just a dusting. But here he is, letting Jeongguk take it off for him, willing to bear a naked face. It makes something twitch in his chest.

He's gentle as he wipes it off, to the point where Taehyung laughs and gently encourages him to give a little more pressure, or he's not going to get anything off. It's amazing, watching all that hard work disappear, Taehyung's skin soon breaking through the foundation and concealer and eye shadow and exposing skin that's a little oily, patches of pink skin and even a blemish on one of his cheeks.

He's so beautiful.

"Not so pretty without the make up, huh?" Taehyung smirks, hands rubbing up and down Jeongguk's thighs as his lipstick is wiped off.
"I think you're pretty no matter what." It's maybe the most honest thing Jeongguk's ever said. He would never say Taehyung looks better with or without make up. Because it's all about what Taehyung wants to wear, what he feels the most beautiful with. But he should know that Jeongguk thinks he's fucking gorgeous regardless.

Taehyung just stares at him, eyes looking less intimidating without a sharp eyeliner, but no less striking. Jeongguk loves the natural brown of his eyes, thinks they look like deep, inviting pools of warmth that he would willingly drown in.

He sets down the last make up covered cotton pad, certain he's gotten the most off he can manage, startling slightly when his face is suddenly held between Taehyung's hands, nails curled around the back of his ears, forced to face him head on.

"I adore you, Jeongguk," Taehyung tells him with a airy laugh, voice quiet and deep, like he needs Jeongguk to know that he means it. "You're special to me."

I'm falling for you, Taehyung.

"You're special to me too, hyung," he tacks on to his own unsaid thoughts, nothing above a whisper, leaning into one of Taehyung's hands. God, he wants nothing more than for Taehyung to kiss him. Kiss him right here, sat on the counter, take everything from him, because Jeongguk's starting to think that he could do that. Give everything he has to Taehyung, wants him to own the keys to his entire being, his entity, his soul.

Jeongguk's had relationships and decade long friendships, but none of them touch close to what he has with Taehyung. He doesn't know what they are, where their friendship stops and starts, but he likes it a lot. He's willing to harbour his increasingly growing crush for Taehyung if it means he gets to just be around him. It's not worth losing for anything. Their entire relationship is strange, a strange dynamic that Jeongguk never thought he'd have with someone. Didn't even know a type of dynamic existed, because it stretches so much further than Taehyung just buying him things and Jeongguk accepting. They text each other constantly, FaceTime late at night and eat together more often than not. It's confusing, but he finds he loves every single second of it.

Taehyung pulls him in and presses a kiss to his lips, gentle and firm all rolled into one. It's not heated, but not chaste. Jeongguk surprises himself by not reacting like a man starved, his heart beating right out of his throat, passing out. It's actually nice. It's like communicating everything without words. It makes him burn, of course, but he knows the kiss isn't an invitation. And he thinks he's okay with that.

He smiles as Taehyung tells him to take as long as he wants and to call him when he's done, pressing another kiss to Jeongguk's forehead before he leaves him to it and Jeongguk watches him go until the door clicks softly shut behind him. He rubs his tingling lips together, tasting chemically from the make up remover, but if he concentrates hard enough, he can imagine the way Taehyung tastes through it. Crisp and sharp, but soft with sweetness. Like a freshly baked apple pie, just on the right side of tart.

Showering proves to be a little confusing, with how many body washes and shampoos and skin milks? there are—picking anything out at random and hoping for the best. It's one hell of a good shower, though, the pressure of the water having his shoulders relaxing, unravelling the knots in his back. Everything smells good too, Jeongguk smells good. He doesn't smell like basic men's shower gel. He smells clean and kind of like spring.

"I'm done!" He calls as he shakes his hair free of water, rubbing the back of his neck dry. The towel quickly moves to his waist with a panicked yelp when the door suddenly opens, Jeongguk quick to
try and cover himself up. "I-I—" He starts, but his words die in his throat as the other man walks in.

Taehyung eyes him over as he heads to the sink, no longer wearing the shirt and bra, no longer wearing pants, leaving him in just a pair of white, lacy panties—he fucking does wear panties, holy shit—that hug his hips so nicely.

It's a staring match. The pair of them looking each other over, taking in lots of bare skin. The air feels thick from the heat of the shower and the heat of this moment.

Jeongguk swallows the dryness in his throat, eyes running over Taehyung's body. It's all tanned, smooth looking skin, softly toned and almost glowing. His throat runs drier when he sees the familiar belly bar, the pink gemstones reflecting the light. But his throat fucking shrills up and dies when he sees—

"You've got your—your nipple pierced?"

Taehyung lifts his gaze from where they were definitely on Jeongguk's thighs, exposed by the towel just barely covering his crotch. He looks down at himself, reaching up to finger over the bar in his nipple, two little wings on either side.

Jeongguk may go into cardiac arrest.

"This? Had it since I was about sixteen. Cute, right?" Taehyung asks, thumbing over one of the wings.

"Really cute." And boy, does his voice break.

Taehyung lifts his eyes to look up at him through his natural lashes, fake ones no longer on. He stares at him as he continues to play with the jewellery in his chest, eyes once again appreciating Jeongguk's body. It's a tense moment of silence, the pair of them just looking at each other and Jeongguk willing away the hard on he's about to get. It's only broken when Taehyung drops his hand and beckons him over.

"Need to take care of your skin."

He gets a full lesson on skin care, shown how to exfoliate, cleanse, tone and moisturise. He learns he has combination skin and big pores around his nose. Jeongguk pays attention as if he were taking a class in Beauty 101, knowing he'll soon be gifted a bunch of new washes, creams and products for his face that Taehyung will insist that he use.

By the end of it, they're both standing there in a couple of navy green face masks and brushing their teeth. Taehyung's still standing there in just his panties and Jeongguk's stood beside him with his towel now wrapped secure around his waist. They look funny, standing next to each other, and they must know it, because they giggle as they catch each others eyes in the mirror, taking turns in who spits and rinses in the sink.

They go and get dressed in some comfortable clothes, Taehyung lending him some silky looking pink pajama bottoms, which are like pure heaven. Taehyung wears a matching pink set of silk pajamas, shorts and a camisole.

"Look at us. We look so cute."

They do. Standing side by side, they look cute. They're fucking matching.

Once they're dressed, they head downstairs, laying down across one of the couches and Taehyung
encourages Jeongguk to lay his head down on his lap. He complies easily, laying on his back with his head propped up on Taehyung's soft thighs, fingers soon threading through his hair. Jeongguk doesn't even mind when Taehyung takes a picture of him, too relaxed and sleepy to care that he probably looks terrible with this cracking mask on his face.

They put on a movie, but neither of them pay much attention to it, quietly talking over it the whole time, Jeongguk dozing in and out of peaceful sleep. Eventually, though, Taehyung makes him get up so they can wash their faces, and holy shit does his skin feel just as soft as his pajamas.

When Taehyung yawns and announces that they should get some sleep, he doesn't expect for the man to pat the space beside him. He knows that there's at least four other bedrooms with perfectly good beds, but Taehyung wants him to sleep with him. Sleep next to him.

"Are you sure, Tae? I don't want to make sleeping uncomfortable for you," Jeongguk murmurs, standing at the end of the bed, fiddling with the drawstring on his pants.

"Don't be silly. Come sleep with hyung. I insist."

And who's Jeongguk to say no to that?

Climbing into Taehyung's bed is like climbing into heaven, the mattress soft and malleable beneath him, the covers thick and pillows thicker. He almost falls asleep as soon as soon as he lays down, but jolted back to consciousness when Taehyung shuffles up beside him, urging him to lay on his side so that he can press himself against Jeongguk's back.

Taehyung is spooning him. Jeongguk is currently being spooned by Kim Taehyung.

"G'night, petal. Sleep well."

Jeongguk swallows, belly tensing beneath the hand sliding against it. "Goodnight, daddy."

As tense as he is, Jeongguk expects to get zero amount of sleep, not with Taehyung curled up behind him, face pressed into the back of his neck. So he surprises himself with dropping off quickly and comfortably, fingers curled around the softness of the back of Taehyung's knee, holding him secure against him through the night.

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Jeongguk is gutted.

As the buzzer goes, he stares up at the scoreboard, fingers tangled in his sweaty hair as realisation sets in.

They lost.

It wasn't anyone's fault, these things happen, the team has crushed them before. But it doesn't take the sting away. He's disappointed and immediately running through the plays he made, faulting himself for not being quick enough, now reacting fast enough, not being more alert. It doesn't effect them going to nationals, but another win under their belt would have been good.

The locker room feels tense as they all shower and get dressed, the coach slinking around, clearly wanting to encourage, but the team can tell he's just as bummed as the rest of them are.

No one likes losing.
Hoseok claps him on the back as they walk out of the gymnasium, splitting off with weak encouraging goodbyes to each other. "Text me later, yeah?" He calls and Jeongguk nods, giving a little wave of his fingers.

He looks up and spots Taehyung leaning back against his car, hands shoved into his pockets and eyes soft, even from across the car park. Jeongguk slinks over to him slowly, frown on his face, because he doesn't feel the need to hide how he really feels in front of Taehyung. He walks straight up to him and into him, gym bag slipping from his shoulder as he presses his face into Taehyung's neck, warm arms immediately wrapping around his shoulders and lips pressing into his hair.

"I suck," he mumbles into soft, perfume scented skin.

"You do not," Taehyung argues gently, rubbing up and down between Jeongguk's shoulder blades, other hand stroking through the back of his hair. "You may have lost, but you played well, babe. Give yourself more credit."

Jeongguk pouts, knowing Taehyung's right, but after a loss, he's feeling a little bitter. "I suck."

Taehyung gives his hair a gentle tug, tutting against Jeongguk's temple. "Stop that. You do not. You can't win every game."

They don't say anything for a little while, leaning up against Taehyung's car while Jeongguk has his self pitying moment, letting himself be babied and enjoying every last second of it.

"Can we get ice cream?" He eventually asks, cheek creased against Taehyung's denim jacket, feeling the vibrations through his jaw when the other man coos.

"Of course, sweetheart. Let's get you some ice cream and go back to mine and watch Coach Carter. How's that sound?"


He feels better when Taehyung lets him drive.

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"Put this on."

Jeongguk looks up from where he's bent over his textbook, eyeing the suit draped on the end of the bed. He raises an eyebrow, reaching out to touch the black shirt. "What's this?"

"It's a suit. I need you to put it on," Taehyung explains as he heads towards his walk in closet, which Jeongguk marvels at the fact it's bigger than his entire apartment. "We're going out."

"We are?" He blinks down at the suit, pushing himself up to sit straight. "Where are we going?"

Taehyung rummages through one of his many racks, shifting through a line of dresses. "Charity event. I completely forgot about it."

Jeongguk stares back down at the suit, a suede material, all chic and expensive looking. "Tae, I've never been to one of those before. I won't know how to act."

"You just need to look pretty," Taehyung calls back, sounding further away. "We don't need to be there for long. Just enough to make an appearance, pledge a donation and have some pictures taken. There's a muted thud, the sound of something rolling on the floor and a, "Where's that
fucking Chanel purse?"

"I don't know," Jeongguk murmurs, feeling his face give a little nervous tick at the thought, rubbing the side of his neck. Someone like him doesn't belong in a place like that, packed with elites and thousand dollar suits. "I'll be awkward."

Taehyung steps out of his wardrobe with a look of distress on his face, a dress in one hand and a suit in the other. "Please, Jeongguk. The last thing I wanna do right now is go, but it might actually be somewhat bearable if you come with me." He pauses to lick his lips, taking a tentative step closer. "I'll give you your new Yeezy's if you come with me. I won't make you wait until after you've finished your paper."

Jeongguk purses his lips at that, eyes once again dropping to the suit. "Promise?"

Taehyung groans, chucking his clothes on the bed before disappearing into his closet again. Another brief rustling before he steps out with a shoe box in hand, the unmistakable brand staring back at him. "Do we have a deal?"

Honestly, it wouldn't have taken much persuading to get Jeongguk to agree to go—shoes or not. He thinks Taehyung might know that too, knows that he'd relent pretty easily. But it's a game they've started to toy with, a little bargaining and something to sweeten the pot. "Let me see the goods."

Taehyung rolls his eyes but hands him the box, and Jeongguk's careful as he pops the lid open. He audibly sighs at the sight of the Yeezy Boosts staring back up at him in all their perfect glory. He knows they're not even available in South Korea yet, so Taehyung must have gotten them imported from another country. They're a piece of art.

"Do we have a deal, angel," Taehyung repeats, and Jeongguk can hear that he's losing his patience, hands resting on his hips.

Jeongguk lifts his head, snapping the lid closed. "Pleasure doing business with you, daddy," he nods, sending a grin up to Taehyung who just narrows his eyes at him.

"You're lucky I like you," Taehyung mutters, sounding mildly threatening as he steps over to Jeongguk's chin up, leaning down to press a kiss against his lips.

Lucky doesn't even come close.

As Taehyung heads back into his endless closet, Jeongguk tries to slow down the beating of his heart. They've started doing this little things with kisses, never escalating past a peck, but Jeongguk is starting to look forward to the moment he gets to feel Taehyung's lips against his own. Honestly strives hard to be good, just so he can get a kiss. He'll get them when he's well behaved, when he's done good in a paper or a basketball game. He'll get them when he helps wipe the lipstick from Taehyung's teeth, when he helps him take his shoes off after a long day, when he brings him a cup of coffee.

Jeongguk feels his heart pound every single time, always wanting to chase Taehyung's lips with his own, wants to get a proper taste of him. They're soft and sweet and they make Jeongguk feel good about himself, even with such a simple gesture.

It's dangerous.

"I look weird."

They're dressed and ready to go, Taehyung just finishing up the final touches on Jeongguk's hair,
enhancing his natural messiness. He's wearing this suit with a paisley print, and he's certain he can't pull it off. Meanwhile, Taehyung's standing there, looking absolutely beautiful—what's new—wearing this outfit that shows off the majority of his chest and stomach and Jeongguk's mouth long ago went dry.

"I wouldn't put you in something that made you look weird, Jeongguk," Taehyung tsks, hands dropping from his hair to straighten his collar. "You look beautiful."

Maybe it'd be easier for his blood supply if he just had a permanent blush.

"You look beautiful," he's quick to correct. "But when don't you."

Taehyung's fingers still on his tie, meeting his gaze and just stares at him for a few long seconds. "And you say you're not smooth, Mr. Jeon."

Definitely not smooth. Definitely honest.

Taehyung's chauffeur—a fucking chauffeur, dude—is waiting for them outside, and Jeongguk's never had anyone drive him that weren't related by blood or being paid by the minute. It's another one of those new experiences that he feels like he won't be able to get used to. But who is he to say that anymore, really.

"So what's this charity event about?"

Taehyung checks himself over in the reflection of his phone, making sure his lipstick hasn't smudged. "Helping the homeless? I think."

Jeongguk nods, staring down at his heavily inked hands, a contrast to the white of his shirt. It's weird being in a dress shirt and not having his ink covered by drugstore foundation. "And the best way to help is by throwing a party?"

Taehyung snorts, pocketing his phone in his handbag. "In their eyes, yeah. They probably waste half the food that's leftover. Hypocrites."

This is the side of Taehyung's lifestyle that he's been cautious about. Meeting snobby rich people who like to think they're making a difference in the world, but are really just trying to boost themselves. They don't know the struggles of modern day life, let alone what it could possibly be like to be homeless. Jeongguk can already tell that they don't come for the cause, they come for the publicity.

"I already don't like them," he says honestly.

"That makes two of us, sweetheart."

Jeongguk knows that Taehyung has plenty of friends, a natural socialite in his community. But he also knows that the majority of his friends are more down to earth people, actors who have been known to put their own sweat and blood into going across countries to help rundown schools. Friends with singers who spend a lot of their time advocating about mental health and open mindness. Jeongguk's still learning about Taehyung, but he knows that the man wouldn't really associate himself with people who are rude and selfish.

Taehyung didn't explain just how big of a deal this charity event was, because as they pull up to the event, there's hundreds of people scattered around the entrance, a full on red-mother-fucking-carpet laid out and crowds of paparazzi and news reporters held behind velvet ropes.
"Holy shit."

"It's okay, we won't stop and talk. Just pose for a few pictures and then go in, okay? You look like you need a drink."

Jeongguk needs ten drinks.

It's the first red carpet he's ever walked on that isn't a faded, overly fluffy one in his great-aunt's house, and it's immediately intimidating. Taehyung steps out beside him with assistance from Jeongguk, and loops his hand through Jeongguk's arm, holding onto his bicep as they head up the daunting looking path.

"Oh my god. That's Choi Siwon."

Taehyung presses his side up against Jeongguk's arm as he poses for pictures, lights flashing so bright that Jeongguk sees stars. "He's a good friend of mine. You like him?"

Jeongguk tries not to look too much like a deer caught in literal headlights as he too poses. "Dude's majorly talented."

"I can introduce you, if you want."

Jeongguk may see the upside to this charity event.

They stand there for another couple of minutes, Taehyung ignoring the news reporters, giving little greetings to other celebrities on the carpet.

("Oh my god, that's Suzy. And Kim Woobin? They're friends in real life?!")

("Taehyung, that's the Eddy Kim.")

("If G-Dragon's here, I will pass out."

"Okay, don't pass out, but I just heard that G-Dragon is here.")

His retinas are burning by the time they actually make it inside, away from all the flashing and chants of their names—they knew Jeongguk's, it was crazy. He's ready for a drink and a place to sit down, overwhelmed by all the faces that he's only seen through screens and heard through his earphones. Taehyung must sense it, because he quickly grabs two flutes of champagne from one of the passing waiters and presses one into Jeongguk's sweaty hand, and he all but downs it in one go.

"What do we do now?"

Taehyung sips his own champagne a little more elegantly while Jeongguk's already grabbing a second from another waiter. "Now we mingle."

"Mingle. Right. Okay. I can mingle."

For the most part, Taehyung does all of the mingling while Jeongguk stands there and drinks, smiling and nodding and trying not to freak out over the fact that he's standing a few feet away from some of the most famous people in South Korea.

But he almost fails that task when Taehyung introduces him to the next person.

"Good to meet you, Jeongguk. I'm Baekhyun."
Jeongguk just laughs before he mumbles something about food and writing a novel before he slinks off quickly to the assortment of food.

He's in the middle of stuffing his face full of pajeon when Taehyung sidles up beside him, amused look on his face.

Jeongguk just whines and eats another pancake. "Listen, I was unprepared and he said my name—"

Taehyung just laughs and wipes at his mouth. "It's okay, baby. He thought you were funny."

Funny. What a good first impression.

Taehyung luckily doesn't make him mingle anymore for a while, just lets him stress eat while he stands there and look pretty, cleaning Jeongguk up whenever he gets messy.

"About time you showed up. I'm dying out here. I just had a conversation with Jung Woo about how she'd given a homeless woman money only after making sure she wasn't going to use it for drugs."

Jeongguk looks up to see the dimpled bitch—Kim Namjoon—tug at his tie, sighing as he spares a look over his shoulder before his sights settle on Jeongguk.

"Who's the kid?"

"This is Jeongguk. I've told you about him. Gukkie, this is my brother, Kim Namjoon," Taehyung introduces, giving Jeongguk a look too knowing.

Namjoon raises his eyebrows, looking Jeongguk over. "Ah, the basketball playing tattoo junkie. Yeah, I've heard a lot about you. Nice to meet you," Namjoon says, offering out his hand, and Jeongguk's quick to wipe his own on a handful of napkins before taking it.

"You too."

When someone starts calling Namjoon's name, the guy looks over his shoulder before quickly ducking back and giving Taehyung a desperate look. "Please. I will literally kiss your feet if you make her stop talking to me."

Taehyung is pressing another drink into Jeongguk's hand, which he takes gratefully, getting the grated onion out of his teeth. "Fine. Keep Jeongguk company, don't leave him alone, or I'll shove my heel down your throat."

Namjoon doesn't even bat an eyelash, just nods and Taehyung stands up straighter with a sigh, fixes his hair, checks his blouse before rounding on the woman approaching them, quickly steering her away with quick conversation. It's amazing to watch just how fast the woman's attention shifts away onto the other Kim brother, happily letting Taehyung guide her away.

"He's good at that," Jeongguk comments as Taehyung disappears further into the crowd, only realising then that he's just left alone with one of the older brother's.

Namjoon snorts. "Scarily so." He turns to Jeongguk then, grabbing himself a piece of chicken. "How you dealing with all this? Don't look the most comfortable," he laughs.

"That obvious?"

"Just a little bit. But it's okay. No one really knows how to act at these things. Me included. You're not alone," Namjoon assures with a nudge and Jeongguk remembers how he immediately disliked
him when he didn't know he was actually a brother and not a love interest. Namjoon seems nice, doesn't make Jeongguk feel anxious or overly self conscious like everyone else here does.

"Give me that," comes another voice, some flushed looking guy—Kim Seokjin, the other brother—says as he snatches the glass out of Namjoon's hand and all but downs it in one go.

Jeongguk nods. "Same."

Namjoon laughs and Seokjin snorts around a mouthful of champagne. "This Jeongguk?" He asks as he wipes the back of his mouth with his hand. When Namjoon nods, Seokjin and Jeongguk shake hands.

Jeongguk's meeting the whole fucking family tonight, it seems.

"Where's Tae?"

Namjoon doesn't answer, just pretends to be suddenly interested in the coating of his chicken. So Jeongguk gestures over to Taehyung with his glass, where he's still talking to the same woman as before, both wrapped up in some conversation involving the woman's dress, going off the hand gestures.

Seokjin turns on Namjoon, eyebrows raised. "Did you make him talk to her again? Namjoon, stop making us distract her. You need to tell her you're not interested."

"You don't think I have? She's persistent. Like a fly."

Jeongguk ends up standing there talking to the other two Kim's, and he's strangely relaxed. He didn't expect to be, honestly, having come to terms with the fact that he'd be out of his depth for the whole night. But Seokjin and Namjoon are cool, laid back and very much like Taehyung.

Speaking of, despite being across the room, Jeongguk's eyes never stray far from him, watching him socialise and chat with groups of people as if it were as easy as breathing. Maybe it is in his case, probably having grown up on events like this. But what captures Jeongguk's attention the most is just how beautiful he looks. He exudes confidence, demands attention without asking for it, standing tall in his heels and his self assurance.

It's a huge turn on.

When an announcer steps on stage, Namjoon and Seokjin guide him over to a table, leaving a space open for Taehyung to join, which he soon does, much to Jeongguk's relief. His brother are great, but nothing calms him down more than Taehyung being there, petting his hair in greeting and asking if he's okay. Jeongguk feels relaxed in a way that has nothing to do with the copious amounts of champagne in his system.

Jeongguk pays attention to what's being said by the announcer on stage, but doesn't appreciate how he's delivering his speech. He's talking about children being born into street life and turning to lives of self destruction, so he really shouldn't be wearing a shit eating smile. The speech is good, but the delivery is poor.

"How do I contribute?" Jeongguk whispers halfway through, leaning into Taehyung's space.

"What? You don't need to pay anything, sweetheart."

"I want to. I want to help." Taehyung doesn't say anything, so Jeongguk takes his eyes off the stage to look at him instead and meets his gaze. "What?"
"Baby, you struggle with money yourself," he says softly, reaching up to tuck a piece of hair behind Jeongguk's ear.

Jeongguk gives a little shrug. "I don't struggle nearly as much as others. I want to be able to help."

Taehyung smiles, eyes unbelievably soft. "You have to write a cheque. So if you give me the money, I'll write the check for the both of us."

Jeongguk nods and pulls out his wallet, counting through the money he's got and hands over the majority of it to Taehyung, leaving himself enough for the sink he's got to pay the landlord for fixing.

Before Taehyung takes the money, he plants a kiss on Jeongguk's lips, a little firmer than he's used to, leaving behind a smear of pink on his mouth. Jeongguk can only sit there and blink, eyes a fraction wider as Taehyung takes the money and pulls out his chequebook to write a bill out, even going so far as to signing Jeongguk's name on it too.

He's still thinking about that kiss for the rest of the event, rubbing his lips together and remembering how soft Taehyung's lips felt against his own. No matter how many kisses he gets, they never fail to shake him a little. Platonic or not, they don't just hit Jeongguk's lips, but also his heart, stained with various colours of lipstick by now.

"You still with me? Did you make it through the night?" Taehyung laughs once they're back in the car and heading back for home.

"You didn't tell me your brothers would be there. I would have—I would have—"

"You would have what?"

Jeongguk swallows, not really sure where he was going with that, not really should what he would have done if he had been more prepared. What would he have needed to prepare for? "I just wanted to make a good first impression. I could have come across better."

Taehyung settles one of those heavy looks on him, one that never fails to make Jeongguk feel like he's been turned inside out, all his secrets laid bare. "You did fine. They like you."

He honestly shouldn't care too much what Taehyung's family think of him. Why does it matter? He's not friends with them, he's friends with Taehyung. It doesn't matter. It shouldn't matter. He's not Taehyung's boyfriend. He doesn't need to be on good terms with his brothers. So, yeah. It doesn't matter.

But it definitely does.

Chapter End Notes

Why is it so great to imagine a sulking, tattoo heavy Jeongguk? Pouting until Taehyung gives him attention. I think it's my new bread and butter in life.

Come say 'Jeongguk's shy' on twitter!
Jeongguk’s still eyeing the new ink on the inside of his bicep as Taehyung pays at the counter, the geometric bear staring back at him—his favourite animal.

"You happy with it, pretty boy?"

Jeongguk looks up as Taehyung takes the receipt, his tattoo artist sending him a curious look, a silent pretty boy? But Jeongguk doesn't care, he's learning not to be so shy about being affectionate with Taehyung in public, lapping up all the attention he gets.

"I love it so much. Thank you, hyung."

Taehyung shoots him a wink and signs the bill before they're heading out, calling out a goodbye to the usual gang that Jeongguk knows well enough to get drinks with every now and then. It's been a while since his last tattoo, and he's been a little short on money, so when Jeongguk finished school today, Taehyung had surprised him with taking him to the tattoo parlour, having booked in an appointment for him last week after Jeongguk had whined about feeling empty, as if the majority of his body wasn't already covered.

"Maybe I'll get a tattoo one day. Sitting in there and watching you have that done made me more curious," Taehyung says, hand slipping into Jeongguk's back pocket as they head down the street to go and grab some food.

Jeongguk's eyebrows raise excitedly, knowing Taehyung would look impossibly more badass with some ink. "You still want something small on your hip or thigh?"

Taehyung hums. "Maybe my wrist, or the back of the ear. That looks cute, and I—"

"Damn, baby, what's your name?" Some obnoxious guy suddenly interrupts as he passes, and has the fucking audacity to smack Taehyung's ass, jolting the man into a wince.

Jeongguk sees red.

"Yo, what the fuck is your fucking problem?" He turns and snaps, but Taehyung's pulling him back with a hand on his arm, pushing him behind him.

Taehyung tilts his head, staring at the guy who's glaring right back at Jeongguk, but his face morphs into an ugly, wolfish smile when his eyes shift back to Taehyung.

"Did you like slapping my ass?" Taehyung asks, heels clicking against the floor as he slowly steps closer to the guy. "Was it good for you, big guy?"

The guy's gross smile stretches even further, eyes dragging over Taehyung's body, and Jeongguk almost charges for him.

"I loved it. An ass like that needs to be appreciated."

Jeongguk bites down on the tip of his tongue to keep himself from doing anything, eyes heavy on Taehyung, waiting for a queue from him so that he can kick this guy's ass back to the swamp he
But apparently he doesn't need to.

In the blink of an eye, Taehyung's lifting the guy off the ground and slamming him into the floor, twisting him over his shoulder and pressing his back into the concrete. Jeongguk's eyes widen, frozen stock still, mouth falling open as Taehyung lifts his foot and presses the sharp point of his heel against the guy's forehead, pressing down hard enough to have the guy yelling.

"See, that was really good for me. And what will be even better is when I cut off your fucking hands and shove them up your ass." He presses his heel down harder and the guy sobs. "You ever try that again and I'll make sure that happens. Got it, honey?"

When the guy nods, Taehyung smiles and walks over him, stepping on his chest as he joins Jeongguk again, sighing as he fixes his hair and slips his hand back down into Jeongguk's pocket.

"Where was I? Oh yeah, the back of the ear looks so cute. Ooh! Maybe on my ribs, I love the way rib tattoos look."

Jeongguk can barely pay attention as they continue walking, shock evident on his face as he stares at Taehyung, who just keeps on talking about tattoos as if he didn't just pull some crazy fucking judo shit.

Taehyung is so fucking cool.

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"Daddy."

Taehyung looks up at the sound of Jeongguk's whining, sat on the couch with a magazine. He settles a look on Jeongguk, one that says so much, a look that tells Jeongguk that he's not behaving. "Have you finished?"

Jeongguk's shoulders sag, yanking his beanie down to cover his eyes as he he leans back against the wall. They were meant to go out twenty minutes ago, but when Taehyung saw that Jeongguk hadn't finished his lab report, he'd forced Jeongguk to sit his ass back down and keep working on it.

"You know I haven't," he says, voice muffled into his beanie.

Taehyung hums shortly, the sound of a page turning. "Then you know that we're not going to the hockey game."

Jeongguk groans in frustration, yanking his beanie off to throw it on the floor. "Tae, you don't realise how lucky we are to have front row tickets."

"Sure I do."

Jeongguk just stares at the other man, lips pursed and leg bouncing where it's crossed over the other. It's unfair. He's been excited about the game all week, having booked the night off work just so he could go. And now Taehyung's taking it away from him, all because he hasn't finished a report that's not due for another couple of days. It's bullshit.

So he says as much.

As soon as he does, Taehyung's foot stops bouncing, eyes flicking up to look at Jeongguk through
his bangs. "What?"

"I said this is bullshit! I'm a grown ass man, I can decide when I do my work. And I'm deciding not to it right now." To prove his point, Jeongguk shoves his laptop onto the floor and closes all of his textbooks.

"Get back to work, Jeongguk. I won't ask you again."

"No."

"Sorry?"

Jeongguk crosses his arms over his chest, leaning more comfortably against the wall, eyes ahead of him.

The sudden silence is unnerving, no sounds of pages turning, no ruffling of fabric, no breathing. Jeongguk risks a quick glance at Taehyung, only to be met with a wild, yet unreadable look.

He looks back at the wall.

There's a soft sigh and the sound of paper hitting the coffee table, and from the corner of his eye, Jeongguk can see Taehyung standing up, and his whole body tenses. His arms go rigid over his chest, swallowing back the sudden urge to apologise, to grab his text books and delve right back in. But he holds his ground. He needs to. He can do what he wants whenever he wants.

And what he wants is to go to that fucking hockey game.

"Up," Taehyung instructs, standing in front of him and blocking the view of Jeongguk's cracked wall with his long legs.

Jeongguk flicks his gaze up, meeting hard eyes and they're enough to send a shiver down his spine.

Hold your fucking ground.

"Jeongguk. Get your ass up now."

Who likes holding their ground anyway?

He's up on his feet a moment later, though he's still got a defiant look to his face, pulling himself to his full height to meet Taehyung's eyes. Without his heels, Taehyung is just as tall as him, and Jeongguk uses that to his advantage.

"I'm not doing it," he says, squaring his shoulders, holding Taehyung's gaze—no matter how threatened he feels.

Taehyung doesn't even blink as he steps closer, just a small step that has Jeongguk stepping back. Then another one until his back hits the wall, swallowing thickly when Taehyung cages him in, the pair of them chest to chest.

"You're being a bad boy right now. And I don't appreciate the tone you're taking with me, sweetheart." Taehyung's voice is low, nothing above a whisper, but it still somehow reverberates around his skull, like a megaphone in his ear.

A hand lifts to his chin, held between soft, strong fingers, jaw pinched tight. Despite his statement about them being the same height, Jeongguk suddenly feels small, feels a foot shorter, like staring up into the eyes of his impending doom.
He regrets everything.

His Adam's apple bobs. "Daddy," he tries, almost pleading, though he's not sure what for. For forgiveness, maybe.

"Turn around," Taehyung says, a whispered breath that settles heavy into Jeongguk's stomach.

As he turns, Taehyung doesn't give him any space, keeping his chest pressed completely up against him as Jeongguk manages to slowly pivot on the spot, front pressed up against the wall.

Taehyung's breath is hot on the back of his neck, pulling a shiver to the surface of his skin, rushing down his body in a wave. "Bad boy's need to be punished, Jeongguk. And you've been very bad."

Oh god, is Jeongguk getting hard?

"H-How?"

Taehyung presses his nose to the back of Jeongguk's ear, long nails dragging down his ribs. The silence is killing him, like pulling hairs out one by one, a slow torturous pain. And then Taehyung says it. "I'm gonna have to spank you."

Yep, he's definitely getting hard.

Jeongguk's breath shakes as it leaves his lips, turning his head to try and look back over his shoulder. "You're gonna spank me?"

Taehyung hums, fingers travelling lower, curling around his hip and over the dip in the small of his back until one finger threads through a belt loop. "Don't you think you deserve it? After being so naughty?"

Fuck no. Fuck that, how does he deserved to be spanked? He's just— "Yes."

Well, yeah. He definitely does.

Jeongguk presses his suddenly warm forehead against the cool wall, his blood rushing behind his ears. He sucks in a slow breath as Taehyung's hand slides down over his ass, giving it a tight squeeze, tips of his nails digging down into the back of his thigh.

"Pull your jeans down, baby."

Oh sweet fucking jesus.

Jeongguk's fingers find the front of his pants, tugging the button free before he pauses on the zipper. He squeezes his eyes shut. "What about my boxers?"

"I want you to take them off too."

Fuck.

With trembling fingers, Jeongguk tugs down his zipper and hooks his finger into the waistband of both his jeans and boxers, pressing his nose painfully against the flat surface of the wall as he slowly pushes the bunched fabric down to his thighs, pooling down around the joints of his knees. "This okay?"

There's silence for a long minute, then comes a warm hand, sliding down the curve of his ass, followed by a chuckle. "You've got such a cute, pale little ass."
Jeongguk's ears burn so hot that his piercings suddenly chill him.

He's gently tugged back by the hips, face still pressed into the wall, breath beating back to him. Jeongguk’s sweating from head to toe, his hairline damp and shirt sticking uncomfortably to the back of his neck. The skin of his hips and ass burn whenever Taehyung’s fingers ghost over, like the line of a tattoo gun.

He's about to be spanked. Jeongguk's about to be spanked.

And god does he fucking want it.

When a hot mouth presses against the back of his neck, his back arches in, teeth gritting and eyes fluttering shut.

"I'm gonna give you five, okay? And when I'm done, you're going to keep doing your homework. Then, once you're finished, we'll go to the game. Do you understand what I'm telling you, Jeongguk?"

Taehyung's voice is so soft, somehow soothing and bone chilling at the same time. He knows Taehyung's looking for his consent, having no doubt in his mind that if Jeongguk said he didn't want it, that he was uncomfortable, he would stop in an instant. But he does want it.

He fucking wants it so bad.

So he nods.

"Use your words, petal. Do you understand?"

"Yes, daddy."

Taehyung lets out a soft breath against the back of his neck, lips grazing over the chain and making goosebumps rise thick on his skin. "Are you ready?"

Jeongguk gives a tiny nod, hands lifting to rest on the wall to give him some purchase. Taehyung's hand smooths over his ass once more, before it pulls back and connects to Jeongguk's skin with a sharp slap, nothing too harsh, not leaving much of a sting, but enough to have his breath knocked out of him. It's immediately soothed over with the same warm palm and a kiss to the back of his ear, and Jeongguk's completely hard at this point, fucking praying that Taehyung doesn't see.

"You okay?"

He swallows back something that could potentially be a whimper, knuckles pressing into the wall to keep himself from reaching down and touching himself. "Yes."

Taehyung presses another kiss to the skin just below his hairline before his hand pulls back for a second time and slaps Jeongguk's ass, this time a little firmer, the hint of a sting making his hips shift forward into nothing.

The last three slaps all come with a little more force each time, each one forcing a breath from Jeongguk's lungs and a whine on the last one. His dick is steadily leaking now, heavy between his thighs which are shaking from what, he doesn't know.

Taehyung smooths his hand along the warm skin of Jeongguk’s ass, skin tingling under the gentle pressure. "Now pull your jeans up."
Jeongguk obeys, ignoring the prickling behind his eyes. He's not on the verge of tears because of the pain—the pain was nothing—but from something else, from being made so sensitive, from the stimulation. He swallows back a hiss as his boxers drag over his sensitive cock, pressing wet against the fabric as he buttons himself up. Once they're back in place, he still doesn't make an attempt to move, panting quietly against the wall.

"Have you learnt your lesson, my baby boy?" Taehyung coos against the shell of his ear, hands rubbing up and down Jeongguk's sides. "Daddy doesn't want to have to punish you. But you need to learn."

Jeongguk nods so quickly that his teeth feel like they rattle in his skull. "I know, daddy. I'm sorry."

"You're forgiven, it's alright. Now get back to work, okay? Can you do that for me? Prove to daddy that you're his good boy?"

His poor fucking dick.

"I'm a good boy," he croaks.

Taehyung smiles against his skin. "That's right. Daddy's good boy."

He swallows back a moan.

Jeongguk suddenly feels a little cold when Taehyung pulls away from him with one last kiss, heading back over to his previous position on the couch and picking up his magazine and going right back to reading. Jeongguk's a little slower to move, gathering himself enough to finally turn around and carefully lower himself to the floor, feeling the sting of his ass as he sits.

He finishes his work in thirty minutes, and they're out the door in thirty-five.

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Jeongguk can feel his fingers start to slip around his glass from the condensation, hot palm warming up the ice floating around his rum and coke. He feels hot from head to toe that has little too with the stuffy air circulating the club, and more to do with the man swaying his hips in time to a remixed Justin Bieber song.

It's not unusual for Jeongguk to come with Taehyung to parties, always the willing arm candy to the man that's now paying his way through university.

("Hope you don't mind. I took care of your student finances," Taehyung says from where's he's cutting up some papaya.

Jeongguk's head snaps up quickly, shoulders straining from the force. "What?!"

Taehyung just hums. "Yep. Now go wash up for dinner. The tunas almost ready.")

It's not about that, though. Jeongguk doesn't agree because Taehyung buys him jewellery directly imported from Milan or shirts that are straight off the runway in Paris, no. He's not that shallow. He agrees because he enjoys being around Taehyung, enjoys his company, his confidence, his outlook of life.

Jeongguk stares down at the packed club floor beneath him, barely paying attention to the guy by his side, talking about some type of business expansion for his company. He doesn't mean to be rude, but he's more focused on Taehyung dancing, and everything else seems like white noise in
Taehyung looks utterly beautiful tonight—but when doesn't he?—wearing this sheer, fitting black dress that shows off all thigh and chest, complimented with a pair of knee-high boots that show off the long line of his legs. He's mouth watering, and Jeongguk isn't surprised that he manages to draw attention from every corner of the room.

Attention that Jeongguk isn't particularly fond of when it comes to random men.

He knocks back the rest of his drink and excuses himself to the guy he was "talking" to and heads down from the VIP area and into the heavy flow of people, pushing through with his shoulders and quick apologies, his eyes set on his goal. He doesn't know if it's because he's searching for it, but he hears Taehyung's voice before he sees him.

"I'm good, but thanks."

"Aw, you really gonna turn me down?"

Jeongguk sidles up just in time to see some random guy lean close towards Taehyung to mutter something in his ear, but he pulls back at the sight of Jeongguk's approach. Jeongguk doesn't say anything, just gently brushes his fingers over Taehyung's waist and gives a smile that's a fraction too tight as he stares at the other guy. It only relaxes when Taehyung easily presses back into him, fitting against his chest.

"Sorry!" Taehyung calls over the music, but he doesn't sound all that apologetic. He twists in Jeongguk's arms so they're chest to chest, and it's not until the guy gets the hint and slinks off does Jeongguk turn his gaze completely to the man swaying against him. "I was wondering when you were gonna come and dance with me."

Jeongguk smiles, hand sliding around to Taehyung's back, pulling him closer. "Didn't want to intrude."

Taehyung tsks, arm wrapping around the back of his shoulders. "No one beats you, Jeonggukkie."

His heart jumps in time with the heavy bass of the music, fingers curling a little tighter in the back of Taehyung's dress as their bodies start shifting to the new beat of the Zayn song. Their bodies rock in time, smiles still soft on their lips as Taehyung presses their foreheads together, breath fanning hot over his face. Jeongguk can smell the sweet peach drink he was sipping on earlier, warm and soft along with the fading smell of his perfume.

This is the most laidback "date" Jeongguk's been on with Taehyung, just out with a few of the man's friends, no charity event or gala. It's a nice change, something new and different. He's started to appreciate the opulent suits Taehyung dresses him up in, but he thinks he prefers being able to wear just jeans and a shirt—a fifty thousand won shirt—and just kick back and let loose.

His exams have started to rear their head, so it means that Jeongguk's been spending a lot of time cramming, and Taehyung's been nothing but patient and supportive. He happily sits with Jeongguk while he works, painting Jeongguk's toes or doing some of his own work. There's no pressure to go out and he's lost count of how many times Taehyung has turned down lavish invitations for events to just spend time with Jeongguk.

"You having fun?" Taehyung asks, moving his lips to Jeongguk's ear to be heard over the music before pulling back and meeting his gaze.

Jeongguk nods, thumbs stroking over chiffon material. "It's nice to go out again. Didn't realise how much I missed it."
The grin that pulls at Taehyung's purple stained lips never fails to make Jeongguk lightheaded, feeling impossibly soft in the middle every time he catches sight of that boxed smile. It's beautiful.

Taehyung is so beautiful.

"You deserve it. Been working so hard," Taehyung says, lips pouted as his fingers stroke through the back of Jeongguk's hair.

Jeongguk wants to tell Taehyung that he couldn't have done it without him, always a gentle presence by his side, encouraging him with back rubs and gentle petting. Then laying down the law when Jeongguk gets a little defiant.

Taehyung once again twists in his arms a few songs later, pressing his ass right against Jeongguk's crotch as he leans the rest of his body forward, moving to the music. Jeongguk's hands curl a little tighter around Taehyung's hips, eyes down on where their bodies are pressed together, own hips rolling forward to meet the slow grind of Taehyung's.

If Taehyung notices him getting hard, he doesn't acknowledge it. But he does press back harder, keeping his back arched in as he stands up and wraps his hand around the back of Jeongguk's neck, head dropping back against his shoulder. Jeongguk's not shy as he presses his lips to the side of Taehyung's exposed neck, not necessarily kissing him, just keeping his mouth close, nose tucked against his throat, breathing him in.

"Come fuck me in the bathroom."

Jeongguk's head snaps up, hands tightening on Taehyung's hips, his heartbeat suddenly louder than the music.

"What? What did you say? What?"

Taehyung's face is schooled as he lifts his head from Jeongguk's shoulder, twisting slightly to see him better. "I said I'm gonna head to the bathroom."

Jeongguk stares, wondering if his mind is really reaching that point of delusion that he just turned an innocent statement into something entirely different.

"Oh, okay. I'll be here."

Taehyung bites his lip for a long second, and Jeongguk swears he sees the hint of a smile before the man turns and pushes through the crowd.

Jeongguk had to be imagining it.

Surely.

Right?

"You must be Jimin."

Jimin all but squawks as Taehyung offers his hand out to him, quickly taking it and giving it a fast shake. "Yes! Yes, that's me. Park Jimin."

Jeongguk rolls his eyes, feeling like he's a a child all over again and his distant relatives are meeting his cool, new friend for the first time.
Taehyung had driven him to the park because they crashed back at his last night and, of course, as soon as a Rolls Royce pulled up outside the outdoor court, his friends had rolled out, already throwing jabs his way about how he really had gone and got himself a sugar daddy. Needless to say, they shut right the fuck up when Taehyung had stepped out of the car first, having clearly thought that Jeongguk was the one driving behind the tinted windows.

Jeongguk's glad it's not the whole team meeting Taehyung, just Yoongi, Hoseok and Jimin. He loves the other guys, but they'd flock Taehyung like seagulls and he doesn't want for Taehyung to feel like he can't even walk out of the house without being swarmed. Three people is much better.

Despite how many games Taehyung's attended now, this is the first time he's really meeting his friends and it's a little nerve wrecking. His friends are cool, of course, but he doesn't really know where they are about wealthy people who define gender norms. The last thing he wants is for Taehyung to feel attacked, and he also doesn't want to have to lay out the guys that he's been buddies with since his first year of college. That wouldn't be good for anyone.

"You guys are really talented. You've got a great captain over here," Taehyung says, nodding to Yoongi who looks like—oh my god, Yoongi is blushing.

Yoongi shrugs, rubbing a hand roughly over the back of his head. "I'm not that great. It's easy when they people you're playing with are talented."

And wow, that may be the first time Jeongguk's heard Yoongi say a compliment that wasn't followed by a *but try harder*. Taehyung really is a snake charmer.

The man in name grins, and the five of them stand there for a little while, Taehyung doing the majority of the talking, stroking everyone's egos while the other three get all bashful and flustered. It's interesting to see from this point of view. Jeongguk's usually the one who snorts and scuffs his feet.

Ha ha.

Taehyung's attention needs to come back to him now.

"Hyung," Jeongguk says loudly over Hoseok who's still going on about how he's not the best point guard, certain he can't listen to anymore of this praising that isn't for him only. "Meet me for lunch?"

Taehyung's eyes slip over to him, eyebrows raising curiously, before they lower knowingly, like he's worked Jeongguk out. He probably has, Jeongguk has no shame.

"Can't today, sugar. Need to head to the office, sort out some things for the photoshoot tonight." He mocks a pout, but Jeongguk's pout is real. "But here, I'll give you my card and you can take your boys out for lunch, okay? On me."

"You don't need to do that, Mr. Kim, we—" They start trying to say over one another, but Taehyung's quick to turn a decided look on them.

"I insist."

That sure shuts them up.

"You boys have a good time, alright? Work hard." Taehyung says once he's handed Jeongguk one of his cards, and Jeongguk's trying not to sulk, he really is. Taehyung obviously notices it, tugging
Jeongguk back a few feet away from the others. "Don't pout, baby You'll always be my favourite. Don't get jealous."

Jeongguk grunts, palm fitting around Taehyung's waist as he presses closer. "Just don't like you swooning over other people like that."

Taehyung laughs quietly, reaching up to thumb over Jeongguk's chin. "I'm not swooning over anyone, Gukkie. Now stop that. Go have fun. I'll call you tonight." He leans in and presses a soft kiss to Jeongguk's lips, then one to his nose. "Go get 'em, stud."

Jeongguk grins at that, biting his bottom lip as Taehyung steps away and heads back to his car, unable to do anything but watch until he's pulling away and disappearing down the street.

Over the months since Jeongguk has met Taehyung, he's slowly started to open up more, not let himself have his guard up all the time and just lets himself feel how he wants to feel—to a certain degree. Taehyung's managed to pull him from a shell Jeongguk didn't know he was in. Society's shell. Made him aware that guys have to hide their feelings, be big and strong. Such bullshit.

Taehyung's taught him that he doesn't have to conceal himself for the sake of anyone else and should just be him. Warts and all.

It's definitely empowering, even if it's not a big deal. It's a huge step Jeongguk didn't know was available, and he's glad Taehyung nudged him into taking it.

Taehyung is one hundred percent the best thing that's ever happened to him.

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Jeongguk spares himself another look in the mirror and groans.

"Come on out already!" Taehyung calls from the bed, where he's been laying for the last twenty minutes while Jeongguk's been giving him his own personal fashion show, taking whatever clothes Taehyung tosses at him and trying them on.

"My balls are gonna fall out!" He yells back, uselessly tugging at the hem of the skirt he's wearing, pulled too tight around his thighs. He looks fucking ridiculous, wearing a pencil skirt, white blouse and black heels. Taehyung had called it office chic. Jeongguk just calls it uncomfortable.

"The art of tucking, sweetheart. Welcome to my world. Now get your cute ass out here! Show daddy what you're working with."

With one last glance in the mirror, Jeongguk sighs and steps out of the closet, almost taking down a rack of hats on his way. He looks up at Taehyung as he waddles out, focusing predominately on not falling over and busting his lip open, toes crushed in the tight point of the shoes. The look on his face must be a picture, because Taehyung takes one look at him and bursts out laughing.

"Hyung," Jeongguk whines, ankle briefly giving way and he wobbles before catching himself, careful not to drop the purse hanging around the crook of his elbow. It somehow sets Taehyung off more.

"Oh my god," Taehyung wheezes, almost spilling the bowl of popcorn that's next to him. "You look fucking great. This is the best thing I've ever seen."

Jeongguk's still pouting, but he can't help but snort at the sight of Taehyung in hysteric. Jeongguk's not mad, he knows he looks a picture, balancing on tiny heels and boxers peaking out from beneath his skirt. Seeing Taehyung laugh is one of his favourite things, so he has no problem in potentially
embarrassing himself for the sake of that laughter.

"Pose for me, c'mon," Taehyung encourages, pushing himself to sit up.

So Jeongguk does. He puts his hands on his waist, pouts his lips and pops his hip in the most ridiculous, absurd way and Taehyung falls back against the pillows with another loud laugh. His own laughter bubbles up then, just as loud and obnoxious as usual, and he decides to just go with it. Let loose and have fun.

"Catch me on London Fashion week, my dude," Jeongguk grunts out, purposely deepening his voice and tossing his purse to the side and kicking out of his heels, strutting up and down Taehyung’s bedroom, all the while Taehyung is gasping for breath on the bed, rolling around when Jeongguk hikes his skirt up and pretends to play basketball.

Jeongguk's aware of how hilarious he probably looks. Bulky, tattoo heavy guy, wearing a skirt hiked up to his thighs to show more boxers than actual skirt.

It all goes wrong when Jeongguk gets too cocky and does one of those rockstar kicks, only to be met with a loud rip as his feet hit the floor. His eyes go wide and hands go to the back of his skirt, a few seconds of deafening silence as his fingers find a split. But not only in his skirt. But his boxers too.

He makes the mistake of turning and Taehyung is all but howling with laughter as he catches a sight of Jeongguk's exposed ass, the bowl of popcorn tipping everywhere as Jeongguk quickly shuffles back into the closet.

Only to trip on his discarded heels in his haste and falls head first into a rack of jackets.

Taehyung has to run to the bathroom, crying that he's gonna pee himself from laughing so much.

Chapter End Notes

Not a really plot heavy chapter, but this is definitely needed. The progress of their relationship, the way they're growing together.

I also had to write Jeongguk getting spanked and Jeongguk trying on Taehyung's clothes.

Come say 'gender is a lie' on twitter!
Jeongguk stretches out across his bed with a yawn, one hand lazily scratching at his bare stomach as he waits for Taehyung to join him, the sound of him brushing his teeth wafting in from down the hall.

"Do you have any mouthwash?" Taehyung calls after the faucet goes, followed by the clink of a toothbrush.

"On the shelf above the toilet!"

A pause. "Bubble gum flavour? Really, Jeongguk?"

"You know I don't like mint!"

Taehyung snorts, but Jeongguk can tell that he uses the mouthwash, going off his gargling a few seconds later.

It's been a long day, the last home stretch before spring break and Jeongguk can hardly wait. School has been gruelling, the last few exams having had him slowly pulling out his hair. But as always, Taehyung's been there, making him take study breaks to make sure he's fed and nudges him towards the shower when Jeongguk puts it off for a couple days too long. He wonders how he managed to cope before he knew Taehyung.

Speaking of the devil, he soon surfaces from the bathroom, flicking off the lights on his way to Jeongguk's room. Taehyung's wearing one of his shirts and a pair of panties, looking so effortlessly beautiful and comfortable, face bare and hair a little messy. He manages to look flawless in the most bland clothes, and Jeongguk knows it's because the clothes are really just an accessory. They don't compare to Taehyung in his entirety.

Jeongguk pats the space beside him, his cramped bed just about managing to fit them both if they tangle up together, which he definitely has no complaints about. Taehyung slips in beneath the sheets and curls himself around Jeongguk like a feline, long leg sliding over his thighs and arm hooking around his waist, while Jeongguk's own arm slides beneath the pillows so he can wrap it around Taehyung's shoulders.

"You sure you don't want me to go sleep on the couch?" He offers, because even if they've done this before, Jeongguk doesn't want Taehyung to be uncomfortable.

"No, you're staying right here," Taehyung says through a yawn, pressing the side of his face against Jeongguk's chest, nose tucked against the dragon inked in place. "I sleep better with you beside me."

Jeongguk's heart throbs, staring down at the other man relaxed against him, wondering if Taehyung can feel the way his heart just lurched at his easy breezy (beautiful cover girl) comment.

"Do we have any plans tomorrow?" Taehyung asks, idly fingers running over the patterns on Jeongguk's rib, following each line without even needing to see what tattoo he's running over.

He smiles at that—do we have any plans. "You have lunch with your parents," he says slowly, waiting for it and—
"No," Taehyung groans.

Jeongguk can't help but laugh under his breath, squeezing Taehyung closer. He's not the closest with his parents, who spend most of their time in America, apparently trying to start their own company since Taehyung's grandfather removed them from the masthead.

"It'll be fine. We can meet up after and you can tell me all about how horrible it was."

Taehyung sighs, curling closer. "You got the next week free then?"

Jeongguk snorts, fingers trailing along the curve of Taehyung's shoulder. "Get some sleep, hyung. I'll make you breakfast in the morning."

Another shuffle closer and Taehyung presses a kiss against Jeongguk's collarbone. "Will you make me those pancakes again?"

He hums his agreement.

"The one with the blueberries?"

Another hum.

Taehyung's pout disperses. "Okay. Goodnight, petal."

"Night, daddy."

Jeongguk doesn't say it. But he sleeps better with Taehyung by his side, too.

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Fatigue weighs Jeongguk down as he climbs the stairs to his apartment, gym bag heavy on his aching shoulders. Their coach had been in a particularly shitty mood today and ended up taking it out on the team, running suicide sprints and drills for most of the practice. It didn't help that they have a couple of loud mouths on the team who always like to push their luck, but today, coach was just not one to be fucked with.

He's all but ready to climb into the shower, sweaty clothes and all, keys at the ready, but stops mid step when he sees someone curled up on the floor by his door. Jeongguk's heart drops at the sight of
Taehyung, sat there with his knees pulled up to his chest, wearing a hoodie that is definitely Jeongguk's, face hidden in his knees, but he knows it's him.

"Tae?" He calls hesitantly, stepping over and lowering his bag to floor as he drops into a crouch, concern knitting his eyebrows together.

Taehyung looks up at him, and just the sight of him has Jeongguk's heart dropping straight out of his ass. "Jeongguk..."

Jeongguk doesn't think, just acts, quickly wrapping an arm around Taehyung's shoulders and pulls him into his chest, other hand coming up to slip into the back of his hair. "What's wrong?" He asks, quiet but desperate, heart pounding uncomfortably all the way up in his throat as Taehyung buries a sob into his chest.

Taehyung doesn't answer him, just curls his fingers into the fabric of Jeongguk's shorts, shoulders shaking beneath his arm. He's never seen Taehyung cry before, honestly thought maybe the idea was impossible at this point—couldn't imagine someone as confident as Taehyung being forced to relent to sadness.

"Come on, lets get you inside," Jeongguk coaxes quietly, voice benign after a few moments of Taehyung not saying anything. He's careful as he gets the other guy up on his feet, keeping one arm secured around his waist, refusing to let him go for even a second as he gets the door unlocked.

It's a strange sight seeing Taehyung looking so much smaller, so fragile in clothes too big for him and face bare of make up. Jeongguk's seen him without the lavish clothes and cosmetics before, but there's a difference to it now. Before, Taehyung looked comfortable in his skin, in clothes that looked comfortable. But now he looks like he's hiding, trying to swallow himself up in loose material.

Jeongguk settles Taehyung on his couch before going to make some tea for him, hoping it'll help somehow. He's not a big tea drinker himself, but he remembers seeing boxes of jasmine infused tea leaves in Taehyung's kitchen and decided to just grab a carton when he next went out shopping. With how much Taehyung hangs out at his, it only seemed right.

"Do you wanna talk about it?" He asks once he's got the warm mug pressed between Taehyung's hands, able to see the smudged lines of mascara on the sides of his fingers that match the ones under his eyes, leftover product that smeared during the tears.

Taehyung sniffs softly, staring down into his tea as Jeongguk rubs at his back, willing to be patient and wait for as long as it takes. This is the first time he's ever seen Taehyung break apart, and it has to say something that he came to Jeongguk of all people. Waited outside his door for him to come home. He's not about to take advantage of that.

