Late Bloomer

by LulaWrites

Summary

Given that he’d made it into adulthood without having ever experienced any dynamic-related instincts or pre-heat symptoms, Jungkook (and the rest of society) had naturally assumed the maknae was a Beta. Turns out they were wrong.

(Or, the one where Jungkook goes into heat unexpectedly and subsequently gets coddled by his affectionate hyungs.)
Jungkook pokes at the white mountain of rice listlessly, trying to summon up both the energy and the appetite to finish his breakfast.

Gods, he’s tired. It’s been a long week for all of them, with variety show appearances crammed into their already-busy schedule, and between the pressure of live radio show performances and trying to get the hang of the choreography for their new song, he feels like he’s pushed his body to the max. It’s the weekend now, though, and the managers have promised them a rare day off to use at their leisure. Jungkook’s already planning on coaxing Tae into staying bed for a marathon of cartoons and cuddling; his Omega hyung never says no to the promise of a pyjama day.

“Kookie?” Jin’s hand settles on the back of his neck, the older Beta pausing in cleaning up the table when he notices the maknae’s still-full bowl. “What’s wrong, aren’t you hungry?”

Jungkook shakes his head, laying down his chopsticks with a sigh. In truth, there’s an uncomfortable sort of tightness in his abdomen and across the small of his back that’s making him feel faintly nauseous, and he just doesn’t find the idea of food particularly appealing right now.

At the quiet note of concern in Jin’s voice, both Yoongi and Namjoon pause in their conversation on the other side of the table, glancing across at him. Jungkook tries not to fidget at their dual concerned gazes – having the full attention of one Alpha was often unsettling enough, but two at once makes his insides squirm in a way they only tend to when he’s in trouble.

“You’re a little warm,” Jin murmurs, his cool-fingered hand moving from Jungkook’s neck to press against his brow. “Are you feeling sick, baby?”

The younger man shakes his head again, but can’t help leaning into the other’s touch. Jin’s hands always feel good; as a Beta, his hyung has a knack for calming and soothing others, a natural talent which Jungkook envies greatly (because no matter how hard he tries, he’s really not very good at being the voice of reason in any situation). Jin always seems to know what to do or what to say when Namjoon is arguing with Yoongi, or if Hobi’s having a bad day, or if Jimin’s feeling anxious – he’ll slip up behind them (or place himself between the two Alphas if they’re fighting) and soothe their tempers and worries with quiet words and gentle hands, and it’s seriously like magic. The rest of the hyung-line might be Alphas, but there’s no question as to who’s really in charge of their pack.

“I’m fine, hyung,” he reassures quickly, because he can practically feel Namjoon’s concern radiating from across the table. “Just tired, I guess.”

Jin makes a noise of sympathy, wrapping an arm around the younger man’s shoulders as he stoops to brush a kiss against his temple. “It’s still early,” he reasons. “Why don’t you go back to bed for a little while? I know for a fact that Tae won’t be downstairs for at least another few hours.”

Canting a little to the side so that he’s leaning into the hug, Jungkook hums noncommittally. Curling up in bed certainly sounds tempting, but there’s also a part of him that’s reluctant to stray too far from Jin’s side, which is an unusually clingy instinct for him. Normally Tae’s the one who can’t stand to be apart from any of them for long periods of time; Jungkook normally quite enjoys a bit of solitude in between their packed schedule hours.
“Are you guys done yet?” Hoseok asks cheerfully, striding into the kitchen with his jacket on and his bag slung over one shoulder. “Sejin-hyung’s waiting for us in the car.” The Alpha pauses behind Jungkook’s chair, stroking a hand through the Beta’s hair, fingers rubbing at his scalp in a casual caress. “Morning, Kookie.”

Jungkook feels his muscles go lax at the touch, head tilting back just a little as he sighs softly. “Morning, hyung.” He blinks then, glancing between the three assembled Alphas. “Wait. Are you seriously going to the studio on our day off? Hyuuuuung…”

“Only for a few hours,” Yoongi tells him fondly, grabbing his jacket and backpack from the chair nearby. “Joonie and I want to get this last track finished before we start the MV shooting later this week.”

“And I’m meeting with the new dance troop this morning to go over our show choreography,” Hoseok apologises. At Jungkook’s sulky pout, he smiles and tugs gently on the youth’s dark hair. “Hey. I’ll be back before dinner, I promise.”

“We’ll watch a movie together tonight,” Namjoon tells him, coming around the table to share a brief kiss with Jin before leaning down to brush his lips against Jungkook’s cheek. “Be good for Jin-hyung, okay?”

The three Alphas leave, shouting a cheerful goodbye upstairs on their way out the door (which goes unanswered, so presumably both Jimin and Tae are still asleep). Jungkook has to fight the urge whine at the loss of Hoseok’s hand in his hair, the skin on the back of his neck still tingling from Yoongi’s affectionate squeeze, his cheek feeling flushed in the wake of Namjoon’s lips.

What the hell is wrong with him?

He never usually gets this flustered about skinship. As a pack, they’re pretty openly affectionate with one another, and while it isn’t usually something Jungkook craves (at least not in the way that Tae does), he’s never really been phased by it either. Kissing is always nice, of course it is, and all his hyungs give the most amazing hugs, but it never used to make him feel all warm and fluttery like this.

Even watching Tae in heat (something he’s only very recently been allowed to do since he became an adult), while hot as fuck from an aesthetic point of view, has never really done much for him otherwise. It had worried him at first, and for weeks after Tae’s heat he’d questioned his status; maybe he was asexual, maybe he wasn’t into boys after all (even if he thought Jimin was the prettiest creature on the planet), or maybe as a Beta he wasn’t supposed to be aroused by Omegas?

Jin had just smiled at him kindly when he’d finally sought out his hyung and voiced his concerns, the Beta pulling Jungkook into his lap for a cuddle.

“You’re still young,” the elder had reassured him, tipping Jungkook’s chin up to brush a kiss against the corner of his mouth. “Your body’s still working out what it wants. Give it time, Kook-ah. You know we’ll love you all the same regardless of your sexuality.”

And Jin’s words had put his fears to rest for good – or so he’d hoped.

Now he’s questioning himself all over again. His body feels weird, flushed and oversensitive like he wants to crawl out of his own skin, and the ache in his lower back is worsening by the minute. Going upstairs to bed is starting to sound like a very good idea.

“Hey. You sure you’re feeling okay?” Jin asks quietly, as Jungkook pushes himself achingly to his feet.
Smiling to assuage the concern he can see forming as a crease in the Beta’s brow, the younger man forces himself to straighten his posture (when all he really wants to do is hunch over and hold his stomach), heading towards the door before his hyung can start asking any more probing questions.

“Don’t worry,” he reassures. “I’ll be okay after a nap.”

He’s not okay.

Finding Tae alone and fast asleep and splayed out like a starfish across the double bed (Jimin presumably in the shower, judging by the sound of singing from behind the closed bathroom door), Jungkook had opted to go back to his own bedroom rather than risk disturbing the Omega. It had been a little too quiet for his liking with Namjoon gone, but after stealing one of the rapper’s oversize hoodies he’d felt much better, the Alpha’s rich, earthy scent seeming stronger than usual as he’d cuddled up beneath his own duvet and let exhaustion pull him under.

Waking is an unpleasant experience, with everything too hot, the duvet smothering him and the hoodie he’s wearing drenched with sweat. Still half-asleep, he throws off the covers to allow the air to cool his skin, and immediately groans at the full-body shudder that wracks through him, wrapping an arm protectively around his midriff.

Oh fuck, it hurts. It hurts, it hurts, it hurts…

Now fully awake, but sore and hot and confused and horribly, horribly alone, Jungkook feels his eyes sting with the threat of tears, a lump lodging in his throat as he scrubs the sleeve of Namjoon’s hoody over his nose. The Alpha’s scent’s still there, but it’s faded, overshadowed by a sweeter smell that he doesn’t really care for. He glances across the room at Namjoon’s bed, eyeing the rapper’s duvet. He’s certain the scent would be much stronger there, but it’s so far away, and Jungkook hurts too much to move.

Frustrated with himself and his pitiful situation, Jungkook scrubs at his eyes, willing the tears away. His tears seem to have other plans, however, because they keep coming back all the same.

“Kookie?”

The soft knock on the bedroom door startles him, but Tae’s quiet voice is a welcome sound after being on his own for so long (he can’t say how long exactly, but it must’ve been days for sure). He wants to call out to the Omega, but the lump in his throat strangles his voice and all that escapes his
lips is a broken little croak. Thankfully, the door swings open anyway, Taehyung striding boisterously into the room, still dressed in his sleeping clothes and munching on a banana.

“Wake up, sleepyhead!” the Omega calls, shooting him a cheerful grin.

Then he pauses mid-step, the smile sliding off his face as he stares at Jungkook in shock, eyes widening. The banana falls from his hand and hits the floor with a dull *thunk*, and in a blur of motion Tae is across the room and kneeling up on the bed, hands hovering over the maknae as though unsure if his touch will worsen the situation.

“Oh my god,” Tae breathes, his voice shaking. “You...you’re...oh my god, Kookie.”

Jungkook reaches out to close the distance between them, hand fisting weakly in Taehyung’s shirt, tugging persistently until the Omega snaps out of his state of catatonia and obligingly smothers him in a hug. The faint trembling in Jungkook’s limbs immediately settles at the contact, although the pain in his abdomen and lower back worsens tenfold and he whimpers, body tensing as he shifts restlessly beneath Taehyung.

The older youth pulls back to glance at him worriedly, a frantic sort of look in his eyes, and immediately turns his head to yell back towards the open bedroom door.

“Hyung!”

Jungkook flinches at the shout, not only at the volume (far, far too loud for his poor, aching head) but also at the note of sheer *panic* in Tae’s voice, which is something he hasn’t heard since the Omega discovered Yoongi on the floor of that hotel bathroom in Japan three years ago.

*Fuck.* Is it that serious? Maybe that’s why his stomach hurts so much, maybe he’s got appendicitis too?

There’s a distant crash, followed shortly after by the sound of footsteps thundering along the upstairs hallway.

“What’s wrong, are you hurt?” Jimin asks frantically, bursting into the bedroom a moment later. He takes a few hurried steps towards the bed before his gaze even flickers to Jungkook, and the Alpha’s eyes immediately widen as his nostrils flare, and he brings a hand up to cover his nose and mouth.

“Ai, Jungkook-ah!”

Being in close proximity to the Alpha somehow makes him feel a little less achy, although he’s never felt so desperate for a cuddle in his life. With a low, miserable whine, he unclenches a hand from the fabric of Tae’s shirt and holds it out pleadingly.

“Hyung…”

His resolve clearly shattering, Jimin crosses over to him in a few brisk strides, taking the hand between his own as he moves to perch on the edge of the bed. Jungkook immediately wriggles closer, all but crawling into the Alpha’s lap, desperate to be held.

“Tae,” Jimin murmurs as he rubs Jungkook’s back, his tone calm but his voice betraying him by wavering a little. “Jin-hyung’s downstairs. Could you go get him for me?”

The singer nods quickly, carefully prying Jungkook’s fingers from the hem of his shirt when the younger man latches onto him in protest, whispering reassurances that he’ll be back soon. Thankfully Jungkook doesn’t have chance to feel the ache of his absence for long, because the Alpha shifts to sit against the headboard of the bed, drawing the maknae into his arms for a proper cuddle.
Jungkook feels his tensed muscles go lax, shamelessly pressing his face against the juncture between Jimin’s neck and shoulder where his scent is strongest. Jimin smells faintly sweet but with a hint of spice, a weird but pleasant mix of mango and cinnamon, and right now Jungkook can’t get enough of it. Every lungful seems to ease the ache in his abdomen and dampen the fire beneath his skin.

“You’re okay,” Jimin soothes, lips pressed against his temple, fingers sliding into his hair. “I’m here, Kookie, I’ve got you. Everything’s going to be okay.”

The younger man sniffles quietly, his tears drying now that the pain has lessened and his head has cleared. “What…what’s wrong with me?” he asks croakily.

The mattress dips a little as someone else settles on it, and he feels a long-fingered hand rub slowly up his back.


Jungkook’s breath catches in his throat, eyes widening as his foggy, addled brain finally manages to equate his current list of symptoms to their obvious diagnosis. It explains everything; his aching body, his fever, his need for tactile comfort, why he’d felt so affected by an Alpha’s touch earlier that morning, why Jimin’s scent soothed him so easily.

He’s an Omega.

Jaenjang.
A warm bath goes a long way towards making Jungkook feel less achy.

The fact that Jin insists on washing him doesn’t hurt either. The Beta’s hands are wonderfully gentle, talented fingers massaging his scalp as Jin shampoo’s his hair. Jungkook’s neck is resting comfortably on a rolled-up towel over the lip of the bath, his eyelids drooping as he blinks tiredly up at the ceiling, his mind significantly less foggy than it had been when he’d first woken up.

Now that the shock’s worn off, he’s not really sure how he feels about his newly-presented status. Over the past couple of years, he’s grown to accept his identity as a Beta (albeit one who lacked a number of the basic skills and instincts that usually came with that biological dynamic), and to discover all of a sudden that he’s something else entirely…well, it’s a little overwhelming to say the least. Why now? Why hadn’t he gone through pre-heat during the end stages of puberty like everyone else?

“It’s not unheard of,” Jin murmurs (jaengjang, he must have been thinking out loud again), carefully rinsing the shampoo from his hair, shielding Jungkook’s eyes with his hand. “Some people take a little longer to develop, that’s all.”

The younger man nods, even though he still can’t quite come to terms with the notion.

Most people tended to discover their biological status between the ages of fifteen and eighteen, even if their symptoms didn’t develop into full heats until they were a little older, and if a person hadn’t presented by the time they were nearing adulthood it was generally assumed that they were a Beta. Early developers were common enough, particularly among the boys who went through their growth spurts as younger teens, so by the time he’d started high school all of Jungkook’s Omega friends had already been started on the monthly suppressant injections that the government provided free of charge (both to protect underage Omegas and to reduce the number of school days missed due to heat-related absences). When he’d graduated without ever having gone through pre-heat or experienced any dominant instincts, Jungkook had never once thought to question his identity as a Beta.

He feels a bit stupid now.

“There.” Jin presses a kiss to his temple. “All done. Are you ready to get out?”
With the Beta’s assistance, Jungkook stands, wincing a little at the dull ache still throbbing at the small of his back. The painkillers and muscle relaxants Tae had given him (from his own stash of pre-heat meds) have definitely taken the edge off, but it still feels like someone’s been punching his kidneys all night. He can’t believe this is what Tae has to go through every other month – he’d always felt sorry for the Omega whenever he was found curled around one of the Alphas and cradling a heatpack to his abdomen, but he never imagined the cramps would hurt like this.

He knows it’s probably worse because this is his first pre-heat, and his body’s doing something it’s never done before, but that doesn’t make him any happier about the situation. Everything aches. And even though it’s the same skin he’s always lived in, his body feels fundamentally different somehow; it’s all a little unsettling.

“Hyung?” he asks, as Jin bundles him up in big, fluffy towels to dry him off. “This…me being an Omega…things are going to be different now, aren’t they?”

Jin doesn’t answer him right away, hands rubbing over Jungkook’s towel-clad arms. “Yes and no,” the Beta acknowledges after a beat. “You know we love you, Kook-ah, and nothing will ever change that. Your role as a member of BTS will stay the same, and you’re still our maknae irrespective of your biological status.”

He tilts the Omega’s chin up slowly to hold his gaze, his expression kind as he strokes the pad of his thumb over the younger man’s jawline.

“As for what happens between us,” he murmurs, “that’s entirely up to you, baby. Nothing has to change unless you want it to. Just say the word and we’ll head out to a private clinic right now to start you on suppressants, if that’s what you want. We take care of Tae’s heats ourselves, but only because he prefers it that way; what happens to your body is your choice. Understand?”

Jungkook nods, a little more tension easing from his shoulders as he leans into Jin’s touch, inhaling deeply as his eyelids droop a little. All Betas carry a semi-neutral scent, but Jin’s seems stronger today, a vanilla sort of musk that’s both pleasant and comforting. The Omega presses closer, sighing as Jin obligingly wraps him up in a tight hug, eyes slipping closed as he rests his head on the older man’s shoulder.

He already knows what he wants to do. There are plenty of Omega idols who take suppressants – it’s a mandatory requirement for newly-debuted performers, or any underage idol – and BigHit even employ a private dynamic therapist to meet and talk with groups and soloists regularly to make sure they’re in good health; it’s a well-established fact that idol groups (such as Shinhwa, VIXX, and SHINee) who bond together well and become packmates, tend to have longer and more successful careers.

But truthfully, Jungkook doesn’t want to take suppressants, even if the idea of going into heat for the first time makes him feel a little nervous. He’s seen how the pack rallies together to care for Tae when his heat hits every ten weeks (the Omega’s body literally runs like clockwork, so management usually just pencils half a week’s leave into their regular schedule whenever the date draws near), and Jungkook can’t deny that he’s previously been a little envious of how tenderly the others would treat V during those few days.

He’d often felt guilty about having those feelings – Taehyung had clearly needed the attention, as any Omega in heat would – but now that his true dynamic has become apparent, those brief moments of jealously make a little more sense. Clearly his body had known what he was transitioning into, even if the rest of him had taken a bit longer to catch up.

“Hyung? If…if I decide not to take suppressants,” he hedges tentatively. “What happens next?”
“If you’d like us to take care of your heats,” Jin murmurs, a hand rubbing his back in slow circles, lips pressed against the Omega’s temple, “Then we need to sit down and talk about it as a pack.”

Jungkook pulls a face at that. “Talk?”

“Mm.” The man’s smile is audible. “I know you don’t feel much like discussing things right now, but there’s nothing to be embarrassed about. It’s important that we talk things through before your cycle kicks in properly, and we’ve probably only got another twenty-four hours until you go into full heat.”

“Really?” Jungkook pulls back a little to peek up at Jin, surprised. “You think it’ll be that soon?”

The Beta hums in confirmation, fingers gently brushing his fringe back from his forehead. “Your scent’s already pretty strong, baby. It might not even take the full twenty-four hours.”

“Oh.” The younger man feels his cheeks grow warm, eyes widening a little. He’d expected to have a little longer than that – Tae’s pre-heat usually comes a couple of days ahead of his actual cycle. “I… okay.”

Jin’s smile softens, and he leans in to capture Jungkook’s bottom lip in a soft, tender kiss. “Hey,” he murmurs. “Don’t be nervous. Nothing’s going to happen unless you want it to.”

Exhaling shakily (his body feels like it’s ready to melt into the floor after that kiss, and fuck, why is he so sensitive all of a sudden?), Jungkook’s fingers tighten in the fabric of Jin’s sweater, unable to draw his gaze away from the Beta’s soft, perfect mouth.

“I do,” he manages, his voice hushed. “I want to share it with you and the others, hyung.”

Jin’s lips press against his own again, a little more passionately this time, and Jungkook feels his knees weaken at the intense wave of pleasure that rolls through him. With a soft moan, he tries to press into the kiss, his heartbeat pulsing quicker in his ears as a hunger begins to burn in the pit of his stomach.

It can’t be more than five seconds later that Jin takes him by the shoulders and breaks the kiss by gently forcing Jungkook half a pace backwards.

“Not now,” the Beta tells him, gently but firmly, his voice a little roughened and his own cheeks tinged faintly pink. “Later, okay? Once we’ve talked things through with the Alphas, you can have as many kisses as you like.”

The younger man pouts at that, but the sting of Jin’s rejection is immediately soothed by the way the Beta tilts his chin up to nuzzle at Jungkook’s throat, fingers combing through his hair to settle him. Within moments he’s sated and smiling, eyelids drooping again as he pliantly allows Jin to help him change into a fresh pair of pyjamas (Hobi’s cotton shorts and another one of Namjoon’s oversized sweatshirts), and now that his fever’s broken he appreciates the warmth it provides, even if the Alphas’ dual scents aren’t quite strong enough to fully satisfy him at the moment.

The combination of muscle relaxants, painkillers, a hot bath and Jin have made him even sleepier than before, and he yawns tiredly, rubbing at his eyes as the Beta moves around him to pull the bathplug and drain the water.

“Come on,” Jin coaxes, wrapping an arm around him supportively. “Let’s get you back to bed.”

The man doesn’t steer him back to his own bedroom, but instead in the opposite direction towards Taehyung and Jimin’s room. They find the Alpha sitting against the headboard of the double bed
when they enter, Tae’s head in his lap, his fingers idly playing with the Omega’s hair. Jimin glances up sharply towards Jungkook when he enters, and the crease of concern in his brow quickly smooths out when he sees the Omega looking significantly less tearful than he had been just over half an hour ago.

“Room for two more?” Jin asks, already nudging Jungkook towards the pair.

Taehyung kneels up eagerly, reaching out to take the younger Omega’s hand. “You’re looking better,” he says, guiding Jungkook down onto the bed and into Jimin’s waiting arms. “How’s your back?”

Jungkook relaxes into the Alpha’s hold with a tired sigh, shrugging one shoulder. “Hurts. But the pills helped, thanks.”

Jimin’s hand slips under his sweatshirt to press against the small of his back, the sudden skin-on-skin contact making Jungkook suck in a shallow, startled breath. It’s as though he suddenly has a thousand new nerve endings connected to that one spot, and Jimin’s touch just activated them all simultaneously.

“Ai, poor Kookie,” the Alpha sympathises, rubbing gently, seemingly oblivious to the magic he’s wielding at his literal fingertips. “Do you want one of Tae’s heatpads?”

“Hn-nn,” Jungkook manages to decline, slowly going boneless in the man’s arms as warmth spreads through him. “I’m fine, hyung. Just…oh, just don’t stop. Please?”

He hears Jimin sniff a grin, and feels Jin’s hand settle over the back of his neck, squeezing gently. Taehyung’s honey-sweet scent grows stronger as the Omega leans in to brush a row of soft kisses along his jawline up to his ear.

“Aigoo, you’re cute when you’re in pre-heat,” Tae murmurs fondly. “Just wait until Joonie-hyung sees you. You’re gonna have him wrapped around your little finger.”

Jimin laughs softly, fingertips swirling slow patterns against the maknae’s sensitive skin. “Like he isn’t already.”

The Omega smiles sleepily, body thrumming with warmth and contentment even as his thoughts turn to his three absent Alphas and he feels a faint twinge of longing in his chest. Something in his scent must change at that, because Jimin’s arm tighten around him a moment later.

“They’ll be home soon,” the dancer reassures. “Hobi-hyung called to check up on you a few minutes ago, he said they were already in the car. Sejinnie-hyung’s going to talk to the other managers about rearranging our MV shooting for next week, so don’t worry about your schedule.”

Jungkook nods, yawning tiredly against Jimin’s collarbone. Taehyung gives a quiet coo at the action, leaning in to kiss him again.

“Close your eyes,” the Omega tells him, stroking his hair. “You’ll feel better after a nap, I promise.”

Held safely in Jimin’s arms with Tae’s fingers in his hair and Jin’s hand on his nape, Jungkook already feels pretty darn good. But he sleeps anyway.
“Jungkook-ah?”

He stirs with a soft moan, feeling himself being shifted carefully from the pillar of warmth he’d previously been leaning against, pulled from sleep by the ache that comes with the loss of contact. He whines, reaching for that warmth desperately, trying to coax his heavy eyelids open so that he can glare at the intruder.

“Shh, it’s alright,” a familiar voice murmurs close to his ear, arms circling him snugly to draw him back down against a strong, firm chest. “It’s only me.”

Jungkook relaxes immediately into the Alpha’s hold, a sleepy smile tugging at his mouth.

“Hyung…”

Lips brush against his hairline. “I’m here.” Namjoon’s hand slides up his spine to settle on the nape of his neck, squeezing gently. “Ai, Jungkookie. You’re full of surprises, you know that?”

The Omega huffs a quiet laugh against the rappers collarbone. “I try.” He brings a hand up to rub at his eyes tiredly, blinking in the light of the room, sunshine streaming through the gap between the curtains. “What time is it?”

“Not long after two,” the man answers. “I wanted to let you sleep you a little longer, but Jin-hyung says you need to eat something.”

“Noooo.” Jungkook pouts sleepily, burying his face against the Alpha’s neck again. “Not hungry.”

There’s a soft, warm laugh from somewhere nearby, and Jungkook feels the bed dip before fingers begin to card gently through his hair.

“Aigoo, he’s even cuter than Tae,” J-Hope remarks, and when Jungkook glances up at him, the Alpha’s smiling at him fondly. Hoseok opens his arms by way of an invitation. “Come here, beautiful.”

Jungkook goes willingly, suddenly feeling wide awake as he inhales the other Alpha’s scent deeply, an intoxicating blend of floral and spice that Jungkook’s never truly appreciated before. Now all he wants to do is roll in it.

Hoseok strokes a soothing hand up and down his spine, the fingers of his other hand buried in Jungkook’s hair to keep his head tucked against the dancer’s neck. The Omega’s mind goes a bit fuzzy after that, but he can feel Namjoon’s hand resting on the small of his back beneath his sweatshirt, and he’s pretty sure Jimin must arrive at some point because that sweet mango-cinnamon scent joins in the mix, and oh, Jungkook could just die happy right now.
“He’s further along than I thought,” Jin’s voice comments worriedly from above him. “Aish, stop crowding him, you idiots, you’ll trigger his heat. Here, give him to me.”

Jungkook opens his eyes with some degree of effort, whining in protest as he’s scooped out of Hoseok’s lap and into Jin’s arms. The Beta shushes him softly, and shoots the three Alphas a warning look when they immediately reach for the Omega.

“He’s fine,” Jin tells them, his voice calm but firm. “I’m taking him downstairs to clear his head. Give us ten minutes alone, alright? Then you can join us.”

“But Yoongi-hyung’s downstairs already,” Jimin tries to argue, currently plastered to Hobi in a backhug, the Alpha clearly attempting to compensate for the loss of Jungkook. “How come he gets to-”

“Yoongi knows to control his pheromones around pre-heat Omegas,” Jin answers pointedly. When Jimin pouts at the gentle scolding, the Beta heaves a quiet sigh. “I’ll send up Tae in the meantime, okay?”

Jungkook loops his arms around Jin’s neck as he’s carried out of the bedroom, sulking a little at having been forcefully separated from the three Alphas. He’d felt so good cuddled up between them, with their heady scents mingling thickly in the air around him…aigoo, why couldn’t he just stay there? Now that the fog in his mind is clearing, his lower back’s beginning to hurt again, and that hot restlessness under his skin has returned with a vengeance.

He whines softly, pressing his face against Jin’s neck as he tenses, muscles cramping.

“I know,” Jin sympathises, carrying him slowly downstairs. “I know, baby, I’m sorry. But we have to discuss things first, remember? And you need a clear head to talk about this properly.”

“My head was fine,” Jungkook protests sulkily. “I was just…resting.”

“Resting,” the Beta echoes with a smile. “Of course you were. My mistake.” He turns his head to brush a kiss against Jungkook’s temple, carrying him through into the living room. “Here, why don’t you sit with Yoongi for a bit?”

The Omega glances up sharply at that, his sulk vanishing in an instant when he spies Suga sitting on the couch with Tae cuddled up beside him. The Alpha lifts his gaze to meet Jungkook’s and smiles warmly, reaching out to accept the maknae into his arms as Jin transfers him carefully into the rapper’s lap.

The sudden change in position makes the muscles at the small of his back twinge painfully, and Jungkook jerks with a soft intake of breath, wincing as he reaches back to press a hand to the sore area. Yoongi’s indulgent smile dims a little, concern creasing the corners of his eyes as he glances questioningly from Jungkook to Jin.

“The others put him in a pheromone high without realising it,” Jin explains, stroking a hand over the back of Jungkook’s head. “He’s probably cramping again now that I’ve taken him away from them.”

“Aw, Kookie,” Taehyung sympathises, rubbing his arm as he leans in to nuzzle the younger Omega’s cheek. “You want some more meds? Or a heatpad?”

The maknae shakes his head. Yoongi’s already shifting him into a more comfortable position, hand slipping up beneath the Omega’s sweatshirt to press against the small of his back, gently rubbing at the cramping muscles. He watches Jungkook’s face for a moment, the lines of concern smoothing out as the maknae blinks sluggishly, the tension easing from his posture as warmth fans out from the
base of his spine and engulfs the rest of him.

“He’ll be okay,” Suga reassures them quietly, lips brushing against the Omega’s hairline as Jungkook’s head sinks down to rest against the Alpha’s shoulder.

Yoongi’s scent has always seemed soothing to him, but now that feeling has increased tenfold. The Alpha smells like warmth and comfort and (weirdly) like melted chocolate, and Jungkook relaxes into his arms with a happy little sigh, the aches in his body immediately beginning to dissipate.

Jin smiles at him fondly for a moment, before turning his attention to the Omega seated on the couch beside Yoongi.

“Tae, sweetheart,” he says, reaching out to brush his fingers through the younger man’s hair. “Do you mind sitting with the others for a little while? I think they’re nesting.”

The Omega laughs at that. “Of course they are. Kookie’s bound to have triggered every protective instinct they’ve got going. I mean, have you seen how cute he is? He’s making *me* want to nest.”

Jungkook squirms pleasantly at the words, smiling into Yoongi’s shoulder as his cheeks flush pink. He’s no stranger to being called cute (as the group’s maknae, it’s a title he’s had for years now), but for some reason hearing it now makes his insides flutter with a pleasant sort of warmth.

“Don’t let them come downstairs until they’ve calmed down a little,” Jin requests, pulling Tae up by his hand and dropping a kiss against the Omega’s hair.

The younger man shoots him a mildly incredulous glance. “And how exactly am I supposed to stop them if they try to leave?”

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll think of something,” Yoongi drawls, amused. “Just don’t be a brat about it; Joonie will probably feel more inclined to put you over his knee when he’s nesting.”

“What?” Tae shoots the Alpha a startled look, then peers back towards Jin. “Hyuuung…”

Jin laughs, wrapping an arm around the Omega’s shoulders. “He’s only teasing you, angel,” he reassures, hugging the singer. “Go and work your magic for me, okay? Please? Hyung will thank you for it later.”

“Oh?” Taehyung’s expression turns sly at that, a smile tugging at the corner of mouth. “You promise?”

“I promise.” Smiling, the Beta lands a playful swat to his rump. “Go on.”

The Omega heads off cheerfully, clearly appeased by the promise of a reward at the end of the day. Jin turns his attention back to Jungkook, leaning down to nuzzle at the maknae’s cheek as the younger man blinks up at him sluggishly.

“Don’t go to sleep, baby,” he cautions, his tone fond. “I’m going to fix you something to eat. Once you’re done, we can talk. Okay?”

“Mm-hm,” Jungkook agrees, only half paying attention to what the Beta’s saying, his body still throbbing with a pleasant warmth.

Yoongi taps his thigh chidingly. “Yes, hyung,” he prompts, amused.

Jungkook blinks, stirring from his semi-doze, and obediently murmurs, “Yes, hyung.”
“Aigoo, he’s too cute.” Jin’s smile is audible as the Beta straightens up, fingers brushing against Yoongi’s cheek to get the man’s attention. “Will you be alright with him for a few minutes?”

The Alpha’s hand goes back to rubbing at the small of Jungkook’s back. “I’m sure I’ll manage,” he murmurs fondly. “You’ll be good for hyung, won’t you, Kookie?”

Jungkook nods, turning his head to bury his face in Suga’s neck, and he feels the Alpha’s chuckle rumble through him, a hot puff of laughter against the side of his head. The Omega melts a little more, falling silent as he loses himself in the sensation of being held and comforted and loved.

He kinda hopes that Jin takes a long time fixing him a snack, because he wants to stay snuggled up to Yoongi forever.

“Hey.” The rapper gives him a gentle squeeze. “What did Jin-hyung just tell you? Don’t go to sleep, punk.”

“M’not,” Jungkook slurs in protest, even as he nuzzles further into the Alpha’s hold. “M’just resting, hyung.”

Another warm puff of laughter against his ear, and Yoongi’s fingers settle in his hair, rubbing gently at his scalp.

“Resting,” the Alpha echoes teasingly. “Sure. Whatever you say, kid.”

Jungkook would pout, but he’s honestly too fucking contented to do much more than sigh tiredly and rub his cheek against Yoongi’s neck. With any luck, some of the Alpha’s scent will transfer onto his skin, and that would be the best thing ever.

Now all he needs to do is rub himself up against the rest of his pack and everything will be perfect.

But maybe he’ll take a nap first.

Chapter End Notes

I swear this story is going to be 99% fluff, even the smutty parts. I am just too into soft!hyungs right now. Also Kookie is officially the subbiest Omega ever, okay? It’s official. He’s a brat and loves to tease his hyungs, but when his cycle hits him he’s a little cutie-pie. His hyungs are doomed.

Hope you enjoyed the chapter! I snuck in some more Omega!Tae for those who requested it, but he will be getting more attention later in the story (because hormones trigger hormones, as we all know, and Tae’s like-clockwork heat is about to get rescheduled unexpectedly). Also who else is soft for squishy Yoongi? Love me some SugaKookie. That cuddly bastard forced himself unexpectedly to the top of Kookie’s ‘favourite hyung’ list.

For those asking about my abused!Kookie fic in "he ain't heavy", part 3 will be out
soon, I promise. Kookie just needed some loving here first. :)
Face scrunching up in protest, Jungkook turns his head away from the spoon near his lips. The food smells really good (it’s one of Yoongi’s own recipes, a dish that the rapper’s been cooking for him since their debut days), but he feels too hot and too restless to stomach anything at the moment.

Sighing, Taehyung lowers the spoon back down to the otherwise untouched bowl of stew in his lap.

“Don’t be like that,” V chides softly. “You need to eat.”

“Why?” Jungkook mumbles, cradling the towel-wrapped heatpack closer to his abdomen as another cramp makes him want to squirm in discomfort. “I’m not hungry. Jin-hyung already made me ramen.”

“That was hours ago, Kookie,” Taehyung gently reminds him. “Trust me, you aren’t going to feel up to eating anything at all during the first phase of your heat, so you need to load up on carbs while you still can. We talked about this, remember? If you don’t eat now, you’ll feel worse later on. Look, I’ll do all the work, you don’t even have to move – just open up for me, okay?”

The spoon is raised to his mouth again, but Jungkook stubbornly (and, he’ll admit, somewhat childishly) shakes his head and presses his lips together in a thin line, refusing to oblige him.

“Aish,” Tae sighs, quietly frustrated. “Why won’t you let me take care of you? You know Yoongi-hyung won’t be happy if he comes downstairs and finds the bowl still full. Pre-heat or not, he’s going to scold you. Is that what you want?”

Jungkook lowers his gaze mulishly, shaking his head a little. There’s a part of him that feels a tiny bit guilty for being so difficult for Tae – it’s not the other Omega’s fault that the rest of the Pack have gone upstairs to talk, leaving him feeling achy and miserable without their soothing touch. After their earlier discussion, the group had spent the afternoon together in the living room, watching a movie as Jungkook was passed from Alpha to Alpha for cuddles. His bodily aches had dissipated almost to nothingness for a short length of time, but as the afternoon wore on, the cramping had worsened again, and even Jimin’s talented fingers couldn’t knead the knots of pain from the small of his back. His temperature had begun to rise, sweat beading at his temples, but he’d stubbornly refused to take off Namjoon’s sweatshirt, desperately needing the comfort that the scent-marked fabric provided.