"Stupid, really. Just shit in the tabloids," he laughs bitterly, tears clinging to his eyelashes. Taehyung's silent for a long minute before he snorts, shaking his head. "You think I'd be fucking used to it by now. I don't give a fuck what they say, but sometimes they just——" he lets out a shaky breath, fingers curling tighter on his tea. "Sometimes they know just where to fucking kick me."

Jeongguk's heart clenches when Taehyung's lip wobbles again. "Like, I'm not made of fucking stone, you know? I have feelings like every other god damn person."

Jeongguk feels the back of his eyes burn as Taehyung sets his tea down and presses his fists against his eyes, sobbing softly into his hands and it sends a concentrated dose of anger through Jeongguk's veins. "C'mere," he whispers, pulling Taehyung back into his chest, arm wrapping tight around his shoulders.
He hasn't seen whatever's been said or written, but he's got a pretty good idea. He's seen shit like it before, people saying nasty things about Taehyung's gender, fashion sense, the way he cares little for others, is only after his grandfather's fortune—it's all bullshit. Usually Taehyung shrugs it off, laughs it off, brushes it off, but Jeongguk knows he's been drained for the last few weeks, helping setting up a fashion course through some public schools in Seoul, providing them with machines, fabric, advice, a piece of his passion. Jeongguk sees it's taken a lot out of him, having watched him constantly rub lemon juice and cucumber under his eyes to get rid of the dark circles making a home there. It's no surprise that he's been tipped over the edge.

"Am I really that bad of a person, Jeongguk?" Taehyung asks as he pulls back, snot and tears smudged over his face and Jeongguk still thinks he's the most beautiful person he's ever seen. "Do I really deserve to be hated as much as I am?"

Jeongguk is shaking his head before Taehyung can even finish, stomach aching with how much he disagrees. "You're not, you're not," he says almost desperately, reaching up to hold the man's face in his hands, thumbs swiping grey tinted tears away before they can fall. "You're incredible. You're so kind, so caring and you work so hard, hyung. They don't know you, they have no idea how amazing you are." He leans in and presses a firm kiss to Taehyung's lips, still frantically wiping away the wetness sticking to his cheeks. "You're so amazing," kiss "your heart is kind," kiss "you're so talented," kiss "you deserve happiness more than anyone," kiss kiss kiss.

He's desperate for Taehyung to know just how amazing he is, how much Jeongguk admires him and looks up to him. He's so desperate for him to know that in the next second, he can feel his own eyes well up with the tears he tried to push back.

Seeing Taehyung distressed makes Jeongguk distressed.

"You're perfect, you're perfect, you're perfect, daddy," Jeongguk cries softly, still wiping frantically and pressing kisses all over Taehyung's blotchy skin, stroking his hair, his neck, his cheek, anything to try and reassure him.

"Jeongguk..."

"—so perfect, so wonderful—"

"Jeongguk," Taehyung says a little louder, reaching up and curling his fingers around Jeongguk's wrist to stop them from fussing. He sniffs softly, eyes suddenly wide with panic. "Why are you crying, angel?"

Jeongguk lets out a little sob, ducking his head to quickly wipe his eyes on his shoulder and bicep. "I'm sorry, I'm not trying to be—I just. I really hate seeing you cry. I hate knowing that there's people out there saying horrible, nasty things about you when they don't even know you. They think they do because you're in the public eye, but they don't know you and it makes me so sad."

Taehyung's eyes seem to soften, but another wave of tears pool in his eyes without a sound and Jeongguk whines as he tries to pull his hands free so he can wipe them away.

"Hyung," he wails, quiet and desperate, but Taehyung just keeps a hold on his wrists, not letting him move, staring straight into his eyes.

Taehyung licks a tear off his lips and sniffs quietly. "You're upset because of what they said about me?"

"Of course I am, no one should ever make you feel that way. I'm so angry too."
"You're angry?"

Jeongguk nods. "I think whoever said anything bad about you is disgusting. And I hate them."

"Hate is a strong word."

"I know. I hate them. I'll hate anyone that makes you cry."

And it's true. There's something so fucking upsetting about seeing someone who's usually so confident in themselves crumble down. It's terrifying and it's horrible. Jeongguk never wants to see Taehyung upset because of other peoples closed minds and bigoted shit. It makes him feel sick.

Taehyung looks like he wants to say something, but his mouth just continues to open and close, so Jeongguk reaches for him and tugs him across onto his lap, arms wrapped almost protectively around him, like he can keep every negative thing away.

He'll try his fucking hardest to.

Taehyung still continues to just stare at him for a long moment, one hand resting on Jeongguk's cheek while Jeongguk fusses and frets, wrapping an old afghan blanket around the other man and urging him to drink some tea while he rubs circles into his back and presses kisses anywhere he can reach. Taehyung eventually drops his hand and rests it down on Jeongguk's chest, head lowering to lean on his shoulder and Jeongguk is quick to hold him tight, a sudden avarice to keep the man all to himself.

He'll protect Taehyung at all cost.

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Jeongguk grins when Taehyung nudges him the last of the cheese fries, having already finished his own basket. Every now and then, Taehyung will indulge him and eat shitty food, though they've come to an agreement that Taehyung can pick the place, and the place they found today does low fat cheese and baked fries. They're more like wedges, if anything, but they're still good. Potatoes and cheese will always be a win-win combination.

"Do you have any plans for spring break?" Taehyung asks, wiping his fingers on one of the trusty wet wipes he keeps in his purse.

Jeongguk shakes his head, wrapping a string of cheese around the fry in his hand. "Might go back to Busan," he shrugs. "But I haven't decided."

Taehyung hums. "What if I had an idea?"

He looks up. "What kind of plan?"

"A surprise plan." A pause. "Do you trust me?"

Is that a real question? "Yes."

Taehyung grins, taking a sip of his iced tea before reaching over and wiping Jeongguk's mouth. "Good."

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Jeongguk grins as they step out of the restaurant, Taehyung giggling into his shoulder as they step out into the cool air. He's long gotten used to the flashing lights of the cameras, no longer pays them
any mind as they're crowded by people looking for gossip, looking for information. All he cares about is the man latched onto his side, their lips both stained pink—Taehyung's with lipstick and Jeongguk's with red wine.

When he feels Taehyung give a subtle shudder beside him—his pretty, silk dress clearly not fighting off the chill—he's quick to slip out of his blazer and drape it around Taehyung's bare shoulders, happily accepting the kiss to his cheek.

"Thank you, Gukkie, baby."

"Anything for you," he says, nothing but honesty in his words.

"Drag festival is down the street, bro!"

Jeongguk's smile immediately drops off his face as he lifts his head, looking through the flashing bulbs to put a face with the voice. He soon finds it in a group of about three men, crowded together behind the paparazzi, too old to think so fucking stupidly.

"What was that?" Jeongguk calls back, heat raging suddenly inside him.

"Leave it, Jeongguk," Taehyung whispers from beside him, laugh weak and voice small. When Jeongguk looks back at him, he's still smiling, but he's now pulled Jeongguk's jacket a little closer around him. "They're not worth it. Just morons that belong in the eighteenth century."

It bothers him. Standing there and watching Taehyung, smile a little dimmer than it was just a moment ago and dress hidden behind the blazer. His mind zeros back on the time last week when he found Taehyung crying outside his door, how broken he looked in clothes too bland and big for him, eyes puffy with tears. Seeing him so devastated had set something off in Jeongguk, something fierce and protective, a sense of vigilance.

But Taehyung is smiling, eyes still warm, and Jeongguk's about to let it go.

But then—

"Never eating in that place if things like that are allowed in."

Yeah, Jeongguk's not gonna let it go.

He twists on his foot and stalks through the crowd of photographers who part for him, making a path right to the three pieces of shit laughing to themselves. Their laughter slowly stops when they see Jeongguk approaching.

"You wanna fucking die?"

The big mouthed guy blinks. "No, but you might if you don't—"

Jeongguk doesn't let him finish, grabbing him by the front of his shirt and yanking him close only to shove him back on the hood of one of the parked cars. "Was what that? Say that again? I couldn't fucking hear you. One more time," he spits, eyes livid and nostrils flaring.

"Jeongguk!"

He ignores Taehyung in favour of focusing all of his attention on the fucker beneath him, trying to squirm out from under his hands.

"Get the fuck off me, man! We were just joking, I—"
"You what? You just thought it would be funny to harass someone? Did we all have a good laugh?" He asks, eyes a little wild as he looks up at the other two, only a few steps away. "Ha ha! Isn't this funny? Do you know what else is funny?" He continues, gaze shifting back to the guy caged in by him. "When I knock out all your fucking teeth."

There's a sudden tugging at the back of his shirt, familiar fingers curling around his bicep. "Baby, come on. Leave them, let's go."

Jeongguk does let go. But he's not done yet. He turns and addresses the cameras. "Make sure you get their faces on film! Korea needs to know what the face of filth looks like!"

Taehyung continues to pull at his arm and Jeongguk only relents after another hard glare, letting himself be pulled away from the gathering crowd and further down the street to where Taehyung’s chauffeur is waiting for them. Despite his anger, Jeongguk still remembers his manners and holds the door open for Taehyung, helping him in with a hand on his back before climbing in after him and slamming the door a little too hard.

The car is quiet for a few long minutes before Taehyung finally reaches over and links their fingers together, both of his swallowing up one of Jeongguk's.

"You didn't need to do that," he says softly, and when Jeongguk looks up at him, he's surprised to see he doesn't look mad. He looks soft, looks younger, looks like a man who's just been verbally assaulted over the way he chooses to look.

"I wasn't going to let them talk about you like that, Taehyung."

"Baby, I've heard it all before, it's not—"

"I don't care!" Jeongguk cuts in, voice a fraction too loud before he tones it down. "I don't care if you've heard it all before. I'm not just going to let them stand there and say such disgusting shit."

His heart is still pounding, fingers close to twitching with the heavy amount of rage in his system. He never wants to see Taehyung's smile dim like that again, never wants to see him try and cover himself up for the sake of others. He's beautiful the way he is. Every fucking thing about him is beautiful.

Taehyung tightens his hands around the one he's holding, eyes a little wide, just like they had been that time in his apartment. But this time he doesn't look like he's about to cry, he looks thoughtful, a little shocked. And Jeongguk immediately feels a little guilty, knowing too well that Taehyung can protect himself.

But he didn't, is the thing.

When that scumbag touched him in the street that one time, Taehyung hadn't hesitated to kick the guys ass. But this time, he was about to take it. About to ignore it, let those fuckers get away with it.

Jeongguk wasn't.

If Taehyung doesn't defend himself, then Jeongguk will.

He swallows harshly, pushing back the growl that's bubbling in his throat and twists to look at Taehyung head on, his own eyes still a little wild. "Don't let anyone get away with talking about you like that."

"Jeongguk... It happens all the time."
Jeongguk shakes his head. "I don't care. No one's allowed to say that stuff about you. They have no right to say anything remotely negative about you and the way you are. Okay?"

Obviously he's not naive enough to think that people won't do it anyway, there's always going to be people out there who say shit and get away with it. But if Jeongguk ever catches wind of it, has to hear it, then he's going to do something about it. He's not a violent person, but in that moment back there, he was completely ready to be.

Taehyung lets out a slow breath, hand lifting to card through Jeongguk's hair, pushing it out of his face. "What did I do to deserve someone like you, baby boy?"

Jeongguk's quick to grab Taehyung's hand and presses a firm kiss to his palm, eyes squeezed shut before he guides it to his cheek. "Tae," he urges, needing to know that Taehyung understands what he's saying.

He gets a nod. "Okay. I won't let them. You're right, they have no right."

"No fucking right."

Taehyung just stares at him long and hard, face once again unreadable, and Jeongguk just presses another kiss to his hand.

When Taehyung drops him off home, Jeongguk's not surprised to already have a flood of texts from his friends asking him what the hell happened tonight, shooting him links to various articles. He opens up one to see his own angry face staring back at him, pictures of him pinning that guy to the car. He doesn't watch the videos, knows they'll only make him angry again, but he does skim through the article.

*We still have yet to learn just who Jeon Jeongguk is to the fashion icon, Kim Taehyung, but after tonight's events, we think it may be pretty apparent.*

*Jeongguk, 21, was quick to defend his beau when passersby yelled verbal abuse to the 27 year old. While nothing dramatic escalated, we can't be sure it wouldn't have if Taehyung hadn't stepping in to pull his "friend" off the other man.*

*Below is a video of Jeongguk addressing Korea, calling the men who assaulted "filth" and telling the nation to see for themselves. Powerful words, Jeongguk. Perhaps keep that in mind instead of rising to the bait and getting physical next time.*

Jeongguk sighs as he drops his phone to the couch, sagging down as he tugs his tie loose. He doesn't give a fuck what people say about him, but he does feel guilty, hoping the incident won't have negative repercussions on Taehyung. It wouldn't be good for him to be associated with someone "violent."

He rubs at his face roughly, willing away any anger simmering beneath the surface. It's done with now, he said his bit and he's willing to say it some more if it happens again.

The idea of a nice shower is calling to him, but before he even gets the chance to push himself off the couch, his buzzer starts going, somewhat frantically. Jeongguk curses, knowing that there's a chance it could be paparazzi, because it wouldn't be the first time they've literally come to his door, the few brave ones that have no fucking problem bothering him, even when he's at home.

Still, he pushes himself up and heads on over to answer it, ready to just turn the buzzer off entirely if it is one of them.
“Yep?”

“Jeongguk, let me up right now.”

Jeongguk’s eyes go wide, the sound of Taehyung’s breathy voice on the other end sending him into a panic. He doesn't waste time asking what's wrong just yet, quickly buzzing him up and yanking his door open, quickly rushing to the stairs. He hears Taehyung's heels on each step, echoing around the stairway, and when he turns the last corner towards Jeongguk's floor—cheeks flushed through his make up and chest heaving—he practically jumps down a flight to meet him halfway.

"Tae, what's wrong?" He asks quickly, eyes frenzied. "Did something—"

He's silenced suddenly as he's presses back against the wall, lips against his own and not in the usual way he's become use to. Taehyung's lips mould against his own, firm and heavy, still panting through his nose. He pulls away when Jeongguk doesn't return the kiss, his lips unresponsive.

Taehyung takes a breath as he steps back, hands sliding down Jeongguk's jaw from where they were resting. The pair of them stand there in silence, staring at each other and Jeongguk's eyes are blown.

Taehyung swallows. "I'm sorry, I just had—"

Now it's Jeongguk's turn to shut him up with his own mouth, grabbing the lapels of his own jacket, still wrapped around Taehyung's shoulders and yanks him back into his body, connecting their lips again. He's no longer frigid, lips moving against Taehyung's as he moves one of his arms to wrap around the man's waist, practically curling Taehyung backwards with how desperate Jeongguk is to get closer—both pushing and pulling.

Taehyung's hands find his face again, mouth parting on a breath and Jeongguk takes the opportunity to brush his tongue over his bottom lip, sweet with the cherry chapstick he put on in the car.

Jeongguk's imagined this moment too many times over the last three months, thought about what it would be like to kiss the breath out of Taehyung's lungs, taste his mouth properly, and now he's getting the chance to and it's impossibly better than he could have ever imagined.

They pull apart with equally as shaky breaths, the distance short between them, their noses still pressed together, swapping air.

"Been waiting for you to do that for months now," Taehyung whispers, fingers curling around the back of Jeongguk's ear.

Jeongguk lets out a slow, trembling breath, rubbing his lips together. "I wanted to. Just didn't want to push anything on you if you weren't interested in me like that."

Taehyung laughs softly, thumbing over the tattoos that cut off at Jeongguk's jawline. "I don't know how many hints I've dropped, sweetheart. You're just dense."

He freezes momentarily, trying to think of every single thing that Taehyung may have done that could have told him that he wanted him, wanted him to kiss him. Surely not that many if he never picked up on them? Dense sometimes, sure, but he's not blind. He's been trying to see if Taehyung hinted at anything, giving permission for Jeongguk to take the next step.

Taehyung sighs, patting his cheek before pulling back. He shrugs out of Jeongguk's blazer and hands it over to him, pressing it into his chest, just as he presses another slow kiss to Jeongguk's lips. "Now. I'm gonna walk away, and I want you to watch me. Is that hint enough for you, baby?"

Jeongguk's throat runs dry, nodding his head as he grabs the jacket before it falls, eyes on Taehyung
as he heads back down the stairs, eyes trained on his ass, so thick and beautiful, the short material of his dress showing off those perfect thighs.

Something hits him then once Taehyung's out of view, the sounds of his heels still clinking down the stairs.

"Wait, did you really tell me to fuck you in the bathroom that one time at the club?"

He gets nothing but a loud laugh, then the sound of the door unlatching and closing as Jeongguk leans over the railing.

"Tae? Taehyung! Taehyung, did you actually say that, though?!"

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So. This new thing they're doing with the kisses is definitely nice.

Like, really nice.

Currently, Taehyung's sat in his lap, having been tweezing Jeongguk's eyebrows because he's considering getting his eyebrow pierced and he wants a nice set of eyebrows beforehand. But that's talking about the past. Because now he's pretty sure he can feel the tweezers digging into the side of his thigh where Taehyung dropped them, and he's no longer focused on the potential piercing, but the sound of Taehyung's soft lips sliding against his own.

It's become a very distracting thing over the last few days since they had their first proper kiss. They can be in mid conversation about politics, and then suddenly Jeongguk's got Taehyung pressed up against the nearest surface and his lip between his teeth. Just this morning, Jeongguk had been talking about how sad math made him, and then in the next moment, Taehyung was laying on top of him and sucking at his tongue.

Taehyung's dressed so softly today, in just a pair of panties and a cropped sweater, and Jeongguk can't be blamed over the fact he was the one who initiated the kiss. And he definitely can't be blamed for licking into Taehyung's mouth a little more desperately when the man lets out this smooth moan, going straight to Jeongguk's gut.

His fingers slide around Taehyung's waist to touch the soft skin of his back, then drag lower over the strap of his thong, his newly pink nails—courtesy of Taehyung—stratching over the fabric, sending a chill through the body on top of him.

"Grab my ass," Taehyung breathes into his mouth, and Jeongguk's entire blood supply goes straight to his dick.

With a shaky curse, Jeongguk obeys, hands sliding further down to grab a hold of Taehyung's ass, warm and malleable beneath his fingers. He's not shy to admit that he's gotten off to the thought of Taehyung's ass plenty of times, but he's a little shy to admit that he's already getting painfully hard at just touching it. Like the prepubescent boy he's apparently reverted back to.

Taehyung pushes back into his hands, biting down on Jeongguk's bottom lip and swallowing down the broken groan he gives in return.

Much like his groan, the moment is broken when Taehyung's phone suddenly starts chiming from the kitchen and Jeongguk has half a mind to tell him to leave it, stay here with him and keep kissing him just like that. But before he can, Taehyung is climbing off his lap as he guides his hands off his ass and heads into the kitchen, and the way he sways his hips is definitely for Jeongguk.
Jeongguk's chewing a hole through his lip as he watches Taehyung take the call, ass still to him, bent over his marble counter top, plucking one of the bands of his panties and letting it snap higher up on his hip. The sound alone has Jeongguk's dick throbbing, his too empty hands curling around his knees.

"Yeah, I saw, I sent back the records last night," Taehyung says as he comes back into the living room, stretching in the doorway, arm lifted high enough above his head to pull the bottom of his sweater up to show off that *fucking nipple ring*. "It was about three million, give or take."

The jeans he's wearing suddenly feel unbearably tight, as well as the rest of his clothes. Hell, even his skin feels pulled tight.

"No, I need them done by Monday. It's what I pay you for, isn't it?" Taehyung says, voice cool, but the authority rings loud.

Has Jeongguk ever mentioned how much his dick suffers?

"I don't want to hear excuses, Jinwoo," Taehyung continues, stopping to stand in between Jeongguk's spread thighs, leaning down and resting his hand by Jeongguk's hip, faces inches apart. "If I ask you to do something, you do it."

God, Jeongguk would fucking *do it*, dude.

Taehyung nudges the tips of their noses together, the sound of a frantic voice audible when he's standing this close, and he wants to feel sorry for Jinwoo, he really does, but right now, he just can't. Especially not when Taehyung turns around and nudges Jeongguk's knees to close, then proceeds to straddle his lap backwards, hand gripping his knee.

Jeongguk's lungs cramp up at the sight of Taehyung's ass, right *there* in front of him, skin all tanned and golden.

He takes the opportunity to reach out and grab two handfuls, squeezing and kneading the soft skin, watching the way the skin bleaches white beneath his fingertips whenever he grabs particularly hard. Jeongguk flicks his eyes up to the back of Taehyung's head, wanting to make sure that this is okay. But going off the fact that Taehyung isn't stopping him or batting his hands away, he accepts that it's definitely *a-okay.*

Taehyung shifts his weight down Jeongguk's lap, settling over his crotch and he inhales so sharply, so quickly that he always chokes. There's no way Taehyung can't feel how hard he is, pressed up right against him, twitching beneath him. Jeongguk can't bring himself to be *that* embarrassed now, that ship having now sailed.

Bye bye, bitch. Safe journey.

"I don't give a *fuck* about what Shin says. You don't work for Shin, do you? You work for me, Jinwoo." Any other time, Jeongguk might be secondhand threatened, the tone of Taehyung's voice icy. But there's no chance of that when Taehyung starts rocking down on his lap, just soft little shifts of his hips that have Jeongguk's mouth falling open and his eyes going hooded.

He bites back the urge to curse, moan, snap, dark eyes flicking between his hands and crotch. Jeongguk forces himself not to move, not to push his own hips up, half afraid that one unpredictable movement will have Taehyung stopping.

And they don't won't that now, do they?
Fuck. No.

Jeongguk’s tongue presses to the back of his teeth as Taehyung leans forward a little and presses his ass back even harder, ass grinding down against the now prominent shape of his dick, and Jeongguk is sweating.

"Oh, fuck," he breathes without realising, immediately regretting it when Taehyung twists his upper body to look back at him.

*Look back at it. Look back at it.*

But he doesn't stop moving his hips, just reaches back with his free hand and tangles his fingers through Jeongguk's hair, eyes down on him as he bites his lip.

"Must I remind you that I don't take mistakes lightly," Taehyung says, and Jeongguk *knows* that he's not just talking to Jinwoo, but to him too, and he quickly clamps his teeth down into his bottom lip when his hair gets a gentle tug.

Taehyung keeps talking, but Jeongguk can barely fathom what he's saying, too busy focused on pressing his nose into the inside of Taehyung's wrist, resisting the urge to bite down with every roll of hips down into his lap.

Oh dear god. He could come like this. He really, easily could.

*You fucking teen.*

"Listen, we'll go over the paper work once more and that's it," Taehyung bites, and then suddenly he's gone.

He's fucking gone.

Jeongguk's lap is immediately cold.

He chokes on a groan as he watches Taehyung climb off him and head towards the stairs, presumably to go to his office, leaving Jeongguk there, wrecked and hard.

With a sigh, he rolls his head to the side, and catches eyes with Cash and Crystal, standing by the door.

"Don't judge me."

Chapter End Notes

Taehyung puts the ass in sass.

Come say 'Taehyung’s ass makes Jeongguk cry' on twitter!
"I wanna take you out on a date!"

Taehyung flinches suddenly, hand jolting and causing a bold slash of red to smear down his chin.

"Oh shit, I'm so sorry," Jeongguk's quick to apologise, jogging across the room to grab one of Taehyung's make-up wipes to gently clean off the lipstick he ruined.

"You wanna take me on a date?" Taehyung asks curiously, Jeongguk still gently removing the mess. "We go on dates all the time."

Jeongguk swallows, setting the wipe down when Taehyung's chin is no longer crimson. "Yeah, I know, but. But you take me out on dates all the time. I wanna take you out for once. Now that we're—now that we're—"

"Now that we're in a relationship?"

He almost keels over, a bubble of laughter gurgling in his throat. "Y-Yes."

Taehyung stares up at him, his half painted lips tugging up into a smile. "Okay. You can take me out on a date, baby."

"Really?"

"Of course."

Jeongguk just blinks. He oddly hadn't thought past what he'd do once he got a yes, so now that he's got one, he's flailing a little.

"Sweetheart? You still with me?" Taehyung asks, brows knitting together as he pulls him between his legs with hands on the back of Jeongguk's thighs.

He snaps back to attention, nodding quickly as he rests his hands on Taehyung's shoulders. His boyfriend's shoulders? "Yeah, sorry. I just. I'm. Yeah, I'm good."

Taehyung laughs softly, nothing teasing, just completely fond. He squeezes the backs of Jeongguk's thighs, giving his ass a gentle pat. "Give daddy a kiss."

Jeongguk complies happily, dipping down to press a soft kiss to Taehyung's lips, though he can't help but giggle halfway through, and receives a tight squeeze to the ass in punishment.

"Why are you laughing when I'm trying to kiss you," Taehyung mumbles against his mouth and Jeongguk has to pull back a little.

He grins and swipes his thumb over the bare portion of his boyfriend's mouth, pale pink in comparison to his scarlet upper lip. "Your make-up," he laughs.

Taehyung stares at him with nothing but composure. "This is the new fashion. Draw attention to one half of your mouth."
Jeongguk grins and grabs the discarded lipstick, having gotten pretty handy with the cosmetics by now, Taehyung having let him practice on him. It's fun, he enjoys playing with different colours and styles—even if he's not very good at it, Taehyung still takes pictures and posts them on his Instagram.

"Thank you, petal," Taehyung coos, rubbing his lips together and touching up the corner of his mouth with his finger before sending a grin up to Jeongguk. "So about this date? When should I prepare myself?"

"Tomorrow night?" And okay, why. Jeongguk isn't prepared, but fuck it. He'll try his damn hardest. He'll plan everything to a t. Starting right now. "So I better go."

Taehyung raises an eyebrow, still yet to be filled in. "Where—" he's cut off by Jeongguk ducking in and stealing another kiss, not caring about the red smudge he gets on his own mouth. "Where are you going?" He calls as Jeongguk grabs his phone and jogs out, pausing in the doorway to look back at his boyfriend.

His mother fucking boyfriend.

"To get things ready to our date!"

It's going to be the best date ever.

-- -- --

It's going to be the worst date ever.

Jeongguk's too young for this, too inexperienced, too unprepared in the dating field. Everywhere he tried to call up to book a reservation was booked, too short notice, sir. He was tempted to drop Taehyung's name, but decided that this was his date, he wanted it all to come from him.

And that's when it hits him. He shouldn't be trying to impress Taehyung with things he's not experienced in, things he's not familiar with. Jeongguk should be giving Taehyung a date that's very much him and not try to be something he's not.

to: daddy

dress casual and comfortable

pick you up @ 7

xxx

from: daddy

u got it stud, see u then x

He still has a couple of hours left, and he spends it running through his plan and styling his hair. Sure he's going to be just him, but he can at least look nice. He wants to be as authentic as possible, but still look good.

So he forgoes one of the many suits he now has in his closet and instead picks out some simple jeans and a shirt, paired with his trusty leather jacket that's seen better days. Now it's coming into spring, he won't be able to wear it for much longer, so he needs to get as much use out of it as he can until autumn comes back around.
At six thirty, he gets an Uber and takes it to Taehyung's place, though he's always cautious and has it stop a block away, because even if people know where Taehyung lives, he doesn't want to draw anymore attention to it.

Jeongguk stares down at the wilting lilacs in his hand—from the tight, nervous grip he's had on them the whole ride—having bought them after Taehyung raved about his new lilac scented perfume, and after some research, found that a lot of his body washes and body sprays were lilac scented. They're not much, nothing spectacular, just a simple bouquet that didn't seem too over the top and still showed off their delicate beauty.

By now, Jeongguk's got his own key to Taehyung's, and almost on instinct, he goes to let himself in. But catches himself just as his Bart Simpson keyring jingles. With a shake of his head, he shoves his keys back into his pocket, rubs any creases out of his shirt and hits the doorbell, the sounds of Cash and Crystal barking in the back making him smile.

He hopes they don't mind Jeongguk stealing their daddy away for the night.

Taehyung's his daddy too.

Not thirty seconds later does the door open and there stands Taehyung in all his beauty, wearing this two piece outfit that hugs his figure and shows off the strong—yet soft—stomach that he works so hard for.

Jeongguk's mouth dries up.

"Hey, handsome," Taehyung greets, cocking his hip and head to the side, his hazel contact eyes drawing attention to his beautiful make-up. "Those for me?" He asks with a nod to the flowers.

It brings him back to the present, blown eyes flickering down to the bouquet clutched tight in his hand—the poor stems—purple bloomed faces staring back up at him. "Uh, yeah. They're for you."

Taehyung's smile is something transcendent, the look that graces his face as Jeongguk hands the flowers over, watching him take a soft sniff. God, he wishes he could pause this moment so he could take a picture, though he'll just have to settle for a mental one instead.

"They're beautiful, sweetheart. How did you know they were my favourite?"

"Because you smell like them."

Taehyung's eyebrows raise. "You notice the way I smell?"

Jeongguk nods quickly, palms starting to sweat now without the flowers to hold. "I love the way you smell."

There's silence for a beat before Taehyung steps over the threshold to duck his head and press a kiss to Jeongguk's lips, just something soft but long lasting that has Jeongguk's heart stuttering, fingers itching to curl around the bare skin of Taehyung's waist. But Taehyung's stepping away too soon with a kiss to Jeongguk's head and a gentle smile on his lips.

"Come in for a minute while I put these in water and grab my coat."

Jeongguk obeys, stepping inside and closing the door behind him. He spends those few minutes sat on the floor, petting at Cash's slobbery face and Crystal's newly dyed purple and blue coat, not minding the shed fur sticking to the denim of his pants. He's come to love these dogs as his own, and he likes to think they love him too, going off the way they get more and more enthusiastic anytime.
that he comes around.

Cash is just about pushing him over with his weight by the time that Taehyung comes back, jacket on as well as some comfortable looking boots. That's a good thing, because they'll probably be doing a fair bit of walking tonight, because if he's being authentic, then they'll be catching busses and the subway.

"You ready?"

Taehyung nods, grabbing his purse from the table and sliding it over his shoulder as Jeongguk stands and dusts himself off. "Ready when you are, baby."

Jeongguk grins, offering his hand out which Taehyung takes easily, fingers lacing together, his own calloused palm meeting soft, moisturised skin. He guides Taehyung out, feeling the excitement and nerves start to build more and more as the man locks up.

"We taking one of the cars?" He asks once the security code is on and doors locked.

Jeongguk shakes his head. "Is that okay?"

Taehyung smiles, easily falling into step beside him. "I'm happy with anything, sweetheart."

God, he fucking hopes so.

"So, do I get any hints on what we're doing tonight, Mr. Jeon?"

They've been walking for a few minutes now, the streets thankfully not too busy which means less chance of Taehyung being recognised, especially with the added help of some back roads that Jeongguk uses frequently to zip around the city and skip out on the human congestion.

"Just don't set your expectations too high. It's nothing amazing, just a chill kind of evening. I hope that's alright."

Taehyung smiles, reaching across himself to wrap his free hand around the crook of Jeongguk's elbow. "A chill kind of evening sounds perfect."

And so their adventure really starts once Jeongguk buys them a couple of tickets for the train, leading Taehyung deeper underground and unable to stop himself from smiling at the way Taehyung scrunches his nose up at the all too familiar smell of grime and spilled beer. When the train arrives, there's only a couple of seats left, so Jeongguk offers Taehyung the seat and he'll stand in front of him. But Taehyung insists on them standing together, staying close to the doors so they can miss the sardine shuffle—as Jeongguk likes to call it—when they arrive at their stop.

"I can't remember the last time I rode the subway," Taehyung tells him, pressed close, his hand up on the bar above while Jeongguk's got his arms around Taehyung's waist to free up space for the passengers around them.

Yeah. That's totally the only reason.

"Just as bad as you remember it?" Jeongguk smirks, cheek resting on Taehyung's chest, head tilted back to look at him.

Taehyung's nose twitches, eyes scanning the advertisements above them before his gaze meets Jeongguk's. "Worse."
They don't say much for the rest of the ride, but Jeongguk doesn't mind, chin hooking over Taehyung's shoulder as he watches the views pass by every time they emerge from a tunnel, the sky a malt of pink and purple. Each time the train stops, he and Taehyung shuffle together, Jeongguk gently pressing him into one of the glass barriers and shields him with his own body while Taehyung pets at his hair or rubs between his shoulder blades. Every now and then, people will stare for too long and Taehyung will bury his face into Jeongguk's shoulder, which takes him off guard, because he had yet to see Taehyung hide from being recognised.

"Why you hiding?" He asks curiously, lips pressed to the shell of his boyfriend's ear.

"It's our night. I don't want people to intrude."

Fuck.

Jeongguk's chest gets almost uncomfortably tight, but in the best way possible and he just presses his nose more firmly against Taehyung's ear, lilac perfume only making the jump of his heart that much more obvious.

Eventually their stop approaches, and Jeongguk wraps a tight arm around Taehyung's waist, not wanting to lose him in the crowd—train passengers could be ruthless—and guides him out as quickly and carefully as possibly, making sure to keep Taehyung's bag squeezed between their bodies, because Jeongguk's had his own belongings pinched without realising too many times on the train, and they were only cheap.

He keeps Taehyung close, sharing his body heat to battle the crisp wind that keeps hitting their faces as they travel further downtown. When they reach Jeongguk's desired destination, they have a small trek, but nothing too strenuous. Beforehand, he stops at the closest convenience store and buys a six pack of his favourite beer, cheap and cheerful, shooting Taehyung a smile whenever he gives him a curious, little look.

It really is nothing spectacular, no elaborate set up with candles and a picnic blanket. No banners, no orchestra ready to play Beethoven. Just something simple and very Jeongguk.

They walk up a dirt trail and up towards an old half constructed building, builders equipment left abandoned and aged, scattered around the half erect structure. It's away from the city, not creepily so, but enough to get a great view and be away from the loud noises. It's a place Jeongguk found a few years ago, his first year in Seoul, having gone on a walk and somehow stumbled upon this place. Now he comes here regularly, whenever he needs a reminder that the world is huge and whatever problem he's having now won't be there forever.

It's a steep wall, and Jeongguk takes the beers, zipping the cans in his jacket so he can pull himself up on the top of the wall, the crumbling foundation behind secure enough to keep them from falling backwards. He offers his hand down to Taehyung after he throws his purse up and helps pull him up, making sure to have dusted off the spot beside him so Taehyung won't get dirty.

"Wow," Taehyung breathes, once they're both situated comfortably, facing the city and looking out to Seoul.

"Pretty, right? This is my favourite spot."

Taehyung laughs quietly, breathless and warm. "It's beautiful."

Jeongguk smiles, pulling the beers out from his jacket without taking his eyes off the view and cracks two of them open, handing one to his boyfriend. "I come here whenever I feel homesick. It's stupid,
but I can imagine I can see all the way to Busan. Like if I look hard enough, I can see my house and my parents through the kitchen window."

Taehyung looks at him as he takes a sip of his beer, eyes hot on the side of his face. "Do you get homesick a lot?"

"I used to. Haven't for a while now."

"Oh?"

Jeongguk nods, turning to meet Taehyung’s gaze. He lets out a deep breath through his nose. "Haven't felt homesick for a few months now."

The implication of his words must speak volumes, because Taehyung's entire face softens as he searches Jeongguk's face, and when he speaks, it's nothing above a whisper. "Yeah?"

He smiles. "Yeah." Jeongguk bows his head, fiddling with the tab of his beer. "I found a new home."

There's silence for a few moments before Taehyung tilts Jeongguk's chin up, eyes locking. "Me too."

Comfortable flames lick up the inside of Jeongguk's chest, filling him with a happy warmth. This may not be a big, spectacular date, but this place really is is special to Jeongguk. This spot means a lot to him and he wanted to share it with Taehyung, wanted him to be a part of this. No pieces of cake with real flakes of gold on them. But a piece of Jeongguk instead.

Taehyung ends up shuffling further back on the wall and foundation so he can sit behind Jeongguk, long legs bracketing his hips and warmth lined up against his back when he's encouraged to lean backwards. Their view of the city shifts up to the stars, peaking out more and more as the clouds clear.

"Thank you for bringing me here, baby," Taehyung speaks up after a while of easy silence, leaning back on his hands, eyes back down on the city. "I know this place clearly means a lot to you. I'm honoured you're letting me be here."

Jeongguk smiles, hands idly rubbing up and down the outsides of Taehyung's thighs. "You mean a lot to me, hyung. And I wanted to show you this place in case you ever needed somewhere quiet to come to, maybe a place to get away. It's helped me a lot in the past."

Taehyung presses his mouth to the crown of Jeongguk's head, lips just resting in place. It's weird how Jeongguk knows what he's saying without using actual words, knows Taehyung is silently thanking him, telling him he means a lot to him too. It's a nice feeling. A really nice feeling, knowing what someone's saying without them needing to talk, or even needing to see their face.

Is that...

Is that what love is?

-- -- --

"I'm gonna pass out."

Taehyung tuts as he rings the doorbell, giving Jeongguk's waist a squeeze. "You're not gonna pass out, peach."
Jeongguk nods, yanking at the collar of his shirt. "I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna pass out."

"Then you'll drop the wine."

"Tae," he whines, though his grip on the bottle tightens. "What if he doesn't like me?"

Taehyung gets his hand under the back of his blazer so he can rub at Jeongguk's back. "He already loves you. He's the one who wanted to meet you, sweetheart. Remember that."

Jeongguk lets out a shaky breath. "What if he just wants to tell me how bad I am for you and—" His sentence is cut short when the door suddenly opens and Jeongguk's already lowered in a bow, wine extended out. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Kim."

He stands up again slowly when he feels Taehyung tense beside him, sending a worried glance over to his boyfriend before looking back at the door and, he too, tenses.

Because that's not Taehyung's grandfather.

But his mother instead.

"What are you doing here?" Taehyung asks, voice sharp with a bite.

The woman at the door smiles, similar to Taehyung's but also completely different at the same time. It doesn't make Jeongguk's heart lurch, but sink into his gut. "Don't be rude, Taehyung-ah. He's your father's father before he's your grandfather." Her eyes shift to Jeongguk, and the look of distaste it pretty apartment. "Besides, your grandfather mentioned you bringing your little... friend to dinner. And we wanted to meet him."

"He's my boyfriend, mother. You'll do better to remember that."

Jeongguk presses himself closer into Taehyung's side, and even in this tense situation, it still makes him a little lightheaded to hear Taehyung refer to him as his boyfriend.

He still has his manners, so he gives a short bow of his head. "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Kim."

Taehyung's mother goes to open her mouth again, but Taehyung doesn't let her even start. "Grandfather!" He calls and tugs Jeongguk closer so he can guide him inside, past the peeved looking woman with the false smile.

In a matter of moments, a man with icy blue hair and a satin gold shirt with pin stripped pants steps downstairs. Kim Sangchul, one of the worlds best fashion designers, having founded his own company by the age of twenty-five. Truly a man to admire, Taehyung having told him countless, amazing stories about how his great-grandparents were farmers in Daegu, and could barely afford to put Sangchul through school. So he would stay at home and help sew and pin clothes together for his mother to sell, and that's where the spark ignited.

"My darling boy," Sangchul coos, rushing down the last few steps to come and meet them, wrapping his arms around Taehyung's shoulders, though it's a little bit of a stretch, with the good foot Taehyung has on him. "You look stunning as always."

Jeongguk couldn't agree more.

"Oh, my goodness," Sangchul gasps, turning his attention to Jeongguk, looking him over. "Isn't he a beautiful one."
Taehyung nods, face serious. "He's stunning."

Jeongguk can't believe they're talking about him.

"He's a piece of art," Sangchul says, taking Jeongguk's hand and having him turn slowly. "Have you ever thought about modelling?"

"I-I—"

"Ooh, is that wine for me?"

Jeongguk blinks as he turns back around, overwhelmed as he glances down at the bottle in his hands. "Uh, yes! Yes. Tae—I mean Taehyung-ssi said it was your favourite."

Sangchul sighs wistfully, taking the bottle, eyeing the label. "Call me easy, but nothing beats a good fucking chardonnay."

Jeongguk chokes on a laugh.

"Father, you shouldn't be using such language," Taehyung's mother laughs as she steps into the circle, nose scrunching as she catches sight of the label of wine. "It's not tasteful."

Sangchul's whole demeanour changes, look of awe shifting into one of distaste. "Why are you here again, Jihee?"

Jihee's face twitches with the effort to keep the smile on her face. "To visit you, of course."

Sangchul hums, looking her over. "Highly debatable. And do you think that gives you the right to answer my door?"

"Your help were taking too—"

"Please refrain from calling them the help, would you? It's... not tasteful."

Taehyung doesn't try very hard to stifle his laugh, much to his mother's displeasure, hooking his arm into Jeongguk's. "Is it okay if I give Jeongguk a tour while we wait for dinner?"

"Of course, of course! Jeongguk, I really hope you like the place," Sangchul says.

He nods. "It's lovely. You have a very beautiful home."

Sangchul says adoringly, hand going to his heart. "I love you already."

Jeongguk can't help but grin, because if there's one person he wants to get approval from, it's Taehyung's grandfather. He doesn't care much for his parents opinions—already has a pretty good idea on what they clearly think of him—but Sangchul's he values highly.

With one last bow, Taehyung takes Jeongguk's hand and leads him through the house—which is more so a mansion—and shows him all the different rooms and explains some pieces of art hanging up on the walls. Jeongguk's favourite piece of art, hands down, is the picture of Taehyung, blown up wide to take up over half of the wall, clearly from a photoshoot, completely naked, but tastefully so, legs bent up to hide the majority of his body, other than his face, all in black and grey scale.

He wants it for his own apartment. It's stunning.
"This is my room. I spent most of my time here growing up," Taehyung introduces as they step into another room once they're upstairs. It doesn't look much like your typical childhood bedroom, everything clean and white, but there's hints of a teenage presence. A light up 'T' on the wall above the bed and a string of fairy lights wrapped around the bed frame. There's pictures of Taehyung and what Jeongguk assumes to be his friends propped up on the bedside table, along with a music box and a glass lamp. It's all very soft looking, even the rug beneath his feet, warm and fluffy beneath his socks.

"It's pretty," Jeongguk says, running his fingers over the silky sheets. "Suits you."

Taehyung doesn't say anything, just comes up to wrap himself around Jeongguk's back, resting his chin over his shoulder. "You suit me."

Jeongguk smiles, resting the side of his head against Taehyung's temple. "Your mother doesn't seem to think so."

With a grunt, Taehyung presses his face into the side of Jeongguk's neck. "She doesn't get to have an opinion on my life."

"You gonna be okay with them here?" Jeongguk asks, suddenly serious, turning in Taehyung's arms so he can reach up and cradle his face in the bowls of his hands. "I'll leave if it'll make things easier, I don't want to be a nuisance."

"No," Taehyung's quick to say, tugging Jeongguk closer until they're chest to chest. "You're not going anywhere. I've already seen them once this year, and that was already ten times too many. You're keeping me sane."

Jeongguk brushes his thumbs over the thin skin beneath Taehyung's eyes, wanting to reassure him as much as possible. And the best way he can think to do that right now is by leaning in and pressing a gentle kiss to his boyfriend's lips. "It's gonna be okay, babe."

Taehyung's eyebrows raise slightly, lips curling up at the corners. "Babe?"

He blinks. "What?"

Taehyung's smile grows into a grin. "No, you called me babe."

He did?

"I did?"

A nod.

"Oh, I, um. I-Is that okay?" Jeongguk asks, eyebrows pulling together.

The soft laugh he gets eases the quick ball of anxiety that was making a home in Jeongguk's throat. "It's more than okay. I like it. A lot, actually."

Jeongguk relaxes more, bumping his nose against Taehyung's. "Good. Babe."

They stand there, trading little kisses and smiles for the next few minutes, before a middle aged woman is knocking on the door and letting herself in when Taehyung tells her to come in. "Dinners ready, kids."

Taehyung grins, looking over his shoulder at the woman. "Thank you, Hana. We'll be right down."
Hana sends them a wink before closing the door quietly behind her, and Jeongguk smiles. It's nice to see that Taehyung and Sangchul clearly appreciate the people that work for them, and don't treat them just like staff. He can tell by how quick Sangchul was to defend the people that work for him when Jihee so openly insulted them.

Taehyung turns back to him with a sigh, hands smoothing down the front of Jeongguk's blazer. "You ready to face the lions?"

It should frighten him, but Jeongguk just grins. "Will you protect me?"

He meant it as a joke, but the hard glint that appears in Taehyung's eyes has Jeongguk squeezing his jaw gently. "Always."

They head downstairs after another moment, fingers linked, though Jeongguk's quick to jog down the last few steps so he can reach up and help Taehyung down a little easier, the bottom of his dress long enough that he could trip. But of course, he's elegant, though he still thanks Jeongguk with a kiss before they head into the dining room. The table itself is beautiful, all glass and silver serving dishes with intricate details on the sides. The amount of food laid out is enough to feed a small army, and Jeongguk's stomach growls.

He pulls out a chair for Taehyung, and helps him scoot in close, smiling when he's thanked with a gentle hand to the cheek. Jeongguk takes the seat beside him and is suddenly grateful that Taehyung spent last week teaching him proper table etiquette for the gala in a few months.

Soon, a man joins the table, along with Jihee, who Jeongguk assumes is Taehyung's father. He's a rather short man—Taehyung's height clearly having been inherited from his mother—and quite round in the face. Everything about him looks obnoxious, going off the painful looking combed back hair and the obvious looking botex injections which look like they've been taken a step too far, face frozen in an icy stare.

"This him?"

Taehyung rests his hand on Jeongguk's thigh under the table, giving his knee a squeeze. "Jeongguk, yes. This is him, my boyfriend."

Taehyung's father hums as he sits down, clicking his fingers to clearly call the staff and Jeongguk cringes.

"Don't be so rude in my home, Minjun," Sangchul snaps as he walks into the room. "You're a guest in my house, and I'm already looking for an excuse to throw you out on your ass."

Minjun lowers his hand with a rough clear of his throat, snapping his napkin and laying it over his lap.

Dinner starts off pretty slow and Jeongguk can feel the tension thick in the air. It makes sweat cling to the back of his collar.

"So, Jeongguk. What do you do?" Sangchul asks once he's cut a piece of steak, so tender it practically falls off the fork.

Jeongguk sets his glass of water down, his throat having parched. "I'm in uni right now, my third year."

"And what are you studying?"
"Sports therapy."

Sangchul raises his eyebrows. "Ooh, so you'd help athletes stretch and give massages? Is that what that entails?"

Jeongguk nods, cutting another piece of asparagus. He opens his mouth to explain further, but before he can, he's cut off.

"Tough industry to get into, son. Do you think you're capable of doing it?" Minjun says. And he doesn't have to say it, but Jeongguk knows what he meant by that.

_Do you think you're capable of doing it without Taehyung's help and money?_

"He's perfectly capable," Taehyung returns back sharply. "He's also excellent at playing basketball and works hard to keep his grades up, before you think about saying anything about that."

Jeongguk reaches beneath the table to squeeze his boyfriend's knee, not wanting him to get angry.

"I didn't think about saying anything of the sort, Taehyung."

Jihee shakes her head, sipping at her wine. "What's wrong with you tonight? You're being so aggressive. We just want to learn more about this young man."

Sangchul sighs irritably. "Maybe if you weren't being passive aggressive, things wouldn't be so difficult."

"No one's trying to be passive aggressive, father," Minjun tries to clarify, but it sounds thin. "We're just curious who our son is bringing into the family."

"You mean the family business," Taehyung corrects. "A family business that you no longer have any right to."

Jihee's fork hits the plate harshly. "That's not entirely true, we—"

"No, it's true. I don't know how many times I've had to tell you that you have no claim anymore," Sangchul supplies smoothly. "So, yes. It's entirely true."

The silence that covers the table is almost painful and Jeongguk suddenly wants to be anywhere else but at this table. He wants to take Taehyung away from this, just to leave with him to stop him from getting anymore vexed. Because as fierce as Taehyung is, it takes a _lot_ to get him genuinely angry, and he can see with a quick look to his boyfriend that his face is starting to go a little red under his make-up.

"So, Jeongguk," Minjun speaks up and both Taehyung and Sangchul sigh. "Those tattoos are quite interesting. Was it your goal to look unapproachable? Do you have social anxiety?"

Jeongguk blinks and Taehyung lashes out.

"Alright, that's it. We're fucking going," Taehyung snaps, standing up from the table. "I'm sorry, grandfather, I can't—"

Sangchul stands quickly, shaking his head. "I'm sorry, darling, I really had no idea they were coming. They're just _leaving_ now."

Jihee gasps while Minjun scoffs. "Father, we're still eating."
"Take it to fucking go." Sangchul turns to a couple of ladies standing on the outskirts. "Prepare them some _doggy bags_, would you, my dears?"

Jihee stands then, tossing her own napkin down. "No need. We're leaving. Honestly, though, father, please consider—"

"I'm not your father, Jihee. And I don't wish to be. Now please go," Sangchul dismisses.

Taehyung helps Jeongguk out of his seat, and Jeongguk's quick to grab Taehyung's purse, wanting to get out of there as quickly and quietly as possible before something else breaks out.

"Thank you for having us, grandfather. I'm sorry the evening was ruined."

Sangchul pulls Taehyung down to kiss each of his cheeks. "Another time," he assures, before pulling Jeongguk in with a smile. "I look forward to getting to know you more, Jeongguk. You're a very lovely young man."

Jeongguk internally preens, leaning into the kisses he too gets. "Lovely to have met you, Mr. Kim."

With that, Taehyung takes his hand in his own and they leave with no farewell to Taehyung's parents. Jeongguk feels anxious and worried, focused on the too tight grip on his hand and the way Taehyung's jaw is flexed so tight that the tendons in his neck show through his skin.

Jeongguk just gently paws at his boyfriend's arm, pressing kisses along his bicep as they walk to the car, wanting to soothe him as much as he can.

Once they're in the car and a safe distance away from the house, Jeongguk reaches over and rests his hand on his boyfriend's, curled so tight around the steering wheel that his knuckles must be cramping.

"Hey," he tries gently, and Taehyung all but spits.

"How fucking _dare_ they. How fucking dare they think they have a right to say _anything_ about you," he snaps, smacking his hand against the top of the steering wheel. "Fuck them. They fucking—"

"Daddy."

Taehyung's shoulders sag slightly, grip loosening on the wheel. "I'm just so sorry, Jeongguk. I'm so sorry you had to bear the brunt of that. Fuck, I'm sorry you even had to _meet_ them. I had no intention of ever letting them meet you."

Jeongguk knows that he should be mad, maybe upset over the comments about his career choice and tattoos, but he just. Isn't. It's strange. This time last year, he'd have thought of nothing but those comments, maybe make an effort to cover himself up—it wouldn't be the first time. But he just doesn't care.

"I'm not phased," Jeongguk says honestly, a smile even tugging at his lips. "They can say what they want about me. But all they see is what's on the outside, right? Who cares what people think when they don't know you as a person. Isn't that what you taught me?"

Taehyung's face slackens, losing the sharp frown that pulled viscous at his face. He looks like he can't believe what he's hearing. "That is what I tried to teach you."

"Exactly," he nods. "So I'm not bothered."
Taehyung spares a glance at him for a brief second, before his focus is back on the road. "I'm still mad. I get to be mad at anyone who says anything but good things about my baby boy."

Jeongguk smiles, unable to deny him that, because he'd be exactly the same. "Okay."

He can deal with that.

Chapter End Notes

I know I mentioned jealous Tae for this chapter, but it just didn't seem to flow right with what I had for this one, so next one, I promise! This was just an important part to the story, and your boy getting all jealous didn't fit.

Come say 'Taekook is so fly' on twitter!
Jeongguk looks at his array of jewellery laid out on his dresser. Everything from his Rolex to his stack of Cartier bracelets to his Versace rings. His newest addition that hangs with his favourite chain, is another necklace Taehyung bought him. Something thin and intricate and when his boyfriend had wrapped it around his neck, Jeongguk's cheeks were flaming hot.

He stares at the new necklace in the mirror, thumbing over the gold lettering and thinking about how Taehyung has bought him so much jewellery since they met, and Jeongguk has yet to get him anything. He never takes his silver chain off, even when he showers, always has it on him, like a reminder that Taehyung is there. And he wants Taehyung to have something like that too.

The gold credit card burns a hole in his wallet, just tempting him, but he doesn't want to use Taehyung's money to buy him something. That seems counter intuitive.

With a determined sigh, he grabs his jacket and shoes and heads out with a goal in mind.

To buy his boyfriend some nice fucking jewellery.

He stops at an ATM on the way and is happy to see that his money has started building. With Taehyung paying for his tuition and rent, his wages from work have been steadily piling up, which Jeongguk only really touches when he needs to get food—if Taehyung hasn't done him a food shop—and a new craving for ink.

The snake coiling around his elbow throbs at the memory.

His money may have collected a little, but that doesn't mean that Jeongguk can afford to hit up places like Tiffany and Buccellati. Which is unfortunate because Taehyung deserves the best, but Jeongguk can't give him the best. But he can still try give him Jeongguk's best.

Jeongguk tries a variety of jewellery stores, and he comes across another dilemma. He has the money, but none of the jewellery stands out to him. He doesn't want to get Taehyung something just for the sake of it. He wants something meaningful, wants his boyfriend to look at it the way Jeongguk looks at his silver chain. Wants Taehyung to play with it when he's nervous, wants him to run his fingers over it and picture Jeongguk.

His frustration increases every time he leaves a store empty handed, having consulted multiple clerks to help him out, and as helpful as they are, nothing completely satisfies Jeongguk. Sure, he sees pretty rings and beautiful clasped bracelets. But that's all they are. They're nothing special.

He's all but given up as he walks through the mall, coffee and a bear claw in hand to tie him over, when he spots something that immediately draws his eye. Jeongguk stops at one of the small markets, pieces of handcrafted jewellery displayed, along with different types of incense and light fixtures. He's not sure how his attention was pulled to it, having not even being looking for anything in particular, but as soon as he sees it, he's grinning and pulling out his wallet.

"I'll take this one, please."
Jeongguk's sitting behind Taehyung on his knees, hands rubbing at his shoulders while his boyfriend has his head bowed forward, the straps of his vest pulled down to his biceps, groaning every time Jeongguk manages to work out a particularly hard knot.

"God bless your hands," Taehyung mutters as Jeongguk works his fingers into the spaces beside Taehyung's spine.

He laughs under his breath, working the oil in a little more, wanting to make sure he makes Taehyung feel as relaxed as possible. It just happens to be a bonus in Taehyung's eyes that Jeongguk knows how to give a pretty stellar massage with the courses he's taken. Just today, his class had a variety of athletes come in to be test bunnies and Jeongguk was quick to mention the new technique he'd learned.

Taehyung demanded for him to show him right away. Dinner could wait.

"That feel better, hyung?" Jeongguk checks, because it's important to ask your client regularly. It's a win-win situation for them both. Taehyung gets massages and Jeongguk has someone to practice on.

Last time he practised on Yoongi, his team captain left with a boner and they promised to never talk about it again. Jeongguk hadn't minded, he knows what a good massage can do, but it was Yoongi's insistence that what happened in the locker room stayed in the locker room.

Taehyung just hums, shoulders lax under Jeongguk's deft fingers and he takes that as a good sign.

Eventually, Jeongguk can't feel anymore tension beneath his fingers, so he leans down and presses a kiss to the back of Taehyung's neck. "You're all done, babe."

"No," Taehyung whines, leaning back into his chest, head lifting only to drop back against Jeongguk's shoulder. "I want your hands on me all the time."

Jeongguk's ears burn as he lowers himself down to sit properly, legs spreading so Taehyung can lean a little more comfortably against him. He wraps his arms around his boyfriend's waist, hands resting on the soft skin of his belly, just a little slither of it exposed from his cropped shirt. He doesn't say anything, just presses a kiss to the back of Taehyung's ear and rubs the last of the massage oil into the skin beneath his hands.

Eventually, he feels Taehyung start to doze off against his shoulder, pliant in Jeongguk's arms, and with a little breath, he quickly reaches into the pocket of his track pants and pulls out the long, thin box that he's been carrying around with him for the last three days, just waiting for an opportunity.

Jeongguk still doesn't say anything as he places the box in Taehyung's lap, chin hooking over his shoulder and mouth pressed to the side of his neck, cheeks warm.