“I don’t think we’ve got until tomorrow,” Yoongi had murmured to Jin as Jungkook lay curled up
on his side with his eyes closed, draped across their laps with his head pillowed on Namjoon’s thigh, the rappers fingers carding through his hair. “His fever’s already spiking again. We should work out some sort of care schedule in case he goes into heat overnight; it’s probably best if there’s no more than one Alpha in the room with him at the same time, just in case. We should rotate between cycles so that everyone’s guaranteed at least a couple of hours’ sleep.”

Jungkook had opened his eyes at that, frowning a little. “But…but I wanna be with all of you.”

Pack cuddles were the one thing that Jungkook had always been able to appreciate about heats, even before he’d presented; to be cuddled up in bed with all six of his hyungs (usually in various states of undress, given Tae’s need for direct skin contact during the earlier stages of his heat), surrounded by their comforting scents and soothed by their touch…aigoo. Even as a Beta, that tactile reassurance had been heavenly. He’d lived for those moments.

“We know you do, Kook.” Namjoon’s fingertips had gently smoothed out the faint crease in his brow. “But this is your first heat; it’s already going to be pretty intense, even without the four of us pushing you into a pheromone high. We don’t want to overwhelm you.”

“Tae and I will stay with you all night, if you want us to,” Jin had reassured him, rubbing his arm soothingly. “Don’t worry, baby, we’ll make sure your heat’s taken care of. Maybe once your cycle starts to settle down a little bit, we can try nesting together as a pack. Okay?”

And so Jin and the four Alphas had gone off upstairs to discuss the finer details of the pending keep-Jungkook-sated schedule, and to work out where everyone was going to sleep overnight (Jungkook assumes he’ll be in V and Jimin’s king-size bed tonight, since it’s the biggest), leaving him alone with Tae and a bowl of stew that he seriously doesn’t have the appetite for. He’s been sulking ever since.

“Hey. I’m serious.”

The maknae blinks, realising he’s been completely ignoring Tae for the past minute or so, and glances up to find the older Omega trying his best to be stern (it’s only half-successful; the singer doesn’t have a strict bone in his body). There’s a determined sort of look to him now though, a very slight pinch between his eyebrows as he shuffleb closer along the couch, knees pressing up against Jungkook’s outer thigh.

“Open.” Taehyung lifts the spoon again.

Jungkook keeps his mouth sealed firmly shut, although it’s formed into more of a pout now. Taehyung’s stern expression wavers in the face of his dongsaeng’s cuteness, and finally falls away completely as he sighs softly.

“Please, Kookie?”

Another stubborn shake of his head.

“How about I reward you?” Tae negotiates temptingly, tilting his head a little to one side as he smiles at the younger Omega, a playful sort of look in his eyes. “One kiss for every mouthful. Deal?”

Jungkook’s sulky pout vanishes immediately.

Kisses sound nice. Kisses sound very nice. The older Omega always tastes so sweet, and sometimes they’ll spend hours curled up together on the couch or in Tae’s bed during downtime, exploring each other’s bodies with soft lips and caressing fingertips. Most of the time it’s not even a sexual thing (although Tae, he knows, is more than happy to make things more intimate if Jungkook feels up to
it); they’ve always shared an unspoken craving for tactile affection, and although cuddling with Jin and the other Alphas is great, Jungkook had sometimes felt self-conscious about asking them for attention as often as he’d needed it. Now that he’s presented an Omega, that niggling need for physical comfort and reassurance makes a lot more sense, but in the past he’d always been a touch embarrassed about those un-Beta-like cravings.

His gaze already flickering down to Tae’s soft, perfect lips, Jungkook obediently opens his mouth to allow the Omega to feed him a heaped spoonful of stew. It’s still warm (despite him sulking for the past ten minutes), the flavours rich and satisfying, and he finds that maybe he is a little bit hungry after all.

Taehyung smiles knowingly as the maknae chews and swallows, leaning in to peck a chaste kiss against the corner of the younger man’s mouth before Jungkook can so much as blink.

“Good boy.” The spoon is raised to his lips again. “Open.”

Although he feels slightly cheated by the anti-climax of the kiss, he finds his cheeks heating at the Omega’s words. His hyungs have praised him countless times before (especially Jin, Yoongi and Namjoon), but it’s the first time it’s made his body flush like this. He feels almost giddy. A happy little shudder runs through him, and suddenly Jungkook wants to do everything he can to hear those words again.

“See?” Taehyung teases, smiling a little wider as Jungkook takes another bite of his dinner. “I knew you could be good for me, Kook.” He leans in, his lips lingering against the younger Omega’s for half a beat longer this time, and Jungkook can feel the man smile against his mouth before he pulls away again. “Want another bite?”

And so it carries on for several minutes – Tae feeding spoonful after spoonful of stew to the pliant maknae, rewarding him with soft, affectionate kisses after every bite. By the time the bowl’s been emptied and set aside on the coffee table, Taehyung has moved to straddle the younger man’s lap, fingers threaded into Jungkook’s hair to keep his head tilted back a little as the Omega drags his lips along the youth’s jawline.

“Yoongi-hyung was right,” he murmurs against the maknae’s ear, a smile in his voice as Jungkook shivers beneath him. “Your heat’s only a few hours away. Gods, you smell amazing.”

Eyelids fluttering closed, Jungkook sucks in a shaky breath as Tae’s lips move down the column of his throat.

“Really?” His own hands slide around Tae’s hips, fingers clenching in the fabric of his sweatshirt. “What’s my scent like?”

Taehyung’s nose rubs against the underside of his jaw in a gentle nuzzle. “Sweet,” the Omega tells him. “And rich, too. Like…like warm caramel.”

Jungkook shivers again. “Y-you like it?”

“I love it,” Tae enthuses, and presses a kiss against his pulse-point. “And your throat, Kookie, oh my god. It’s going to look so fucking beautiful tomorrow.”

The younger Omega flushes hotly at the reminder. As a bonded pack, there’s always a niggling instinct for one individual to show their claim over another, but society’s moved a few hundred years beyond the need to actually bite one’s mate. Instead, people will wear matching jewellery or carry tokens that bear the name or symbol of their bonded mate or pack. Tattoos are another common
marker, although less popular in Korea (and as idols, they’re advised against marking their skin with anything permanent because it impacts on potential modelling contracts). The \textit{GOT7} members all have matching rings, and although most of them often choose to wear it on a chain around their necks, Jungkook’s never seen Yugyeom’s ring finger without it – the younger man’s constantly fiddling with it when they’re together, especially if the rest of the maknae’s pack aren’t around. Jungkook finds it adorable, but knows he’s guilty of doing exactly the same thing with his own marker whenever he gets nervous.

Shortly after they’d debuted as a group, \textit{BigHit} had given each of them a small additional allowance so that they could go and choose their own bonding markers from a local engraving shop. They had opted for a simple but stylish bracelet; a thin metallic plate with the letters \textit{BTS} etched into the surface, fastened around their wrists by a band of soft, plaited leather. Jungkook had loved it. Even though it was pretty cheap at the time, and he has a more expensive band of silver fastened around his wrist now (skillfully engraved with the names of his packmates), he still keeps his first bracelet in a little box at the bottom of his sock drawer, and sometimes he’ll take it out just to run his fingers over the worn band of leather and think about how far they’ve all come as a group these past four years.

Pack-markers were usually more than enough to sate an individual’s need to show the world who they were bonded to, but when an Omega went into heat those instincts intensified significantly. Not enough for any person in their right mind to actually \textit{scar} their partner with a mating bite, as would have been the norm a few centuries ago, but it’s perfectly acceptable for an Omega’s mate or bonded pack to leave a physical marker during their cycle. There are even websites dedicated to ‘post-heat’ pictures of various idols wearing v-neck shirts or low-cut tops to show off the colourful array of hickeys littering their neck and collarbone.

Fans go crazy for pictures of Tae with a marked throat; \textit{BigHit} has even started hiring a photographer to take professional snapshots of the group every other month in the days following Tae’s heat, the Omega’s pale neck the only part of him untouched by makeup to highlight each and every bruise.

“Wish I could mark you first,” Taehyung murmurs, pressing a kiss to the same spot as before, clearly already having decided where he wants to leave his own hickey.

Jungkook sucks in a shaky breath, clutching onto the Omega. “What’s stopping you?”

“Our Alphas would sulk,” Tae points out, amused.

“That’s never stopped you before.” Smiling daringly, the younger man tilts his head back a little further, providing a more appealing target. “I want it. Please, hyung?”

Taehyung groans faintly, but Jungkook already knows the man’s resolve has crumbled. Muttering something that sounds suspiciously like “\textit{Jiminnie’s going to kill me}”, Tae’s hands both slide into the younger man’s hair, holding his head steady as the Omega once again lowers his mouth to Jungkook’s throat, pressing a lingering kiss to his pulse-point before sealing his mouth against the sensitive skin and sucking hard.

“Ah!”

The soft cry echoes around the otherwise silent living room as Jungkook arches, toes curling at the fierce wave of heat and pleasure that ripples through him. Taehyung hums approvingly against his neck, sucking even harder for a brief moment before finally pulling away to admire his work.

“Fuck, that’s sexy,” the older Omega whispers, gently stroking the tips of his fingers over the hickey, glancing up with a knowing smile when the younger man shudders a little beneath him. “Feels good,
doesn’t it?”

Head still spinning and body tingling all over, Jungkook can only nod and moan by way of an answer. Taehyung laughs softly, leaning in to lick the darkening bruise before trailing his lips back up to Jungkook’s mouth, claiming it again in another fierce kiss.

“I know I’m going to have to share you with the others once your cycle starts,” he murmurs against the younger man’s lips when they part for breath. “But right now you’re mine, okay?” Another kiss. “All mine.” And another. “My Jungkookie.”

Knowing from experience just how possessive his packmate can be (he’s witnessed a pre-heat Taehyung shoot eye-daggers at an Omega stylist whose hands lingered a little too long on Jimin’s chest), Jungkook only nods in agreement. Right now he’s more than happy to belong to Tae, and with the bruise on his throat still throbbing faintly, he’s never felt more claimed.

Arms coming up to wrap around the older Omega, Jungkook sighs contentedly, eyes closing as Tae presses their foreheads together. At some point his bodily aches have vanished, and even his stomach’s stopped cramping – he doesn’t know whether it’s just his pre-heat coming to an end, or if Tae’s physical marker has triggered some sort of hormonal reaction that’s masked his previous discomfort. Whichever the case, he’s grateful for the brief period of respite – and the opportunity to cuddle up to his best friend without the painful pre-heat symptoms distracting him.

“Hey.” Taehyung brushes another kiss against his pliant lips. “You feeling okay?”

“Mm-hm,” Jungkook hums, keeping his eyes closed. His body’s buzzing faintly, warm and floaty and weightless, and he could easily drop off to sleep right now.

There’s a brief pause, then Taehyung gently tilts his chin up, nuzzling at the underside of his jaw and inhaling deeply.

“Aigoo,” Tae breathes, his voice coming out half an octave lower and just a touch hoarse. “Did I just-?” Another deep inhale, then a soft, faintly incredulous laugh. “Oh my god. Of course you’d be the one Omega in a million who’s receptive to submissive pheromones.”

Jungkook’s pretty sure he ought to react in some way to that revelation. As a rule, Omegas were only receptive to Alpha mating pheromones, although they could (to some extent) experience an instinctive hormonal reaction to the presence of a Beta packmate. To respond in that same way to an Omega’s mating pheromones was rare enough that it had been the unexpected twist in many a late-night TV drama.

It ought to be the second biggest surprise in his life so far, right after “you’re in pre-heat”, but Jungkook doesn’t feel particularly bothered by any of it. He’s too floaty and contented to care much about anything right now.

He’ll just drift for a little bit…

“Jungkook-ah?”

There’s a hand on his brow, stroking his fringe back, and the Omega opens his eyes to smile dazedly at Yoongi as the Alpha leans over him, brow pinched a little in concern.

“Hyung,” he slurs happily, and makes grabby-grabby hands towards the rapper until Yoongi obligingly sits down on the couch to hug him. Jungkook promptly crawls into his lap and buries his
face in the man’s shoulder with a sleepy sigh. “Mmm, you smell nice.”

“Aigoo, we only left you alone with him for half an hour,” Jin scolds from somewhere nearby, and Jungkook turns his head just enough to glance towards the Beta, who’s got his hands on his hips as he chides a guilty-looking Taehyung. “What did you do?”

The younger man fidgets, scuffing the toe of his sock against the floor. “Okay, so I know you’re not gonna be happy about this, but in my defence if he was any other Omega nothing would’ve happened and-”

“Kim Taehyung.”

“…um. I maybe sort of marked him?”

Yoongi’s arms tighten around the boneless Omega. “You did what?”

“How was I supposed to know he’d be so receptive?” Taehyung whines, waving his hands in an emphatic gesture towards the puddle of limbs that is currently Jungkook. “He asked me to, so I did. You wouldn’t be so huffy about it if Namjoon-hyung had been the one to mark him.”

The Alpha’s head comes up sharply at that.

“Yah,” Yoongi murmurs, his voice low and firm, making something inside Jungkook shiver. “Watch your mouth, kid. And don’t bring your dynamic into this, you being an Omega isn’t the problem here.”

Tae winces at the warning tone and ducks his head, clearly realising that he’s overstepped his bounds. Mumbling an apology, he slips a little closer to Jin, the Beta lifting an arm to tuck the younger man against his side comfortingly.

“We don’t mark you when you’re in pre-heat for a reason, Tae,” Jin reminds him quietly. “Triggered cycles are unpredictable, and we’re trying to keep things as uncomplicated as possible since it’s Kookie’s first heat.”

The Omega’s posture slumps further, and he shoots Jungkook a sad, guilty look before curling a little more into Jin’s side.

“I’m sorry. I really didn’t think it’d set him off like that.”

Jin drops a kiss against the younger man’s hair. “I know. Don’t worry, angel, it’ll be alright.”

Another kiss, and then the Beta turns his gaze back towards the pair on the couch, stepping forward. “Here, let me take him upstairs before his cycle starts. Will you be alright keeping an eye on the others while Joonie and I get him settled?”

“Sure, hyung,” the rapper reassures. “I can always get Hobi to sit on Jiminie if he gets too restless.”

Jungkook doesn’t want to let go of Yoongi’s shirt, but his grip is weak at best and Jin has little difficulty scooping him up from the Alpha’s lap and into his own arms. The Omega pouts tiredly for a moment, but then Jin’s vanilla scent washes over him and he relaxes again instinctively, arms curling around the Beta’s neck as he buries his face in the man’s shoulder.

“Mmm, hyung,” he hums approvingly. “You smell nice, too.”

“Thank you,” Jin returns politely, a smile in his voice as he adjusts his hold on the groggy Omega, before turning towards the fidgeting figure nearby. “Tae, sweetheart, I need you to stay with Yoongi
for a little while, okay? Just until I’ve got Kookie settled.”

Taehyung steps closer, his expression pinched, and Jungkook can practically feel how upset he is even without the heightened emotional senses that his Beta and Alpha hyungs possess. The maknae stirs a little from his bubble of contentedness, extracting an arm from around Jin’s neck to reach for the other Omega. Taehyung makes a soft noise at the back of his throat, a quiet and upset sort of sound, taking another step towards the pair.

“Tae,” Jin murmurs softly, the faintest note of warning in his tone.

“But,” the Omega tries to protest, even as he halts again. He looks about two seconds away from crying, and Jungkook doesn’t like it one bit. “But hyung…”

“Ten minutes, baby,” Jin promises. “Then you can come and join us, okay?”

When Tae’s only response is a faintly trembling bottom lip, Jin’s arms tighten around Jungkook like he wishes he had an extra pair to comfort the other Omega. After a second’s pause, he glances back over his shoulder.

“Yoongi? Could you…?”

The Alpha’s already on his feet, stepping around the coffee table and wrapping his arms around Taehyung, pulling the younger man close for a tight hug.

“I’ve got him,” the rapper reassures, shuffling back towards the couch carefully, Taehyung now plastered to his front. “He’ll be fine, hyung.”

Jin lingers a moment longer, staying long enough to watch Yoongi retake his vacated seat on the couch and pull a clingy Taehyung into his lap, a hand sliding up beneath the Omega’s shirt to rub his back soothingly. Jungkook doesn’t particularly want to leave either of his hyungs behind, but he’s relieved to see the tension easing from Tae’s posture as Yoongi murmurs to him. Having been on the receiving end of the Alpha’s soothing touch on countless occasions, Jungkook knows the Omega’s in good hands.

“M’not really in heat, am I?” he slurs, as Jin carries him carefully upstairs. “I don’t feel like I’m in heat.”

“That’s because your cycle hasn’t kicked in properly,” the Beta answers softly, then sniffs a quiet grin. “Tae calls it the marshmallow stage.”

Jungkook feels his lips curl into a dopey smile. “Because I feel all floaty and squishy?”

“Mm,” Jin agrees, amused. “Something like that.”

“Huh. Do you think I taste like a marshmallow?” He extracts an arm from around the Beta’s neck to press his wrist to the man’s lips. “Do I, though?”

With look of fond amusement, Jin obligingly slows to a halt in the upstairs hallway and kisses the inside of his wrist. At Jungkook’s expectant look, he huffs a quiet laugh but confirms,

“Definitely a marshmallow.”

“Ooh, daebak.” Jungkook smiles and hugs the older man again, settling down for all of three seconds until he notices a familiar figure coming towards them along the hallway. Perking up again, he calls, “Hyung! Eat me!”
Apparently startled by the request, Jimin trips over his own feet, wide-eyed as he catches himself against the wall.

“What?”

Jin throws his head back with the force of his laughter, and Jungkook preens at the sound, pleased to hear his hyung so happy even if he doesn’t fully understand the hilarity of the situation. But his own ignorance is of little consequence; after all, he’s a marshmallow – what more could he want from life?

Chapter End Notes

For all my fellow V-Kook shippers. <3

Hope you enjoyed the chapter! It ended on a lighthearted note because I’m a sucker for fluff and also Jin’s laugh is a thing of beauty. :) Plus the next scene will feature semi-heavy smut, and I want to give people the opportunity to skip that chapter if they need to. So fair warning - there be smut in the next chapter. Albeit very fluffy smut.

Seriously, Namjoon is a babe. <3

Let me know your thoughts! And thank you for all your support so far, I really appreciate everyone’s kind feedback. :) 

xxx
Unfortunately Jungkook’s ‘marshmallow stage’ is over almost as soon as it’s begun. The maknae’s carefree, dopey smile fades along with it, leaving the Omega’s face pinched in discomfort as his fever continues to rise.

The youth whimpers, fingers clutching weakly at the fabric of Jin’s shirt as he shifts restlessly on the bed beside the Beta. His cheeks are flushed pink, eyes glassy with tears as he reaches for his hyung pleadingly.

“You’re okay,” Jin soothes as he leans over the Omega, brushing the younger man’s sweaty fringe back from his forehead and pressing a kiss to the burning skin there. “Shhh. I’m right here, Kookie-ah. Come on, let’s get you out of that sweater before you melt in it.”

“Nooo,” Jungkook whines in protest, but apparently lacks the energy to argue the point further, allowing Jin to sit him upright to carefully manhandle him out of his clothes. “I want Namjoon-hyung.”

Jin’s expression is sympathetic as he tosses both hoodie and pants over the edge of the bed (there’ll be time to tidy up later, once Jungkook is less fractious), leaving the Omega in just his boxer shorts, his skin glistening faintly with sweat in the dimmed lighting of the bedroom.

It’s a sign of how rapidly Jungkook’s heat is progressing that his ‘marshmallow stage’ hadn’t lasted more than about ten minutes; normally Taehyung remains pliant and cuddly and pheromone-drunk for several hours before his cycle kicks in properly. Jin isn’t sure if it’s due to the maknae’s late presentation or the fact that Tae had unintentionally triggered his cycle during pre-heat, but either way it worries him a little – while he’s confident that they’ll be able to keep the maknae comfortable and sated for the duration of his heat, he doesn’t much like the volatility of it all. Tae’s heats run like clockwork, and having taken care of the Omega’s cycles since his Coming-of-Age, Jin now has it down to a fine art. He really can’t say the same for Jungkook – everything’s still so new, and uncharted waters can be worryingly unpredictable.

“Joonie’s in the shower,” he reminds the maknae (for the third time in as many minutes). “Don’t worry, he’ll be out in a minute. Lay back down for me, okay? That’s it.”
He gently guides Jungkook down against the soft bedsheets (the ones they store specially in a box in Tae’s wardrobe, clean and freshly washed and ready for the Omega’s next heat), heart clenching at the boy’s quiet whimper of discomfort. The kid looks about five seconds away from crying, and Jin can’t bear to see him so upset, even though he knows it’s perfectly normal (and healthy) for an Omega to be tearful and clingy when they’re in heat.

The Beta lowers his mouth to the younger man’s collarbone, brushing his lips against the too-warm skin there, hoping to provide comfort through the tender ministration. Jungkook makes a soft, needy noise in the back of his throat, tilting his head back a little with a tearful, hitching breath.

“H-hyung…”

“I know,” Jin murmurs, his hand moving to rest against the maknae’s sternum, applying just enough pressure to settle the fractious Omega. “You need your Alpha, don’t you, sweetheart?”

The younger man nods, arching a little more, the smell of warm caramel steadily growing stronger, and something within Jin hungers for it. As a Beta, he isn’t affected by the Omega’s pheromones quite as drastically as the rest of his Pack, but there’s no denying that Jungkook’s heat-scent is thoroughly intoxicating. With a low, approving hum, he presses a soft trail of kisses along the Omega’s collarbone and up his throat, enjoying the way the younger man shudders beneath him, savouring the rapidly sweetening scent with every inhaled breath.

He pauses when his mouth reaches the darkening hickey left by Taehyung. Admiring the mark, he strokes the pad of his thumb over it, smiling when Jungkook arches further beneath him.

“Tae did a good job claiming you,” he approves, and kisses the bruise tenderly. “I don’t blame him for wanting to leave his mark. You’ve got such a beautiful throat.”

“Oh,” Jungkook gasps softly, needily, his fingers clutching onto Jin’s shirt a little tighter. “Hyung, please.”

“Please?” Jin echoes, the faintest note of teasing in his voice. “Please what, baby?”

“I…I want…”

The Beta’s smile curls a little wider as he kisses the hickey again. “You want me to mark you, Kookie-ah? Show the world you’re mine?”

“Yes! Yes, f-duck, please.”

Under normal circumstances that sort of language would earn the maknae a swat, or at the very least a warning look. But heats are generally classed as ‘extenuating circumstances’, and as a Pack they’d come to a decision long ago that anything said mid-cycle would be overlooked. God knows Tae has a mouth on him when he’s in the throes of passion.

Jin’s still pressing kisses to the sizable hickey he’s just sucked onto Jungkook’s collarbone when the bedroom door opens. He lifts his gaze to glance towards the visitor, smiling warmly when Taehyung pokes his head inside, looking significantly less upset than he had been fifteen minutes ago. His scent is back to its regular warm-honey sweetness, and Jin’s relieved to see that Yoongi’s managed to work his usual magic with the Omega.

“There’s my angel,” he greets warmly, extending an arm towards him, the fingers of his other hand stroking tenderly through a boneless Jungkook’s sweat-damp hair as the maknae recovers from his most recent endorphin-rush. “Someone’s looking better.”
Taehyung beams at him happily and crosses the room towards them, quickly stripping out of his clothes as he approaches so that he’s down to his underwear by the time he reaches the bed. He crawls up onto the mattress and over to Jungkook, pecking a quick kiss against the corner of Jin’s mouth before leaning down to nuzzle at the maknae’s cheek. The younger Omega opens his eyes, blinking blearily up at Taehyung, cheeks flushed and eyes glazed with fever.

“Hi,” Tae whispers, bumping his nose against Jungkook’s gently. “Miss me?”

The maknae nods, one of his hands coming up clumsily to bump against Taehyung’s chest, perhaps seeking a shirt to cling onto. Finding only bare skin, Jungkook instead splays his hand against the man’s sternum, lifting his head to steal a series of quick, hungry kisses from the older Omega’s lips. Taehyung makes a soft noise of approval at Jungkook’s eagerness, and after a brief moment of surprised inertia he slides his fingers into the younger man’s hair, tugging it back down against the pillow and lowering his mouth to claim the other’s lips himself.

The show of dominance has Jungkook whining, shuddering beneath the Omega, and Taehyung laughs softly as he breaks the kiss, smiling down at the maknae’s flushed face and needy expression before glancing up towards Jin.

“Did you manage to get the meds down him, hyung?” the younger man asks as he strokes Jungkook’s cheek soothingly.

Jin nods and sends the younger man a reassuring smile. Gently convincing the maknae to swallow the contraceptive meds had been his first priority after getting Jungkook settled in bed – birth control was one of the many things they’d discussed with the Omega earlier that day, and the maknae had already decided that he wanted to start taking Taehyung’s pre-cycle meds when his heat arrived. There would be time for Jungkook to go to the health clinic and pick up his own prescription before his next heat, but given that they knew Tae’s meds were effective and reliable, there seemed to be no harm in sharing for now.

“Ughn, he smells so good,” Taehyung moans, pressing his nose to the younger man’s throat and inhaling deeply. “Has his flow started yet?”

Shaking his head and stroking a hand down from Jungkook’s sternum to settle on his waist just below his navel, Jin applies a gentle pressure, knowing from previous experience (in regularly aiding Tae’s initial cycles) that the action will help to stimulate the necessary production glands and ease the Omega into the next stage of his heat.

“Judging by his scent, it won’t be long before the first wave comes,” Jin answers as he carefully massages, smiling affectionately when the maknae shifts beneath his touch with a soft moan. “That’s it, baby. Just relax for me.”

Tae moves to settle down on his side next to the younger Omega, kissing the corner of Jungkook’s mouth. “Feels amazing, doesn’t it, Kookie? Hyung’s hands are the best.”

And Taehyung ought to know, really. It’s become somewhat of a tradition for the Omega to seek him out at the onset of his ‘marshmallow stage’ so that the Beta can whisk him away upstairs for a few hours of hardcore cuddling, and he’s developed quite a knack for nudging Tae into the first wave of his heat with gentle, massaging fingers and slow kisses. Jin is more than happy to share his second-youngest dongsaeng with the rest of the Pack once his cycle has kicked in properly, but those few precious hours towards the end of Tae’s pre-heat stage belong to him and nobody else. Alphas are stereotypically supposed to be the most possessive dynamic, but when Tae’s soft and pliant and happy in his arms or pinned beneath him, quietly pleading for his touch, Jin would fight anyone who tried to take the Omega away from him.
Jin smiles, leaning over Jungkook so that he can press his lips to Taehyung’s cheek. The Omega leans into the contact with a happy little hum, turning his head so that he can steal a proper kiss from the Beta, his mouth confident and demanding as ever. Jin allows it, careful to continue massaging Jungkook’s lower abdomen so as not to neglect his maknae, lips parting to allow Tae to deepen the kiss.

“Hyung,” Jungkook breathes shakily, and when Jin breaks the kiss to smile down at the Omega, the youth’s staring back at him with a desperate sort of hunger in his eyes. “Kiss me? Please?”

Taehyung looks at the maknae and mirrors Jin’s smile, immediately leaning down to press his lips to Jungkook’s in a lingering kiss. The younger Omega seems melt beneath him in response, moaning softly against Tae’s mouth as his hips shift restlessly, pushing up beneath Jin’s massaging hand.

“That’s it, Kookie,” Tae coaxes between kisses, fingers sinking into Jungkook’s hair again as the maknae arches up off the bed with a sharp, startled gasp. “You can feel it coming, right? Don’t fight against it, let it happen.”

Jungkook only moans in response, his head thrown back as the scent of warm caramel suddenly grows thicker and sweeter in the air around them. Jin moves his hand a little lower, stopping just shy of the bulge in the Omega’s underwear, leaning down to trail a line of butterfly kisses from navel to sternum, admiring how Jungkook’s muscled chest heaves as he gasps for breath.

The bedroom door opens, and Jin has to forcefully suppress the immediate impulse to crouch protectively over the vulnerable Omega, his Beta instincts urging him to defend his packmate from outside threats. But the rational part of his mind that remains blessedly unaffected by Jungkook’s mating pheromones quickly reminds him that they’re in a safe environment, and that the only other people in the near vicinity are his bonded Alphas. By the time he’s turned towards the door, there’s a smile on his face rather than a warning glower, and he allows his gaze to linger on Namjoon’s bare chest and strong physique for a brief moment before beckoning the man closer.

“You’re right on time,” Jin murmurs, as Namjoon closes the door behind him and approaches the bed slowly, towel wrapped around his waist but otherwise gorgeously naked, his gaze fixed on Jungkook. “His flow’s just started.”

The rapper nods, the apple of his throat bobbing as he moves across the mattress to kneel beside Jungkook, settling a hand on the maknae’s lower abdomen when the Beta obligingly scoots back to give him room. Jin admires his mate’s restraint; the initial wave of an Omega’s heat always produces stronger pheromones than in later stages, and given that it’s the first time Jungkook’s presented for an Alpha, he must smell irresistible.

But Namjoon has always been a tender lover; it was his calm disposition and gentle nature that had first caught Jin’s attention during their trainee years, rather than his aura of natural dominance and effortless authority. The latter had earned him his position as both pack Alpha and group leader (despite being younger than Hobi and Yoongi), but Jin had fallen in love with the sweet and caring man beneath after witnessing how much time Joonie spent with the younger trainees, supporting them through difficult periods and bolstering their spirits with an easy smile or a few words of encouragement. That gentleness has only increased tenfold in the years that have passed since debut, especially now that Namjoon has a pack to call his own; rather than exerting dominance over his packmates to maintain his authority, Joonie just cuddles the hell out of everyone. It had taken a little while for Yoongi to get used to being backhugged by someone younger than him, but these days the smaller rapper will drop down to sit in the pack Alpha’s lap without a moment’s hesitation if it looks like the most comfortable option. The fans go crazy for that kind of homodynamic skinship, which is always a plus.
“Kookie-ah,” Joonie calls softly.

The Omega’s eyes open, his whole body tensing for a moment as his gaze immediately flickers up to the Alpha’s face. Namjoon smiles, his thumb stroking back and forth against the soft skin of Jungkook’s abdomen as he leans down to press a soft, tender kiss to the Omega’s brow.

With a hitching breath, Jungkook’s face crumples, fever-glassy eyes filling with needy tears.

“Hyung…”

Namjoon makes a quiet, soothing noise in the back of his throat, slowly stroking his hand up from the Omega’s waist, caressing the younger man’s torso before cupping the side of his neck and jaw as he slots their mouths together for a proper kiss. Jungkook’s answering whimper is muffled against the Alpha’s lips, but some of the tension eases from his posture and his caramel-sweet scent grows impossibly thicker in the air.

“I’ve got you, you’re okay,” Namjoon murmurs when he finally breaks the kiss, gently dragging his nose along the submissive maknae’s jaw and down his throat in a tender nuzzle, inhaling deeply. “Aish, baby, your scent…”

“He smells good, right?” Taehyung enthuses as he watches the Alpha keenly, keeping the fingers of one hand laced with Jungkook’s while he strokes the maknae’s hair with the other. “Just imagine how amazing it’ll be once he’s carrying your scent, hyung.”

Jin ought to have expected no less from Tae given how vocal he is during his own heat, but he honestly hadn’t anticipated that the Omega do the same during Kookie’s cycle.

Still, the words have the desired effect, and with a low moan that’s almost deep enough to be a growl (and fuck, that’s sexy), Namjoon angles Jungkook’s head back a little further and seals his mouth against the side of the Omega’s neck to mark him. Body seizing up and back arching off the bed, the younger man gasps out a surprised little “ah!” that ignites a primal sort of hunger within Jin’s chest, and the Beta doesn’t dare to blink for fear of missing a millisecond of the display.

Jungkook submits beautifully. That doesn’t really come as a surprise, given how sweet-natured the boy usually is, but it’s still utterly breath-taking to behold.

“That’s it, sweetheart,” Jin praises softly, as Jungkook’s body slowly goes lax again beneath the Alpha. He shifts a little further up the bed so that the Omega can see him, smiling at the slightly dazed look in his eyes and reaching out to brush the kid’s fringe back gently. “Aigoo, you’re too cute. Stay still for Joonie, let him mark you – mmm, good boy.”

Jungkook shudders at the praise, sucking in a shaky breath as Namjoon finally pulls away to admire the sizeable oval-shaped bruise quickly forming on his pale throat. The rapper strokes the pad of his thumb over the mark, smiling a little when it makes the Omega whimper again.

“You’re okay, Kook-ah,” the Alpha soothes, kissing the needy sounds from Jungkooks’s lips. “Hyung’s here.”

Jin leans down to nuzzle Jungkook’s sweat-damp temple, fingers running through his hair, watching as Tae shifts down the bed to stroke both hands up the maknae’s thighs. Jungkook moans at the touch, legs parting, hips rising up off the mattress to aid Tae’s efforts as the older Omega pulls his underwear down and tosses it over the side of the bed to join the rest of his discarded clothes.

“Please,” Jungkook gasps, arching up into Namjoon’s touch as the Alpha settles a little more weight over him. “Need you so bad, hyung, it hurts, p-please.”
“Shhh.” Jin brushes soothing kisses over the Omega’s burning brow. “Don’t worry, Joonie’s going to take care of you.” He glances down towards his second-youngest dongsaeng. “Tae, baby? Do you think he’s ready yet?”

Taehyung strokes his hands up the Omega’s inner thighs again to part them further, and a moment later Jungkook gives a startled, mewling sort of gasp that sends a burning hunger straight to the pit of Jin’s stomach. Namjoon clearly experiences a similar jolt of lust, because he rumbles a low, growling sort of moan and dragged his lips down the column of Jungkook’s exposed throat, his breathing growing slightly laboured as the Omega’s pheromones stimulate his own mating instincts.

“Mmm, Kookie, you loosen up so good,” Tae moans, his hand moving back and forth in a slow rhythm between Jungkook’s legs. “He’s already taking two fingers, hyung.”

Jin hums appreciatively at the mental image, wishing he had a better vantage point so that he could see exactly what Tae’s fingers were doing, but knowing that Jungkook needs the comfort of his presence right now with his heat still unsated.

“See if you can work him open a little more,” Jin encourages calmly, albeit with a voice half an octave lower than before. “You know how big Joonie’s knot is.”

“Fuck yeah I do,” Tae agrees, sending him a lascivious wink. And the Beta sniffs a grin at the brat’s shameless flirting.

A moment later Taehyung refocuses his attention on the whimpering maknae, angling his wrist a little, and Jungkook gives another startled cry (muffled against Namjoon’s lips as the Alpha kisses him), back arching again as a third finger is added without warning. The Omega pants, hands fisted in the bedsheets beneath him as he tosses his head from side to side, his body clearly at war between the exquisite pleasure of Tae’s touch and the instinctual need for something much bigger than fingers.

“That’s it, Kookie-ah,” Namjoon murmurs, watching Jungkook’s face carefully. “You’re loosening up so well for Tae. Good boy.”

Jungkook’s answering moan is closer to a whine as he peers up at the Alpha pleadingly, desperate tears welling in his eyes.

“Hyung, I… I need-”

“I know,” the rapper reassures. “I know, baby. Hyung’s going to take care of everything, okay? Just relax for me.”

The Omega nods shakily, even as big, glistening tears leak out of the corners of his eyes to cut wet trails down his temples. Jin leans in to kiss the dampness away, cradling Jungkook’s cheek in one hand as the Omega’s eyelids flutter closed and he gives another tremulous cry.

“Four fingers,” Tae reports, his tone hushed and awed. “Fuck, that’s hot.” The Omega leans in to press a reverent kiss to the inside of Jungkook’s thigh, then glances up towards Jin with an eager grin. “He can definitely take a knot, hyung.”

His own smile slowly curling at his lips, Jin leans in to nuzzle Jungkook’s cheek as Namjoon shifts his position, the Alpha tossing the towel around his waist over the side of the bed and moving down to settle between Jungkook’s legs, hands slowly pushing his thighs further apart.

“Ready, baby?” Jin murmurs, as Tae settles on the Omega’s other side, lacing their fingers together and pressing kiss to the younger man’s flushed cheek.
Unfortunately, Jungkook’s answer is lost in a sudden cry of pleasure as Namjoon enters him in one smooth, powerful thrust.

The makane isn’t capable of coherent speech for quite some time after that.

Namjoon strokes the backs of his fingers against the sleepy youth’s brow, smiling when the Omega’s eyes blink open to peer up at him dazedly.

“It’s alright,” he murmurs, brushing the softest of kisses against the corner of the younger man’s mouth. “Go back to sleep, Jungkookie.”

The Omega nestles further into his hold with a contented little sigh and obeys him without hesitation, his body going lax again in Namjoon’s arms. The rapper’s smile widens fondly, warmth swelling in his chest at the younger man’s sweet, pliant nature post-mating. Jungkook’s never been particularly dominant even before he’d presented as an Omega, but to see him so beautifully submissive after taking a knot…aigoo. Namjoon’s Alpha instincts have never felt more sated.

“Is he alright?”

He glances across Jungkook’s sleeping form to where Jin’s stretched out beside the Omega on the bed, bare limbs wrapped around a dozing (and well-fucked) Taehyung. Namjoon sends the Beta a reassuring smile.

“His fever’s finally come down,” he answers. “Hopefully he’ll have a few hours before the next wave hits him.”

Jin hums his agreement, reaching out to stroke a soothing hand down Jungkook’s side from shoulder to hip and back again, before trailing his fingers along Namjoon’s arm and up to curl over the side of the Alpha’s neck.

“You’re so good with him,” Jin murmurs. “Seriously, Joonie. You were amazing tonight.”

The words make the warmth in his chest flare hotter, and Namjoon’s own smile curls so wide that his cheeks ache from it. Jin regards him with open affection for a long moment, gentle fingers tracing along the rapper’s jawline, the pad of his thumb sweeping over the younger man’s bottom lip.

“Kiss me,” the Beta demands softly, and Namjoon leans over Jungkook’s sleeping form to oblige him without hesitation.
He may be pack-Alpha, but Jin is the anchor that keeps him grounded, the lone voice of reason who’s kept him from fucking things up for years now. Jin’s the only person who wouldn’t hesitate to smack him, hard, if Namjoon was in the wrong, and the rapper will always appreciate and respect that spark of dominance in his otherwise placid Beta packmate. It’s a reassurance more than anything, to know that Jin will always be there to step between Namjoon and one of the others and tell him to back the fuck up if his temper should get the better of him. It isn’t something that happens very often, but it’s a safety net that’s very much appreciated nonetheless.

“I love you,” he whispers, only a hairsbreadth between Jin’s lips and his own as they break the kiss for air.

Jin’s long fingers sink into his hair as he brushes another kiss against Namjoon’s bottom lip. The Alpha hums softly, eyes closing as Jin tugs his head down to press their foreheads together.

“Love you, too,” the Beta murmurs. “My Alpha.”


The corners of Jin’s eyes crinkle as he smiles, and the Beta kisses him again lingeringly before sliding his fingers from Namjoon’s hair and laying his head back down against the pillow, his hand shifting to settle over the rapper’s where it rests on Jungkook’s waist.

“Close your eyes,” Jin coaxes quietly. “I’ll watch over our Omegas. Get some rest while you still can; our maknae won’t stay settled for long.”

Seeing the wisdom in his hyung’s words, Namjoon obeys him without protest. Warm and contented with his two youngest packmates cuddled up safely between himself and Jin, sleep finds him remarkably quickly, and within moments he’s out like a light.

Chapter End Notes

Namjoon is a sweetheart and I want one. <3 Also sorry not sorry, Jin is totally the unofficial pack leader regardless of his dynamic, because we all know he could out-Dom Joonie, Hobi and Yoongi with a single glance if he needed to. And Jiminie wouldn't even try to use his Alpha mojo on his eldest hyung, because let's be real here, he'd end up over Jin's knee in ten seconds flat.

Not entirely sure about the current rating of this story? Like, is it still Mature or do I need to bump it up to Explicit? I didn't really include a helluva lot of detailed sex stuff because I'm mostly here for the fluff tbh, but I don't really know how the rating system works for mild smut? Any thoughts?
Also experimenting with alternative POV, since writing the smutty scenes from Jungkook's perspective was proving to be difficult in his heat-addled frame of mind. As he gradually comes back to his senses, I'll likely switch back to his POV again, but for now what did you think of the narrative? Does it still read okay?

As always, I'd love to hear your thoughts. <3
Feeling Brave (Jimin/Alpha hyungs)

Chapter Summary

The members of the Alpha-line share a moment of intimacy (wherein Jiminee gets spoiled quite a bit).

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

With a quiet huff, Jimin fidgets beneath the covers agitatedly, trying to get comfortable.

It feels like hours since Yoongi found him pacing the upstairs hallway and physically dragged him into Hobi and Jin’s room, but despite being nestled snugly between the two Alphas in the double bed, sleep is proving to be frustratingly elusive. It’s probably due, in part, to his unsated nesting instincts; the ones that are currently urging him to go and find his in-heat maknae and attend to the Omega’s needs.

And the rest of him, the part of his brain that isn’t hyped up on Omega mating pheromones, is thoroughly preoccupied with a growing sense of concern for his youngest dongsaeng.

Sure, Jungkook’s an adult now and he’s certainly no stranger to sexual intimacy, but in contrast to his confident sex-on-legs stage persona, the maknae has always been an endearingly sweet and shy lover in the bedroom. And with all the sexual impulses he’ll experience as a presenting Omega… aish. It’ll be a big change for him, and Jimin doesn’t doubt his dongsaeng will find these next few days totally overwhelming. Tae’s been through more than a dozen heats these past few years since he came off the suppressants, and even he ends up in tears nine times out of ten; although Jimin knows crying is generally considered a normal and healthy response for any in-heat Omega.

Thing is, though, Kookie rarely cries – or at least not in front of anyone except Jin or Hobi, who he’s been turning to for that sort of emotional comfort since his early trainee days – and dealing with all these new emotional impulses is guaranteed to freak him out a little. Jimin can’t help worrying about the kid. If he could go and check on Jungkook, just for a minute, maybe he could put those fears to rest…

His mind made up, the young Alpha wriggles out from underneath the bedsheets, careful not to jostle Hoseok as he extracts himself from the dancer’s loose hold, climbing over his hyung and out of bed, padding quietly over to the door.

“Jimin-ah,” Yoongi calls, his low voice cutting through the silence of the darkened bedroom. “Where are you going?”

The younger man freezes mid-step, wincing. “Uh. Nowhere, hyung.”

There’s a faint rustling of fabric from the bed, and a shadow moves as Suga sits up and reaches out to tap the base of the bedside lamp, switching it on at its lowest setting. Jimin had thought the other Alpha had been fast asleep, but clearly he’d been mistaken – there’s no trace of fatigue in Yoongi’s
face, and his eyes are clear and lacking their usual post-nap puffiness as he stares at Jimin unblinkingly, holding out a hand towards him.

“You should be sleeping, kid. Come on, back to bed.”

Jimin fidgets in place, glancing briefly towards the door and weighing out the pros and cons of making a mad dash for the other bedroom – he’s quick on his feet, so there’s a fairly good chance he’ll make it there before Yoongi can stop him, but the question is at what cost. Suga may be small in stature, but as Jimin has come to learn over the years, the rapper’s got a lot of strength compacted into his slight frame. And unlike Namjoon, Yoongi won’t hesitate to use physical means to subdue Jimin if the younger Alpha steps out of line.

“Jimin-ah,” Yoongi repeats, his tone carrying a faint note of warning. “Don’t make me come and get you.”

As the youngest (and, he’ll willingly admit, the most submissive) Alpha in the pack, his initial instinct is to obey without further argument; but tonight he’s already dealing with a conflicting set of biological impulses, an internal battle against the driving need to protect and nurture and dominate – so his capacity for logical reasoning, and his intrinsic self-preservation instincts, perhaps aren’t quite up to par.

“In a minute, hyung,” he insists. “I’m just gonna check on Jungkookie real quick.”

Yoongi’s eyebrow twitches upwards, his only visible reaction to Jimin’s stubborn disobedience. His expression otherwise remains neutral, although the rapper hasn’t broken eye contact yet, and it’s making Jimin feel all fidgety inside.

“No, you’re not,” Suga tells him, his voice calm but firm. “You’re going to come back to bed and go to sleep.”

“But hyung .” the younger man tries to protest, and something flashes in Yoongi’s eyes.

“Now, Jiminie.”

The restless, uncomfortable ball of worry that’s been coiling itself tight in Jimin’s chest suddenly bursts into a wave of pent-up frustration, and in a moment of sheer suicidal stupidity (which he’ll later blame on his current hormonal imbalance), he heaves an aggravated huff and frowns towards his elder.

“Aigoo, I said in a minute, okay? Back off.”

That split-second burst of irritation is gone in an instant, leaving Jimin to experience the resultant pulse of dread in all its stomach-churning glory as he realises what’s just come out of his mouth. Unfortunately, it’s a little too late to take it back – Yoongi’s already throwing back the covers and rising from the bed, stalking across the room towards him with a determined sort of stride, lips set in a thin, grim line. Jimin fights the impulse to run only because he knows the outcome will be worse for him if he does.

“Sorry,” he blurts. “I shouldn’t have said that, I’m sorry-”

Yoongi’s physical strength still somehow surprises him even after all these years, and there’s a swooping sensation in Jimin’s stomach as he’s hauled from one side of the room to the other in what seems like the blink of an eye, the breath escaping him in a startled “oomph” as he’s pinned facedown on the bed, Yoongi’s hand clamped firmly (although not painfully) over the nape of his
neck to keep him in place. The impact of his landing jars Hoseok from his slumber, the dancer pushing himself up on one arm to blink towards them, a faint crease of concern in his brow.

“Wha’s happening?” J-Hope slurs groggily.

Yoongi shifts his weight, one knee braced on the mattress for balance as he turns towards the other Alpha. “Nothing, Hobi, we’re fine. Sorry for waking you. Go back to sleep, okay?”

With a soft grunt of acknowledgment, the dancer sinks back down against the pillows, although his keeps one eye opened to a tired squint, surveying the scene before him placidly.

Jimin feels his cheeks heat, guilt and shame making him want to squirm in place beneath Yoongi’s restraining hand; he so rarely pushes against his hyung’s authority, and it’s been at least a month since one of his mates last felt the need to subdue him like this. It’s rarer still that he’s disciplined by one of the others, but Jimin’s no stranger to his current position – Tae’s cheeky disposition and fondness for pranks is somewhat contagious, and occasionally Jimin will find himself persuaded to join the two younger maknaes in their naughtiness (a decision he almost always comes to regret afterwards).

But on the whole, he tries not to cause too much trouble for the pack, especially since he knows his hyungs already have so much responsibility to shoulder. He hadn’t meant to snap at Yoongi like that, the words had just been the by-product of a whole load of pent-up emotions, and the rapper had simply been the closest target when his shortened fuse had run out.

“I know you’re worried about Jungkook-ah,” Yoongi says quietly, the words a warm puff of air against Jimin’s ear, making the younger Alphas shudder and sink a little further into the mattress in a willing effort to submit to the man’s show of dominance. “But that doesn’t excuse your attitude, punk. You don’t ever talk to me like that. Am I your friend?”

Jimin shakes his head quickly, as much as he can with Yoongi’s hand still clamped over his nape. The Alpha gives him a gentle little shake. “Then do you want to challenge me?”

He gives another shake of his head, more vigorously this time, because fuck no he’d never dream of deliberately challenging Yoongi’s status as his Alpha-Dom. The pack hierarchy is something they had established before they’d even debuted, and Jimin’s always been more than happy with his position as the maknae of the Alpha-line; for one, he generally gets coddled by his more dominant hyungs, and as someone who’s always been extremely tactile (to the point where he’d often been mistaken for an Omega post-debut), that’s a definite bonus. Secondly, while he has no trouble looking after Tae when he’s in heat or keeping Jungkook in check, he’s never really cared about exerting his dominance over anyone else. There are natural born pack-Alphas like Namjoon who live and breathe effortless authority with every waking moment without ever appearing to actively dominate others, and then there are Alphas like Jimin who are content to submit to authority (most of the time) without too much difficulty. The idea of going toe-to-toe with an Alpha like Yoongi… aigoo. His stomach’s churning just thinking about it.

“Is everything alright?”

Jimin winces anew at the voice, turning his head a little to glance back towards the bedroom doorway where Namjoon has paused to assess the situation, dressed only in a dark pair of boxer-shorts, his bare torso littered sporadically with hickeys. Clearly Jin’s feeling particularly possessive this evening (not that anyone can blame him; their pack-Alpha is hot as fuck).

“Our pup’s feeling brave tonight,” Yoongi answers, although there’s no real heat behind his words,
and the hand that isn’t currently being used to restrain Jimin is stroking idly along the youth’s spine beneath his t-shirt. “We’re having a little discussion about his attitude.”

Namjoon crosses the room, moving to settle on the bed beside Jimin, fingers carding through the younger man’s hair as he peers down at his dongsaeng, studying him closely.

“Hey. What’s gotten into you?” the pack-Alpha asks quietly. “You know better than to talk back.”

Jumin drops his gaze guilty. “Sorry. I didn’t mean it, hyung, I just...I felt…”

“You’re restless,” Namjoon acknowledges softly, fingertips rubbing against the younger man’s scalp. “I know it’s difficult to ignore your instincts, pup, but it’s for the best. Kookie’s too sensitive to Alpha pheromones right now; having more than one of us in there with him would only exacerbate his symptoms.”

The Alpha-maknae nods, unashamedly tilting his head up into Namjoon’s settling touch, pleasant heat stirring within him at the tactile contact, the itch of his unsated instincts quickly fading into the background as the part of him that yearns for his Alpha’s approval slips to the forefront.

“You’re right,” he sighs, and turns his head to the other side so that he can glance up at Suga tentatively. “I’m sorry for snapping at you, hyung.”

The corner of the rapper’s mouth curls upwards in a fond smile, and Yoongi relinquishes his hold on the nape of Jimin’s neck, fingers stroking over the area instead. “You’re a punk,” he murmurs. “But I forgive you.”

“Really?” Mildly surprised at the lack of disciplinary consequences, Jimin blinks at his hyung stupidly for a few seconds. “Um, that’s it? I’m not in trouble?”

Namjoon and Yoongi share an amused glance, one that immediately has the younger Alpha on full alert, and a moment later Jimin gives a yelping sort of laugh as strong hands haul him up into Namjoon’s lap for a cuddle, his back pressed against the rapper’s bare chest.

“It’s been a while since we last marked you,” the pack-Alpha muses. “I think that’s something we need to rectify tonight, don’t you?” A kiss is brushed against the shell of his ear, and then Joonie’s shifting his grip to restrain him with practiced ease. “Come here, brat.”

One muscular arm loops around his midriff as the fingers of Namjoon’s other hand fist carefully in the younger man’s thick hair, keeping his head arched back at an angle to bare his throat, in what’s probably the gentlest mating-hold Jimin’s ever experienced. Still, a physical show of dominance from Namjoon is a rare enough occurrence that Jimin feels his whole body react instinctively, muscles going lax as he tilts his head back with the soft pull of the rapper’s fingers, his breathing growing shallow and uneven as heat curls in his gut.

“That’s more like it,” Yoongi purrs in that low, sultry voice of his, and Jimin feels a pleasant shudder run through him. “What do you think, Joonie; teeth, or no teeth?”

Namjoon hums as though genuinely pondering he question, and Jimin has to fight not to squirm in the Alpha’s hold as the fire in his gut is stoked a few degrees hotter.

“He likes it when we bite him,” Hoseok remarks casually from where he’s sitting up against the pillows watching them, now very much awake, a slow smile curling at his lips as he studies the subdued Alpha appreciatively. “Don’t you, Jiminue?”

Jumin moans softly at the press of lips against his throat, nodding ever so slightly, careful not to
dislodge Namjoon’s grip on his hair.

“Teeth it is, then,” Yoongi murmurs against his skin, and promptly bites down.

It’s definitely not hard enough to break the skin (even pumped up on Omega heat pheromones, his mates are always careful not to hurt him), but it’s not a gentle bite either, and it’s exactly what Jimin’s restless inner-Alpha needs right now.

He arches up with a cry, closing his eyes as heat rolls through him, pulsing out from that initial point of pleasure-pain at the side of his neck. Yoongi’s deliberately gone for his scent gland, knowing that the area will already be sensitive in light of his body’s response to Jungkook’s heat, and when the rapper releases the pinched skin from between his teeth and sucks, Jimin sees fireworks erupt behind his eyelids.

“Good boy,” Namjoon purrs, lips brushing against the shell of his ear. “So good for us, Jiminie.”

The younger Alpha tries to catch his breath, blinking up at the ceiling dazedly as he shudders in Namjoon’s hold. Yoongi sucks for a few moments longer before releasing his skin with a wet pop and leaning back to survey his work.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” the rapper says, his voice half an octave lower than before. “You bruise so easily, Jimin-ah. And you’re so responsive, aish.”

Suga cups a hand over the bulge in the younger man’s boxer shorts, and Jimin sucks in a sharp breath as he arches up into the contact. Yoongi smiles, leaning in again to drag his lips along the maknae-Alpha’s jawline.

“Wish I had time to take care of this, too,” Suga purrs silkily, hand moving just enough to tease without actually giving the younger man any real stimulation. “But I can’t leave our Omega waiting. I take it his first wave went okay, Joon-ah?”

Namjoon nods, huffing a quiet laugh. “And his second. And his third.”

“He’s gone through three cycles already?” Hobi reiterates. “Aigoo, are you serious?”

“And that was only in the first hour,” the pack-Alpha tells them, sounding faintly exhausted by the whole process. “The first three came back-to-back; there couldn’t have been more than five minutes between one ending and another starting. Kookie took it well, though. Poor kid’s tuckered out now; he’s managed to sleep for a couple of hours since the last wave, but Jin thinks his fever’s on its way up again. You’ve probably got another twenty minutes, tops.”

Yoongi nods decisively. “Then I should go and join them sooner rather than later.” His gaze shifts back to Jimin, a smile curling at his lips as he strokes the pads of his fingers down the column of the younger man’s exposed throat. “Are you gonna let Hobi and Joon-ah take care of you?”

Jimin nods as best he can with his head still tilted back, the apple of his throat bobbing as he swallows.

“Good boy.” Yoongi drops a chaste peck against his mouth, then turns to capture Namjoon’s lips in a more lingering kiss, before hopping up off the bed and sauntering towards the door.

“Hey,” Hoseok protests, lobbing a pillow at the retreating Alpha, the padded projectile bounding off the bad of Yoongi’s head with a soft “flump”. “Where’s mine?”

The rapper’s already laughing when he turns around (and Jimin expects the oversight had been
deliberate; Yoongi seems to enjoy teasing Hobi more than any of the others), crossing back over to
the bed to cup the dancer’s upturned face between both hands as their lips meet in a more lingering
kiss.

“Happy now?” Yoongi grunts, but there’s a smile in his voice.

“Ecstatic.” Hoseok shoves at him playfully, throwing back the bedcovers so that he can crawl over to
Jimin and Namjoon, waving a hand towards Yoongi in a dismissive gesture. “Don’t you have
someplace else to be?”

The rapper laughs again, leaning down to retrieve the fallen pillow and lob it back in Hobi’s face
with a fondly muttered “Punk”, before exiting the bedroom swiftly before an all-out pillow fight can
ensue.

“Jaenjang, Yoongi wasn’t kidding,” Hobi laughs upon seeing the state of Jimin’s neck. “You bruise
like a peach, Jiminnie.” Fingers brush against the sensitive mark. “Does it hurt?”

Shuddering pleasantly at the touch, Jimin shakes his head. “No. Feels- ah! Feels good, hyung.”

“Mmm,” Hoseok hums in approval, lips and tongue busy mapping out the younger man’s bared
throat.

Namjoon trails a tingling line of kisses down from Jimin’s temple to the curve of his jaw, arm
tightening around the maknae-Alpha’s midriff when the dancer squirms pleasantly at the loving
contact.

“Jin-hyung won’t be happy if we tire him out before he’s had a chance to take care of Kookie,” Hobi
cautions, although the movement of his hands beneath Jimin’s shirt belie his pretence of good
intentions.

“Kid needs to sleep,” Namjoon reasons, nose bumping against Jimin’s cheek in a tender nuzzle.
“You know he’ll be out like a light once we’re done.”

Hoseok hums again, leaning up to kiss the pack-Alpha. “True. Shouldn’t take us too long; he’s
already riled up pretty good, aren’t you, gorgeous?”

“Hyung,” Jimin breathes shakily, as Hobi’s hand strokes down his stomach to slip beneath the
waistband of his shorts. “Hyung, please…”

It’s the last coherent sentence he manages for quite some time.

Just over half an hour later, someone switches off the bedside lamp. Tucked up snugly between two
of his Alpha mates, with three large hiccys darkening against his pale throat, Jimin is completely
oblivious to this. His previous concerns forgotten, the maknae puffs soft little breaths against
Hoseok’s collarbone as the choreographer cards his fingers through the younger Alpha’s thick hair.

Jimin doesn’t even stir, but instead sleeps on peacefully. All is good.
This chapter was genuinely unplanned. I had every intention of making this fic predominantly focused on Jungkook, but then Jimin just decided to write himself as the occasionally-bratty-but-very-much-loved maknae of the Alpha line, and this chapter kinda happened. Also soft!Namjoon demanded more screen time. And FYI, Yoongi is equally as squishy but tends to be a little bit stricter on his dongsaeng than Hobi and Joonie, because *someone* needs to keep that boy in check and Jin's a little preoccupied right now.

Also headcanon that Jiminie occasionally suffers from insomnia during busy schedule periods, but his Alphas have devised a foolproof plan for putting him to sleep that involves you-know-what, hence the totally casual conversation there at the end;

Hope you enjoyed the chapter! Let me know your thoughts, and whether or not you enjoyed exploring the rest of the groups dynamics/relationships. :) Next chapter will be gratuitous SugaKookie fluff. <3 <3 <3
Sensitivities (SugaKookie)

Chapter Summary

When it comes to handling an in-heat Omega, Yoongi is something of an expert.
(Warning: smut ahead.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The bedside lamps are dimmed to their lowest setting when Yoongi enters the bedroom, but his eyes adjust quickly to the pale amber glow and he lingers briefly at the threshold to collect himself as he’s hit by a barrage of intoxicating scents, Jungkook’s heat pheromones immediately pushing his own instincts to the fore.

Aish, Kookie smells incredible.

Bracing a hand against the doorjamb, he forces himself to breathe deeply and slowly, both to slow his racing heart and to help acclimatise himself to the Omega’s scent more quickly. Jin glances up at him from his seat against the headboard of the double bed, relief smoothing out the worried crease in his brow as his lips curl up in a warm (albeit tired) smile.

“Hey,” Jin murmurs, his hand stroking Jungkook’s back in slow, soothing circles.

The maknae, dressed only in one of Jin’s oversized white t-shirts, is cuddled up in the Beta’s lap with his face pressed against the older man’s shoulder. He’s whimpering every so often, clearly in some degree of discomfort, and although Yoongi’s immediate instinct is to hurry over to him and take the unsettled Omega into his own arms, he consciously forces that impulse back down again, working to keep his posture relaxed and his tone calm.

“Hey,” the Alpha returns just as softly, closing the door behind him and crossing over to the bed at a more sedate pace. Taehyung’s curled up on one side of the mattress fast asleep, and Yoongi reaches out to smooth a hand up the Omega’s spine in a passing caress before returning his full attention to the pack’s maknae. “How is he?”

“Restless,” Jin answers, his voice tinged with both sympathy and concern as he strokes a gentle hand over the back of Jungkook’s head. “His fever’s starting to spike again, but I’m reluctant to trigger the next cycle until he’s had something to drink. At the rate he produces, he’ll be losing a lot of fluid over the next few hours, especially if his waves come back-to-back again. I haven’t been able to make it down to the kitchen for a supply run; I tried stepping out a little while ago, but…well. Kookie wasn’t too happy about being left on his own, were you, baby?”

The Omega gives a low, tearful sort of whine and shakes his head adamantly, winding his arms further around Jin’s shoulders and burrowing in even closer. Yoongi’s heart clenches at the sight (the maknae line acting cute is perhaps his greatest weakness in life, not that he’ll ever admit to it), a fond half-smile tugging at his lips as he shifts closer to settle a hand on the small of Jungkook’s back.

“Let me take him,” he suggests, leaning in to kiss Jin briefly; their caring Beta always holds strong for the pack during heats, but Yoongi can’t imagine how exhausting it must be to remain so hyper-
aware of an Omega’s emotional needs for such an extended period of time. “Why don’t you go and fix yourself a snack or something? You’ve already been awake half the night, hyung; you need to keep your strength up.”

Jin hesitates briefly, fingers threaded into Jungkook’s dark hair, cheek resting against the top of the maknae’s head.

“He’s a little fragile right now,” the Beta worries. “I don’t want to upset him by leaving.”

Yoongi moves to sit against the headboard beside the pair. “If he needs to vent, isn’t it better just to let it happen? He’s gotta be feeling pretty overwhelmed by everything, especially if he’s running through cycles so quickly. Kid’s gonna need to cry at some point, hyung.”

“Aish,” Jin sighs, hugging Jungkook a little tighter against him, expression slightly pinched. “I know that. I just wasn’t expecting him to progress through his initial waves so quickly.”

Emotional volatility is a fairly standard heat symptom for any Omega, and Tae’s always insisted that a good cry between particularly intense cycles feels just as satisfying as the act of mating itself. Yoongi’s never been unsettled by Taehyung’s tears (to be honest, if the pup doesn’t cry in his arms at some point during a heat, he feels as though he’s underperformed somehow), but Jin’s always been more deeply affected by the emotions of others; he never likes seeing anyone upset, even if it’s for a good reason. Sometimes their pack-Beta’s heart is too big for his own good.

Still, everyone knows it’s better to let an unsettled Omega cry rather than allowing the emotions to build up to a point where they begin to effect the cycle itself. A pup who’s struggling with ongoing emotional turmoil will never feel adequately sated, and an unresolved heat can have a negative impact on an Omega’s overall health. Tae very rarely struggles to reach that point of emotional release, but there have been a small handful of occasions over the years where a member of the Alpha-line has opted to take the pup over their knee in order to coax that response out of him. Yoongi would rather avoid a situation where it would be necessary to do the same with Jungkook, especially since it’s his first heat – better to let things happen naturally, if possible.

“Go take a break,” he insists quietly, reaching out to pull Jungkook from the elder’s lap and into his own, finding that with his body already responding to the Omega’s pheromones, manhandling the taller, heavier pup feels almost effortless in a way it never has before. “We’ll manage without you for ten minutes.”

Jungkook whines miserably, the fingers of one hand clutching at the sleeve of Jin’s t-shirt even as he burrows into Yoongi’s hold like he’s been touch-starved for years. The Alpha gently disentangles the weak grip, drawing the Omega’s hand away as he smiles towards Jin with calm, easy confidence.

Jin regards him hesitantly for half a beat longer, before leaning in to brush his lips against Yoongi’s in a brief, tender kiss. Then he combs his fingers through Jungkook’s hair and presses his lips to the Omega’s temple with a murmured promise to be back soon.

“No,” Jungkook protests, his voice small and tearful as he lifts his head from Yoongi’s shoulder to peer up at Jin imploringly. “Wait. Where are you going?”

Jaenjang. It’s enough to break a man’s heart.

Yoongi palms the back of Jungkook’s head gently and guides it back down against his shoulder, nodding towards the door. “Go. I’ve got this.”

His face slightly pinched, Jin abruptly turns on his heel and strides out of the room, clearly needing to
flee before his own instincts can get the better of him. Yoongi knows how torn the Beta must feel in the face of Kookie’s tearful pleading, but it’s more important that Jin has something to eat and drink so that he has the strength to continue caring for the Omega over the next couple of days.

“He’ll be back soon,” the Alpha reassures, dragging his nose along Jungkook’s jawline in a tender nuzzle as the youth sucks in a shaky, hitching breath. “Shhh. You’re okay, cub.”

Jungkook’s fingers curl in the fabric of Yoongi’s t-shirt. “Hyung, I…I don’t…”

“You don’t feel so good?” Yoongi supplies softly.

The Omega shakes his head miserably, dragging the back of his wrist over his eyes as his breathing stutters again. Yoongi’s heart aches for the pup, even as it swells in his chest over how freaking cute the maknae looks just now. Cheeks flushed with fever and eyes shining with the threat of tears, Jungkook’s never seemed more attractive; although Yoongi doesn’t know if that’s just his hormones talking. The instinct to soothe and settle the maknae has certainly never been stronger.

“I think someone needs a good cry,” the Alpha murmurs, gently brushing Jungkook’s fringe back from his forehead to feel his feverish brow. “Trust me, it’ll make you feel better. Remember how it always helps Tae?”

Jungkook presses the heels of his palms against his eyes, shoulders hunching a little. “M’fine. I’m not gonna cry.”

Despite the twinge of sympathy in his heart, Yoongi can’t help the fond, amused smile that curls at his lips upon hearing the Omega’s bordering-on-petulant reply. Even mid-heat, Kookie’s stubbornness holds true, although right now the Alpha finds the trait endearing rather than frustrating.

“My mistake,” he placates, the gentle note of teasing behind the words softened even further by the warmth and affection in his tone. “You want me to leave you alone?”

“Nooo,” Jungkook whines, and turns to drop his forehead against Yoongi’s shoulder with a soft thunk. “Stay.”

Yoongi huffs a quiet laugh, cupping a hand over the back of the kid’s neck, stroking there to settle the Omega. “Hey. Don’t be bossy.”

Sucking in a shallow, hitching breath, Jungkook goes tense in his hold for a short moment, before abruptly bursting into tears.

Startled by the suddenness of it all, Yoongi freezes for half a beat, eyes widening as Jungkook buries his face against the Alphas shoulder.

“M’sorry,” Jungkook choked out tearfully, clutching onto Yoongi as though afraid the Alpha might disappear. “Don’t be mad at me, I didn’t m-mean it, I’m sorry…”

It seems, in the midst of his heat-induced sensitivity, the young Omega has taken Yoongi’s gentle chiding to heart. The Alpha feels a brief pulse of guilt over his careless words (he really hadn’t meant anything by them, but he ought to have realised beforehand that Kookie wouldn’t be in the right frame of mind to take the playful scolding as a joke), but there’s a bigger part of him that’s somewhat relieved to hear the pup crying. The fact that Kookie had reacted to his words so suddenly is as plain an indication as any that the Omega is long overdue a good cry.

Yoongi’s arms close around the Omega in a tighter embrace, head turning so that he can press his lips to the pup’s burning skin as he cups a hand over the back of the younger man’s neck again.
“Hey, hey, I’m not mad,” the rapper soothes. “I was only teasing you, sweetheart.” He strokes his thumb against the too-hot skin of Jungkook’s nape. “Go ahead and cry as much as you need to, okay? I’m right here with you.”

Once the floodgates have opened, the tears just keep on coming, and Jungkook doesn’t seem too bothered about trying to hide them anymore. He burrows further into the Alpha’s hold, sucking in hitching little breaths as he cries quietly against the rapper’s shoulder. Yoongi leans back more comfortably against the padded headboard, switching between rubbing Jungkook’s back and squeezing his nape gently, letting the Omega cry himself out.

He’s been in this exact same position often enough with Taehyung (and, on the rare occasions when they’ve had to put the Alpha-maknae in his place, Jiminie), so he’s no stranger to cuddling an upset packmate. It’s not the first time Kookie’s been here either; Yoongi isn’t always the hyung who handles the discipline, but he still somehow seems to end up with a lapful of tearful dongsaeng whenever one of the maknaes gets scolded. Tae insists it’s because he’s the ‘squishiest’ hyung, which Yoongi’s never quite sure if he should take as a compliment to his hugging technique or a stab at his less muscular physique; either way, he doesn’t mind overmuch as long as the pups feel content in his arms.

By the time Jin returns, the maknae’s tears have slowed to the occasional sniffing hiccup, and all of the tension has bled from his body, leaving him a pliant weight against Yoongi’s chest.

“Here, see if you can get him to drink this,” Jin requests, passing the rapper a bottle of juice from the duffel bag of drinks and snacks he’s brought upstairs with him. “I’m gonna take Tae to the other room before the next wave comes.”

Yoongi watches as the elder idol carefully slides his arms beneath Taehyung’s sleeping body, scooping up the Omega with practiced ease and shushing him back to sleep when the youth stirs. For a Beta, Jin’s strength is truly unrivalled (there’s a reason he’s won gold in the ISAC wrestling tournaments these past few years), and he barely seems phased by Tae’s dead weight.

“I thought he wanted to stay for Kookie’s cycles?” Yoongi asks, even as he gently coaxes Jungkook to sit sideways in his lap so that he can help the Omega drink.

Jin smiles fondly down at Taehyung’s sleeping face and shakes his head. “The next couple of days are going to be tiring for all of us; Tae’s run himself into the ground this week already, he needs rest. Besides, he’ll be upset if he’s too exhausted to help Jimin take care of Jungkook in the morning.”

The Beta has a point. Jimin, being an early-riser by nature, has been assigned the morning slot in their makeshift take-care-of-Jungkook’s-heat schedule. Tae, on the other hand, really isn’t much of a morning person, but is very much attached at the hip to both his fellow maknaes – given the choice, the Omega would undoubtedly prefer to be awake enough to fully appreciate any heat-mating between Jimin and Jungkook, even if it means leaving the younger man’s side for a few hours in order to rest.

Yoongi’s still pretty certain that Tae’s going to sulk about it when he eventually wakes up, but with any luck Namjoon will be the one to handle any subsequent tantrums.

“Hey,” he murmurs, smiling down at Jungkook warmly as the Omega finishes his juice and hands the bottle back to him. His cheeks are flushed and his eyes are red-rimmed, but otherwise he’s looking much more cognisant than he had been before. “Feeling better?”

The younger man nods, reaching up to scrub at his eyes before peering around the bedroom blearily. “What time is it?”
Yoongi glances briefly at the bedside alarm clock, setting the empty juice bottle aside on the table there. “About quarter-past one. Joonie told me you only slept for a little while; do you want to take a nap?”

“Hn-nn,” Jungkook declines, shifting in Yoongi’s arms so that he can lean in and nuzzle at the Alpha’s throat with a contented hum. “Wanna stay with you.”

Smiling a little, Yoongi strokes a hand over the back of Jungkook’s head. “I’m not going anywhere. I’m all yours.”

“Mmm. All mine.” The Omega shifts again, this time to straddle the Alpha’s lap, and wraps his arms back around Yoongi’s shoulders with another low hum, closer to a moan this time. “Hyung, you smell so good.”

Yoongi takes a deep breath in through his nose, catching a strong pulse of the Omega’s sweet scent. He feels his body respond in kind to the sudden spike in pheromones, heat stirring deep within him as he strokes a hand slowly down the Omega’s spine and pushes up beneath the hem of the pup’s baggy t-shirt to press against the small of his back, guiding the Omega forwards in a slow grind.

Jungkook sucks in a sharp breath, nose bumping against Yoongi’s as he stares at the Alpha, eyes open wide and pupils blown, his warm-caramel scent growing impossibly thicker in the air around them.