Taehyung lifts his head slowly, eyes flicking down to the red box. "What's this?" He asks softly, one hand leaving the back of Jeongguk's knee so he can lift and inspect the mysterious gift. "Did you buy me a present, Jeonggukkie?"

Jeonggukkie did, yes.

He nods, hiding his face a little more in Taehyung's neck, though still makes sure he can see what his boyfriend is doing. Jeongguk squeezes his waist, locking his hand around his own wrist, holding Taehyung close to him. He watches with nervous eyes as Taehyung carefully pulls the box apart, revealing the thin, silver chain with a small key as the pendant.

"Oh, baby," Taehyung breathes, voice thick with soft emotion as he runs his fingers over the edge of the key. "It's beautiful. I love it." He lets out a slow breath, pulling it out of the box and eyeing it for
a long moment, all the while Jeongguk watches with silent anticipation. "My new favourite."
Taehyung twists in his arms, smile trapped between his teeth, eyes looking just a little more glassy.
"Will you put it on for me?"

Jeongguk doesn't say anything, just stares at Taehyung for a long moment before he swallows and
touches his own silver chain from beneath his shirt, the very first one Taehyung gifted him, though a
new addition added to it.

Taehyung's smile slowly slips as his eyes drop down to Jeongguk's chain, eyes widening in the heart
shaped lock now dangling over his chest. His bottom lip slips out from beneath his teeth and
mouth parts, eyes widening just a fraction.

Jeongguk's cheeks burn like he's just been slapped, eyes on Taehyung while Taehyung's eyes are on
chain. The **necklace** originally came as a one piece, but he separated the pendants so they could each
have one. It took him a couple of hours to attach the lock to his own chain, and he's got the band-aid
around his thumb to show it.

The look on Taehyung's face has Jeongguk's heart pounding violently against his ribs, splintering
them one by one as he watches with wide eyes. Taehyung reaches out and brushes his thumb over
the lock on Jeongguk's necklace before his gaze flickers down to the key in his own hand, glassy
eyes glazing over more.

When he looks up, he blinks and a tear slides down his cheek. "Y-You—You—"

Jeongguk doesn't let him finish, just sucks in a deep breath and gently takes the necklace from
Taehyung's hand, leaning over him carefully so he can drape it around his neck, forcing the tremor
out of his fingers so he can latch it in place. When he leans back, there's another smudge of mascara
under his boyfriend's eyes as he meets Jeongguk's gaze, lifting from where he was clearly looking at
the lock.

"You're my best friend, Taehyung. You're my boyfriend, but you're also my best friend. I just want
you to know that whatever happens to us, whatever we do and wherever we go, you're forever on
my mind. You have my whole heart and I have yours. And I promise to never let your heart get hurt
while it's under my care. I'll protect it with my life." Jeongguk's voice shakes on the end, but he
forces it back with a quiet, watery cough. "I think—I think we were destined to meet each other in
that convenience store. I think we were both lost and looking for each other for a long time and I
think we can be each others homes. We can take care of each other."

He reaches out when Taehyung gives a soft sob, gently wiping away another tear when it trails
down the bridge of his nose. Jeongguk rubs the tear that slides down his own lips between them,
sniffing quietly.

"Jeongguk..."

"I'll be a good home for you, hyung. You don't have to be strong on your own anymore. I'll take care
of you and we'll be strong together. Okay?"

Taehyung leans into Jeongguk's palm, pressing his nose into his hand with a broken whine as he
nods, lashes clumping together. "Okay," he whispers, hands curling around Jeongguk's wrist,
pressing frantic little kisses into his hand. "Okay, baby."

Jeongguk licks another tear off his lips as he leans in, turning Taehyung's head so he can press their
lips together, firm and saying more than he ever could out loud. There's so much more he wants to
say, but doesn't know how, doesn't know the words to express how he feels, so he focuses on
putting those feelings through the kiss.

He loves Taehyung. He truly loves every single part of him. But before he says the words aloud, he wants Taehyung to feel it. Feel how much love Jeongguk has in his heart for him. Wants him to know that whatever he does, there's someone out there who's thinking about him, someone cheering him on, someone who loves him and someone that would do anything for him.

And Jeongguk's prepared to spend forever proving that to Taehyung.

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"Oh my god, your tattoos are amazing!"

Jeongguk looks over to the unfamiliar voice, meeting eyes with a girl seated a few stools away from him. "Thanks," he smiles, eyes briefly dropping to his exposed arms before they turn back to the bar, waiting for the bartender to return with his and Taehyung's drinks.

It's the first day of his spring break, and Taehyung had decided to celebrate that by taking him and his friends out to one of Seoul's best bars. He lost them a while ago in the crowd, having all split to go and find someone pretty to dance with, and he probably won't see them again until the end of the night. It's a nice club, one of those elite places that still manages to be sultry, dark lights and celebrity DJ's at the booth. It's not the first time Jeongguk's been there, so the wow factor has worn off by now.

"What does this one mean?"

Jeongguk looks up again, the girl having made her way over to him at some point and is now brushing her fingers over the lion head on the back of his arm.

"Uh, not much, really," he chuckles. "Just liked it."

She nods and removes her hand, grin in place. "It's dope. I love animals."

Jeongguk nods and offers a smile, not really sure where she's going with this. "Yeah, same." His attention goes back to the passing bartender, setting down a tequila sunrise in front of him, now just needing his own mojito.

"I'm Soomi," the girl beside him introduces and he nods.

"Jeongguk," he returns, eyes flicking over his shoulder in search of his boyfriend. It doesn't take long to find him, having left him at a table with some of his own friends. The guy he's talking to is doing the majority of the speaking, while Taehyung nods along, laughing every now and then. Always such a pretty sight.

But it's as if Taehyung can feel his eyes on him, because he soon turns his attention to Jeongguk with a brief scan of the club, and the smile on his face slowly shifts into that carefully blank face, eyebrows raising a fraction and eyes narrowing. Jeongguk sends him a wink, but Taehyung's still staring at him with that all too familiar face of control, still nodding to whatever his friend beside him is saying.

Jeongguk turns back to Soomi when she rests her hand on his forearm, leaning in a little when he misses what she says the first time.

"I said do you wanna buy me a drink?"
"Yeah, sure, what do you want?" He asks, pulling his wallet out again, thinking nothing of it. He's kind enough to buy someone a drink.

"I'll take a cosmo."

Jeongguk nods and orders one of those when the bartenders stops by again with his mojito, giving Soomi a nod in farewell, but before he can even take a step away, she's speaking up again.

"Wanna dance?" Soomi asks, stepping a little closer to him and Jeongguk's eyebrows raise.

Before he gets the chance to decline, there's suddenly someone sliding up behind him and a firm hand on his hip. Jeongguk looks over his shoulder and is instantly smiling when he sees Taehyung, but his boyfriend's isn't looking at him, instead staring at Soomi.

"Min Soomi. Small world," Taehyung says, voice shrill. It's the voice he uses when he's unimpressed, and Jeongguk's briefly confused, wondering why—

Oh.

Oh.

Oh shit.

Soomi's eyebrows raise. "Taehyung-ssi," she says with a formal bow of her head. "I'm sorry, I didn't realise you were here or I would have come and said hello."

Taehyung hums, pressing his chest up against Jeongguk's back, arm wrapping around his shoulders, thumb hooking in Jeongguk's chain, playing with the pendant. "See you've met my boyfriend, then. Isn't he handsome?"

Soomi blinks, eyes flickering between Taehyung and Jeongguk. "O-Oh. Yes, we just met." She looks to the bartender when he sets down the cosmo, quick to grab it. "Anyway, my, uh, my friends are waiting for me, so I should get back. Good seeing you again, Taehyung-ssi." She doesn't spare Jeongguk another look as she steps away, head lowered and disappearing into the crowd.

"A friend of yours?" Jeongguk asks when Taehyung doesn't say anything.

"Did you flirt with her, sweetheart?" Taehyung asks, taking his drink from Jeongguk's hand. "Did you think she was pretty?"

Jeongguk's eyes widen, twisting in Taehyung's hold. "She came over and talked to me."

Taehyung nods, pulling the marichino cherry from his drink and plucking the stalk off with his teeth. "You bought her a drink."

"She asked for one!" Jeongguk says, before his shoulders sag a fraction. "Hyung. I didn't flirt with her."

There's silence for a moment, Taehyung just staring at him coolly before his eyes go over Jeongguk's head to the direction where Soomi disappeared in. "She was interested in you."

"I'm not interested in her."

Taehyung's eyes fall back on him with a slow bat of his eyelashes, still chewing at his cherry languidly. "Good. Because I don't share, Jeongguk."
Taehyung was jealous. He was jealous for once. And not Jeongguk.

Why is he getting hard?

Why is he mentally thirteen?

Jeongguk’s stomach warms pleasantly, his drink still untouched. "I don't want anyone else."

Taehyung stares at him over the rim of his glass as he takes a sip of his drink, and Jeongguk’s eyes roam his boyfriend’s body. He came and met Jeongguk right after he finished work, still dressed in a pair of slacks and a silk button down, unfastened all the way down his chest. He looks effortlessly gorgeous, even in just a pair of pin stripped pants and a shirt.

Jeongguk wants to devour him.

He wants to be devoured by him.

"You're mine, Jeongguk," Taehyung says calmly, but his eyes tell a different story.

Fuck.

Jeongguk’s fingers slip slightly on his glass and he quickly takes a hearty gulp, draining half the glass until the rum burns his throat. He sets the glass down, unfinished and licks his lips clean. "Let me prove it to you."

Taehyung raises an eyebrow, setting his own glass down. "Prove what, sweetheart?"

"Prove that I'm yours. Let me prove it to you."

"How?"

Jeongguk grabs Taehyung's wrist, twisting him around and gently pressing him to sit back in one of the stools, stepping between his spread legs and pressing a slow, lingering kiss against his lips. "Watch me, daddy," he husks, low.

He nips Taehyung's bottom lip between his teeth, giving it a soft tug as an old Trey Songz tune starts playing, and he lets his hips rock forward between his boyfriend's parted legs, feeling the way Taehyung’s breath stutters against his mouth. He pulls back with a slow swipe of his tongue over his bottom lip, head tilted back as he steps further away, back onto the dance floor, though not too far.

He needs for Taehyung to see him.

It's been a while since he danced properly, aside from what he does with Taehyung when they go out, and it's surprisingly easy to get into the rhythm, letting his body follow the beat of the music. Jeongguk keeps his eyes on Taehyung as he rolls his hips and entire body to the heavy bass, hand running down his chest and stomach and even sliding down over his crotch for just a brief second before sliding back up, and if his thumb just happens to accidentally pull the bottom of his shirt up a fraction, it's not his fault.

His eyes never leave Taehyung's, burning under the intensity of his gaze, biting down on his bottom lip when his boyfriend's thighs spread a little bit further apart with a shift in his seat, elbows resting back on the bar. Jeongguk feels sexy under the eyes of his boyfriend, feels both sexy and beautiful. He feels wanted.

Jeongguk lets his hips gently swivel, lets his hands run up his chest and neck, lets his body feel the
music, lets his eyes close every now and then. He just lets himself do whatever, wanting Taehyung to know that this is for him, and for him to love every last second of it.

Because that's who all this is for. Just for Taehyung, no one else.

He's all Taehyung's.

Just to make sure it that more abundantly clear, Jeongguk heads back to his boyfriend, steps close until he's fitting himself back between Taehyung's legs, his hands going to his thighs, gripping tight as he rolls his hips to the beat. Taehyung's bottom lip disappears between his teeth as he reaches out and lifts the bottom of Jeongguk's shirt up a little, stomach exposed so he can clearly watch the way his muscles move as he dances for him.

When Taehyung's eyes lift to meet his again, Jeongguk tugs at the tense thighs beneath his hands, pulling Taehyung to the edge of his chair so their hips are pressed flushed. He gives a low hum when he feels Taehyung hard in his slacks, maybe for the first proper time since they've known each other. It's new and different.

And he likes it a lot.

Jeongguk runs his teeth over his bottom lip, feels a thrill run through him at the fact that he did that. Taehyung's always been able to work him up so easily, even from the first moment they met and he left that convenience store half hard in his boxers. So it sends a ripple of confidence through him, knowing he's not only made Taehyung hard, but hard just from watching him dance for him.

He swallows thickly when Taehyung shifts his hips up to meet his own, gently clashing in time with the song, and Jeongguk's eyes drop in fascination and need, hands tightening on Taehyung's thighs when his cock twitches from the friction.

"Dance with me," Jeongguk says, ducking in to drag his lips along Taehyung's jaw, teeth gently catching on the hoop in his ear. "Wanna show everyone you're mine too."

Taehyung's long nails scrape along his stomach, other hand curling around his hip as he nods, letting Jeongguk pull him out of his seat with a shaky breath.

Jeongguk tugs Taehyung directly against him, no space between them as he walks them backwards, hands now on Taehyung's waist, locking him close to him until they're back out on the floor. Even then, he doesn't let him take a step away, just shifts enough so that he can slot his thigh between his boyfriend's legs as they start dancing.

Dancing for Taehyung is great.

Dancing with Taehyung is better.

He stares down the opening of Taehyung's shirt, eyes drinking in all that golden skin on display, and if the light catches it just right, Jeongguk can see the thin coat of sweat starting to gather over his chest. He's never wanted to leave bruises over someone's body before, but the idea of seeing Taehyung covered in lip shape marks and gentle teeth indents has Jeongguk's blood warming to a dangerous degree in his veins.

Their hands fit against and around each other, Taehyung's hand curling around the thickest part of Jeongguk's thigh, and Jeongguk's hand slipping into Taehyung's back pocket, squeezing greedily at his ass, matching each shift of their hips. His other hand slides under the back of Taehyung's shirt, pressing him into Jeongguk's chest, their heads bowed together until they connect at the forehead. The air is hot and thick around them, and Jeongguk finds it hard to take one full breath, his head
swimming every time he breathes in and seeps in the waft of lilacs.

Taehyung leans in further and kisses him, just a teasing kiss over his bottom lip, but he doesn't make Jeongguk wait another second before he fits their lips together, arm coming up to drape over his shoulders, the music just a dull thump in his ears at this point. No matter how many times they kiss, it never fails to leave Jeongguk a little winded, Taehyung's mouth as sweet as it looks, tastes like home, willingly drowning in each brush of his boyfriend's tongue. They pull apart when the song shifts into another sultry beat, Jeongguk's forehead dropping to Taehyung's shoulder and his hand slipping further up his back, warm and damp under his palm.

The slow grind of their hips is steadily having Jeongguk's mind blanking, focusing on nothing but the feeling of Taehyung's body against his own, the lips against his ear and the fingers digging into his thigh. Each pulse of music makes everything that much more intense, like muted pulses of pleasure rising up his spine and it's all getting to be too much and not enough at the same time.

So with a lick of his parched, kiss bruised lips, Jeongguk lifts his head and presses them against Taehyung's ear, hand tightening on his ass. "I want you."

Taehyung's chest heaves once against his own, clammy palm fitting around the back of his neck. "Not here. Let me take you back to mine."

Jeongguk's spine arches slightly, lips parting and tip of his tongue brushing over Taehyung's ear, feeling the tremble it sends through his body. He nods without another word, pulling back so he can press another kiss to Taehyung's lips, a little firmer and a little more desperate without even needing to move his lips. He grabs his boyfriend's hand and tugs them off the floor, feeling like a man on a mission, eyes dark and focused on the exit. Once they break free of the crowded club, he takes a deep breath of fresh air, and he doesn't have the mental capacity to wait for Taehyung to call his driver, instead waving down one of the passing taxis and helping his boyfriend in with a gentle hand.

He barely has time to read back Taehyung's address before the man himself is pressing him back against the side of the door and fisting a hand in his collar, reattaching their lips with a soft sigh that goes straight to Jeongguk's stomach. He should feel bad for the cab driver, but he's pretty confident the guy's seen worse on a Friday night, picking a couple up from a club. Surely he can handle a little bit of kissing and touching above the clothes.

Jeongguk's skin simultaneously burns and freezes whenever Taehyung touches him, like sticking your cold hands under scalding hot water and for those first few seconds, you feel nothing but ice. Taehyung's like a white hot flame, and Jeongguk's a piece of paper, ready to be burnt.

"I'm gonna make you feel so good," Jeongguk mumbles into Taehyung's mouth without pulling back, blunt nails scratching the soft, silky fabric over his boyfriend's stomach. "I'm gonna take care of you, hyung."

Taehyung groans, fingers tightening on the top of Jeongguk's thigh, so agonisingly close to his crotch that he has to force himself not to push into the touch.

When the cab pulls up a block away from the house, Taehyung barely registers how much money he pulls out before handing it over, too busy focused on pushing Jeongguk out of the door. He seems to realise they're not right outside of his place once the cab drives away, though Jeongguk's already grabbing his hand and tugging him in the right direction.

"Why did we get dropped off here?" Taehyung asks, pressing himself up against Jeongguk's back, and it makes walking a little more difficult, but the journey much better.
Jeongguk twists Taehyung around in his arms, smiling as he starts walking him backwards, holding him nice and secure. "I've always done it. Don't want people to know where you live."

Taehyung's eyes soften, hands on Jeongguk's shirt tightening. It's quiet for a moment as they keep walking, eyes still locked on each other. "You mean the world to me, Jeongguk, you know that?"

Four months ago? No. But now, Jeongguk knows. He knows how much Taehyung cares for him and adores him and loves him. And if that isn't the most amazing feeling, to know you're loved by the person you'd lay down and die for, Jeongguk has no idea what could beat that.

He doesn't verbally respond, just kisses his man—his fucking man—and reaches up to give the necklace around Taehyung's neck a gentle tug, a silent reminder. It does the trick, because Taehyung pulls him closer, licking into his mouth a little more eagerly as Jeongguk's left to navigate his keys and unlock the door without opening his eyes. Luckily Taehyung turns off the alarm, and as soon as he does, Jeongguk kisses down his boyfriend's chest, bending slow as his hands drag down Taehyung's back and ass, down to his thighs, lifting him off the ground and pulling his legs around his waist.

Taehyung gasps, hands grabbing at Jeongguk's shoulders as their lips meet in the middle, his head angled back so he can meet the height, pulse speeding when he once again feels the hard line of his boyfriend's dick pressed up against him. He carries Taehyung into the living room, barely kicking out of his shoes on the way, having become so used to the surroundings that he can get around the place with his eyes closed and a beautiful person licking over the back of his teeth.

Jeongguk's careful as he sets Taehyung down on the arm rest, hands slipping up from his thighs to undo those last few buttons of his boyfriend's shirt, and despite how eager and desperate he is to get Taehyung naked, he takes his time pushing the soft material over impossibly softer skin. This is the first time he's gotten to undress Taehyung, and he's not going to take it for granted, eyes drinking in every piece of perfect skin.

He lifts his arms when Taehyung pulls back enough to tug at the bottom of Jeongguk's shirt, material pulled over his head. As soon as it's off, Jeongguk bows his head to kiss Taehyung again, using his body to press him back against the cushions, climbing on top of him with such care so not to hurt the man he cares and values more than anything.

The nerves that Jeongguk expected to feel aren't there, always imagined that the first time he did anything with Taehyung, he'd be unsure, having only ever had female partners before. But it goes to show that it really has to do with the connection he's built with this person. This wonderful, beautiful person who he trusts more than he trusts himself. The parts that make him up mean nothing to Jeongguk, it's the person he is as a whole that Jeongguk fell in love with. So he has no hesitations as he rolls his hips down, no beat or music guiding him, just the sound of Taehyung's breathy whines and groans.

"You don't know how long I've thought about this, having you like this," Taehyung breathes against his chin, pressing a kiss to the spit damp skin, fingers curling around Jeongguk's bicep. "You don't know how many times I've touched myself thinking about you, Jeongguk."

Jeongguk's body physically jolts at that, hips pressing down harder. It's something he never even thought about needing to hear, but with Taehyung's deep, heavy voice ringing in his ears, words playing over and over again, Jeongguk doesn't know how he's managed to survive without it.

"Taehyung," he laughs, trembling and nothing above a whisper, hand curling around the side of Taehyung's neck. "I can't even begin to explain how much I know that feeling," he confesses, eyes wide. "From way back when we first met I've thought about touching you like this."
Taehyung curses quietly under his breath, hips pushing up to meet Jeongguk's. He licks his lips, hands going down to Jeongguk's jeans, fingers pressing down over his crotch, knuckles brushing the head of his cock. "Show me," he says suddenly, eyes hooding, voice thickening and Jeongguk trembles. "Show me how you touch yourself when you think about me."

Jeongguk obeys as if it were second nature—and at this point, it is—sitting back enough to undo his jeans, fingers hesitating ever so slightly before he pushes past it and tugs his jeans and boxes down in one go. He doesn't get the chance to push them down much further before Taehyung is pressing him back, forcing him to lay backwards so he can pull them off of him himself. As soon as they're off, Taehyung sits there and looks Jeongguk over from head to toe, mapping out planes of skin and lines of ink.

"Touch yourself for daddy, baby," he says and Jeongguk's stomach tenses, lifting his hand to lick over his palm before curling it around his own dick, almost gasping from the sensitivity.

His eyes close briefly before he forces them back open again, wanting to watch Taehyung as he watches him. Whenever Jeongguk's touched himself, it's to thoughts of Taehyung, to the way he sounds, smells, looks, never the actual thing right in front of him. His breath shakes every time his wrist twists when he reaches the head of his cock, tightening when Taehyung slowly pushes himself up on his knees and undoes his own slacks, pushing them down to reveal the soft blue of his panties.

"How does it feel, baby boy?" Taehyung asks as he hooks his thumbs into the thin straps of his panties, tugging one side down, then the other, Jeongguk's eyes unable to look anywhere else. He tugs his panties down his thighs, cock visibly twitching and Jeongguk's hand curls a little tighter around himself. "Does it feel good to watch me while you touch yourself?"

Jeongguk swallows back an incoherent noise and nods, chest rising and falling quickly, precome smearing down the sides of his knuckles. "So good. You're so beautiful, hyung."

God, does Jeongguk's dick throb when Taehyung's cheeks flare with colour.

He's beautiful. He's so beautiful. He's so beautiful it hurts.

"C-Come here. Let me take care of you, gorgeous," Jeongguk rasps, and Taehyung's thighs look like they tremble.

Taehyung shifts closer, climbing towards Jeongguk, who reaches out and pulls him closer, needing for him to be closer immediately. Before he can pull Taehyung down all the way, his boyfriend stops him with a hand on his chest and a soft edge to his eyes. "Are you sure you want to do this, petal? I know this is new for you."

Jeongguk doesn't even have to think about it. He wraps his arm around Taehyung's waist and gently twists him so he's on his back again and Jeongguk's the one lying over him, ducking his head in so they're nose to nose. "And I know I want you. I want this so much," he promises, pressing a gentle kiss to Taehyung's top lip. "You're what I want."

Warm hands drag up the sides of Jeongguk's ribs, Taehyung's breath hitching when Jeongguk shifts and their dicks slide together. He takes the initiative to reach between them, curling his fingers around Taehyung's cock, and it's definitely something different, having never touched anyone else like this other than himself. He likes it, though, likes the way Taehyung's breath hitches and head presses back a little firmer against the cushion.

Jeongguk drops his head to press open mouthed kisses against the the column of his boyfriend's exposed throat, nose nudging the edge of his jaw. "Is this okay?"
Taehyung nods, hips rolling up once into Jeongguk's hand. "You're doing so good, baby, yeah."

His throat hitches when Taehyung's own hand wraps around Jeongguk, hand soft and bigger compared to his own, and it's enough to have him shaking, head dropping down to Taehyung's shoulder, hand tightening around him.

Jeongguk lifts his head enough to stare down between their bodies, hands trapped beneath their stomachs, jerking each other off and he's entirely certain that this beats every other sexual encounter he's ever had. He knows it's because of the relationship he and Taehyung have built together, knows it goes more than just sexual attraction. He wants to make his boyfriend feel good, wants him to have full faith in Jeongguk that he can take care of him, please him and have his toes curling. He wants to take Taehyung apart and piece him together with slivers of Jeongguk, wants to write his name in every little fragment until he's trapped beneath that beautiful skin.

He takes a moment to appreciate how much he likes the way their skin looks pressed together. Loves seeing his inked, slightly paler skin pressed golden, smooth skin. Jeongguk thinks they look beautiful together, opposites, yin and yang, but still somehow similar. He also takes a moment to appreciate the way his chain dangles towards Taehyung's, two pieces coming together to meet. Maybe in more than one way.

Taehyung bends one of his knees up by Jeongguk's hip, free hand curling around the back of his neck, pulling his head up so they're forehead to forehead again. "I wanna see your pretty face, sweetheart."

He doesn't swallow back the low whine that leaves his throat in time, nodding quickly, unable to force back the flush to his cheeks. It's definitely not bad, though, Jeongguk finds that he really loves Taehyung watching him like he can't look at anything else but him. It makes fire sear beneath his skin, pushing more into Taehyung's hand as his own speeds up. It should be embarrassing, just how close he feels already, but with one look at Taehyung, he doesn't feel embarrassed at all when he's got someone as beautiful as this man beneath him, touching Jeongguk and complimenting him and praising him, staring at him with a mixture of blazing heat and a blanketed warmth.

Taehyung bites down on his bottom lip and Jeongguk think he's a goner, slick thumb slipping over the head of his cock.

"Hyung," he tries, voice breaking, other arm slipping beneath his boyfriend's head, panting against his lips. Jeongguk's entire body burns, lungs feeling as if they're trapped in a closing fist, each breath of air becoming thinner and thinner. "Taehyung, I-I—"

Taehyung nods, foot hooking around the back of Jeongguk's knee, eyelashes constantly fluttering. "I know, angel," he soothes, hand sliding around from Jeongguk's neck to the side of his cheek. "I've got you."

And Jeongguk knows he does. He knows Taehyung's got him in every aspect of his life.

It only takes a few more flicks of Taehyung's wrist and Jeongguk's a goner, sucking in a sharp breath, unable to drop his head with the way Taehyung's holding his jaw so he can watch him. It has him coming impossibly harder, spilling all over his boyfriend's pretty fingers and his soft belly, hips jerking into his hand, a slew of groans and whimpers leaving his lips, which Taehyung traps in his own mouth, kissing each little noise out of Jeongguk's mouth.

"Oh fuck," he whines when Taehyung pulls away to kiss down his jaw, still stroking him through the last of it, and Jeongguk gets back to it when he realises his own hand had slowed in the process. "Sorry, Tae, I'm sorry. I'll take care of you," he whispers, pressing his own kisses over his
boyfriend's shoulder as he picks his speed back up, each little moan Taehyung gives making Jeongguk's now overly sensitive cock throb.

Taehyung groans, fingers slipping from Jeongguk's dick to reach around and grab his ass, pulling him closer while his other hand fists at his own hair, and Jeongguk wouldn't dare miss this, head lifting to stare down at his man as he works his hardest to make him feel good.

"Come for me, beautiful," Jeongguk whispers, suddenly desperate to see Taehyung fall apart beneath him in the safety of his arms. "I've got you," he adds, using his boyfriend's own words back at him.

Taehyung blinks up at him, lip still trapped between his teeth, muting those beautiful moans and Jeongguk ducks to kiss him to pull his lips apart, whispering silent promises that he's got him, that he's incredible and he's got him.

With a gasp, Taehyung's back arches off the couch, knee bending higher up as he comes with the sexiest moan Jeongguk's ever heard, low and drawn out, and his poor dick is too spent to do anything but twitch. He works Taehyung through it, eyes focused on the soft part of his boyfriend's lips as he comes, the way his eyelashes flutter, the way his eyebrows knit together. It's so beautiful, so fucking beautiful.

When Taehyung's eyes flutter open, fingers loosening in his own hair, Jeongguk drops his hand from around his cock and curls it around his boyfriend's hip, leaning down and pressing a slow kiss to his face, thumb stroking over his cheekbone as their eyes meet.

"You look beautiful when you come."

Jeongguk freezes.

Taehyung smirks slowly.

Jeongguk drops his head down against Taehyung's cheek, face on fire, still trying to catch his breath. "Why would you say that?" He whines and Taehyung laughs softly, carding through the back of his hair.

"Because I like making you blush."

He groans and nuzzles his face into Taehyung's chest further, cold metal of his chain pressing against his overheated forehead. "Ass."

Taehyung laughs, a loud belt of it that jostles Jeongguk's head, vibrating through his own body.

Jeongguk's so in love.

Chapter End Notes

And so the smut begins. I've unleashed it and there's no stopping it now.

Come say 'Jeongguk finally got a slice of that pie' on twitter!
The next morning is perfect.

Taehyung wakes him up with kisses all over his face, straddling his chest and whispering soft encouragements for him to open his eyes. And when Jeongguk opens his eyes, he's graced with the beautiful sight that is his boyfriend, wearing Jeongguk's shirt from last night, eyes warm and welcoming first thing.

"You up, baby boy?" Taehyung mumbles, pressing soft kisses against the shell of his ear and Jeongguk hums, hand lifting to slide under the back of his own shirt on Taehyung's back, rubbing at his warm spine, dipping beneath his fingers.

"I'm up," he croaks, stretching his legs out as he turns his head to press a sleepy kiss to his boyfriend's jaw. "Good morning."

Taehyung chuckles low in his throat, and it's one of the nicest sounds to hear after a good nights sleep, mind still clouded and fogged. "Morning, pretty boy. I made you breakfast."

Jeongguk hums again, hand sliding down to rest gently over the curve of Taehyung’s ass, thumb sliding over the soft fabric that must be his own boxers. "You made me breakfast?" He asks, dry lips pulling up into a grin.

"Mmh. Made your favourite."

His grin grows. "Cheerios?"

Taehyung nods, pressing another kiss to his temple.

"You spoil me."

Taehyung helps him up out of bed, having managed to get the energy last night to both shower and crawl under the silk sheets. The reminder of last night has Jeongguk's heart thumping happily, his cheeks aching with each memory. It had been perfect, better than he could have ever imagined, and he hopes for many more repeats of it in the future.

He's helped into one of Taehyung's silky robes, cool against his warm skin and lets himself be pulled downstairs, fingers tangled with his boyfriend's. Cash and Crystal greet him with wet noses against his thigh and ankle and he pets them behind the ears once he's sat down at the counter, having to pick Crystal up because he's far too small to reach up.

Breakfast tastes sweeter, tastes better than he remembers, the Cheerios extra crunchy and the milk extra refreshing. Maybe he's being biased, but he thinks Taehyung prepares the best Cheerios ever.

"How'd I do? Just how you like it?" Taehyung asks, standing behind Jeongguk and resting his chin on his shoulder, arm wrapped over his chest to thumb idly over the heart pendant.

He nods, lifting a spoonful and feeding it to his boyfriend who accepts it with a soft hum. "Compliments to the chef."
Taehyung hums, pressing a kiss to Jeongguk's cheek as he goes back to eating, draped over his back and playing with his necklace, occasionally rubbing over his chest. It's not until a few minutes later does Taehyung speak up again, shifting and setting an envelope in front of Jeongguk's half finished bowl of cereal before pressing a couple of soft kisses to his jaw.

"Happy spring break, petal."

Jeongguk raises his eyebrows, setting his spoon down as he eyes his boyfriend, smile tugging at his lips. "You got me a present for spring break?"

Taehyung nods, pressing kisses over the curve of Jeongguk's shoulder. "Open it."

He does as he's told, thumb hooking under the flap of paper and pulling out the— "What's..." he trails off as he reads the first few words, eyes immediately going wide and heart dropping into his stomach, bouncing against his kidneys, punching his lungs and then jumps up into his throat. "Hawaii? A hotel in Hawaii? Taehyung." Jeongguk looks over his shoulder at his grinning boyfriend, hiding it against Jeongguk's back.

But his smile drops when Jeongguk's eyes suddenly water and his face crumples.

"Honey," Taehyung laughs, twisting Jeongguk around in the chair so he can cradle his face. "Are you crying because you're happy?"

Jeongguk nods, squeezing his eyes shut. God, how many times is he gonna cry in front of Taehyung?

Taehyung pulls him in by the head, tugging him into his chest so he can stroke at his hair. "It's okay, you can cry all you want. Daddy's got you, angel."

Jeongguk sniffs and wraps his arms around Taehyung's waist, tugging him to stand between his legs. "We're really going t-to Hawaii?"

He gets a soft hum and a kiss to his ear. "Tomorrow."

And here comes another wave of tears. "Tomorrow?"

Taehyung nods through a soft chuckle as Jeongguk sobs into his chest. "Five whole days. Just you, me and the sun. Does that sound nice?"

Jeongguk's chin quivers too much for him to say anything, settling instead for tightening his arms even more and nodding weakly. He knows why he's crying, and it has less to do with the fact that they're going on a holiday together—though that's a big part of it—and more so to do with the fact that Taehyung remembered him telling him that he always wanted to go to Hawaii. He remembered such a small detail, a dream of his that he never thought he'd be able to achieve. But here he was, about to go to fucking Hawaii.

He pulls back with a sniff and Taehyung wipes under his eyes, soft smile fixed on his face. "I've already taken care of everything, so all we need to do is pack."

"What about the dogs?"

"Jinnie and Joonie hyung are gonna look after them, don't worry."

Jeongguk takes a deep breath, face still cradled between his boyfriend's warm hands. "I can't believe you remembered me telling you about Hawaii," he whispers.
Taehyung smiles, reaching up to push Jeongguk's bangs off his face. "I remember everything important, Jeongguk."

No. He won't cry again. No, no, no.

With a lick of his lips, Jeongguk pulls Taehyung closer so he can press a kiss to his lips, tasting like pure tears and happiness. He kisses him until his bubbling excitement has his lips tugging into a grin, the realisation really setting in that they're going to fucking Hawaii.

Tomorrow.

"Holy shit."

Jeongguk almost drops the bags in his hand, which makes it more convenient for the people around them, taking their luggage to pack it away. His mind barely registers it, though, too focused on the jet in front of him, much smaller than a regular plane, but looking no less intimidating, sleek and white with Kim Corp. written across the side.

"What's wrong? Are you nervous?" Taehyung asks beside him, hand lifting to rub at Jeongguk's back.

He can only shake his head, mouth hanging open. "You have your own private jet?" Jeongguk asks, and it really shouldn't be surprising. But he's never seen a plane up close, let alone a private one.

His boyfriend chuckles, taking his hand and leading him up the carpet laid out by the stairs. "There's even a fucking carpet, dude, what the fuck."

"Come on, we've got a long flight."

Taehyung leads him up into the plane and Jeongguk is immediately in awe. There's champagne waiting in a bucket of ice near a row of couches. Couches on a plane. There's a couple of tables, and even some freshly cut flowers. He gets a quick tour, and his jaw almost hits the floor when Taehyung shows him the bed at the back, a king sized bed just there. Just there on a plane. And don't get him started on the bathroom. It's impossibly bigger than his own back home.

"This is crazy," he laughs as Taehyung guides him to one of the seats, taking the one across from him. Fuck, even the chairs are insanely comfortable.

Taehyung just smiles and sets his purse down on the table, pulling out a bag of mints and reaching over to press one against Jeongguk's lips. "Here, baby. Suck on this, it'll stop your ears popping when we take off."

Jeongguk opens his mouth and accepts the mint happily, eyes still roaming the cabin, taking everything in.

"Mr. Kim, I hope you're well," a man suddenly says, appearing out of the cockpit, dressed in a full pilots uniform, bowing in respect. "Thank you for allowing me to take you to Hawaii. I will make sure you get there safe and comfortably."

Taehyung smiles up at the man. "I have no doubt that you will, Sino. This is my boyfriend, Jeongguk," he introduces. "It's his first time flying, so please be gentle with him."
Sino sucks in a sharp breath before bowing towards Jeongguk quickly, head almost touching the table. "Ah, yes, Mr. Jeon. I promise to be careful. You can trust me."

Jeongguk nods, knowing that if he's Taehyung's pilot, then he must be good. "Thank you very much, sir."

"Please, call me Sino. And if you need anything, don't be afraid to ask one of the stewards."

"There's a cabin crew?" Jeongguk asks loudly, pushing himself up a little in his chair to look around, unable to see anyone else.

"Not really a crew," Taehyung says as Sino returns back to his quarters. "Just a couple of people who'll attend to us if we need it."

Jeongguk drops back down in his chair, accidentally swallowing his mint in his excitement. He silently opens his mouth for another, and Taehyung leans over and feeds him one more.

"Put your belt on, sweetheart. You can take it off once the plane's in the air."

He does just that, fastening it across his lap, keeping him nice and secure. Which is probably a good thing, because he can't for the life of him sit still. He's too excited.

"Welcome aboard, gentleman. We are on route to Honolulu, Hawaii, which should take us around nine and a half hours. Please sit back and relax, and I hope you enjoy the flight."

Jeongguk practically squeals.

A few minutes later, the engines start and they make their way down the runway, Jeongguk's eyes glued on the window, watching everything start to whizz by as they pick up speed. As they lift off, Jeongguk reaches out and grabs Taehyung's hand, twining their fingers together without taking his eyes off the window, gravity pulling at his stomach and making him feel like he's on a roller coaster.

"You okay?" Taehyung asks, thumb rubbing circles into the back of Jeongguk's hand.

He nods, letting out a slow, shaky breath once they're up in the air, gaze flicking to his boyfriend. "I'm perfect."

Well, for about an hour.

"I was worried this might happen," Taehyung mumbles gently from where he's stroking back Jeongguk's sweaty bangs from his forehead.

Jeongguk leans into the cool touch, cheek pressed against the side of the toilet in case he need to throw up again. Figures that he turns out to be prone to motion sickness. He's only been on a boat a couple of times, and it always resulted in him hanging over the edge, spewing his guts out. But he thought it would be completely different on a plane.

"I'm sorry, Tae," he croaks, spitting into the toilet bowl as Taehyung shushes his and strokes down the back of his head.

"Not your fault, angel. I was prepared for everything, give me one sec," Taehyung says, standing up and Jeongguk whines. "I'll just be one second."

He pouts as he watches him go, fingers stretching out before falling limp against his thigh. He's annoyed at himself for being sick, not wanting to ruin their vacation on account of him not being able
to stop his nausea. He'd been happily looking out the window, watching as they passed over Korea when he suddenly felt dizzy and Taehyung leaned over to ask if he was okay, having apparently gone as pale as a sheet. Jeongguk had barely been able to give a heads up before he'd suddenly broken out in a cold sweat and had to rush to the bathroom.

Taehyung resurfaces with a couple of pills in hand along with a pair of grey bands. "Give me your arms. These'll help."

Jeongguk offers his hands and watches through a heavy gaze as Taehyung slips the bands around his wrists, pressing tight against the pressure points. "Thanks, hyung," he husks once Taehyung's gently pried his mouth open and fed him a couple of pills and helped him tilt his chin back to drink some water.

Another ten minutes passes and Jeongguk doesn't throw up again, Taehyung's hand rubbing patterns into his back. "C'mon, let's lay down. You can sleep this off." He pulls Jeongguk up gently, taking pretty much all of his weight, tucking him into his side as he guides him back to the bedroom, laying him down on soft sheets before closing the shutter.

Jeongguk whimpers when Taehyung steps towards the door, reaching out and curling loose fingers around his boyfriend's skirt. "Don't go."

Taehyung smiles, shutting the door quietly before he lowers himself down beside Jeongguk. "I'm not going anywhere, baby. Try sleep, hyung will take care of you," he croons, gently pulling Jeongguk's head onto his chest.

Jeongguk presses close, arm wrapping around Taehyung's waist, burying his nose into the thin crop top and breathing in the smell of lilacs. "I really am sorry, babe. You shouldn't have to take care of me."

A soft tsk is pulled from Taehyung's teeth as he strokes through Jeongguk's hair, lips pressing to the top of his head. "Stop apologising. And it's my job to take of you. You're my baby."

He can't help but preen a little at that, pressing his face more into Taehyung's chest, hand slipping up the side of his shirt, palm splaying out over soft skin. He hooks his thigh over his boyfriend's hips, wrapping himself around him completely. With the way he's got long nails running up under the back of his shirt, or scratching through his hair, it's not long before he dozes off, head pillowed in the safest place it could be. He wake up a couple of times with that gut curling feeling again, and each time, Taehyung helps him to the bathroom and then holds him close until the motions don't feel so severe.

The next time Jeongguk wakes up, it's not unlike the day before, kisses being pressed onto his face.

"We're here, angel, time to wake up," Taehyung whispers into his ear, gentle fingers combing through his hair.

Jeongguk inhales deep, nose tucked tight into the side of his boyfriend's neck. He stretches out slow, muscles feeling a little tight and heavy and his throat aches as he carefully sits up and clears his throat. He reaches out blindly to find Taehyung as he wipes at his eyes, fingers curling around the softness of his knee. "We're in Hawaii?" He rasps, licking his dry lips.

Taehyung hums from behind him, gently petting the hand on his knee. He helps Jeongguk up and off the plane, giving him a mask, bucket hat and sunglasses, which he's grateful for, because as soon as they step off the plane and into the airport, there's camera everywhere, which has Taehyung growling from beside him.
"What's wrong?" Jeongguk asks, squeezing his boyfriend's hand in his own as they make their way through the airport, security around them.

Taehyung keeps Jeongguk close, having insisted on carrying the bags. "I only told a few people we were coming here. Someone clearly let it slip. I'm sorry, Guk, I—"

He's immediately shaking his head, ignoring the throb in his temples from the bright lights and sun. "It's okay, Tae. I don't mind."

"I do. It's our private vacation," he sighs.

Jeongguk tries to press kisses against Taehyung's shoulder, but the mask prevents him from it, so he settles for nosing at the soft skin instead. "It's still ours, daddy. Don't be upset."

Taehyung deflates a little at that, pressing his own nose against Jeongguk's cheek as the security continue to make a path for them. They're soon outside and Taehyung leads them over to a car, Jeongguk's attention on the palm trees and the bold writing on the sign ahead.

"Aloha!" He says loudly, pointing to the sign, eyes wide.

Taehyung chuckles, hand paused on Jeongguk's back from where he was guiding him into the car. "You're adorable."

The drive is only short, and Jeongguk spends the majority of it pressed up against the window, constantly pointing things out with too much excitement, all the while Taehyung rubs at the inside of his thigh, answering the rapid questions Jeongguk fires his way. When they get to the hotel, they're met with less photographers, just a couple, so getting into the lobby isn't too hectic, much to Taehyung's relief. It's weird how used to it Jeongguk's become, having his picture taken. He's even been asked for an autograph a couple of times, which threw him because he's not famous at all, and his signature is definitely not up to par with the cool one Taehyung has.

The hotel is huge, the biggest that Jeongguk's ever stepped into. Not that that's surprising. It's expensive looking without being over the top. All soft colours and plants and warm looking people. When the man at the counter greets Taehyung with a Welcome back, Mr. Kim, Jeongguk swoons a little.

"You're so cool," he whispers as they head up the elevator to their room, leaning into the touch on his cheek when Taehyung laughs and pets his face.

They've got the ocean view room, according to the concierge, so as soon as the elevator opens up into their room, Jeongguk immediately runs for the balcony, gasping at the sight of the beach literally directly beneath them. It's hitting him all over again, the fact that he's in Hawaii, that Taehyung has taken him to Hawaii, and he suddenly can't stop bouncing up and down.

For the next twenty minutes, there's a lot of:

"The soap is shaped like shells. Shells."

"Taehyung, the shower talks!"

"The floor is warm!"

"There's one of those things that cleans your butt!"

But mostly, it's a lot of:
"You're so amazing, thank you so much."

"Taehyung, I just. You're incredible. Thank you."

"Thank you, babe, I'm so happy."

Taehyung just lets him have his time, sitting on the edge of the bed and watching Jeongguk run around the suite, all with this fond look to his eye that makes Jeongguk blush whenever he looks over to his boyfriend. Eventually, though, Taehyung nudges him towards the shower, following in tow and Jeongguk's excitement quickly switches to fatigue as long fingers lather shampoo into his hair.

When he eventually falls asleep on cotton sheets a little while later, he misses the way Taehyung presses a kiss to his temple and tells him he loves him so much.

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"Yah, Jeongguk, don't rush off just yet," Taehyung calls after him, having been in the process of running towards the sea.

"Hyung! The sea, let's go."

Taehyung shakes his head, setting his bag down by the deck chairs and wags a finger in Jeongguk's direction. "You need sunscreen."

Jeongguk whines but obeys, trudging back through the hot sand and narrowly missing the beautifully crafted sandcastle on the way. "I don't burn easy," he points out as Taehyung starts rubbing cool lotion into his bare back.

"We'll see about that. Last thing I need is for you to get sun stroke. The heat works differently out here."

So Jeongguk's patient, lets himself be twisted and turned as he coated in a thick layer of lotion and only grunts when a heavy amount is rubbed into his nose. "You're gonna make me look like one of those vacation dads. All I need now is a fanny pack."

Taehyung laughs, and Jeongguk doesn't miss the way he spends a little bit of extra time over his stomach and biceps, obviously just wanting to make sure that he's all covered.

Obviously.

"The last thing you want is for your pretty tattoos to fade," Taehyung warns, and Jeongguk feels his heart jump. He hadn't even thought about that, and here Taehyung was, trying to keep them from getting sun damage, not wanting him to get sunstroke and not wanting him to burn.

He loves him so much.

"Here, let me do you," he insists once Taehyung finishes up on his legs. He's in the middle of squeezing some sunscreen into his palm, and ends up half crushing the bottle in his hand when Taehyung takes off his kaftan and reveals the bikini beneath.

"I think that's plenty, baby," Taehyung says, slipping his sunglasses down from his hair and over his eyes, nodding to the growing tower of cream in Jeongguk's hand.

He blinks down at it before quickly setting the bottle down, clearing his throat before carefully
starting to rub lotion into Taehyung's pretty skin, wondering if his tan will only darken further. God, he hopes so. He loves the colour of Taehyung's skin. So much that it's a little hard to concentrate on lotion duty, especially with the way the colour of his boyfriend's bikini compliments his skin so well.

He's not gonna get hard. He's not gonna get hard.

And then Taehyung turns around.

Jeongguk almost crumples to his mother fucking knees at the way Taehyung's ass and thighs look, the material hugging his hips and the curve of his ass so nicely. So yeah, maybe he understands now why Taehyung had wanted to be thorough in making sure he covered every last patch of Jeongguk's skin.

He's gotta make sure those thighs are nice and protected.

"Okay, you can go have fun now," Taehyung tells him once Jeongguk's spent a good two minutes rubbing the dip of his back.

"You not coming in?" Jeongguk asks, thumbing to the ocean behind him.

Taehyung sighs as he lays out on the deck chair, and Jeongguk pauses mid step to stare. "In a little bit. Daddy needs to tan."

Daddy needs to stop.

Twenty minutes later, Jeongguk emerges from the sea, soaked and hair dripping into his eyes. "Hyung! The water is so clear I could see my own feet!"

Taehyung lifts his head when Jeongguk stops right beside him, not even minding the fact that he's being dripped on. He doesn't say anything for a long moment, and Jeongguk's about to ask what's wrong until his boyfriend slips his sunglasses up and oh.

Taehyung's checking him out.

"Who gave you the right to look that good coming out of the water?"

His cheeks burn in a way that has little to do with the sun, but his grin is bright. "Will you come play with me now?"

Taehyung sighs, stretching his back out and Jeongguk's own eyes drink in all that skin, shiny with lotion, the light bouncing off the jewellery in his belly. "Alright, but if you dunk me, I'll push your face in the sand."

Jeongguk grins, offering his hand down and helping Taehyung to his feet, lacing their fingers together as they make their way down to the water. At the last second, Jeongguk tugs on Taehyung's arm and crouches down to sweep him up into his arms, one arm tucked behind his back while the other secures him tight beneath his knees. He's grinning as Taehyung squeals, wrapping his arm around Jeongguk's shoulders.

"Have I ever mentioned that I have a big thing for your muscles?"

"Don't need to. I've seen the way you look at them," he smirks, stepping further into the water until it hits his hips. He carefully helps Taehyung down onto his feet, pressing himself up against his back and wrapping his arms around his waist, face tucking against his neck. "I'm so happy."
Taehyung reaches back to stroke the back of Jeongguk's wet hair, nails untangling the small knots. "You being happy makes me happy."

Jeongguk inhales deeply, hands sliding down Taehyung's waist to rest on the sides of his thighs. "So, you said no dunking right?" He asks casually, but grins when Taehyung tenses in his arms.

"Jeongguk... Don't, Jeon—!"

Jeongguk grabs the backs of Taehyung's thighs and lifts him off his feet once more, curled up against his chest while Taehyung shrieks, arms grabbing at any part of Jeongguk he can. It turns into bit of a wrestling match, Taehyung wiggling his way out of Jeongguk's arms, the pair of them fighting and splashing around in the water. Taehyung manages to get Jeongguk over his shoulder, carrying him deeper into the water as he smacks at his ass.

"Tae, I'm sorry!" He laughs, fingers struggling to grip onto his boyfriend's slippery thighs.

Taehyung stills. "You're sorry?"

Jeongguk nods quickly, still muffling laughs against the small of Taehyung's back. "Really, really, really sorry!"

"Uh oh," Taehyung sighs, hands reaching up to curl around Jeongguk's hips. "Everyone knows you're not sorry unless you give four really's. Sorry, kid." He pushes Jeongguk off his shoulder, and for a few seconds, he's free falling until his back connects with the water and he's going under.

He surfaces with a little splutter, spitting out a mouthful of water as he pushes his hair out of his face. Jeongguk's eyes go a little dark as they land on a laughing Taehyung, who backs away a step as Jeongguk takes one forward.

"Okay, we've had our fun. Let's call a truce," he says as he grabs Jeongguk's reaching hands, locking their fingers together.

Jeongguk laughs. "Oh, you wanna call a truce, hyung?"

Taehyung nods, but then he grins and yanks Jeongguk closer, only to have momentum to shove him back hard until Jeongguk's going under the water again. "Now a truce!" He yells as he starts running.

"Ooh, boy, you're dead!" He calls as he stands and runs after his boyfriend, treading through the water as quickly as he can. Taehyung's got the long legs, but Jeongguk's got the muscle.

He eventually manages to wrap his arms around his squealing boyfriend's waist and yanks him down with him as he drops back into the water, and Jeongguk may go under again, but this time he's taking prisoners. They play like that for a while, dragging each other through the water, lifting each other up and slamming the other down. Eventually Taehyung manages to get away completely, running back up through the sand, Jeongguk hot on his heels, until Taehyung's collapsing down onto the deck chair and Jeongguk's following suit, flipping him around until he's got his wrists pinned down.

"Okay, okay! You win!" Taehyung concedes, laughing so much that his words shake.

Jeongguk grins, shaking his hair out until Taehyung squawks beneath him. Eventually, he lets Taehyung's wrists go, lowering himself down until he's got his hands splayed out on either side of his boyfriend's ribs, ducking down to press a slow, salty kiss against Taehyung's lips.

Jeongguk's been the winner the moment Taehyung let him be a part of his life.
They stumble back into their room, giggling into each others mouths as the elevator door opens rather abruptly and Taehyung has to steady Jeongguk from falling backwards.

"Thanks for dinner, hyung," he says between kisses, hands sliding along the bare sides of Taehyung's ribs, where his dress dips away.

Taehyung hums against his lips, arms loosely wound around Jeongguk's shoulders. "You're welcome, baby. Did you have a good time?"

He nods, pressing a kiss over his boyfriend's bottom lip. "Had great company." Jeongguk grins, swallowing the soft laugh he gets, both of them on the soft side of tipsy, swaying slightly where they stand.

"God, you're so cute," Taehyung breathes, licking back into his mouth and Jeongguk accepts his tongue with a soft keen, hands sliding around Taehyung's back, nails scratching over the thin straps of material obscuring tiny patches of skin. Still too much skin for Jeongguk's liking. "Help me out of my dress?"

Jeongguk nods slowly, licking his damp lips as Taehyung pulls away to turn around. His eyes rake down all that beautiful skin, slightly more tanned from just one day out in the sun and he can't resist the urge to press kisses along the back of his boyfriend's shoulder as his fingers lift to the small zip at the dip of Taehyung's back. He pulls it down slowly, sucking in a slow breath through his nose when he sees the black panties beneath, jaw flexing.

"You like them?" Taehyung asks from over his shoulder as Jeongguk thumbs over the strapped material along his lower back. When he nods, Taehyung hums. "I got them just for you."

Jeongguk's stomach jumps, fingers hooking into the material and gently tugging before his palm smooths upwards Taehyung's spine. "You spoil me," he mutters as he presses another kiss to Taehyung's broad shoulder, fingers trailing up to hook into the thin straps around his arms, being slow and gentle as he tugs them down, down until the fabric of his boyfriend's dress pools on the floor by his feet. His hands slide down Taehyung's bare arms, looking down the length of his back, eyes tracing the slope of his ass, across where the lace pulls tight.

Taehyung turns back in his arms then, pressing himself right against Jeongguk's chest as he leans back in to connect their lips. His fingers find the buttons of Jeongguk's loose button down, slowly working each one open until he can reach up and gently push the material over the curves of his shoulders, Jeongguk pulling his hands away from the bends of Taehyung's elbows to let his shirt slip off. And as soon as it hits the floor, his hands are back on Taehyung's waist, swallowing up as much skin as he can.

With little pushes and pulls between them, they end up on the bed, Taehyung laying over Jeongguk's chest, balanced between secure hands until Taehyung slips his thighs down to straddle Jeongguk's hips, giving these slow, delicious rolls of his hips that have Jeongguk choking on his own breath.

Jeongguk's hands slide down to Taehyung's ass, fingers ghosting over the rough lace before slipping beneath the sides to touch warm, bare skin. "Tae," he croaks, his dick pressed beneath the weight of Taehyung's ass, sensitive and hard, having been slowly on the way since he practically unwrapped his boyfriend and got to see the present beneath.

"Shh," Taehyung whispers, pressing a soft kiss to the corner of his mouth. "Daddy's got you."
Jeongguk tightens his hands on Taehyung's ass in response, fingers forced to slip down when Taehyung dips down to start kissing along Jeongguk's neck and chest. He can only watch through heavy lids as Taehyung presses kisses into his skin, kissing over tattoos and pressing open mouthed kisses over his nipples, which have him arching and moaning each time.

"These sensitive?" Taehyung asks, letting his tongue slip over the soft skin and Jeongguk's breath catches in his throat, whimpering when his boyfriend's teeth graze the wet skin. "I'll remember that."

Jeongguk lets out a slow breath once Taehyung kisses down his stomach, humming when he gets to the firmer muscles, sucking little marks in any patch of uninked skin that he can. It's hot. It's so hot. He's had plenty of hickeys in his time, but there's something insanely sexy about watching Taehyung kiss and bite bruises into blank skin, leaving his own tattoos behind, something that has his dick twitching.

When Taehyung reaches his shorts, he silently complies by lifting his hips, helping him discard them, along with his boxers, until he's laid out on the bed completely naked. "This all for me, sweetheart?" Taehyung asks, wrapping his hand around the base of his cock and Jeongguk's hips twitch at the words. Because god fucking yes, it's all for him. Every part of him is all for him. "Answer me, Jeongguk."

Jeongguk's cheeks flush heavy, fingers curling uselessly in the sheets. "Y-Yes."

Taehyung hums, pressing a soft, barely there kiss against the head of his cock and Jeongguk has to remind himself to try and keep his libido in check. "You have such a pretty cock. A pretty cock for a pretty boy, hm?" Taehyung asks, licking slow up the underside and Jeongguk could cry, chest heaving. "Who does this pretty cock belong to, Jeongguk?"

Oh, fuck. Come on, stamina. Come on, come on, come on. Don't fail him now.

Nails gently press into the soft skin of his hip. "Baby."

"You. You, it belongs to you."

Taehyung chuckles, low and rough in the back of his throat before he presses another kiss to the head of Jeongguk's dick. "So responsive. Hyung's barely done anything to you yet."

He's going to fucking cry.

(What's new.)

Taehyung ducks his head to press a kiss to the inside of Jeongguk's thigh, sucking another mark into place, making them twitch beneath his lips, hand lazily stroking his dick. He's leaking steadily at this point, dripping over the soft skin of Taehyung's long fingers, the sound of wet skin close to lewd. Lips soon find their way back to his cock and Jeongguk's eyes almost roll back when Taehyung takes him into his mouth, bobbing his head slowly, pulling off too soon with a harsh flick of his tongue.

"Eyes on me, baby boy."