“Joonie told me how good you were for him,” Yoongi murmurs, brushing a soft, teasing kiss against the Omega’s bottom lip as he rocks their hips together again in another slow grind. “Took his knot like a champ, didn’t you, Kookie? Bet that felt good.”

Nodding, his cheeks flushing even pinker and lips parted as his breathing quickens and grows shallower, Jungkook’s gaze flickers down to Yoongi’s mouth hungrily. The Alpha holds back for a few seconds just to savour the desperate look on the Omega’s face, then obligingly sinks his fingers into Jungkook’s hair and slots their mouths together in a fierce, claiming kiss.

Namjoon hadn’t been lying; the pup submits **beautifully**. A tug on his hair has the Omega tilting his head back to allow Yoongi to find the best angle to kiss him, and at the slightest hint of tongue Jungkook’s parting his lips to permit the Alpha to claim his mouth more thoroughly, whimpering softly all the while in a way that’s quickly setting Yoongi’s blood on fire in his veins.

He drags his hand down from the pup’s nape and along his spine to caress over the curve of Jungkook’s buttocks, squeezing the smooth flesh as he breaks away from the Omega’s mouth to kiss along his jawline instead.

“Hyung,” Jungkook whimpers, keeping his throat bared for Yoongi even without the Alpha’s hand in his hair. “I…I need…”

“What, Kookie-ah?” Yoongi coaxes, smiling a little as he teases his fingers between the pup’s cheeks to ghost against his slick entrance. “What do you need?”

The Omega nudges back into his touch with a high, needy whine, and Yoongi laughs softly, but obligingly pushes a digit inside.

“Is this what you want, pup?” he teases, keeping his touch deliberately light.

Jungkook squirms against him, his voice shaky as he answers, “Yes. N-no. I…I want more, hyung, please.”
“Has he started already?” Jin asks from across the room, surveying the scene before him with an appreciative eye as he closes the bedroom door. “That was fast.”

“I didn’t even need to trigger it,” Yoongi answers, slipping a second digit carefully inside and savouring the breathless, strangled cry Jungkook gives him in return. “Kookie got needy all on his own.”

Jin moves to kneel up on the bed behind the Omega and astride Yoongi’s legs, stroking his hands over the youth’s shoulders as he leans in to kiss the back of Jungkook’s neck.

“He progresses pretty quickly,” the Beta acknowledges, petting the Omega’s hair gently. “Poor kid went through three cycles without a break after the first wave came. You know, I’m not sure if knotting him straight away is actually doing him any favours – drawing things out might help to slow the heat cycles down a little.”

Yoongi nods, pulling his fingers away so that Jin can replace them with his own, lifting the wet digits to his mouth to taste the Omega and savouring the rich sweetness on his tongue.

“You wanna milk him for a bit?” he suggests, cupping his hand over the back of Jungkook’s neck again as the pup starts to make mewling little whimpers against his shoulder in response to the skilled movement of Jin’s long fingers. “It always works for Tae.”

Taehyung tends to be an insatiable Omega at the best of times, but in heat that thirst for intimate touch is amplified tenfold, often to the point where he could take four knots one after the other and still be a writhing, begging mess. They’d learned early on that the longer they made the pup wait for a knot, the more easily sated he’d be at the end of a mating. Needless to say, the rest of the pack have all developed enhanced dexterity in their dominant hand ever since Tae came off his suppressants. And Hobi’s toy collection has expanded exponentially.

Jin leans over Jungkook’s shoulder to kiss the Alpha softly. “I’m going to need a better angle than this. You mind settling him?”

Yoongi smiles and shakes his head, waiting until the Beta has pulled away before hoisting Jungkook up out of his lap and flipping the pup facedown onto the mattress.

If wielding toys like extensions of his own body is Hobi’s strongpoint, then ‘settling’ a submissive packmate is definitely Yoongi’s. It’s a term that’s becoming more commonplace in society nowadays, other words associated with restraint tend to carry more negative connotations, even if the act itself hasn’t changed much over the years. But everyone knows that a fractious submissive will benefit from a little consensual restraint, and an Omega in heat will crave it as much as an Alpha’s knot.

As a matter of fact, the pack make a habit out of ‘settling’ Taehyung on a fairly regular basis (it’s the easiest way to keep the pup’s mischievousness under control), and it isn’t uncommon to find the Omega sprawled out across an Alpha’s lap or bent over an item of furniture with his wrists held behind his back. Tae’s perfectly content to be held in place while they’re watching a movie together (it keeps the pup from fidgeting restlessly) or wrapped up securely in someone’s arms to keep him from wandering off while they’re waiting to be picked up by their manager. He’s a little less content when he’s mid-cycle, but only because the Omega tends to thrash around quite a bit (Tae appreciates having the freedom to fight against his restraints, even if he doesn’t actually want to break them), but that’s why they handle Tae’s heats as a pack – Yoongi’s strong, but it takes multiple hands to ‘settle’ the pup when he’s being milked.

“You’re okay,” Yoongi reassures, stroking a soothing hand up the youth’s spine beneath his shirt as
Jungkook gives a startled whimper at the sudden change in position. “Raise your hips for me, Kookie, that’s it.”

Jin’s there with a couple of pillows and a stack of towels, slipping them beneath the Omega’s waist when Jungkook obediently kneels up a little.

Yoongi carefully draws the baggy t-shirt over Jungkook’s head and tosses it aside, smoothing his hands over the newly exposed skin to gently push the Omega’s torso back down against the bed.

“Good boy,” he murmurs, shifting to settle comfortably in front of the pup, hands closing over Jungkook’s wrists to hold them down against the mattress. “I’m going to help you keep still for Jin-hyung, okay?”

Jungkook nods, his eyes glassy and sweat glistening on his forehead as he moans softly, arching his back a little further to present himself alluringly for Jin, who swears hoarsely under his breath and takes a moment to appreciate the sight.

“Aigoo, that’s hot,” Yoongi agrees, and leans down to press a kiss to the Omega’s burning brow. “Now hold still for me, there’s a good boy.”

In Jungkook’s defence, he does manage to hold his position for a short while, and it isn’t the pup’s fault that Jin is exceptionally good with his fingers. Eventually, Yoongi ends up half-draped over the Omega’s back in order to keep him pinned, pressing kisses to the claiming mark he’s left against the nape of Jungkook’s neck and murmuring words of praise and encouragement as the pup trembles his way through another orgasm.

Yoongi’s in love. Not that he hasn’t been completely infatuated with the maknae for a long while now, but to see Jungkook submitting to their ministrations so entirely, to feel him pushing up instinctively into Yoongi’s restraining hold rather than tugging away from it…aigoo. It’s all he can do to keep his own mating impulses under control – the urge to mount the Omega and give him the knot he’s been begging for these past twenty minutes is almost overwhelming.

He makes a mental note to speak to Hoseok in the morning; Kookie needs to become more intimately acquainted with the dancer’s toy collection, that’s for sure. And the two of them failing to tag-team the pup at some point during his heat would be an absolute crime.
So in the end I opted to change the rating to an 'E', just in case. I really won't be getting any more explicit than this chapter, but I feel it may have gone a little beyond the point of 'Mature'.

What did you guys think of Yoongi? I wanted him to be a squishy, affectionate hyung for Kookie, but I also appreciate that he has a quiet sort of strength and authority about him that I feel would influence how he conducts himself as an Alpha. He has a huge weakness for the maknae line, but enough common sense not to spoil them too much (because Hobi does that enough for the both of them).

Don't worry, Tae will get plenty of attention in other chapters, he just didn't fit into the SugaKookie scene I wanted to write here. Also the poor love does need to sleep if he's going to be of any use to Jimin in the morning.

Next up, Hobi-hyung! <3

xxxx
Hoseok props himself up on his elbow, squinting towards the glowing numbers of the bedside alarm clock.

He’s lain awake a short while now, reluctant to go back to sleep just in case he didn’t wake up in time to take over from Yoongi in their makeshift handle-Jungkook’s-heat schedule. These past thirty minutes seemed to have dragged on for hours, but at long last his allocated hour is about to strike, and he sits up in bed with a quiet sigh of relief (he’s never been very good at waiting; it’s not that he’s impatient or anything, he just gets bored very quickly if he stays still for any length of time).

Beside him, Taehyung stirs with a soft noise of protest, shifting closer to curl an arm around the dancer’s waist.

“Hyung?” the younger man slurs groggily.

“Shhh,” Hobi hushes, stroking a hand over the back of the Omega’s head to gently squeeze his nape. “Sleep, Tae.”

Taehyung gives another soft hum and nestles in closer still. Hoseok smiles indulgently, but works to extract himself (with some reluctance) from the younger man’s arms.

“I need to go, sweetheart,” he tells the second-youngest. “Kookie’s waiting for me.”

“Mm.” Tae tilts his head back to blink up at him, eyes adorably puffy from sleep. “Take me with you?”

The offer is a tempting one, Hobi can’t deny that; the prospect of having two cute Omegas to pleasure and spoil at the same time…aigoo. What sane Alpha wouldn’t want that? But then again, it’s pretty late (or ridiculously early, rather), and Tae’s going to need all the rest he can get if he wants to support Jungkook through his heat these next few days.

“Maybe later, baby,” he replies gently. “You’re exhausted. Go back to sleep, okay?”

“Nooo,” the Omega protests, even as his eyelids droop threateningly.

With a fond sigh, Hoseok leans across Jimin’s sleeping form in the centre of the bed to gently nudge Namjoon in the shoulder. The younger man opens his eyes immediately at the touch (ever attuned to the presence of his packmates), his gaze zoning in on Hobi after a couple of seconds. Hoseok smiles
a wincing apology.

“Sorry to wake you,” the Alpha whispers, not wanting to disturb Jimin’s slumber. “I’m supposed to go take over from Yoongi, but Tae needs settling.”

Namjoon nods, already pushing himself up to climb carefully over Jimin, sliding into place behind Taehyung as Hobi slips out of bed and transfers the clingy Omega into the pack-Alpha’s waiting arms.

“Nooo,” Tae whines, a little louder this time, making grabby-hands towards Hobi as the dancer begins to retreat towards the door.

Hoseok pauses, driven (as always) by a deep-rooted instinct to comfort his mate, even though the sensible part of his brain is telling him that Tae isn’t really upset and is protesting the loss of his Alpha-shaped pillow more than anything else. Still, those instincts have always been difficult to ignore – it’s one of the many reasons why he fails at disciplining the maknae line so abysmally. Exerting authority is one thing (as an Alpha it’s second-nature to be dominant over his dongsaengs), but when it comes to actually scolding the pups he often can’t bring himself to finish the task. Luckily for him, Joonie and their resident Beta are more than capable of handling that sort of thing, and nobody judges him for his inability to play the stern-hyung role.

“Hey,” Namjoon murmurs, realising his dilemma after a brief moment. “I’ve got this. Go take care of Kook.”

The pack-Alpha’s voice is low and roughened by sleep and his eyes are only half-open, but his strength certainly isn’t lacking as he deftly flips Tae over onto his side and spoons up behind him, arms locking around the Omega tightly.

Taehyung makes a startled noise at the sudden change in position, but quietens immediately when Namjoon presses a kiss to the side of his throat, the tension in his body seeping out of him as he relaxes in the Alpha’s hold.

“Thanks,” Hobi whispers, and ducks out of the room quickly before he’s too tempted to stay and cuddle.

Jungkook’s caramel-sweet scent is distinguishable from the others even from the hallway, and grows steadily stronger and more irresistible with every step he takes towards the bedroom at the far end of the corridor. It’s been six weeks since Tae’s last cycle, long enough for Hobi to have forgotten what it feels like to be triggered by Omega heat pheromones; his body’s already responding to Kookie’s scent, and they’re not even in the same room yet.

Hobi takes a moment to centre himself outside the bedroom door. He can already tell by the lack of noise from inside the room that Jungkook’s fever isn’t spiking yet, and he doesn’t want to rile the Omega up by assaulting him with a barrage of mating pheromones the moment he walks inside. But aigoo, the pup smells good.

Yoongi’s reclining on a stack of pillows against the headboard when Hoseok peeks into the room, Jungkook stretched out half on top of him with his head pillowed on the rapper’s sternum, fast asleep and beautifully naked.

“Hey,” he greets softly, closing the door quietly behind him.

Yoongi glances up from Jungkook’s sleeping face, his smile tired but genuine in the dim glow of the bedside lamp. He raises a cautionary finger to his lips, nodding to where Jin is sprawled out along the
other side of the bed with a blanket draped over him, snoozing soundly.

“Try not to wake him,” Yoongi whispers as Hoseok slips into bed beside him. “I only managed to convince him close his eyes a few moments ago. I don’t think hyung’s slept for more than five minutes all night.”

Hoseok nods, leaning in to press a brief, chaste kiss to the corner of the other Alpha’s mouth. “You don’t look much better yourself,” he comments, a gentle note of teasing in his voice. “How many cycles did he go through this time?”

Yoongi returns his gaze to the snoozing maknae, fingers brushing idly through the Omega’s hair as Hobi moves to settle on the bed alongside the pair.

“Only one,” the rapper answers quietly. “Jin-hyung figured the pup’s been cycling though his heat so fast because he’s oversensitive to dominant pheromones, so knotting him too soon was only urging the next wave on that much faster. We milked him for a little while until he’d worn himself out, and the pup dozed off right after I’d knotted him. He’s been asleep ever since, thank fuck. Poor kid’s tuckered out.”

Hoseok smiles fondly, reaching out to stroke the backs of his fingers against Jungkook’s cheek, as both an affectionate caress and a means of gaging the pup’s temperature. Yoongi spots the motion and gives him another tired-but-content smile.

“He’s running a little warm now,” the Alpha acknowledges. “He’ll probably spike again within the next half-hour, so you might wanna do a quick supply run before he wakes up.”

“Supply run?” Hobi echoes curiously.

Yoongi’s smile twitches a little wider at that. “Unless you want your hand to cramp, you’re going to need some toys.”

“Ahh!”

Hoseok presses his mouth to Jungkook’s to muffle the cry, even as he holds down the button on the little remote to turn the vibrations up to a higher setting. The Omega whimpers beneath him, arching up off the bed spasmodically as Hobi keeps a hand fisted gently in the pup’s hair to hold his head still.
“Shhh,” he soothes, breaking the kiss once the Omega’s had a few moments to grow accustomed to
the higher setting. “I know, beautiful, it’s hard to keep quiet with that plug inside you. But we don’t
want to wake Jin-hyung, do we?”

Jungkook peers up at him, pupils blown and eyes half-lidded in pleasure but otherwise a lot more
cognisant than he had been earlier that evening, and shakes his head ever so slightly.

“N-no, hyung.”

Hobi kisses him again, more tenderly this time, setting the remote aside so that he can drag his
fingertips down Jungkook’s chest, lightly teasing at a pebbled nipple, squeezing the hard flesh gently
between thumb and index finger and smiling when the Omega gasps against his lips.

“Do you have any idea how amazing you are?” he purrs, dragging his fingertips down the pup’s
torso to settle on his waist just below his navel, massaging there to stimulate the Omega’s heat
glands. “You’re fucking gorgeous, Kookie. And aigoo, look how good you’re being for me, letting
me milk you like this. Does that feel good, sweetheart?”

Panting a little, his lips parted slightly and his cheeks flushed in the dim lighting, Jungkook only
moans wantonly in response. Hoseok’s smile widens, and he leans in to press a trail of soft, reverent
kisses up the Omega’s throat and along his jaw, mouth lingering against the various claiming-marks
that litter the pup’s neck, his own the newest among them.

“Yoongi-hyung told me he mounted you earlier,” he murmurs against the maknae’s ear, hand fisting
just a little bit tighter in Jungkook’s hair. “Did you like that, Kookie? I bet hyung’s knot felt amazing
inside of you.”

He can attest to that fact himself – long before the maknae line were old enough to share such
intimacies, he and Yoongi had ‘bunked’ together often enough, and although their matching Alpha
status put them on fairly equal footing, Hobi has never had any difficulty submitting to the elder’s
dominance – it’s almost always for his own benefit. Despite what Yoongi’s short height might
suggest, the Alpha is well endowed to say the least.

“I-it did,” Jungkook agrees, keeping his voice hushed like a good boy despite how riled up he’s
clearly feeling. “It felt so g-good…ah!” The Omega bites his lip and arches up with a muffled whine,
face scrunching up as he squirms beneath Hoseok. “Please, hyung, I…I can’t”

“Yes you can,” Hobi reassures softly, putting the remote down again after having ramped it up
another setting. “You’re doing great, baby. Just a few more minutes, okay? Hyung’s going to make
you feel so good.”

The Omega’s spasming every few seconds, arching up with a sharp gasp each time, and Hoseok
knows it’s from the powerful, rhythmic pulsing of the prostate massager. He also knows exactly
how intense the vibrations become on the higher settings (he’d never use a toy on one of his pups that he
hadn’t thoroughly tested on himself), and it’s been enough to reduce Jiminie to a writhing, begging
mess in the past, so comparatively Jungkook’s holding out admirably well.

“Two more levels to go, sweetheart,” he tells the pup, leaning in to nuzzle Jungkook’s flushed,
feverish cheek. “Think you can manage those for me?”

Jungkook nods again, although his eyes are growing glassy and damp and the air around them is
growing increasingly sweeter as the pup’s heat spikes even further. Hoseok presses his lips against
the Omega’s, anticipating his likely reaction to the second-highest setting, but even with that
precaution there’s no silencing the high, keening noise of desperation that escapes Jungkook’s
Jin stirs beside them with a sharp inhale, and Hoseok glances towards him, already wincing in apology. The Beta regards him for a moment, blinking sleepily, before he’s moving across the bed to settle alongside Jungkook, pressing a kiss to the Omega’s temple.

“Shhh,” Jin hushes, a long-fingered hand cupping the pup’s cheek tenderly as he brushes Jungkook’s sweaty fringe back with the other. “Hyung’s here. Let Hobi take care of you, baby.”

His gaze, when it settles on Hoseok again, is gently chiding. “You should’ve woken me sooner.”

“You needed rest, hyung,” Hobi counters softly. “And Kookie’s been such a good boy for me, haven’t you, gorgeous?”

Jungkook nods, eyes closing as he tilts his face towards Jin, instinctively seeking his comfort. The Beta kisses him soothingly, hand stroking down the Omega’s chest to where Hobi’s still massaging at his lower abdomen.

“Has he been spiking for long?”

Hoseok nods, moving his own hand back up to play with Jungkook’s hair so that Jin can take over the gland stimulation (the Beta has a natural talent when it comes to that particular task).

“About forty minutes now,” he answers. “Hyung told me milking helped slow down his cycle last time, so I’ve kept him stimulated right from the start. We’re still on the first wave just now, but I don’t think he can handle it much longer.”

Jin hums in agreement, watching Jungkook’s face as his hand continues to massage, gaging the Omega’s reaction with a calm but critical eye.

“Which setting is it on?”

Hobi glances at the remote to double-check, even though he already knows the answers. “Only one more to go.”

“He’s on level nine?” Jin reiterates, sounding both surprised and faintly impressed. With a proud flicker of a smile, he leans down to kiss Jungkook tenderly, bracing himself up on one arm so that he can hover over the maknae. “Aigoo, just look at you, you’re being so good for your Alpha. I want you to let him milk you a little while longer, okay?”

Jungkook gives a needy little whine, shaking his head. “But…but h-hyung, I want-”

“I know you want his knot, baby,” Jin sympathises, kissing him again. “He’ll give it to you just as soon as your body’s ready.”

“I’m ready nooooow,” the Omega protests plaintively, squirming beneath his two mates.

Hoseok glances towards Jin concernedly, but the Beta shakes his head with an indulgent sort of smile, so he relaxes again. Hobi knows the man’s far better at understanding unsettled in-heat Omegas than all the rest of them put together, so he’s inclined to trust Jin over his own Alpha instincts.

“He hasn’t crested yet,” the Beta tells him, his hand moving lower to massage with focused intent. “If you knot him now, he’ll probably get hit by another wave within the hour.”
Blinking in surprise, Hoseok glances down at the flushed, whimpering Omega. “Are you sure he hasn’t crested? He’s already come half a dozen times.”

Jin hums distractedly, his gaze focused on Jungkook. After a few minutes of continuous massaging, he reaches for the remote and switches the toy to its highest setting. The maknae arches up off the bed with a strangled wail, climaxing again and pushing up into the Beta’s hand as he tosses his head from side to side, panting for breath.

“That’s it,” Jin murmurs, satisfied, and reaches between the Omega’s legs to push the plug in deeper still, helping the pup ride out his orgasm. “Good boy, Kookie.”

Hoseok has to fight to take a deep breath himself, his body suddenly struck by an intense wave of mating pheromones that leave his heart pounding as a liquid sort of heat pools in his loins.

“Jaenjang,” the Alpha breathes, slightly wide-eyed, because that was fucking hot.

Jin reaches out without looking to flick him gently in the forehead. “Language, Hobi.”

Hoseok would voice a protest at the chiding words (any and all expletives used during heats are generally filed under the blanket excuse of ‘extenuating circumstances’, and he feels in this case that it’s mostly Jin’s fault anyway), but at that moment the other man pulls back to kneel up between Jungkook’s legs, switching off the buzzing plug and working it out of Jungkook with a deft twist of his wrist.

“He’s ready,” the Beta announces, and Hoseok almost sighs in relief.

Well. Thank fuck for that.

Chapter End Notes

Fave headcanonon - Hobi totally babies the maknaes and is a soft, squishy hyung 99% of the time. And although he obviously adores Tae and Kookie, I think his biggest soft-spot is for the maknae of the Alpha-line, Jiimin. Because Jiminie needs a cuddly hyung to spoil him too, even though he isn't an Omega. <3

Hope you enjoyed the chapter! Thanks again for all your support. :) <3
Morning Breaks (JinMin, VMIn)

Chapter Summary

Jin and Jimin spend some quality time together. Jungkook’s heat is finally easing off, but there’s something up with Tae.
(Warning: smut.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jimin’s fully awake a good hour and a half before he’s due to go and take over from Hoseok.

For a few minutes he tries resolutely to go back to sleep, but as ever his efforts prove to be futile, and he huffs out a quiet sigh, staring at the numbers on the bedside alarm clock. It’s light enough outside that the bedroom’s no longer shrouded in shadows, daylight peeking in around the edges of the blinds, and Taehyung’s face is clearly visible where it rests on the pillow a few inches away from Jimin’s. The Omega is facing him, tucked up against Namjoon’s chest and sleeping soundly, the pack-Alpha’s arm looped around him in a protective hold. Jimin can feel Yoongi pressed up against his own back as though subconsciously mirroring the other two, and although part of Jimin is reluctant to change that position by so much as an inch (Suga gives the best hugs), he also really needs to pee.

Slipping out of bed without waking anyone takes a lot of careful wiggling and complex acrobatics, but he manages to succeed where he hadn’t done last night and makes it out of the bedroom door without getting caught by anyone.

The shower’s already running when he reaches the bathroom, but the door’s been left ajar, and Jimin has a pretty good idea who’s likely to be up at this hour while the rest of the house is still asleep.

“Hyung?” he calls softly, tapping on the door and opening it another inch or so. “Can I come in?”

Receiving an affirmative answer (or at least something that sounds like one over the noise of the shower), Jimin steps into the bathroom, closing the door behind him and moving over to the toilet to relieve the pressure in his bladder.

“Are the others still asleep?” Jin asks, raising his voice a little to be heard above the sound of falling water.

“Out for the count,” Jimin confirms as he moves to wash his hands at the sink. “Didn’t think you’d be up this early, hyung; figured Kookie probably kept you busy most of the night.”

“Oh, he did,” the elder agrees, a fond sort of affection in his voice. “He’s starting to settle for longer periods now, though. I think his body’s finally getting used to the change, thank god.” The shower curtain moves suddenly, Jin’s head poking out as the Beta regards him with a quiet, expectant smile. “Well? Are you coming in or not?”

Jimin grins at the invitation. “Sure, give me a sec.”

He brushes his teeth in record time, then steps over the lip of the partition that separates the shower
from the rest of the bathroom, letting Jin tug him under the warm spray of the water, tilting his head up as the Beta leans down to kiss him.

“Mmm. Good morning, beautiful,” Jin murmurs against his lips. “C’mere, let me wash your hair.”

The Beta’s faint vanilla-musk seems stronger this morning, probably a hormonal response brought on by Kookie’s heat, and Jimin wants to just roll in it until he’s got Jin’s scent all over him.

“Can you use the unscented soap?” he asks, nose bumping against Jin’s throat as he inhales deeply, hands stroking up the Beta’s slim waist. “The fancy stuff you always use? I don’t really wanna smell like citrus fruit today.”

“Oh?” Jin’s fingers card through his damp locks, anglingJimin’s head so that the shower spray soaks his hair without getting in his eyes. “What do you want to smell like?”

Jimin flashes him a quick little smile. “You.”

The Beta huffs a fond laugh, kissing him again, and obligingly reaches for the bottle of expensive unscented shampoo. Perfumes and soaps don’t usually bother Jimin all that much, but the bone-deep instinctive need to smell like Pack is something that tends to flare up whenever Tae goes into heat, his own body responding to the Omega’s pheromones. It appears that same response is now being triggered by Kookie.

“There,” Jin murmurs a few minutes later once the last of the shampoo has been rinsed away, gentle fingertips stroking over Jimin’s cheeks and down the column of his throat. “All done.”

The fingers brush against a sensitive patch of skin and Jimin’s sucks in a hitching breath, attracting Jin’s attention immediately. The Beta draws back a little to look at him, his gaze almost immediately zoning in on the young Alpha’s neck.

“What’s this?” Jin asks, lips curling up in a knowing sort of smile as the younger man feels his cheeks flush with heat. “Looks like Jungkookie wasn’t the only one who got himself marked last night. It’s not often all three of your Alphas decide to stake their claim on you.” The Beta’s smile twitches wider. “What did you do this time?”

“Do?” Jimin echoes, feigning ignorance as he blinks up at his hyung innocently. “Who says I did anything?”

Jin’s fingers sink into his hair again, tilting his head back a little more sharply, and Jimin submits to the unexpected show of dominance with a shuddering gasp. It’s been a while since the Beta was quite this hands-on when exerting his authority – normally a raised eyebrow or a quelling look is enough to keep him in line. Not that Jimin’s complaining; Jin being all firm and dominant is hot as fuck.

“You got restless, didn’t you?” Jin surmises (like the mind-reader he is), his other hand stroking slowly down the young Alpha’s spine. “Probably lost your temper and snapped back at one of the others. Am I right?”

“Something like that,” Jimin agrees, his voice hushed and breathy as his eyelids flutter half-closed.

“Aish, you brat,” Jin murmurs with a smile, tipping the Alpha’s head further back so that he can kiss one of the bruises. “I thought as much. You were looking particularly well-fucked when I came in to put Tae to bed last night. It was Joonie, wasn’t it? Did he mount you, Jiminie?”

The Alpha nods, shivering pleasantly at the liquid warmth in Jin’s tone and leaning into the Beta’s
touch as a long-fingered hand strokes over the curve of his ass.

“Hobi-hyung too,” he confesses, voice wavering as Jin’s hand wanders lower, fingertips ghosting between his cheeks.

“And both of them?” Jin reiterates, his tone one of approval. “Mmm, good boy. No wonder you fell asleep so quickly – aigoo, my Jiminie must’ve been tuckered out after all that.”

Jimin leans up to steal a hungry kiss, blood pumping hot in his veins. “Hyung,” he breathes. “Can we...could you-”

“Yes.” Jin kisses him again, a fierce press of lips and tongue that has Jimin whining softly at the back of his throat because <i>holy fuck, that’s hot.</i> “Turn around for me, baby.”

Jimin obeys without hesitation, turning to face the wall of the shower area, leaning his forearms against the cool tiles as Jin crowds up against him from behind. Warm water mists in the air around them as the older singer’s hands settle on his hips, his muscled chest pressed up against Jimin’s back, soft lips brushing kisses over the shell of the Alpha’s ear.

“I don’t often get you all to myself like this,” the Beta murmurs. “You’re not still sore from last night, are you, sweetheart?”

The maknae-Alpha shakes his head quickly, sticking his ass out a little just to emphasise <i>exactly</i> how on-board he is with Jin’s current train of thought. The Beta huffs another quiet, fond laugh and trails a row of butterfly kisses down his neck and over his shoulder.

“Can’t believe Joonie claimed you when I wasn’t there,” Jim mutters between kisses, a hand slipping between them to fondle Jimin’s cheeks. “Bastard. He knows how much I like watching you being mated.”

There’s a soft <i>shnick</i> of a cap being opened, and a moment later something <i>seriously cold, holy fuck</i> trickles between Jimin’s cheeks and the Alpha sucks in a startled breath, lurching forward against the tiled wall.

“Sorry,” Jin chuckles. “It’s cold, baby, I know. But I need to loosen you up first.”

Luckily, the temperature of the lotion is soon forgotten.

The moment Jin’s fingers begin working him open, Jimin forgets a whole list of important details. Pretty much everything except his name, really, and even then he’d probably struggle to answer right on the first try if someone asked him for it.

It takes enough effort just to keep himself (mostly) upright, forearms folded against the tile and face buried in the crook of his elbow as he pants and moans unintelligibly. One of Jin’s arms has circled his waist at some point, either to keep his legs from buckling or to keep him bent over at an angle, Jimin can’t say for sure. But the Beta’s fingers are performing some sort of minor work of magic in his ass, and that’s what <i>really</i> matters.

“Hyuuung,” he moans wantonly, when the pressure’s built up inside of him to the point where it’s almost physically painful (in the best way possible).

“Feels good, doesn’t it?” Jin acknowledges, with an audible smile. “Aish, I’ve missed playing with you like this. You make the cutest noises, pup, I could listen to them all day.”

The Beta’s skilled fingers disappear suddenly, but before Jimin can mourn their loss, something
much thicker nudges up between his cheeks and Jin’s hands close over his wrists where they rest against the tiled wall.

“But do you know what I really want, Jiminie?”

A thrill of arousal shudders through him, and he sucks in a shaky breath. “What, hyung?”

Jin nips playfully at the shell of his ear. “I want to hear you scream.”

When the Beta’s hips snap forward a moment later, Jimin is more than happy to oblige him.

He thinks he’s doing an admirable job of walking like a normal person as he carries his breakfast over to the dining table, but Yoongi takes one look at him over the rim of his coffee mug and abruptly chokes on the hot beverage.

“Aish, how hard did you two fuck him last night?” the Alpha asks hoarsely, shooting Hoseok and Namjoon an accusatory look across the table.

The two younger Alphas peer up from their plates to share a confused glance with one another, before turning in unison to scrutinise Jimin, who’s trying very, very hard to hide his wince as he sits down beside Namjoon (and failing abysmally).

“No more than usual,” Joonie replies, bemused, a faint crease of concern forming in his brow as he reaches out to settle a hand over Jimin’s nape, thumb stroking against the skin there tenderly. “Did we hurt you, cub?”

“Course not, hyung,” Jimin reassures quickly, flashing his Alpha a bright, cheery smile. “I’m fine.”

“You weren’t walking like you’re ‘fine’ just now,” Yoongi tells the younger man flatly, still eyeing him across the table over the rim of his mug (Jin’s made the coffee extra strong this morning, on account of how tired everyone’s feeling in the wake of Kookie’s busy night).

Hoseok nods his agreement, studying Jimin’s posture with quiet intensity.

“You’re not sitting like you’re ‘fine’, either,” the rapper points out, leaning around the back of Namjoon’s chair to rub at the younger dancer’s arm. “Seriously, hon, were we too rough with you last night? You can tell us.”
“It’s not that, I promise,” the maknae-Alpha insists, feeling his cheeks heat a little more under their concerned gazes. “Last night was awesome, really. I…it’s just-”

“Jinnie-hyung fucked him in the shower this morning,” Taehyung informs them all sleepily, shuffling over from the doorway with his hair damp and rumpled and his eyes still half-lidded. “That’s why the bathroom smells so nice.”

The Omega plops down unceremoniously to sit in Jimin’s lap, smushing his face against the Alpha’s shoulder. “Hug me.”

“Good morning to you, too,” Jimin replies with a fond grin as he obligingly wraps Tae up in a warm embrace. “Tired?”

Taehyung grunts, shifting so that he can curl his arms around his mate’s neck and bury himself further in the Alpha’s hold.

“You don’t smell like me,” the Omega accuses sullenly after a moment, nose pressed against the collar of Jimin’s shirt. “Why don’t you smell like me?”

“Because I took a shower, babe,” Jimin reminds him, amused, rubbing the Omega’s back with one hand even as he shovels a spoonful of rice porridge into his mouth with the other (so sue him, he’s hungry). “That’s what tends to happen.”

“Ugh. Fuck you.”

Jimin very nearly inhales his mouthful of porridge in surprise. Namjoon’s fingers still where they’ve been tapping out the beat to a song on the surface of the table, Hoseok’s spoon clinks against the rim of his mug where he’s been stirring sugar into his coffee, and Yoongi’s got a bite of egg held at the ready, chopsticks paused halfway to his mouth.

There’s a long beat of silence, and Jimin feels Tae go from being fatigue-floppy to coiled-like-a-spring in his arms.

“Sorry,” the Omega mutters, and lips brush against Jimin’s throat. “That was…sorry. Pretend you didn’t hear that.”

“Sure.” Jimin smooths a hand up Tae’s spine to rub between his shoulders. “You know, you don’t have to come with me to see Kookie. Maybe you should go back to bed for a little while?”

Tae’s head comes up so sharply it’s a miracle he doesn’t sever something in his spine. “And what the hell’s that supposed to mean?”

Taken aback at the sudden one-eighty in Taehyung’s personality, Jimin can only stare at the Omega for a moment, lips parted wordlessly.

“Hey. Watch your tone, pup,” Yoongi warns softly, setting his chopsticks down. “Jiminie was only being thoughtful. And he has a point – looks to me like you could use a couple more hours’ sleep.”

“Well you’re both wrong, okay?” the younger man replies mulishly, wriggling his way out of Jimin’s lap and stomping across the kitchen to open the fridge. “I’m fine. Just leave me alone.”

“Tae,” Hoseok chides, as surprised as the rest of them by the Omega’s uncharacteristic defensiveness.

Slamming the fridge door hard enough to make the whole thing tremble, Taehyung whirls around to
face them, face pinched in annoyance.

“What?”

Namjoon’s chair squeaks against the floor as he pushes it back abruptly, the Alpha standing smoothly to his feet and heading over to the kitchen at a slow, measured pace, his posture relaxed. Namjoon’s expression is perfectly calm, but there’s a tangible power-shift in the air around them, their pack-Alpha exuding natural dominance probably without any conscious effort on his part. Jimin isn’t even the one who’s in trouble, but he feels himself sink down a little in his chair all the same.

Taehyung’s expression falters, his tensed posture drooping and shrinking until he’s standing with his shoulders hunched and his head bowed a little, staring at the floor. Namjoon moves to stand in front of him, reaching out to gently pinch the Omega’s chin, drawing the younger man’s gaze up from his bare feet.

“You and I need to have a little talk, pup,” the rapper says quietly, thumb stroking in a brief caress against Tae’s cheek. “Go wait for me in the living room.”

The Omega’s throat moves as he swallows, eyes glistening suddenly. “But…but hyung—”

“Now, Tae,” Namjoon tells him firmly.

The younger man’s shoulders hunch a little further, his face crumpling in a way that makes Jimin want to run over and sweep him into a hug, even though he knows Tae’s in the wrong. As the Omega dashes from the room, the four remaining Alphas heave a collective sigh, Namjoon’s the loudest and heaviest among them as he drags a hand down his face.