Jeongguk's eyes dart down to Taehyung so quickly the muscles in his brain throb. He can do nothing but gasp, moan and writhe as his eyes flick between Taehyung's eyes and mouth, watching those pretty peach slice lips stretch around the thickness of him, dragging slow and sucking hard. His stomach jumps at the low hum his boyfriend gives, feeling it coil all the way around his hips, spine
threatening to arch off the bed.

"Tell daddy what you want," Taehyung says as he pulls off, still pressing little kisses down the length of him, hand splaying out low on his belly.

Oh, he knows what he wants, he doesn't need a second to think about it. "I-I want to fuck you."

Taehyung stills for a moment, lifting his head to nuzzle his cheek against Jeongguk's dick, eyes wary. "Are you sure that's what you want?"

"It's all I want," Jeongguk breathes, fingers twitching in the sheets, desperate to reach out and touch his boyfriend, flinching softly when Taehyung licks the base of his cock. It's not all he wants, he wants so much more. He wants to take Taehyung out on dates, hold his hand, eat his ass, buy him gifts, massage his shoulders, brush his hair—but he knows Taehyung knows what he means.

There's hesitation for a few more seconds before Taehyung finally lifts his head with one more kiss and licks the wet off his bottom lip. He slips up the sheets, crawling towards Jeongguk, who's quick to wrap his hands around him again, finally feeling like they're back where they belong. When their lips meet again, Jeongguk can taste himself on Taehyung's lips, soft and barely there, but it sends a thrill through him, the fact that Taehyung had happily wrapped his lips around his dick.

Husband material.

"Jeonggukkie," Taehyung whispers, weight now settled back on Jeongguk's chest, fingers playing with the chain around his neck, his own matching one hanging between his collarbones. "You know I'm not like a girl, right? I—" he pauses to frown, and Jeongguk's own features shift into something similar, hands curling a little more firmly around his boyfriend when soft eyes land back on his, something like worry behind them. "I'm a man, my body's different."

Jeongguk lets out a quick, soft breath, arm wrapping around Taehyung's lower back, close to protectively, other reaching up to curl his hand over his boyfriend's cheek. "Hey, I know," he says softly, thumb stretching out beneath Taehyung's eye. "I know your body's different, babe. I'm not scared, I'm not worried. I want your body."

Taehyung leans into his hand, eyes searching like he needs to make sure Jeongguk means it, and he lets him. He's an open book, ready to be read. There's not one ounce of a lie in his words, no hesitation. He doesn't want anything else, he doesn't care that Taehyung's body is different than what he's been used to in the past. Taehyung is all he wants.

Always.

"Are you really sure, though? I just—" Jeongguk cuts Taehyung off with a kiss, pulling his head down to kiss the words from his mouth, hoping to show him that this is what he wants. He wants Taehyung.

Jeongguk pulls back with a little lick of his lips, fingers curled around the back of Taehyung's neck, resting their foreheads together. "I want you, baby."

Taehyung's breath hitches a little, fingers curling a little tighter in Jeongguk's chain. There's silence for a few moments, Jeongguk's fingers stroking through his boyfriend's hair, gentle waves through them from the humid air. When Taehyung speaks up again, Jeongguk nods in comply. "Wait here, okay?"

He watches as Taehyung climbs off the bed and disappears around the corner to the closet, hand moving to stroke himself lazily, the realisation of what's about to happen making him giddy.
Jeongguk's about to have sex with Taehyung.

Jeongguk's about to to fuck Taehyung.

Jeongguk's about to make love to Taehyung.

Taehyung soon returns, soft padding against the tile floors until he's climbing back on the bed, laying down beside Jeongguk and setting down a couple of condoms and a bottle of lube between them. The fact that Taehyung packed them makes Jeongguk's heart pound harshly, having been prepared, maybe hoping that they'd have sex while they were away. It makes his infinite fondness and love for the man grow tenfold, pressing into each crack and crevice of his body.

Soft kisses are pressed into Jeongguk's cheek and nose as Taehyung rubs at his bare stomach, voice gentle. "I'm gonna show you how to open me up, okay?"

Jeongguk nods softly, pulse violent in his throat as Taehyung pushes himself up onto his knees, but before he can reach for his panties, Jeongguk's fingers are there, gently taking over. He takes his time in tugging them down Taehyung's soft thighs, swallowing thickly at the sight of his dick when it slips from the tight material, almost shuddering when he sees the wetness at the head. It's his curiosity that has him reaching out and swiping a gentle thumb through the slick, lifting it to his lips to have a taste, eyes flicking up when Taehyung gasps softly.

Taehyung strokes a hand through the thickness of Jeongguk's hair as the rest of his panties are removed, lifting one knee at a time to help aid until he's leaning back on his elbows and Jeongguk's got them off from around his ankles with a kiss to his shin. He sets them off to the side as Taehyung settles himself on his back, lip tucked beneath his teeth as he spreads his legs and Jeongguk's eyes go both wide and dark, watching as Taehyung rubs his hands along the insides of his thighs.

"Pass me the lube, petal," Taehyung orders gently, and Jeongguk complies, handing it to him and watching with hawk like precision as Taehyung squeezes some lube onto his fingers until they're shiny and wet. He bends his knees up slowly, and Jeongguk watches as he reaches between his thighs and drags a slow finger between his ass, breath spiking softly.

The whole room is quiet aside from the air conditioning, so when Taehyung starts pressing in his middle finger to the first knuckle, Jeongguk can hear nothing but the obscene sound of lube and his boyfriend's airy moan. His own dick is almost painfully hard against his stomach, and he resists the urge to reach down and touch himself, focusing on nothing but the sight before him.

"You have to be gentle with me. I don't want to get hurt," Taehyung breathes as he slowly presses his finger all the way in until his knuckles are pressed against his ass.

Jeongguk shakes his head quickly, because no no no, he definitely doesn't want Taehyung to get hurt. That's the last thing he wants. He wants to make Taehyung feel good.

It's a slow process, and Jeongguk's struggling to sit still by the time Taehyung's got three fingers inside himself, fucking his fingers slowly and thoroughly. Jeongguk's mouth is both watering and desert dry, lip close to bleeding as he stares at where Taehyung's stretched around his own fingers, at where his hips lift off the bed when he twists his fingers just right.

"Daddy," he croaks, voice fucked and Taehyung knows it too, his dark eyes settling on him as he gives one more press of his fingers before he pulls them out.

Taehyung sits up on shaking arms, his soft belly flexing as he reaches over and grabs the condom, ripping the foil with his teeth and then eases the rubber down Jeongguk's cock, which is so sensitive
at this point that he physically twinges. But he's still as Taehyung squeezes some more lube onto his fingers and spreads it over the length of Jeongguk's dick, his heart beat ticking like a bomb behind his ears.

"Do you want me on my hands and knees?" Taehyung asks, pushing himself up onto his knees again, before settling back on his heels when Jeongguk shakes his head and reaches for his hips, tugging him close.

"I wanna see your face as I fuck you," he tells him, and Taehyung's chest rises with a deep breath before he nods quickly, holding Jeongguk's shoulders as he lays down against the pillows, tugging him down with him.

"Fuck me," Taehyung breathes, reaching down and stroking Jeongguk's cock, spreading his legs, suddenly seeming that much more desperate. "Fuck me so good, just like I know you can."

Jeongguk lets out a shaking breath, nodding quickly as he lays between his boyfriend's legs. "I will, I'll fuck you so good, daddy," he promises, wrapping his own fingers around his dick when Taehyung's hand slips over to his hip. He swallows back the sudden nervous bubble in his throat, staring down between them as he guides his cock to Taehyung's ass, and just the first initial contact has him almost whimpering.

"That's it, you can do it, baby," Taehyung pants, already sounding so fucked out, and it matches how Jeongguk feels. Completely wrecked.

With gentle fingers stroking over his belly and hip, Jeongguk carefully presses his dick between Taehyung's ass, pushing against the soft resistance of his rim until— "Holy shit."

Taehyung bites back on his moan as Jeongguk slowly presses in, and he can feel his thighs shaking on either side of his hips, trembling that much more when Jeongguk's finally slides home and presses all the way inside. "Fuck. Jeongguk—"

"Oh god," he almost wheezes, slowly lowering himself down on his elbows on either side of Taehyung's head, and he honest to god has to keep every part of his body still or he's going to come and that's the last thing he wants to happen right now. "I just—I need—"

"It's okay, it's okay," Taehyung assures, his voice not sounding much better than Jeongguk's. He presses kisses against Jeongguk's cheek, his nose, over his closed eyes and against the corner of his mouth. "I know, baby. Me too."

Jeongguk's head lifts at that, feeling a little better about the fact that he's not the only one already feeling like he's about to teeter off the edge. "Yeah?" He asks, and he doesn't know why the back of his eyes burn, but they are. Maybe it's just because Taehyung always just seems to know what's going on in his head, can read his body and his actions without him needing to say anything.

Taehyung nods, stroking his hair, pressing a firm kiss to his lips. "It's been a while."

And Jeongguk immediately knows what his boyfriend means too. Can tell by the look on his face, soft and lightly vulnerable. Neither of them have been with anyone else since they met, and that's got to say something. It's got to say something that he just knows that's what Taehyung's hinting at.

"I'll take good care of you. I promise," he says firmly, voice still delicate, eyes boring into his boyfriend's.

Taehyung smiles, that stretch of lips that Jeongguk's so in love with. "I know you will, angel."
After a few minutes, the ebbing feeling of heat slips away and Jeongguk gives an experimental roll of his hips, which has him immediately groaning and dropping his face into the crook of Taehyung's damp neck.

"Oh, fuck. That's good, sweetheart, so good. Just like that."

So he does it again, giving slow rolls of his hips until he starts to work up a rhythm, Taehyung's long legs wrapping around his waist, heels of his feet pressing into his ass. The slide is hot and tight and wet, enough to have him seeing starts every time he fucks his hips forwards.

"Taehyung," he says between pants, pulling his head away so he can rest his forehead against his boyfriend's, reaching back to curl one hand around the thick of the thigh wrapped around his hip. "Taehyung, you feel so good."

Taehyung moans, the breath slowly getting fucked out of him with each clash of hips, one hand secured around Jeongguk's shoulders while the other holds the top of the headboard. "Yeah?" He breathes. "My ass feel good, baby boy?"

Jeongguk's hips jerk harder at that, eyes going a little wide as his pace speeds up, fingers curling tighter around Taehyung's thigh. "Tae—"

"Fuck me," Taehyung whispers, eyes slipping open as he bites his lip. "Fuck me, Guk. Fuck this ass."

And shit.

Jeongguk can't stop the way his hips start moving quicker, hitching Taehyung's thigh higher around him, fucking into him a little harder, choking on a groan when Taehyung tightens around him.

"You like that? You like my tight, little ass?"

"Y-Yeah. Fuck, yeah, I love it. I love it. I love your ass, hyung."

Taehyung licks his lips, fingers reaching up to tug at the hair on the back of Jeongguk's head. "Prove it. Show me how much you like fucking my ass."

And who's Jeongguk to disobey his daddy?

Jeongguk slips his hands beneath Taehyung's thighs, pushing himself up on his knees slightly so he can push Taehyung's thighs up and away from his body, using them for leverage as he fucks into him with determination.

Taehyung moans nice and loud and Jeongguk muffles his own into the crook of his boyfriend's knee, eyes hooded but frantic as Taehyung reaches down and starts jerking himself off, unable to look away, only driving him to fuck him harder, fuck his boyfriend so good that it's all he can think about. His own pleasure got away from him last time, having been the first to come. But not tonight. Tonight he's gonna make Taehyung come first.

But it's proved pretty fucking difficult with the almost blinding pressure growing in his stomach and at the base of his spine. But he won't cave this time. Fuck no. He lowers Taehyung's legs and wraps them back around his waist again, sliding his arm beneath his boyfriend's back to arch him off the bed, fingers secured tight around his ribs so he can tug Taehyung down onto his dick with each thrust of his hips.

"Oh god, oh god," Taehyung moans, his usually deep voice breaking into an octave higher, and
Jeongguk takes the moment to preen over the fact that he did that. "Jeongguk. Jeongguk, I—"

"That's it, daddy," he breathes, nipping at Taehyung's bottom lip. "Come for me, let your baby boy have it."

Taehyung curses breathlessly as his hand speeds up on his cock, matching the quick pace of Jeongguk's hips as he fucks into him nice and hard, biting back his own impending orgasm, fucking him and fucking him until he gets a— "Fuck, I'm coming. I'm coming."

And when he does, Jeongguk almost blacks out, the sudden squeeze around his cock having him whimpering out a string of curses, hips stuttering unevenly until he catches himself and keeps going, fucking Taehyung through it as he comes across his belly and fingers with something close to a scream. A fucking scream. God, and it's so hot. It's so fucking hot that it has Jeongguk free falling and following close after his boyfriend.

"Shit," he whines as he comes, hips picking up pace and power, fucking them both through it, the deafening sound of Jeongguk's hips against Taehyung's ass the beautiful soundtrack of their orgasms.

He collapses with a heaving chest, dropping his weight onto Taehyung's body, feeling the slick thighs slip from his waist and fingers knot into his damp hair.

"Holy fuck, Jeongguk," Taehyung laughs, voice back to that low and rough pitch as he presses a kiss against Jeongguk's sweaty temple. Taehyung helps guide him out, and presses soft kisses to Jeongguk's face when he panics at the soft whimper he lets out when he slips free. "It's okay, just sensitive."

Jeongguk presses a line of messy kisses against Taehyung's collarbone before falling onto his back beside him, blinking up at the ceiling as he focuses on catching his breath, the cool air of the air-con a welcome relief.

Minutes pass in comfortable silence, both of them coming down from their orgasms, until Jeongguk pushes himself up on his elbow with wide eyes, staring down at his boyfriend.

"Let's do it again."

Taehyung just laughs and shoves his face away, pushing hard enough to have Jeongguk rolling off the bed and landing on the cold tiles. Another minute passes and Jeongguk hooks his chin over the edge of the bed.

"Is that a maybe?"

He gets a pillow to the face.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the long wait, things have been a little hectic, but I am back! With smut, so please forgive me.

Come say... I don't even know anymore, I've run out of rhyming words. Here: twitter!
They're lying on the back of Taehyung's boat—because of course he has a yacht ready at his disposable—just floating in the ocean, the driver taking them around slow laps of the island. Luckily Taehyung was still prepared and gave him some more of those motion sickness pills, but the waves weren't harsh enough to trigger him into throwing up, just soft rocks of the boat. It's nice. Soothing, even. The sun is hot on his back and the back of his legs, seeping into his skin and warming his insides.

Or maybe it's because he's got his eyes on Taehyung, he's not sure.

His boyfriend looks like a fucking—well, he is a model, but even so, he looks every bit like one, laying on his back with one of his legs bent up towards the sky. He has an arm folded behind his head, the sun beating off his skin and sending a shimmer across his belly and thighs. He looks effortlessly beautiful, and Jeongguk's more focused on him than the view around them.

"What's on your mind, baby?" Taehyung asks without opening his eyes, his long lashes fanned out over his cheekbones.

Jeongguk smiles, pressing his face into his forearm and untucking the other to run his fingers along the dip of Taehyung's back that doesn't fully press against the towel. "Just you. How pretty you are."

Taehyung's lips curl up slightly, rolling his head to the side and peaking one eye open to meet Jeongguk’s gaze. "We're in a tropical country and you still think I'm the pretty one here? The sun's gotten to your head."

Jeongguk shakes his head, palm splaying out over the strap of Taehyung's bikini on his hip. "Nothing comes close to your kind of pretty, hyung."

Taehyung stares at him for a long moment before pushing himself up on his elbows to roll toward Jeongguk, his chest pressing up against his ribs. He ducks his head and presses a kiss to Jeongguk's cheek, hand sliding down his back and into the back of his trunks, rubbing over the curve of his ass. "You're good for my ego," he mumbles low against his temple and Jeongguk chuckles, twisting his head.

"Your ego doesn't need to be stroked anymore," he says and barks a surprised laugh when his ass is given a sharp pinch.

"I beg to differ."

Jeongguk just grins and stretches his neck to press a soft kiss to his boyfriend's pillowy bottom lip, a little dry from the heat. "Always happy to inflate your head just that little bit more."

Taehyung hums, sliding the sides of their noses together, his head casting a shadow so Jeongguk can see him clearly. "You spoil me," he murmurs, using Jeongguk's words back at him until they both grin into another kiss.

"This is what you get for falling asleep in the sun," Taehyung scolds, but his voice is far from heated.
as he presses a damp cloth to Jeongguk's forehead.

"M'sorry, daddy," he croaks, head pounding.

Taehyung sighs, pulling the cloth back to soak it back into the bowl of cold water by the bed. "It's my fault. I shouldn't have left you for as long as I did."

Jeongguk shakes his head, and immediately regrets it when the throb in his temples intensifies. "You had to take a call. It was important."

"Nothing's more important than you, Jeongguk," his boyfriend quickly returns, voice firm. "Do you know how worried I was when you practically fainted in my arms?"

"M'sorry," Jeongguk tries again, whining softly. "It's nothing too bad. The doctor said it was heat exhaustion, right?"

Taehyung pats the cold towel against his sweating neck and chest, giving a harsh breath through his nose. "He did, yeah. Could have been worse, though."

Jeongguk leans into Taehyung's hand when it comes back to his face, reaching up to curl his fingers around his wrist. "Sorry, daddy, please don't be mad."

"I'm not mad. Just. Worried. I'm allowed to be worried, alright?"

He nods, pressing into his fingers. "I'll be okay. It really was my fault. What was the call about anyway?"

Taehyung drags the towel along Jeongguk's throat, skin a little angry looking. "Just my publicist. People have been taking sneaky pictures."

Jeongguk can see the furrow in his boyfriend's brow, knowing just how adamant he was about having this vacation be just about them. They'd managed to avoid paparazzi for the most part, but it wasn't a perfect world, and Jeongguk really didn't mind. He wouldn't let them effect how he acted and his time here with his daddy.

"Taehyung," he says, then squeezes his wrist until he looks at him. "It changes nothing, alright? Don't let them bother you. I'm still having an amazing time. And I hope you are too?"

"Of course I am."

"Then there's no problem, then. You're here with me, and I'm here with you. That's all that matters." Jeongguk lets go of his wrist so he can reach up and push his boyfriend's fringe back. "Yeah?"

Taehyung stares down at him, towel paused on his collarbones. "Yeah. Yeah, okay."

Jeongguk smiles, lowering his arm and giving a twitch of his head to signal for Taehyung to lay down with him. "C'mere."

"No. No. Baby," he pauses to sigh again. "I'll only make you hotter, you—"

"I don't care. I wanna hold you."

"Jeongguk."

"Daddy."
Another sigh and Taehyung smiles, shaking his head. "So stubborn, you know that?"

Jeongguk just gives a tired grin and opens his arms, watching Taehyung set the towel to the side before lowering himself down beside him, and he tries to keep some space between them, but Jeongguk just pulls him close, quickly closing it, tucking his nose into the top of his beach scented hair.

"Try get some rest, okay? I'll be right here."

Jeongguk hums, hand rubbing up between the dip of Taehyung’s shoulder blades, just wanting to soothe. He does eventually fall asleep, and even if Taehyung’s body feels like a furnace against his already overheated skin, he'd rather cuddle that furnace than sleep alone. When he wakes up a while later, Taehyung’s still in his arms, but there's a cold towel on his forehead, and a couple of minutes later, Taehyung’s phone chimes with an alarm. Jeongguk doesn't let on that he's awake, just closes his eyes as Taehyung sits up and soaks the towel, listening to him ring it dry before it's back on his forehead, then he's back in his arms once more.

The alarm goes again ten minutes later.

Jeongguk’s heart doubles in size.

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Jeongguk strokes his fingers through Taehyung’s hair, the soft brown having seemed to lighten under the sun over the last few days, throwing shades of gold under the heavy rays. The early morning sun isn't as brutal right now, the beach a little more peaceful. They've decided to have a nice, chill day today. Yesterday they went out on a boat and saw the dolphins and sea lions, got a tour of the island and travelled through some inhabited caves and got the opportunity to swim beneath a waterfall. They attended a luau and Jeongguk gorged on so much poi and roast pork that he woke up with a little less definition in his stomach.

So today is nice and chill, just lounging in the shade while Taehyung lays across his chest, reading his book. It's nice, there's no pressure to do anything. Taehyung has done everything Jeongguk even so much breathed in the direction of, such as taking a dirt bike trail and attempting to spin fire. He almost set his eyebrows on fire, and Taehyung had laughed so much that he almost fell off his bench. He's been spoiled rotten, a row of pukka shells wrapped around his neck, because it's a staple piece, hyung!

His jewellery collection continues to grow.

Jeongguk's sad that today is their last official day before they fly back to Seoul, but he'll have the memories—and hopefully not the sun burn—to last a lifetime. He knows that, without a doubt, wherever else he has the chance to go, nothing will hold a candle to Hawaii. It'll forever be his first holiday with Taehyung, where he got to visit the place he's always dreamed about. The place where he got to make love to Taehyung for the first time. The first place where they had a couples holiday. The place he almost got sun stroke and had Taehyung look after him.

He's gently dozing when he feels Taehyung lift his head to look back at him, one eye creeping open to meet his boyfriend's gaze. No words are said, but he can tell Taehyung's thoughts are along the same lines as his.

They share a secret smile and return back to their lazy activities, though Jeongguk doesn't miss the way Taehyung presses himself a little more into his chest.
Jeongguk spends the majority of the flight sleeping, though this time with no motion sickness, Taehyung having gotten him these patches to stop it from kicking in at all. He's a little pouty whenever he wakes up, realising that they're no longer under sun, no longer waking up in a bed together every morning. That was one of Jeongguk's favourite things, sharing a bed with his boyfriend every night. Waking up to him kissing over his cheeks, or playing with his hair, or tracing his tattoos. He'll miss being able to hang off Taehyung's arm constantly, pressed up against his side or holding his hand. Without the distraction of school and work, he had the opportunity to be the clingy dude he's apparently turned into.

He voices this all to Taehyung, chin tucked against his boyfriend's chest, fingers beneath his dress to trace the lines his bikini left.

And he'll definitely miss seeing Taehyung lounging in the sun.

"Summer's not far off," Taehyung tells him, fingers raking through Jeongguk's hair, feeling one of his broken nails scrape along his scalp from where it snapped from their game of volleyball. "Where else would you like to go?"

Jeongguk inhales deep, still smelling the linger of salt water on his boyfriend's skin. "Iceland."

Taehyung raises his eyebrows, fingers massaging Jeongguk's scalp. "Big change from Hawaii. Any reason?"

"Snowboarding and the Northern Lights," he grins. "Have you seen them?"

A soft smile tugs at Taehyung's lips, and when he speaks, his voice is just as gentle. "I haven't."

"Then that's where we should next go."

"I don't think the lights are visible in summer. Like they're more visible in the winter."

Jeongguk hums. "Where do you want to go for summer break, daddy?"

Taehyung purses his lips, fingers sliding down to curl around the back of Jeongguk's neck. "Barbados is nice."

"But you've been there before. Let's go somewhere new."

"I've never been to Bora Bora."

He grins, squeezing Taehyung's hip, thumbing over the strap of his panties. "Then let's go there. Experience it together for the first time."

Taehyung chuckles, low and quiet in his throat as he nods. "Okay, we can do that, baby."

"Sweet," Jeongguk yawns, shuffling closer, head settling back down on his boyfriend's warm chest, smile lingering on his lips. "Thanks for taking me to Hawaii, hyung. I had the best time ever."

"I'm glad, petal," Taehyung croons, fingers returning once again to Jeongguk's hair. "You deserve to be happy."

Jeongguk's still smiling as he dozes back off, wondering if Taehyung realises that he doesn't need lavish presents to be happy. He just needs his boyfriend by his side.
Then he's the happiest man in the world.

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Getting back into the swing of school proves to be more taxing than Jeongguk anticipated. Work seems to come in by the truck load, until he's neck deep in assignments and lab reports from the first week in. Taehyung gets thrown back into work, prepping for a runway show that he's appearing in for Chanel's upcoming summer collection. It means that they're once again separated, barely getting the chance to text and call each other when their schedules allow it.

Along with school work, Jeongguk's practices start to become a little more serious, now that the championship is getting closer. Their first game is a couple of weeks away, and it's vital they train almost every day. There's no time for slacking with the competition so close. So when he's not bent over his laptop or cooped up in the library, he's on the court or at the gym. He gained a little bit of weight from the vacation, so he works hard to burn it off and get his body back into shape.

All in all, it's a stressful time. And only made worse by Jeongguk's lack of Taehyung in his life. Though he does spend a lot of time at his boyfriend's place, even when he's not there. He looks after Cash and Crystal, while having the opportunity to study in luxury, rather than having to put his noise cancelling headphones on to drown out the sounds of his obnoxiously loud neighbours yelling or blasting music. It's also a way for him to be close to his boyfriend, even if he's not there.

Life is getting difficult and Jeongguk misses Taehyung looking after him. He misses his gentle gaze, his comforting voice and guiding hand. Because without that guidance, Jeongguk's starting to get a little stiff. He can run on autopilot, can work until his fingers are blue and practice until his heels blister, but his sense of drive is diminishing, and fast. It's always easier when he has his boyfriend there, encouraging him and leading him through it all, a fixture by his side.

Basically, Jeongguk is feeling a little lost without Taehyung's strong presence.

He must have passed out while doing his homework, because when he comes to, Taehyung is there, pushing his hair out of his face.

"Babe?" He croaks, reaching up to rub at his eye with the tips of his fingers. "M'sorry, I didn't mean to fall asleep. What time is it?" Taehyung doesn't say anything, just continues to pet through Jeongguk's hair. "How long have you been home? Didn't think you were getting back until Friday."

Still, he gets no response and he frowns. "Hyung?"

Taehyung stands then, and Jeongguk can practically feel his heart reach out for him, quickly sitting up and grabbing onto his wrist. Taehyung just smiles at him, leaning down to press a kiss to the top of his head. He stares at Jeongguk for a long moment before carefully pulling his hand away. "Just need to put my stuff away, okay? I'm still right here."

Taehyung swallows thickly, reaches out a little again as Taehyung walks away, eyes pinned on him. He looks as beautiful as always tonight, semi casual but looking none the less priceless. It makes Jeongguk's chest ache, desperate to touch his boyfriend after going too long without nothing more than a few fleeting, rushed touches. Taehyung's beauty never fails to knock him flat on his ass, no matter how many times he looks at him. And after going too long without being rewarded the privilege, all he wants to do is stare.

Jeongguk sits up quickly when Taehyung returns, jacket disposed and height dropped without his heels. Jeongguk reaches for him again, stretching his arm out with a quiet whine until Taehyung steps close enough where Jeongguk can curl his fingers around his hip, pulling him close and pressing his face into his boyfriend's belly, nosing at the soft fabric.
"Missed you," he croaks, voice still rough with sleep, and something else. Desperation, maybe.

Jeongguk knows he's needy, and he can't bring himself to be all that embarrassed about it when Taehyung slides long fingers through his hair.

"I missed you too, baby," he hums, scratching through the long strands, twirling them around his fingers. "Hair's getting long."

Jeongguk's hands fit around the back of Taehyung's thighs, tight in the fabric of his pants. "Will you book an appointment for me to have it cut?"

Taehyung clearly thinks about it, fingers still combing through, and Jeongguk tips his head back to look at him. "I like it long."

"I'll keep it long."

"Do you like it long?" Taehyung asks through a little smile.

Jeongguk nods. "But I like it even more if you do." He leans into the fingers pushing his bangs back, eyes falling shut when Taehyung coos.

"Daddy's neglected you a little bit, hasn't he?"

"You've been busy."

"I should always make time for you, petal."

Jeongguk couldn't agree more, dude. But he knows sometimes the world can't revolve around him. And by world, he does definitely mean Taehyung.

With a sigh through parted lips, Jeongguk presses a kiss to Taehyung's wrist, watch cool beneath his lips. "Can I stay with you tonight? I need to be around you right now." His eyes open when Taehyung doesn't say anything, fingers stilling in his hair, and Jeongguk's eyebrows tug together anxiously. "Daddy?"

Taehyung stares down at him with such an intense, yet fond look that it makes Jeongguk shudder. A look well suited for him. After another moment of staring, Taehyung steps back and offers his hand down to Jeongguk, which he snaps up immediately, fingers soft beneath his own. "Let's get you upstairs, hm? Let hyung take care of you."

Jeongguk didn't know just how much he needed to hear that, and he barely thinks about it before nodding and quickly getting to his feet. He wraps both hands around one of Taehyung's as they head upstairs, keeping the distance between them to a minimum. He presses himself right against his boyfriend's back once they reach his bedroom, tucking his nose against the side of Taehyung's warm neck, nosing at the chain.

When Jeongguk let go of Taehyung's hand so he can fit his fingers around his waist, his boyfriend turns in his arms, his own lifting to rest his hands on Jeongguk's chest. Taehyung leans in to press a soft kiss to his bottom lip, his hands sliding down his chest to curl long fingers around the hem of Jeongguk's shirt, giving a soft tug. He lifts his arms immediately, letting Taehyung pull the material of his shirt off over his head, and when warm hands touch the bare skin of his chest, Jeongguk almost cries. It's like coming home after being away for so long. Like eating your favourite meal at one specific place that never fails to make you happy. It's like Taehyung touching him after so long.

"Tell me about your day, angel," Taehyung urges him softly as he lowers himself to his knees to
undo Jeongguk's jeans, loosening his belt and tugging the zip down. When he starts pulling the material down his thighs, Jeongguk reaches out and steadies his hands on his Taehyung's shoulders, lifting one leg at a time.

"I had practice today. It was really hard, I've been working on my free throws. I think they're improving. Coach says they are, but I don't know," he sighs, watching as Taehyung pulls his socks off one by one.

Taehyung lifts his head to smile at him and Jeongguk's breath catches in his throat. His daddy is so beautiful, even with tired eyes and his make up a little worn. "You'll have to show hyung, hm? I'd like to see. I bet you're doing so, so well, sweetheart."

Jeongguk's cheeks flush happily, giving a timid nod. "I'd like that."

Taehyung gets back to his feet once Jeongguk's left in just his boxers and steps over to his dresser to pull out the soft blue sleep pants that Jeongguk loves so much, soft and breathable. He helps Jeongguk into them, hands once again going to his boyfriend's shoulders, a warm feeling blooming in his chest.

This.

This was what he needed, and now he's got it back, Jeongguk feels lighter, feels the built up tension start to melt away, disappearing through the soles of his feet and into the soft carpet beneath.

"Let's get you washed up, okay?" Taehyung suggests gently as he stands up to his full height, hands sliding up around Jeongguk's ribs. He gives a little nod, smile stretching wider and follows his boyfriend into the bathroom when he leads him in. Taehyung urges him to hop up onto the counter, much like the first time he'd stepped into this very bathroom, and Jeongguk goes completely pliant as his hair is pushed back with one of Taehyung's soft headbands, keeping it out of his face.

Taehyung takes his time to clean his face for him, washes it and exfoliates and cleanses and tones his skin. He rubs floral smelling cream under his eyes and sprays him with lemony smelling mist. It's soothing and Jeongguk can feel himself relax completely under his boyfriend's gentle fingers, close to dozing off without losing consciousness. Taehyung takes the time to brush his hair and rub the knots out of the back of his neck and shoulders and by the end of it, Jeongguk feels like warm putty, melting between the cracks of Taehyung's long, slender fingers.

"My pretty baby, aren't you?" Taehyung coos softly and Jeongguk preens, smiling up at his boyfriend.

They brush their teeth together and Jeongguk struggles a little, brushing with his left hand, just so he can hold Taehyung's hand in his own, staring at his reflection in the mirror. He then sits and patiently watches as Taehyung takes off his make up, melting away on the wipes and revealing the pretty skin beneath. He's surprised when Taehyung skips out on washing his own face and showering, because he knows his boyfriend's nighttime routine by now.

"Aren't you going to wash your face, Tae?" Jeongguk asks curiously as he's led back into the bedroom, the dim lighting of the lamps the only glow of the room.

Taehyung just sends him a look over his shoulder as he steps out of his clothes, shaking his head. "It can wait," he tells him gently, and Jeongguk's heart lurches in his chest, knowing Taehyung is giving up his own self care routine to look after him. He really could cry, wow. "C'mon," he urges, taking Jeongguk's hand and guiding him into bed, slipping in behind him and curling up around his back. "Daddy's got you."
Jeongguk gives a small, happy wiggle as he curls his hand around Taehyung's hand splayed out on his belly, slipping their fingers together. He sighs at the soft kisses to the back of his neck and shoulder, relaxing back into his Taehyung's bare chest, savouring the skin on skin contact.

"Sleepy boy, aren't you? Working so hard. My poor baby," Taehyung whispers into the back of his shoulder, nosing at the half inked wing in place. "Try get some rest. I'll be here when you wake up."

Jeongguk sags into the sheets, pulling Taehyung's hand up to his mouth to press a kiss to his palm before guiding it back to his stomach. "Sleep tight, daddy." When he dozes off, he knows Taehyung's still awake behind him, like he's waiting for him to go to sleep first before he lets himself, and it's comforting. Makes him feel small in the best way possible.

Taehyung makes Jeongguk feel everything in the best way possible.

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Jeongguk likes the pain of getting a tattoo. Not because he enjoys pain being inflicted on him, but because at this point in his life, it's become a familiar to him. The feeling of a needle bouncing off his skin, leaving behind whatever intricate or simple pattern that he wants. It roots him in place, somehow. The sting on his back and the press of the leather chair against his chest are all grounding feelings.

He's been in the parlour for the last three hours, and he and his artist long ago gave up conversation, Jeongguk settling instead for plugging his earphones in and listening to his music. The pain in his back is gradually getting worse and worse, the skin sensitive from the constant shading of the feathers. It's tender, and he knows it's gonna be a bitch for a while, but it'll be so fucking worth it.

When the ping of his phone interrupts the Jay Park song playing, he lifts his arm from where it's hanging limp off the side of the chair and grins when he sees it's a text from his boyfriend.

from: daddy

hows it going baby boy

u hangin in there???

to: daddy

think its almost done

just finishing up the shading

im excited for you to see it

from: daddy

me too!!!

i bet its lookin beautiful

want me to swing by and pick u up when its done??

to: daddy

no its okay
i took one of the cars
i'll come home after
need you to take care of me :( 

It's not entirely true, Jeongguk knows how to handle his tattoos perfectly by now, knows the creams to use to minimise scarring and flaking. But he'll always look for a reason for Taehyung to dote on him. Besides, he will need him to rub the lotion on him. He'll also need lots of kisses, obviously. It says so on the waver.

from: daddy

ofc petal

come back to me soon

Jeongguk smiles, brushing his thumb over the grey text bubble.

to: daddy

always, daddy

xx

He lowers his phone when Woobin taps him on the hip and urges him to bend his arm up so he can do the shading on his bicep. The whole span of the wings covers up some of the old, chicken scratch tattoos he had around his shoulders that he got when he was naive and just wanted something on him. He'll miss seeing them, sure, but they're still there, just hidden beneath the bigger piece.

Another forty-five minutes passes before Woobin bumps gloved knuckles against his wrist and Jeongguk pulls out his earphones.

"All done, kid. Go take a look."

Jeongguk eagerly climbs out of the chair, sticky from his body heat, and heads over to the full length mirror, already grinning at the sight of the feathers curled around the upper parts of his arms. He twists and feels his face split into a grin as he looked over his shoulder, staring at the large expanse of his fresh ink covering up his shoulder blades and stretching down across his spine.

He fucking loves it.

Once he's got cream slathered across his back and his loose shirt back on, Jeongguk pays with the credit card Taehyung long ago gave him. He's gotten more comfortable with using it, his boyfriend’s assistance that it was there for him to use persuading him. He doesn't use it constantly, and he makes note of how much he spends, keeps the receipts to take home to Taehyung so he knows just how much he's spending. He tips his artist out of his own pocket and leaves the shop with a grin wide enough to tug at his newest piercing in his eyebrow.

Jeongguk pulls his keys out of his pocket and unlocks the car as he crosses the street, catching sight of a couple of people looking his way. That's another thing he's adjusting to a lot more: people recognising him. It's a weird thing to wrap his head around, people approaching him when he used to have the exact opposite effect beforehand. People used to approach him with caution, saw the tattoos and assumed that he was clearly a bad kid, and kept their distance. But now people have no problem stepping up to him, asking for pictures and greeting him by name. Still, he wasn't entirely in the
mindset to talk to other people, just wanted to get home, so he doesn't waste any time starting the engine and pulling out of his parking spot.

Sitting down proves to be a feat, back tender each time he accidentally leans back against the leather seat and eventually just reclins the backrest and stays hunched forward so he won't make the mistake again.

When he gets to the house, Jeongguk's eager to see Taehyung, to see his reaction to his new ink. So once he's parked in the garage, he heads in through the kitchen and crouches over to greet Crystal and Cash, petting them both behind the ears.

"Tae?" He calls out once he'd done a lap of the living room, toeing off his shoes.

"In my office, baby," Taehyung's voice comes from upstairs, and Jeongguk grins as he quickly takes the stairs two at a time.

He lets himself in once he reached the double doors across the hall, smiling when he sees Taehyung sat behind his desk. "You're still working?"

Taehyung looks up from his laptop, glasses slipping down the bridge of his nose. "Gotta get this finished by tonight." He pushes his chair back from the desk and stands, walking around it and leaning back against the glass edge. "Go on then, muscles. Take off your shirt, let me see."

Jeongguk grins as he reaches back and tugs the baggy tank off over his head, tossing it down on the couch to the side and turns for Taehyung to inspect. It's silent for a long minute, and when he feels gentle fingers trail across the thick of the wing at the base of his neck, Jeongguk peaks over his shoulder. "What do you think? Do you like it?" Fingers trail down to the inked bone towards his lower back, and Jeongguk tries not to shudder.

"It's beautiful, sweetheart. Stunning. Stunning just like you," Taehyung tells him softly, pressing a kiss to the back of his ear.

Jeongguk's cheeks warm happily, and he goes easy as fingers curl beneath his biceps and urge his arms up to bend by his head. "I'm really happy with it," he sighs, turning his head and eyes the feathers around his shoulder.

Taehyung hums, pressing a gentle palm to the centre of the tattoo, and Jeongguk can feel the heat of his skin react beneath his boyfriend's warm palm. "You should be. It's turned out beautiful. Just like you wanted?"

"Exactly like I wanted, yeah." Jeongguk beams, though it slips into something softer when he feels the tickle of Taehyung's fringe against his back, followed by gentle lips. It feels good against his skin, like aloe against a sunburn.

Taehyung pulls back and Jeongguk can feel the weight of his gaze on his back, taking in every line, every detail. "Stay like that for me, baby."

Jeongguk complies without question, linking his fingers together behind his head to hold his arms up more comfortably. There's some rustling behind him, the sound of drawers opening and closing before the sound of a pencil on paper fills the quiet. "What you doing, babe?"

"Drawing."

"Drawing? Drawing me?"

Jeongguk’s eyebrows raise, excited. "For fashion?"

Taehyung hums again.

"Tell me. I wanna know."

"Give me a couple of minutes and I'll do one better and show you."

Jeongguk can deal with that. So he stays quiet for as long as Taehyung needs, listening to the sound of graphite being dragged across paper. After a few minutes, there's shuffling behind him again and then fingers against his shoulder.

"You can put your arms down, Guk."

Jeongguk lowers his arms and turns around, looking down at the sketchbook in Taehyung's hands. It's a rough drawing of a t-shirt, the model wearing it matching his physique. The t-shirt has wings on the back, bold and dark, and the front sketch of the shirt had the word FREEDOM printed across the front. It was simple but sharp, not something he expected his boyfriend to draw. He expected gowns and expensive button downs and suede pants with gold detailing. This looked like... This looked like something Jeongguk would wear.

"Do you like it?" Taehyung asks, voice hesitant.

Jeongguk lifts his gaze to see Taehyung already looking at him, and he looks shy, nervous. Jeongguk gives him a smile, arm wrapping around his waist. "I love it. It's beautiful, Tae. I'd wear the shit out of it."

Taehyung sags into his side a little, and Jeongguk keeps his arm curled around him protectively. He knows Taehyung still doubts himself, about building his own company, about making his own fashion line. He can see it in the way he holds the sketchbook close to his chest, like he's worried someone else will see it, like he doesn't even want the walls to see it.

"Would you really? You'd wear this?"

Jeongguk nods and he really means it. He's not saying it for the sake of Taehyung's feelings. "I like it. It's simple, but it's got an edge to it. A lot of people my age would probably wear it," he tells him, staring down at the drawing again.

Taehyung doesn't say anything, just looks back down at his own drawing, as if he's seeing it from another perspective, giving a quiet hum. There's something dancing behind his eyes, and before Jeongguk gets the chance to ask what it is, what he's thinking, Taehyung tosses his sketchbook down on the desk behind him and faces him with a smile.

"Now. How can daddy take care of you?"

Jeongguk lets the topic drop and grins, taking Taehyung's hand to tug him out of the office, because he needs a nice, hot bath, lots of aftercare cream and a shit ton of kisses.

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Exhaustion tugs heavy at his bones, muscles sore as he lets himself into Taehyung's, tossing his keys down on the table with a sigh. He's not long ago finished practice and he's in dire need of a shower, sweat sticking to his skin like a second layer.
"Daddy? I'm home," Jeongguk calls out, gym bag slung over his shoulder and basketball spinning idly on his finger as he steps further into the house. He comes to an abrupt stop when he reaches the living room and sees Taehyung's sat there, but he's not alone. He steadies the ball between both hands, clapping around the plastic to stop the spinning. There's a group of men scattered around, all wearing sharp suits and donning the same crew cut and black briefcases. Like clones. Like scary clones. "Oh. Sorry," he apologises, giving a little bow of his head before his eyes land on his boyfriend.

Taehyung looks stressed, a furrow between his eyebrows and shoulders tense. Jeongguk bites back a whine and resists the urge to rush over, get into his boyfriend's space and ask him what's wrong. But he can't do that with a gaggle of business men there. They're creepy. Like perfectly dressed robots who spend their Friday nights thinking of ways to kill their wives.

"It's okay, honey. We're almost done here," Taehyung sighs, lips pressed into a thin line as he turns and faces the men across from him again.

Jeongguk nods, holding the ball close to his chest. "I'll be in the kitchen if you need me," he tells him, giving a short nod to the clones before he walks around the couch to head into the kitchen. He can't hear much as he grabs himself a bottle of water, just quiet murmurs and Taehyung's deep voice, dipping into that business octave he takes when he deals with work.

He's not sure how long he hangs around the kitchen, sat at the counter trying to balance his ball on his nose until he hears the front door open and close, and then the sound of the couch creaking under a hefty weight.

"You can come out now, Jeongguk."

Jeongguk sets his ball down on the floor for the dogs to play with, climbing down from the stool to slowly step out of the kitchen and back into the living room, eyes falling on Taehyung hunched over his knees, rubbing at his face. He's dressed very business casual today, a white button down and cuffed slacks. He looks sexy, the material of his shirt pulled tight around the back of his wide shoulders.

"You okay?" Jeongguk asks tentatively, stepping around the couch to stop in front of Taehyung, reaching out and brushing his fingers through his newly dark hair, the black strands complimenting the tan of his skin.

Taehyung nods, sighing heavily through his nose before leaning back against the cushions. "My parents are trying to sue me."

Jeongguk's eyes widen, hand dropping to his side with a frown. "What? Why?"

"Who fucking knows. They're looking for some petty loophole? I was signed into my grandfathers business before I was legally of age, so they're trying to find a way to get that money, since they were my legal guardians at the time," he scoffs, picking at one of his sharp nails before letting his hand fall to his lap. "They won't get anything. But it's just a headache to deal with when I've got so much shit going on."

Jeongguk's frown deepens as he climbs into his boyfriend's lap, straddling his thighs. "I'm sorry, daddy. You don't need this right now. I don't like seeing you stressed."

"Not your fault, sugar," Taehyung assures, hands rubbing at Jeongguk's thighs, offering him a smile. Jeongguk still can't wipe the scowl off his face as he wraps his arms around Taehyung's shoulders,
fingers playing with the back of his hair. "Still," he grumbles. "Not fair."

Taehyung’s smile grows, nails pressing into the fabric of his basketball shorts. "How was practice?"

He shrugs. "It was okay. Just a lot of drill work today. Hence why I'm so gross."

Taehyung's eyes appraise him, looking over the dark grey of his tank top, still clinging to his chest in some places. "Definitely not gross. Look sexy."

Jeongguk smiles slow and wide, eyebrows raising. "Yeah?"

A nod. "Yeah."

"I think you look sexy," Jeongguk tells him, hands sliding around the curve of Taehyung's shoulders to rub down his chest. He's not wearing much make up today, but his lips are glossy and Jeongguk wants to taste what flavour of chapstick he's wearing.

"You do, do you?" Taehyung teases, hands sliding around to Jeongguk's ass, tugging him closer onto his lap, settled on the thick of his thighs. Jeongguk gives a little nod, fingers curling in his boyfriend's shirt before smoothing out again. Taehyung stares at him for a moment before giving a little tilt of his chin. "Kiss me."

Jeongguk definitely doesn't need to be told twice, ducking in slowly to press their lips together, his lips closing around Taehyung's top lip and when he flicks his tongue out a little, he can taste vanilla. He can't imagine he tastes that great, probably tastes like salt and Gatorade, but Taehyung doesn't seem to mind going off the way he licks past his teeth a moment later.

The kiss heats up slowly, Jeongguk's fingers slipping back through the thick of Taehyung's hair as the little flicks of his tongue turn into wet sucks and broad licks. It always amazes him just how quickly he can get worked up from kissing Taehyung, how he's already squirming in his boyfriend's lap and panting softly.

"Taehyung," he breathes, shifting his hips forward and sinking his teeth into the plush skin of Taehyung's bottom lip. "Let me take care of you. Let me make you feel good."

Taehyung squeezes his ass and drags him closer, the pull making the more than half hard shape of Jeongguk's dick rub against his stomach, making him choke on a low whine. "You wanna take care of me, petal?"

Jeongguk nods quickly, because god does he. "Tell me how," he pleads, voice breathy. "Please."

The hand on his ass tightens, forcing his hips forward and Jeongguk immediately gets the message, starts rocking his hips down, settling his ass over Taehyung's crotch and bites his lip when he feels his cock pressed up against him.

"Give me a good show," Taehyung mumbles, voice sounding perfectly controlled, unlike Jeongguk's who's already struggling to tamper down on his moans, heartbeat vicious behind his ears.

So Jeongguk leans his weight back, hands bracing back on Taehyung's knees, licks his lips and gives slow rolls of his hips. He tips his head back, because he knows what makes him look good, knows after Taehyung telling him, and he works his angles. Bites his lip, hoods his eyes and tilts his head to the side.

"Am I pretty, daddy?" He asks, pouts his bottom lip and raises his eyebrows innocently.
Taehyung inhales sharply, lips parted as he stares at Jeongguk like he wants to eat him up. Jeongguk wants him to. "So pretty. My pretty baby boy."

Jeongguk’s chest swells with confidence, giving another slow rock of his hips, squeezing Taehyung’s hips between his thighs. He’s aching in his shorts, the shape of his cock noticeable in the thin fabric and his face heats up when Taehyung’s gaze drops to his lap, getting an eyeful of his dick.

"You want it?" Jeongguk whispers, tongue pressing against the front of his teeth as he grinds his ass down with purpose. "Cause I wanna give it to you. Wanna give you my dick, daddy. Wanna fuck you open."

Taehyung groans, a low guttural sound from the pit of his belly, his nails digging into Jeongguk’s ass, hips pushing up beneath him making his breath stutter. "I want it, yeah."

Jeongguk pushes forward, leans into Taehyung’s chest and wraps one arm around the back of his shoulders, the other hand curling around the back of the couch, giving him leverage to really grind down, cock rutting against his boyfriend’s belly. He’s whimpering now as he tangles his hand into the back of Taehyung’s hair, bowing his head to press their foreheads together. The pressure is so good and he feels like he’s a desperate teen all over again, discovering fucking into a pillow feels better than his own hand.

"You wanna fuck me, sweetheart?" Taehyung breathes, voice low and Jeongguk’s hips press harder against his boyfriend’s belly, nodding desperately. "How would you fuck me?"

Jeongguk groans at all the ideas swimming in his mind, dropping his head forward to press against Taehyung’s shoulder. "I'd lay you out on your knees, take you from behind. Fuck so deep into you that you can feel me in your tummy."

Taehyung smiles against his cheek, pressing a slow, damp kiss against his jaw. "My tummy, hm?"

It sounds childish when Taehyung says it and he blushes, hides his face into the collar of Taehyung’s shirt, drowning in the smell of lilacs. "Yeah," he says anyway, rocking his hips back and forth a little quicker now, grinds his ass down nice and hard, and with only a moments hesitation, he adds, "I wanna come in you."

Taehyung’s breath hitches against his face and he rocks his hips up harder, holding Jeongguk down against him, hips fucking up. "Yeah?"

Jeongguk nods, the thought making his muscles tense. He’s sweating all over again, turning his head and whining into the side of Taehyung’s neck, tugging at his hair, hips relentless. "Wanna fill you up, fuck your ass full of me," he whimpers.

A curse is whispered into his skin, and Jeongguk's so fucking gone, so desperate that he doesn't even really register the sound of the front door opening, followed by a voice.

"Taehyung, how did the meeting go? Did you— oh Jesus fucking Christ." It's Namjoon, and Jeongguk peaks out from around Taehyung’s throat to see his boyfriend’s brother stumbling back, hand slapped over his eyes. Any other time, Jeongguk might be fucking mortified or find it hilarious, but right now he just can't find it in himself to care, doesn't stop grinding down onto Taehyung’s cock, just turns his face back into his neck.

"Little busy right now, hyung," Taehyung calls out, and his voice doesn't sound nearly as controlled anymore. He doesn't stop pushing up against Jeongguk's ass either, just drops a kiss against the curve of his shoulder and whispers a little good boy that makes Jeongguk keen.
Namjoon laughs humorlessly, and there's a clatter of something hitting the floor. "Yeah, I can see that, bro. I'll just, um. I'll be outside? Yeah. Outside where you two aren't fucking with your clothes on," he mutters, followed by the sound of the door closing.

Jeongguk huffs a laugh against Taehyung's neck, but it turns into a little whine when Taehyung's hand comes down against his ass, making his hips jump and pick up speed. He's making a mess of his shorts and boxers, sticky against his dick, shirt sticking to his back with a fresh layer of sweat. It's so dirty and messy and he fucking loves it.

"Are you close, daddy? I'm close. I'm so close," he whispers into Taehyung's neck, tongue slipping out to flick over the vein near his boyfriend's jugular and drinks in the way Taehyung shudders at the feeling.

"Yeah. Yeah, I'm close," Taehyung tells him, hand now bunched under the leg of his shorts, nails biting into the taut muscle of his thigh. "You wanna come for me, baby? Wanna come just for me?"

Jeongguk nods desperately, chasing his orgasm, his muscles tightening up. His hand drops from Taehyung's hair to curl around the back of his neck, lifting his head up so he can take in a breath, though it's hard to take in a whole lungful of air, so it's more like little, sharp intakes. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," he whines, running down against Taehyung faster, fingers digging in so tight on the edge of the couch his fingernails bleach white. "I'm coming. I'm coming," he breathes, head dropping back.

"Good boy. Come for me," Taehyung growls, pressing his face into Jeongguk's throat, hand coming down to spank him once more before he's coming with a choked moan, high pitched and breathless, making a complete mess of his boxers. He rocks his hips through it, thighs shaking and trembling on either side of Taehyung.

Jeongguk's spent, but he doesn't stop moving his hips, not until Taehyung bites at his neck with a groan deep enough for Jeongguk to feel inside his own chest, and even then, he keeps rocking. Rocking until he can feel the damp heat of Taehyung's slacks against his ass. He laughs breathlessly, hands sliding around to curl around his boyfriend's shoulders, dropping his head forward to smile at him.

"That was nice," he whispers as he tries to catch his breath, ducking down to kiss him gently, licking over the shape of his own teeth indents on Taehyung's bottom lip.

Taehyung's chest heaves as he laughs softly, his cheeks flushed prettily and dark hair matted against his forehead. "Thank you for that, angel. I needed that. You did so, so good."

Jeongguk grins at the praise, nuzzling his nose against Taehyung's before stealing one last kiss. "I should go shower. I'm messy."

Taehyung hums, sagging back into the cushions deeper. "Let me see."

His cheeks burn impossibly hotter, but Jeongguk hooks his thumb into his shorts and boxers and tugs them down enough for Taehyung to see his come smeared messy against against his dick and thigh.

Taehyung stares for a long moment through a lazy gaze, lips quirking up at the corner. "Very cute." He tugs Jeongguk down once more for a kiss before giving his thigh a pat. "Go get cleaned up."

Jeongguk does just that, standing up on shaky legs and lets his boxers and shorts snap back into place as he heads for the stairs. He's halfway up them when the door opens again, and he looks over his shoulder to see Namjoon standing outside, plucking the cigarette from his lips and tossing it to the side, cloud of smoke leaving the corner of his mouth, face crumpled in unease.
"You done?"

Taehyung looks like the picture of ease, leaning against the double doors, hands in his pockets and Jeongguk can't see his face, but he can imagine he's got that smug look on him. "Yep. All done."

Namjoon scoffs and pushes by his younger brother, looking mildly disgusted. Jeongguk laughs under his breath as he heads down the hall to Taehyung's room, but he laughs harder at the last of the conversation he hears.

"You have no shame, you know that?"

"I once had a conversation with you while you had your head buried between some girl's thighs. You can't talk, dude."

Chapter End Notes

I'm back at last. Sorry it's been so long, I was facing some difficulties, but we good now! And we've got the ball rolling again.

I've given up on the rhymes for twitter, my guy. twitter!
"Dance with me."

Jeongguk's gaze flickers up to Taehyung, champagne glass still half pressed to his lips, feeling the bubbles of the alcohol burst beneath his nose. His gaze shifts to the dance floor, watching couples sway around it elegantly in time with the classical song. "Like. Like waltz?"

Taehyung smiles down at him, extending his hand. "Like waltz, baby, yes."

After a few more seconds of gawping, Jeongguk sets his glass down and wipes his mouth on his napkin before clearing his throat. "I don't know how to waltz, Tae."

Taehyung's smile doesn't shift in the slightest, but his hand does, giving a wiggle of his fingers. So with a shaky inhale, Jeongguk takes the hand and gets to his feet, letting his boyfriend pull him in the direction of the floor. His knowledge of dancing doesn't reach this criteria. He's just glad Taehyung's wearing oxfords and not heels tonight, because he can guarantee he's going to be stepping on some toes.

"Daddy..."

"I've got you, honey," Taehyung tells him over his shoulder before twisting around once they reach the edge of the floor. He pulls Jeongguk in close, guiding his hand up onto his shoulder while he takes the other in his own. Taehyung's other free hand goes to the small of Jeongguk's back and gently urges him closer, and in the process—like he fucking predicted—he steps on Taehyung's toes.

"Shit. Sorry, baby, I-I'm really not—"

Taehyung silences him with a kiss, soft and controlled and Jeongguk feels his nerves dissipate slightly. "Put them back."

"What?"

"Your feet, put them back on my toes."

Jeongguk blinks, cheeks suddenly burning hot, but he does as he's told, shuffling forward until half of his feet overlap the polished leather of Taehyung's shoes. "Like this?"

Taehyung hums, ducking in to press soft lips against his cheek. "Good boy, just like that. I'll lead, just follow the way I move." Jeongguk keeps his head down, eyes focused on their feet, being careful with distributing his weight out. It's easier to follow this way, too. But Taehyung has other plans, hand leaving his back to gently knock his fingers beneath his chin. "Eyes up, stud."

"It's hard, hyung." Jeongguk just manages to curb the whine in his voice, but Taehyung must hear it regardless because his lips twitch into another smile.

"It's not, I promise. You're thinking about it too much. Doesn't matter if you make a mistake, no one's watching you but me."

Jeongguk grumbles unintelligibly, gaze shifting back to his feet and it gets him a soft swat to the ass.
He's pouting when he lifts his head again and Taehyung's gaze becomes a little more pointed but still gentle, a reminder that he's in charge, but lovingly so. Reminding Jeongguk that he wouldn't lead him astray. It soothes him a little more and Jeongguk readjusts the curl of his fingers on Taehyung's shoulder, thumb sweeping across the lapel of his blazer as he keeps his head up. It's rewarded with a smile, that smile that's just for him, one that long ago tucked itself into the front pocket of Jeongguk's heart like a precious knick-knack he can't leave home without.

True to his word, Taehyung's gaze doesn't stray from him, warm eyes pinned to him with such a heavy weight that Jeongguk feels like his skin is being pealed away, layer by layer. No matter how long he spends around Taehyung, his gaze will never fail to make him feel lightheaded. The whole saying the eyes are the window to the soul is so spot on when it comes to Taehyung that it makes Jeongguk a little mad for being able to relate to some overused, cheesy phrase. But it hits the nail right on the head.

To an extent.

If Taehyung's eyes are the windows, then there's heavy duty curtains behind them, only to be pulled back when he lets you in. He has the ability to shut those drapes tight, give the visual that no one's home, or maybe doesn't want to be disturbed. But the curtains are always open for Jeongguk. Windows open, lights on, the whole nine yards.

So he'll never not feel overwhelmed and grateful when he has Taehyung's eyes on him. He wants them on him all the time, thinks that at this point he'll go crazy if he doesn't have them on him.

It's all so ridiculously sappy that Jeongguk feels the back of his neck itch, making his still healing tattoo burn like getting goosebumps on sunburn. Taehyung must sense it because he pulls him closer until Jeongguk's forced to shuffle his feet further up onto his shoes.

"What you thinking about, Jeongguk?"

Jeongguk sighs, thumb sweeping over the side of Taehyung's hand as he smiles, a little shy. "You."

Taehyung's smile turns a little impudent, and Jeongguk knows what's coming.

"When aren't you?"

It's so fucking true but that doesn't mean Jeongguk can't sulk, already feeling mildly bashful tonight as is.

"Daddy," he whines, dropping his head to Taehyung's shoulder, turning and rubbing his cheek over the soft material, nose tucking into his neck. "Don't pick fun."

Taehyung chuckles, low and quiet by his ear, head tilting to rest his jaw against Jeongguk's temple. "True, though, isn't it?"

Jeongguk merely gives a small, irascible huff in response.

It gets another laugh and Taehyung shifts his head to press a kiss to his hairline. "Well, that's just fine. Because I'm always thinking about you, too."

Jeongguk's heart gives an extra jump, like it's being squeezed between long, pretty fingers and he hides his face against the column of his boyfriend's neck, taking a greedy breath of lilacs. Fingers gently hook under his chin again and Jeongguk lifts his head to meet Taehyung's eyes, that humour making way for a little uncertainty.
"You know that, right?"

He searches those pretty brown eyes and Jeongguk sees the small amount of anxiety whirling beneath, like a damp shirt draped over the window ledge, desperate to be dried by the sun.

Jeongguk leans in slowly and presses a soft kiss to the swell of Taehyung's lips, light and careful. When he pulls back, the anxiety has ebbed away and the shirt is warm. "Yes, daddy."

He never wants those curtains to close on him.

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Taehyung's doing it purpose. He just knows it.

The little touches are starting to drive Jeongguk out of his mind, whether it be a warm hand on the inside of his thigh, or lips right against his ear, he's dying on the spot. Every single brush of fingers against his skin has him burning, whether it be accidental—accidental his ass—or intentional, his veins are filling with molten lava. They've been at this little game for too long, from the moment Taehyung woke him up with these little shifts of his hips on his lap, telling him it was time for school. But the moment Jeongguk tried to reach for him, his boyfriend left the bed and left Jeongguk with an interested dick.

He's made to suffer through all of breakfast, his daddy making his cereal with too much sexual fucking tension. Watching Taehyung reach up high and arch his back out to get a clean bowl, sticking his ass out and bending over to get a spoon from the dish washer without bending his knees, the back of his robe sliding up his back to show off the pretty pink lace panties that always leave Jeongguk's mouth a little dry.

When Jeongguk gets home, all eager and excited, completely expecting to be shoved down and kissed, he's definitely left befuddled when Taehyung makes no attempt to initiate anything. Even when Jeongguk moves to crank their kissing up and slips a hand beneath Taehyung's legs, his boyfriend brushes him off and gives an excuse that he's busy.

It goes on for days. And he doesn't know what Taehyung's playing at, but there doesn't seem to be any breaking point on the horizon. He knows that Taehyung has a goal in mind—he always does—but he's taking a little too long to get there, in Jeongguk's humble opinion.

He's starting to get a little frustrated, showing up to practice with a hard on and fidgeting restlessly through his lectures. Jerking off just won't do, no matter how many times he gets a hand around himself and pictures that pretty ass bouncing in his lap, pushing down on his cock. It's good for all of thirty seconds before he's left feeling spent but unsatisfied, the itch burning back beneath his skin, making his head fuzzy.

Jeongguk definitely knows it's not just innocent touches, but it's confirmed when nearly five days pass and Taehyung hasn't done more than flaunt around in front of him. Since that time in Hawaii, mere days go by before they're fucking again, so five days... It's a push. Even when Taehyung was busy with work, he sent Jeongguk pictures, naughty texts that had him flushing and biting on his knuckles to stifle a moan in the middle of class.

The word isn't neglected, far from it. Because Taehyung is doing it on purpose. Like holding a steak in front of a lion, only to pull the steak back at the last second.

That fucking steak is torturing the poor lion.

A week passes and Jeongguk's close to pulling his hair out, and it gets to the point where enough is
He's had it.

He's prepared. He's determined. And Taehyung is in for it.

They're sat on the couch, Taehyung not long home, still in what he wore to work. He's sat on the ottoman, scrolling through his phone while Jeongguk watches him from across the room, his homework pushed to the side and music playing quietly from the speakers. He feels nervous, his heart thudding quickly against his chest in preparation. But that determination keeps him focused. Barely.

He licks his lips and grabs for his phone wedged beneath his back and scrolls until he finds the song he's looking for, Beyoncé's Dance for You starting to play. Taehyung doesn't look up from his phone and Jeongguk bumps the volume as the beat kicks in, ignoring the way his fingers shake a little as he does.

Even when he stands, Taehyung doesn't look up and Jeongguk takes his time to walk around the coffee table towards him, eventually stopping in front of his boyfriend and reaching out to run his hand through Taehyung's dark hair. That gets his attention, curious eyes lifting to look up at him, strong eyebrows raising in silent question. Jeongguk doesn't say anything, just reaches out with his free hand and takes Taehyung's phone from his fingers and tosses it across the couch carelessly, making him frown.

He forces himself to continue, face controlled.

"Jeongguk—"

Jeongguk doesn't let him finish, hand curling in the back of Taehyung's hair as he slips onto his lap, keeping himself elevated as his hips start to slowly sway with the beat of the song, keeping it slow and careful. The lyrics ring true, but for right now, this is less about showing his appreciation for Taehyung and more about making him pay for dangling himself in front of him for an entire week. Taehyung seems to pick up on what he's doing immediately, one of his eyebrows raising as his eyes drag up his body to settle on his face.

Jeongguk once again ignores it and swallows thickly, struggling to hear Beyoncé over the heavy hammering of his heart. His hand slides out of Taehyung's hair to the back of his neck, gripping tight as he leans his weight back little by little, hips rolling up higher in time with the music. Jeongguk chews on his lip as he watches the way Taehyung looks him over, gaze settled on his hips. Feeling a little more assured, his other hand comes up to slide under the bottom of his own shirt as he gives a full body roll, lifting it higher and higher as he—

He abruptly stops when Taehyung laughs, body tensing and freezing as he blinks down at his boyfriend who's making no attempt to quieten himself. Eventually he shakes his head and cocks his head to the side, smirk edging on his lips. "What you doing?"

Jeongguk blinks. "I— What do you mean what am I doing?"

"I mean what are you doing right now, Jeongguk," Taehyung says again, voice derisive as he looks him over slowly once again before his eyes settle back on his.

Jeongguk's face flares hot, half from embarrassment and half from annoyance. "What does it look like," he grits out.
Taehyung shrugs, looking like he's having a whale of a time. "You tell me, sweetheart."

The embarrassment makes way for more irritation, something flaring hot inside him, pulsing in the roof of his mouth. He drags his weight further up Taehyung's lap to settle heavy over his thighs, hand sliding back into his hair and this time he gives it a tug, hard enough to have his boyfriend's smile slipping and a breath being forced out through his teeth. Jeongguk doesn't miss the way his eyes go a little wide, the way his Adam's apple drops and rises with a swallow.

"You should be quiet, daddy," Jeongguk mutters, leaning down, eyes hard. "Keep that pretty mouth shut."

Taehyung's not the only one taken off guard, because Jeongguk's wondering what the fuck he's doing. But he's getting a deep satisfaction from it, whatever it is. No longer seeing that cocky grin and instead seeing something that looks akin to surprise.

His fingers knot a little more firmly in Taehyung's hair, forcing his head back to arch his neck and leans down to run his nose up along his throat, taking a deep breath and shuddering at the smell of his perfume. Taehyung really has been pushing his luck, not even letting Jeongguk indulge in simple things like this, and just the smell of familiar lilacs has arousal pulsing hot below the belt.

Jeongguk's vaguely aware the song's changed, now onto something with a lot more base and much more Jeongguk. That and Taehyung going pliant beneath him give him the push to rock his hips down right from the get go, less soft and teasing and more forceful with pure purpose behind it. It gets the reaction he wants right away, Taehyung's eyes hooding as he stares up at him, pulling against the fist in his hair, clearly wanting to see.

He lets go of his hair to run his hands down his daddy's chest before settling on the tops of his thighs, using the hold to push himself up with another roll of his hips and slid off his lap smoothly, leaning forward and keeping his legs and back straight, daring Taehyung to say another word.

He doesn't.

Jeongguk doesn't stop moving, doesn't stop rocking with the beat as he steps back, confidence and boldness soaring high through his blood as he runs a hand down down his stomach to grip the bottom of his shirt, lifting it up slowly and almost growling when he sees Taehyung's eyes obviously on his stomach. He secures his shirt between his teeth as he slides down onto the floor on his knees, leaning back on one hand and rolls his chest all the way down to his hips, the muscles in his stomach straining against his skin.

Taehyung's lips part, rib cage subtly heaving with each breath he takes and comes to a stop when Jeongguk pushes himself up on one foot to push himself forward, sliding closer to situate himself between his boyfriend's thighs. He lets his shirt drop from between his teeth, his hands coming out to part Taehyung's thighs further and pushes himself up on his knees until his upper stomach is pressed flush against Taehyung's crotch. His hands slide up Taehyung's hips, his waist before firmly curling around his shoulders, using the grip to spread his knees out further and rock himself up onto his feet with a reel of his body.

This type of dancing comes a lot easier to him than what Taehyung had tried to teach him at the gala, he knows how to control his body this way. He recalls the time at the club when he'd also danced for Taehyung, how he'd gotten him hard over him and took him back here. The thought has his muscles tightening and he twists his body so his back is to his boyfriend, lowering himself down onto his lap again and drops his hands to the floor, rutting his hips in time with the tick tick of the song. Taehyung lets out a shaky breath behind him and Jeongguk doesn't need to look to know that his eyes are on him.
Blown eyes are down on his ass, on his thighs and snap up to Jeongguk's face, cheeks red and lips bitten. It's a fucking sight and with a smirk, Jeongguk reaches back to grab his shirt at the base of his neck and yanks it over his head as he pushes himself up and leans his weight back against Taehyung's chest. His shirt bunches around his biceps and once he tosses it to the side, he drops his head back against Taehyung's shoulder and reaches back to grab his hands, pulling them around him to run down his chest and abs.

Jeongguk can feel the hot breath against the top of his shoulder as his ass grinds down onto Taehyung's crotch and once again feels that primal satisfaction when he feels his boyfriend hard beneath him. He turns his head to nose along Taehyung's jaw, tongue rolling over his bottom lip as he juts his chin up to flick the tip beneath Taehyung's ear, teeth closing around it a moment later, pulling a groan from the back of his boyfriend's throat.

As quick as it came, Jeongguk pulls back and effortlessly spins around to straddle Taehyung face on, grabs for his wrists and pushes them up above his head, using his chest to press him against the back of the couch, giving him his weight. Seeing how fucked Taehyung looks reminds Jeongguk of his own desperation, his own dick, laying hard against the side of his thigh.

It was too good to resist.

He ducks in and captures Taehyung's lips against his own, nothing slow and teasing about it, licks right into his mouth and slides his tongue over the heavy weight of Taehyung's with a breathy moan. He swallows the broken whimper that bleeds from his daddy's mouth, licking it out from behind his teeth and tasting it on the back of his throat, all the while never stopping the forward swing of his hips. Jeongguk secures Taehyung's wrists in one of his hands as the other slides across his neck to tuck his fingers into his chain, rolling it around his top knuckles and gives a pull that has his boyfriend choking on a breath.

When the song comes to an end, it reminds Jeongguk of what he'd come to do. What he'd wanted to conquer, and the feeling of Taehyung's hard cock pressing up against the underside of his thigh is enough to pull him out of his own haze. With one last suck of Taehyung's bottom lip, he drops his wrists and necklace and pushes himself up to stand.

"I'm gonna go get something to eat," he says, voice devoid of anything as he pads towards the kitchen, not missing the splutter of breath from behind him.

"Wh— J-Jeongguk!"

Jeongguk doesn't say a word, just smirks to himself and for once can accept the hard on he's sporting without complaint.

Needless to say, he doesn't get blue balled that night.

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He's the last one in the locker rooms, sweaty and all but steaming from how hot his skin is. He's skipping out on a shower in favour of meeting Taehyung for lunch before he has to go back to work and he makes quick work of stripping out of his clothes. Jeongguk looks up from where he's grabbing his sweats when there's a round of laughter, turning his head to see his teammates looking at him. Or more importantly—

"Dude. Are you wearing chick's underwear?" Jimin asks and Jeongguk looks down to see
Taehyung's pink boy shorts he'd put on this morning.

He looks up and shrugs. "Yeah?"

"Dude. You're wearing panties."

Jeongguk raises an eyebrow, looking back down and gives the waistband a little snap. "And? It's just underwear. Plus, they work like compression pants. My dick's secure and they're comfy as fuck. Real soft." The laughter quietens down then, turning more uncertain clearly by the lack of embarrassment that they'd expected. "What? Wanna feel?"

He steps over and Hoseok scrunches his nose but cautiously reaches out and rubs his knuckle against the fabric on his hip, eyebrows raising, voice quiet. "They are soft."

Jeongguk nods, pulling his sweats on. "Cotton, bro. Everything can breathe." Silence falls upon the locker room as Jeongguk finishes getting ready, slinging his backpack over his shoulders as he nods to the rest of the team. "Later!" He calls out as heads out, smiling to himself when he hears Yoongi's unmistakable voice.

"You think they do them in black?"

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Jeongguk hears him before he sees him.

He turns his head away from the game to see Taehyung pulling up in his Bugatti, the black one with the orange trim. Jeongguk can't help but smile, his attention wavering on the game as he watches his boyfriend climb out of his car, wearing this unbuttoned metallic shirt, just tied together around his stomach that exposes so much skin that Jeongguk's stomach flexes. He sticks out in his matching pants and long jacket in a swarm of people wearing ten dollar shirts and sole scuffed shoes.

God, Jeongguk is so in love with him.

He forces his attention back in the game when Jimin calls his name, looking up just in time to see the ball being tossed his way. Jeongguk dribbles it up the court, faking left and goes for a lay up, feeling something immensely more satisfying as he sinks the ball, knowing Taehyung is watching.

"Let's call a time out, guys. Lover boy's sugar daddy is here," Woo teases, though Jeongguk doesn't even care. He's not wrong, but it's way more than that. He doesn't bother correcting him.

Jeongguk's got his eyes on Taehyung before the ball fully stops rolling. He heads off the court and over to his boyfriend who's leaning against the hood of his car, wearing this unbuttoned metallic shirt, just tied together around his stomach that exposes so much skin that Jeongguk's stomach flexes. He sticks out in his matching pants and long jacket in a swarm of people wearing ten dollar shirts and sole scuffed shoes.

"Hey, gorgeous," he mutters without fully pulling away, hand curled around the back of Taehyung's neck.

Taehyung grins against his lips as his fingers twist in the front of Jeongguk's sweaty shirt, tugging him closer. "Not interrupting, am I?"

Jeongguk hums in disagreement, giving a little shake of his head. "Never." He leans in for another kiss, hand sliding down along the length of Taehyung's back, tugging at his jacket until his daddy lifts his hips and Jeongguk can pull the material out from beneath him and slip his hand under it.

"What you doing here? Thought you'd be busy."
"Never too busy to check in on you. Missed you. Wanted to see you before the game."

With this whole legal debacle going on, Taehyung's been busy with his lawyers, figuring out a way to secure the case with his parents. He assured Jeongguk that it'd be an easy win, considering Taehyung's grandfather had a legal ownership over him until he was legal, but it was still bothersome. It also meant that Taehyung's once again been busy, much to Jeongguk's displeasure. But he's working through it, knows it wouldn't be fair for him to get pouty when Taehyung is clearly stressed about having to deal with this. Despite how much his boyfriend dislikes his parents, no kid wants to go against their own kin and Jeongguk's seen the way its had Taehyung's shoulders sagging. It breaks his heart.

He's made his peace with the fact that Taehyung won't be able to make it to his game tonight, considering the court date is at the same time. And while Jeongguk will miss the fuck out of him not being there, he understands. But he can still see the guilt swimming behind Taehyung's eyes, even now.

"Taehyung. Stop it."

"Stop what? I'm not doing anything."

Jeongguk fixes him with a pointed look, but his eyes immediately soften, not wanting his boyfriend to think he was upset. "It's okay. Stop thinking so much about it. Really, it's fine."

It seems to set Taehyung off. He sighs, hands sliding down Jeongguk's chest to curl around the back of his thighs. "I just— I'm upset. I want to be at your game. I really would do something if I could, sweetheart, I hope—"

"I know," Jeongguk cuts in, voice gentle, the hand not under Taehyung's jacket coming up to cup his jaw. "I know, alright? It's really okay. You're not the only one who feels guilty, you know. I'd be there with you if I could."

The shared guilt seems to put Taehyung at ease physically, but his eyebrows still pinch together, hands rubbing along Jeongguk's thighs. "I wouldn't want you there anyway. Don't want them anywhere near you again. Not after last time."

"We talked about this, daddy."

"Doesn't mean I've forgotten it."

Jeongguk exhales through his nose, leaning in to press their foreheads together, sweaty bangs pressing against Taehyung's neat ones. "I wouldn't let you keep me away."

Taehyung visibly gulps, pulling him closer. "We'll meet up after. I wanna hear all about it. Wanna know every fucking thing. Okay? Deal?"

He smiles, fingers tugging at the back of the silky shirt so he can slip his hand under it and paw at warm skin. "Deal." Jeongguk leans in and kisses Taehyung again, this time less fleeting, lips moving slow and soft, reassuring. Taehyung sighs into it and Jeongguk pulls him closer.

It'll be okay. No matter the results of tonight, it'll be okay. They have each other and that's all that matters.

-- -- --

Jeongguk's at the sidelines, gulping down his water as he stares at the scoreboard. They're down by
six, there's three minutes on the clock and they haven't been able to bridge the gap. Nerves are eating up his insides, because their shot at victory is so fucking close, a mere six points away and yet it seems so far fetched at the same time. He's been trying to tell himself that it's okay. If they lose the championship, it's okay. They'll be other games.

But.

That doesn't mean he's okay with it. It's the big game, the one that gets them the trophy and Jeongguk's competitive to the core. It doesn't help that they're going against Hongik, a team that comes closest to the word *hate* without actually using it. They've played them many times before and each time Jeongguk finds himself wanting to slaughter each and every one of them. They play dirty and are just plain assholes. Jimin's already been benched for having a run in with the team captain and it's not getting any better.

Hoseok manages to score three points almost immediately, and when the ball's in Jeongguk's hand, there's only four seconds on the clock and he shoots and gets them to a tie. However, he's shoved to the ground before he can see the ball hit the net because Choi—*fucking Choi*—slams into him like a tornado in a trailer park. The ref announces a foul, the three points indeed tying them up, but Jeongguk's pissed. He's on his feet immediately, storming for the smug looking son of a bitch.

"Watch where you're going, pretty boy," Choi coos, and there's bodies already between them, their teammates intervening as Jeongguk shoves him roughly in the chest.

"Watch *yourself*, bitch," he barks, and Yoongi's suddenly there, pushing him back.

"Jeongguk. Stop," Yoongi snaps, but he knows his anger isn't directed at him.

It was a dirty fucking move.

He's fuming as Coach Kim calls for a timeout, huddling them all in. "Jeon. Let it go, son." He can hear the anger in his own voice, but it's masked under a layer of professionalism.

Jeongguk's pacing from side to side, hands on his hips as he tries to calm himself down. He's got a free throw and if he makes it, they'll win the game, but if he misses, then they'll go into overtime. This is it, the make it or break it moment. His free throws are his weakest level of expertise, so the pressure is on. He's been working on them in preparation for something like this because Jeongguk is known to, well, choke. Under this much scrutiny, there's a chance he'll miss. It wouldn't be the first time. And Choi fucking knows it. It all rides on him and it has anxiety chewing away at his nerve.

*Don't choke. Don't choke.*

He's struggling to pay attention to Coach Kim's pep talk, still pacing and almost vibrating with coiled tension, looking between the other team where Choi's smirking at him, and at at the scoreboard. One point. Just need one more point and they've done it, they've won the championship. If they go into overtime, there's a big chance they'll lose. They've lost Jimin, Soo's a little pale and Joongki's starting to limp.

Jeongguk's eyes flit around nervously and everything seemingly comes to a standstill when he catches sight of someone already staring at him from the bleachers. There's a little smile on Taehyung's face, looking completely content and confident. Not in himself, but in Jeongguk. Like he pities everyone for being worried. He looks so handsome, wearing an all red suit, easily standing out. It hits Jeongguk then that he must have rushed over from the courthouse to come and see him play and the realisation knocks so hard into his chest that he feels winded.
He came. He *came*.

Taehyung shoots him a wink, standing there amongst the rowdy crowd, the picture of ease.

Like Jeongguk's beautiful angel.

"*You've got this.*"

And just like that, Jeongguk feels the anxiety wash out of him like it was a word simply carved into the sand, wiped clean by a rolling wave.

He stares at his boyfriend for another long moment, chest filling with a breath of fresh air. He turns and steps back into the circle of the huddle, cutting over whatever Yoongi was in the middle of saying. "I got this. Don't worry."

Everyone looks at him, looking a little uncertain, but Coach Kim must see the determination in his face because he gives a sharp nod and slaps Woo on the back. "Well? You heard the man. He's got this. C'mon. Hawks on three."

"One, two, three, hawks!"

They disband and Jeongguk steps out onto the court, catching the ball tossed his way. He bounces it a few times, eyes flickering between his hands and backboard. He takes a deep breath, and he can't help the way his eyes go back to Taehyung. He's still standing there, still with that beautiful little smile on his face, and Jeongguk's still *so* in love. He sends his boyfriend his own smile, just as small and private, only for the two of them.

"Careful, Jeon. Don't choke."

Jeongguk's attention slowly shifts to Choi, who's giving him this look that's a mixture of a glare and smirk. It's kind of odd. Why did he feel the need to get angry over something so small? Over someone with such little importance to him? It's almost funny now. He huffs a little laugh through his nose, eyebrows raised in amusement and he keeps his eyes on Choi as he shoots the ball, arm lifted above his head when the ball leaves his grip. The silence in the gym is almost deafening, everyone holding their breaths accept for two people.

It's suddenly broken.

*Swish.*

"That's it! The hawks take the win! Hawks win!"

The rooms breaks into cheers and applause and Jeongguk's suddenly swarmed by his team, and he sends a casual smug shrug over to a fuming Choi before he's hoisted in the air. He breaks out into a grin at the chant of *Jeon! Jeon! Jeon!* his fist raised in the air as the crowd rush the court to crow the team. Jeongguk's eyes search through it desperately, searching for one face in particular until they find it. Taehyung's standing at the edge of the crowd, hands cupped over his mouth, cheering for him before his hands lower in a clap. The grin on his face is breathtaking and Jeongguk scrambles off Joohyuk's and Mark's shoulders, urgently pushing through the crowd as he cuts through to get over to his boyfriend.

When Jeongguk reaches him, he throws his arms around him, hoisting him up in the air and Taehyung laughs, arms wrapping around his neck as Jeongguk gives the most cliche, over the top spin and kisses him, able to *taste* the pride on Taehyung's mouth.
"You came!" he yells over the crowd, arms crushing Taehyung to his body.

Taehyung runs his hands through Jeongguk's hair, loosening the little knot holding it all together so he can get his fingers through it. "You really think I'd miss your big game? Silly boy." Jeongguk's cheeks ache with the force of his grin and he tries to press another kiss to Taehyung's lips, but they're both smiling too much and it's all teeth. "I'm so proud of you, Gukkie," he says, hands sliding down to cup either side of Jeongguk's face, foreheads pressing together. "You deserve this."

Jeongguk carefully lowers Taehyung back to his feet so they're eye to eye, watching strands of white and blue confetti fan out around them, landing in his boyfriend's hair and over his shoulders. "It was you, daddy. Seeing you, seeing how much you believed in me. It's what did it."

Taehyung's shaking his head before Jeongguk even finishes and his smile is broad and his eyes soft. "No. It was all you, sweetheart. I never doubted you for a second."

Jeongguk lets out a breathless laugh, shaking his own head as he looks Taehyung over. He's happy. He's happy because Jeongguk's happy. He's happy for him, proud of him. He's the only person who hadn't doubted him. He never had for a second. Even with the court battle with his parents, Taehyung had come to see him. Come to see him win. It reminds him then.

"What about the case? How did it go?"

Taehyung grins, hand rubbing down his soaked jersey. "We'll talk about it later. For right now, your team awaits." He nods over Jeongguk's shoulder and he barely has the chance to look before he's being hauled back into the mass of people, hands pulled away from Taehyung and a trophy pressed into his palm instead.

As he's hoisted back in the air, Jeongguk keeps his eyes on Taehyung who's gone back to clapping. He shoots him another wink and Jeongguk grins.

Jeongguk knows what the real trophy is.

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Everything is light and Jeongguk is happy.

He's lying in Taehyung's bed that has his own cologne sticking to the pillows and hickeys still throbbing along the sides of his neck. His arm is slung over Taehyung's naked back, curled around the softness of his hip. His boyfriend passed out a couple of hours ago, but Jeongguk hasn't been able to sleep yet. He's just too fucking happy. Turns out Taehyung won the case—as they knew he would—and his parents are no longer an issue, having slunk back to America with their tails between their legs. The night only got better, Taehyung taking him and the team out for a meal and while everyone was focused on shovelling meat into their mouth, Jeongguk had been focused on getting his mouth on his boyfriend.

After dinner, they went back to Taehyung's and they watched a movie. He'd half been expecting them to come home and fuck on every flat surface in the house. But it hadn't worked out like that. It was sweet and praise never strayed far from Taehyung's lips. Once they'd showered and climbed into bed, Taehyung had climbed on top of him and nipped at his neck, telling him that he wanted to blow a champ.

("Jesus, hyung," Jeongguk whimpers, because there was something so sexy about that, something that has his chest swelling and his shoulders squaring.

Taehyung smiles against his neck, inked skin between his teeth as his fingers curl around his pec, hot
Jeongguk hates that his dick twitches at a pun involving basketball.)

So he can't sleep, despite how sated and worn he is now that the adrenaline has worn off. But he still feels like a live wire, blissed out on happiness. He won the championship, Taehyung won the court case and all is good with the world.

Jeongguk’s head turns when his boyfriend inhales deeply, watching as Taehyung lifts his head and twists it towards him, eyes half open, lips smacking together. "Go back to sleep, daddy," he whispers, hand squeezing Taehyung’s hip before rubbing along his waist.

Taehyung gives a low hum as he shuffles closer, slipping over onto Jeongguk's pillow and presses a kiss against the curve of his shoulder. "Why're you awake?"

"Just thinking," he says softly, smile curling at the edges of his lips as Taehyung rubs his face into his arm.

"What you thinking about?"

"A lot. Mostly about how happy I am."

That has Taehyung's eyes opening a little more, face soft and vulnerable, puffy from sleep and no make up on. He smiles and shifts around until he can stretch an arm above the pillows and slips his fingers into Jeongguk's hair. "Yeah?" His voice is soft, searching. "You're happy, baby?"

Jeongguk nods, turning his head up to press up against those beautiful fingers as he lets out a long breath through his nose. "So happy." He twists around, rolling onto his side so he can face Taehyung and slides his arm around his waist, palm splaying out over his back. "You make me happy, Taehyung." The words bubble in the back of his throat like an old friend, desperately trying to climb out of his mouth, but he swallows them down.

Not yet.

Taehyung's face burns with a soft flush under the mellow pink lights of his room, looking a little shy as his free hand reaches up and curls his fingers around the heart shaped lock on Jeongguk's chain, his own key resting against the sheets. He loves this side of Taehyung, unadulterated and like an open vein, willing for Jeongguk to tap into him. Naked and raw. Jeongguk knew it took time to get Taehyung to this stage and he'll swear on every bible that he'll never take it for granted. This beautiful man with all of his defences down, an open book ready for Jeongguk's fingers to flip through the pages.

"Taehyung." His boyfriend's eyes slip up from where they were down on his own fingers, wide and reflecting the lights on the wall. Jeongguk's hand slides up his back to cup the side of his neck and beneath his jaw, looking over his face. He leans in and presses a soft kiss to Taehyung's even softer lips, feather-like and barely there. "Thank you," he says, nothing above a whisper. "Thank you for always believing in me and supporting me. For always taking care of me and being here. Even when you're not next to me, and we're countries apart. I know you're looking out for me, thinking about me. You're the reason I'm happy and I promise to spend however long you'll let me making you as happy as I feel right now."

Taehyung swallows thickly and when he blinks, Jeongguk can see the glaze in his eyes. His daddy doesn't say anything, just leans back in and kisses him again, fingers a little shaky where they're clutching at his chain. Jeongguk's own hand slips from his neck to curl around Taehyung's chain,
tugging it with his finger and pulls it close to press it against the back of his boyfriend's knuckles. Taehyung's fingers loosen until he can take both parts of their chain into his hand and closes his fist around them while Jeongguk's own fingers curl around the back of his.

He hopes Taehyung keeps him around forever.

"Hey, petal."

Jeongguk looks over from where he's staring at the TV, fingers mashing at the buttons as he directs his character around the map. "Daddy," he greets, half distracted as he looks back at the screen. "Good day?"

Taehyung hums from behind him as he walks around the back of the couch, dumping his bags on the ottoman. "Yeah, it was nice. Got some nice things." There's muted clinking, the familiar sound of his boyfriend taking his heels off and kicking them to the side. "What about you? You've been in that spot since I left."

"On a roll, baby," Jeongguk beams proudly, thumb jamming at the square button to reload.

"Just be careful. Don't wear your eyes out." Taehyung presses a kiss to the back of his head before he picks up his shopping bags and heads for the stairs. Not five minutes go by before he's calling down from upstairs. "Hey, babe? I forgot one of my bags. Can you go and grab it for me real quick?"

"Yeah, one sec!" He doesn't stop playing, though, focused on the kill streak he's gotten. He doesn't know how long passes before Taehyung's calling again.

"Baby?"

Jeongguk looks up to see Taehyung standing halfway down the stairs, eyebrow raised and he pushes himself up, controller still in hand. "Yeah, yeah. Going now."

He's still playing.

"Jeongguk!"

Jeongguk pauses the game with a sigh, sending a narrow glare to his boyfriend, who just glares right back, but it's more mocking than anything. He tosses the controller down and heads for the garage, sending a look over his shoulder when Taehyung starts to trail after him. "If you're coming along, why couldn't you just do it?"

"Because it's heavy. I need my big strong man to lift it for me," Taehyung says through a pout and Jeongguk knows it's complete bullshit—he's seen Taehyung carry Cash around, a dog that weighs nearly two hundred pounds, without breaking a sweat—but it still makes him preen, flexing a little subconsciously.

Heading into the kitchen, Jeongguk pushes open the door to the garage, takes one step in and abruptly stops. Because there, sat in the middle of Taehyung's cars is a brand spanking new Chevrolet with a bright red bow stuck to the hood. He blinks at it, eyes wide. "Tae—" Jeongguk looks back at his boyfriend who's leaning against the doorway, arms folded over his chest. "Is this —"

"Do you like it?"
Jeongguk stares. "What?" His whole body jolts forward with the force of his voice, like he's been struck by lightening. It's like his soul gets reanimated and he's suddenly on the move, pacing around the car, hands running through his hair, gripping it tight and yanking it in every direction. "Just—What!" Taehyung chuckles and Jeongguk literally sprints over to him, grabbing a hold of his shirt in his fists. "Daddy."

"Yes."

"What. Is. That."

"That's your new car."

Jeongguk's knees almost give out, but instead it's his voice. "My new car?"

"Yes, your new car," Taehyung chuckles.

He may throw up. He may cry. He may pass out. Instead he squeals.

Jeongguk spins around so fast his back twinges as he runs for the car, all but throwing himself over the roof. "This is really my car?"

"Really. It's a present."

"For what?"

Taehyung steps down the little stoop and over to the car, running his fingers along the sleek bonnet. "For winning the championship."

Jeongguk once again stares at Taehyung, eyes so wide that they twitch in protest. "Taehyung!"

His daddy rests against the side of the headlights, looking ridiculously sexy pressed up against the car. His car. His motherfucking car. "Yes?"

"You got me a car!"

"So we've established."

"It's expensive!"

Taehyung checks his nails as if they're talking about something as trivial as the weather. "You're worth every penny."

Jeongguk sags against the car, face pressing against the window to peer inside. The interior is all black to match, leather and fresh. Brand fucking new. He's never owned a car that wasn't pre-owned before. Hell, last car he owned was in such bad shape that the only way he could sell it was for parts. "Can we take it for a spin?" He asks, face still pressed against the glass, fogging it up with his hot breath.

He looks up when Taehyung presses something cold against his arm, gaze dropping down to see a set of keys with the Chevrolet logo on the keyring. "Let's go, muscles."

Jeongguk takes the keys with a grin, squealing again as he bounces on his toes, pouncing on Taehyung and smacking a hard kiss against his lips. He jogs around the car and quickly opens the passengers side and Taehyung's eyes soften as he walks around the car, cupping Jeongguk's jaw in
the cradle of his hand before slipping in. He's quick to join him and his fingers all but tremble as he rushes to get the key in the ignition. Starting the engine, he revs it hard and his eyes go wide, as does his smile, shooting a look over to Taehyung who just smiles back in turn. Before he throws the car in reverse, he needs to open the garage door, but before he can get out to do it, Taehyung's reaching for him and squeezing his arm.

"No need." He taps around on the dash, lighting up a small screen like the majority of his own cars have and with a couple of taps, the garage doors slide open.

Jeongguk blinks down at his boyfriend's fingers, processing that he programmed *his* car to have the feature to operate the garage. It shouldn't shock him as much considering Taehyung long ago gave him a key to his place, but it's another piece of him being allowed to make himself at home. His own personal car having access to the garage. It seems small, doesn't seem to phase Taehyung, but it does Jeongguk. With a sharp exhale, he leans across the console and cups his hand around the back of Taehyung's neck and pulls him into another kiss, this one softer and slower. He savours it, wanting Taehyung to know just how much he appreciates the gesture. Taehyung seems a little surprised when he pulls back, and Jeongguk just smiles.

"You're cute," he mumbles, bumping their noses together. "Thank you, daddy."

Taehyung's eyes are a little wide as Jeongguk leans back into his seat, lips pretty and puffy. He clears his throat. "Um. You're welcome."

With a grin, Jeongguk sets the car into reverse—driving Taehyung's automatics has paid off—and backs out of the garage and down the drive.

"Natural boy racer, aren't you?"

They've been on the road for the last half an hour and the adrenaline in Jeongguk's veins has yet to cease. The streets are relatively empty so there's nothing holding him back from tearing across the asphalt, knowing he's probably burning an unnecessary amount of fuel, but fuck it. He long ago figured out that he liked going a little too fast, likes the way it feels to duck and weave through other cars and he's only urged on by Taehyung's cheering from the passenger seat, arm out the window, smacking at the roof of the car.

It's dark out by the time he pulls up at the side of the highway, putting the car in park, pulse thrumming in his neck.

"You good?" His daddy asks, but Jeongguk doesn't answer, just unbucks his belt, then Taehyung's and grabs his arm, tugging at him to come and sit on his lap. "Baby—" As soon as Jeongguk's got him on his lap, wedged between his chest and the steering wheel, he pulls Taehyung down for an eager kiss, licking past his lips and coaxes his tongue into his mouth. "What are you doing?"

Taehyung asks through a breathless laugh, fingers sliding through the back of Jeongguk's hair.

Jeongguk says nothing, just gets his hands beneath his boyfriend's skirt to grab at his ass, the thong he's wearing making it so he can grab at plenty of bare skin and drags him closer with a groan. Taehyung's breath fans out hot against his lips and he soon reaches down to pull the tight fabric of his skirt up around his waist and Jeongguk's greedy. He hooks his fingers into the thin straps of his panties and yanks them down his ass as he bites at Taehyung's bottom lip, fabric rolling into a line to the top of his thighs.

"Wanna fuck you."

Taehyung's breath shakes as he rocks his hips down and Jeongguk's sweats tent beneath him,
pressing deliciously against the warm underside of Taehyung's thigh. It's public indecency and
Jeongguk kind of gets off on the fact that there's cars passing by constantly and if someone just so
happens to look at the right moment, they'll see Taehyung writhing on his lap. He rubs his finger
across Taehyung's asshole and growls when he ruts against his stomach, able to feel the hot press of
his cock through his shirt. "Jeongguk..."

"Wanna fuck you," he repeats, voice breathy as mouths at Taehyung's neck, nipping at the thin skin
beneath his jaw.

"Don't have any lube, baby."

"S'fine. I can still get you wet." Jeongguk reaches up to suck two of his fingers into his mouth,
though he's forced to stop when Taehyung wraps a hand around his wrist, pulling back to look at
him.

"You tryin' to split me open?" Taehyung laughs weakly and Jeongguk groans.

"I mean, kinda. Fuck, yeah, I am."

Taehyung shakes his head, pulling his fingers out of his mouth and covers them with his own,
sucking Jeongguk's spit off them and he whines. "You're not fucking me without lube," he says once
he pulls off, rubbing the shine on his lips together. "Not a girl, remember?"

Jeongguk kind of sags in defeat, skull pressing back against the headrest as he stares up at Taehyung.
"Spit and determination won't do?"

His boyfriend's eyes seem to soften and he curls a big hand around Jeongguk's jaw. "Afraid not. Not
unless you wanna hurt me."

Jeongguk's eyes go wide, suddenly gripping Taehyung's hip frantically. "No! No, no, never, daddy."

Taehyung smiles, leaning in and presses a slow, soft kiss against his lips. He pushes himself up on
his knees as best he can for a man nearing six foot in a cramped car, pulling his panties back up.
"You can fuck me when we get home. Where's there's lots of lube." He climbs off his lap and crawls
back into his seat and Jeongguk reaches out to rub a hand over his ass where his skirt is still hiked
up.

"I'm putting lube in the car," he says through a sniff and pout, hand dropping from Taehyung's ass to
rub his palm over his own dick through his pants, pulsing after being trapped under the weight of his
boyfriend. He starts the car back up, but cuts the engine again a second later, pausing Taehyung from
where he was halfway with putting his belt back on. "Can't I have something for the road? M'not
gonna be able to focus." Jeongguk shoots his boyfriend another pout, gives his best puppy eyes and
lets his shoulders drop pitifully.

Taehyung stares at him for a long moment before he lets the seat belt return to its resting position and
reaches under his skirt as he lifts his hips, and Jeongguk's eyes drop to watch as his boyfriend's blue
thong slides down his long legs. His heart jumps at the idea of doing something filthy like sniffing
Taehyung's panties, or maybe keep them in his pocket, but his boyfriend does one better and shuffles
over and sticks his hand into Jeongguk's sweats, curling the rough lace of his thong around his dick.

"O-Oh, fuck. Tae—" He stutters out as Taehyung drags the fabric along his cock while pressing his
lips against his cheek. Jeongguk's eyes roll back.

"Keep hold of these for daddy until we get home, 'kay?"
Jeongguk may break at least five speed limits on the way home.

Chapter End Notes

I'm once again sorry about the long delay, I suck, I know. I hope this chapter full of sexual tension makes up for it.

Updates on twitter!

Also, Punchi, the amazing editor made a couple of stunning edits for the fic and I highly recommend you watch them because they're just... ugh. Beautiful. Here, and here!

Hope everyone has a happy holiday too, whatever you may celebrate! Look after yourselves and each other, and see you in the new year!
Now that the championship was over and done with, Jeongguk's had more time to focus on his studies. Basketball has by no means been put on the back burner, but he has time to unwind before practice starts back up and he wants to use that time to polish his grades. As much as he loves basketball, his school work comes first and he doesn't want to slack off.

It's a chill night, both he and Taehyung doing their thing in his office; his boyfriend at his desk and Jeongguk sprawled out along the floor while Crystal and Cash sleep away in the corner. Taehyung's been working hard on his fashion line, brings home various samples of fabric and portfolios of sketches and paperwork. It's really nice to see him looking so excited about something, seeing him work for what he wants. Taehyung gets a bad rep as a model, but he's the most driven person Jeongguk's ever known, manages to balance a business with his brothers and various, personal side projects.

So if Taehyung can do all of that, Jeongguk can keep his grades up.

His phone lights up besides him and he smiles when he sees a text from his mom, checking in on him and asking how his personal life is, asking how Taehyung is. Breaking the news to them that he was in a relationship with another man had been surprisingly easy. He hadn't had his doubts, per se, because he knew his parents, he was lucky they were so open minded and only wanted the best for him. But he had been nervous. Jeongguk had had this whole plan of heading back to Busan, sitting them down and delicately explaining the situation, but decided against it. He'd ended up simply calling them, blurting out that he was dating Taehyung, only to receive a **we know, Guk.**

He supposes he has gossip magazines to thank for that and his mother's love of seasonal fashion trends.

It had been a relief to get off of his chest, because while he hadn't been worried, he didn't like keeping anything from his parents. Especially not something as big as his relationship with Taehyung. They'd long ago told him that he could do whatever he wanted, look however he wanted, as long as he was safe and happy, that was all that mattered.

"My parents want to meet you," he says once he's set his phone back down, looking over at Taehyung.

Taehyung's fingers still on his keyboard, eyes lifting to meet his. "You told them about me?"

"Of course," Jeongguk chuckles, chewing at the end of the pen. "You're my boyfriend, obviously I'm gonna tell them about you."

"And do they know that's what I am? A boyfriend?"

Taehyung sounds a little anxious and it has Jeongguk's smile slipping. "Yeah, Tae."

"And do they know your boyfriend likes to wear dresses? That your boyfriend is under constant fire of the media?"

Jeongguk frowns, pen falling out of his mouth. "Baby—"
"Do they know that?" Taehyung's going for calm and controlled but Jeongguk can see the panic, even from across the room. "Did you tell them that?"

Jeongguk continues to frown as he sits back and extends his legs in front of him. "Come here, Taehyung."

"Jeongguk, I—"

"Come here, Taehyung." His voice is soft but firm and Taehyung doesn't move for a moment before he pushes himself out of his chair and crosses over to him, letting Jeongguk take his hand and pull him down to sit on his lap. "What are you getting so defensive for?" He asks once Taehyung's sat on his thighs, arms around his neck.

Taehyung doesn't say anything for a while, just traces circles in Jeongguk's bare back, chewing on his lip anxiously. "Just... I don't know."

Jeongguk rubs his hands along his boyfriend's thighs, drowning in a pair of his sweats. "You do know. Tell me what it is."

"I just—" Taehyung sighs, shoulder slumping a little. "I've never met a boyfriend's parents before and I want them to like me."

Jeongguk rubs his hands along Taehyung's thighs, drowning in a pair of his sweats. "You do know. Tell me what it is."

"I just—" Taehyung sighs, shoulder slumping a little. "I've never met a boyfriend's parents before and I want them to like me."

He says it so softly, so quietly that Jeongguk almost misses it. It reminds him of how nervous he'd been to meet Taehyung's grandfather and with a smile, he pulls his boyfriend closer. "They already do like you. What's not to like? You're perfect."

Taehyung scoffs, eyes downcast. "Debatable. I'm sure they'd rather you be dating a pretty, young girl not a guy nearing his thirties who likes to—"

"Stop it, Tae." Taehyung's mouth promptly shuts, lips pressed together in a thin line. "They like you because I like you. Because you make me happy. The other stuff doesn't matter, they don't care."

"Sure they don't."

"Not everyone's parents are like yours." Jeongguk hadn't meant for it to sound rude, but Taehyung's wince doesn't go amiss and he internally scolds himself. "I'm sorry, daddy, I didn't mean—"

"No, I know. It's fine. You're right." Taehyung sighs, hand sliding up into the back of Jeongguk's hair, eyes finally lifting to meet his. "I sometimes forget that."

Jeongguk rubs his hands along Taehyung's waist, chewing on the inside of his cheek. He's been meaning to ask for a while, but with everything that's happened, he hadn't wanted to stress his boyfriend out anymore. But he wants to know, feels like he should know something so important, something that clearly upsets his partner. "What happened between you? I know you grew up with your grandfather, but why?"

Taehyung goes a little rigid in his lap, hand pausing in his hair. Jeongguk goes to take back his words, assure Taehyung he doesn't have to talk about it if he doesn't want to, but his daddy is talking before he has the chance to. "We've just never seen eye to eye. It's not just me, my brothers don't have a good relationship with them either, but me and them..." He pauses to shake his head and Jeongguk squeezes him closer. "Don't think they ever really wanted kids in the first place, think it was more the in thing to do at the time, you know? Like a baby was a designer bag. Taehyung scoffs, but Jeongguk doesn't miss the hurt he can see in his face. "From a young age, they wanted me and my brothers to be a certain way, act a certain way. So when I started spending more time with my grandfather, started to dress a little differently, they weren't best pleased."
Jeongguk curls his arm protectively around Taehyung's waist, scowl sunken into his face, feeling that burn of anger settle heavy into his gut. He knew Taehyung's parents were a piece of work, but didn't realise the extent of it. He doesn't care what they say about him, but he'll always care what anyone says about his boyfriend, regardless if they're family or not.

"The gay thing certainly didn't help, they started treating me like a lesser person, though it was already pretty bad to begin with. They weren't happy when my grandfather brought me into the business when I was sixteen, got emancipated and moved in with him." Taehyung cracks a smile, that fondness to his eyes he gets whenever he talks about Sangchul. "My parents never worked for what they had, just leech off my grandfather. When I was twenty, they reached out to me, said they wanted to patch things up, and stupidly, I believed them. Obviously it was all bullshit, they wanted money and even more stupidly, I gave it to them. Thought our relationship could be fixed. It wasn't." Taehyung sighs and he looks suddenly tired. "It was idiotic of me to think they'd changed."

Jeongguk ducks his head and presses his lips to Taehyung's shoulder. "Wasn't idiotic. You were a kid who wanted to fix things with his parents."

"Yeah, but I should have known better. I was right to do what I did, they're still trying to leech off me almost ten years later." Taehyung presses his lips to Jeongguk's temple, breath stirring his hair. "Probably why I'm such an asshole now."

"You are not an asshole," Jeongguk defends immediately, pulling back to look at Taehyung. "You're kind and giving and the sweetest person I've ever met. There's a difference between being an asshole and being reserved, daddy." He presses a kiss to the soft pout of Taehyung's lips. "Having a heart doesn't make you an asshole."

Taehyung stares down at him, eyes searching his face and Jeongguk lets him, lets him see that he truly means it. Over the course of knowing Taehyung, he's learnt that he may seem confident and like nothing can faze him, but he's still human and he's more fragile than he lets on. Needs to be told every now and then that he's not a bad person and that his feelings are valid.

A warm hand slides around his face and lips press against his, soft and giving and Jeongguk leans into it like a bird basking in the sun. Nothing devastates him more than Taehyung undermining his own feelings, putting himself down for the sake of other people, and he certainly won't let that fly when the other party's people like his parents.

"Thank you for telling me, hyung. I'm sorry you had to deal with that growing up." Jeongguk kisses the corner of his lips, soft and damp and Taehyung pulls him closer for a hug, squeezing him against his chest.

"I'd love to meet your parents," Taehyung says after a moment of silence, voice soft, foreheads pressed together and Jeongguk's heart jumps.

"Really? You don't have to."

Taehyung's shaking his head before he can finish, thumb brushing over his lips. "I want to. They sound great and I'd love to meet the people who raised a man like you."

It makes Jeongguk preen, chest puffing out and he can't resist leaning back in to reconnect their lips, smile curled on his lips. "I'd love that. Most important people in my life meeting." It's Taehyung's turn to smile and Jeongguk kisses it off his lips, wanting to taste it.

They spend a few more minutes kissing, Taehyung's body no longer stiff beneath his hands and when he finally lets him go to step back over to his desk, Jeongguk feels light. Happy. Taehyung's
the most serious relationship he's ever been in and the thought of him meeting his parents reminds him of how big this step was. They'd be travelling down to Busan, to his hometown to meet his parents, because he wants them to know Taehyung, wants them to know that, if he plays his cards right, this is the guy he wants to spend the rest of his life with.

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As soon as Jeongguk walks in the door, he wants to turn around and immediately walk back out. Because sat on the stairs is a Taehyung with a box next to him, already looking his way.

He gulps, the door quietly shutting behind him, sealing his fate.

"H-Hey, baby," he greets, a breathless, nervous laugh bubbling out of his throat. "How was your day?"

Maybe if he tries to brush over it, nothing bad will happen.

"You bought the shoes."

Okay, maybe not.

Taehyung glances down at the box and uses one finger to flip the lid open, revealing the Dior sneakers he'd bought. "I thought I told you that you couldn't buy these until you'd finished your anatomy assignment."

Jeongguk swallows, carefully lowering his bag to the ground.

"Did I or did I not say that, Jeongguk?"

Oh, fuck.

"You did, daddy."

Taehyung nods, moving to lace his hands together, hanging between his spread knees. "But you still bought them, even after I specifically told you not to."

"Yes, daddy."

"And did you finish your assignment?"


"Then why did you buy them?"

Jeongguk whines, foot scuffing against the floor. "Because I really wanted them! I was gonna get them anyway, so I didn't see why I should wait." Taehyung raises an eyebrow, tongue pressing against the inside of his cheek and jaw jutting out. "Aren't they pretty, though, Tae?" Jeongguk rushes over then, picking up one of the shoes, grinning. "It was like— inspiration! Make me feel good."

Taehyung just blinks at him, doesn't look at the shoe in his hands. "Oh, so you finished your assignment once you got them, then."

His smile falls.

Oh, *fuck.*
"Well, no, b-but—!

"—but you went against my orders, spent my money and you still haven't finished."

Jeongguk chuckles weakly. "Tae, listen—"

Taehyung stands up then and Jeongguk instinctively takes a step back, clutching the sneaker protectively against his chest when his boyfriend holds his hand out, fingers beckoning. "Give it to me." He seriously debates making a grab for the other shoe, eyes pointedly down on the box and Taehyung must realise this because he steps closer. "Jeongguk. Give me the shoe. Now."

With a little wince, Jeongguk hands it over, head down. There's a muted thump before the back of his shirt is being grabbed and he's being dragged towards the living room, shoes squeaking against the hardwood floor in the process. Taehyung lets him go a few feet away from the couch and Jeongguk is left to stare as his boyfriend sits down and pats his thigh.

"Get over my knee."

His dick stirs in his sweats.

With a dry swallow, Jeongguk scuffles over, his wrist taken once he's close enough and goes pliant as Taehyung pulls him down to lay over his lap, hips pushed up against his thigh. His hand curls around Taehyung's ankle and he lets out a shaky breath when the back of his sweats and boxers are tugged down to the tops of his thighs, a warm, wide palm rubbing over the curve of his ass.

"Do you think it's very fair that you used my card to buy yourself shoes that I said you couldn't get until you finished your assignment? Didn't we have a deal?" Taehyung's voice is soft, gentle, that false sense of contemplating that Jeongguk knows better than to think is actually up for grabs. Taehyung made his decision the moment he saw that he'd gone against his word. He was just toying with him.

And boy, did Jeongguk love it.

He nods, knows he should just go along with whatever daddy is saying, but he's stubborn and got a penance for Taehyung's punishments and— "But I deserved them. I won the championship," he mutters petulantly through a sniff and nails suddenly dig into the skin beneath his ass.

Taehyung scoffs, leans sideways to get a look at Jeongguk's face. "Oh, you deserved them, huh? Should I have bought them for you myself?"

Jeongguk turns his head to meet his boyfriend's questioning eyes and with a jut of his chin, he nods. "Yeah. You should have."

It's silent for a long moment, Taehyung's eyes narrowing and face smoothing into something stoic and Jeongguk knows he's fucked up. He gulps and Taehyung nods. Long fingers suddenly reach into his pocket, able to feel the pressure of long nails against the side of his thigh and when he hears that familiar jingle, he tenses up.

Taehyung pulls out his car keys, ring loop falling down his index finger. "Guess you don't need these anymore, then."

"What, Tae, no—"

"What's wrong? Give me one good reason I shouldn't take away the car I bought you for winning and just let you keep your shoes instead." Taehyung's voice is back to soft but condescending,
batting those long lashes and for a moment Jeongguk forgets that he's got his bare ass out and he's about to be punished, just staring and internally swooning over how pretty his boyfriend is. "Jeongguk."

He blinks himself back to life, startled, mouth hanging open. "Huh?"

Taehyung takes his turn to stare, though he looks a little less lovesick than Jeongguk probably does. Looks shocked, irritated. "Oh, I'm sorry, is your mind somewhere else?"

*Kinda.*

"No, daddy."

"Then what did I just say."

Jeongguk racks his brain, throat ticking nervously, but it's hard to really remember when Taehyung's *so close* and smells *so good* and his lips look *so soft* and he's leaning in before he really realises what's happening and—

"Jeongguk."

His head snaps up a little, like waking up from a daze and his eyebrows raise. "Yeah?"

Taehyung's look of indignation quickly shifts to one of concern, his pretty face pinching together and Jeongguk wants to kiss the frown away. "Hey," he starts softly, hands cupping Jeongguk's cheeks. "You alright, baby? Everything okay?"

Jeongguk leans into Taehyung's hands, rubbing his cheek against the softness of his palm and tucks his nose against his wrist to breathe in the smell of lilacs, ignoring the keys jangling against his ear. His eyes close when one hand leaves his face and pushes through his hair, swears he almost purrs. His heart jumps in his chest when Taehyung croons over him, petting through his fringe and rubbing circles into his cheek. Even when Jeongguk's being a spoilt brat and deserves to be reprimanded, Taehyung's always ready to comfort him, mistakes his infatuation with something negative.

Has he mentioned how in love he is?

"M'good," he finally says, lips rubbing along the heel of Taehyung's palm. "Distracted."

"By what?"

Jeongguk opens his eyes, meeting the softness of warm, brown ones. "You."

Taehyung's eyebrows raise, looking momentarily taken off guard before a small smile curls around the edges of his lips. Jeongguk hopes he's not imagining the pretty flush his skin takes. "I'm distracting you?"

"You are, yeah."

"How so?"

Jeongguk kisses his palm. "Cause of how pretty you are."

Definitely not imagining that blush.

Taehyung sighs softly, thumb brushing along his eyebrow. "You make it hard to punish you when you're being this cute."
Jeongguk drops his head to his boyfriend's thigh, still staring at him as he rubs his cheek against the soft material of his pants. "Can't help it."

Another sigh and Taehyung's thumb sweeps along the shell of his ear. When his thighs go a little slack beneath him, Jeongguk pushes himself up and climbs up onto the couch, arm hooking behind his boyfriend's knees to pull them up with him and Taehyung goes easy when he's guided to lie back, lets his thighs be spread so Jeongguk can lay between them.

"So pretty, Taehyung," he whispers against the soft skin of his daddy's jaw, hands sliding beneath his shirt to touch warm skin, soft beneath his fingers. "You're so beautiful. Could stare at you all day."

Any last resolve seems to melt away when Jeongguk kisses his way to the corner of Taehyung's mouth, plush lips suddenly pressing to his own and thighs squeezing his hips, pulled closer by a hand in the back of his hair and when another hand pushes the back of his sweats down further, Jeongguk knows it's not for punishment.

He returns the shoes the next day.