“Aish,” the pack-Alpha mutters, leaning against the fridge for a moment. “What on earth’s gotten into him today?”

Jimin wishes he had some sort of feasible explanation, but in truth the Omega’s unusual behaviour has him completely stumped. Sure, sometimes Tae gets a little bit mouthy or takes a playful insult too far, but Jimin can count on one hand the number of times the younger man’s actually snapped at one of them to that extent before. Taehyung’s normally so cheerful and easy-going, and it’s a rare day indeed that he loses his temper, so seeing him like this is more disconcerting than it is vexing.

“He’s not the only Omega anymore,” Yoongi remarks. “This may just be the pup’s way of reassuring himself that his status hasn’t changed.”

Jimin feels a twinge of defensiveness on his mate’s behalf. “I don’t think that’s the reason he’s acting out, hyung,” he protests quietly. “Tae’s happy that Kookie’s an Omega.”

“Happy or not, there’s been a significant shift in the pack dynamics,” Yoongi counters. “We’ve all been affected by it in one way or another – I mean, just look at what we did to your neck last night.”

Jimin reaches up to touch the still-tender claiming marks on his throat. Admittedly, it isn’t often that his Alpha hyungs mark him up like that, especially not quite so…passionately. And how he’d felt around Jin-hyung in the shower this morning, like he could happily drown in the Beta’s scent – that wasn’t exactly normal behaviour for him, either. Maybe Yoongi has a point.

“Don’t be too hard on him, Joon-ah,” Hoseok says, reaching out to catch Namjoon’s wrist as the Alpha passes by the dining table on his way to the door. “I’m sure Tae didn’t mean anything by it.”

Yoongi rolls his eyes, taking a swig of coffee. “Aish. This is why we don’t let you discipline the pups.”
Namjoon’s smile is soft and reassuring as he leans down to bump his nose against Hoseok’s temple in a brief, tender nuzzle. “Don’t worry, he’ll live. I won’t be gone long.”

Once the pack-Alpha has departed, Jimin concentrates on finishing his breakfast as quickly as possible. Jin had promised him he’d be allowed to go and look after Kookie as soon as he was done with the meal, and since Tae’s probably going to spend a significant part of the morning feeling clingy and being cuddled by Joonie and the others (as is usual for him following one of Namjoon’s discussions), it’d be better go upstairs sooner rather than later so that he doesn’t feel torn between his two Omega dongsaengs.

“Slow down or you’ll choke,” Jin cautions with a fond laugh, appearing in the kitchen doorway so suddenly that Jimin accidentally inhales the milk he’s been chugging.

Hoseok leans over to whack him on the back as he coughs and splutters, and Jin fixes him with a look that says “I told you so” as he sets a tray of breakfast dishes down on the edge of the table and moves to help Hoseok dislodge the milk from Jimin’s lungs.

“How’s Kookie?” Yoongi asks, once the younger Alpha finally manages to stop coughing.

“Much better,” Jin answers, fingers idly combing through Jimin’s hair as the younger man swipes at his watering eyes. “He’s a lot more lucid this morning, and he managed to eat a little something, which I wasn’t expecting.”

Jimin tilts his head back to peer up at the Beta hopefully. “Can I go see him? I’ve already finished my breakfast, hyung.”

“So I see.” Jin smiles indulgently, leaning down to kiss him. “Sure, go on upstairs. I’ll join you in a little while.” The Beta glances around briefly, a faint crease appearing in his brow. “Where’s Tae?”

“In trouble,” Hoseok answers.

“He’s with Joonie,” Yoongi elaborates, pouring himself another cup of coffee from the pot in the middle of the table. “Our pup decided to mouth off to just about anyone who dared breathe in his direction.”

Jin’s frown deepens fractionally. “That’s not like him.”

Yoongi shrugs. “I’m pretty sure the kid’s just testing his boundaries, but I could be wrong. I’m sure Joonie’ll get to the bottom of it.”

Not needing to be told twice, Jimin hurries from the room.

He’s got a maknae to cuddle.
Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the update! :) JiKook in the next chapter, folks. Also NamJinTae and cute cuddles. <3

Let me know your thoughts! Thank you all for your continuing support of this story and my writing, I really appreciate all the kudos/comments/faves. :) 

xxx
Maintenance Required (VMon, MinKook)

Chapter Summary

Jimin and Kookie spend some quality time together. NamJin discuss Tae's attitude problem.

(Warning: smut and spanking ahead.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jungkook feels high as fuck.

Or at least he’s guessing this is what being high must feel like – the only real experience he’s ever had with drugs is the medication he’d been given at the hospital to dull the pain before they’d popped his shoulder back into place after his fall last April. That weird floating sensation is definitely the same, though – like he can and can’t feel his body at the same time. His feet could be missing for all he knows…oh wait, there they are. Present and correct.

If he wasn’t so happy, he’d probably find the lingering fuzziness disconcerting.

*Satisfied* is a word he’s used before often enough after a decent stage performance or a good session in the recording booth, but clearly he’s never fully understood its true meaning before now, because this morning he feels so fucking content. Seriously, he could lose both his legs right now in a tragic accident and not give a crap.

Okay, so maybe that’s an exaggeration. He likes his legs. Well, *Hobi-hyung* likes his legs, and Junkook is just so fucking happy to know that Hoseok finds his body attractive, especially since the Alpha had decided to demonstrate this by leaving a trail of colourful hickies up the inside of his thighs…

“Someone’s looking cheerful this morning,” a warm voice comments from the doorway.

Jungkook glances up from where he’s curled all his limbs around the pillow that smells like Jin and *beams*, tossing the cushion away and shoving himself upright in bed.

“Hyung, where have you *been*?” he gripes, making grabby-grabby hands towards Jimin as the Alpha closes the door behind him and crosses the bedroom at a far-too-slow pace. “I’ve been on my own for *ages*.”

“Jin came downstairs like *two* minutes ago, you big baby,” Jimin teases in reply, but climbs into bed beside Jungkook and draws the maknae into his arms for a cuddle, leaning in to kiss the Omega’s neck as he breathes in deeply. “Mmm, hi. Gods, you smell incredible.”

Jungkook’s grin blossoms back to life again. “I know, right? I smell like *everyone*. How can Tae bear to take a shower after his heat? I’m never gonna wash again.”
Jimin snorts a quiet laugh, squeezing him a little tighter. “Sure, Kookie. Try running that one past Jin-hyung later and see what happens.”

The Omega nods, seeing the wisdom in sharing his excellent idea with their Pack-Beta. Jin is always supportive of his ideas whenever they talk about comebacks and concerts, so he’s confident that he’ll have the man’s full approval. After all, why wouldn’t the rest of the Pack want him to carry their scents? Being scent-marked is the best thing ever.

Jungkook gives a soft, startled ‘meep’ when he suddenly finds himself being rolled over onto his back beneath Jimin, blinking up at the Alpha in surprise and laying there perfectly still as the dancer feels his forehead

“You’re heading towards another wave, aren’t you?” Jimin surmises, smiling down at him fondly, his eyes crinkling into cute little half-moons in the way that Jungkook has always, always loved, even before he fully understood what that love really meant. “No wonder you’re so out of it, kitten. Bet you’re feeling pretty good right now, huh?”

Nodding again, Jungkook grins back at him dopily. “Fuck yeah.”

The man laughs, leaning down to bump noses in a tender nuzzle, then gently slots their mouths together in a soft, lingering kiss. Jungkook sucks in a startled breath through his nose, hands rising from the bed with an urge to touch, fingers curling in the fabric of the Alpha’s t-shirt as a whimper sounds in the back of his throat as the kiss deepens.

Jimin pulls back all of a sudden, his warm gaze scanning Jungkook’s expression searchingly. The Omega takes a deep breath to re-oxygenate himself (the room had begun to spin a little), and pouts up at the Alpha in a way he hopes is cute. Aegyo has always appealed to the dancer, and if used correctly, it’s generally guaranteed to get Kookie whatever he wants.

“Hyuuung. Why did you stop?”

Jimin’s eyes crinkle again as another warm smile blossoms, and he breathes a fond little laugh, bumping his nose against Jungkook’s a second time.

“Aigoo, you’re too cute like this,” the Alpha murmurs, trailing a line of kisses along the maknae’s jaw. “How the hell am I supposed to say ‘no’ to you now? It was hard enough before you started smelling so fucking good. Aish, I’m gonna end up spoiling you, I just know it. Little minx.”

“Mm-hmm,” Jungkook agrees, preening, tilting his chin up to give the Alpha better access, baring his throat willingly for the older idol as that happy-warm-floaty feeling inside of him intensifies.

Jimin’s lips move down his neck, brushing kisses against the still-sensitive claiming marks from last night, and Jungkook sucks in little hitching gasps at every touch, hands dropping to fist in the bedsheets beneath him as his skin begins to tingle with the rising temperature of his body.

“I wanna make you feel good, Kookie,” Jimin purrs, in a low, sultry voice that trickles down his spine like warm honey. “Can I?”

Jungkook’s nods so hard something in his neck twinges, and he hears Jimin sniff a little grin against his throat. Then the dancer’s shifting his stance a little, bracing his weight on one hand beside Jungkook’s head and fisting the other in the Omega’s hair, little pinpricks of pleasure-pain flaring up across his scalp. The maknae tilts his head back further with an approving hum, which turns into a low, hoarse moan when Jimin’s thigh suddenly nestles up between his legs, applying a teasing pressure to an area that Jungkook is now very much aware of.
“That’s it, cub,” the Alpha coaxes, drawing back a little so that he can hold the maknae’s gaze as he begins to press down in a rhythmic rocking motion. “You’re so handsome when you blush like that, just look at you. Are you starting to spike already, angel? Aigoo, such an eager pup.”

Jungkook’s suddenly grateful that he’d put up such a fuss earlier that morning when Jin had tried to coax him into getting dressed. Clothes would only get in the way now, and he doesn’t want to waste time wriggling out of them, not when Jimin’s on top of him smelling so fucking good.

“Fuck me,” he demands breathlessly, a hint of a whine in his voice, finally able to put into a coherent sentence what he’s been yearning for these past twelve hours or so. “Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me-”

“Okay, okay, easy baby,” Jimin agrees with another breathy little laugh, ducking down to kiss the tip of his nose. “Gimme a sec.”

Then the dancer just rolls off the bed without warning (ugh, rude much?), and Jungkook would physically drag the Alpha back on top of him if he could remember how his arms and legs are supposed to work. Instead, he settles for shooting the older boy a particularly affronted pout, whining in the back of his throat as he spreads his legs in an attempt to appear more alluring.

“Fuck, don’t do that,” Jimin groans, looking heavenwards like he’s searching for strength as he continues to strip out of his clothes. “Jin-hyung said we were supposed to go slow with you.”

Jungkook finds that suggestion downright abhorrent. “Oh, don’t you fucking dare, Park Jimin.”

The words appear to have a trigger-response for the Alpha, Jimin’s gaze cutting across sharply to the spread-eagled Omega, his hands pausing in the motion of disrobing himself, thumbs still hooked into the waistband of his boxers.

“What did you just call me?” the Alpha asks, in a tone that’s deceptively mild.

Jungkook feels his blood pulse hotter, breathing quickening as Jimin’s mango-cinnamon Alpha scent suddenly grows thicker in the air around him. The man’s always been shorter and slighter than the rest of the Pack, but Jungkook swears he looks bigger now than he ever has before – or maybe that’s just the subtle shift in his posture, and the fact that his presence suddenly feels huge and powerful in a way the maknae’s not used to.

He gives another startled little ‘meep’ when Jimin is suddenly on top of him again, the Alpha’s small, soft hands circling his wrists in a surprisingly firm grip to pin his arms either side of his head.

“Look at me,” the dancer murmurs, and Jungkook’s eyes cut up to the Alpha’s face immediately, the apple of his throat bobbing as he swallows nervously.

Jimin looks perfectly calm and collected, but there’s something dangerous about him too, something that Jungkook’s never been on the receiving-end of before. He’s seen the dancer dominate Tae countless times, so he’s always been aware of the man’s quiet strength, but Jimin (like Hobi-hyung) is one of those people who seems almost too easy-going to possibly be an Alpha. But now that Jungkook’s pheromone receptors are working, now that he can feel Jimin’s presence the way Tae’s always been able to…holy fuck.

Holy fuck.

“I’m not Park Jimin to you,” the Alpha tells him levelly, still holding his gaze. “Who am I, Kookie?”

“H-hyung,” Jungkook answers, in a voice that definitely doesn’t wobble, nope. “You’re Jiminie-hyung.”
“That’s right.” He’s rewarded with a butterfly kiss to the tip of his nose. “What else am I to you, pup?”

The maknae wets his lips, his heart fluttering in his chest. “Alpha.”

“Mmm.” Jimin’s lips twitch up in a toothy smile, and the man kisses him fiercely. “Damn right. Say it again, baby.”

“Alpha,” Jungkook repeats croakily, arousal pulsing through him with increasing intensity. “You, you’re my Alpha.”

The dancer’s muscled thigh nudges up between his legs again, and Jungkook whimpers, tilting his head back as he arches his hips up off the bed, desperate for something, anything, more.

“Hyung, please…”

When Jimin’s mouth seals itself against the only unbruised area of Jungkook’s throat a few seconds later, the Omega bids the last vestiges of his sanity a fond farewell and happily loses himself to the intense, smothering fuzziness of his newly-triggered heat cycle.

Taehyung is sitting huddled up on one of the couches when Namjoon enters the living room, knees drawn up to his chest and both arms wrapped around his legs, lips turned down in a sulky pout.

Quite frankly, he looks adorable.

Namjoon feels a renewed pulse of warmth and affection flare up in his chest at the sight of him. With his long, slender limbs all folded up like that, Tae looks endearingly small; a veritable ball of cuteness. No Alpha in their right mind would be able to look at the pup and feel unmoved, and Namjoon would be the first to admit that he’s fairly soft compared to other Pack-Alphas in the industry, so for a moment he has to quell the instinctive urge to immediately swoop the second-youngest into his arms for a cuddle, reminding himself of the situation at hand and the events that had led up to Tae sulking on the couch in the first place. This isn’t the time or place to spoil his Omega.

Still. The pup’s fucking cute.

Suppressing a fond smile, the Alpha crosses the living room, moving to sit beside the Omega on the couch and lifting a hand to stroke over the back of Tae’s head in a tender caress.
“Do you wanna tell me what’s going on with you today?” he asks quietly, gently squeezing the younger man’s nape. “That was quite a display you put on back there; I haven’t seen you snap like that in quite a while. Has one of us done something to upset you?”

Taehyung huffs out a sigh, arms tightening around his legs as though he’s trying to make himself even smaller. “No, hyung. I just… ugh. Never mind. It’s nothing. I lost my temper, that’s all.”

To be honest, Namjoon is a little taken aback at the sullen reply. Tae’s a bit of a brat from time to time, but it rarely takes him long to realise that he’s crossed the line, and normally he’s quick to transform into a sweet, contrite, apologetic dongsaeng who’s desperate to seek forgiveness, often before Namjoon or Jin or Yoongi have even begun scolding him (consequently, they’ve come to fondly label his predictable response as ‘emergency damage control’).

This grumpy (petulant might even be a more accurate assessment), difficult Omega isn’t a front that Namjoon’s experienced from Taehyung in a long while.

“Tae,” he says, keeping his tone deliberately mild but squeezing the pup’s nape a little tighter for a moment in warning. “Do you maybe wanna think about rephrasing that for me?”

The Omega’s sulky expression falters and his gaze flickers up towards Namjoon for half a second, before quickly dropping back down again to stare at his knees, his shoulders hunching even further.

“You rephrase it.”

A teeny-tiny spark of annoyance bursts to life in Namjoon’s chest for a brief moment, his deep-rooted Alpha instincts urging him to take firm and immediate action in response to the Omega’s (his Omega’s) deliberate challenge. And he doesn’t doubt that a lot of Alphas in his position would react in dominant anger to the pup’s blatant disrespect, but Namjoon has never been that sort of Pack-Alpha. He’d made a promise (both to himself and to Jin, back when they’d first formed BTS and agreed to bond as a Pack) that he’d try his best to never let his temper get the better of him around the younger pups. Four years since their debut and he still hasn’t broken his promise; he isn’t about to change that now, either.

Taking a deep, calming breath, he resolutely smothers that niggling spark of annoyance and uses his gentle grip on Tae’s nape to give the Omega a slight shake.

“That’s enough,” he says, his voice firm but carefully controlled. “If you’re being a brat to try and get a rise out of me, you might as well call it quits now; it’s not going to work.”

Taehyung’s gaze flickers upwards again, and this time his eyes are damp, his lips pressed tight to together in the way they always are if the pup’s trying his best to remain stoic when what he really wants to do is cry.

Namjoon’s stern expression softens, and with a quiet noise of sympathy he reaches for the Omega, drawing Tae into his lap for a cuddle. The younger man uncurls himself from his balled-up position and immediately burrows into the embrace, hands fisting in Namjoon’s sweater as he muffles a whimper against the fabric.

“Shhh,” the rapper hushes, and presses a lingering kiss to the top of Tae’s head, arms circling around the pup to hold him close as the Omega’s breathing hitches audibly. “I’m here. Everything’s gonna be okay.”

Tae presses even closer somehow, apparently determined to meld them into one body even if it kills him. Namjoon slips a hand beneath the younger man’s shirt and strokes along the smooth curve of
his spine, seeking to settle him with the skin-on-skin contact.

“It’s been a long couple of weeks for all of us,” he acknowledges, rubbing the pup between his shoulders. “And then with Kookie’s heat popping up out of the blue like that...aish. It’s little wonder you’re not feeling yourself this morning, given everything that’s happened. The dynamic-shift is alright for us Alphas, but I imagine it all must feel a little unsettling to you, cub.” He kisses the shell of Tae’s ear. “You know, if you’re upset any of this, it’s totally understandable. You can tell me, Tae, I won’t be mad.”

The younger man sniffs softly against his shoulder and gives a slight shrug. “Nah, it’s cool. I mean, I always used to think that Kookie seemed a little too submissive for a Beta anyway; he’s let me Dom him for years now, not that he ever would’ve admitted to it before yesterday. Him being an Omega just feels right, you know? I guess maybe a part of me already knew this was coming.”

“Huh.” Namjoon’s a little surprised by the calm, almost casual answer. “You really don’t mind?”

“No, of course not.” Tae pulls back a few inches, just enough to peer up at the Alpha with a faintly puzzled sort of look, his eyes still slightly damp and reddened. “Why would I?”

Well, there goes Yoongi’s theory that Tae’s behaviour is linked to him feeling unsettled about the new Pack dynamics. By the sounds of it, the dynamic between Tae and Kookie maybe hasn’t changed very much at all. But then aigoo, what the hell is wrong with his pup today?

Namjoon sighs again, lifting a hand to cup the Omega’s cheek, thumb stroking over Tae’s smooth skin as he studies the younger man’s expression for a moment.

“Then what’s with your attitude this morning?” he asks gently. “You know I don’t tolerate that kind of backtalk from you. Did you really just wake up on the wrong side of the bed today?”

Shrugging slightly, Taehyung ducks his gaze, and probably would’ve lowered his head as well if Namjoon hadn’t been keeping his chin tilted a little.

“Guess so,” the Omega mumbles, the sullenness in his tone completely gone now, replaced by a more familiar sort of contriteness. “I…I’m sorry I snapped at you, hyung.”

Namjoon leans in to press a chaste kiss to the corner of the pup’s mouth.

“Thank you for apologising,” he says softly. “But you know I’m not the only one who needs to hear that from you, right? You need to say sorry to Jimin and the hyungs, too. Especially Jiminie. You were really rude to him back there, Tae.”

The Omega’s lips turn down again, this time in a forlorn look. “I know. I didn’t mean to yell at him like that, I…I just lost my temper for a sec. I’ll apologise, I promise.”

“Good.” Namjoon nods and kisses him again. “Then we’re almost done here.”

Taehyung’s contrite expression freezes at that, his gaze shifting upwards again quickly, and whatever he sees in Namjoon’s face has him tensing in the Alpha’s hold.

“But…but hyung,” the Omega whines. “Nooo, c’mon, I said I was sorry.”

Namjoon has been the pup’s bonded Alpha long enough to have developed something of an immunity to Tae’s pre-spanking negotiation tactics. When they’d first formed a group and moved in together, it had been something he’d initially struggled to contend with (the urge to cuddle the pup even before the first smack had often proved to be overwhelming), and he’d actually left a lot of the
maknae trio’s discipline to Jin at the start of their journey together as BTS – the Beta has always been something of a natural when it comes to attending to the needs of the Pack, whatever those ‘needs’ may be. Jin had been the one to finally put his foot down and remind Namjoon that his role as Pack-Alpha came with certain responsibilities, and that it was necessary as both leader and mate to keep the peace between members even if he didn’t like it.

It’s been four years since then, and although he still hates to see Tae upset, he’s learned to supress those immediate protective instincts long enough to see things through to the end.

“I know you did,” he acknowledges calmly, already shifting his grip on Taehyung to turn the pouting Omega over his lap. “But you’re still getting a spanking, cub.”

Tae gives his token half-hearted wriggle and a handful of petulant kicks, but there’s no real strength to the pup’s struggling (not that Namjoon would’ve been phased if the Omega had put up more of a fight – as an Alpha, he’s stronger than Tae even on a bad day). Generally, though, once the maknae’s over his knee he’s pretty quick to submit – Namjoon knows how well the position settles Taehyung when he’s in distress, to the point where Yoongi and Jin will sometimes take the pup over their lap just to calm him down with no intention of actually disciplining him.

“That’s it,” Namjoon murmurs, as Tae stops squirming and goes lax over his knee. He settles an arm across the pup’s lower back, his right hand coming to rest against the Omega’s shorts. “Good boy. We’re almost done here.”

He’s not in the habit of dragging things out once he has a pup stretched out across his lap (he himself has been over Jin’s knee often enough to know what that nervous anticipation feels like – not that the maknae trio ever need to know about that), so he draws his hand back and lets it fall with an echoing ‘pop’ against the curve of Tae’s ass. The Omega sucks in a startled breath and grabs hold of the nearest couch cushion, left leg jerking in an aborted kick. When the next ‘pop’ echoes around the living room, the pup gives a whining sort of whimper and buries his head in the plush fabric, abruptly bursting into tears. Namjoon sighs in pained sympathy.

Aish, his heart.

After a fairly short, brisk spanking (comparing it to the average length of Jin’s, for example, who tends to intersperse his slow swats with a firm lecture), Namjoon’s quick to gather the tearful pup into his arms for a cuddle, thumbs dashing away the wetness from Tae’s flushed cheeks as he peppers the Omega’s face with soft, tender kisses.

“Sorry,” the younger man sobs, clinging to him. “Sorry, s-sorry, I’m sorry-”

“Shhh, I know, I know,” Namjoon soothes as he guides the pup’s head down against his shoulder, hand cupped over the back of his neck. “You’re okay. I’m here, Tae, I’ve got you.”

Taehyung’s arms wind around his neck as the Omega clings to him, hitching breaths smothered into Namjoon’s shoulder as tears dampen the fabric of his sweater. The rapper returns the embrace just as tightly, a hand slipping beneath Tae’s shirt again to stroke his back, pushing warmth and reassurance along their bond as he nuzzles gently at the pup’s hair. His scent’s distinctly off, but that’s to be expected, given how distressed the Omega’s been this past half-hour.

“I love you,” the rapper murmurs. “You know that, right? You’re mine, cub, and nothing you do will ever change how I feel about you.”

The younger man sniffs, turning his head a little against Namjoon’s shoulder, and the rapper feels soft lips press a lingering kiss against the side of his neck.
“Love you too, Alpha.”

Smiling, his fractious protective instincts finally settling, Namjoon holds close and gives the Tae a few more minutes to calm down, waiting until his breathing has evened out again and his tears have finally stopped. Then he tightens his arms around the pup in a gentle squeeze, pressing another kiss against his temple.

“You ready to go back yet?”

Taehyung shakes his head immediately and snuggles closer. “Hn-nn. Five more minutes?”

“Sure.” Breathing a soft, fond laugh, the Alpha settles back more comfortably against the cushions, swinging his legs up to stretch out along the seats, his back propped up against the arm of the couch, letting Tae rest on top of him. “Five more minutes, baby.”

The pup’s fast asleep within three.

Namjoon isn’t sure how long he sits there watching the Omega’s sleeping face, fingers tracing idly patterns along Tae’s back. Long enough for his thigh to start cramping beneath the weight of the Omega’s long legs, at least. He’s just in the process of trying to reposition himself a little more comfortably when movement from the other side of the living room catches his attention, and he glances up to find Jin smiling at him from the doorway.

“I’d wondered what was taking the two of you so long,” the Beta murmurs, crossing the room to kneel down beside the couch, reaching out to brush Tae’s fringe back from his forehead. “Yoongi told me what happened with Tae in the kitchen. He’s not really upset about Kookie’s heat, is he?”

Namjoon shakes his head, extracting an arm from around Taehyung to drag the backs of his fingers down Jin’s pale, smooth cheek in a lingering caress. “No, nothing like that. I think he just woke up a little grumpy this morning.”

The singer looks relieved at his answer, and Namjoon can understand the man’s concerns. As a Beta, Jin’s instincts drive him to help keep the peace and maintain strong, healthy bonds between Packmates; to have one Omega unhappy because of the existence of another would’ve made things stressful for Jin in a way they hadn’t been since the Pack’s formation, when Yoongi was still struggling a little bit to fully submit to the authority of someone so much younger than himself.

“Hyung,” Namjoon murmurs, when Jin’s concerned gaze lingers on the sleeping Omega for a moment or two longer. “He’s okay, I promise. I wasn’t too hard on him.”

Jin finally glances up at that, his lips curling into a fond but slightly exasperated smile.

“You never are,” the Beta answers. “How many times have I told you not to spoil the cub?”

“He’s not spoilt,” Namjoon retorts, playfully defensive, careful to keep his voice hushed so as not to wake the pup in his arms. “He’s mine.”

The singer arches an eyebrow teasingly. “Yours?”

“Ours,” the Alpha corrects without missing a beat.

“Thank you.” Jin’s smile softens into something that makes the Namjoon’s heart flutter, the Beta leaning in to press a kiss to his cheek. “And yes, I suppose he’s pretty close to perfect, temper tantrums aside. But he really doesn’t need to know that; his ego’s big enough already.”
“Rude,” the apparently-no-longer-sleeping Omega mumbles against Namjoon’s shoulder.

The rapper glances down at him in surprise. “You’re awake? Aish, you brat.”

Jin reaches out without missing a beat to tap the lightest of swats against Tae’s rump, smiling fondly when the Omega whines in protest and wriggles to angle his body away from further attack.

“Hyuuuuung,” Tae gripes, pouting sleepily even as he reaches for the Beta. “C’mon, Joonie-hyung already beat me within an inch of my life.”

The older singer arches an eyebrow again, his smile full of warmth and affection as he pushes himself to his feet and leans down to pull Taehyung up off the couch and into his arms, taking most of the pup’s weight so that the sleepy dongsaeng doesn’t overbalance and slide right to the floor. Namjoon shifts to sit cross-legged on the couch, leaving space for Jin to drop down onto the seat beside him and gather Tae up in his lap for a proper cuddle.

“Did he now?” the Beta asks in amusement. “Within an inch of your life, huh? Aigoo, that sounds serious. I should probably check for damage.”

Tae shakes his head immediately, arms winding around Jin’s neck. “No, that’s okay. I’m feeling better now.”

“Well, would you look at that,” Namjoon remarks blandly. “Miracles do happen.”

Tae turns his head to stick his tongue out at the Alpha, his eyes full of mirth. Namjoon returns the gesture without missing a beat.

“Aish,” Jin huffs in fond exasperation. “How did I end up bonded to actual _children_?”


Jin obligingly lifts a hand to stroke over the back of Tae’s head, sharing a quiet smile with Namjoon as the Alpha shifts closer to drape an arm across Jin’s broad shoulders, his other hand sliding up Taehyung’s spine as he leans in to nuzzle the pup’s hair.

“Your scent’s still off,” Namjoon comments after a moment, his attention lingering on that one niggling concern. It’s normal for someone’s scent to change when they’re upset or hurt or sick, but Tae seems to be none of those things right now and he still doesn’t smell normal. “Are you sure you’re alright, cub?”

Taehyung nods, turning his head just enough to peek out from Jin’s shoulder and send him a sweet, reassuring smile.

“I’m okay, hyung,” he insists. “Just tired, like you said. And I guess I’ve got Jungkook’s scent all over me from last night, so maybe that’s why.”

“Speaking of our maknae,” Jin comments, “do you still feel up to joining him for a little while? Jimin-ah’s with him just now, but I know Kookie’s been missing you.”

Tae seems brighten at that, sitting up a little straighter in Jin’s lap to beam at the Beta. “Then why are we still here?” he asks, tugging on the front of the man’s shirt like an overexcited three-year-old. “Let’s go, let’s go, let’s go!”

Namjoon reaches out to catch hold of the Omega’s wrist before he can jump up and dart from the
room. “Breakfast first,” he says softly, patiently. “And I think there’s something you need to say to the hyungs, don’t you?”

“I’ll apologise,” Taehyung promises, lightly pulling against Namjoon’s grip in his exuberance. “I’ll go do that right now. But can I eat after I’ve seen Kookie?”

Namjoon lets himself be pulled to his feet, winding an arm around Tae’s shoulders and pressing a kiss to the Omega’s cheek. “Take a look at Jin-hyung and have a guess at what his answer’s going to be, cub.”

The younger man’s gaze flickers briefly towards the Beta, before cutting back up to Namjoon, his smile wide and all too innocent.

“Actually, you know what? I’m suddenly famished. Bring on the rice porridge.”

Chapter End Notes

This past week was heeeeeell, so I wasn't able to post this as early as I would've liked. But it's here! Hope it was worth the wait. :)

Also my JiKook feels have been reawakened with this chapter. I'd forgotten how much I love those two together. Jungkook is just so deeply in love, and Jimin is a cuddly hyung who wants to make Kookie feel great, but he's also an Alpha who won't stand for any bratty-maknae backtalk when he's all fired up on mating hormones. Let's hope Jungkook remembers that particular life lesson and doesn't push his luck on a day when Jimin's feeling less forgiving.

I've already decided that NamJin will get their own segment at some point, because I just love their relationship too much. Jin is a dominant badass disguised as a cuddly, mild-mannered Beta, and Namjoon is just soooo smitten. I need to vent my NamJin feels in a scene where they can snuggle together properly. <3

I'm actually genuinely considering writing a separate 'origin' story for the group, where they first form a Pack and try to muddle out the hierarchy. Because having Yoongi and Namjoon try to work out how to go from dongsaeng/hyung to Pack-Alpha/sub-Alpha would be interesting. Also Jin would be awesome. And little baby maknae trio would be all kinds of cute. And Hobi would be cool with everything because he's so laid-back he's practically horizontal. <3

Anyway, let me know your thoughts! Thanks for reading. :) xxx
The Unexpected Happens (TaeJin)

Chapter Summary

Jungkook's heat is settling down, but trouble's brewing elsewhere.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jin wakes up slowly, laying still for several minutes in sleepy contentedness.

He still feels tired, but that's hardly an unexpected turn of events – while Jungkook's initial heatwave had settled down to something more manageable after his nap earlier that morning, the Omega's still spiking every few hours, requiring Jin's careful attention. At least Kookie's sensitivity to Alpha pheromones has abated a little, allowing the rest of the Pack to join them all at once rather than one at a time. It had become a helluva lot easier to settle the pup with more than one Alpha present.

Basking in the feeling of warmth and happiness that's pulsing in his chest, Jin slowly opens his eyes, blinking sluggishly to bring his gaze into focus as he peers towards his Packmates, lips curling into a tired smile as he surveys their peaceful, sleeping faces.

It's been too long since they last slept together like this, all seven of them sharing the same bed at once – come to think of it, they probably haven't had the chance for a proper Pack-pile since Tae's last heat seven weeks ago. Generally, it's just easier to split off into twos or threes most nights, because some of the Pack keep to regular sleeping routines while others are more flexible, and some of them (namely Yoongi) sometimes don't sleep at all, especially during pre-comeback periods. But there's something wonderfully satisfying about seeing all his boys together like this, settled and safe and contented in each other's arms.

Aigoo, it's a cute sight.

Over on the other side of the bed, Namjoon's still fast asleep, Jungkook tucked up close to his side and Hoseok's head pillowed on the opposite shoulder, the dancer's arm draped over Joonie's bare torso in a loose hug. Jimin's sleeping on the other side of Jungkook, tucked up snugly between the maknae and Yoongi, puffing out soft little breaths that ruffle the older Alpha's hair every few seconds.

But then between Yoongi and Jin is an empty space of mattress. An empty space that had definitely been occupied the last time he'd checked.

"Tae?" he calls softly, keeping his voice hushed as he pushes himself up on one arm, blinking a little harder to banish the fatigue from his heavy eyelids.

The Beta smooths a hand out across the bedsheets beside him, frowning a little when he finds them cold. Clearly the pup's been absent for some time. Which wouldn't normally concern him (it's the middle of the afternoon, and they don't usually take naps like this), except for the fact that Tae loves Pack-piles and would never, ever pass up on the opportunity to cuddle his mates, even if he wasn't
tired enough to sleep.

Jin pushes himself fully upright in bed and glances across to where Hoseok and Namjoon are pressed close together, hoping he might spy Taehyung’s sandy-blond head hidden behind Hobi’s shoulder. But no such luck.

He moves to swing his legs over the side of the bed, but suddenly there are fingers curling loosely around his wrist, drawing his focus away from the missing Omega.

“Hyung?” Yoongi mumbles, still half-asleep, squinting up at him blearily. “What’s the matter?”

The fluttering pulse of concern behind Jin’s breastbone abates a little at the rapper’s fatigue-slurred words, a warm smile curling at his mouth as he leans down to bump his nose gently against the Alpha’s temple in a tender nuzzle.

“Nothing, hun. Everything’s fine,” he reassures. “Go back to sleep, okay?”

The Alpha relents with a sleepy grunt, eyelids fluttering closed for a few seconds before opening to a squint again, a faint crease appearing in the younger man’s brow.

“What’s Tae?”

“In the bathroom, probably,” Jin answers calmly, brushing a feather-light kiss against the frown line between Yoongi’s eyebrows, feeling the skin smooth out again beneath his touch. “I’ll see if he wants to help me get started on dinner.”

“You need a hand?” Yoongi shifts sluggishly, pushing himself up a little onto his elbow, but stops when Jimin stirs beside him with a sleepy noise of protest.

Jin breathes a quiet laugh and shakes his head. “Doesn’t look like Jiminie approves of that idea.”

“Mm,” the rapper grunts in agreement, huffing a quiet sigh but fighting a fond smile that belies the action as he settles back down against the pillows. Jimin instinctively nestles in closer to his side, and Yoongi shifts to accommodate him, drawing the pup into his arms.

“I’ll be back in a little while,” Jin promises, stroking a hand slowly up Jimin’s spine in a lingering caress as he leans down to press a kiss to Yoongi’s soft, perfect mouth. “Call me if you need anything, okay?”

Yoongi reaches up to loosely cup a hand over the man’s nape, guiding Jin back down for another kiss. The Beta obliges him with another warm smile, fingers threading briefly in the younger man’s hair as Yoongi’s lips part for his tongue without prompting. The rapper’s scent is uncommonly sweet for an Alpha (like a faint but pleasant mix of chocolate and warm honey), but Jin has always loved it, right from the day they first met. Namjoon insists that it’s due to the Beta’s insatiable sweet-tooth, but that’s because their Pack-Alpha is an absolute brat. Which is Jin’s fault, to be honest – he’s really been far too tolerant of the rapper’s sass these past few years. It’d be much easier to scold him for it if Joonie wasn’t so cute. Damn him.