"Eyes up, baby."

Jeongguk groans, eye twitching every time he sees the pencil get too close. "It's hard!"

"Do you want me to poke you in the eye?" Taehyung asks, hand pressed to the top of Jeongguk's forehead to keep his head back as he runs the eyeliner over his waterline.

"I'm not used to this, give me a break." Jeongguk's mouth keeps opening without his permission and he has to forcefully shut it again, nose stretching. "When you asked me if you could do my make up, I didn't think it would be half torture."

His boyfriend tsks, eyebrows furrowed in concentration. "Don't be dramatic."

A few minutes later, Taehyung comes at him with an eyelash curler and he's seen him use it enough to know it doesn't look fun. He leans back immediately. "No."

Taehyung sighs, arm falling limp to his lap, weight getting heavier on Jeongguk's own thighs when his boyfriend sags. "It's not that bad." He grabs Jeongguk by the back of the head and tugs him back in, securing his fingers behind his neck. "Keep your eyes open."

"How do you do this all the time? I'm tired and I'm not even doing the work."

"You're being a baby, that's what you're doing." Jeongguk's eyes threaten to close as his eyelashes are crimped, resisting the urge to jerk back, though with a strong hand behind his neck, it'd be hard to. "There. See? That wasn't so bad, was it?"

Jeongguk blinks, feels the tips of his eyelashes tickle his lids. "Could have done without it."

"Hey, you agreed to this. You said I could do whatever I wanted."

It's a lazy day, Jeongguk done with his school work and Taehyung having the day off, both of them lounging in their underwear. They've done nothing but watch movies, eat "junk" food and lay around. It's nice, and Jeongguk being the good boyfriend he is, agreed when Taehyung asked if he could do his make up. He didn't realise he'd be worried for his life in the process. Still, Taehyung's
cute face of concentration makes it all worth it.

"We should go out for dinner once you're done," he says, thumbs rubbing circles into Taehyung's bare thighs.

"Really? You'd wanna do that?" Taehyung's voice is slow and focused as he swipes mascara through Jeongguk's lashes, telling him to blink with each stroke.

Jeongguk hums, trying not to gesticulate too much in fear of being poked. "You're going through all this work, it should be shown off. I'll even let you dress me up however you want."

Taehyung grins, pulling away a little to slip the mascara wand back in the pot. "I like the sound of that."

"I have one condition, though," Jeongguk adds, thumbs dipping beneath the hem of Taehyung's panties, pulling one side up to let it snap back in place.

"Oh yeah?" Taehyung raises an eyebrow, tossing the mascara back on the dresser. "And what would that be, petal?"

Jeongguk smirks, batting his damp eyelashes. "I get to give you a makeover, too."

Taehyung's lips purse as he looks through his foundation, grabbing his regular shade and a lighter one and works on mixing them both on the back of his hand. "We style swap?"

"We style swap, yes." Taehyung lifts his eyes to meet his and Jeongguk grins, squeezing his fleshy hips. "What do you say, baby?"

A debate happens behind Taehyung's eyes as he grabs a sponge and starts dabbing foundation onto Jeongguk's face, his lips soon pulling up at the corners. "I say yes."

This leads them to where they are now, Jeongguk stumbling around the car to Taehyung's side, pulling the door open for him once he's tossed his keys to the valet. "How the fuck do you manage to drive in heels? And a skirt?" He reaches down and tugs down the end of his skirt, ankle almost buckling. Taehyung really went all out and Jeongguk thinks he looks like a hooker on roids, but it makes Taehyung grin and giggle every time he looks at him, so it's all worth it.

"Years of practice, sweetheart." Taehyung climbs out of the car looking effortlessly good in such casual clothes that it's weird. He's seen Taehyung dressed down, but never like this. The outfit looks weird on him, jeans sagging too much around his thighs and shirt too baggy around his waist. But he still manages to look so fucking hot. Even with the fake tunnels in his ears, no make up and styled bedhead.

He knows they both feel weird, both out of their comfort zones in styles far from their own. But it's good. It's nice. It feels like another way they've connected, even if it is just a bit of fun. He likes it, being able to literally walk a mile in Taehyung's shoes. Though he doubts he could make it a block in these things, realistically.

"So. Shall we?" Taehyung offers him his arm and they both share a look before bursting out laughing.

Jeongguk composes himself before he can smudge his make up and hooks his arm through his boyfriend's, stands tall like Taehyung does and schools his face in a way he's seen him do a million times. "Thank you, petal."
Taehyung bites down on a grin and reaches out with his other hand to pull open the door for him. "After you, daddy."

There's a moment of silence before Jeongguk looks at Taehyung and huffs a small laugh, yanking him inside with him. "Oh, we're definitely trying that again when we get home."

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Jeongguk's having a hard time keeping his hands to himself.

He can't be blamed when his boyfriend looks so damn touchable.

Taehyung's wearing this dusty pink, silk dress that hugs him just right, a diamond string bralette peaking out from beneath the soft fabric. The dress comes down to his calves, but there's a slit going right the way up the thigh that reminds Jeongguk that his boyfriend isn't wearing any underwear underneath.

He's already been scolded plenty of times tonight for letting his hands wander, but it's not his fault. Taehyung keeps fixing him with these hard looks that silently tell him that he's asking for trouble, and maybe Jeongguk is just a little bit, but right now, all he can think about is pushing that dress up to the curve above Taehyung's ass and fucking him until his mascara is smearing down his pretty cheeks.

They're at some type of gala that Jeongguk has little interest in. Filled with rich snobs trying to outbid each other for a good cause, when really it's just style points. Taehyung long ago gave him the low down of how these things worked; people showing up just to give the appearance that they care about whatever charity is being sponsored, when it's all really for the publicity. Reaping the benefits off the less fortunate.

Jeongguk's glad he doesn't blend easily into them—one of the youngest there, ink peaking out from beneath his Dolce & Gabbana suit, eyes a little too soft to fit in with the sharp, money hardened gazes. Taehyung can be just as bad as the rest of them at times, but there's a gentle edge to his eyes that shows he cares, that he wants to help. It only fuels the fire building in Jeongguk's chest.

Jeongguk's hand steady on Taehyung's soft thigh for the last five minutes, very aware of how still it is, making sure it just seems casual, a comfort, a familiarity. But as another bid is made to the yacht shown on the projector, Jeongguk lets his hand creep up a little higher. Just a fraction. He doesn't want to push his luck. And when he checks from the corner of his eye, it seems like Taehyung doesn't pay it any mind.

He inches higher, his rough fingers just grazing the warm inside of his boyfriend's thigh—the hand is clamped between strong muscle and his wrist is grabbed.

Jeongguk whines softly, looking over to his boyfriend pleadingly. How is he meant to keep still when Taehyung looks so fucking inviting?

"Behave, baby," Taehyung mutters without taking his eyes off the stage, pushing his hand down a few inches, back to where it started.

Jeongguk is steadily loosing his mind. Taehyung hasn't been paying him much attention for the whole night and it's starting to drive him crazy, makes him itch with need. He shifts in his seat, inhaling deep as the muscle in his jaw jumps. His eyes slip back over to Taehyung, this time a little more pointedly.

Go for strong, Jeongguk. Go for gold.
"Tae," he whimpers, and yep. Definitely went in there **strong**. It's been a long week, Jeongguk's just coming down from the first, excruciating week of practice that he worked his **ass** off in—was rewarded with the gold Rolex on his wrist—and Taehyung's been in and out of town for the last few days. It takes it out of a man. "Daddy, come **on**. This is a shit show. Let's leave."

Taehyung turns to look at him this time, forcing Jeongguk to lean back a few inches as he meets that sharp gaze again, having him recoiling just a little bit. Taehyung has such sweet eyes, but when he wants to, he can chill Jeongguk down to the mother fucking **bone**.

"What did I just say?" His boyfriend mutters lowly, gaze biting as he keeps Jeongguk fixated on the spot. "I told you to behave, didn't I?"

Jeongguk swallows around the sudden tightness of his tie. "Yes."

"And **are** you behaving?"

A tiny head shake. "No." But it's followed with a pout. "But you look so pretty, hyung. I'm struggling." He frowns, giving Taehyung's thigh a gentle squeeze. "I miss you."

The hard edge to Taehyung's eyes ebbs away, whole demeanour softening as he lets go of Jeongguk's wrist to reach across and hold his face instead, thumb sweeping under his eye and he eagerly leans into the touch, pressing a kiss against his palm. "You miss me?"

Jeongguk nods, pout still in place. " Barely gotten to see you this week. And now I have to **share** you with a bunch of assholes who—"

Taehyung shushes him with a finger to his lips, his sharp nail pressing gently into Jeongguk's philtrum. But he's also laughing, so he knows he's not **actually** being silenced. When he's certain Jeongguk won't make another comment, his hand goes back to cupping his jaw, edges of his nails running along the shell of his ear. "You want me to yourself, sweetheart?"

Another nod.

His daddy searches his eyes, thumb still swiping gentle lines beneath Jeongguk's eye as he clearly thinks things through. He casts a glance to the stage, then to the rest of the room, then back to him. " Ten more minutes, okay? Then we'll go back to mine for the night. Can you hold out for another ten minutes? Then you've got me all to yourself for the rest of the night."

Jeongguk presses his nose snug against the pulse point on Taehyung's wrist, inhaling the smell of his perfume before giving a little nod. "And tomorrow."

Taehyung gives him a smile that he knows is only reserved for him, a soft, special smile that has him looking so genial. "And tomorrow," he agrees softly, leaning in and pressing a soft kiss to Jeongguk's lips. He can taste his lipstick, but he doesn't mind. Never does. Especially when Taehyung stretches his thumb and wipes whatever transfer was left away.

And for the next ten minutes, Jeongguk behaves. Mostly because Taehyung's arm is extended over the back of his chair, playing with his hair and it's enough to keep him sated for now, along with the warm skin of his boyfriend's thighs still clenched around his hand. Still, Jeongguk is counting down the minutes, and as the ten minute mark passes, he starts to shift a little more, squeezing Taehyung's thigh, who pets his hair in silent reassurance.

But soon enough, the bidding period ends and people are up and out of their seats again—back to mingling, and it gives them the perfect opportunity to leave with some halfhearted excuse about having another engagement to attend to.
Jeongguk is grateful that they took a chauffeur, because it means as soon as they're in the backseat, his hands are free to touch and grab at his boyfriend all that he wants, pawing at his silky thighs beneath his dress and ogle at his plunging neckline.

"God, you look so beautiful," Jeongguk half groans as he pulls Taehyung to settle in his lap, hand slipping beneath the slip in the dress to grab a handful of ass, knowing that the bruises are still there from the last time Jeongguk got his hands on him. "Been hard since we left the house."

Taehyung loosens Jeongguk's tie—which is welcomed relief—and hums lowly into the kiss he presses to his lips, pulling a moan straight from the back of his throat. "You've been so patient, haven't you, angel?" He breathes into his mouth, teeth nipping at Jeongguk's lip when he nods. "Been such a good boy."

Jeongguk wallows in the appraisal, something that never fails to make him feel ten inches taller, chest heavy with pride. He tugs his boyfriend closer, feeling the press of his dick through his dress and it has him going lightheaded, fingers itching to rip the soft fabric right at the seams. It wouldn't be the first dress he's ruined, and Jeongguk either always walks away from it with a hand shaped bruise on his ass or small finger tip sized bruises around his throat.

"You wanna fuck this ass, baby boy?" Taehyung purrs into his mouth, pushing back into his hand and Jeongguk's dick twitches in his slacks.

"Fuck yes." His hand tightens on his boyfriend's ass, dragging him even closer so he can push his hips up to get some type of friction. When Taehyung shifts up on his knees, Jeongguk's ready to to whine and complain, but his boyfriend just readjusts himself so he can settle his ass more heavily over Jeongguk's crotch. He gives a deep grind and Jeongguk's mind effectively blacks out for a good few seconds.

"Gonna give me your dick so good, aren't you?"

Jeongguk's dating the reincarnation of pure sin.

He presses his fingers into the dip of Taehyung's waist with a groan, having to break the kiss to breathe, but that doesn't mean his lips stray far. They move to his neck, lips dragging over the thick band of diamonds, scratchy against his lips. "Tae," he huffs, voice fucking gone already, hips rolling up to meet the little rocks of his boyfriend's ass.

Jeongguk is completely hard by the time they pull up to the house, still clutching at every piece of skin he can as they climb out of the car, draped over his boyfriend's back as he works on getting the front door open, pressed flush against his ass, giving desperate little shifts of his hips. As soon as they're in and the door is closed behind them, Jeongguk's got Taehyung up in his arms, getting his hands on those thighs and hitching him up onto his waist. He can feel the sharp ends of his boyfriend's heels digging into his back as he carries him upstairs, because this isn't a couch fuck or a wall fuck. No, he needs to get Taehyung on silk sheets so he can watch him arch and writhe on them.

Taehyung's got his fingers tangled in Jeongguk's hair as he kicks the bedroom door open, each scrape of nails over his scalp having Jeongguk shuddering. Long fingers drop from his hair to his collar, tugging the tie free and loosening the first couple of buttons, all the while Jeongguk walks them over to the big bed in the middle of the room, lowering his boyfriend down on the soft covers and immediately claiming the space between his legs.

"Gonna fuck you so good, hyung," Jeongguk all but growls into his mouth, voice low and fucked as he gets his hands beneath Taehyung's dress, rubbing over his hips and thighs and ass. He can feel his
pulse in his fingertips, not sure if it's his own or Taehyung's, but it's ragged and uneven, thrumming through him like a heavy bass. Taehyung's a little wet between the thighs, cock steadily leaking and smearing over the silk. Jeongguk's rut one out against Taehyung's silk panties before, knows how good it feels, the soft fabric against an oversensitive dick—he can imagine how good it must feel for Taehyung right now.

Taehyung tugs at the lapels of his jacket, shoving it off his shoulders roughly. "Take your clothes off, let daddy get a look at his baby boy," he breathes where he's smearing lipstick over Jeongguk's chin, lips spit slick and kiss bruised.

Jeongguk definitely doesn't have to be told twice, making quick work of yanking his shirt out of his slacks and unbuttoning it as Taehyung helps him out with his belt, but teases him with a hot hand over the front of his pants, making Jeongguk bite his lip and push into the touch. He chases the feeling as Taehyung pulls back to shuffle back on the bed, eyes on Jeongguk the whole time as he slowly spreads his thighs apart, lip caught between his teeth and head tilted to the side.

"Come play with me," Taehyung orders quietly, the strap of his dress hanging off his shoulder, running his fingers between the crease of his thigh.

Jeongguk's mouth both dries and waters at the same time, if that were possible. His eyes stay glued to between his boyfriend legs as he quickly pushes out of his slacks, afraid to blink in case he misses one precious second. After months of dating, Jeongguk feels like every time he sees Taehyung it's the first time all over again. Punch drunk with desire and being completely overwhelmed at how gorgeous one person can be.

He crawls up the sheets, watching as Taehyung spreads his thighs even further, and as soon as he's close enough, Jeongguk gets his head underneath his boyfriend's dress, blanketed in a layer of silk as he mouths at Taehyung's hip, nipping at the fading bruise he left here just a week ago.

"Hungry, baby?" Taehyung breathes, voice shaking and fingers curling tighter in Jeongguk's hair, tugging enough to have his muscles flexing as he nods. He waits, and when he gets a soft eat up, Jeongguk doesn't waste another second in fitting his mouth over Taehyung ass, fingers wrapping tight around his thighs to hold him in place.
Taehyung's still got his heels on, a reminder as they press into Jeongguk's shoulder blades, and the fact that his boyfriend is still fully dressed while Jeongguk's stripped down to his boxers has something strangely primal coiling inside him, and it shows in the way he licks past Taehyung's rim to get a proper taste of him.

There are two types of people in the world: people that like eating someone out, and people that don't.

Jeongguk is definitely in the former category.

He loves fucking Taehyung with his tongue, loves opening him up with filthy licks and sharp prods. Loves coming away from it with a mess on his chin and an ache in his jaw. Loves coaxing a mixture of low groans and breathy, high pitched whimpers from his boyfriend as he dips his tongue in further, turns his head from side to side to get in deeper.

Jeongguk's hands slide down and around to Taehyung's ass, spreading him open with his thumbs and elicits a delicious shudder from the body beneath his hands. It comes back to Taehyung being so responsive to him, especially whenever Jeongguk's eating his ass. He remembers the night a couple of weeks ago when Taehyung sat on his face for the first time, how he turned into a sobbing mess as he rode his tongue. It's something that'll be forever burned into the back of Jeongguk's eyelids.

He's not sure how much time passes with his head buried between Taehyung's thighs, but his boyfriend eventually whispers for him to stop and tugs him away with a tight fist in his hair that has Jeongguk whining as he pulls his head out from beneath Taehyung's dress, lips red and cheeks flushed.

"Fuck. Look at you," Taehyung breathes, and his eyes are blown, bottom lip sporting blunt teeth indents. Jeongguk always feels his ego grow tenfold when he sees Taehyung looking so dishevelled; make up smeared and composure wrecked. It makes his chest warm with love, blooming away like a flower in spring. "Come here."

He's quick to obey, pushing himself up so he can climb up between Taehyung's shaking thighs, ducking his head to press their lips together. Jeongguk can taste nothing but his boyfriend, can smell nothing but his boyfriend, can feel nothing but his boyfriend. It always makes him feel a little more rooted to the world, when he walks away with lipstick smudged on his lips and perfume clinging to his collar. His days never feel as satisfying until he's coming away with some type of trace of Taehyung on him, something he's been thinking about for the last few weeks.

"Taehyung," he mutters into his boyfriend's mouth, frame swallowing up Taehyung's, caging him in with his arms.

He gets a low hum in response, nails lightly running down his spine that have him arching into the touch.

"Taehyung, I love you," Jeongguk breathes as he pulls back, lifting his head to stare down at his boyfriend, own eyes wide and sincere. "I love you," he repeats, gaze searching. He doesn't feel nervous, doesn't feel fear. He's not saying it to get the same back, he's saying it because he wants Taehyung to know that he's in this, that he's the best part of his day, that people may look down upon their relationship, but Jeongguk doesn't care. He's got all the love in the world stored in his heart reserved for his boyfriend, bulging at the seams.

And it's time he finally says it out loud.

Taehyung stares straight back up at him, his hand sliding up to curl around one of Jeongguk's biceps,
chest rising and falling quickly. And Jeongguk knows. Taehyung has his walls up to the world, can give the impression of the hard edged personality—takes no prisoners facade—but Jeongguk's seen the way Taehyung looks at him. Felt the way he touches him when he thinks Jeongguk is asleep or too occupied to notice the soft brushes and butterfly kisses. He knows it in the way that Taehyung makes sure he's eaten and got a jacket on a cold day. Knows it in the way that he makes sure Jeongguk's got his homework done and got clean socks for the morning.

He doesn't need Taehyung to say it back. Jeongguk knows his boyfriend loves him, too.

It's all but confirmed when Taehyung wraps a hand around the back of Jeongguk's neck and tugs him down for another kiss, this one more urgent but softer, like Taehyung's trying to inhale his soul, but without hurting him.

Jeongguk would give it to him.

A few minutes later, Taehyung's fully seated on his dick, legs wrapped around him as Jeongguk fucks up into him slowly, mouthing along the side of his neck. Everything is quiet aside them the sound of their harsh pants and quiet moans, the occasional clinking of Taehyung's diamonds knocking together and the muted sound of fabric brushing against fabric. His boyfriend's fingers curl tight in the back of his hair, muffling shaky whimpers into his temple every time Jeongguk lowers him back down onto his cock, the lewd sound of lube and spit having his fingers biting into the meat of Taehyung's ass.

Taehyung's trembling in his arms, skin hot and damp under Jeongguk's lips and fingers, looking so ethereal that it envies art framed in museums. As much as Jeongguk had been into the idea of fucking Taehyung with his dress still on, it's suddenly another barrier keeping them apart and he wants it off. He tugs the other strap of his boyfriend's dress down his shoulder, Taehyung clearly on the same wavelength as he pulls his arms out and tugs the diamond bralette over his head.

It's a fucking sight.

Jeongguk pulls back a fraction to admire the beauty that is his boyfriend, tanned skin flushed prettily, shining with shimmer and sweat, fading bruises of love on his glorious skin. His dick twitches at the sight of Taehyung's dress pooled around the dip of his waist, hanging around his hips and Jeongguk needs a minute. He drops his forehead against Taehyung's collarbone, breath shaky as he runs his hands up along his boyfriend's thighs, up his hips, his ribs, his chest, his back, needing to touch as much as possible. He's certain there's not a word in the dictionary that could summarise how beautiful Jeongguk thinks Taehyung is.

"I love you, I love you, I love you," he chants softly into presses of lips all over Taehyung's chest, licks over the piercing in his nipple and relishes in the gasp it gets him, lips tingling as if he was kissing an open current, jolt of electricity pulsing behind his teeth.

Jeongguk's hand slides up to wrap around the back of his boyfriend's neck as he kisses up his jaw, Taehyung turning his head and pressing their lips together firmly, briefly lopsided until they right it, panting into each others mouths as Jeongguk falls back against the bed with his boyfriend laying on top of him. Taehyung shifts back on his cock, thighs shaking around Jeongguk's waist as he lifts himself up and down slowly, tongue laving over Jeongguk's bottom lip.

Taehyung slides his lips to kiss down Jeongguk's neck, panting against the assortment of ink doing a poor job of hiding how blotchy and pink his skin's become, sweat pooling in his clavicle, dripping over the two stags on his collarbone. Taehyung tucks his head under his chin as he rocks back on his dick, fingers curled tight around Jeongguk's ribs, burying moans and quiet words into his sternum.
"I love you."

Jeongguk feels as if he gets a cattle prod to an exposed nerve, the almost silent words digging through layers of his skin and tattooing themselves right into the thickest part of his heart. He wraps his arms around Taehyung's waist with a guttural sound from deep in his throat, rolling them over and pressing his boyfriend into the sweat soiled sheets, giving a deep drive of his hips.

The thin material pooled around Taehyung's hips is suddenly too much, it's covering too much and Jeongguk will pay for the consequences later as he rips the fabric apart as if it was tissue, splitting thread from the seams until Taehyung's completely naked under him, just skin and sweat. He swallows the whimper Taehyung lets out, swallows it down into the deepest part of his chest, lighting him up from the inside out.

Those three words continue to bounce around his skull as he fucks into Taehyung close to desperately, panting against his cheek, hand wedging under his head to string his fingers through dishevelled hair, finding purchase as his hips roll deep into his boyfriend's ass. Jeongguk feels heat crawl down his spine, pool at his tailbone and curl around his hips beneath Taehyung's legs to settle heavy in his joints. His lungs ache with the need of oxygen, but Jeongguk's willing to starve off a proper breath if it means he doesn't have to stop.

"Say it again," he begs, face tucked tight into Taehyung's neck, the snag of his boyfriend's nails on his back and heels in his thighs only driving him further. He wants Taehyung's mark all over him, wants to wear it proudly like the most precious of tattoos, wants them to be permanently scarred onto his skin. "Say it again, Tae, please, say it again," he pants, orgasm having him teetering over the edge, he just needs—

"I love you. Fuck, Jeongguk, baby, I love you so much. Fucking love—" Taehyung's words cut off in a gasp as Jeongguk reaches between them to wrap a hand around his boyfriend's cock, slick with precome, stroking him in time with his unsteady thrusts. "Oh god, baby, I love you. I love you, I love you," he all but cries, body coiled tight.

"Come for me, Tae. Love you so much, come for me. I've got you, always got you, love you more than anything, daddy. Do anything for you, I love—"

Taehyung's back arches off the bed with a choked sob as he comes, lifting his head to press his forehead firmly against Jeongguk's shoulder, legs tightening around his waist and nails dragging angry lines across the expanse of his shoulder blades, the other pressing crescent shapes into his ass. Jeongguk fucks him through it, lifting his head to kiss the moans and cries straight out of Taehyung's mouth, though it's less kissing and more panting. Taehyung makes a mess over Jeongguk's hand and his own stomach as Jeongguk continues to fuck deep into him, making sure to pull all the pleasure to the surface.

It doesn't take much more to finally push Jeongguk over the edge, free falling head first as Taehyung tells him to give me everything. And he does. With one last stutter of his hips, he comes deep with a whine pressed into the junction of his boyfriend's jaw, body shaking with the force of his orgasm as he continues to fuck them both through it. He stops with a few slow rolls of his hips, making sure Taehyung got everything, pressed snug inside him, all for him to have. He lowers himself down with burning muscles and a spasming stomach, burying his face in the column of Taehyung's neck, struggling to catch his breath.

Taehyung lifts his hand away from his ass to pet through his hair, stroking soaked strands back, sticky with old product and sweat. He presses a kiss against Jeongguk's temple, whispering soft encouragements as he comes down from one intense ride. "Good boy," he praises in a whisper and it has Jeongguk's arms tightening around him, one hand still in his hair and the other sliding from his
spent cock to curl around the smallest part of his waist.

Jeongguk whimpers into his boyfriend’s throat, nose pressed painfully against soft muscle, but he can’t bring himself to move. He wants to sew himself right here, attach himself to Taehyung and spend forever glued to his side.

He startles suddenly when he gets a sharp slap to his ass, only to be soothed over with a warm hand.

"That's for the dress. It was Gucci."

Totally worth it.

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Jeongguk wakes up in the morning to the smell of bacon and a warm spot beside him in Taehyung’s space. He stretches out and runs his arm along it, smiling at the memory of last night jumps back to the front of his mind.

Oh god, baby, I love you. I love you, I love you.

He drags Taehyung's pillow over to his face and buries his grin against it, legs kicking out beneath the covers excitedly. He’d finally told Taehyung he loves him and got it reciprocated. Jeongguk's certain nothing could beat that, his happiness in life having peaked. After months and months of holding it in, waiting for the right time, he’d finally said it. It wasn’t how he planned on doing it, in the middle of heated sex, but it had all but burst at the seams.

Jeongguk rolls onto his back with a happy sigh, hand reaching up to curl around his chain, thumbing over the heart shaped lock and presses down hard enough until the indent of the where the key goes imprints on his skin. He wants to bask in the moment for longer, but the bed is too empty and the smell of bacon too good to pass up on. He climbs out of bed and pulls on a pair of basketball shorts before heading down stairs, momentarily pausing at the sound of music drifting up to him the further down he gets. He vaguely knows the song, bubbly and light and when he rounds the corner to the living room, Jeongguk swears its his new favourite song.

Standing over the stove, Taehyung's bouncing around in Jeongguk's shirt from last night, singing along as he flips the bacon. Crystal and Cash are standing around his feet, tails wagging and yipping along to their dad's voice. Taehyung's voice is low and pretty and Jeongguk can do nothing but watch, leaning against the doorway as his eyes follow the sway of his boyfriend's hips, cute ass swinging in time with the beat.

Jeongguk kind of wishes he had his phone so he could capture this moment, because he never wants to forget this, seeing Taehyung looking so sweet and fucking happy, making breakfast for him, wearing his shirt and brandishing his marks over his skin and his necklace around his neck. But he knows he doesn't need to document it.

He'll never forget this.

Jeongguk takes it back.

This is the peak of his happiness.
♡(°ω°人)

twitter!
"Petal."

Jeongguk grumbles, hugging his pillow tighter to his head. "Five more minutes."

There's a soft laugh and then a hand in his hair, long nails scratching over his scalp. "You don't have to wake up, don't worry. But I've gotta get to the airport."

That has Jeongguk's eyes opening, head lifting from the pillow to blink bleary eyes up at Taehyung. It's still dark in the bedroom, Taehyung only lit up by the pink lights, little smile on his face. "No," he croaks, looking over at the clock to see it was already 5AM. "No. S'too early, daddy. Don't go." He shuffles over the bed to get closer to his boyfriend, arms wrapping around his waist. "Don't go."

Taehyung coos, hand stroking down the back of Jeongguk's neck. "I have to, baby. I'll be back next Friday, you won't even have a chance to miss me."

Jeongguk whines, pressing his face into Taehyung's lap, arms tightening around him. "That's stupid. I miss you when you're not in the room let alone in Japan," he huffs, rubbing his face into his daddy's jeans. "Take me with you."

"You know I would if I could. But you've got school."

"Nooo, school isn't important." He sniffs and pushes himself to sit up, looking around the room as he rubs his fist over his eye. "I'm coming. Just give me five minutes to pack a bag."

"Jeongguk."

But he's already up and out of bed, legs unsteady as he heads to the closet to grab his duffel, shoving in random shirts but when he tries to cross the room to grab his jeans, Taehyung's there, grabbing him by the arm. "Daddy, stop. I'm coming," he tells him, frowning. Taehyung's got a sweet little smile on his face, eyes fond and Jeongguk knows he won't let him come with him. "Tae."

Taehyung takes his bag from his hand and sets it down before pulling him into his body, chin hooking over his head. "It's only a week, babe. I'll be back before you know it."

Jeongguk keeps his arms at his side for a long moment before they lift to hastily wrap around Taehyung's ribs, crushing him against his chest and nosing at his throat. "I don't wanna be without you..."

"I know. Neither do I, but it won't be for long." Taehyung strokes down his messy bed head and when he goes to pull back, Jeongguk tightens his arms. "Guk. I've gotta go."

"No."

"C'mon. The sooner I leave, the sooner I come back."

Jeongguk huffs, kissing over the pretty line of Taehyung's neck. "Or you could just not leave at all. Then you don't have to come back. Cause you never left. I like that one much better." He knows he's being unreasonably pouty, but he really can't stand when he has to be apart from daddy. Especially
not for a whole fucking week.

But Taehyung indulges him and wraps his arms back around him, pressing kisses over the side of his face. "I love you," he whispers and Jeongguk's heart jumps.

He'll still never get used to that.

"I love you, too. So much." Reluctantly, Jeongguk lets go, but he can't wipe off his pout as he looks down at their feet, fingers playing with the front of Taehyung's shirt. "Call me when you land? No, call me when you get to the airport. And before you take off," he insists, letting his chin be tilted up.

Taehyung smiles at him before he leans in and presses a kiss to his lips. "I promise." Jeongguk doesn't realise his eyes are watering until a thumb brushes over his cheek and Taehyung's making a soft, concerned noise in the back of his throat. "Don't get upset, angel..."

"Can't help it," he husks out, leaning into Taehyung's warm hand. "Really don't like being apart, hyung." He stares at Taehyung's beautiful face, fresh of makeup and glowy. He looks sad and Jeongguk doesn't like when he's sad. So he sucks it up and straightens his shoulders, blinks the sting from his eyes. "Have a safe flight."

Taehyung doesn't look convinced, looks like he's considering caving and as much as Jeongguk would love that, he also doesn't want that. He never wants to be the reason Taehyung has to put his life on hold, not when he's just getting into his stride about what he wants to do with his life. Jeongguk doesn't want to get in the way of that, especially not when he's just being bratty.

"I'm really okay, baby. Promise." Jeongguk runs his hands over the sides of Taehyung's arms, fingers curling around his biceps. "You should go before traffic gets bad."

"Are you sure?" Taehyung's doing that thing where he's searching Jeongguk's face, eyes alert and looking for any hint of insecurity.

Jeongguk nods. "Go. I've got a big physical exam to study for, anyway. My head will be in the books the whole time you're gone."

That seems to do the trick, sees Taehyung's eyes soften and his shoulders slack in relief. Jeongguk's heart hurts, but that's his own issue and he can tamp that down for the sake of Taehyung.

"Okay. I'll go. Do you want to...?"

Jeongguk's already shaking his head, because if there's one thing he can't do, it's go to the door and watch Taehyung leave. Something about it is too painful, even if he knows he's being ridiculous, that Taehyung will be back. Something always feels so final about watching a person leave. So he just leans in and steals another kiss, cradles his boyfriend's warm cheeks in his hands and thumbs at his jaw.

"Now go," he insists once he starts feeling his bottom lip threaten to jut out again, pushes at Taehyung's shoulder and swats his ass. "Remember to call."

Taehyung nods as he heads for the door, still watching Jeongguk over his shoulder like he's terrified he'll crumble to the floor. It feels a little like that, but he knows that's the dramatics in him. "I love you," he says again and Jeongguk smiles, genuine.

"I love you."

Once Taehyung's left the room, Jeongguk continues to stand there, stands there until he hears the
front door close and the quiet sound of the engine out front. Only then does he exhale the breath he's holding and his whole posture droops as if the strings holding him up have been snipped. There's a click of claws on the floor, one fast and one slow and soon Crystal and Cash come padding in, looking just as defeated as Jeongguk feels.

Cash whines and Jeongguk sighs.

"I know. Me, too."

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Jeongguk stares down at his phone as he silently counts each push up, using his nose to activate the screen every set of ten.

Still nothing.

Taehyung hasn't texted him in two days and he's steadily losing his mind.

After another two sets and still no reply, he drops to the floor in a whine, burying his face against the cold floor.

"Hey. What is going on with you?"

Jeongguk turns his head to look at Jihyun sat on leg press beside him, a girl he's come to talk to every now and then when they workout at the same time. He sniffs and debates playing it off, but maybe... "My boyfriend said he'd text me while he's out of town, but he hasn't," he confesses, too past the point to care how petty he sounds.

Jihyun pauses her rep and clearly considers it. "Did you get in a fight?"

"No. He just has work."

"And he's not giving you any attention."

"Yes!" Jeongguk all but cries, before lowering his voice when he gains unwanted attention. "Um, yeah."

Jihyun hums, continuing her work out. "Then you gotta get it."

"How?"

"Make him jealous. Not full on, but just a little."

"Jealous?" Jeongguk raises his eyebrows. "How do I do that?"

"You got Snapchat?"

"Yeah."

"Post a semi provocative picture. That's all it'll take."

Jeongguk looks back at his phone, tonguing his cheek.

Well, alright.

-- -- --
He's in the middle of a game with Jimin and Hoseok when his door flies open, smacking against the wall, making the three in the living room jump in surprise and Hoseok's character dies on screen.

Jeongguk looks up and sees Taehyung standing there—the first time he's seen him all week—chest heaving and the flowy end of his skirt waving around his thighs. He's a little red in the face, jaw set and his gaze pointedly on him. "Tae? You okay, baby?" He asks, concerned.

Taehyung's chest heaves higher and his eye twitches, gaze shifting to Hoseok and Jimin. "Get out," he says, voice low and rough and it makes the hair stand up on Jeongguk's neck. Jimin and Hoseok are quick to obey, scrambling to their feet and dropping their controllers without so much as another glance or a bye, Guk.

When it's just the two of them, Jeongguk takes a step forward, eyes wide, searching. "Is everything —"

"In your room. Now."

Jeongguk knows that tone and suddenly he's feeling hot all over, back straightening under those intense eyes. He's quick to speed walk to his bedroom, heart pounding all the way up in his throat, making his teeth feel like they're vibrating. He doesn't know what he's done, but he knows that tone and he knows he's in trouble.

Taehyung takes his time coming in, his pretty skirt fanning out with each step and Jeongguk has the desperate urge to touch, to get his hands beneath and touch as much skin as possible. But his boyfriend doesn't look like he's about to indulge him in that, so Jeongguk keeps his hands firmly to the sides, waiting to be told what to do, to make it better. The way Taehyung walks around him makes him think of all the animal kingdom documentaries he's ever seen; the hunter stalking its prey.

Jeongguk doubts the prey was ever this willing.

He stays perfectly quiet, doesn't even risk looking at Taehyung, even when he's behind him, his most vulnerable spot. Just lets it happen, because he trusts Taehyung more than anything.

"Do you like being looked at, petal?" Taehyung says after an agonisingly long few minutes of silence, voice teasingly soft. He knows this game. It's definitely a trap.

Jeongguk blinks. "By you, yes, daddy."

Taehyung hums, takes a step around until he's at Jeongguk's side. "Just by daddy, huh?" There's something dangerous in Taehyung's tone, even more than he was anticipating and Jeongguk swallows the dry mass in his throat. "Only daddy? Are you sure?"

"Only daddy." Dread starts to build in Jeongguk's stomach, mind racing to try and remember what he'd done, what could correspond with this attitude he was getting. "Your eyes on me are all I care about."

"Liar."

Jeongguk does look over at Taehyung then, eyes going wide. "What? I'm not."

"No?"

Taehyung's got his phone in his hand, and Jeongguk's eyes flicker between his pretty fingers and his pretty face, not sure where to keep his attention. Now he's really scared because the last thing he ever wants Taehyung to think is that he wants other peoples attention. Whatever it is, it has to be a
misunderstanding. Maybe a false rumour? He's read plenty about himself in the gossip columns Jimin's sent and tagged him in, false lies about how he's cheating on Taehyung, asking for people to send him shirtless pictures, all sorts. When Jeongguk first came to Taehyung with tears in his eyes, frantically telling him none of it was true, his boyfriend had wiped away his tears and kissed his cheeks and told him he knew.

So he couldn't possibly think something false about Jeongguk was true.

Right?

He's starting to feel sick by the time Taehyung turns and shows him a screen grabbed picture of—

Oh.

"Oh."

Jeongguk's face suddenly matches the red of his bed sheets, dark and vibrant, like a piece of smouldering charcoal. His eyes widen to the point where they feel like they may roll out of his head, but something hot burns in his chest, something akin to excitement because Jihyun's plan had fucking worked.

There, staring back at him, was a picture of Jeongguk's body, taken right from Snapchat. It was him standing in front of Taehyung's mirror in his bathroom, a towel slung loose around his hips, long, wet hair covering his eyes and hand holding the side of his neck. The caption was a simple nice and clean, something too innocent to match the picture. He'd taken it a few days ago after his talk with Jihyun, had given it an extra day to see if Taehyung would reply to his string of needy texts. Maybe he'd been a little bratty, telling Taehyung if he didn't pay attention to him right now, then he'd do something naughty.

He had warned him.

What's funny was that he had been almost obsessively watching, waiting for Taehyung to watch his story, to get an angry phone call, a text, a carrier piegon— anything. He'd tucked away his defeat when nothing had come from it except static silence. Jeongguk had just assumed that his boyfriend really was too busy and stuck with just sending a spam of heart emojis to him instead every morning, afternoon and night.

So this... Was jarring.

"Care to explain to me why I'm seeing this all over every fucking social network?" Taehyung snaps and Jeongguk swallows back a whimper, insides twisting with a mixture of excitement and guilt.

He hadn't even considered that people would post it online. He'd just been hoping Taehyung would see he posted it and let other people see, he hadn't expected other people would post it for him, too.

The excitement laps the guilt.

When he'd first done it, he'd been hoping for some attention, a dirty text, but this...

This was so much better.

Jeongguk doesn't know what to say, so he just drops his gaze and folds his hands in front of him, muscles flexing in anticipation.

A hand curls around his chin and forces his head back up, breath hitching when his eyes meet
Taehyung's, firey and mad. "You look at me when I'm talking to you, young man. What the fuck is this picture, Jeongguk?" When Jeongguk says nothing, he gets a sharp, growled, "Answer me."

"Wanted your attention!" Jeongguk rushes out, voice breaking at the end.

The fire in Taehyung's eyes seems to blaze a little hotter, a little brighter before simmering down into a dangerous boil. "Is that so?"

The fingers on Jeongguk chin tighten, long nails digging into his jaw and he whimpers, giving a frantic nod. "You weren't giving it to me so I took matters into my own hands. I told you I'd be naughty, I told you."

Taehyung's eyebrows tick up, lips twisting into a ghost of a sneer as he looks back down at his phone. "So this was you trying to be naughty. Because what? Why were you trying to be naughty?"

"Attention."

"You always have my attention."

Jeongguk scoffs and Taehyung's eyes get a little more livid. "You weren't paying attention to me while you were gone. Barely even texted me," he says through a sniff, looking ahead. "So if anything, I'm mad at you. Maybe daddy should be punished instead."

It's silent again and Jeongguk's ears ring, eyes shifting slightly when Taehyung steps into his eye-line. "Or maybe daddy should take a picture of himself like yours and post it online."

Jeongguk's eyes harden then, jaw going tight. "No."

"No?"

"No. You're not allowed."

Taehyung drops his hand from his chin and he starts to pace slowly in front of him. "Why not? If you're allowed to then I can too, no?"

The idea of Taehyung stripping down and taking a picture of himself for other people to see that aren't him makes his blood boil. It's different from modelling, he can accept that, but what he can't accept is the idea of Taehyung taking some sultry picture just for the sake of people ogling over, probably save it to their phones and touch themselves—

"I forbid it."

Sharp eyes snap up to him then and Jeongguk swallows. "You forbid it?"

"Yes."

"And you think it's fair that you've done it and not me?"

Jeongguk pauses, tongue pressing against the back of his teeth. He can see this isn't a fight he's going to win. "I—"

"Hm?"

He's not entirely sure what he can say without it sounding like a double standard, and going off the look in Taehyung's eyes, he very much knows that. So he says nothing and just rights himself and accepts defeat gracefully.
For about three seconds.

"I'm sorry, daddy," Jeongguk bursts out, eyes wide and pleading. "I was stupid, I wasn't trying to get anyone else's attention but yours. I just wanted you to see and maybe get a little mad and finally give me something. I shouldn't have done it, you were working so of course you wouldn't be paying attention, but I was needy. I'm always needy, I always want you focus only on me. I'm sorry, I'm selfish and—"

Taehyung presses a finger to his lips, finally letting Jeongguk catch his breath, throat ticking painfully when he swallows the dryness back. "Take your clothes off," daddy orders quietly, voice tipping between hard and soft. "And get on the bed."

Jeongguk wonders if he heard that right, eyebrows raising and when Taehyung gives a pointed look down at his shirt, he quickly gets to work in all but ripping his clothes off, throwing them to the side. His fingers linger on his boxers, waiting without looking up and when he gets a short hum, he quickly pushes them down and lowers himself down onto the end of the bed.

"Lie down. Head against the pillows."

He does as he's told and shifts back on the bed, head dropping against the pillow. Jeongguk feels a little vulnerable, completely naked while Taehyung is fully clothed and he has no doubt in his mind that that's how his boyfriend wants him.

Taehyung toes off his shoes before he climbs up on the bed, standing on the mattress and nudges apart Jeongguk's legs with his foot. Jeongguk swallows as he parts them, watches as Taehyung walks a little closer until one foot is planted between the top of his thighs, close to his interested dick and the other next to his hip. Jeongguk can't help himself, with Taehyung towering over him like this, he can see directly up his skirt and he has to look. He's wearing these cute cotton pink panties with a white frill around the edges, almost innocent looking. Usually Taehyung favours thongs and g-strings and lacy boy shorts. But these look soft, like briefs and Jeongguk wants nothing more than to feel how soft they are against his face.

His fingers twitch to reach out and curl around Taehyung's ankles, but knows without asking that he's not allowed so keeps them firmly planted where they are, curled in the sheets. Taehyung looks down at him, his long hair hanging over his eyes when he tilts his head to the side like he's staring at a scared animal. But he doesn't look any less predatory, like an animal playing with his food before his sinks his claws into Jeongguk's stomach.

"Not a good boy, are you?" The question is soft and one hundred percent judgemental, so much so that Jeongguk feels a complaint build in his throat. But then Taehyung lifts one of his legs and plants his foot in between Jeongguk's pecs, pressing down against his chest. He's wearing these soft white ankle socks with ruffles around them and something about them makes his spine straighten. If that isn't enough, Jeongguk loses all the fight in him when the angle gives him an even better view up Taehyung's skirt, able to see where his panties are creasing against the split of his ass.

His tongue almost lolls out.

"No. I'm not."

Taehyung hums, bearing his weight down enough so Jeongguk can hear the air quietly leave his lungs. "So if you're not a good boy, what are you?"

Jeongguk swallows. "A bad one."
"A bad what?"

"A bad boy, daddy."

Jeongguk's dick fills out between his legs, laying fat against his thigh.

God save him.

"And we've been through this enough times to know what happens to bad boys. Don't we, angel?"

Taehyung's voice always settles into a false sense of safety, like he's encouraging Jeongguk to curl up in it and leave his back vulnerable.

Which he totally is.

Rip him the fuck apart, daddy.

He licks his lips, toes twitching and eyes travelling up Taehyung's bare, soft thigh, a fading bruise with his name on it above his knee. "They get punished."

Taehyung pushes his weight down and stands on his chest so he can move the other foot beside the pillow, making his head dip. Now he can do nothing but stare, eyes devouring the warm, inviting skin of Taehyung's thighs and up to the line of his panties, the way his ass is cutely peaking out of the sides of the fabric. It's so sexy and adorable that Jeongguk whines. Taehyung looks so soft today, in a cute tennis skirt and pink shit with these adorable fucking socks and peachy makeup. He looks like a little doll and the fact that he's treating Jeongguk so ruthlessly makes the corners of his mouth wet.

"That's right, baby. They get punished." He can't really see Taehyung's face anymore, blocked out by the shade of his skirt, but can see him brace his hand against the wall and feels him slide his cute foot up to his throat, balancing his heel against his clavicle to dig his toes into his chin. "Take these off for me."

Jeongguk's never opened his mouth so quickly, carefully latching his teeth onto the cotton, keeping his eyes between Taehyung's legs as he lifts his legs and pulls his foot out of his sock nice and slow, still careful of Jeongguk and his teeth, even when he's punishing him. Jeongguk's never been into feet before and definitely would never have anyone's sock near his mouth, but if Taehyung wanted it, he'd choke on that fucking sock. Once he gets the other sock off, both laying discarded by his head, he looks at Taehyung's pretty pink toenails, a soft shimmery colour, the light catching on the gold flecks in it. He has no doubt it matches the sharp points of his fingernails, yet another thing that adds to this sweet, pure look.

Taehyung rests his toes against his chin and Jeongguk can't resist but to duck his head and press a kiss against the warm skin above them, and god, given the chance, he'd jizz all over those pretty toes.

And he doesn't even fucking like feet.

Taehyung has ruined him.

Taehyung drags his foot away, toes skimming his lips to stand on the other side of his head, and Jeongguk's once again given the view of a lifetime, certain he could come untouched, just by looking under his boyfriend's skirt like some filthy fucking pervert. The mattress creaks as Taehyung lowers himself down onto the bed, knees bracing on either side of Jeongguk's head and the weight of his ass pressing against his collarbone.
"I've had a long day," he sighs. "A long day of being angry, seeing people talking about your picture. Then thought about nothing else on the flight back here." Taehyung rests his big hands over his thighs, fingers splayed out to swallow each one in his palms. "And I think after all I've been through, you should make it up to me. You should remind yourself who you belong to, don't you think?" Taehyung stares down at him, his thick bottom lip pushed out in a deviously innocent gesture and Jeongguk's already nodding, own bottom lip caught between his teeth.

"Of course, Taehyung. You've worked so hard and I've made life stressful for you. I should take care of you."

Wow, what a hero he is. Falling on his own sword. So valiant.

Taehyung nods, head once again cocked cutely to the side. "Yes. You should." He pushes himself back up on his knees and shuffles closer, keeping that adorable, fake little fucking pout up, positioning himself above Jeongguk's head. It dawns on Jeongguk what's happening and suddenly it's like a volt of electricity courses through his veins, pulsing in the roof of his mouth, chin instinctively tilting up to try and get his head closer between Taehyung's thighs. But then a hand reaches down and Taehyung slips his hand between his legs, pushing the skirt with him until he's concealing his panties. "Are you sure?"

Fucking tease.

"Yes. Yes, daddy. You deserve it. You deserve anything you want. Anything."

Taehyung bites down on his lip, teeth poking out and Jeongguk's so in love. "You can't use your hands. If I feel your hands on me then I'm gonna think you're not taking me seriously and don't think I deserve to be taken care of."

Jeongguk's muscles lock up but he's nodding before he can fully process what he's getting himself into. Not touching Taehyung is impossible, always craves to have his hands on him, to touch any part of him, and they're both very aware of this. But with Taehyung's ass so close to his face, the smell of his peach body butter heavy in his nose, Jeongguk's practically going in on deaf ears.

"Good boy." Taehyung lets go of his skirt, the edge of it brushing against the tip of Jeongguk's nose, mouth watering as he stares straight up. He can feel the body heat radiating off of Taehyung, wets his lips in anticipation as he lowers himself down. But not enough, Taehyung locking his thighs just before he lowers himself fully down onto Jeongguk's face, leaving him to skim his nose against his panties, which is just as soft as he imagined. He lets out a shaky breath as pushes his nose deep into the fabric and takes a greedy breath, nostrils flaring with it and feels his whole body shake when he smells nothing but Taehyung. Thick and heavy and gut punching.

Jeongguk groans and buries his nose in deep, wants to suffocate himself in the smell of Taehyung, his mouth watering as he stretches straight up. He can feel the body heat radiating off of Taehyung, wets his lips in anticipation as he lowers himself down. But not enough, Taehyung locking his thighs just before he lowers himself fully down onto Jeongguk's face, leaving him to skim his nose against his panties, which is just as soft as he imagined. He lets out a shaky breath as pushes his nose deep into the fabric and takes a greedy breath, nostrils flaring with it and feels his whole body shake when he smells nothing but Taehyung. Thick and heavy and gut punching.

He wants to soak Taehyung's cute little panties, wants to get them dripping, get him wet until his thighs shine with it. So Jeongguk fits his mouth over the slightly damp fabric and sucks, tongue pushing out to rub over his boyfriend's rim. He muffles a moan against Taehyung's ass when he feels him rock down against his face, long fingers sliding into the top of his hair, doesn't miss the soft, breathy moan of his name he gets.
"Jeongguk..."

It kicks something hot in him and Jeongguk's hands lift to grab at Taehyung's hips, pulling him down to sit fully on his face. He works his tongue as if he's trying to fuck Taehyung's ass despite his panties in the way, and really he is. But he's too eager for a taste and reaches up under Taehyung's thighs to curl his fingers in the side of his panties to push them away and licks a fat strip over his asshole, tongue circling over it.

Taehyung gasps on top of him, thighs shaking and hand tightening in his hair as he spreads his thighs further out. His hand pushes under Jeongguk's head to push it up higher, holding him against his ass and making him take it as he rolls his hips down against his mouth. Jeongguk whimpers, taking a deep inhale through his nose and feels his cock leak against his hip as his other hand reaches around Taehyung's thigh to get under his skirt as well, sliding over the bulk of his dick.

"Oh, fuck," Taehyung all but hiccups as Jeongguk squeezes his cock and rubs his tongue against his asshole, trying to coax it open so he can make a home inside.

And then suddenly, it's gone. Jeongguk's tongue laps at the air and his hand curl uselessly above him. He opens his eyes and stares up at Taehyung's panties, can see the wet patch his mouth left, soaked through to almost transparency and he instinctively leans up to get another taste. Only to get a hand around his neck and his head pushed back against the pillow.

Taehyung sits back slowly, lowering himself back down onto his chest and doubles over himself to get right into Jeongguk's face. "That was naughty," he pants out quietly, his pretty face flushed and hair a little dishevelled. "I thought I told you not to use your hands?"

Jeongguk blinks, head a little foggy as he stares up at Taehyung, brain slowly catching up with him. "But—"

The hand around his throat tightens just enough to cut his words off and suddenly Jeongguk's back on high alert, eyes blinking the mist away. "Did I or did I not say that?" Taehyung growls it at him, but his voice isn't holding the power he wants and Jeongguk's reminded that he wasn't the only one who caught a little caught up.

Taehyung had lost it. He held Jeongguk's head against his ass and tried to sit on his tongue.

His cock throbs so hard that it makes his stomach cave.

Jeongguk keeps the piece of information to himself, certain Taehyung's already aware but if he calls him out on it, he might end up being left alone with a hard on and the taste of his boyfriend's ass fading on his tongue.

"You did say that, yes. I'm sorry."

Taehyung still looks a little flustered, looks too turned on to really put up a fight and Jeongguk feels far too smug for his own good. "If you can't keep your hands to yourself, then I'm gonna have to take them away from you." Taehyung pushes himself down Jeongguk's body, dragging his wet ass down his chest and stomach and it makes Jeongguk's jaw go slack, doesn't miss the subtle way his boyfriend rolls his hips against his abs.

Jeongguk stares as Taehyung pushes himself up onto his knees and reaches under his skirt to pull his panties down, getting the briefest glimpse of his hard cock before his skirt falls over it. He lifts himself up, one knee at a time to get the material down and off, finger hooked into one of the leg holes.
"Hands above your head."

Jeongguk does as he's told, lifting his arms up to the headboard and watches in awe as Taehyung slips each of his hands into a leg hole before he knots the rest of the fabric around the top bar of his bed, pulling tight enough so the frills around the leg holes dig into Jeongguk's wrists. His throat ticks as he gives a little pull and feels the resistance of the fabric dig into his skin, the wet patch of material pressing into the heel of his palm.

He looks back down from his hands when Taehyung moves on top of him, watching as he reaches into his bedside drawer and pulls put the bottle of lube Jeongguk keeps in there. The last of his blood supply runs south and his chest starts to heave as he watches Taehyung squeeze some onto his fingers, being messy with it to the point where a cold glob of it lands right on Jeongguk's stomach.

"Now," Taehyung starts, setting the bottle to the side and reaches behind himself. Jeongguk knows the exact moment he touches himself, sees his lips twitch and he almost whines because Taehyung knows how much Jeongguk loves opening him up with his fingers and not being able to do it is definitely part of the punishment. "I'm gonna fuck myself on your cock and you're not allowed to come until I say so, okay?"

Jeongguk just stares, because he couldn't have heard that right. "Daddy, I don't think—"

"What?" Taehyung's eyes flutter shut and Jeongguk's eyes drop down between his legs, can see the shift of movement beneath his skirt where he's fingering himself and he tugs on his bound wrists in frustration.

"I don't know if I can do that. I'm already so hard." Jeongguk sends a pleading look down at his own dick, having left a messy trail of precum over his thigh, hip and stomach where it's fattened up.

Taehyung bites back a noise and Jeongguk hates it. "So you're saying you can't take care of me after all."

"No. No, no, no," Jeongguk quickly amends, shaking his head. "No, I can. I definitely can."

"Are you sure? Because otherwise I could just get myself off like this..." Taehyung reaches under his skirt with his other hand to no doubt take a hold of his dick, but stops when Jeongguk garbles out a whine.

"I can! I can, I swear. Please. Sit on me." He's about thirty seconds away from crying, can feel the burn behind his eyes and just needs Taehyung to let him take care of him.

Taehyung's moves his hand back to his thigh as his eyes open, mouth parting a little when he clearly pushes his fingers in deeper before pulling them out. Jeongguk's tracks his wet fingers as he reaches forward and curls his hand around his cock, making him suck a sharp breath in through his teeth.

"Gonna let me use you?"

Jeongguk nods hard enough to feel his teeth rattle, fingers reaching up to curl around the headboard. "Use me, daddy."

Taehyung's back to being calm and controlled and a complete sadist as he works his wet fist over Jeongguk's cock, using the other to grab the lube and squeeze more straight across his fingers and down Jeongguk's pelvis, making him shudder from the cold. He pulls his hand off to trace his wet fingers over the ink of Jeongguk's stomach, following the robes of the angel before dragging them down to curl around his hip. He leans forward and once again takes Jeongguk's cock in his hand to pull it between his legs, making it pulse when the end of his skirt brushes over the tip and rubs it
along the warm meat of his inner thigh.

Twenty seconds away from crying.

He can only watch as Taehyung crawls forward a little more of his knees so he can slide the wet head of Jeongguk's dick between his ass, feels it slip over the skin behind his balls before it settles in the dip of his asshole. Taehyung spreads his thighs a little more and rubs his dick over his rim back and forth as he circles his hips and slowly lowers his weight to push down against it.

It's tight and hot and wet and Jeongguk sucks in a sharp breath when the tip slides snug inside, feels Taehyung's walls flutter around him and can't hold in the moan that rips from his throat. Taehyung's got his head bowed forward, hiding behind a curtain of hair as he eases himself down, his expression concealed, making Jeongguk twitch helplessly.

"Tae," he croaks weakly, voice shaking and Taehyung thankfully lifts his head but keeps his eyes closed. It's better, Jeongguk doesn't feel so alone that way and it stops the walls of tears once more. He doesn't like not being able to see his boyfriend's face, especially when he's being punished. Taehyung must know this because the hand around his hip thumbs at his skin softly, reassuring.

It takes a few moments until Taehyung's sat fully on his cock, thick ass balancing on his thighs and hips and Jeongguk's eyes blur and roll back at the little roll of hips he gets. He wants to desperately fuck up, make Taehyung take it, but once again has to remind himself that he's already broken the rules once and he doubts his boyfriend will be as forgiving the second time around. Taehyung will suffer just to teach Jeongguk a lesson.

When Taehyung starts to move, begins to rock his hips with more confidence, Jeongguk squeezes his eyes shut, because it's one thing having Taehyung ride his cock, but it's another to see him do it, watch the way his little skirt flutters around him every time he lowers himself back down, the way his shirt sags to one shoulder, and the way his hair keeps catching in his wispy eyelashes.

"Nuh-uh. Eyes on daddy, baby," Taehyung demands in an uneven breath, hand squeezing once again at his hip.

Jeongguk forces his eyes open with much difficulty, half scared the moment he does he's gonna come and Taehyung must sense it because he stills until he has his attention on him. "I'm... struggling," he husks out and Taehyung smiles as he starts moving again.

He tilts his head back a little, eyes still on Jeongguk and looks down at him over his nose. He looks fucking ethereal, like some dated painting that was taboo back in the day, painted by a fucking saint or something. "You can do it, baby. Just hold on for me," Taehyung breathes, rocking his hips every time he lowers himself back down. "Daddy's good boy."

And Jeongguk is Struggling.

A whimper curls off his tongue, wrists tugging at the panties, desperate to touch. He wants to grab at Taehyung’s hips, his thighs, his ass, feel the muscles move beneath his skin, dig his fingers in to leave his mark behind. But he can't do anything but watch, which gets harder and harder to do the more tears that collect in his eyes. Taehyung shifts over him to lay over his chest, fucking himself like that as he leans down to kiss at the corner of his mouth. Jeongguk's jaw hangs slack, lost in the friction on his cock, the tight pull of Taehyung's hole every time he drags off and the squeeze when he slides back down.

"Kiss me," he begs after Taehyung presses a kiss to the other side of his mouth, unable to take it. "Please. Please, please, please. Kiss me." Jeongguk sniffs, voice getting wet as his attempt to choke
back tears starts to break down. "Please!"

Taehyung must take pity on him because he turns his head to seal their lips together, muffling a moan when Jeongguk licks past his teeth to get his first real taste of his mouth in days. It's hard to kiss with Taehyung riding him, but that's not a good enough reason for Jeongguk to stop trying, lifts his head so he can keep their lips pressed together and mewls when Taehyung licks right over his tongue.

It's too much.

Jeongguk pulls at his bound wrists again as Taehyung pants into his mouth, sharp nails digging into his pecs and doesn't stop pulling until his muscles flex tight and he feels the material tear. As soon as his hands are free, Jeongguk's hands find Taehyung's body, one hand going under the side of his skirt to palm over his ass and thigh while the other comes up to cup the back of his head, holding him down into a kiss.

Another burst of energy seems to burn through Taehyung going off the way he starts bouncing on his cock with renewed vigour, his heavy cock rubbing over Jeongguk's abs and making a mess with how much he's leaking. But he seems to realise what's happened after a moment and tries to pull away, but this time Jeongguk doesn't let him, rolls them over, panties still hanging around his wrist and pulls one leg up over his shoulder.

"Jeongguk, oh, fuck." Taehyung gasps and clutches at his shoulder as Jeongguk starts to fuck him the way he deserves. "Baby, s-stop, no. This isn't—"

Jeongguk shakes his head and fucks him harder, barely pulling out only to pound back in, eyes fixed on Taehyung's flushed, wrecked face. "No, daddy, no," he breathes.

Taehyung doesn't put up much of a fight, just holds onto Jeongguk even tighter and starts to get loud in the way he does when he starts to get close. "This doesn't mean you c-can come until I say so, though."

Jeongguk nods, letting the leg slide off his shoulder so he can bury his face into his boyfriend's damp neck, breathing him in. He curls his hands around Taehyung's waist, pulling his back to arch up pretty and stares down between them to watch where his shirt slides up over his soft tummy, showing the ring in his belly button and the sweat over his ribs. It's something small but it still affects him and Jeongguk suddenly needs to see more. He pushes daddy's shirt up further so he can see the bar in his nipple, bowing his head so he can lick over it and relishes in the whine it elicits.

"Gukkie..."

Jeongguk's head snaps up at that, instantly cramming himself up against Taehyung's body, covering it with his own. Taehyung's eyes look a little glassy, eyebrows pinched adorably and bottom lip caught between his teeth, a whimper getting punched out of him every time Jeongguk fucks into him. He looks soft and vulnerable, only ever pulls out the Gukkie card when his guard is completely down, when he wants to be taken care of.

Protective instincts flare up and Jeongguk slides his arm around Taehyung's waist, holding him close while the other hand curls beneath the back of his thigh and pulls it close around his hip. "I've got you, baby," he promises against his lips, watching the mascara around Taehyung's eyes start to smear at the corners. Jeongguk knows that Taehyung still struggles with little things like this, and knows that just being together in a relationship isn't an instant cure. He gets anxious when he feels vulnerable, but Jeongguk will always protect him.

Taehyung wraps his arm around his neck and pulls him closer to kiss him again, little moans leaking
past the crack of his lips. "I'm gonna come," he barely breathes and Jeongguk holds him tighter. "You're mine, yeah? Just mine. No one else's."

"All yours, Taehyung. Just yours," Jeongguk fucking swears, so much conviction in his voice that it makes his temples throb.

Fingers curl more into his hair and with a shudder and a choked groan, Taehyung comes around his cock, no doubt spilling against his pretty skirt, all the while Jeongguk fucks him through it. But Jeongguk doesn't stop, doesn't let himself, not until Taehyung's kissing his bottom lip and gives a jerky nod.

"Come."

It's all it takes for Jeongguk to let go, pushing in deep as he comes, spilling inside of Taehyung with a low whine that his boyfriend kisses out of his mouth, petting at the back of his hair with soft, sweet little praises. He doesn't realise his eyes have spilled over until Taehyung's gently wiping them away, still telling him he loves him and how much of a good boy he is, his good boy.

Jeongguk's hips work on autopilot, slowing down until they're lazily rolling, riding out the last of his orgasm and pumping his come deeper inside of Taehyung. As soon as he comes to a stop, he collapses down on top of his boyfriend, lips sliding down his jaw to his neck. Taehyung's head turns to press damp, frantic kisses against his sweaty forehead and hairline, chest heaving beneath him.

He waits for a smack to his ass or a pull to his hair in punishment for breaking free, but it never comes. Instead he just continues to get hushed whispers of love and warm fingers in his hair.

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"Taehyung."

"Yeah, angel."

"I'm always gonna be yours, no matter what."

A soft, vulnerable smile.

"Thank you."

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"So, what do you say about coming down to Busan with me next weekend?" Jeongguk says over dinner one night, the pair of them sat on the couch, watching reruns of America's Next Top Model.

Taehyung's chopsticks pause in his orange chicken—Jeongguk can proudly say he's converted Taehyung to greasy Chinese food—looking over the top of his glasses at him. "Busan? Like to meet your parents?" His eyes drop down to his takeout box, seemingly searching for something in the chicken.

Jeongguk smiles, digging his heel down on Taehyung's thigh until he looks back up at him. "Yes and no. My cousin's getting married and my parents will just so happen to be there."

Taehyung's eyes widen before the glare of the TV blocks them out. "You want me to be your date to your cousin's wedding?"

"That's what I'm getting at, yes, Taehyung."
"Like a date?"

Jeongguk swallows back a laugh and keeps his face neutral, looking back over at the screen. "Obviously."

Silence.

"Like a—"

"Babe."

Taehyung clears his throat and when Jeongguk looks back at him, he can see the flush to his cheeks. "Yeah, okay. Sure. I'll be your date. To your cousin's wedding. I'll be your date to your cousin's wedding in Busan."

Jeongguk nods slowly, tonguing the inside of his cheeks. "So you'll be my date?"

Taehyung shoots him an unimpressed look. "Stop."

"I was just making sure," he teases under his breath, forcing his grin away by shovelling another mouthful of beef in his mouth.

For the next week, Jeongguk watches Taehyung go through his wardrobe any second he gets free, watches him make a pile of suits and dresses, and continues to watch as he dismantles the pile, tosses things out with a grumble under his breath. It's adorable, really. Taehyung never struggles this much to decide what to wear, occasionally goes through two or three outfits, never his entire closet. Jeongguk knows it's less of an appearance thing and more of an impression thing. Doesn't need to ask to know that Taehyung's nervous, can see it in the way he clams up whenever the trip to Busan is even mentioned. He's been doing this choked up, too high laugh whenever Jeongguk even mentions his parents and rushes out of the room.

It's kind of refreshing.

Jeongguk's usually the one constantly freaking out, the one panicking and sweating, so maybe it's a little mean, but he's thoroughly enjoying the role reversal.

For once he feels completely at ease, hasn't got a single nerve in his body. Taehyung seems to have reserved every type of anxiety for himself. Jeongguk's never brought anyone to a family thing before, minus a girl-friend he took to a birthday party when he was eight. But that's only because they were neighbours and her parents were out of town for the weekend.

He's not worried about the gay thing. Maybe he's going in a little blind and stupid, has never really had to worry about those things before like other people do, but he has his parents love and approval, and as much as he loves the rest of his family, he doesn't really care what they have to say about him and his personal life. A part of Jeongguk worried that that's what Taehyung had been so nervous about, but when he confronted him about it one night, his concern dissolved.

("Tae, you remember I told you my parents are cool with us, right?"

Taehyung doesn't look up from his shoe collection. "Yeah, why?"

Jeongguk touches the clay mask on his face, starting to crack up around the edges. "Just wondering if that's why you're freaking out so much."

"I'm not freaking out," he scoffs, pausing to look back at him and meets Jeongguk's raised eyebrow.
"Okay, I am freaking out. But not because of your parents. Well, no more than before."

"Okay. Then why?"

"I've never been someone's date to a wedding before. I don't know what to wear."

Jeongguk nods slowly. "But you've been to a wedding before?"

"Yeah, a shit ton."

"Then...?"

"This is different. This is my boyfriend's family's wedding." When Jeongguk still doesn't understand, Taehyung waves him away. "Go away. You don't get it. Let me fret in peace."

So Jeongguk has.

In the end, they go shopping. After all that, Taehyung decides that nothing in his closet is good enough and they go to Louis Vuitton. Through this whole thing, Jeongguk had been pretty confident they'd end up here and didn't even plan for his own suit. Knew Kim Taehyung would take matters into his own hands. But in a funny turn of events, Taehyung finds what he wants to wear quickly and his worrying gets directed at him instead.

Jeongguk's never had a tailor before. Hell, never had a suit fitting before, Taehyung having usually just guessed by eye, but it seems he doesn't trust his eye enough for this suit in particular.

"Baby, is this really necessary? Why does this matter?"

Taehyung scoffs. "Are you kidding? Everyone will know that I picked out your suit and if I let you dress in some trashy, last season suit they'll think I'm treating you poorly."

Jeongguk blinks, then gapes down at the girl running the tape measure down his leg when she hums a noise in agreement. "What? You know my family knows nothing about fashion, right? No one else there will be wearing a suit more than likely worth more than the wedding itself."

"Just leave it to me, honey, okay? It's not something you'll get," Taehyung dismisses, leaning back on the sofa in the middle of the room, flipping through a catalogue. "Ooh, put me in an order for the Varenne Loafer's in black, please, Mijun. Two eighty-five."

Jeongguk smiles a little, recalls the first time Taehyung took him shopping and bought him those Tom Ford sneakers. Things really have come a long way since then. Back at the start of their relationship, the last thing he'd expect was being here, months down the line. Hopelessly in love and taking Taehyung down to his hometown for a wedding.

His eyes shift back to Taehyung who's still flipping through the catalogue, eyebrows furrowed in concentration. Taehyung has his weird way of showing that he cares, panics about small things that most people don't. He knows appearance is important to him and really, Jeongguk finds it so adorable that he's sweating over impressing his family.

His daddy's so cute.

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It's a six hour drive to Busan and Jeongguk's more than happy to be the one to do the journey, always happy for any excuse to use his car. They have to make multiple pit stops because Taehyung
has a nervous bladder and it's only made worse by the packs of beer he buys at every gas station. Luckily, it manages to knock him out for the last two hours and when Jeongguk's waking him up, they're at the hotel. His parents had offered for them to stay with them, but Jeongguk thought it would probably be best for Taehyung’s sanity if they had their own space.

Taehyung's a little tipsy as they check in and it's adorable, the way he drapes himself over Jeongguk's shoulders and garbles into his sleeve that he just wants to impress the boyfriend's family. It's late, already nearing 10PM, so they head up to their room, or more so Jeongguk drags his inebriated Taehyung upstairs. He's pretty exhausted himself after the long drive, so once he's set Taehyung down in bed, he stays standing long enough to get out of his jeans, brush his teeth before crawling alongside him and sets his alarm for six.

When his six rolls around, his alarm blaring by his head, Jeongguk stretches out to drag Taehyung closer only to find the bed next to him empty. He lifts his head and it doesn't take him more than ten seconds to find Taehyung sitting in front of the vanity, face mask on and buffing his nails.

Jeongguk drops his head back to his pillow with a sigh. "Babe," he groans. "Why are you even up? The wedding isn't until nine. How long have you been awake?"

"An hour," comes Taehyung's reply, voice clear and quick and when Jeongguk peaks, he sees he's got a coffee next to him. Not the kind you can make in your room, or even order from room service. But a cafe coffee. "Maybe two."

Jeongguk shakes his head and tugs the covers up further over his body. "I only set the alarm for six to give you time. If I'd known you'd be awake, I wouldn't have bothered waking up for another hour."

Taehyung hums, the quiet sound of his nails on the file mixing with the muted sound of the TV. "Go back to sleep, then."

As tempting as that is, Jeongguk's stomach gives a loud growl and reminds him that he hasn't eaten anything since yesterday afternoon. "What time does breakfast start?"

"Usually from five-thirty until ten."

"Have you eaten?"

"Not hungry."

"Taehyung, You need to eat," he complains, pushing himself up on an arm. "You didn't eat anything yesterday, baby."

"I wasn't hungry then, either." Now this is the kind of nerves that Jeongguk doesn't like, doesn't find this as cute, more concerning. "Besides, I can't leave now."

Jeongguk shifts to lie on his back, staring over at his boyfriend as he examines his nails. "How about room service, then? If I order food, will you please eat?"

Taehyung pauses with a sigh, looking over at him, mouth open in protest, but he must see that Jeongguk isn't messing around and promptly shuts it. "Alright."

That calms him down a bit and after another moment of just laying down, he rolls over to grab the room service menu. Jeongguk knows that Taehyung won't eat anything heavy, so he orders him a fruit salad and gets himself one of the breakfast meals, not too fussed as long as it fills him up. The woman on the phone tells him it won't be long and he uses the time to stretch out on the bed,
appreciating that he doesn't have to make a move anytime soon.

Something dawns on him. "We didn't get a present."

"It's taken care of. There's money in a card in my bag. Married couples just want money, don't worry," Taehyung assures, back to filing his nails.

Jeongguk smiles up at the ceiling, glad that he has Taehyung to think of everything. "What's your opinion on weddings, anyway? For or against?"

Taehyung must lean back in his chair, going off the quiet creak. "Pretty indifferent. Ceremony is boring, but reception is fun."

"No, I mean would you want to get married one day? Like, you know. Maybe to me." Jeongguk doesn't know where it comes from, immediately cringes because it's only been a few weeks since they told each other they loved each other and here he is mentioning fucking marriage. Maybe Taehyung will think he's some bunny boiler. "Sorry, you don't—"

"I'd marry you."

Jeongguk stops breathing, eyes wide before he sits up. "Really?" Taehyung's fighting a smile when he looks at him, corner of his lips giving him away. "You'd wanna marry me?"

"Well, yeah. I've pictured it," Taehyung says through a shrug, briefly looking Jeongguk's way. "Have you thought about it?"

"Of course I have!" He squeaks out, fingers curling in the sheets. He hears himself and once again cringes a little, sounding incredibly desperate. "Or, like, y'know. Couple times, or whatever."

Taehyung doesn't look convinced as his smile grows, setting his file down. "Would you want a big wedding? Or I'm guessing you haven't really thought that far."

Jeongguk knows it's a trick, but fuck it, he'll take the bait. "I have! I wouldn't want a big wedding. I'd want it small, only people we love there. Not the coffee guy who you see every day or a distant third cousin. Just close friends and family." He pauses, wonders if Taehyung feels the same. He likes glitz and glam, maybe he'd want a big, expensive wedding with hundreds of people. Jeongguk would give him that if he wanted it.

"I like the sound of that. I'd want a small wedding, too. Nothing over the top."

Thank god.

"Oh?" Jeongguk questions, trying not to sound too pleased.

Taehyung hums, climbing out of his chair and heads for the bathroom. "Funny. Never wanted to get married until recently."

He says it so casually, so brush of the shoulder. Meanwhile Jeongguk's over on the bed dying, covers pulled up to his mouth and feet threatening to kick out because Taehyung never wanted to get married until recently. But he wants to marry him, wants to marry Jeongguk and have a small wedding and live happily ever after.

"What's so funny?"

Jeongguk bolts up right, sheets now tangled around his body, looking up at Taehyung's who's
standing at the edge of the bed. "What?"

"You're over here giggling away, something must be funny." Taehyung's face is stoic, but Jeongguk knows the way his eyes look when he's trying not to laugh, can see the mirth behind them. "Care to share?"

He blinks up at him, tries to school his own face but can feel that his cheeks are gradually getting hotter and hotter. "No. I wasn't laughing."

Taehyung presses his lips into a thin line, eyes heavy on him before he leans down a little, lowering his voice into a whisper. "Marriage."

Jeongguk stares.

"Us getting married."

Jeongguk giggles.

"Knew it," Taehyung says through a grin, heading back to the bathroom. "Cute boy."

"No!" Jeongguk slaps his hand over his mouth, getting up on his knees to crawl to the edge of the bed. "I wasn't!"

"Sure?"

"Yeah, I wasn't laughing, hyung."

It's silent for a few moments, the TV still playing quietly and the sound of Taehyung brushing his teeth the only noise before he spits. "You looking forward to seeing your cousin's first dance today?"

Jeongguk shrugs. "I guess."

"What about our first dance if we got married?"

The idea plants itself in Jeongguk's head and he sucks in a slow breath, biting down on the inside of his cheek hard enough to hurt as he keeps his eyes pinned on the bathroom door. "That'd be cool," he says as casually as he can, waiting to see if Taehyung ducks out. When he doesn't, Jeongguk clutches the sheets to his chest and lets himself have his moment, muffles another little squeal at the idea of marrying Taehyung. At the idea of dancing to some dopey song and wearing matching wedding rings and being unable to stop kissing each other.

When he lifts his head with a dreamy sigh, Taehyung's standing in the doorway, toothbrush paused in his mouth, staring at him knowingly and Jeongguk's grin drops.

"I wasn't, Taehyung!"

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The ceremony is slow and boring, certain everyone who isn't the bride and groom thinks so whenever they're at a wedding. The only thing that makes it more bearable is Taehyung at his side, tracing circles into the knee of his slacks while Jeongguk's own hand plays with the back of Taehyung's hair. His cousin is great, she's a great girl, but god is this dull. He wants to stoop down and rest his head on Taehyung's lap, maybe doze through the vows. But he knows his parents will skin him alive.

They haven't really had a chance to talk yet, his parents sitting a few rows ahead and as soon as
Jeongguk had pointed them out, Taehyung had started fretting, patting down his suit and hair, trying to make himself look presentable. Jeongguk finds it adorable, still enjoys seeing the nerves radiate off of him, likes the change. His mother always told him that it's good when your partner gets nervous at little things like that, means they really care and as Jeongguk stares at the side of Taehyung's face, he knows just how much he cares. Taehyung took such great care in putting together Jeongguk's outfit, making sure he looks good, but most of all feels comfortable because he wants him to be happy but also wants his family to see that he can take care of him. Taehyung took care of the present, took care of making sure they got to the church in plenty of time. Even now, he's rubbing at Jeongguk's thigh because he knows he gets restless easily, keeps leaning over and pressing kisses against his temple when he starts to squirm.

Taehyung cares. Even about the small things.

And Jeongguk definitely wants to be the one up at the front, sliding a ring onto Taehyung's finger one day.

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"Taehyung, these are my parents," Jeongguk introduces, the reception in full swing around them. His parents have been hard to track down, having been sat on a different table from them for dinner and his aunt constantly needing his mother to help with the service. Now it's finally time for what he's personally been waiting for, for the love of his life to meet the people who brought him into this world.

Taehyung's a little stiff at his side, back straight and shoulders squared as he does a full ninety degree bow, the first time Jeongguk's ever seen him bow to anyone.

It's adorable.

"It's a pleasure to finally meet you," Taehyung greets softly, shaking his father's hand when he offers it out. "I've heard amazing things about you."

Jeongguk's mother smiles, eyes taking Taehyung in and he can see the awe in her eyes, the way anyone gets when they see Taehyung in the flesh. "The same goes for you. Jeongguk is always talking our ear off about how well you take care of him. So we have to thank you for that."

Taehyung's shoulders droop a little and Jeongguk can practically feel the tension ooze out of him as he rubs along his boyfriend's back, keeping him close. "Jeongguk takes care of me, too. I love him a lot."

His heart jumps at that, mouth pressing into the side of Taehyung's shoulder to conceal his smile as he squeezes his hip. It's one thing to hear Taehyung tell him he loves him, it's another thing all together to hear him tell other people. Especially his parents.

"You make our son very happy," Jeongguk's father contributes, bowing his head which makes Taehyung bow his own even lower.

Before Taehyung can say anything else, Jeongguk's mother is stepping away from his father to slip her arm into Taehyung's. "I'm stealing your date, sweetheart," his mother says. Taehyung looks a little panicked, eyes wide and Jeongguk's mother notices. "Don't look so scared. Not everyday I can parade a model around as my son's boyfriend."

Jeongguk bites down on a grin and shoots Taehyung a thumbs up as his mother drags him away.

"You look happy."
Jeongguk looks over at his father and softens. "I am, dad. Really happy. Taehyung makes me happy in a way I've never been before."

His father smiles, gently cupping Jeongguk's shoulder. "And I'm happy for you. It's nice to see you smiling like that. Looks good on you, son."

A wave of appreciation hits him square in the chest, and once again, Jeongguk's thankful for having such understanding parents, ones who have his best interests in mind. Both of his parents grew up in very traditional homes and have told him countless stories about how much they loved their parents, but didn't have the freedom to do as they wished. Jeongguk's father was forced to take on his family business while his mother had to stay at home until she was married, never got to go out and live a life for herself. So he thinks that's why they're so lenient with him. When Jeongguk came home with his first tattoo, they were shocked but told him as long as he was safe, taking care of himself and most of all happy, then he could do as he wished.

Tonight is another reminder of why he adores his parents so much. Not just because they're his parents, but just because they've always let him live his life. And now especially, watching his mother introduce Taehyung to a group of her friends, he's so thankful to have the life he's been given.

Jeongguk doesn't get to talk to Taehyung again for the better part of two hours and as much as he craves to have his boyfriend tucked back into his side, he's having a great time watching him sit and interact with his family, looking more and more relaxed as the night goes on. Even when Jeongguk's mingling with others, he keeps one eye on Taehyung, makes sure he still looks happy and comfortable and not overwhelmed. Everyone takes to Taehyung likes he knew they would, fawning around him and give him their full attention when he talks. He knows from experience that once you get over the awestruck from realising you're talking to The Kim Taehyung, it's hard not to get wrapped up in the energy of Just Taehyung. Lovable, sweet Taehyung who gives you his time and listens diligently to whatever you say, Taehyung who's easy to talk to and even easier to laugh with.

He's in the middle of talking to some old neighbours when he catches sight of Taehyung on the dance floor, bouncing around with a group of his younger cousins, all giggling away as they prance around to *Call Me Maybe*, singing along and getting red in the face. The disco lights bounce off of Taehyung's beautiful face and make him look younger; youthful and soft with happiness and wild with excitement. His jacket is gone and his tie is loose around his collar, looking carefree. People are watching and the pride Jeongguk feels in that moment is unrivalled.

Jeongguk decides he's shared enough and wants time with his boyfriend again.

After politely excusing himself, Jeongguk heads for the floor just as another song kicks in, *Girls Just Wanna Have Fun* another cheesy hit you expect to hear at a wedding and Taehyung and his cousins cheer when he dances his way over to them, hollering as he slides into their makeshift circle. Jeongguk reaches for Taehyung the exact time Taehyung reaches for him, warm arms wrapping around his neck. It's light and happy and Jeongguk can't stop grinning.

"Oh, daddy dear, you know you're still number one, but girls they wanna have fun," Jeongguk sings just for Taehyung, making him drop his head back in a laugh before they part to make room for the giggling kids bouncing around. It's fucking amazing and Jeongguk's having the most fun he's ever had at a wedding, watching Taehyung down on his knees so he can meet his cousin Suzy's height, letting her climb all over him.

The kids eventually leave to chase each other around the hotel, leaving him and Taehyung to dance alone and when *Moves Like Jagger* comes on, Jeongguk's all over his boyfriend, crowding up against him and curls his hands around his soft waist. He can't stop grinning, even as he sings against
Taehyung's lips, swallows down the laughter against his lips. It's all light and easy and warm. Taehyung takes his hands and makes him do a twirl before pulling him back against his chest, hot breath against his ear.

"You having fun?" Jeongguk asks against his cheek once they're face to face again, voice loud over the music.

Taehyung nods, hands down the back of Jeongguk's pockets. "Lots. I love your family."

Jeongguk beams, happy and pleased. "They love you, too."

They mellow out as a slower song comes on, something by John Legend. Taehyung pulling him close as other couples on the floor shift together. Taehyung pulls him close by the waist and Jeongguk wraps his arms around his neck, smiling against his lips when he starts to quietly sing to him. His voice is low and smooth and it makes the hair on the back of Jeongguk's arms stand up, his fingers sliding into the back of his daddy's hair.

The song fits them perfectly, makes Jeongguk's chest loose and warm as he presses it firmly up against Taehyung's until they're snug, nose to nose. Taehyung's not just singing it, but he's singing it to him and Jeongguk is completely hooked, knows the song well enough to know what the words mean, even if his English isn't the best. Taehyung sounds both sweet and sexy, has him biting his lip around a little smile as they rock in place.

"I will stay with you, through the ups and the downs. Oh, I will stay with you, when no one else is around..." Taehyung croons against the corner of his mouth, voice like syrup. It has Jeongguk's knees feeling a little weak, hand curling tighter in the back of his hair.

Jeongguk turns his head and presses his lips softly against Taehyung's, tasting a little like champagne and the fondant from the cake. "I want this song," he says softly against his mouth, hoping Taehyung understands what he means without needing to say it out loud.

Taehyung squeezes him gently closer, hands running up his back and Jeongguk knows he's understood.

"Keep singing," he whispers, one hand cupping Taehyung's cheek, not letting him pull back, eyes falling shut when he starts to sings again.

Just for him.

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When they return back to Seoul from the wedding, Jeongguk's still riding the high he felt the whole weekend. Feels so in love that as soon as they're inside his little cramped apartment, he has Taehyung pressed up against the wall, pressing smiling kisses against his lips.

"Baby," Taehyung chuckles against his mouth, barely able to take a breath. "These bags are heavy. I need to put them down.

Jeongguk just hums, eager hands sliding under the sides of Taehyung's shirt to touch warm, bare skin. "Just set 'em down anywhere."

"I can't if you don't step back," his boyfriend says in between kisses, even when Jeongguk's forced to kiss his teeth from how big his smile gets.

"Fine." Jeongguk forces himself to step away, though not without stealing one more kiss. "I need to
go grab my mail, just put the bags in my bedroom." He swats at Taehyung's ass as he steps away, fully planning to sink his teeth into it as soon as they've settled.

"Don't take too long, Jeon Jeongguk. You know I don't like to be kept waiting," Taehyung calls back, shooting Jeongguk a wink over his shoulder as he takes their bags into his bedroom.

Jeongguk sags against the wall with a groan before forcing his feet back into motion, jogging back downstairs to go and collect his mail. He's whistling along to the Legend song still stuck in his head as he reaches his mailbox, unlocking it with the partially rusted key hanging off his keychain. There's a group of letters waiting for him—no doubt bills that his daddy will take care of—a couple of takeout menus, a letter from the bank and...

His heart stops in his chest, staring at the all too familiar red, blue and white logo in the corner, followed by National Basketball Association printed beside it. That's definitely his name and address in the centre of the envelope, an American stamp in the corner and a handful of English he doesn't understand.

Jeongguk doesn't seem to be able to take a proper breath in, heavily slouching against the metal boxes, his own locker slamming shut with his weight. He frantically opens the letter, yanking the seal open hard enough to give him a papercut along his knuckle. Pulling out the stack of paper inside, there's a portion printed in English and a cover note typed out in Korean and he quickly straightens it out with shaking fingers.

_Dear Mr. Jeon,_

_We have received your letter on April 23, 2018, expressing your desire to enter the NBA Draft scheduled to take place on June 27, 2018._

_According to the information contained in your letter, you were previously eligible to be selected in an NBA Draft in the year prior. As a result, you are now a free agent who is eligible to sign with any NBA team._

Jeongguk's certain he's reading this wrong, certain he's hallucinating and he really didn't just receive an acceptance letter for the NBA draft. He's shaking hard enough that he feels like he's about to vibrate out of his skin, eyes blurring over before he blinks them back to attention. Flipping through the rest of the papers, he finds more details about the draft, about the combine and a copy of the original letter he supposedly sent.

The world feels like it tips on its axis and Jeongguk only realises he's dropped to the floor by the dull ache in his ass.

He's been accepted for the draft?

The combine is in three weeks?

Someone applied for him?

"Jeongguk? What's—" Jeongguk's eyes snap up to see Taehyung paused on the stairs, watching his eyes go wide before he practically vaults down the banister to get to him, crouching down in front of him. "Hey, hey. What's wrong? What's happened?" His hands are on Jeongguk's face, eyes frantic and Jeongguk can't do much but tilt the letter in his direction.
Taehyung takes the letter, reading over it quickly before he sucks in a sharp breath. "You got in!? Baby, that's fucking incredible!" He's laughing, eyes looking a little misty but Jeongguk can only stare at him, realisation slowly dawning on him.

"You applied for me?"

"Huh?" Taehyung looks up from the letter to meet his eyes, his smile softening. "Well, no, it wasn't just me. Your coach and I did. We—"

"You went behind my back and applied?" Jeongguk stares at Taehyung, eyebrows slowly pulling together, watching his features shift. "Even after I told you I didn't want to play professionally?"

Taehyung's face falls more and more, eyes wide and mouth slack, a small laugh bubbling from his throat. "Jeongguk, this is your dream. You said it wasn't a realistic dream, but it is, you got accepted!" The last of his smile drops completely, eyes searching. "Baby."

Jeongguk shakes his head, pushing himself up to stand. "This wasn't your decision to make, Taehyung. You didn't even consult me."

"Yeah, because I knew you wouldn't agree to it." Taehyung slowly rises to his feet, face cautious yet pleading. "I knew you—"

"You knew but you still did it anyway," Jeongguk fills in, pacing around the landing. "You decided that you knew what's best for me and went and did it."

"Jeongguk..." Jeongguk looks over at him sharply, anger bubbling in his stomach as Taehyung watches him, confused. "This is your dream," he repeats. "It's..."

"Not your decision!" He bursts out, making Taehyung flinch. "You had no right to do this!"

"But—"

"But nothing! I was just fine with the path I put myself on, I had a plan. And you've decided it's not the right one, so you've taken over. Just like you always do. You can't just decide what's best for someone all the fucking time, Taehyung. I'm not a play thing, I can make my own goddamn choices. I don't need you to try and make my life better like some charity case."

Taehyung's brow furrows, shoulders tense but his face shows he's hurt. "That wasn't what I was trying to do."

"Wasn't it?" Jeongguk laughs humorlessly. "Isn't that what you always try to do? Take care of my bills, buy me all these expensive things I could never afford and try to model me into something you want?" In the back of his mind, Jeongguk knows it's not true, but he's angry and hurt and he can't seem to stop. "Am I not good enough for you as I am? Is that it? Am I one of your projects?"

Stop. Stop, stop, shut the fuck up, you fucking idiot.

"No! Of course not!" Taehyung barks back, but his voice is weak. "I love you. I love you for who you are, I just want you to be happy."

"I am happy! I like what I do now. I like the idea of being a sports therapist. I like my classes and my basketball team and my cheap clothes and shitty apartment!" Jeongguk yells, uncaring that the whole complex can probably hear him. "I like what I fucking do, Taehyung. I don't need you to try and
make everything better and take pity on me just because I'm not rich like you, just because I'm not famous and don't have a great fucking job."

You're ruining everything. Shut your stupid fucking mouth. You're hurting him.

Taehyung swallows thickly, his chin trembling. "Is that what you think this is? O-Our relationship? You think I've just been moulding you?"


"Maybe," Jeongguk shrugs, too drunk off the anger. "Didn't really, but now I don't know. All adds up, doesn't it? Why would someone like you be interested in me anyway?"

"I see." Jeongguk sees the exact moment Taehyung's eyes harden, the curtains and windows closing on him like he never wanted them to and Jeongguk feels his heart drop. "I didn't realise you thought that."

I don't, daddy. I'm so sorry, I'm so fucking sorry, don't listen to me. Please, I love you.

Jeongguk says nothing.

Taehyung looks away, down at the paper visibly shaking in his hands, "Well, then. I'm sorry. I never meant for it to seem that way, because it was never what I was doing." He sets the letter down on the stairs and backs away, keeping his eyes pointedly away from Jeongguk and later, when he's cooled off, he'll realise the ache in his chest isn't from anger. "You never had to go to the draft. I just wanted you to see that you could if you wanted to, that you were more than good enough. I'm sorry for going behind your back to do it."

His voice sounds so stiff, so robotic in that way it takes when he talks to people he doesn't know.

You're gonna lose him.

"You were never a project, Jeongguk. I thought you knew that."

I do, Tae, I do. Please.

Taehyung sniffs and Jeongguk feels the anger dropping like a magnet, regret and guilt hitting him so hard that his stomach drops to his feet.

"No. Taehyung, wait—"

"You can make your own decision," Taehyung cuts in, stepping back towards the door. "Just remember that I made the letter. I didn't make your talent. Keep that in mind when you decide." With that, Taehyung lets himself out without looking back, the door quietly shutting behind him and leaving Jeongguk to stand in the empty hall with just the silence, left with the repercussions of his actions.

Jeongguk knows he just fucked up, because he watched Taehyung leave like he hates, and this time he doesn't know when he'll be back.

Ironic.

Chapter End Notes
I dedicate the whole 'foot fetish' scene to my father, RNA. It was all her, I had no say. You have her to thank. Go share your love for Taehyung’s feet together on her twitter!

I also decided to give twitter another go, thanks to [see above]. Twitter!
It's been a week.

An entire week since Taehyung and Jeongguk have spoken, and as each day ticks past, Jeongguk feels more and more hopeless. He's tried calling, tried texting, tried emailing, even went to Taehyung's house only to be told by the gardener that he was out of town. Hearing that had Jeongguk's stomach dropping way past his feet and straight into the soft soil beneath the grass.

Fuck that, all the way down to the molten core of the earth.

Scouring the internet hasn't been much help, either. Taehyung's adamantly stayed away from the public eye, hasn't posted anything, hasn't updated and hasn't been in the tabloids. It has him feeling sick, wondering just why Taehyung's gone into hiding. And there's nothing he can do to pull him out, his texts having eventually stopped going through after the hundredth one. He's tried to get a hold of Namjoon and Seokjin, but aside from knowing where they work, it's all he's got.

And it doesn't go well.

"What do you mean you don't know where he is?" Jeongguk demands, standing in Namjoon's office, having all but fought security to get in the building until Seokjin had told them he was safe to come up.

Seokjin sits on the end of the desk, hands folded neatly in front of him. "We mean we don't know where he is. And even if we did, we wouldn't tell you, Jeongguk. I'm sorry." He really does sound genuinely sorry, but Jeongguk doesn't get it.

He says as much. "If you find out where he is, I have a right to know! He's my boyfriend," Jeongguk growls out, temper rising. Maybe later he'll feel guilty talking to Taehyung's older brothers in a such a way, but right now, he'd take on Jesus fucking Christ himself.

Namjoon swivels in his chair, face stoic and controlled in the way he's seen too many times on his own Kim. "He doesn't want to talk to anyone right now. Us included." He stands and slowly makes his way around, taking his position beside Seokjin. "Now, Seokjin hyung and I don't know the full story, but what we do know is that we both had a hand in raising Taehyung. He's our little brother and we're going to protect him no matter what. Even if he's in the wrong."

"You're barking up the wrong tree right now, Jeongguk," Seokjin adds, his voice as eerily still as Namjoon's, the pair of them settling identical looks on him. "Taehyung will come back when he's ready."

Jeongguk's fists clenched at his side, jaw tight as he tries to keep his temper under control, tries to keep in mind that they're Taehyung's brothers and they— "Go fuck yourselves."

Well. Alrighty. That works, too.

"Seriously. Fuck. You," he spits, gets angrier by their neutral expressions. His eyes start to water at the spike of emotional and feels his entire face shake as he takes in a deep breath. "I love him. Don't act like we're not on the same side, because I want to protect Taehyung as much as you do!" Jeongguk can see the sympathy in their eyes despite their cool face and it's maybe the only thing
stopping him from lashing out. "I'll find him on my own. I'll find him on my own without your help."

With that, Jeongguk turns on his heel, a plan already formulating in his head.

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Jeongguk obsessively spends every waking minute free he has on the internet, searching up Taehyung's name, looking for any sign on him. He even calls up hotels he knows he's stayed at in the past, checks to see if he's Hawaii, Japan, Italy.

Nothing. He's coming up short.

In one low, desperate moment he messages his friend who he knows has some links on the dark web and tries to see if there's a way he can track Taehyung's phone. But when the guy his friend links him to starts asking questions about a hit, he abruptly blocks his email, deletes his history and blacklists the website so he can never go on it again.

Jeongguk calmly corners all of the staff working at Taehyung's house to try and see if he left them an emergency number to get in contact with him while they look after Crystal and Cash, but to no avail. He even goes on a shopping binge using the credit card Taehyung gave him to rack up a hefty bill to try and get something, any kind of reaction.

Nothing.

When ten days passes, Jeongguk heads to the last person he can think of who could help.

"Jeongguk," Sangchul sighs when he answers the door, a soft, knowing smile on his lips. "I had a feeling you'd be dropping by any day now."

All the anger Jeongguk had been carrying in him, ready to unleash seems to just burn out of him like water hitting a hot pan and he's sniffing before he knows it. "Have you heard from him?"

Sangchul doesn't say anything, just gives him this gentle look that resembles Taehyung so much that it has Jeongguk crumbling. "Come in, sunshine."

Jeongguk nods and lets Sangchul guide him inside, and it's not until he's got a glass of some expensive looking liqueur in his hand, sat on the couch does Sangchul speak up again.

"He'll come back."

Jeongguk looks up, blinking the tears out of his eyes. "I'm scared he won't."

Sangchul sits next to him, encouraging Jeongguk to take a sip of his drink and feels it burn his throat when he takes too big of a gulp. "He will. He loves you very much, he just needs time. Taehyung will come back when he's ready."

Jeongguk stares down into his glass like it'll give him the answers and lets Sangchul take it away from him to set on the table before taking his hands in his. "I really hurt him. You should have seen his face, he looked completely heartbroken." Just the reminder of it all has Jeongguk choking on a cry building in his chest, having not been able to stop thinking about the shattered look on Taehyung's face, the way his eyes seemed to shut off. "I fucked up."

"Taehyung came to see me before he left, you know."

Jeongguk's head snaps up at that, turning a little more to face Sangchul. "What? Do you—"
Sangchul holds up his hand, silencing him with another small smile. "My grandson doesn't run unless he's scared. I think there's more to the picture than you're seeing. What happened... was unfortunate, but I think it needed to happen. I've seen people saunter in and out of Taehyung's life and he's never looked at them the way I've seen him look at you, Jeongguk. So have faith. Have faith that he'll come back."

It's a tough pill to swallow and Jeongguk doesn't fully understand, doesn't see what he's apparently missing. But Sangchul looks so sure of himself.

And he wants to believe, but with each day passing, Jeongguk's starting to believe that even when Taehyung comes back, he'd have messed things up too much to repair.

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Jeongguk's in the middle of filling up Crystal and Cash's food bowl when his phone vibrates in his pocket. He's taken to staying at the house, just so he can stay close to Taehyung somehow, can bury beneath the sheets that he's refused to let the staff wash and wear around Taehyung's silky robe that still smell like lilacs. He has hopes that he'll wake up one night to find Taehyung tucked into his side, arm slung around his waist and Jeongguk's face buried into his neck like he's grown so accustomed to waking up to. Jeongguk's hope seems to stay at his highest when he's in the house that smells like Taehyung, has his pictures everywhere. It's when he leaves the house, feeling at his most alone does it start to dwindle.

He pulls out his phone and slides open the notification from one of Taehyung's fan sites on Instagram. He's gotten at least fifty of them set on alert, but lately all they've been posting are old pictures of Taehyung. So he has little hope as he opens it, but when he sees a picture of Taehyung he's never seen before, dressed so casually with the majority of his face covered, Jeongguk's heart jumps, eyes flicking down to the caption.

*At long last, our oppa has resurfaced, arriving at Incheon International Airport! Hope all is has been well with him, we've all missed him dearly. Today is a good day.*

Jeongguk feels his hand shake around his phone, zooming in close to the picture, taking in every inch of Taehyung. He has to set his phone down on the counter, though he keeps his eyes on it as he starts pacing up a storm, hands pressed to his mouth.

"He's back. He's back. He's back," he chants, stomach churning. "Oh, god. He's back, okay."

Jeongguk has never felt such a pungent mixture of both dread and relief in his entire life, feels like he may be sick with nerves.

He quickly grabs his phone again and checks to see how long the journey from the airport to the house is and starts to panic even more when he sees it's less than two hours. And who's to say the person who posted the picture did it right away? What if they didn't have internet? But even as he thinks it, he starts getting a flurry of notifications, all different pictures of Taehyung walking through the airport with similar captions.

Jeongguk debates leaving, maybe being there isn't a good idea, but forces himself to chase that fear away. He's not going to let this moment slip away. He didn't run after Taehyung like he should have and he's not going to waste another minute not trying to fix the fuck up he made.

For the next hour and thirty-six minutes, Jeongguk doesn't know what to do with himself. He paces, tidies and chugs a whole litre of water, eyes obsessively on every clock he encounters. He tries to think of what he should say, if he should just drop straight to his knees and grovel for forgiveness, if
he should come up with a speech. He's lost, his mind racing too quick for him to catch up to.

He's sitting on the stairs when he sees headlights pass the window and swears he can taste his heartbeat, feels it pulsing in his gut as his ears start to ring. His knee bounces and he's chewing his fingers raw as he stares at the door, hears the sound of a car door shut, muttered conversation before footsteps approach the door.

Jeongguk's on his feet as keys jingle in the door, standing on the bottom stair and feels his whole body shake in anticipation.

When the door opens and Taehyung steps in, he doesn't register Jeongguk right away, doesn't even flick on the lights, just closes the door behind him with what sounds like a quiet sigh before he turns to face the stairs. Their eyes lock and Taehyung goes still, much like Jeongguk does and for ten, painful seconds, it's complete silence.

The dogs pad out at some point, but they must sense the tension because after staring for a minute, they quietly retreat to another corner of the house.

Jeongguk can relate. He wants to do the same.

He thinks of the speech he wrote in his head, opens his mouth to start but when he sees Taehyung's big, beautiful, owlish eyes staring at him, something... else happens.

"Do you know how fucking worried I've been?" bursts out of Jeongguk instead. "I must have called you a thousand times, texted you even more! At one point I actually considered the possibility that you were dead. You're not allowed to just leave me like that. It's one thing not talking to me, it's another whole thing to leave the country! I've torn heaven and hell apart looking for you, Kim Taehyung. I would have been happy with a cave painting to give me a sign that you were still on this planet! I get what I did was fucked up, but did—"

"You were right."

"—you really—what?"

Taehyung reaches up and pulls his mask down beneath his chin and Jeongguk can see how battered he looks. His skin looks thinner, paler and beneath his glasses there's dark circles that he's never seen on Taehyung before. "You were right. What you said about me. Not all of it, but a lot of it."

Jeongguk's eyes go wide, mouth opening and closing, because of all the scenarios he imagined to play out, this was not one of them.

"I had no right to do what I did. In my mind, I was doing what I thought was best for you and that wasn't fair. Because I was doing what I thought was best for you, and not what you thought was best. It wasn't my say to submit the application for you, especially knowing how you felt about it."

Taehyung sets his bag down by his feet and pushes his glasses up into his hair. "But I'm not just sorry for that, I'm sorry for the last few months, too."

Jeongguk blinks, in complete shock.

"I was overbearing. I made all the decisions for you and took control of most things that I shouldn't have. At times I didn't even give you a choice, even over small things that we're meant to discuss together." Taehyung drops his gaze and starts playing with the keys in his hand, quietly jingling between his fingers. "For the last week and a half, I kept thinking about all the times I've taken charge of things I shouldn't have without you. All the times I've taken away your voice because I thought I knew what was best."
Jeongguk can feel himself slowly gravitating closer, taking small steps closer to Taehyung, his breathing fast but quiet. "Tae..."

Taehyung shakes his head, voice weak. "I really am sorry. I hope you don’t think I was being manipulative, or think that I was trying to shape you into someone you're not, because I really wasn't. But I can see why you’d think I was. I really do love you, Gukkie," he says through a sniff, words shaking. "And I know that you have your own choices to make about your life, because that’s exactly what is. Your life, not mine. I hated when my parents did it to me, and I did it to you."

"Baby," Jeongguk whispers.

"I really do just want what's best for you, because you deserve it. You deserve everything good in the world. You’re kind and talented and so smart and beautiful and I’m so lucky just to know you." Taehyung looks up and his eyes are wet, teeth pressing into his shaking bottom lip, shoulders sagging a little as he tilts his head. "I'm so sorry, angel," he breathes, hiccup catching on a breath. "I'm so, so sorry."

Jeongguk surges forward on Taehyung's next small sob, grabbing at his wet face in his hands and pulls him into a firm kiss, pressing frantic kisses against his shaking lips and wipes at his tears with his thumbs, desperate to get them off his cold cheeks. "I love you so much," Jeongguk whispers against his lips, head still trapped between his hands. "I love you so, so much Taehyung."

"I-I love—" Jeongguk kisses the words right off of Taehyung's lips, his chest burning and heart tight. He can feel his own eyes are spilling over, because he'll never not cry when he sees Taehyung getting emotional. But mixed in with all the pent up emotions in him, he never really had a fighting chance. "Jeon—"

Jeongguk's still kissing him as he tries to speak, never letting him get a word out. "I know, baby, I know."

Taehyung reaches up to curl his fingers around Jeongguk's wrists, pulling them away from his face gently and leans back. "I really am sorry. For everything." When Jeongguk goes in for another kiss after frantically nodding, Taehyung tilts his chin up and away, lips pressing to the bridge of Jeongguk's nose. "Honey," he breathes, stroking the sides of his hands when Jeongguk calms down a little. And only then does Taehyung tip his head back down to meet his eyes. "You did hurt me, though. I know I had it coming, but it hurt to hear you question why I was with you."

Jeongguk lets out a shaky breath, tips of his fingers still brushing over Taehyung's tight jaw as he drops his forehead against his lips. "I know, and I'm so sorry, Tae. I don't think that, I promise. I knew as I was saying it that it was ridiculous, but my emotions got the better of me and I couldn't stop."

"Are you sure? Because if you feel that way, you need to tell me and I—"

Jeongguk pushes back in to steal another kiss, long and firm. "I don't," he swears, voice dipping with pitch. "I hate myself for saying that. But I promise you I don't think that way, I know you don't look at me as a charity case—"

"—I don't—"

"—and I know everything you've done came from a good place, daddy. I know."

Taehyung stares at him and Jeongguk stares back, desperately searches his eyes and sees them soften back into that familiar way he loves so much. No longer hard and cautious, but open. Maybe the
curtains are only half open, but Jeongguk will take anything he can get. It's silent for a long moment, the pair of them just staring at each other, Taehyung cradling his face while Jeongguk's hands frantically smooth up and down his daddy's arms.

Taehyung is the first to look away, nodding towards the living room. "Let's sit down. We have more to talk about."

Jeongguk feels his stomach twist uncomfortably, but he nods, knows Taehyung is right.

They sit there for what feels like hours, the pair of them talking, expressing themselves and just laying everything down on the table. Jeongguk talks about how much he loves Taehyung, but some things he needs to be able to decide on his own. Taehyung tells him he loves him too, but he needs to learn to open up more to him and not let it build up into anger. It's emotional, they talk, talk, laugh and cry and talk some more. They share a bottle of wine and don't get too close, but their feet keep brushing, toes poking at each other. It's small but it's nice.

"I think we should take some time apart," Taehyung eventually says after a sip of wine and Jeongguk's heart plummets, blood going cold.

"What? No, Tae, I thought—"

"Not like that, baby," Taehyung cuts in softly, reaching out to pat at the back of Jeongguk's hand. "I'm not saying we should put a hold on our relationship. I just think maybe we've been so focused on each other that things are starting to come between us. I've been taking your life into my hands and that's not fair on you."

"And I suppose I've been a little too needy and I keep taking you away from things you have to do," Jeongguk admits quietly after a beat, thinking of all the times he's pulled Taehyung away from events because he wants him to himself or times he's convinced him not to do something for his own personal gain.

He knows what Taehyung means, but still, the idea of being away from his boyfriend for any longer makes him want to cry.

Wait, he's definitely crying.

"Jeongguk," Taehyung sighs softly, setting down his glass to scoot closer over to him. "C'mere, baby."

Jeongguk rubs a hand over his nose and climbs into Taehyung's lap, curling up as small as he can and tucks his face into Taehyung's neck, desperately breathing in the smell of lilacs. This is right, this is where he belongs. "Don't wanna be without y-you again, hyung," he cries, clutching at Taehyung's shirt. "It hurts."

Taehyung hushes him softly, rubbing a hand along his back, swaying him softly in his lap. "You're not gonna be without me. I want..." He pauses to squeeze Jeongguk closer, tucking his lips into his hair. "I want you to consider the draft."

"Tae..."

"No, here me out, okay? I'm not forcing you to do it, that was never why me and your coach applied for you. But you have such real potential, honey. And I remember when I went to your place for the first time, and you told me you wouldn't play basketball professionally because it wasn't realistic. But it is. You don't put enough faith in yourself," Taehyung tells him firmly, voice soft. "If it's something you want to do then you should do it. But don't not do it just because you don't think it's realistic,
because that should never be an excuse to stop you from doing what you want to in life."

Jeongguk opens his eyes, looking down at his hand on Taehyung's chest, fiddling with the buttons of his shirt. It'd always been a dream of his to play basketball for a living, but with how many talented people out there, better than him, he didn't think he'd ever be in this position. Did't think the NBA was an option. There was a time last year when he thought about applying, but a week later he'd lost a game at school and pushed the idea out of his head, deeming himself not good enough.

But what if he was?

"Okay." Jeongguk tilts his head back against Taehyung's shoulder to stare at him, eyes briefly falling shut when Taehyung wipes at his cheek. "I'll think about it. But that doesn't mean I'll say yes, Taehyung, you have to know that."

Taehyung nods, and he doesn't look smug or righteous. Just looks supportive and pleased and Jeongguk's so in love. "I just want you to be happy."

"I am happy."

"Happy with yourself." Taehyung corrects softly, pushing his hair off his forehead with his thumb. "I get worried that you let yourself hold you back. And I'm not saying this excuses what I've done, but I think that's a reason I sometimes just push you into doing things, make your choices because I know that you won't. It's not fair on you either. Neither of us are fair on you."

Jeongguk's bottom lip shakes a little again, biting down on it to try and stop it. "I just don't wanna get my hopes up just to be let down," he confesses in a whisper, pushing himself closer to Taehyung. "Don't wanna get hurt."

"Oh, petal..." Taehyung dips his head to press his lips against his forehead, arms tightening around him protectively. "You're so, so talented, it breaks my heart how much you doubt yourself." He curls his arm tighter around Jeongguk's back, kissing the edge of his eyebrow. "Again, you need to have more faith in yourself, even if you get hurt. Because when something's a risk, it means there's also a chance of something amazing coming out of it, not just disappointment. Sometimes the risk is more worth it than playing it safe. But, that being said, if you decide it's really not something you want to do, I'll support you no matter what. But I want you to think about it before you just straight up say no, that's all."

Jeongguk nods again, rubbing his cheek against Taehyung's shoulder. "I will, I promise. Thank you, Tae."

He stretches up to press their lips together, letting go of Taehyung's shirt to cradle his jaw, bringing him closer to kiss him. "I love you so fucking much. I'm sorry I made you run away."

"You didn't make me do anything but reevaluate myself." Taehyung pulls back a little to smile down at him, scratching through his hair. "I'm sorry, though. I left because there's always people there, telling me I'm amazing or disgusting, talented or worthless. Sometimes it's hard to really look at yourself when you're so used to other people telling you what kind of person you are. And I knew if I spoke to you before I was ready, nothing would have come from this and it would all be in vain."

"I was worried," Jeongguk confesses, keeping in mind about being more honest and open. "I didn't like that you disappeared and hid from me."

Taehyung gives him a sheepish look. "I know. I left for selfish reasons but stayed for self reflection." His nose scrunches as soon as he says it, sour look on his pretty face. "Ugh, I hate how much I sound like some hippie that needed to go and find themselves. Open my third eye or whatever."
Jeongguk giggles, rubbing his nose against Taehyung's chin. "It's okay, I get it." He sniffs, licking the taste of tears from his lips and meeting his daddy's eyes. "I love you."

"I love you, too, sweetheart."

They wrap themselves around each other, locked tight and Jeongguk feels like he can finally take a breath for the first time in almost two weeks.

Silence. It's peaceful.

"Don't think I've forgotten about the four million won bill you racked up, by the way. Do you wanna explain yourself?"

He spoke too soon.

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Over the next week, he and Taehyung take it slow. They still talk every day, but instead of Jeongguk finishing school or practice and going straight to Taehyung's to just do nothing but be with him, he spends his nights at his apartment or the restaurant, thinking. He would never in a million years say what he and Taehyung had was unhealthy, but on his part at least, he got so absorbed in nothing but it that he couldn't see past his own nose. There's nothing wrong with living in the moment, but there's a point where you need to think of the future to be able to continue living in the moment. And that's where all of Jeongguk's issues lay. He wasn't thinking about a future, just content to ride out whatever was happening.

He gets now why Taehyung suggested some personal space. It's easy to get wrapped up in the bubble of your relationship, to ignore the rest of the world in favour of doting on your partner and want to do nothing but be with them. And to be able to miss Taehyung in a healthy way—not wondering where he's vanished off to 'miss'—feels good. It's a nice feeling of longing, not soul crushing or anything over-dramatic like Jeongguk had half been expecting. Feels good when they finally meet and Jeongguk can pull Taehyung into his arms and leave with lipstick kisses all over his face.

With the combine coming up, Jeongguk spends a lot of time thinking about his future. He thinks about what it could possibly be like to play basketball for a living, how far his career could go. It takes up the majority of his thoughts, picturing how his life could be if he got drafted. Basketball has always been a big love of his, he worked his ass off for it and has every newspaper clipping and article bookmarked that mentions him. He has his trophies and his plaques declaring how good he is, has the honour of being recognised as one of the best national players in South Korea.

But is it what he wants?

It's ultimately his decision, but he still speaks about it to his team, to Yoongi, to his coach, to other players he's met over the years. He puts a lot of thought into it, does his research but in the end it all comes down to how he feels.

It's late on a Friday night when he makes his decision, staring at the international number he has printed on his letter and with a deep breath, Jeongguk makes a call.

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Jeongguk waits patiently as Taehyung's receptionist notifies him that he's there, staring down at the bunch of lilacs in his hand. When the nice lady comes back and tells him he can go in, Jeongguk nods his thanks before heading on in. Taehyung's been hard at work lately and instead of being
needy and clingy, he's been trying to be more respectable about leaving him to it. He knows he has a
bad habit of guilting Taehyung into focusing more on him than work, even if it's subconscious.

"Hey, baby," he greets once he steps into the office, having only been there a handful of times.
Jeongguk preens when he sees a picture of himself on Taehyung’s desk. "Not disturbing you, am I?"