After a few moments, he reluctantly pulls away to break the kiss, distracted from Yoongi’s sweet scent and soft lips by his lingering concern for Taehyung.

“Go back to sleep,” he reiterates, because Yoongi’s eyes still look puffy the way they always do when the Alpha’s sleep-deprived. “And yah, stop trying to distract me. I need to get dinner ready.”

Yoongi’s answering grin is tired but smug. “Sorry.”
“Brat,” Jin accuses fondly, bumping his nose against the man’s cheek in a parting nuzzle before rolling out of bed and slipping into a clean pair of shorts.

He definitely needs a shower before he does anything in the kitchen. Maybe he’ll be able to persuade Tae into taking a bath with him? That’s if he ever finds his missing cub…

Taehyung grips the edges of the sink hard enough to turn his knuckles white, staring at his reflection in the bathroom mirror, flushed skin glistening with a faint sheen of sweat.

*Why now? Why today, of all fucking days?*

His heat isn’t even supposed to be due for another three and a half weeks. For over two years now his body’s run like clockwork, cycles coming every ten weeks on the dot without fail, unfailingly predictable to the extent that the managers have taken to arranging the group’s schedules months in advance to accommodate for the days he’ll need to take off during his heat.

It’s never come early before – ever. And he’s never transitioned through his pre-heat stage so quickly, either. Something’s clearly gone horribly wrong.

He’d been feeling a little off since first thing that morning, when he’d woken up in Namjoon’s arms; his skin had felt too sensitive, and everyone’s scents were stronger than usual – but he’d put that down to being a natural side-effect of Kookie’s pheromones. Taehyung had never once considered the possibility that the maknae’s heat cycle might’ve triggered a hormonal response in his own body. It had taken him too long to recognise the symptoms (his mind preoccupied by thoughts of Jungkook), and when the first twinge of pain had made itself known across the small of his back, he’d convinced himself that it was nothing more than a muscle ache from last night’s activities and had stubbornly ignored it.

*Stupid. Stupid, stupid, stupid.*

Now the pain in his lower back has transitioned from a niggling twinge to a sharp, pulsing ache and all he wants to do is crawl into Jin-hyung’s arms in search of sympathy and affection. That’s how he normally spends his uncomfortable pre-heat hours; being cuddled and comforted by the rest of the Pack, his bodily aches soothed by their touch and scent. He’s craving tactile affection like a man starved.

The rest of the group are currently gathered in the main bedroom, wrapped around Jungkook in a
cosy cuddle-pile that Tae desperately wants to re-join. But that isn’t a viable option, not right now. His pre-heat’s in full bloom, and the moment he steps foot back in the bedroom, everyone’s going to know it. Which would be fine under normal circumstances, but at the moment Kookie’s right in the middle of his own cycle (the pup’s first ever heat, no less), and the maknae needs the attention of their Alphas far more than Taehyung does.

He can get through this one on his own, it’s no biggie. He’ll be fine.

Opening the bathroom cabinet, Tae grabs an assortment of pain meds and muscle relaxants (he knows the perfect combination by heart after trial and error these past few years – and after consulting with GOT7’s Youngjae, who apparently suffers from particularly bad muscle cramps during his own cycles), knocking them back with a few gulps of cold water. Putting the pill bottles back, his hand pauses, fingers brushing against the prescription packet of suppressants that sits on the topmost shelf.

It’s what needs to be done. He can handle the cramps and the mood swings just fine, but he’ll never be able to suffer through a full cycle on his own, not once his mating drive kicks in. And it won’t be fair on Kookie if the others get distracted during his first heat, so putting a stop to it now is the only sensible solution.

It’ll only be another ten weeks until Tae’s next heat. He can wait ‘til then, no problem.

The sealed packet feels strangely heavy in his trembling hands, considering there’s only a single pill inside. It’s not that he’s scared to take it – BigHit had kept on suppressants for months at first, as per the industry’s guidelines regarding newly-debuted Omega idols. But it’s been so long since he last suppressed his body’s natural instincts, and he vividly remembers how uncomfortable it used to make him feel – three days spent feeling bloated and tired and achy and wholly unsatisfied. He’d never had any intention of going through that discomfort again (he keeps a ready supply of suppressants just in case of emergencies, nothing more), and even now that he has a really good reason to put a stop to his approaching heat, he finds himself unable to break through the seal on the packet.

Aigoo, just take the damn pill, idiot. Don’t be such a baby about it.

Taehyung’s eyes are burning wetly, and he dashes away the brimming tears with the back of his forearm, swallowing hard past the lump in his throat. Fucking hormones. Aish, why is this so difficult?

Determined to do the right thing, he resolutely tears open the packet and pops the single coloured capsule from its airtight tray. He can do this. One quick swallow and it’s over, right?

Just don’t think about it…

“Tae?”

The soft voice calling from the other side of the bathroom door startles him enough that he fumbles with the suppressant, the small white-and-red capsule slipping through his fingers to land in the sink, where it skitters across the porcelain bowl and disappears neatly down the drain. Taehyung feels his stomach drop into his feet, dread and panic rising up in his chest.

That had been his only suppressant. He keeps a supply at the studio, and there’s always one in his luggage whenever they travel outside of Seoul, but since the meds were only ever intended to be used in emergencies, it hadn’t occurred to him that he might need to keep a larger stash at home.

Fuck, there isn’t time to collect a new prescription now, not when he’s already progressing so
quickly. And he’s got absolutely no chance of hiding his heat from the others for much longer without a suppressant to put a stop to his pheromone production. Aigoo, what the fuck is he supposed to do now?

“Taehyungie?” Jin calls again, and there’s a quiet tap on the door. “You’ve been in there a while now. Is everything alright?”

Hearing the Beta’s warm, concerned tone makes the lump in Tae’s throat triple in size, and the ache at the small of his back flares to life again in a sharp stab of pain that has him sucking in a startled, tremulous breath.

It’s been so long since it hurt this bad – normally he lets the others know that he’s in pre-heat as soon as he feels the first twinge, so by the time the cramps reach their peak he’s already cuddled up in someone’s lap with a heatpack and a pint of ice cream. He’s not used to dealing with any of this on his own, and it’s fucking horrible.

The doorhandle jiggles, but the door doesn’t open because Tae had taken the precautionary measure of locking it earlier. Right now he can’t decide whether or not that had been a good move on his part.

“I know you’re in there.” Jin’s voice is still quiet, but there’s a definite hint of worry there now. “Come on, angel, talk to me. What’s the matter?”

The Omega presses the back of his hand against his mouth to muffle the hiccupping sob that bursts forth without warning, but the sound echoes around the bathroom despite his best efforts, and once the tears have started he just can’t make them stop.

“Tae?” The note of concern in the Beta’s voice is now clearly audible. “Tae, baby, open the door. Please.”

The last shred of Taehyung’s fragile resolve crumbles at the older man’s worried plea, and before his brain has fully registered his actions, his feet have already carried him to the door, a hand darting out quickly to unlock it. He retreats just as quickly, moving back to the far corner of the bathroom next to the tub, fingers twisting in the fabric of the oversized t-shirt he’s wearing (one of Jin’s, as a matter of fact) as he braces himself for his hyung’s impending arrival.

The door opens a couple of inches, then swings open all the way a moment later as Jin steps into the bathroom, handsome face filled with concern, brow faintly creased as he glances around for Taehyung. The moment his gaze settles on the Omega, the elder’s expression softens in sympathy and understanding.

“Aish, why didn’t you tell me sooner?” Jin murmurs, reaching for him. “Come here, sweetheart.”

Tae all but throws himself into the Beta’s arms, pressing as close to him as physically possible, burying his face against the man’s bare shoulder and immediately bursting into loud, miserable tears. He hates that he feels so emotionally fragile at the moment, but it’s all part and parcel of his approaching heat, and the fact that he’s been denying himself the tactile comfort that an Omega’s body instinctively craves probably hasn’t helped the situation.

But right now that doesn’t matter, because he’s in Jin’s arms and the Beta smells like warmth and love and home, and the world doesn’t seem like such a dark, desolate place anymore.

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A shorter chapter than I had planned, but the next segment was growing far too big and I was worried it'd never get finished in time to be posted, so I decided to cut the scene early rather than make you wait another week or so.

Hope you enjoyed it! Well done to those who guessed that Tae was going into heat in the last chapter. Rest assured that both he and Kookie will get plenty of love and attention in the next chapter. Also does anyone have any special pairing requests regarding Tae or Kookie? Because I'm more than happy to do short scenes with specific pairings in this fic. Jin being there for Tae's pre-heat stage is a given, because that's one of his roles as Pack Beta, but I'm open to any other requests. :)

Let me know your thoughts! <3
Taehyung finally comes to terms with the reality of his premature heat cycle, with a little help from Jin and Namjoon. Jiminie is an overprotective worrywart, but Yoongi and Hobi are there to support him.

(Warning: so much fluff. SO MUCH.)

The short journey from the bathroom to the nearest bedroom is all a bit of a blur, Taehyung’s attention entirely focused on Jin’s comforting scent and how amazing it feels to be cradled in the man’s arms. Pressed close to him like this, he can finally breathe easy again, the horrible tight feeling in his chest quickly dissipating as he hides his face against the Beta’s neck.

“Everything’s gonna be just fine,” Jin murmurs, taking a seat on the edge of the double bed and drawing Taehyung down into his lap for a proper cuddle, strong arms wrapping around the Omega securely in a tight, comforting embrace. “Shhh. Just breathe for me, baby.”

Taehyung realise belatedly that he’s still crying, sucking in shuddering, hitching little breaths every few seconds, the sobs sounding overly loud in the quietness of the otherwise empty room. He tries to stifle the noise as best he can, but ends up just hiccuppings tearful sort of whimpers against the man’s shoulder instead.

“You’re okay,” the Beta soothes, lips pressed against the pup’s temple as he rubs the younger man’s back. “I’m here, Tae, I’ve got you.

Taehyung can already feel the agony of desperate longing inside of him easing with every breath, his body relaxing on instinct in response to the Beta’s gentle words and soothing vanilla scent. He makes a valiant effort to stem the flow of tears, swiping the back of his wrist across his brimming eyes and sniffing wetly.

“M’sorry,” he croaks, hiding his face against Jin’s shoulder again. “I thought I was doing okay, but…but then I wasn’t and-and I tried to fix it but I’ve run outta meds, so now I can’t do anything to stop my cycle and Kookie’s gonna be so upset, and it’s all my fault.”

Jin’s hand pauses where it’s been rubbing slow circles between his shoulders. “You tried to take a suppressant?”

Tae nods timidly, sniffing again. “Uh-huh. But I dropped it down the sink because I’m an idiot, and now I don’t know what to do. It was my last prescription, hyung, I don’t have another one.”

“…I do.”
The Omega pulls away an inch or so to glance up at the Beta in surprise. “Really? You do?”

“Mm,” Jin confirms, hand now rubbing slowly at the small of Taehyung’s back beneath his baggy t-shirt, soothing the ache there. “I always keep a box stashed away someplace safe in case of emergencies. I hadn’t thought to tell you about it before now; I mean, it’s been forever since you last used them. But it’s yours, if you really want it.”

Tae heaves a shaky sigh. “Good. That…that’s good. Thank you.”

The faint crease of concern between Jin’s eyebrows deepens for a moment as he grows serious. “It’s your body and your heat, Tae, so the decision is always gonna be yours – but think it through carefully before you act, okay? Don’t do anything rash. I know your cycle’s making you feel pretty rough right now, but are you sure that taking a suppressant is definitely what you want to do?”

Taehyung can’t bear to hold the man’s gaze for more than half a second, the warmth and concern in Jin’s eyes making the lump in his throat swell bigger.

“It’s what I need to do,” he answers after a short pause. *For Jungkook. Three days feeling shitty is a small price to pay for Kookie’s happiness.*

“Tae. That’s not what I asked you, sweetheart,” Jin murmurs, gently tilting the Omega’s chin back up again until their eyes meet. “Tell me honestly, do you really want to suppress your heat? Or are you just trying to be a martyr for Jungkook’s sake?”

Taehyung freezes, which is undoubtedly all the confirmation the Beta needs.

*Aigoo.* The man’s a fucking mind-reader.

“It’s his first cycle, hyung,” Tae tries to insist, his tone plaintive. “It wouldn’t be fair for me to go stealing the limelight right in the middle of his heat; he doesn’t deserve that. I’ll take a suppressant just this once, okay? It’ll be fine.”

Jin closes his eyes for a brief moment, exhaling a quiet sigh through his nose, and when he opens them again the Beta looks *upset.* Taehyung doesn’t like that expression one bit, and feels the lump in his throat get stuck again as he swallows.

“Hyung?” he hedges tentatively, his voice wobbling a little. “You…you’re not mad, are you? Please don’t be mad at me, I was gonna tell you afterwards, I promise-”

“Shhh, I’m not mad,” the Beta reassures him softly, and lifts a hand to cup the Omega’s cheek, thumb caressing his fever-flushed skin. “But I need you to listen to me very carefully for a minute, okay?”

Taehyung nods ever so slightly, unable to keep himself from tilting his head into the older singer’s tender contact.

“It’s true that Jungkook’s heat is important to the Pack,” Jin continues quietly. “But so is yours – no, don’t interrupt me, hyung’s talking.” The Omega closes his mouth again quickly at Jin’s gentle scolding, the argument dying on his lips. “Kookie going into heat hasn’t changed how any of us feel about you. You’re still our Omega, Tae; you’re still mine.”

Feeling his eyes burning wetly at the words, Taehyung swallows to soothe his aching throat, willing himself not to cry. Jin’s expression softens further, and he leans in to bump his nose gently against Tae’s in an affectionate nuzzle.
“We both know how much you hate being on meds, angel,” the Beta murmurs. “You always feel sick when you suppress your cycle, and I don’t like seeing you that way.” Jin’s lips brush softly against the Omega’s mouth, his hand resuming its gentle petting at the small of Tae’s back. “Why don’t you let hyung take care of you instead, sweetheart?”

Taehyung feels the remaining tension bleed from his body as he presses closer to the Beta, arms winding around Jin’s shoulders as he nods in consent, hiding his face against the man’s neck again. Tae’s weakened resolve has long since crumbled, and although he feels horribly selfish about it, he just can’t bring himself to maintain the argument. Jin’s right – he really, really doesn’t want to take any suppressants, not today, not ever, and letting the Beta take care of him instead sounds so fucking good.

A sudden twinge of pain at the small of his back makes him suck in a startled little breath, and he feels Jin’s arms tighten around him briefly in response.

“You’re already pretty far into you pre-heat, aren’t you?” the Beta sympathises, and presses a kiss to his hairline. “Ai, poor baby. Do you need one of your Alphas?”

Biting back the immediate ‘yes’ that tries to escape his lips, Taehyung resolutely squashes the pulse of need that flares in his chest at the word ‘Alpha’ and manages to shake his head.

“No, m’okay,” he mumbles, nestling closer into Jin’s hold for comfort. “Kookie needs them more than I do.”

He hears Jin sigh again, a gentle puff of warm air that teases at his hair. “I suppose that was my fault for phrasing it as a question. This isn’t up for debate, cub – you need an Alpha. I know our usual routine is Disney movies, hot water bottles and chocolate ice cream, but I’m afraid you’re a little too far along for that.”

Taehyung pouts sulkily, hiding the expression against Jin’s neck. The Beta seems to know about it anyway, because he breathes a fond little laugh and squeezes him tighter still.

“But hyuuung-”

“Kim Taehyung. What did I just say about interrupting me when I’m talking?” Jin chides, utterly calm in that deceptive way he always is when Tae’s in trouble. “Do I need to put you over my knee? Hm? Is that what you want, pup?”

“Come on,” the hyung murmurs, pressing a kiss to his temple. “Let’s get you settled.”

In a heartbeat, Taehyung suddenly finds himself stretched out on his front along the bed, wrists held gently but securely in one of Jin’s hands as the Beta settles alongside him, the man’s other hand pressing down firmly on the small of Tae’s back. The ache that had lingered there these past few hours immediately dissipates as his body relaxes into the mattress, pleasant warmth flooding through his limbs.

“There you go,” Jin purrs, the words a warm puff of air against Tae’s ear as the Beta leans over him.
“Settle down for me, baby, that’s it. Aigoo, you’re such a good boy.”

Tae hums in contented agreement, his insides squirming pleasantly at the praise, eyelids fluttering shut as he feels himself go boneless beneath the older singer.

“Mmm, you already smell so good Tae,” the Beta tells him, inhaling deeply as he nuzzles at the Omega’s throat. “You’re definitely nearing the end of your pre-heat. And I wouldn’t be surprised if the rest of your cycle progresses just as quickly – if your heat’s been triggered by Kookie’s pheromones like I expect, I imagine your body will probably try to speed up its own hormone production to match.”

*Lucky me,* Taehyung thinks with a good measure of sarcasm, but can’t be bothered to summon the energy to say it aloud, not when Jin’s stroking his back like that. It feels *so* fucking good.

“It’s not uncommon for bonded Omegas to sync their heats,” the Beta continues quietly. “Mark tells me Yugyeom and Youngjae often go through their cycle around the same time unless they’ve been kept apart by work schedules. I’m sorry I didn’t see this coming, Tae – I ought to have recognised the signs first thing this morning when you started acting out like that. My cub always gets a little surly when he’s in pre-heat, huh?”

Taehyung nods again, flushed cheek rubbing against the soft bedsheets, but otherwise remains perfectly still. It feels like *forever* since he last felt this comfortable – but then it’s been a helluva long day, what with his struggle to keep his cramps hidden from the others – and he imagines he could easily fall asleep like this, were it not for the prickling heat creeping along his oversensitive skin. The uncomfortable sensation is getting easier to ignore now that he’s with Jin, and with the Beta applying a constant, grounding pressure to the small of his back, his heat-cramps have all but faded into nonexistence, and he feels like he could just melt right through the mattress at any given moment.

“I’m gonna go and fix you a snack before you start spiking,” Jin tells him, pressing a line of feather-light kisses along his sensitive neck. “You need to eat something.”

“Hyuuung,” Tae whines in protest. “I’m not hungry.”

Jin sighs fondly and presses another kiss to his nape. “I know, baby. But you need to have something to eat all the same. Stay here for a minute, okay? Don’t move, try to stay still for hyung. Good boy.”

The hand restraining his wrists disappears as Jin moves off the mattress, and Taehyung suddenly feels very, very alone in the middle of the big bed in an otherwise empty room, the instinctive need for tactile contact a sudden ache beneath his sternum. He feels his eyes burn, and bites his lip to keep from crying (stupid hormones), trying to focus on staying still for Jin like the Beta had told him to.

Thankfully, he isn’t left waiting very long.

Barely two minutes have passed (he knows because he’s been staring unblinkingly at the glowing numbers on the bedside alarm clock ever since Jin left the room) before he hears the quiet tread of bare feet along the laminate flooring of the hallway outside. He tries to concentrate hard enough to work out who it is by the pace of their stride, but another sharp twinge, this time across his lower abdomen, has him curling up a little with a low groan of discomfort, suddenly *desperate* for a cuddle.

The mattress dips, and a warm, gentle hand pushes up beneath the hem of his baggy t-shirt to settle against the small of his back, massaging the skin there. The Omega sucks in a shuddering breath at the heat that pulses out from that point of contact, lifting his head to try and glance back over his shoulder.
“H-hyung?”

A second hand settles over the back of his head, gently but firmly guiding it back down against the mattress, fingers curling in his hair ever so slightly.

“Easy, baby,” Namjoon murmurs as he leans over him, lips pressing a lingering kiss to Taehyung’s sensitive nape, the Alpha’s rich, earthy scent hanging thickly in the air. “You’re okay, hyung’s here.” Another gentle kiss, and Tae feels his t-shirt being pushed up to bare his back, the rapper’s hand stroking up and down his spine soothingly. “Jin-hyung already explained the situation to me, so we don’t need to talk about that now. But remember that I love you more than the world, Kim Taehyung. And know that your heat is every bit as important to me as Kookie’s. I don’t want you hiding it from me again, alright?”

Taehyung nods, feeling a painful ache in his chest at the gentle scolding. Part of him wants to cry, but a much bigger part of him is just really fucking relieved that the Alpha’s here and talking to him and touching him.

“Hyung?” he croaks past the lump in his throat, abdomen cramping painfully. “Wanna cuddle. Can we? Please?”

Another lingering kiss is pressed against his nape, and then Namjoon’s gathering him up from the mattress, drawing Tae effortlessly into his arms with that freakish Alpha-strength of his and shifting to lean back against the headboard of the bed, Taehyung settled in his lap and wrapped up securely in the man’s embrace. The Omega hums in approval and snuggles closer, tucking his face up against the side of Namjoon’s neck.

The Alpha breathes a fond-sounding laugh. “Better?”

“Mm-hm,” Tae confirms groggily, and inhales the man’s scent deeply, each lungful making his head feel that little bit fuzzier. “Just…don’t move, ‘kay?”


He hadn’t thought it possible that the Alpha’s hug could be improved upon (it seriously feels amazing, Tae’s in heaven), but then one of Namjoon’s hands slips back up beneath his t-shirt to stroke gentle circles at the small of his back, and Taehyung abruptly melts into a boneless pile of hormonal goo, slumping in the rapper’s hold with a low moan.

He’s suddenly really fucking glad that he’d dropped that suppressant down the sink. Why the hell had he ever entertained the idea of putting a stop to his heat? Heats are awesome. He feels great.
“I can’t believe he tried to take a suppressant.”

Yoongi’s head comes up quickly at the faint quiver in Jimin’s voice, seeing Hobi’s do the same from the other side of the cub. The maknae-Alpha’s gaze is still focused on Jungkook, fingers combing through the sleeping Omega’s dark hair where his head’s pillowed in the dancer’s lap, but there’s an uncharacteristic tightness to his jaw and his face is worryingly blank – the sort of default expression Jimin tends to wear on those rare occasions when he’s truly upset.

“He wasn’t thinking straight,” Yoongi mumbles, shifting to sit up a little more against the padded headboard, curling an arm around Jimin’s narrow shoulders. “I doubt he would’ve actually done it.”

Jimin’s throat moves as he swallows. “You heard what Jin-hyung said,” the younger Alpha manages. “He didn’t take the pill because he dropped it – that means he was literally about to put it in his mouth. Aigoo, why would he do that? He never takes suppressants, never ever. He hates them, hyung, they make him feel sick, what on earth was he thinking-“

“Shh,” Hoseok cautions (Jungkook has begun to stir at the sound of Jimin’s voice), cupping a hand over the younger Alpha’s nape to calm him. “Settle down, cub. Getting all upset about it isn’t going to help anyone.”

“But Taehyungie-“

-though he was doing what was best for Kookie,” Hobi interjects patiently, thumb stroking against the skin of Jimin’s nape. “You know how much he cares about the pup. He was willing to sacrifice his own comfort for Kookie’s sake, which is pretty admirable.”

“Pretty stupid,” Jimin mutters, sounding increasingly more upset by the second.

Yoongi shares a brief glance with Hoseok, his own concern reflected in the dancer’s gaze, and gestures down towards Jungkook with a forward tilt of his head. Hobi nods in understanding, reaching out without further prompting to draw the sleeping Omega off Jimin’s legs and into his own arms, settling him with a murmured word and a gentle hand when the youth whines sleepily.

Jimin makes a surprised noise of protest in the back of his throat at the sudden act of Omega-theft, but Yoongi doesn’t give him the chance to feel the pup’s absence for long, reaching out to pull the maknae-Alpha towards him and manhandling the pliant cub until he’s straddling the rapper’s lap, staring back at his hyung in wide-eyed surprise at the suddenness of it all.

“You need to calm down,” Yoongi tells him gently, a hand coming up to cradle Jimin’s cheek. “I know you’re worried about Tae, cub, but he’s gonna be just fine. Jin-hyung’s right, bonded Omegas are known to trigger each other’s heats every now and then. With how powerful Kookie’s pheromones have been these past couple of days, it’s little wonder Tae’s been affected.”

The younger man tilts his head into the Alpha’s touch, clearly needing the tactile comfort. Yoongi responds by curling his other hand over Jimin’s nape and guiding him forwards into a lingering kiss, pushing his tongue past the maknae-Alpha’s lips at the last moment to remind the pup who he belongs to.

“Mmm, good boy,” Yoongi murmurs, slowly kissing across Jimin’s cheek and along his jawline before descending the column of his throat. “Just relax for me, okay?”
The younger man’s posture, previously rigid with worried tension, finally begins to calm as Yoongi soothes him with kisses and gentle touches.

It’s not every day that Jiminie gets quite this riled up over something, but it isn’t the first time either, and Yoongi has more than enough experience settling the maknae-Alpha when he’s upset. Normally it’s in the run-up to a live performance, or after being scolded by someone for acting out or talking back. The latter happens far more regularly that the dancer would probably care to acknowledge, but Yoongi doesn’t mind – his lap is just the right size for the smaller Alpha, and Jiminie feels so good cuddled up to him like this.

“Why don’t you go and see Tae?” Yoongi suggests after a few minutes, when the last of the tension has final seeped from his dongsaeng’s posture. “It’ll make the both of you feel better, kid.”

Jimin hesitates, head turning a little to glance towards Jungkook, who’s snuggled up to Hoseok’s chest and sleeping soundly.

“I shouldn’t,” he mumbles. “What if Kookie wakes up?”

Yoongi understands the pup’s dilemma. It’s the first time that Jimin’s been confronted with the ever-problematic conundrum of having two submissive dongsaengs who both require his care and attention. It’s less of an issue for Yoongi – whenever the maknae trio do something unwise and get into trouble all at the same time, he’s often forced to choose which cub to comfort first (his lap, while spacious enough for one pup, would unfortunately be a tight squeeze for three), and over the years the pulsing protective instinct in his chest has finally begun to accept that truth. Jiminie’s probably feeling horribly torn between their two Omegas, and it can’t be an easy situation for him.

“We’ll stay with Kook-ah,” Hobi reassures the maknae without missing a beat. “And one of us can always come and tell you if the kid asks for you specifically. Go on, baby – your instincts aren’t going to switch off until you’ve seen Tae. Let your hyungs look after Kookie for a while, okay? He’ll be fine.”

Jimin still hesitates despite the reassurance, and Yoongi sighs fondly, lowering a hand to gently pinch the younger Alpha’s thigh.

“Hey,” he murmurs. “Don’t make me carry you outta here, punk.”

The dancer’s nose wrinkles at that suggestion, and he sticks out his tongue at the older Alpha before quickly rolling out of the man’s lap to escape the spank aimed at his boxer-clad backside.

Yoongi doesn’t even mind that his swat misses its mark by a good few inches – there’s a tiny, cute little smile curling at the corner of Jimin’s mouth, and that’s all the victory he needs.

Chapter End Notes

It’s 3am and I have to be up in less than four hours, why do I do this to myself? D:
Hope you all enjoyed the chapter! I'm eager to cater to all the pairing requests from last week's comments, so I'll do my best to include moments between those members at some point during the next couple of chapters. If you have any additional requests, or didn't get a chance to make one last week, feel free to mention it in the comments below and I'll do my best. :)
Close To You (YoonKookSeok)

Chapter Summary

Hoseok and Yoongi spend some quality time with their precious maknae. Jungkook gets cuddled a lot.
Warning: So. Many. CUDDLES.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The first thing Jungkook becomes aware of, as he slowly awakens from the peace and security of a deep slumber, is that he’s being cuddled.

It’s certifiably the best way to wake up ever, and the Omega stirs with a happy little hum, nestling in closer to the warm chest he’s pressed up against and inhaling deeply. The familiar, comforting scent of coffee and melted-chocolate has a sleepy smile tugging at his mouth, and he rubs his nose back and forth against the Alpha’s skin in a tender nuzzle.

“Hobi,” Yoongi’s voice rumbles, and soft lips press a feather-light kiss to his hairline. “I think our cub finally decided to join us.”

A hand settles at the small of his back and glides slowly up his spine, Hoseok’s intoxicating floral-spice scent filling Jungkook’s belly with fire as he takes another deep breath, toes curling pleasantly at the Alpha’s gentle touch as Hobi’s fingers come to settle over his nape.

“Howdy,” Hoseok murmurs, and his voice is so full of love that Jungkook might just explode from happiness. “You’re looking better, sweetheart. Did you sleep well?”

Jungkook hums again, turning his head ever so slightly so that his cheek’s resting against Yoongi’s bare skin, blinking up at Hoseok blearily. The Alpha’s lips curl into a wider smile when their eyes meet, warmth and affection in his gaze as his fingers stroke idly through Jungkook’s hair.

“How do you feel about sitting up for a little while?” Hobi asks. “You should drink something before your next wave comes.”

The Omega’s fingers tighten around Yoongi’s bicep at the suggestion. Logically, he knows he needs to keep up his fluid intake (although the memories of his earlier heat spikes are all a little fuzzy, he’s aware that he’s probably lost at least a litre of water through slick and sweat alone), but sitting up means being parted from Yoongi’s snug hold, and right now he’s craving intimate skinship like there’s no tomorrow.

Being brutally honest, he’d legitimately prefer to die of dehydration rather than deprive himself of the Alpha’s tactile contact for any length of time – which the sane part of his brain knows is stupid, but at the present moment his raging-hormonal Omega instincts don’t give a fuck.

He wants cuddles.
“I’m not gonna disappear, cub,” Yoongi tells him, sounding faintly amused (presumably he’s correctly interpreted the reason for Jungkook’s sudden death-grip on his arm). “But I think maybe Hobi wants some cuddle-time, too. He’s looking a little left-out, don’t you think?”

Jungkook glances towards the other Alpha in time to see Hoseok settle himself back against the padded headboard of the bed, opening his arms invitingly with a hopeful little smile. Something in the Omega’s chest twinges guiltily.

The maknae makes a soft, needy noise in the back of his throat, suddenly desperate to give Hobi all the cuddles he wants – how could he have been so selfish, only paying attention to Yoongi? What kind of Omega would neglect his mate like that? Aigoo, his poor hyung…

Hoseok grunts softly when Jungkook plasters himself to the Alpha’s front, straddling the dancer’s lap and pressing apologetic little kisses along the man’s jawline.

“Sorry, m’sorry, I love you-”

“Hey, hey, it’s alright,” Hobi reassures with a soft, surprised huff of laughter, the fingers of one hand threading into the Omega’s hair as he loops the other arm securely around Jungkook’s waist, holding him close. “Hyung was only teasing you, beautiful; I’m more than happy to wait my turn.”

The Omega glances across to where Yoongi has moved away from the bed (traitor!) and is now rummaging through the assortment of drinks and snacks that seem to have amassed on the dresser near the far wall. Realising he’s been played (and hating how easily he’s gone and fallen for the Alpha’s ploy in his instinct-addled state), Jungkook musters up his fiercest, sulkiest pout and aims it in Yoongi’s direction, albeit with his cheek still smushed against Hobi’s shoulder (because cuddles, that’s why).

“You tricked me,” he accuses peevishly.

Yoongi sends him a smile, small and fond and genuine (and really fucking attractive, aigoo), tilting his head a little to the side as he regards the maknae’s sulky expression.

“Uh-huh,” he agrees, crossing back over to the bed and repositioning himself to sit beside Hoseok, leaning in to kiss the tip of Jungkook’s nose. “It was the easiest way to get you to sit up willingly. You really do need to drink something, cub.” A second kiss, and Yoongi flashes him another little smile. “Think you can forgive me, just this once?”

Honestly, Jungkook kinda wants to sulk a bit more (because it was a cheap trick and he feels really stupid), but the kiss is nice, and Yoongi smells so good, and to be fair he actually does feel pretty thirsty.

“Okay,” he relents. “But I want a proper kiss first.”

Hoseok huffs a quiet laugh against his hairline, and Yoongi’s smile twitches wider.

“Bossy,” the Alpha mutters, but leans in again to capture his lips in a more lingering kiss, fingers gently pinching the maknae’s chin to keep his head tilted at just the right angle.

Jungkook goes boneless in a matter of seconds, lips parting pliantly for the gentle push of Yoongi’s tongue, eyelids fluttering closed as he lifts a hand to rest palm-down against the Alpha’s chest, needing that point of contact to ground himself because otherwise it feels like he might just melt into a puddle of goo at any moment.

“You’re still down pretty far, aren’t you?” Yoongi murmurs against his lips, one hand now cupping
his cheek as the other brushes his fringe back from his forehead. “But at least your fever’s settled. Jin-hyung was right, I think your cycle’s finally slowing down.”

Jungkook blinks at that, emerging a little from the fuzzy, cosy headspace he’d drifted into during the kiss, and glances at his surroundings with a new sort of clarity, suddenly realising why the room feels so big.

“Where’d everyone else go?”

Hoseok presses a kiss to his temple, arms tightening around him in a gentle squeeze. “Only down the hallway, cub; they haven’t gone far. Tae just needed some alone-time with Joonie and Jin-hyung, and Jiminie went to keep him company.”

“Why?” Brow creasing ever so slightly, Jungkook pulls back a couple of inches, feeling his sluggish mind rising a little further out its hormonal fog. “Is he okay?”

There’s a quiet shnick as Yoongi unscrews the cap on a bottle of juice, offering it to Jungkook calmly. “Here, drink this for me.”

“Hyung…”

“We’ll talk about it in a minute, okay?” the Alpha promises, lifting the lip of the bottle to Jungkook’s lips.

“But—”

“Cub.” One of Yoongi’s eyebrows twitches upwards ever so slightly. “Do we need to have a discussion about listening to your Alphas?”

The rapper’s tone is still hushed and perfectly calm, but there’s a tangible change in his presence, and the man suddenly seems bigger than before even though he’s barely done more than blink. Jungkook immediately swallows back the rest of his sentence, ducking his head as he presses instinctively closer to Hoseok.

“No, hyung.”

Yoongi’s fingers gently curl under his chin again to tilt his head back up, and the warmth and affection in his gaze eases the sorry-guilty feelings that have begun to build up in Jungkook’s chest (fucking hormones, seriously).

When the Alpha lifts the juice bottle to his lips again, he obediently drinks, finding after the first mouthful that he’s absolutely parched. Six or seven large gulps later and he’s drained more than half the bottle, pausing to catch his breath.

“Guess you were thirsty after all, huh?” Hoseok comments wryly, hand stroking slowly up and down the maknae’s back.

Jungkook agrees with a silent nod, reaching out to take the bottle from Yoongi so that he can finish it. The Alpha sniffs a fond little grin and passes it over, reaching instead for the pack of flavoured rice crackers he’d pilfered from the enormous stash of snacks on the far side of the room.

“Taehyung’s going into heat,” Yoongi tells him, the moment Jungkook’s knocked back the last drop of juice.

Waiting for him to finish had clearly been a necessary precaution, because the empty plastic bottle
immediately slips through Jungkook’s slackened grip and tumbles down onto the bedsheets. The Omega stares at him, wide-eyed.

“Are you serious?”

Yoongi nods, calmly opening the packet of rice crackers and feeding one to his shell-shocked dongsaeng. Jungkook chews and swallows on auto-pilot, his mind buzzing with questions and concerns.

“But he’s not due ‘til the middle of next month,” the Omega insists after a short pause. “His cycle’s never come early before, hyung.” A horrible thought suddenly occurs to him, making something twist painfully in his chest. “Is…is he sick or something?”

“Ohh, baby, no,” Hoseok hurries to reassure, fingers carding gently through the maknae’s hair to settle him. “Tae’s doing just fine, I promise. His body just isn’t used to being around Omega heat-pheromones, that’s all. It’s trying to sync itself with your cycle.”