Taehyung pushes himself up from behind his desk, that beautiful smile on his face as he makes his
way over to him. "Never." He wraps his arm around Jeongguk's shoulders, pulling him in for a kiss
before his eyes drop to the flowers. "These for me?"

"Wouldn't be buying no one else flowers," Jeongguk teases, stealing another kiss.

Taehyung laughs against his lips before taking the flowers, setting them down on his desk.
"Everything okay? You don't usually come to the office."

"Yeah, well, I thought we should talk." Jeongguk realises how ominous that sounds when
Taehyung's smile dims a little and he quickly steps forward, shaking his head. "Nothing bad. Good
news, actually."

"Okay..." Taehyung leans back against his desk, arms folded over his chest.

Jeongguk's momentarily distracted, having not seen Taehyung in person for three days and now
seeing him, looking as beautiful as ever, he gets a little caught up in the idea of pressing his face into
his boyfriend’s midriff and feeling his soft tummy against his nose. Run his tongue along the barbell
in his belly button and—

No. Not the time. Another time, yes, but right now, no.

He takes a breath.

"I don't wanna play for the NBA." Jeongguk sees Taehyung's eyebrows lower immediately, mouth
opening to protest, but Jeongguk beats him to it. "Let me speak, Taehyung."

Taehyung's mouth snaps shut and Jeongguk can see the physical restraint for him to keep quiet. He
loves and appreciates him for it.

"I've given it a lot of thought, and at least for right now, it's... not something I want. Don't get me
wrong. I love basketball, but it's not my drive of life." He pauses to sigh, stepping a little closer. "I
keep picturing it, what could happen if I actually did get picked in the draft, signed with a team. I'd
have to move to America, start a life there. I know you told me to put myself first, to have more faith
in myself and not just think about us, but I'm allowed to think about us. I don't wanna be across the
world from you or my friends or my school." Jeongguk reaches for Taehyung, hands curling around
his biceps, eyeing him closely. Taehyung looks impassive, like he's trying to conceal how he feels,
but Jeongguk can see the wrinkle of worry between his eyebrows. "There's a difference between
risking it and doubting it and I just have too many doubts about doing it right now."

Taehyung's face finally breaks, his displeasure showing. "So you're doubting yourself still?"

"No, daddy, no, it's— I'm doubting I'll enjoy it. Yeah, playing basketball is great, but I'll be away
from everything else I love and basketball just isn't that life defining to me for me to lose that all," he
sighs, hands pulling at Taehyung's arms until he uncrosses them. "Basketball isn't the dream for me.
Maybe I thought it was and maybe in the future it could be, but for me, right now, it's just..." he
shrugs, "not."

"But—"
"Tae." Jeongguk steps closer, pushing himself against Taehyung's chest, pulling his arms around him. "My choice, remember? I thought about it, I really did. I feel good, knowing they think I'm good enough to be drafted. It's a nice ego boost. But it's just not for me."

Taehyung searches his face, body a little stiff before he sighs through his nose and wraps his arms more securely around Jeongguk and presses a kiss to his forehead. "Are you really sure?"

Jeongguk nods, slouching into his boyfriend's chest, making himself small. "Yes, daddy. Hundred percent."

"Alright. I'm proud of you for making a decision," Taehyung praises, smoothing a hand through the back of his hair. "And I'm sorry again."

"Me, too. But it all worked out in the end and I think it's all made us stronger. Strongest couple in the whole world."

"Oh yeah?"

Jeongguk nods, rubbing his chin against the bare skin of Taehyung's chest. "Yeah. We're unbreakable."

"Aren't you precious," Taehyung sighs, cupping Jeongguk's cheek and ducking down to meet his hunch so he can kiss him. "I love you, pretty boy."

"I love you, too, hyung."

It's silent for a long moment, the pair of them just staring at each other before Taehyung sighs again and looks over the top of Jeongguk's head. "Guess I'm gonna have to find another twink college boy to try and turn into an all-star athlete."

"Babe," Jeongguk whines, tightening his arms around Taehyung, pushing his face completely into his chest. "It was stupid, okay! I know."

"Can you leave now? I have to go boy watching."

"Taehyung!"

"Maybe I'll go for a soccer player this time."

"Stop." Jeongguk hauls Taehyung away from the desk with a growl, lifting him up and carrying him over to the couch across the room. "Not allowed to look at other boys. I'll trap you here forever."

Taehyung's laughing as Jeongguk throws him down and climbs on top of him, fighting to push him back. "What about Jimin? He'd be good."

"No!" Jeongguk yells, but he's grinning, digging his fingers into Taehyung's ribs, elated at the sound of his adorable giggle and pretty smile.

There's a knock at the door, but Jeongguk's too preoccupied to notice it until someone clears their throat. He and Taehyung look up to see Namjoon and Seokjin standing there and Jeongguk suddenly feels a wash of shame hit him as he recalls the last time he spoke to them. He looks down at Taehyung worriedly, hand curling around his waist, eyes wide with panic. What if they were here to tell Taehyung how he treated them? Would he be angry?

Taehyung seems to sense his panic and gently pats his chest before pushing him back so he can sit
Jeongguk doesn't know if that makes him feel any better. "You do?"

"Yeah," Taehyung chuckles.

After spending a moment just staring at Taehyung, he turns to the other two when they speak up. "You ready to go to lunch?" Seokjin asks, watching as Taehyung nods.

"Let me get my bag." Taehyung gets up from the couch and disappears into a side room, leaving Jeongguk alone with his brothers.

He feels sick.

"Um." Jeongguk coughs into his fist, palms suddenly sweating as he stands up, taking a few steps towards the two older Kim's. "I just want to say sorry, for how I acted last week. I shouldn't have treated you like that, it was disrespectful of me. I'm not sorry for being worried about Taehyung, but I am sorry for taking it out on you when you were just being good hyungs to him." He lowers himself in a bow, head low. "I hope you can forgive me."

He flinches when a hand squeezes his shoulder and rights him to stand. "No need to apologise, Jeongguk. We can't be angry at you for being worried about Taehyung. We were mad, too," Seokjin assures, giving his shoulder a little shake. "Plus, I really thought you were gonna punch Namjoon." He laughs, looking at his brother and Namjoon knocks him with an elbow.

Jeongguk's face burns hot. "No! No, I wouldn't have—!"

"I know," Namjoon jumps in with a grunt after pushing at Seokjin a few times, smoothing out his shirt, face relaxing when he looks at him. "You were just concerned. We would have done the same."

"I just wish I could have been here to see Jeonggukkie tell you to go fuck yourselves," Taehyung suddenly says, reemerging with a jacket and bag. Jeongguk cringes, bowing his head again, grumbling a quiet apology that has Taehyung squeezing his ass as he slides up beside him. "Don't be. I thought it was hot."

Jeongguk's head snaps up at that, just as Seokjin groans. "No, don't do this, Taehyung," he complains. "Can we just go to lunch?"

"Yeah, I need your advice on asking Jihee out," Namjoon adds.

"What? The girl that you've been trying to avoid for the last six months?"

"Yeah... She stopped calling me and I, maybe, kinda miss her?"

"Was that the girl from that charity event that time? The one you made Taehyung talk to?" Jeongguk asks, giving a bashful smile when Namjoon shoots him a look while the other two laugh.

"That's her, yeah. Don't judge me, okay."

The three of them start walking towards the door, Namjoon getting shoved between Taehyung and Seokjin and Jeongguk just watches, happy. "Have a good lunch!"

They stop and look back at him, Seokjin raising his eyebrows. "You not coming?"

Jeongguk blinks.
"Come on, we're getting sushi. Taehyung's treat," Namjoon insists, nodding towards the door.

He meets eyes with Taehyung who's staring at him expectantly, looking beyond amused. "C'mon, peach. I'll buy you all the shrimp tempura you want." He lifts up his arm and Jeongguk hurries over, tucking himself into his side snugly.

There was something really satisfying about being with Taehyung's family, all of them just assuming he was coming, not feeling the need to hand out an invitation. He'd been worried that he'd frayed whatever relationship he had with Namjoon and Seokjin, so having them treat him like he's a part of the family makes something hot burn in Jeongguk's chest. He remembers being upset when he'd met them at that charity ball without any preparation, how he'd gone over it for days, wondering if he said anything wrong, even when he and Taehyung were just friends. And now here he was, going out to lunch with them, now as Taehyung's boyfriend.

Jeongguk buries his smile against Taehyung's armpit.

Things were gonna be okay.

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It's coming up towards the end of the school year and he and Taehyung don't see each other as much as he'd like. It's not something that can be helped, though, and they're making the effort to see each other whenever they can, but that itch that always burns beneath his skin whenever Taehyung's too far away starts to surface.

He's been focused on his end of year exams, having multiple minor breakdowns over the fact that he'll soon be in his last year of college and once he graduates, he'll have to find a big boy job. He can't be a waiter forever. He'll have a degree that he hopes he'll be able to actually use, or might just end up falling head first into a full fledged meltdown.

Jeongguk always seems to get into one of these moods whenever Taehyung's not around. His boyfriend's fashion line is in full swing, having spent a lot of time drawing up sketches and making prototypes of clothes, sending them to Jeongguk for him to wear around, tell him if they're comfortable, if they wear well through the day. They look amazing and he loves being able to tell Taehyung that he's gotten so many compliments and questions about the clothes when he wears them around outside.

Still, it's hard. But he tries to keep in mind everything that's happened in the last month. How they spoke about being okay with not being together twenty-four seven, not focusing solely on each other. Doesn't make it any less hard, though. But he's doing better.

Way, way better.

It also hits him at some point that he's known Taehyung for half a year now, which just seems crazy. It seems crazy because it's gone by so fast, but at the same time, it feels like he's known Taehyung a lot longer. Half a year doesn't feel right.

Jeongguk feels like he's loved Taehyung forever.

He's reminded just how much he loves him every time he comes home from classes or practice to find his fridge stocked or a video game sat on his coffee table with a cute heart shaped note saying take a break x. That's just Taehyung. Even when he's swamped with work, he never fails to make sure Jeongguk knows he loves him and is thinking about him.

from: daddy
Jeongguk almost cries. He finished his last class yesterday and has just been waiting for Taehyung to have time free, so when he gets that text, he almost drops to his knees and thanks the lord.

Because, fuck.

A bitch needs this.

"Daddy?" He calls, kicking off his shoes, frantic. He practically raced the whole way there. May be expecting a speeding ticket, he thinks. "Fuck, get out here right now."

So, when Jeongguk said he was getting better with being away from Taehyung...

He fucking lied. But fuck it. He's needy, he can live with that.

Taehyung rounds the corner of the kitchen and says nothing when their eyes lock. Jeongguk throws his arms open with a grin, but it drops at the gait of Taehyung approaching him when he starts moving.

"Uh. Cuddle?"

They all but crash together when Taehyung reaches him and pushes him against the door, knocking a surprised moan out of Jeongguk's throat.

"Off. Off. Get this off," Taehyung growls against his lips as he yanks at Jeongguk's shirt, big hands circling his hips. "Get that fat dick in me right fucking now."

"Holy moly," Jeongguk squeaks, left to stumble after Taehyung when he drags him away from the door and up to his room.

Needless to say, the sex is pretty wild. And unexpected.

Laying in bed together, Jeongguk blinks up at the ceiling while Taehyung lays over his chest, propped up on an elbow and staring down at him, drawing patterns into his collarbone. "Well. That's one way to cuddle," he wheezes out, still trying to catch his breath.

Taehyung chuckles, skin sticky and hot where it's pressed against his. "We're cuddling now, aren't we? I wasn't lying."

Jeongguk laughs, weak and breathy. "Smooth, baby." He lifts his head when Taehyung shifts off of him and turns away, getting on his hands and knees. "What you doing?"

"What does it look like?" Taehyung sways his ass, come visible on his thigh and dips his back and bites his lips.

Well, fuck.

"I can't feel my legs."

"One more."
"Tae, I can't."

"Aw, poor baby needs a rest, huh? Fine, I'll take care of myself."

Shit.

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"Y-you're gonna be the death of me," Jeongguk wheezes out, face pushed into the pillow, two seconds away from passing out.

Taehyung crawls up his back, kissing up his spine before hooking his chin over his shoulder. "Move in with me."

Jeongguk's head snaps up from the pillow, neck turning to try and look at Taehyung, eyes wide. "What."

"Move in with me," Taehyung repeats, voice soft, lips still pink and swollen. "I'm tired of waking up without you. Don't get to see you when we're busy and I hate it."

If Jeongguk thought he had an issue with breathing before. "You're serious? You wanna live together?"

Taehyung nods, looking so certain. "I love you more than anything." He hooks his finger into Jeongguk's necklace and pulls it up against his own, connecting lock and key. "You're my whole world and I want you here. Every morning and every night."

Oh.

Oh god.

Oh god, here it comes.

"Honey, don't cry," Taehyung croons, shifting to lay on his side when Jeongguk lets out a sob and shoves himself into Taehyung like the toddler he is, leg kicking out.

"You r-really want me to m-move in?" Jeongguk pulls his head back, face crumpled, probably looking hideous. Taehyung may change his mind.

"I mean you practically live here already." Taehyung laughs softly, picking up in volume when Jeongguk only cries harder, roughly pushing his face into his boyfriend's neck. Taehyung holds him through it, chuckling into his hair and kissing his temple. "So, is that..."

"It's a big fucking yes!" Jeongguk answers, rubbing his snotty face against Taehyung's skin before pulling back and rolls on top of him. "Let's have sex again right now."

"Baby—"

"Let's just have sex and I'll make you come so hard." It's a lot less sexy when Jeongguk's crying, makes himself almost gag at one point, eventually just collapsing back on top of his daddy, who's desperately fighting back the urge to laugh while Jeongguk's fighting off the urge to pass out from being so overwhelmed. He's like one of those fainting goats.

God, he's such a moron.

But at least he's a moron who's gonna live with his boyfriend.
Jeongguk cries harder.

Chapter End Notes

Leaving the last chapter on angst hurt me more than I care to admit, but all is well now. It's not a good chapter unless Jeongguk cries from being so overwhelmed by Taehyung.

We're coming to an end soon, kids, maybe a couple of chapters left. No more angst, promise.

Here's my twitter if you're interested in me tweeting once in a blue moon!
As the movers take out the last of the boxes, Jeongguk stands in the middle of his empty living room and feels something heavy settle into his bones. It's not a bad feeling, he's beyond happy to live with Taehyung, it's something he's wanted for a long time. But leaving the first place he's ever lived alone, the place that he paid for himself with his own cash and put all of his own furniture in is something to feel something over. It feels like a sense of accomplishment that he managed to do that. He's also had some great memories here. Remembers his first week there and thinking it would be great, but immediately starting to miss the dorms.

Arms wrap around Jeongguk from behind and he leans back into the warm chest pressed up against his back. "You alright, baby?"

Jeongguk nods, curling his fingers around Taehyung's wrists to pull his arms tighter around him. "I'm good," he assures, eyes falling shut when Taehyung brushes a kiss over his ear. "Just saying goodbye."

"Are you sure you want to sell the place? Could talk to the landlord and keep it on the side if—"

"No, daddy." Taehyung pushes his nose against his ear, cutting himself off and Jeongguk smiles. "I don't want to hold onto it. I'm happy we're gonna be living together, I don't need this place anymore. It'd just be a waste of money."

He knows Taehyung wants to say something about money not being an issue, but instead just nods and tightens his arms around Jeongguk's waist. "I grew to like this place a lot. Liked staying over here with you. Always felt cosy. But maybe that was more because of you."

Jeongguk smiles and turns around in Taehyung's arms, reaching up to curl a hand around the back of his neck. "You're not having second thoughts, are you? Wanting me to keep the place in case you change your mind?" He's only half joking, a little worried that Taehyung will decide living with him is not something he wants to do after all. He wants to be open and honest and frank about it before they really do take this step.

But Taehyung's immediately shaking is head. "Been wanting to ask you for a while now. Being without you is what finally pushed me to do it." He leans in and presses their lips together and Jeongguk can taste the certainty on them. "Can't wait to live with you."

It's like string is tied to the corners of his lips as he feels himself full on grin, cheeks aching. Jeongguk slides his arm around Taehyung's neck to pull him closer, bumping their noses together. "I like the sound of that," he whispers. "It's hot."

Taehyung's eyebrows raise, smile amused. "Yeah? Getting you worked up?"

"Little bit," Jeongguk whispers and laughs quietly, taking another kiss. His smile softens as he rests his forehead against Taehyung's. "Really happy, hyung."

Taehyung's own smile relaxes, his hand sliding under the back of Jeongguk's shirt to run over his spine. His palm and fingers stretch out, pulling him closer and there's something strong and guiding about it that makes Jeongguk shudder. "I'm happy, too. Happier than I thought I could ever be."
There's so much raw honesty in Taehyung's voice that every little doubt he's had seems to melt away into his old flooring, one type of luggage he won't be taking with him to Taehyung's—

*Their* place.

When the movers announce that all of the boxes are in the truck, Taehyung's leaning against the kitchen counter, seemingly having his own moment with the place. It's got its memories attached to it, not just for Jeongguk, but Taehyung, too. For both of them as a couple and it's clearly something they're both thinking.

Jeongguk's mind runs through the ones that stand out the most. Taehyung collecting him for the first time. The time Jeongguk found him crying outside his door because he felt safe enough to come to him about it. Their first *real* kiss just down the stairs. Jeongguk's gifted necklaces. The memories pile up, the good, the bad, the intimate. It weighs on him, but it's something he gets to take with him.

With one last glance around the place, he gives the wall a pat of thanks and steps over to take Taehyung's hand in his, bringing it up to his lips to kiss his knuckles before he leads the way out. As he closes the door, he catches sight of the little crescents along the side and smiles to himself, lifting his hand to place his nails right over the corresponding indent.

*(Taehyung takes one sniff of him—dossed in FeBreze and his one good Armani aftershave—and smiles. "Aw. That why you took so long? Dolling yourself up for me?")*

Jeongguk splutters on a laugh, hand curling so tight in the side of his door that he wouldn't be surprised if he came away with wood chippings under his fingernails. He ignores the comment.)

"Hey, you know the first time you came over?" Jeongguk half asks, brushing his fingers over the door once more.

Taehyung muffles a quiet laugh. "Yeah, I remember."

Jeongguk grins and drops his arm to close the door, looking at his boyfriend as the locks engage. "Definitely dolled myself up for you."

With a soft tug, Taehyung pulls him closer and presses a smiling kiss against his lips before he starts for the stairs. "Cute."

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Moving in proves to be difficult. But not for the reasons he expected. Jeongguk finds himself jumping Taehyung anytime he suggests the most domestic thing.

"*Should we get cute little towels with our initials on them?*"

"*Baby, I was thinking we should pick out some new curtains together.*"

"*Can't right now, I'm making room in the closet for your stuff.*"

"*We still need to go grocery shopping.*"

Jeongguk is getting increasingly worried that whenever Taehyung mentions redecorating, he pops a boner.

Going to Home Depot is pure torture and Jeongguk wonders how inappropriate is that he's half rutting against Taehyung while they look over those paint sample cards.
"Oh, wow," Taehyung hums, cute glasses slipping down his nose as he pushes his ass back against Jeongguk's hard on. "You like the Ash Flat that much? Or is it the Black Evergreen that's doing it for you?"

"Kinda feeling that Starless Night, honestly," Jeongguk whispers back into Taehyung's neck, pressing a kiss behind his ear, staring down at Taehyung's pretty fingers while he nuzzles at his pretty hair.

Pretty, pretty, pretty.

Taehyung chuckles, reaching back with his free hand to scratch through Jeongguk's hair like he does when he's only got half his attention. "For the bedroom?"

Jeongguk whimpers. "No, for the living room."

"I thought you liked Sea Life for the living room."

"No, I like Sea Life for the hallway to the kitchen."

"I thought—"

"Daddy, oh my god, please stop. If you mention Enchanted or Mineral Alloy than I might come right now." Jeongguk's only half joking, honestly. He's been riled up since Grey Owl.

"You're dirty," Taehyung teases, pushes against Jeongguk's chest to knock him back. "Turned on by paint. You're sick."

Jeongguk huffs and paws at Taehyung's back, his ass—shit, his ass looks so good in his little shorts—and shuffles closer again. "Stop, you know that's not what it is."

"Do I? Seems to me you just wanna stick your dick in the Midnight Dream."

"It doesn't seem like that at all!" Jeongguk can see the smirk curling at the edge of Taehyung's mouth, knows he's teasing. "Tae, you know why I'm being like this."

Taehyung shrugs.

"Taehyung."

It's a little cruel, Taehyung knows exactly what he's doing. How he wants Jeongguk to admit all over again that he gets horny thinking about their future together like some loser. It is admittedly a little embarrassing, getting off on the idea of being in a fully committed relationship, sharing bills and stocking the cupboards and taking turns taking the trash out.

Fine.

Fine, he'll come out and say it.

He's turned on by the stability in his relationship.

And what.

Jeongguk smacks Taehyung's ass a little too hard, frustrated. "Stop," he whines. "You're being a jerk. Admit that you like it, too."

Taehyung purses his lips, still looking between two almost identical shades of teal. "Admit I wanna
"Okay, okay. I'm sorry. I like it, too."

Jeongguk turns and crosses his arms over his chest, eyes narrowed. "Say it."

Taehyung's still chuckling and it picks up when Jeongguk goes to step away again. They both know he won't really leave, just circle the store until Taehyung comes to get him. "I like the idea of doing this together. Decorating our home."

It makes Jeongguk shudder, the *our* sounding so pronounced and yeah, he really has a problem. He drops his arms. "You do?"

"Of course I do," Taehyung agrees, pulling Jeongguk back into him so he can wrap his arms around his waist, pressing a glossy kiss to his lips. "Makes me really happy." He rubs his hand along Jeongguk's waist, mumbling little apologies against his lips, knocking their noses together. "I'll make it up to you. We'll buy a new table just to fuck on it."

Taehyung's joking, he knows that.

Jeongguk laughs and scratches his temple.

It's a good one.

Really funny.

Taehyung raises his eyebrows, fringe lifting and he leans back a little to examine Jeongguk. "Oh wow, Jeongguk."

"What?!" Jeongguk squeaks, immediately defensive.

"You actually wanna buy a table and fuck on it."

"Well...! I— yeah, **now** I do! You've planted the idea in my head."

Taehyung tsks, turning back towards the paint cards. "That's just unsanitary."

Jeongguk gapes, knocking his knee against the back of Taehyung's to make him almost tip. "You've licked whipped cream off my balls," he hisses, keeping his voice low and checks that there's no one close by.

"That's different. I know where your balls have been."

They argue back and forth like this all the way to the checkout and Jeongguk even finds this nice. It's a little fight, a couple's tiff which never gets heavier than bickering about the colour of the carpet and whether or not they should actually get a new dining table.

In the end, they do get one.

And they totally fuck on it.
They don't do much for the summer, no trips, but spend their time together working on their relationship and their home. Jeongguk still has slip ups where he throws everything else away in favour of staying with Taehyung and Taehyung sometimes makes his choices for him before they both rectify it. They're not perfect, but they've never claimed to be and it feels really good to grow with Taehyung, to make their relationship even stronger. It feels like a very domesticated summer, spending their days decorating and by the time evening rolls around, they're beat and usually fall asleep on their couch with their dogs.

Their. Their, their, their.

Jeongguk still loves that. Our. Their. We. Us. It feels so good and he can't stop thinking about their lives together.

They're both very well aware that Taehyung can easily afford for this all to be taken care of for them, had it done for himself when he first bought the house, but they mutually decided that they really wanted to do the whole shebang themselves. There's definitely something cathartic about painting a wall a whole different colour, the wet peel of paint on the wallpaper satisfying. They've become so fixed on it that they fight over who can peel the tape off the skirting boards and wall trimmings once they're done.

It may be one of the most satisfying things Jeongguk's ever seen.

At one point, he thinks he and Taehyung get a little high from the paint fumes when they paint the guest bathroom. It's a lot of fun.

It dawns on Jeongguk at some point that maybe they should get out of the house, because while he's enjoying just decorating and being with Taehyung, maybe his boyfriend would actually like to do something this summer. So after one more wall, Jeongguk's eyes still taking in how cute Taehyung looks in a tied up shirt covered in paint splashes and belly exposed, he suggests the idea himself. Taehyung seems a little surprised but readily agrees.

Taehyung takes them to The Red Viper, a place Jeongguk's never been before, but has heard plenty about. It's a popular spot in his school, but it's known to be run by gangsters and Jeongguk's never wanted to fuck with that. But Taehyung tells him he knows the guy, calls him nice even, so what does Jeongguk know.

It is nice to get out, to wear clothes that don't smell like turpentine, to go out and have a good time with his boyfriend. To drink and dance and stare at Taehyung all night. Taehyung looks stunning—what's new—and Jeongguk can't help but feel a little bad when only an hour in, he's already ready to call it a night. Taehyung must take notice, because after one more song, his shoulders sag and his cute face scrunches up.

"Leave?"

Jeongguk sighs in relief and nods, follows close behind Taehyung, grateful for the fresh air on his heated face once they're clear of the club. "I'm sorry, daddy," he sighs. "Were you enjoying yourself? We can go back in."

"No, no," Taehyung waves off, pulling Jeongguk close and pulls him away from the two short bouncers by the door who keep shooting looks their way. "I wasn't into it either. Didn't really want to leave the house in the first place."

Jeongguk groans, because of course. Instead of talking about it, he'd just assumed he knew and Taehyung had just gone along with it because he'd thought it had been something he'd wanted. "I'm
"stupid."

"Why?"

"I didn't want to leave the house either."

Taehyung looks down at him when Jeongguk's head drops against his shoulder, eyebrows raised. "Then why did you ask?" Jeongguk fixes Taehyung a look and he seems to realise. "Ah. Could have finished the kitchen if you hadn't asked," he sighs out, teasing. "Maybe could have gotten a start on building the furniture for the office."

"Stop," Jeongguk whines, smacking Taehyung's chest. "You like partying, I was trying to be a good boyfriend."

"Yeah. Like you more, though." The way Taehyung says it is so casual, can hear how he purposely makes it sound light, but it still has Jeongguk grinning and pressing his face into the side of Taehyung's neck.

When they get back home, the house still warm and familiar in signs they haven't been gone long, Jeongguk offers Taehyung up the chance to peel the rest of the tape in payment for the reluctant trip. Taehyung agrees, but of course, when it's time, he pretends to be busying himself with something else and insists Jeongguk do it, and he's way too pleased to even call Taehyung out for his shit.

He wonders what his friends would think if they saw him getting excited about neat, paint free edges and flipping through home decor magazines.

Later in the night, the pair of them laying across one of the guest beds considering their room still smells too strongly of paint, Taehyung brings up the misunderstanding.

"You don't have to do things just because you think I want to, you know."

Jeongguk looks up from his phone, tilting his head back to look at Taehyung who's got his glasses perched on the end of his nose and book in hand. That's a cute thing Taehyung often does, reads before bed. "What do you mean?"

Taehyung lowers the book to his chest and gives him his attention, brow furrowed in worry. "Tonight. You suggested something you didn't wanna do just because you thought I did. And then I only agreed because I thought you wanted to go out."

Jeongguk drops his phone to the side and rolls over onto his side, propping his head up on his hand. "I know, I'm sorry—"

"No, no, don't need to be sorry, honey," Taehyung quickly cuts in, pushing his glasses up into his hair and reaches over to slide his fingers through Jeongguk's long fringe, sweeping it off his forehead. "I'm just..." he pauses to sigh, clearly unsure how to word what he wants and Jeongguk shuffles closer to wrap his arm around his waist over the covers.

"You just want us to communicate better?" Jeongguk supplies helpfully and Taehyung smiles.

"Yes. I just always want us to be on the same page, you know?"

Jeongguk does because he wants that, too. "Definitely. I love you, Taehyung." There's nothing more to say, not everything needs a big elaborate conversation, and just from a brief talk, Jeongguk feels better.
Taehyung seems momentarily taken back, but his cheeks soon pink as if he's hearing it for the first time all over again. "I love you, too."

With a smile, Jeongguk gets under the duvet and snuggles up into Taehyung’s side.

The bed is comfortable, but it's not their bed and he finds he already misses it. "Read to me?" he asks as he pillows his head on Taehyung's warm chest, rubbing his cheek against his silk pyjama top.

Taehyung kisses his head and does, voice soft and low and it easily lulls Jeongguk to sleep.

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When Taehyung finally releases his fashion line, PETAL, it's nothing big and extravagant, it's quiet and timid and Jeongguk's a little surprised. He'd been expecting a fashion show, runway and all, but Taehyung does the exact opposite. He builds his very own website with a few developers who are working their way out of college. It's not big and lavish and Taehyung pays them well. For some reason, it makes Jeongguk feel extra soft in the middle. He's so proud of Taehyung, having done this all himself. He very obviously has access to big companies, his grandfather's resources, but Jeongguk remembers the night that seemed like a lifetime ago when Taehyung quietly confessed he wanted his very own line and wanted to earn it himself.

And earn it himself he has.

His website is soft and straightforward, but exaggerated in the way that fits Taehyung entirely. Monochrome with pops of bubble gum pink and gold. His clothes are modelled by a variety of different people, ambiguous looking people in skirts and button downs, older women in deep plunging necklines, burly looking men wearing sequin covered dresses and kitten heels. Jeongguk's on there a few times, dressed in a floor length gown in one and a sharp suit in another.

Taehyung had hired photographers straight off of Instagram and editors from craigslist. He was with the process every step of the way, like a rookie building his business from the ground up and Jeongguk has seem him wear himself down to stubs, staying up late and night to work and work until Jeongguk's had to carry him out of his office chair and into bed.

The day of his website launch, there's a small party at their house where a select few people who worked on the project, along with Taehyung's brothers and grandfather all come to watch the website go live. Jeongguk can see the nerves on Taehyung's face as he stands behind the computer, looks a little pale, even under his makeup. Jeongguk knows how anxious daddy is, how he's been close to making himself sick with worry over the thought that no one will like what he's done. He'd hardly eaten dinner last night and hadn't even touched breakfast this morning.

"Ready?" one of the website developers asks Taehyung. He's sat right behind the computer, code on the screen, waiting for the orders to bring the website to life.

Taehyung doesn't say anything for a long moment, just frowns at the screen, face carefully controlled, because he doesn't like anyone seeing him looking anything but composed. But Jeongguk’s lucky and he's seen the rawness of it. Jeongguk's sitting on the desk, eyes never leaving Taehyung’s face and when those beautiful eyes turn on him, the panic is clear.

Jeongguk smiles and remembers the night of his championship and mouths three words.

"You've got this."

Taehyung’s face seems to smooth out for a moment, and in that second, it's just the two of them in the room. Jeongguk feels his chest blossom as he physically watches the calm take over in
Taehyung's eyes before they turn back to the screen with determination.

"Do it."

There's a few seconds of silence, minus some clicking, quick refresh and then—

"We're live."

Taehyung seems to sag with relief, almost like he can't believe it's actually happened and it's a beautiful moment. There's no party, no confetti or cake. It's small and private. A tiny celebration for such a big dream. It's not fake and over the top like all the big events and galas Taehyung takes him to, no tight smiles and small talk. Everyone there is pleased and happy for each other, happy for Taehyung and it sends something fierce blazing in Jeongguk's heart.

Jeongguk doesn't rush to get his hug and kiss in, he sits and bides his time, watches Taehyung talk and look so pleased and soft. He still never takes his eyes off of him, can't seem to look away from the sheer glow Taehyung has around him, how he radiates happiness and light like he's the sun.

Watching him talk to Sangchul makes his chest warm, seeing how young Taehyung looks under his grandfather's praising eyes. The love he has for Taehyung is so obvious on his face you'd be able to see it from space. He gets teary at one point and Jeongguk pretends he didn't see when Sangchul turns away to wipe at his eyes with a fancy looking handkerchief.

Namjoon and Seokjin don't hesitate to crush Taehyung between them, ruffling his hair and knocking him about in the most affectionate way possible. Taehyung looks like such a child tucked between his family, but in the best way possible. He looks so proud, so happy to have his family's support and the smile he sends them is stunning.

It's not until later, when everyone has left and it's just the two of them again that Jeongguk gets his chance and he does it by gently pressing Taehyung down on their bed and whispers how proud he is and how much he loves him, pressing the words into his boyfriend's skin until he feels him shudder like the words are echoing around inside his ribs and vibrating his body.

"Gukkie," Taehyung breathes, long fingers threading through Jeongguk's hair. Jeongguk's barely touched him and he sounds so beautiful ruined. "Up."

Jeongguk obeys, slides up Taehyung's body and fits their lips together, sighs into the kiss and pushes everything he's feeling into it.

There's something so wonderful about being happy for someone else, being proud of someone and seeing them get to a place they wanted to get to. Of course he's been happy for friends and family before, the underdog in a movie, a love song that ends nicely, but this is entirely different. The magnitude of what he's feeling right now is beyond anything he's felt before, even for himself. It burns in him like a fire, like heavy waves rolling inside his blood, but despite that, he still touches Taehyung like his skin is as delicate as petals.

It's slow when he eventually pushes into Taehyung. Everything is quiet and it's hushed, there's no power play or teasing remarks. Everything is slow and far from rushed. Jeongguk takes the time to pull Taehyung apart, unravel the tension that's still in his shoulders and soothe his bitten lips from where he's been chewing them raw all day.

"So proud of you, daddy," Jeongguk breathes softly against the edge of Taehyung's jaw, fist curled around his cock to pull him off slowly, Jeongguk buried deep, hips rocking to the pace of his fingers. "Worked so hard."
Taehyung's moans keep cracking, breaking pitch from low to high. There's mascara smeared around the corners of his eyes, a dark puddle that drips towards his ear. His hand slides up from Jeongguk's ass to cup the back of his neck, pulling him in for a kiss and Jeongguk melts into it easily, pouring everything he can't say into it, listening to the sounds of their necklaces clinking together with each slide of his body over Taehyung's.

When Taehyung comes, his back arches in a bow, thighs shaking around Jeongguk's hips and spills over his hand with the prettiest moan Jeongguk's ever heard, licks it out of Taehyung's mouth to taste. His own cock pulses and Taehyung slings a wobbly leg around the back of his thighs to pull him closer as Jeongguk spills inside him with a whimper buried into warm, lilac scented skin.

Everything is warm and gentle and he doesn't stop telling Taehyung how much he loves him, how proud of him he is until sleep eventually takes them.

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The sound of the water moving and rippling is the only sound in the bathroom, Taehyung's arm wading through the water as he traces long fingers over Jeongguk's chest. They're both soaking in the tub, Jeongguk leaning back against Taehyung's chest, head tipped back against his shoulder. Everything smells nice and his skin looks shimmery from the liquid gold stuff daddy poured into the water.

Jeongguk has been getting a pretty consistent cramp in one of his calves for the last week from practicing with the guys outside of school, and at the suggestion of his boyfriend to have a hot bath to relax his muscles, he forced Taehyung to have one with him. It's all warm and calm and Jeongguk fights off the sensation to doze off.

Taehyung's chest is warm and solid behind him, can feel the edge of his nipple bar against his shoulder blade and the press of his belly ring down his spine. Sharp nails trail patterns over his collarbone and smooth legs rub against his own. He's surrounded in Taehyung and it's perfect. Jeongguk wonders if this feeling will ever wear off, where he's just so intoxicated with everything involving Taehyung. People have teased him about the honeymoon stage but, really, if you love someone that much, you should never stop getting all googly eyes for them.

Jeongguk thinks he's answered his own question there. Definitely won't wear off.

"What you thinking?" Taehyung breaks the silence to ask, though his voice is always such a soothing register it almost melts in with the muted sounds of the water.

"How many times do I have to answer that, do you think, before you realise it's always going to be the same response."

He can feel Taehyung smile against his temple. "Humour me."

Jeongguk tightens his hand around the side of Taehyung's knee pressed up against his thigh. "You, daddy."

Taehyung hums, pressing a kiss to the heated skin of his temple. "Good. Just checking."

"Tae?"

"Baby."

"How many other serious relationships have you been in?" Jeongguk tips his head back a little more so he can see Taehyung's face, nosing at his jaw. He knows it's a little left field, the topic, but it's
something he's been thinking about.

Taehyung doesn't take long to answer. "None, this is my first one."

It definitely surprises Jeongguk a little, but he can't deny that he's happy to hear that. "Really? But you're perfect."

"Stop it," Taehyung chuckles, ignoring Jeongguk's pout at the protest. "I'm far from perfect. And I was always a very guarded person. Didn't let people get too close."

Jeongguk knows this, saw it himself when he first met Taehyung. He watched the barriers slowly come down around him, and to this day, it's one of the things he cherishes the most.

The curtains are always open for him.

"I could never fully put my trust in the people I dated. Never felt... entirely comfortable. It's one thing to be comfortable in yourself, but it's another to feel truly comfortable around other people. I'm sure you know that, don't you, pretty?" Taehyung asks gently and Jeongguk nods quickly. He understands that feeling very, very well.

"Do you think that's why we work so well together?"

Taehyung inhales slowly, lifting his eyes to stare ahead of him, clearly contemplating it. "I think it played a part in it at first, maybe helped, but no. I wouldn't give that credit to why you and I work so well." Taehyung lifts his other hand away from the rim of the tub to push Jeongguk's hair back out of his face when a few wet strands start to droop over his forehead. "As cliche and overplayed as it may sound, I knew there was something very special about you from the moment I saw you getting upset while trying to buy groceries."

Jeongguk's entire neck burns up at the memory. Still to this day he can't help but feel a little embarrassed by it, that that was their first initial meeting. "Why did you step in?"

"Cause you had a cute ass," Taehyung shoots back almost immediately, face serious but it breaks into a grin when Jeongguk whines. "I didn't like the way the girl behind the register was talking to you. I could see you getting more and more flustered and you were just trying to buy yourself some food and she, well, was being an asshole."

Jeongguk never did go back to that particular store.

"Plus, it wasn't entirely selfless. I also wanted to talk to the cute boy with tattoos and an unhealthy obsession with shrimp ramyeon," Taehyung adds on and Jeongguk giggles, burying his face into the side of daddy's neck.

Oh god, here he goes, sounding like a thirteen year old. But he just has to ask. "You really thought I was cute?"

Taehyung scoffs. "Of course I did. Thought you were beautiful. I kind of knew you weren't actually coming on to me and were genuinely just being nice."

Jeongguk lifts his head at that, lips parting. "Really?! So... all this time, you knew that you were the one who technically initiated it."

"Of course."

It's Jeongguk's turn to scoff and he gently pinches the skin around Taehyung's thigh to make him half
laugh, half yelp. "You sneak."

"C'mon, let's be real. If I'd just let you pay me back, would you have done anything else? Would you have asked me out on a date?"

Dammit. "No... but I would have wanted to! You just made me too nervous. Thought you were way out of my league. Still do."

Taehyung smiles and it lights up his whole face. He grabs Jeongguk by the jaw, squeezing his cheeks together and ducks his head to smack a kiss against his lips. "Always so honest. Always loved that about you, you know."

Jeongguk tilts his chin up to keep their lips attached. "What else do you love about me? And don't say my ass."

"Oh, well then nothing."

"Taehyung."

Taehyung's momentarily blank face softens back into that pretty smile. "Everything, baby. There's not one part of you I don't love, even the parts you struggle with, the parts you don't like, the ones you're working on. I love all of them, because they all make up you."

Jeongguk stares for a long moment before he eventually turns back without a word, folding his arms across his chest and juts his chin out, not moving.

Keep it together.

He can see Taehyung leaning around to peek at him from the corner of his eye. "Need a minute?"

Jeongguk nods. He just. Has something in his eye, is all. Once he's sure it's safely gone and he's composed, he sniffs and squeezes Taehyung's thigh. "Daddy." When he gets a soft hum, he continues. "What was your first impression of me? Like what were the first words that came to your head when you saw me."

Taehyung takes his time to think about it. "My first impression was that you seemed sweet. And I wondered if you were often misunderstood."

They both know that Jeongguk was, but it's a little strange thinking about it now. Taehyung's right. All this time, they never bonded over being different, was never something they actually talked about. Maybe it played a part, but it wasn't a structure of their foundation. Something about it makes him happy, because they didn't fall together out of a common negative they both shared, just fell together because. They worked well together, built their relationship on something warm and solid but never really anything negative. There was no resentment there for the world.

Jeongguk finds he likes that a lot.

"What about me? What did you think of me when you first saw me?" Taehyung asks, fingers curling in the front of Jeongguk's chain. "Be honest."

"I thought you were beautiful. But you intimidated me with how confident you were. I couldn't stop staring at you." He still remembers the dress Taehyung had worn, the glitter he had on his eyelids, the bottle of wine he'd bought. "Maybe subconsciously I wanted to keep talking to you, that's why I asked for your number. Because I was sure as hell scared."
"Scared?" Taehyung repeats, and Jeongguk can hear the pout in his voice. "Don't want you to be scared of me."

Jeongguk quickly shakes his head, almost headbutting Taehyung in the process. "Not of you, baby," he amends, curling his fingers under the back of Taehyung's thigh. "I'd just never met someone like you before. Like I said, I was intimidated by how effortlessly confident you seemed. It scared me how much I wanted to be around you right away. It's like you were the sun and I was just trapped in your orbit. But willingly, you know? I just had to know you." When the silence stretches on, Jeongguk cranes his head back to look at his boyfriend's face. "Tae?"

Taehyung looks a little spaced out, but at the sound of his name, warm eyes turn down on him and he smiles. "You had to?"

He swallows and nods, reaching back to slide his hand around the back of Taehyung's neck. "**Had** to. Best decision I ever made, following you out of the store."

There's something dancing behind Taehyung's eyes, something bright, but before Jeongguk can ask what he's thinking about, Taehyung kisses his temple and pats his chest, ushering him out of the bath and once he tucks Jeongguk in bed, warm and soft, he excuses himself to work in his office.

Later on, when Jeongguk goes to check on him, Taehyung's bent over his desk, scribbling away furiously on a notepad and doesn't seem to mind when Jeongguk curls up on the couch in the corner, unable to sleep alone.

Must be that gravitational pull.

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When Namjoon and Seokjin first invite him out, Jeongguk assumes that it was him and Taehyung, but when Namjoon confirms that no, it was just him, he almost sent himself into a panic. It's not that he had any problems with the two other Kim's, he loves them, but the only time they've really been alone together have been under stressful situations, so maybe it's his natural reaction to be preparing himself for the worst.

But of course, it turns out just fine and there was nothing for him to worry about. Namjoon and Seokjin take him out to dinner, the drinks start flowing and it's a nice evening. Fun in a way he never expected to have with Taehyung's brothers without Taehyung there, too. Maybe Namjoon and Seokjin felt the same way and it's why they invited him out.

"I feel like— I feel like we gotta do the big brother talk," Seokjin slurs after they've settled in some quiet bar across from the restaurant they'd eaten at. It's lavish and quiet, a jazz bar and doesn't really suit three guys giggling away in a booth, drunk.

"Big brother talk?" Jeongguk repeats, too drunk for his own good. The kind of drunk where no amount of ibuprofen he takes later can stop the hangover he has waiting for him in the morning. "George Orwell? Or the show?"

Namjoon's shaking his head and loosening his tie and it would look a little intimidating if he hadn't been trying to get the knot undone for the last ten minutes. "No, no. Hyung means like— we're Taehyung's big brothers, and you're his boyfriend, so we gotta give you the talk."

"Ohhhh." Jeongguk's head dips slowly like a bobble head and he frowns. "Isn't it a bit late for that? Been together a while now."

"But with Taehyung wanting—" Namjoon starts, but Seokjin cuts him off with a loud spluttering of
coughing and Jeongguk quickly reaches over to slap at his back.

"You alright, hyung?"

Seokjin nods, glaring at Namjoon, entire face red. There seems to be a silent conversation before Seokjin turns his attention back on Jeongguk. "What were we saying?"

Namjoon has his lips rolled into a thin line, wide eyes directed down to his glass in his hand.

Jeongguk frowns, looking between the pair before he leans back in his seat. "I was saying that me and Taehyung have been together a while now..."

"Yeah, I know, but maybe we should do it, anyway?" Seokjin seems to be asking him rather than telling him and after a moment, and another shot of tequila, Jeongguk decides that yeah, they're just doing their duties, they should totally do it. So with a nod, Seokjin clears his throat, face stoic and continues. "What... are your intentions with our brother?"

Jeongguk straights in his chair like he's being interviewed for a job. A job he already, technically has, really. He steeples his fingers and narrows his eyes. "To make him happy."

Seokjin melts immediately, propping his chin up on his hand with a croon, like he's entirely forgotten what he was even doing. "Aw. That's so sweet. You really do make him happy, you know. He never stops talking about you. Right?" Seokjin looks at Namjoon and reaches over to slap his arm. "Hey."

Namjoon flinches, mumbling something Jeongguk doesn't catch. "He's right," he agrees, giving his tie one last pull before he gives up on it and downs the last of his drink. "Even now, we can always see how happy he is whenever he talks about you. It's nice to see."

Hearing that, Jeongguk's little interviewee act vanishes and he sags in his seat. He slumps so far down that his ass is almost off the chair, but he's too busy melting to care. "Really? He looks happy when he talks about me?"

"Oh my god, yes!" Seokjin says immediately, nodding frantically. "He doesn't stop smiling. It should be gross, but we've never seen him as happy before, so we give it a pass."

Jeongguk almost slips out of the chair completely.

It only takes another two drinks before Jeongguk's crying and asking to be taken home, sniffling and just wanting Taehyung.

The driver doesn't even get the chance to stop the car before Jeongguk's stumbling out of it, hurrying across the driveway. Taehyung must have been expecting him or heard the car, because he's got the door open before Jeongguk's finished crawling up the steps with assistance from his hands like a child.

"Daddy," he cries and slams into Taehyung's body with all the force of a drunken, lovesick man and immediately peppers kisses all over Taehyung's neck while Taehyung attempts to balance him.

"What did you do to him?" Taehyung calls out to where Namjoon and Seokjin are still waiting, Seokjin standing through the sun roof while Namjoon's half out of the car.

"Nothing! We did nothing! We brought him home to you in one piece."

"He's drunk."
"Still in one piece!"

Jeongguk’s too focused on kissing Taehyung's perfect little ear to really pay attention, and when he's soon pulled into the house, he doesn't fight it. If Taehyung's moving somewhere, so is Jeongguk.

"I love you so much, Tae," he's still blubbering. He feels a little sick, his head is already hurting, but as long as he has Taehyung, his Taehyung who's happy when he talks about him to other people, then Jeongguk will be just fine.

He'll be a-o-fucking-kay.

He's only crying because he's drunk.

But in the morning, if he wakes up next to the toilet and finds Taehyung propped up right next to him, fast asleep and Jeongguk ends up bursting into tears, completely sober...

Well.

Nobody has any proof.

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The months slip easily into one another and Jeongguk's so, so fucking happy, dude.

Senior year is fast approaching and as scary as that is, he feels good about his last year of school, knows it'll kick his ass but he's working hard toward something he wants. He doesn't regret not going for the draft, something he can tell Taehyung still worries about, can see him side-eye him whenever they watch NBA games together on TV. But he still feels good about his choice, is happy to work towards becoming a physical therapist. It's challenging and he enjoys it.

For his birthday, Taehyung spoils him fucking rotten. Boxes and boxes of presents wait for him when he wakes up in the morning and it feels like Christmas. He feels a little like a toddler, sat on the floor opening up gift after gift, gasping and showing them to Taehyung as if he wasn't the one who bought each present. Taehyung sits on the couch and watches, petting at Jeongguk's hair every now and then, rubs at his back, wishes him happy birthday and tells him he loves him.

Jeongguk manages not to cry. It's really, really close, but no cigar.

He's learning to control his emotions better.

Taehyung takes him out to dinner, a big, over the top restaurant that's painfully obnoxious but it's become one of Jeongguk's favourites. They're dressed to the nines and he can easily say it's the best birthday he's ever had. Though he knows Taehyung struggles to keep one-upping himself. He treats Jeongguk like it's his birthday everyday, so he's really made it a competition for himself. And Jeongguk's only human. He likes Taehyung spoiling him and fawning over him.

"Twenty-two," Taehyung sighs as he takes a sip of wine. "What's twenty-two looking like for Jeon Jeongguk?"

Jeongguk smiles as he cuts a piece of steak with little force. This shit just melts. "I dunno yet," he hums. "Just take it one day at a time."

Taehyung stares at him for a long moment before he returns to his own dinner. "You've changed a
lot, you know. Really grown as a person." Pretty eyes lift back onto him and he's given another present. A smile. "I'm proud of you."

Jeongguk’s cheeks flare hot, but he's far from embarrassed. The praise makes him tingle, feels deserving of it because he agrees, he thinks he's evolved a lot since this time last year. He's been working on it, so to hear it from the person he loves the most, who's opinion means the most—Jeongguk feels like he's glowing.

"Thank you, daddy..." Maybe he's a little bashful. "That really means a lot."

Taehyung shoots him a wink and brushes his foot against his ankle under the table.

Dinner is perfect. Taehyung orders him everything he loves and keeps it coming until Jeongguk's fit to burst, almost tempted to pop open the button of his fancy slacks.

But then the lights dim a little and the soft chorus of *Happy Birthday* starts and yeah, Jeongguk's definitely got room for cake.

As a group of waiters slowly make their way over, balancing this beautiful looking cake with icing ruffles and sparklers, Jeongguk sits up straight in his seat, shooting Taehyung a smile big enough to make his face hurt and feels a mixture of happy and shy when the people around the restaurant join in on singing, people even getting up to take pictures. Maybe it's silly, but Jeongguk really likes it. He's always been a little jealous whenever he's seen someone get a cake brought out to them, being sung to and then cheered on as you blow out the candles. People may find it embarrassing, but Taehyung must have pulled all this together and it makes his chest warm as the pretty cake is set down in front of him.

Jeongguk squeezes his eyes shut when he's told to make a wish, already knowing exactly what he wants.

*To be with my Taehyung forever.*

Filling his lungs with air, he blows his candles out and opens his eyes when he smells burnt wax and hears nothing but cheers. Bunching his shoulders up happily, he sends a grin up to everyone around him, waiting for someone to cut the cake so he can dive in, but no one's moving, just staring at him. His smile dims a little and he looks over to Taehyung, wonders if maybe he's supposed to say something, give a speech. But Taehyung's not in his seat.

He's on one knee next to Jeongguk.

Every single one of his organs seems to seize up at once and drop way down into his gut like he's on a rollercoaster, heart suddenly pounding as everything gets very quiet around them. Or Jeongguk's pulse in his ears is just deafening, drowning everything out.

"Jeongguk..." Taehyung's starts, pretty, pretty eyes staring at him.

Jeongguk's eyes snap down to the box in Taehyung's hand. A little white, velvet cube with a gold latch, watches as Taehyung slowly opens it to reveal a ring—

Oh god.

"Oh god."

"I love you very much..." Taehyung's still going, but Jeongguk can hear him perfectly. He can't hear his heart anymore. Has it stopped?
"Stop," Jeongguk squeaks in disbelief, chest heaving quickly. "Oh god." He twists in his chair, feels his hands shaking and reaches out to meet Taehyung's other hand halfway when it stretches towards him.

Is he about to faint?

Did his fucking wish just come true?

"You mean everything to mean, baby. I've never been certain about my future. I'm still not. But I've always been certain about you." Taehyung's eyes are open and beautiful, like the whole front wall of the house has been ripped down so he can see everything, see that Taehyung means every single word.

Jeongguk's heart feels swollen, like it's getting too big for his ribs, for his chest and it's about to burst out of him. He squeezes Taehyung's hand between both of his, knuckles turning white. His eyes are dry despite how heavy he can feel tears pressing down on the back of them. It's like his body's holding them back so he won't miss a second of this, of Taehyung—

"—you're the best part of me, sweetheart—"

—proposing to him.

Jeongguk chokes on a dry sob, scoots as close to the edge of his chair as he can. There's a thick lump in his throat and he doesn't think he can properly swallow. "Daddy," he husks out, almost silent, but Taehyung gives him this beautiful little smile in return.

"You're..." Taehyung sucks in a slow breath, licks his lips and Jeongguk can see that his eyes are starting to shine. Jeongguk whines softly and lifts one hand to cup his cheek, cradles it as daddy leans into his palm and continues. "Y-You're my home, you know? I... I've spent the last three weeks trying to write out how I'd do this, but nothing ever felt enough to tell you how much I love you."

"I love you," Jeongguk breathes. He feels like he's brimming over with love and has to bite his lip to keep it all contained, hopes it at least shows in his eyes.

"I know you do, petal," Taehyung says, voice gentle. "I know how much you love me. I can feel it every time you look at me. That makes me such a lucky person, that I can feel it and see it and taste it, even. Smell it."

Jeongguk remembers the night he gave Taehyung his necklace, how his biggest goal was for Taehyung to know he loved him without even saying it. And here he was, not just telling him, but telling the world that he knows he's loved and something about that makes Jeongguk burn so bright that his skin feels like it could melt off his bones.

Taehyung presses his cheek further into his hand as he kisses the heel of his palm before straightening his head again. "Jeon Jeongguk," he continues and Jeongguk's eyes briefly go down to the ring, glittering under all the lights. He holds his breath and looks back up at Taehyung, hand dropping to his chest to grab at his shirt.

Steady.

Calm.

Easy.
"Will—"

"Yes."

Taehyung stills on the next word and a grin stretches over his face. He blinks and a tear spills down his cheek and Jeongguk's all but jittering in his seat, desperate to move. "You gotta let me ask properly, baby."

Right, yes. Jeongguk takes a breath and nods, the pressure behind his eyes heavy.

"Will you—"

"Yes!"

"—marry me," Taehyung finishes in a breathless laugh as Jeongguk flings himself out of his chair and down onto the ground.

Jeongguk grabs the lapels of Taehyung's jacket and kisses him, frantic and—wet? Why is it wet, why—

Oh, he's crying.

Shocking.

"I love you, I love you, I love you," he whispers against Taehyung's lips between kisses, grabs at either side of his neck and briefly wonders how inappropriate it would be to just shove Taehyung down here. There's cheering and applause, but it all sounds so distant to Jeongguk, like walking by a stadium full of people, voices echoing. He feels so full with emotion, happiness bubbling out of him and singing under his skin and his body can't process anything else but the man in front of him.

Taehyung's still grinning, kisses more teeth than lips but Jeongguk doesn't mind. Just like Taehyung doesn't mind that Jeongguk's getting snot and tears everywhere, just kisses him right back and holds him steady so they both don't tip over. Eventually, he gently eases Jeongguk back, just enough so he can reach between them and pull the ring out from the box.

"I need that hand," Taehyung encourages, barely getting a chance to finish before Jeongguk all but shoves it at him, fingers still shaking. The thick band is cool when it slides along his finger, so bright against the ink on his skin. It fits perfectly, but that's not surprising in the least. It's Taehyung, of course it'd be exactly the right size. It's beautiful and knowing that he gets to wear it forever, that Taehyung bought it for him to wear forever makes his head light.

Jeongguk swallows, barely able to catch his breath. Now that he's started crying, he can't stop and the light hitting the diamonds makes his finger look it's covered in tiny headlights. "I love it," he manages to choke out, still watching Taehyung's fingers on his own, certain the image of him sliding the ring on will forever be burned into the back of his wet eyelids. He sniffs and looks up, forcing himself to blink the blur away so he can see Taehyung again. "I love it so much, Taehyung. I love you, holy fuck."

Taehyung's smile is more blinding than the ring and he pulls Jeongguk back in for another kiss. It's so heavy and full of emotion that Jeongguk is breathless after just a few seconds, sagging into Taehyung and crushing him against him.

His wish came true. They're engaged. Taehyung's gonna be his husband one day.

Hah.
Wow.

How cool.

He's gonna marry Taehyung.

Nice.

Not a fucking thing can stop Jeongguk from passing out this time.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, it's finally finished. This was, wow. Started this way back in April of 2017, almost two years ago. It was originally going to be just one smutty one shot, I don't know how it got to this, over 100k words. I've met some amazing people through this fic, heard amazing stories of people telling me about their experiences with confidence and gender and it blows my mind.

I have to say, getting this story out was hard because it's never really been heavily plot driven, just mushy days in the life of these two cuties. It definitely negatively impacted me not having a structure, being impatient to post, so hopefully I can learn from this.

Thank you so much for all the support, all the messages, art, mood boards, I'm so highly appreciative. You're all my little petals. I love you all.

Feel free to faint with me on twitter!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!