“Oh.”

Jungkook opens his mouth to let Yoongi feed him another cracker, falling silent as he processes this new information. He’d always been aware that synchronised heats were a thing that sometimes happened between bonded Omegas who lived together (even Yugyeomie generally refers to his own cycle as ‘our heat week’ because he invariably ends up sharing some or most of it with Youngjae), but it honestly hadn’t occurred to him that his own hormones might trigger Tae’s heat so suddenly. The older Omega’s always been so regular, it feels wrong somehow to have knocked him off course like this.

“Kook?” Yoongi’s thumb brushes a crumb from his bottom lip, his gaze searching. “You feeling okay?”

Turning his cheek towards the Alpha’s hand to lean into his touch, Jungkook nods, pressing a kiss against the pad of the man’s thumb. Yoongi leaves the rice crackers sitting on the bed and lifts his other hand to cup the opposite cheek, leaning in to press their foreheads together.

“You don’t always have to act like a tough guy, you know,” the rapper murmurs. “Your scent’s changed, pup, I can tell you’re upset.”

Jungkook closes his eyes and tilts his head a little more into the contact, comforted by Yoongi’s scent, feeling a little of the tightness ease from his chest.

“Hyung?”

“Mm?” the Alpha hums, thumb caressing his cheek.

“Do you think Tae’s mad at me?”

Yoongi pulls away at that, his faint frown one of confusion. “Why would…what, because of his heat?” At Jungkook’s tentative nod, the Alpha sighs, a tiny smile tugging at the corner of his mouth. “Aish, you two are as bad as each other.” Yoongi strokes his cheek, regarding him fondly. “No, baby, he’s not mad.”

‘Baby’. Ohh, Jungkook wants to purr.

The rapper has a whole host of nicknames that he likes to use, but ‘baby’ isn’t one that comes up very often (Yoongi seems to prefer ‘cub’ or ‘pup’, or ‘brat’ if he’s feeling particularly playful). But it
just so happens to be Kookie’s favourite petname (Jin’s been using it for years now, starting from about three days after they first met as trainees when Jungkook was still a tiny, nervous little Neutral and Jin was going through a particular hormonal phase in his Beta progression), made all the more special because it’s Yoongi who’s just said it, the person who uses it most infrequently.

Jungkook flops unceremoniously into Yoongi’s arms, pressing his face against the man’s shoulder as he clings to him tightly. He hears the Alpha breathe a quiet huff of laughter against his ear.

“Kookie. You still need to finish your snack.”

“No,” Jungkook nestles in closer. “Hug me.”

“Cute,” Hoseok murmurs fondly from behind him, the dancer’s hand stroking up Jungkook’s spine to settle on his nape, giving it a gentle squeeze. Then the grip shifts, and Hobi presses the backs of his fingers to the Omega’s skin. “Yoongi…”

“I know.” The Alpha’s arms tighten a little around Jungkook as he shifts to settle back against the headboard. “We’ve probably got about fifteen minutes or so before it hits. You need a bathroom break?”

“Mm.” Hoseok leans over Jungkook’s back to kiss Yoongi, and the Omega turns his head to watch, warmth filling his belly at the sight. Seriously, his Alphas are so fucking hot.

“You mind checking on Tae while you’re up?” the older rapper asks.

Jungkook perks up at that. “Hyung? Can’t I go see him too?”

Hoseok and Yoongi share a brief glance, before the elder of the two shakes his head apologetically, arms squeezing Jungkook in a tighter hug.

“Maybe in a little while, Kook-ah. You need to finish your snack before your fever gets too high.”

The maknae pouts a little. “But I feel fine.”

“You’re already starting to spike, hon,” Hobi tells him gently, fingers brushing the Omega’s fringe back from his forehead.

“No I’m not.”

“Hey,” Yoongi chides, his voice hushed, hand stroking down from the small of Kookie’s back to settle on the curve of his ass, tapping the skin there in warning. “Watch your tone, cub.”

Jungkook whines at the gentle scolding, hiding his face against Yoongi’s shoulder again. The Alpha still smells really nice, which is a bonus, plus his skin feels wonderfully cool against Jungkook’s flushed cheeks (because he’s upset, not because he’s spiking another fever).

“Be good for your hyung,” Hoseok tells him, a smile in his voice, pressing a kiss to Jungkook’s nape. “I’ll be back in a few minutes, Kook. You want me to bring you anything?”

“I want Tae.”

He hears Yoongi sigh softly against the side of his head, a tired and resigned sort of sound, and the Alpha cuddles him a little closer. Jungkook snuggles into the man’s hold, desperate for his comfort but needing so much more, needing his Pack in a bone-deep, instinctive way that he still isn’t accustomed to feeling.
“I know you do, baby,” Yoongi sympathises, fingers carding through his hair. The Alpha sighs again, and turns his attention back towards Hoseok. “Maybe you could see if Jin-hyung’s free to leave Tae for a few minutes? I think our cub needs some Beta-time.”

“Yeah, sure,” Hobi agrees quietly, and kisses Jungkook’s neck one last time. “Won’t be long, angel.”

So the man says, but it still feels like he’s gone forever once his scent’s faded into the background. Jungkook pouts and rubs his cheek against Yoongi’s skin, clinging to the comfort that the Alpha’s touch and scent provide, even if they only help to take the edge of the burning, aching desire that’s pulsing through every fibre of his being.

He doesn’t even realise he’s crying until Yoongi’s gently shushing him, the Alpha’s strong hand rubbing slow circles between his shoulders, which tremble every time his breathing hitches. Jungkook hates crying, because it makes his nose stuffy and his eyes sting and his throat ache, but right now it kinda feels like the right thing to do – like the easiest way to relieve the pressure in his chest.

It’s not even sad crying, not really. Sure, he’s feeling a little put-out because Yoongi won’t let him see Tae and Hobi’s not here and the room’s too fucking hot, but that’s more of a background irritation than anything else. He’s pretty sure his eyes are just leaking because they feel like it.

“Hey, hey,” a familiar voice soothes, and suddenly he’s being pulled away from Yoongi by a strong pair of hands, drawn close to shirt-clad chest and wrapped up snugly in a cosy embrace. “Shhh. You’re okay.”

Jungkook takes a few deep, gulping breaths, Jin’s faint vanilla-musk immediately calming the storm inside of him. He blinks back tears, fingers curling in the soft fabric of Jin’s shirt.

“Hyung,” he whines, nestling further into the Beta’s hold.

“I’m here baby. Hyung’s right here.” Jin shifts around a little, not relinquishing his hold on the Omega by so much as an inch, and settles down beside Yoongi to sit back against the headboard. “How long since he started spiking?”

“Only a few minutes,” the Alpha answers. “Our boy got himself a little worked up about Tae, didn’t you, cub?” Yoongi’s hand strokes slowly over the back of Jungkook’s head. “I think it must’ve triggered his next wave; he’d been doing okay up until that point.”

“You got upset about Tae being in heat?” Jin asks gently, his arms squeezing Jungkook.

The Omega just sniffs wetly, hiccupps a little, and snuggles further into the Beta’s hold. He doesn’t want to talk right now. He just wants cuddles.

“Kookie was worried Tae might be mad at him about their heats syncing,” Yoongi explains, keeping his voice hushed.

Jin breathes a quiet little laugh, dropping a kiss against Jungkook’s hair. “Tae was worried about exactly the same thing,” he remarks softly. “He thought maybe you’d feel cheated, like he was taking the Pack’s attention away from you by going into heat.”

“Hyung.” Jungkook frowns a little against Jin’s shoulder. “That’s stupid.”

“He knows that now,” Jin reassures, and kisses his hair again. “Do you?”
Jungkook hesitates for a long moment. “You promise he’s not mad at me?”

“I promise.”

Feeling himself fully relax at last, Jungkook presses a kiss against the Beta’s neck, a tiny smile finally curling at the corner of his mouth.

“Okay.” The Omega breathes out a gusty sigh, and lets silence linger over them for a few short beats, until he lifts his head at last to peek up at Jin hopefully.

“Hyung? Can I have a proper kiss now?”

Jin smiles warmly, and obliges him.

Chapter End Notes

I was not kidding about the cuddles. This chapter was literally just 3000 words of my boys snuggling, and I have no regrets.

Well, okay, my one regret is that the Tae/Jimin segment I had initially planned will now be in the next chapter because it wasn't fitting in well with this one. Sorry for those who were eager to read it in this update, but it's not quite where I want it to be yet. <3

Thanks for your continuing support! :D I really do appreciate all the lovely feedback. <3 Feel free to drop me a comment down below with any comments/questions/requests! :) xxxxx
Bad Judgement Call (NamJin, MinJoon)

Chapter Summary

Tae's feeling better, so Jin and Namjoon have the chance to share in a brief moment of intimacy. Jimin’s feeling hormonal and overprotective and short-tempered, and a momentary lapse in judgement lands him in serious trouble with his Pack-Alpha. There's also a lot of cuddling, for a change.

(Content warning: Jiminie gets disciplined towards the end of the chapter. Read at your own risk.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Leaning over the two snuggling maknaes, Namjoon cups a gentle hand over the back of Taehyung’s neck, carefully gaging his temperature.

The Omega’s fever had started to spike a short while ago, and his mild honey-scent has been growing progressively sweeter ever since, which is usually an indication that his pre-heat period will soon be coming to an end. Tae’s cycle seems to be progressing significantly faster than usual (normally the pup’s pre-heat stage lasts almost a full day), but Namjoon isn’t overly worried about the sudden change in routine – the Omega’s body is simply trying to play catch-up with Jungkook’s, that’s all. And quite frankly, the less time Tae spends feeling sick and miserable due to cramps, the better. Namjoon hates to see any of his cubs in discomfort.

“Hyung?” Taehyung murmurs faintly as he stirs in Jimin’s arms, leaning up a little into Namjoon’s touch.

“I’m here. You’re okay.” The Pack-Alpha presses a kiss to the younger man’s cheek, brushing his nose against the burning skin there in a tender nuzzle. “Feeling any better?”

Taehyung hums an affirmative response, a sleepy smile curling sweetly at his mouth as he nestles in closer to Jimin’s chest, whose arms tighten around the Omega in response. Namjoon breathes a quiet laugh at the dancer’s increased protectiveness. Jimin probably doesn’t even realise what he’s doing – it’s likely an instinctive reaction to Tae’s unexpected pre-heat. The maknae-Alpha isn’t usually quite so obvious in his possessiveness over Tae, but Namjoon can’t deny that he finds the pup’s behaviour really fucking cute.

Although to be honest, he finds most things cute when it comes to his cubs.

“Joon-ah?” a voice calls softly from the doorway to the bedroom, and Namjoon glances up quickly from his two snugly-intertwined pups, a dopey smile curling at his lips.

“Mm?”

Jin returns his smile fondly, with a softness in his gaze that still gives Namjoon pleasant butterflies
even after all these years. When the Beta beckons him closer with a slight gesture, the Alpha rolls out of bed without further prompting, leaving Tae in Jimin’s capable care and moving to join his hyung out in the hallway.

“You were right; Tae’s almost through with his pre-heat,” Namjoon acknowledges, pulling the bedroom door closed behind them so that their voices won’t carry through to the cuddling maknaes. “How’s Kookie holding up?”

“Better,” Jin reassures him, fingers brushing against the Pack-Alpha’s wrist in a casual caress. “Hobi managed to keep him cresting long enough for his fever to break, and he seems a whole lot more settled since Yoongi knotted him. But I told them to call for you if they need an extra pair of hands – our pup’s stronger than he looks.”

Namjoon feels another amused smile curling at his lips. “Wasn’t too happy about waiting for a knot, huh?”

Jin mirrors the expression, shaking his head. “Kookie tried so hard to be good for the first half-hour or so, but you know how skilled Hobi is with his toys. Poor baby got himself a little worked up.” Lacing their fingers together, the Beta sighs deeply, a tired but content sound. “If these synchronised heats are going to become a regular thing, I have a feeling we might need to invest in some proper settling equipment.”

The Pack-Alpha nods slowly, thumb stroking over the back of Jin’s knuckles. He’s actually been thinking along a similar vein these past few hours.

Up until now, they’ve managed quite easily without restraint gear during heat weeks, because there’s always been enough of them to help settle Tae during his spikes. The Omega loves to be restrained mid-heat, and thrives off the comfort and security of being safely held fast by his mates, but the pup also likes the freedom to push-and-pull against those restraints to his heart’s content. Which, while often physically exhausting for whoever’s ‘settling’ him at the time, had previously been manageable because there were always several more pairs of hands ready to offer help if needed. But if the maknaes are going to be synching future heats, and if Kookie’s going to need a similar level of restraint for the duration of his own cycle…

“We’ll sit down and talk it over with the pups once their hormones have settled,” Namjoon promises. “I’m sure we can handle two restless Omegas for a couple more days. I’ll let the cubs order something online, it’ll be ready for next time.”

Smiling, Jin leans in to kiss the corner of his mouth. “Tae’s gonna empty your bank account, you know that, right? He’s been dropping hints about wanting to buy settling gear for months now. I’d give him a fixed budget, if I were you – pretty sure the cub’s got an OmegaCare wishlist ready and waiting.”

The Beta’s probably right about that. Ever since Tae had been asked to model for the popular dynamic-brand earlier that year, he’s been endlessly browsing their online catalogue and showing the rest of the Pack all the items he especially likes. Namjoon had been planning on getting Tae something from OmegaCare for his upcoming birthday (none of them are exactly stripped for cash, especially given their recent overseas popularity, but the OmegaCare settling gear is high-quality and fairly pricy, and although he liked to spoil his cubs, Namjoon hadn’t been able to justify spending quite that much money on something non-essential when it wasn’t a special occasion), but given the current circumstances he feels there’s just cause to invest a few pieces of equipment, especially if it’ll benefit his Pack in the long-run.

Tae’s going to be happy, that’s for sure.
“Speaking of our cub,” he says, squeezing Jin’s hand. “Since he’s nearing the end of his pre-heat stage, I’m assuming you’d like me to fuck off?”

“Language,” Jin murmurs without missing a beat, before smiling at him sweetly. “But yes please.”

Namjoon laughs, the sound quickly swallowed by Jin’s mouth as the Beta leans in to kiss him properly, long-fingered hands stroking up Namjoon’s arms to settle on his shoulders, pushing him back against the wall of the hallway for stability. The Pack-Alpha smiles against the elder’s lips, his own hands resting on his mate’s slender hips, pulling him closer for a more heated kiss.

With their attention so focused on Kookie (and now Tae) these past couple of days, it seems far too long since they last had chance to share a moment of intimacy like this. Namjoon loves his Packmates more than the world, and couldn’t bear to think about a life without them, but the relationship he shares with Jin goes a little beyond what he has with the others. It’s not that he loves the rest of the Pack any less, not at all, but what he feels for Jin is so much more than just plain old love. Where his heart belongs to each of his mates, the entirety of his being belongs to Kim Seokjin.

Truthfully, it’s been that way since day one, from the very moment Sejin-hyung turned up at the trainee dorms unannounced on a Saturday morning and greeted him with a cheerful, “Joon-ah, this is Kim Seokjin – he’ll be joining you in training after today.”

And as Namjoon stood there in his Cookie Monster pyjama pants and baggy tank top, bare-faced and with his hair mussed from sleep, staring in what was probably wide-eyed awe at the shockingly handsome Beta on his doorstep, Jin had smiled at him (a wide, warm, beautiful smile that had left the rapper breathless) and offered a hand for him to shake.

“Please, call me Jin-hyung.”

Up against those sort of deadly charms, he hadn’t stood a chance.

“Joonie,” the Beta breathes, as Namjoon drags his lips down the man’s throat. Jin’s fingers tighten around his upper arms a little, pushing him more firmly against the wall as the man draws back a couple of inches to look at him apologetically. “Aigoo, babe, you know I want to, but we don’t have time for that. Taehyungie needs me.”

Namjoon reluctantly slides his hands back up from the curve of Jin’s ass, settling them on the man’s hips again as he leans in to brush a significantly softer kiss against the corner of the Beta’s mouth, puffing out a short sigh.

“I know. We’ll finish this later.”

“Oh, will we now?” One of Jin’s eyebrows twitches upwards ever so slightly, a spark of amusement in his eyes as he leans his weight into Namjoon to push him back against the wall with a little more strength. “And since when do you dictate what I do, cub?”

Coming from another Alpha, an indirect challenge to his authority like that would likely grate on his nerves, but this is Jin, and Namjoon has never in all their long years together fooled himself into believing that he controls the Beta in any way (Pack-Alpha status be damned). When it’s just the two of them alone like this, without the rest of the Pack around to bear witness, Namjoon knows exactly which one of them holds the real authority.

It doesn’t keep him from rolling his eyes, though (albeit with a dopey grin, because he’s ridiculously in love with this man and nothing will ever change that).

“Sorry, hyung. My bad.”
“Mm-hm.” Jin mirrors the Alpha’s grin playfully, and leans in to kiss the corner of his mouth one last time. “Now, about Tae-”

“Don’t worry,” Namjoon interrupts, reaching up to brush a stray eyelash from Jin’s cheek. “I’ll make myself scarce until he’s out of his marshmallow stage. I know the drill.”

“It’s not you I’m worried about,” Jin tells him, lowering his voice a little further as his gaze flickers across briefly to the closed bedroom door. “I don’t think Jiminie’s going to be happy about leaving Tae.”

Namjoon shrugs, unconcerned. “I can’t exactly say any of us Alphas are ever thrilled about leaving the pup before his cycle starts, but we all know the rules. Jimin’s never complained about it before.”

And for good reason - they all understand the logic behind leaving Taehyung in Jin’s care when his pre-heat stage comes to an end. During that interim period, when he’s spaced out and sweet-natured and extremely vulnerable, the Omega becomes far more sensitive to Alpha mating pheromones, which in turn can trigger a significantly more intense heat cycle. It’s a fairly common complication in bonded Packs such as theirs, where Alphas outnumber both Betas and Omegas to such an extent, but the solution is simple enough. By isolating Tae for a brief period (and ensuring that nothing triggers any significant hormonal surges, such as marking or claiming the Omega during that time), the cycle progresses more naturally between stages and his heat tends to be less unpredictable.

The pup can tolerate a low level of Alpha pheromones, so Yoongi has been permitted to keep him company on the rare occasions that Jin is temporarily indisposed (as Pack-Alpha, Namjoon’s pheromones are simply too overpowering to risk it, even if he tries his best to control them), but it doesn’t happen often. Jin tends to get a little possessive of the Omega when he’s in such a vulnerable state, and would rather keep the cub to himself except in dire emergencies. Namjoon can’t blame him – Tae in his ‘marshmallow’ headspace is a total sweetheart.

“Jiminie’s never had to deal with heightened instincts before,” Jin reminds him, his tone low serious. “Between Kookie’s mating pheromones and Tae’s pre-heat cycle, he’s probably feeling a tad too possessive for his own good. And hormonal, sleep-deprived cubs are prone to making bad judgement calls.”

That’s certainly true enough. Namjoon’s made a few mistakes himself over the years, mostly due to lack of sleep rather than heightened instincts, although thankfully his little outbursts have only ever happened in front of Jin – probably because the Beta had actively dragged him off to a secluded room whenever he sensed that things were reaching a peak. It’s been a couple of years since Namjoon last found himself over Jin’s knee, but he still vividly remembers the consequences of his own ‘bad judgement calls’.

“Let me handle Jimin-ah,” he says to the Beta, thumb stroking over the waistband of Jin’s shorts. “I’ll find a way to distract him from Tae for a little while. I’m sure he won’t cause me any trouble.”

The Pack-Alpha can count on one hand the number of times that Jimin has actively challenged his authority over the past few years (harmless pranks and maknae brattishness aside, of course); on the whole, the pup’s wonderfully well-behaved. And even on those infrequent occasions that he does push the boundaries a little, it seldom lasts more than a few moments before the pup comes to his senses and begins his usual litany of apologies.

Jin doesn’t look overly convinced by Namjoon’s confidence, but nods after a moment, hand cupping the side of the Alpha’s neck as he leans in briefly to nuzzle the rapper’s cheek, before moving past him to open the bedroom door. Taehyung and Jimin are in exactly the same position as before, laying side by side on the bed with their legs intertwined, the Omega wrapped up securely in the dancer’s
embrace.

Jimin glances up at them when they enter, but immediately returns his gaze to Taehyung’s face when the younger man stirs from his semi-doze and inhales deeply.

“Mmm, Jin-hyung,” the Omega slurs, in a happy-drunk sort of voice that indicates he’s already well on his way to becoming a ‘marshmallow’. “S’cuddle time, right?”

“Right,” Jin agrees, smiling fondly as he moves to kneel on the bed, rubbing Taehyung’s back through the fabric of the pup’s too-baggy t-shirt (Namjoon’s, of course – the Omega almost always steals his clothes when he’s in pre-heat). “How about we go take a bath together, hm?”

Taehyung nods eagerly, half-twisting in Jimin’s arms and reaching up for the Beta with a wide, adoring smile that makes the Pack-Alpha’s heart clench in his chest because it’s so damn cute.

“Wait, no,” Jimin mumbles, arms tightening around Taehyung a little. “Where are you going?”

“Easy, cub.” Namjoon sits on the edge of the bed beside Jimin, stroking a hand up the younger man’s side to soothe him. “Tae needs some alone-time away from us Alphas. Let Jin-hyung take him for a little while, okay?”

“I…he…” Jimin glances from Tae’s face to Jin’s and back again. “Hyung, do you really have to?”

“You know I do, baby.” The Beta gently cards the fingers of his free hand through Jimin’s blond hair, smoothing it back from his forehead. “And I know you want to stay with him, but we need to think about what’s best for Tae.”

The Alpha’s brow creases fractionally, even as he relinquishes his hold on the Omega and allows Jin to draw Taehyung away from his embrace.

“But…but he’s been doing just fine with me,” the dancer insists, pushing himself upright in bed, his eyes glued to Taehyung’s plaint form as Jin scoops him up into his arms. “Why can’t I come with you? I can control my pheromones around him, hyung, I swear.”

Jin’s smile is soft and apologetic. “You’re already too riled up. I can’t risk it, baby, I’m sorry.” The Beta stands slowly, adjusting Tae’s position as the Omega snuggles closer and wraps his arms and legs around Jin like a particularly affectionate octopus, and heads for the door. “We’ll be back as soon as Tae starts to spike, okay?”

“But-” Jimin tries to protest, moving as though to follow after his Packmates. “But I’m his mate, too. Why is it always up to you? Ugh, it’s not fair-”

“Hey,” Namjoon warns softly, catching hold of the boy’s forearm. “That’s enough. The answer’s no, cub.”

“I wasn’t talking to you!” the maknae-Alpha snaps.

Namjoon goes still. “What?”

With a low noise of annoyance and frustration, Jimin twists his wrist and pulls away harshly to yank his arm out of the Pack-Alpha’s loose grip, rolling off the other side of the bed. Namjoon blinks after him in surprise, too stunned by the younger man’s uncharacteristic behaviour to do more than stare after the maknae in shocked inertia for a brief moment. But then Jin’s voice quickly snaps him out of his temporary state of catatonia.
The Beta rarely raises his voice to any of the maknae line (he doesn’t have to – the pups usually know better than to cross him), so the sudden volume and sharpness of his tone is sufficient enough to knock the wind right out of Jimin’s sails. The Alpha freezes mid-step, eyes blown wide, his shoulders (previously squared in overconfident determination) quickly hunching as his posture droops beneath Jin’s hard, foreboding stare.

Taehyung whines, lifting his face from Jin’s neck to pout up at the Beta. “Hyuuung, why are you mad? Don’t be mad. I don’t like it when you’re mad.”

Jin’s expression immediately smooths out, any previous trace of anger vanishing in an instant as he smiles indulgently at the Omega, brushing a gentle kiss against the pup’s pouting lips.

“I’m sorry, baby,” he murmurs. “Hyung didn’t mean to shout. Are you okay?”

The younger man nods, smiling again at the kiss and tucking his face back down against Jin’s neck. The Beta breathes a sigh of relief, before his attention shifts back over to Jimin, who has wisely redirected his own gaze to the floor. Namjoon gets the impression that if Jin’s arms weren’t currently occupied by a vulnerable cub, the Beta would already be taking Jimin in hand.

It’s obviously the pup’s lucky day.

“Go, hyung,” Namjoon urges calmly, moving around the bed to stand directly behind Jimin and lifting a hand to rest over the younger man’s nape, feeling the pup tense beneath his touch. “I’ll handle it.”

Jin hesitates only a few seconds longer before nodding once, adjusting his grip on Taehyung to better support the Omega, carrying him from the room with a final backwards glance at his chastised dongsaeng.

Namjoon moves to close the door behind them, then turns to study Jimin for a moment. He knows he ought to be more angered by the pup’s behaviour (both his tone and the informality of his language), but honestly he’s too surprised by the maknae-Alpha’s outburst to feel any real annoyance. Clearly Jin had been right about Jimin’s heightened protective instincts…but then again, when has the Beta ever been wrong before?

To see the pup snap at him like that, though…aigoo. He’d always known that Jimin was capable of losing his temper (the cub has argued with his fellow maknaes often enough over the years), but to be on the receiving end of it himself is another kettle of fish entirely.

Crossing the bedroom slowly, he moves to stand directly in front of the younger Alpha, reaching out to curl a finger beneath Jimin’s chin and gently tilt his head up. Damp, glassy eyes flicker up to meet his gaze, and Namjoon feels something twinge painfully in his chest.

Aish, his poor heart.

There are times when he truly wishes he didn’t hold the title of Pack-Alpha; where he would rather be like Hobi and take a step back from that position of authority to allow someone else to mete out discipline to the pups. But he knows his duty, both as Alpha and as hyung – consciously ignoring his responsibilities (even the ones he doesn’t like) would be negligent. And he’d made a promise years ago, to himself and to the Pack, that he’d always strive to be the Alpha and leader they deserved.

Doesn’t make it any easier, mind.
“I know you’re upset about Tae,” Namjoon murmurs, holding the pup’s chin gently to keep him from ducking his head again. “But that doesn’t excuse your behaviour. Talking back to me like that? Challenging Jin-hyung’s authority? Aigoo. That’s not like you.”

Jimin’s chest stutters as he draws in a shaky breath, his eyes growing visibly damper as he averts his gaze guiltily. “I…hyung, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to-”

“Turn around.”

The pup glances up at him quickly at that, bottom lip caught anxiously between his teeth, looking about zero-point-five seconds away from bursting into tears (Namjoon’s heart is seriously gonna break any minute now). The Pack-Alpha gives him a few beats to comply, but when the dancer makes no move to obey, Namjoon decides to do it for him.

Generally when it comes to disciplining the maknae line, he prefers to turn the pups over his knee – it feels more intimate to have them held close, secured safely in his lap, and it makes it easier to scoop them up for a cuddle afterwards. But on those rare occasions when one of his cubs has truly crossed the line (any deliberate challenge to his or another hyung’s authority falls into that category by default), he follows a slightly different routine.

Jimin is small and light (more of a maknae in terms of physical appearance than either of his dongsaengs), and Namjoon barely has to use a fraction of his strength to pin the pup facedown over the edge of the bed, keeping one hand braced between the dancer’s shoulders to hold him firmly in place while the other quickly tugs down Jimin’s shorts.

“I love you,” he tells the pup softly. “But don’t you ever talk to me like that again, little one.”

The first spank has Jimin sucking in a sharp, startled breath, but Namjoon doesn’t wait for him to release it before drawing his arm back a second time. He has no intention prolonging the pup’s suffering – Jiminie’s going to be upset enough already without him drawing things out. He could lecture the boy if he really wanted to, but he’s confident Jimin’s fully aware of his own misdeeds; the guilt that’s faintly souring the pup’s mango-cinnamon scent makes that perfectly clear.

Unlike Tae, who’s usually already crying from the moment Namjoon puts the Omega over his knee, Jimin always tries to be the brave, stoic Alpha – or at least for the first half-dozen or so swats. But despite his biological dynamic, Jiminie’s always had a sweet-natured personality, quick to submit to the authority of other Alphas and eager to prove himself as a good and obedient dongsaeng. Despite appearances, the pup has a fragility to him that only his Pack knows about, and consequently his stoicism rarely lasts long.

As Namjoon watches, Jimin’s hands fist tightly in the bedcovers as the pup’s muffled whimpers grow increasingly more upset, until his tearful, hitching breaths finally dissolve into genuine crying. The Pack-Alpha lets his arm swing one last time, the slap of his hand against Jimin’s lightly flushed rump echoing loudly the room. Then he tugs the maknae’s shorts back into place, hand moving to stroke soothingly up the dancer’s spine.

“This is over now. Aigoo, you were so good for me, baby.”

Jimin unclenches his fists from the bedsheets, drawing an arm closer to his face to scrub at his cheeks, still crying softly. Namjoon’s heart aches for the pup, and he quickly slides his arms around Jimin’s torso to ease the maknae-Alpha upright and against his chest in a secure backhug, careful to take most of the pup’s weight in case he’s not ready to stand so suddenly.
The younger man immediately turns around in Namjoon’s hold to hide his face against the elder’s chest, Jimin’s short arms circling around the rapper’s torso as he clings onto him for comfort, shoulders shaking as he cries harder for a moment. The Pack-Alpha makes a soothing noise at the back of his throat, pressing a kiss to the pup’s soft hair.

“I’m s-sorry, hyung.” Jimin manages, his voice thick with tears and muffled against the older man’s shoulder.

Namjoon just hugs him tighter, turning them slowly and walking back a couple of steps so that he can take a seat on the edge of the bed, allowing Jimin to remain plastered to his front, the pup now straddling his lap. He rubs a slow figure-of-eight against the maknae-Alpha’s back, uttering a calming sort of rumble from deep within his chest, the sort that Jin teasingly refers to as a ‘purr’ because he knows how much it bugs him.

Admittedly, the noise kinda does sound like he’s purring, but that’s beside the point. It’s something his body seems to do instinctively whenever one of his Packmates is particularly upset (Yoongi does it too, although less often), but its effect on the maknae line in particular is always immediate.

Jimin calms down almost straight away, his tight hold on Namjoon relaxing as he sags in the Alpha’s hold, nestling in closer with a soft, needy whimper.

“Hyung…”

“I’m here,” Namjoon murmurs, fingers carding through the pup’s hair, stroking over the back of his head to settle on his nape, squeezing gently. “I’m right here, cub.”

Shifting a little further up the bed, he carefully flips their position so that Jimin is stretched out beneath him, lifting up just enough to study the maknae-Alpha’s flushed, teary face for a brief moment. Then he leans in to start brushing feather-light kisses across the pup’s cheeks, nuzzling the damp skin there until the sad-guilty sourness has completely faded from Jimin’s scent and it’s back to being its usual rich, cinnamon-laced mango sweetness.

It takes a few minutes for Jimin’s breathing to settle down and his tears to finally dry, but by the time Namjoon pulls away again to study him, the maknae-Alpha manages to smile up at him softly, albeit with puffy eyes and rosy cheeks. He looks as breathtakingly beautiful as always, and Namjoon can’t help but lean down to kiss him properly, keen to give his pup all the love and affection he could possibly desire after such an unpleasant lesson.

Jimin’s breathing hitches for an entirely different reason, and Namjoon smiles a little into the kiss, sliding his fingers into the pup’s hair to tug ever so gently. The maknae-Alpha tilts his head back willingly at the nonverbal command, baring his throat, and Namjoon hums in rumbling approval, pressing a trail of butterfly kisses across the newly-exposed skin, lips lingering for a moment longer on the fading bruise from last night’s claiming bite.

“You know,” Namjoon muses, the words spoken against the shell of Jimin’s ear. “It’s probably gonna be at least another hour or so before Tae needs us.”

“Huh,” the dancer responds, a little short of breath. “Would you look at that? A whole hour with nothing to do.”

Namjoon grins at the pup’s faux-innocent tone, pulling away a little to look down at his dongsaeng. The maknae-Alpha flashes him a cute, hopeful little smile and tilts his chin up just a fraction more.

“You could always do me,” Jimin suggests sweetly. The little minx.
It’s an excellent suggestion, though. Namjoon would be stupid not to take him up on the offer. An hour is *more* than enough time to satisfy the pup’s needs, and *then* some. He might even be able to squeeze in some quality snuggle-time, at a pinch; anything for his cub.

At the end of the day, being the Pack-Alpha comes with its perks, too.

Chapter End Notes

I see you NamJin, sneaking your way into the chapter unannounced when I already had things planned out. (-_-)
Hope you all enjoyed it! Apologies that I couldn't show Hobi and Yoongi handling Kookie's heat in all its glorious detail, that's a little too much smut even for me, I really do feel more comfortable writing cuddles. :P I'll leave it up to your imaginations to read between the lines. <3

Jiminie is an overprotective little boo whose heart is too big for his own good. He just loves Tae so much, you know? And he's tired, and hormonal, and then Jin goes and steals his cuddle-buddy...it's little wonder our mochi floof threw a tantrum. And Namjoon wasn't kidding, Jiminie's definitely lucky that Jin's hands were otherwise occupied - our squishy leader is far too soft on his fave little Alpha. Jin would not be. He loves his pups, but can you see him tolerating disrespect? Nuh-uh. The maknae line all breathe a sigh of relief whenever its Namjoon who catches them being brats and not Jin. :P

Also? Marshmallow Tae is Jin's baby. I may or may not include the bath scene in the next chapter just because it's gonna be so goddamn fluffy. Writing it might be the death of me. But what a way to go. <3

Let me know your thoughts! Thanks for reading! :)
Chapter Summary

It's simple mathematics:

\[
\text{Jin} + \Omega = \text{Happy Beta}
\]

\[
\text{Jin} + (2 \times \Omega) = \text{Happiest Beta Ever}
\]

(Warning: there's a dangerous volume of fluff in this chapter.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Hyung?”

“Mm?” Jin hums softly, tilting his head just enough to rest his cheek against Taehyung’s damp hair, dragging the washcloth gently across the Omega’s torso to wipe off the lather of unscented soap as he eases the pup into a more comfortable recline against his chest.

Taehyung falls silent for a moment, then breathes a quiet sigh and shakes his head fractionally. “It’s dumb. Never mind.”

“Tae.” Jin’s arm tightens a little where it’s looped around the pup’s waist beneath the warm bathwater, his other hand pausing briefly in its ministrations, washcloth resting just below the younger man’s sternum. “You know you can tell me anything, right? I promise I’m not going to judge you for it. Come on, baby. I know something’s making you unhappy.”

“I’m okay, hyung. Honest.” The Omega’s hand finds his fingers, playing with them absently in the water as he sighs again. “S’just…I miss him, you know?”

Jin blinks, momentarily stumped by the confession. “Miss who, sweetheart?”

“Kookie.” Taehyung turns his head to glance back at the Beta, his cheeks tinged faintly pink, a result of both his slowly rising fever and the heat of the bath. “I know he’s an Omega now and he’s got his own needs, but…I’m gonna miss him being here. I liked it when the two of you took care of me.”

He hadn’t previously considered the impact of their maknae’s absence, but now that Jin stops to think about it, Jungkook’s almost always played a role in Tae’s pre-heat care routine, even before he became of age. Back when Taehyung first came off his suppressants, Kookie was still too young to be included in any sort of bedroom activity, but the Pack had gone to great lengths to ensure that the teenager had ample opportunity to bond with Tae during his heat week, particularly when his cycle was first starting and before his mating drive kicked in.

As a Neutral (at the time), Jungkook had been the only Pack member permitted to help Jin look after
Tae when he was in his marshmallow stage; more often than not, that basically meant cuddling the Omega for long periods of time, and being cuddled in return. In recent months, Jin has been trying to teach Kookie how to use his instincts to sense Tae’s mood and predict his needs, but they hadn’t made a lot of progress on that front – primarily because he (and the rest of the Pack) had wrongly assumed that Jungkook was a Beta.

“But he didn’t smell any different to me before he got upset,” Jungkook had fretted during Tae’s last heat seven weeks ago, glancing up from the Omega’s sleeping face with a worried little frown. “You said I’d know if he needed settling, but his scent didn’t even change at all, and suddenly he was just crying. I suck at this, hyung. Why do I keep getting it wrong? It’s like my instincts are broken or something.”

Jin had brushed the youth’s fringe back from his forehead to press a soothing kiss to his brow, drawing the maknae into his lap for a proper cuddle a moment later when it became apparent that his youngest cub needed a little more tactile comfort and reassurance.

“Don’t be so hard on yourself, baby. Your body’s still changing, that’s all. My instincts came in early because it only took me a few months to go through my Beta Progression, but it’s different for everyone. Just give it time; it’ll happen soon enough.”

It hadn’t, of course. Kookie had still been a late Neutral back then, not a Beta, and therefore couldn’t have possibly developed any of the necessary biological instincts that came with the dynamic. No wonder the pup had struggled to progress under Jin’s careful guidance.

But even as a not-Beta-and-not-quite-Omega, Jungkook had always been present to a certain extent during Tae’s pre-heat stage, and it’s little wonder the Omega is missing him now. Jin ought to have anticipated this earlier.

“Can I go see him?” Tae wheedles, peering back at him with a hopeful look. “Please, hyung? Just for a few minutes?”

Jin winces internally. His instincts urge him to grant Taehyung’s every request (the need to soothe and settle and comfort his Omega is always heightened to a point of irrational protectiveness when Tae is vulnerable like this in his ‘marshmallow stage’), but thankfully logical reasoning prevails, reminding him that he also has Kookie’s needs to consider.

His youngest pup is right in the middle of his own heat cycle, which means removing him from the company of an Alpha might leave him feeling unsettled and restless. Conversely, Taehyung is far too sensitive to dominant pheromones in his present state to risk allowing him near a bonded Alpha for more than a few moments, if at all (the resultant hormonal surge would trigger his heatwave too soon and make the initial stage of the cycle far too intense and unpredictable). Which leaves him in a somewhat difficult position. If he says yes to Tae, Kookie might get upset about leaving the others; if he says no, Taehyung will continue to pine for his absent dongsaeng.

Jin doesn’t like either option in the least.

“Maybe in a little while,” he negotiates calmly, brushing a tender kiss against the pup’s temple as he continues rinsing the soap from Tae’s chest. “How about we finish our bath first, okay? Here, tilt your chin up for me.”

Taehyung seems appeased by the answer (to Jin’s utter relief), and obediently tips his head back against the Beta’s shoulder to allow him to drag the washcloth along his collarbone and up his neck. Tae gives a slow blink as he holds Jin’s gaze for a moment.
“Hyung?”

“Mm?” Jin hums, pausing to give the pup his full attention.

The Omega’s lips curl slowly into a wide, happy, pheromone-drunk smile.

“Love you.”

Jin feels warmth and affection swell inside of him with such fierceness that for a few seconds he can’t breathe. Aigoo, he adores this boy so much it hurts. These quiet moments of intimacy between them (when Tae is so vulnerable and dependent and so endearingly sweet) are something Jin cherishes more than anything else in the world.

He presses a lingering kiss to the pup’s feverish brow, arm tightening around his waist in another gentle squeeze.

“I love you too,” he murmurs, and kisses the overwarm skin again, feeling like his heart might just burst out of his chest if he doesn’t. “So, so much.”

With a happy little hum, Taehyung closes his eyes and leans up into the point of contact. “I’m being good for you, right?”

“So good, baby,” Jin confirms without missing a beat, abandoning the washcloth in the water so that he can cup the side of Taehyung’s jaw, thumb stroking tenderly over his cheek to give the Omega the tactile comfort he’s clearly craving. “My cub’s always such a good boy for hyung.”

Taehyung releases another quiet sigh, relaxing back against Jin’s chest a little more, his scent pulsing sweeter as the Beta gently brushes his nose against the pup’s cheek in an affectionate nuzzle. Jin feels so contented he could easily stay here like this forever (nothing sates his Beta instincts more than a happy, settled pup held safely in his arms), but the bathwater won’t stay warm for much longer, and he doesn’t want Tae’s skin to prune. Another five minutes and they’ll need to get out.

A sudden knock on the door draws him from his thoughts, arm curling tighter around Taehyung on instinct, although the pup only gives another happy hum at the action. Clearing his throat, and keeping his cheek pressed against Tae’s damp hair, Jin forces himself to emerge a little from his contented-Beta headspace.

“Come in.”

The door opens by only a few inches, enough for Hoseok to poke his head inside. The dancer smiles indulgently when his gaze comes to rest on Taehyung, but he thankfully remembers the rules that Jin put in place when the Omega first came off suppressants, and makes no move to enter the bathroom any further.

Taehyung, who’s stirred from his blissful half-doze at the sound of the door opening, lifts his head from Jin’s shoulder with a pleased little noise

“Hyung!”

“Hey, Taehyungie.” Hoseok’s smile softens to something fond and warm. “Looks like someone’s feeling good.”

“Mm-hm.” Taehyung nods, and lifts an arm from the water to make lazy grabby-hand gestures towards the Alpha. “Huuung, c’mere. Wanna kiss.”
Hoseok hesitates, his gaze flickering across to where Jin’s still watching him calmly.

The Beta shakes his head ever so slightly, his expression apologetic. He knows how good Tae must smell to the Alpha right now, and how hard it must be to say ‘no’ to the pup when he’s like this, but Hobi knows the rules. His pheromone control isn’t as good as Yoongi’s even on a good day, and given that the dancer’s been attending to Jungkook these past few hours, his levels are already heightened beyond the standard norm; Jin can smell his floral-spice scent from across the room.

“In a little while, Tae,” Hoseok promises, flashing the Omega a wider smile, although Jin can tell he’s not happy about having denied the pup his affection. “I need to go wash up first, okay?”

Taehyung pouts at him cutely, and Hoseok’s smile becomes somewhat strained.

“Aw, c’mon, don’t look at me like that…”

Jin clears his throat softly. “Hobi,” he murmurs in a patient tone, drawing the Alpha’s gaze back towards him. “Was there something you needed, hon?”

“Hm? Oh yeah, sorry.” Hobi focuses his attention on Jin with obvious effort. “Our maknae’s been asking for you.”

The Beta sits up a little from his comfortable slouch in the bath, being careful not to jostle Taehyung. “Is everything alright?”

Hoseok nods quickly, flashing him another brief smile. “Kookie’s fine, Yoongi’s with him; they’re in the shower. He wants to come and see Tae, but I didn’t know if you’d—”

“Yes!” Taehyung interrupts, twisting a little in Jin’s hold to grip onto the side of the bathtub, staring at Hoseok with wide, pleading eyes. “Yesyesyes, tell him he has to come, I wanna snuggle.”

“Hey, hey, easy,” Jin soothes, pulling the Omega back against his chest and scenting his neck a little to calm him. It wouldn’t be wise to get the pup too excited, especially with the presence of Hobi’s pheromones in the room. He glances towards the dancer again. “You said he’s in the shower?”

Hoseok nods, his voice tinged with amusement as he watches Taehyung playfully wrestling with Jin’s arm. “When we told him he might not be able to see Tae because he’s saturated in Alpha scent, the pup was adamant about washing up. Do you think he’ll be okay to join you for a little while? Kookie seems pretty determined, I don’t think he’ll be happy if the answer’s no. The cub’s already used up half a bottle of Scent-Scrub.”

Jin finds himself smiling at that, pleasantly surprised at the lengths his headstrong maknae has gone to in order to be allowed to participate in Tae’s ‘marshmallow stage’. Most in-heat Omegas would be reluctant to wash off the scent of the Pack mid-cycle, and Kookie’s only really in his first twenty-four hours of his own heat, when the instinct to carry the mark of his Alphas is always at a peak. To voluntarily go and shower (and use Scent Scrub, of all brands – the soap that’s purposefully designed to remove scent markers) is an admirable act of self-sacrifice. Jin has never been more proud of his youngest cub.

“I’ve changed the sheets in the den and tidied things up a little,” Hoseok adds. “Everything’s clean, if you want to wait out Tae’s pre-heat in there. Yoongi and I can make ourselves scarce.”

“Thanks, Hobi.” Jin sends the younger man a grateful smile. “Tell Kookie he’s welcome to join us if he’d like to, but make sure he’s stable enough to be away from an Alpha before you send him our way.”
Hoseok nods. “Sure thing.” The dancer blows a kiss towards Taehyung. “I’ll see you later, angel –
be good for hyung.”

Tae gives a soft whine, making a grabby-hand gesture towards the Alpha again. “Wait, I want a hug
first.”

Hoseok pauses midway through closing the door, his expression torn. Jin catches his eye and gives
another little shake of his head as he guides Tae back against his chest again.

“Soon, baby,” the Beta soothes. The reassurance is primarily intended for Taehyung, but he
maintains eye contact with Hobi as he speaks, and sees the Alpha’s posture relax a little in response.

“You can cuddle with Kookie instead,” Hoseok promises with cheery smile (Jin will forever be in
awe of Alpha’s sunny disposition – even when he’s denying his biological instincts, he’s cheerful
about it). “That’ll feel good, right?”

At his words, Taehyung sags back against Jin’s chest with another quiet little sigh and a dopey smile,
apparently finding enough happiness in the mere thought of cuddling with Jungkook that he forgets
about his previous grievance.

“Mm-hm.”

Alpha and Beta share a brief, fond grin before the Hobi finally closes the bathroom door, and Jin can
focus his attention fully on Tae once more. He gives the Omega a quick squeeze, dropping a kiss
against his damp hair.

“Come on,” he murmurs, and kisses him again. “Let’s get you dry, cub.”

Negotiating Taehyung out of the bath is another battle entirely – the Omega’s reluctant to leave the
security of his arms, and even the barest moment without skin-to-skin contact leaves the pup whining
cutely, throwing Jin his saddest, neediest pout. But the Beta is firm (or at least as firm as anyone
could ever be when contending with such an adorable, vulnerable cub), and manages to get Tae out
of the water and dried off and dressed within a matter of a few minutes.

“See?” Jin cajoles once he’s finished quickly drying himself off, pulling on a clean pair of boxers and
turning back towards the Omega with a smile. “That wasn’t so bad, was it?”

Tae just makes a disgruntled little noise of protest and smushes his face against Jin’s chest, arms
wrapping around the Beta’s waist tightly. Jin laughs, tugging Tae’s too-large shirt (one of his own, of
course) back into place where droops a little lopsided on his shoulders, before leaning down a little to
scoop him up in his arms. If he tries to walk Tae down the hallway to the den, it’s going to be a slow
process of tiny shuffle-steps because the pup won’t want to let go of him – lifting the Omega himself
just seems like the easier option.

And yeah, okay, maybe the fact that Jin’s Beta instincts feel super contented whenever he’s carrying
one of his pups might have something to do with it as well.

Hobi hadn’t been lying – the bedroom really does look much cleaner and tidier now. The floor has
been cleared of stray items of clothing and empty water bottles and snack wrappers, the sheets on the
bed are smooth and neat and unrumpled, and the dancer’s even opened the window to clear the
lingering Alpha scent from the air.

“It doesn’t smell like the others anymore,” Taehung (predictably) whines as Jin sets him down
carefully in the middle of the bed. “Why did they have to change the- wait, where are you going?
Hyuuung....”
Jin smiles softly at the concern in the Omega’s tone. “I’m only closing the window, Tae,” he reassures. “I’m not going anywhere.”

A quiet tap on the door seems to distract the younger man from his momentary sulk, and Taehyung sits up on his knees, arms still wrapped around the pillow he’s latched onto for comfort. The door opens before Jin can call out, and Jungkook peaks inside tentatively, his expression brightening when his gaze settles on his fellow Omega. Taehyung mirrors his enthusiasm, tossing the pillow aside without a second thought.

“Kookie!”

“Hey. Can I come join you?” the maknae asks hopefully, glancing over towards Jin for confirmation. “I don’t smell like the Alphas anymore, I checked. Yoongi-hyung doesn’t like it much.”

Jin huffs a fond laugh and moves over to pull his youngest cub into the bedroom.

“I don’t doubt that,” he murmurs, closing the door behind the pup and wrapping his arms around the smaller singer, pressing a row of chaste butterfly kisses along his cheek and jawline. “They’re a little possessive.”

Truth be told, Jin doesn’t much like it either. Scent-Scrub works wonders for them after concerts or fansigns, where they’ve met with and touched so many people that the Pack scent is obscured by a hundred unfamiliar ones – it’s easier just to scrub them all away and scent each other again once their safely back home, rather than to half-remove some of them with a plainer brand of body wash and try to cover the foreign scent up. But it’s a rare day indeed that they feel the need to use the scrub just to remove Pack markers. Jin can’t remember the last time Kookie’s neck didn’t smell like him. It’s unsettling.

Still, he’s got the pup all to himself now for a short while (until Tae’s heat fully kicks in, at least). There’ll be plenty of time to re-establish his claim.

“Jin-hyung,” Tae complains, and Jin feels a pillow collide softly with his back before it flops to the floor. “Stop hogging Kookie, I want a hug too.”

Jungkook laughs, louder and brighter than he has done in the past twenty-four hours, and presses a quick kiss to Jin’s cheek before ducking out of his hold and all but throwing himself onto the bed beside Tae, who promptly plasters himself to the younger Omega like an octopus, arms and legs wrapped around him tightly.

Jin regards them both fondly from across the room, a warm smile curling at his lips. Jungkook’s clearly still mid-cycle (any Beta with half a nose could smell his pheromones from a mile off), but he seems to have progressed beyond the initial stage of his heat, where the waves are more powerful and often come back-to-back with little time in between. His scent seems more stable now – still sweet, but less intense than before. And the pup certainly appears more like his usual bubbly self, less vulnerable and clingy than he had been only a few hours ago. Although Jin doesn’t doubt that endearing neediness will return soon enough when his next wave comes.

“Hyuuung,” Tae gripes cutely from across the room, pouting at him over Jungkook’s shoulder. “Why are you so far away?”

“Yeah, hyung,” Jungkook tacks on, craning his neck around to match Taehyung’s pout, albeit playfully. “Come snuggle with us.”

The Beta heaves a dramatic sigh, but the smile curling at his lips is full of affection, and when he
moves onto the bed a moment later and draws both the Omegas close to him in a cosy embrace, it’s with a contented hum and a happy heart.

Chapter End Notes

So the bath scene was gonna be a short little snippet at the beginning of the chapter. But you know my muse and its addiction to all things fluffy, so the bath scene got expanded and BECAME the chapter. I have no regrets. <3

Also how did I manage to give myself Jin/Hobi feels when he only featured very briefly in this chapter? (¬_¬)

I'm just super enthusiastic about their relationship now. With Hobi being an Alpha who's more dominant than Jimin but softer than the rest of the Pack put together (outside of the bedroom), gentle-natured and super doting and affectionate...his bond with Jin would be something equally as soft and gentle, don't you think? I'm just picturing a tired, overworked Hobi coming home after staying too late at the studio working on choreography; smiling brightly at everyone even when he's exhausted, reassuring the younger pups that he's okay and playing down his own struggles for the sake of the Pack. And Jin would be having none of it. ;D There'd be late-night baths, hot water and soothing bath salts for Hobi's aching muscles, the two of them relaxing in the water together. And sometimes there'd be gentle words of censure spoken in the quiet of the night, reminding Hobi not to push himself, and very occasionally the dancer would let his bubbly personality slip a little and accept the fact that he's human. Jin's the only one who ever gets to see him cry, and he treasures that trust between them. FYI, Hobi is in no way a Submissive 99% of the time, but he's hella subby with Jin when it's just the two of them together. New headcanon. :D

So it's 3am here, and I ended up finishing this chapter purely because I couldn't sleep. And why can't I sleep, may you ask?

BECAUSE ASTRO HAVE THEIR COMEBACK TODAY!!! *throws confetti*

Seriously though, check out Astro's new song when it gets released in about six hours. The teaser already has me SHOOK. Like I haven't been this excited about a group's comeback since BST. <3

Thanks for reading! :) xxxx
Chapter Summary

The three rappers of BTS share a quiet moment together, and give their maknae-Alpha some much needed TLC.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“Don’t even think about it.”

Hoseok pauses, his hand poised halfway to the bowl of chopped vegetables, and glances up to find Yoongi watching him from his position by the stove, eyes narrowed in warning. The dancer holds his gaze unblinkingly and slowly, carefully, deliberately pilfers a slice of carrot from the bowl.

Yoongi stops stirring the pot of stew, both eyebrows going up. “Yah.”

“Mmmm,” the younger man moans in exaggerated appreciation as he chews on his stolen snack.

“Quit it,” Yoongi gripes, but it’s said with a quiet huff of laughter. “Aish, you’re as bad as the cubs.”

Hoseok flashes his mate a wide, winning smile that’s entirely unrepentant, and promptly steals another carrot. Yoongi heaves a long-suffering sigh, rolling his eyes dramatically as he turns his attention back towards the bubbling broth, although the corner of his mouth is twitching upwards tellingly.

Hoseok gives himself a mental high-five.

He’s been trying his best to keep Yoongi distracted this past hour or so, ever since the rapper (reluctantly) allowed a scent-scrubbed Jungkook to go scampering off towards the den in search of Taehyung and Jin. Hoseok himself hadn’t exactly been thrilled about leaving their youngest pup so suddenly (as an Alpha, it went against every natural protective instincts to just abandon an Omega mid-heat), but at least he hadn’t been forced to stand there and watch the cub willingly rid himself of the Pack’s scent markers. The fact that Yoongi had managed to keep himself from dumping the bottle of Scent-Scrub down the sink is testament to the level of control the man has over his Alpha instincts. He can hardly be blamed for being a little tense in the wake of that particular ordeal.

Kissing Yoongi (quite extensively) had certainly seemed to help in easing the tightness from his posture, but it wasn’t until Hobi had quietly suggested fixing something to eat that the other Alpha had finally begun to relax again.

Yoongi’s always been great in the kitchen (even before debut, when time was limited and money for decent-quality groceries was scarce), and cooking is something he seems to genuinely enjoy, which is an added bonus for the rest of the Pack; being fed homemade dishes is awesome, but seeing Yoongi happy is even better.
Hoseok has a lot of fond memories centred around Yoongi and food; memories that date back years, to when the two of them had been newly-acquainted trainees sitting together in the tiny kitchen of their pre-debut apartment, talking well into the night as they waited for their far-too-late-to-be-called-dinner to finish cooking on the stove nearby, the rest of the trainees (mostly guys older than the both of them, who had been cut from the program in the months that followed) wisely grabbed what little sleep they could before classes resumed in the morning.

Considering most of his training had been a blur of dance classes and vocal practice and beauty regimes, he can still remember those evenings with surprising clarity, almost like they had happened only last week, the scents and sounds recalled as easily as his name. The quiet clink of bowls set down on the countertop, a hiss of pain from almost-scalded fingers as steam rose too eagerly from the rice cooker when the lid was removed, stew ladled carefully over the bed of fluffy grains to minimise spillages (their managers fussled at them if the dorms were unkempt, even if most of the mess belonged to the older trainees), a murmur of thanks as the steaming food was handed to him, their fingers brushing for a brief moment as he accepted the dish. Hobi’s portion always seemed significantly larger than the other man’s; he’d attempt to switch their bowls every now and then, but Yoongi would catch him in the act and switch them back again.

“Don’t be stupid,” the other Alpha had muttered the very first time Hobi had tried to voice a protest, a week or so after Yoongi had moved into the trainee dorms. “You’ve obviously been living off instant ramen and kimbap since you left home – you’re way too skinny, man. Some decent food will do you good. Just shut up and eat, okay?”

In hindsight, that was probably the moment Hoseok first began to harbour not-so-platonic feelings for the older rapper. He’d harboured those for a long time.

It had become clear from an early stage that when it came to classifying his Alpha status, Yoongi was strictly the nurturing type. Despite his somewhat gruff and dismissive outward appearance (at least to those who don’t know him), the Alpha cares deeply about the people he considers friends, particularly anyone who happens to be younger than him. Hoseok has found himself on the receiving end of Yoongi’s nurturing tendencies often enough, regardless of the minimal age difference between them. Not that he’d ever complained – having steaming bowls of stew and ramen set down in front of him certainly hadn’t been a hardship.

Having the Alpha pin him to his bunk, straddle his chest and tell him (softly, calmly, but with absolute authority) that Hoseok wasn’t going anywhere near studio until he’d slept for more than three hours….well, that hadn’t exactly been hardship, either. Especially when Yoongi had spooned up behind him in bed and locked his arms around Hoseok’s torso to make sure the younger Alpha didn’t break his promise.

“Are you making kimchi stew?”

Rousing quickly from his memories, Hoseok glances towards the doorway to the kitchen in time to see Jimin’s wide, delighted grin. He’s dressed in a pair of shorts and a shirt that looks suspiciously like Yoongi’s, his blond hair sticking up cutely in a classic bedhead, looking effortlessly adorable in the way the maknae-line seem to be ninety-nine percent of the time. Aigoo, this pup makes him weak. Seriously, what’s a hyung to do?

“I figured you’d probably be getting hungry soon,” Yoongi comments, his voice tinged faintly with amusement. “It’ll be done in fifteen minutes or so.”

The maknae-Alpha hurries across the kitchen to wrap his arms around Yoongi’s waist in a backhug, cheek pressed against the rapper’s shoulder as he heaves a contented sigh. Yoongi stops stirring seasoning into the stew briefly, letting go of the spoon so that he can squeeze one of the arms that
encircle him.

“It’ll take longer if you distract me,” the man warns teasingly, but turns his head far enough to brush a kiss against the younger man’s hairline. “Go keep Hobi company while I finish up.”

Jimin pouts cutely. Hoseok can’t help the fond huff of laughter that escapes his lips, and he quickly smiles when the younger man glances towards him to show that he isn’t poking fun. Instead, he opens his arms invitingly, moving back a couple of paces to perch on the edge of the dining table.

“Free hugs,” he offers cheerfully. “And just FYI, Yoongi’s butt looks really great from over here.”

The rapper sends him a playful scowl over his shoulder, but Jimin’s already skipping across the room eagerly, plastering himself to the older dancer’s front with a happy grunt. Hoseok wraps both arms around the pup, inhaling his mango-cinnamon scent deeply as the pup nestles into the embrace. Immediately, the richness of Namjoon’s heavier, earthy musk becomes apparent, overlaying Jimin’s lighter scent. It’s a good combination, and Hobi hums appreciatively, even as his lips curl up in a teasing smirk.

He pulls away a little to arch his eyebrows at the pup. “Someone’s been busy, I see.”

Jimin’s cheeks flush faintly pink and he ducks his gaze, endearingly shy. How someone can be simultaneously bashful and utterly shameless is a true marvel, but Hoseok wouldn’t have the cub any other way.

His grin widens, and he cups the Alpha-maknae’s chin gently, tilting his head back up to level him with an expectant look…although his eyes are quickly drawn to the new claiming-bite on the side of Jimin’s throat, the mark so fresh that it’s still a rosy red, only just beginning to bruise. It’s beautiful – Namjoon’s work, he’d recognise it anywhere. And it’s also directly on top of the fading mark that Hoseok had put there last night.

Well, that won’t do. That won’t do at all.

“Oh, Joonie-hyung- ah! He didn’t mean to cover it up,” Jimin insists breathlessly, hands clenching in the fabric of Hoseok’s shirt as the older dancer slides his fingers into Jimin’s hair to tilt his head back. “I moved at the last second, he didn’t realise ‘til a-ah! Afterwards.”

“Mm,” Hoseok acknowledges cheerfully, mouth sealed against the opposite side of the maknae-Alpha’s throat.

He isn’t peeved at Namjoon – these things happen sometimes, and it isn’t like the Pack-Alpha would ever deliberately cover up a claiming mark, not unless he wanted to start a fight. And Joonie isn’t the argumentative type. But seeing Jimin’s neck without a visible mark made by his own mouth doesn’t sit well with him – he could try ignoring it, but with his instincts already heightened in the wake of Kookie’s first stage of heat and the start of Tae’s, he doubts he’d be able to restrain himself for long. Besides, Jimin doesn’t seem to mind. And the cub will look so good with another bruise on his throat.

“Hyung,” the younger man whimpers, leaning into his chest.

“Mm-hmm?” he hums pleasantly, fingertips rubbing against the pup’s scalp to soothe him, his other arm tightening around the narrow waist to keep Jimin anchored in close.

“Y-you…are you- ohhh, okay. You are.”

He presses his teeth against Jimin’s reddened skin, not quite hard enough to be called a bite, but
sufficient for the pup to feel his intention. And judging by Jimin’s sudden, startled gasp and the way he sways drunkenly in Hoseok’s hold, he feels it plenty.

“Hobi,” Yoongi gripes, shooting a somewhat exasperated look over his shoulder. Despite his pretence at annoyance, the smell of melted chocolate is suddenly hanging thickly in the air. “Babe, could you not? I’m gonna burn the stew if you keep this up.”

Hoseok just waggles his eyebrows at the older Alpha playfully. Yoongi flips him the middle finger and pointedly returns his attention to the stew, although it’s clear he’s more interested in what’s going on behind him.

In truth, Hoseok doesn’t plan on taking things any further than this. Primarily because it won’t be long before Tae goes fully into heat, and the last thing he wants to do is tire the pup out before the real marathon even starts; but also Hoseok can tell by Jimin’s scent that he’s already seen plenty of action upstairs with Namjoon, and an Alpha’s body can’t recover and heal quite as quickly as an Omega’s. He doubts the pup’s ready for round two just yet.

And it’s not like claiming-bites are inherently a sexual act. The older members often use it as a means of calming and settling the maknae-line, especially after a rough week of schedules, or in the run-up to a live performances or concert. There are even Kpop websites solely dedicated to ‘Stage Bites’, where hundreds of fans regularly post fancams and screenshots of the hickeys and bite-marks that peek out from beneath the clothing of their favourite idol mid-dance. It’s become something of a game in the industry; a competition to see who can get the best photograph, and a playful debate about which group member the hickey belongs to. While publicly displaying the marks can certainly be seen as a form of fanservice, the act itself is primarily for the Pack; that the rest of the world approves of it is just an added bonus for idol groups.

“Sorry about that,” a new voice says from the doorway, and Hoseok finally releases the skin he’s been gently sucking on, glancing across to where Namjoon is wincing at him apologetically. “Cub moved at the last second; I didn’t realise where I’d marked until it was too late.”

Hoseok would wave away the apology, but both hands are currently occupied keeping a boneless Jimin on his feet. So instead he shoots the Pack-Alpha a warm, easy smile.

“Nah, it’s cool,” he reassures, gaze flitting back to Jimin’s neck briefly, a wider grin curling at his lips when he sees the new mark already blooming against the cub’s pale skin. “It needed freshening up anyway, it was already starting to fading.”

Shifting from his perch on the edge of the table, he moves to sit in the nearby dining chair, guiding Jimin down into his lap for a proper cuddle. The maknae-Alpha makes a soft, cute sound when his ass makes contact with Hoseok’s thighs, squirming for a moment with a soft whine before he shifts to a more comfortable position, leaning his weight more on his hip than his butt.

It’s an action that Hobi’s seen time and time again, and he feels his brow furrowing a little as he rubs Jimin’s back, glancing up towards Namjoon with a playful look of accusation. Even Yoongi has stopped stirring his stew, peering over at Jimin with a knowing smile.

“Someone got spanked, huh?” the pianist surmises, fondly amused.

Jimin squirms again, and Hoseok can practically feel his blush as the pup hides his face against the rapper’s neck. “Maybe.”

“Aw, Jiminie,” Hoseok coos sympathetically, hugging the cub tighter against him as he and Namjoon share a fond grin. “That mean old Pack-Alpha. I’m sure someone as cute as you couldn’t
It’s a familiar sort of play between them. In the wake of discipline, once Jimin’s already been coddled and comforted by whoever’s taken him in hand, he’ll seek out Hoseok for sympathy and snuggles. It’s a chance for Jimin to make light of his recent punishment and get fussed over in return, even if it’s all a little exaggerated. Hobi would never truly want to undermine Namjoon’s authority by suggesting that the Pack-Alpha had disciplined one of the pups without adequate provocation (in reality, compared to some of the other Doms he’s met in the industry, their leader is probably far too lenient at times), but the others know it’s all said in jest, and Jimin always enjoys playing along.

Well. Most of the time.

“I was, though. What I did, it…it was bad, hyung,” the pup answers softly, his voice suddenly serious and subdued. “Really bad. I think Jin-hyung’s still mad at me.”

There’s a quiet clatter as the wooden spoon hits the side of the saucepan, and Hoseok blinks in surprise, sharing a worried glance with Yoongi as the elder turns around quickly, his stew forgotten.

“I’m sure that’s not true,” Hoseok reassures, nuzzling against the pup’s hair. “Jinnie-hyung could never stay mad at you.”

Jimin suddenly smells sad, that telling sourness creeping into his scent, and Hoseok’s gaze seeks out Namjoon in concern. The Pack-Alpha’s already moving closer, crouching down so that he’s more on a level with Jimin, stroking a hand over the back of the younger Alpha’s head to rest on his nape.

“Baby, we talked about this,” the leader murmurs, low and soothing (and the fact that Joon’s using ‘baby’ right off the bat tells Hoseok that whatever ‘discussion’ they’d had before had been serious – clearly their pup’s still fully immersed in a more submissive headspace). “Nobody’s mad at you. You lost your temper, that’s all; it happens to the best of us.”

Hoseok winces. Jimin losing his temper was a rare enough occurrence, but it generally involved the pup snapping at anyone and everyone in the near vicinity, usually dropping formalities in the process. If he’d managed to disrespect Jin and Namjoon simultaneously…

Aish. Poor cub.

“I know,” Jimin insists, but he still sounds upset, rubbing his cheek against Hoseok’s shirt in an effort to scent him. “But…hyung left before I could say sorry. And…and he sounded really angry when he yelled at me.”

“He yelled at you?” Yoongi echoes, clearly as surprised by the revelation as Hoseok feels.

Jin has more patience than just about anyone he’s ever met, aside from Namjoon – and Hobi’s fairly sure their Pack-Alpha has some kind of superpower, so he doesn’t count. Even for a Beta (a dynamic that’s genetically predisposed to have better emotional control than the rest of society), Jin is an exceptionally calm and collected individual. As Pack mediator, it’s his role to keep the peace and help maintain balance between bondmates, and Jin has always succeeded in this with what seems like minimal effort on his part. Dominance just comes as naturally to the Beta as breathing; a gentle touch to the arm and a soft, lingering look is usually enough to get the pups to quiet down when they begin to act out. Sure, there have been a few occasions in the past where Jin’s had to speak to one of them sharply, usually in order to put an immediate stop to behaviour that might be considered dangerous or challenging; but he so rarely raises his voice to the cubs. And Hoseok genuinely can’t remember the last time he heard the man yell at someone, other than in excitement.
“You weren’t listening to me,” Namjoon reminds the cub gently, leaning in to rest his forehead against Jimin’s temple. “Jin-hyung was only trying to snap you out of it. He was never really angry with you, baby, I promise.”

Jimin sniffles quietly, peeking out from the safety of Hoseok’s chest. “Are you sure?”

Namjoon cups the younger man’s cheek, thumb stroking against the skin. “Do you want me to go and ask him?”

The maknae-Alpha shakes his head quickly. “S’okay,” he mumbles. “He needs to stay focused on Tae an’ Kookie. I’m fine, I just…feel bad.”

Hoseok’s heart aches for him. Having himself been on the receiving end of one of Jin’s seldom-witnessed moments of anger, he’s all too familiar with the sad-guilty-sickly sort of feeling that’s left lodged in your chest in the wake of a Beta’s scolding. As a dominant, Hobi had been less affected by the experience than an Omega would’ve been, but Jimin’s their maknae-Alpha and far more submissive in nature than any of his hyungs. It isn’t a big surprise that the pup’s holding onto that guilt and punishing himself far worse than Jin ever would.

In any other situation, Hobi would already be scooping the pup into his arms and carrying him upstairs to seek out their Beta in order to settle Jimin’s fractious emotions – but with Tae in his ‘marshmallow stage’, that isn’t a viable option right now. Hopefully the pup’s heat will kick in soon, and Jin can be parted from the Omega long enough to give Jimin the tactile reassurance he’s clearly craving.

A sudden hiss has all of them glancing back towards the stove, Yoongi cursing under his breath as he quickly turns down the heat on the stove as the broth bubbles over the sides of the saucepan, evaporating with an angry sizzle when it splashes against the superheated element beneath.

“If it’s burnt, can we order pizza?” Hoseok asks brightly, grinning when Yoongi turns back around to point a finger at him.

“Absolutely not. You punks eat enough crap as it is; someone’s gotta make sure you eat actual food every now and then.”

“Who, Jin-hyung?” Namjoon pipes up innocently, and the elder rapper glances towards him with narrowed eyes.

“Take it back,” he warns. “Or you’ll be eating rice porridge for the rest of the week.”

Namjoon laughs, raising his hands in surrender. “What happened to making sure we eat actual food?”

“It’ll be damn good rice porridge. And the rest of the Pack can eat kimchi stew; I’ll give your portion to someone else – I’m sure one of the cubs will eat it.”

“Me!” Jimin’s hand shoots up. “I volunteer.”

Hoseok laughs, both at Jimin’s shameless enthusiasm and Namjoon’s exaggerated expression of betrayal, the Pack-Alpha clutching a hand to his chest as though wounded. Jimin giggles cutely (aigoo, this cub), and Hoseok sees the line of tension in Yoongi’s shoulders dissipate as a gentle smile curls at his lips.

“Yah, Jimin-ah,” he calls softly, holding out a hand towards the maknae. “Come help hyung with the rice.”
“He always makes too much,” Hoseok adds in a faux-whisper against Jimin’s ear.

Jimin laughs, happier and brighter than before, and hops up out of Hobi’s lap. “Well, that’s not exactly a bad thing,” he insists, crossing over to Yoongi and letting the Alpha tuck him against his side. “Jungkook eats enough for, like, ten people. And what’s wrong with leftovers?”

Crisis averted, at least for the time being, Hoseok breathes a quiet sigh of relief, leaning into Namjoon as the Pack-Alpha straightens up beside his chair. Joonie’s fingers slip into his hair, combing through the dark strands in an idle caress, and Hobi leans further to the side to rest his head against the younger man’s midriff, watching as Yoongi playfully pokes Jimin in the ribs to get him to hand the spoon back.

“Hey,” Namjoon murmurs, his hand a comfortable weight against the other Alpha’s nape. “Is everything alright?”

Jimin flicks water from the tap in Yoongi’s direction, making the rapper squawk in surprise and spill rice grains all over the countertop. As the Alpha rolls up his sleeves and stalks towards the giggling maknae with his fingers poised and ready to poke Jimin’s most ticklish spots, Hoseok smiles, nodding carefully so as not to dislodge Namjoon’s fingers from his hair.

“Yeah,” he confirms. “Everything’s gonna be fine.”

Chapter End Notes

I was sorting through my request file when I stumbled across a couple of comments from readers who wanted to see more Alpha/Alpha interactions. Coupled with the numerous requests I’ve had for some background Yoonseok and RapHope, it seemed the easiest way to explore those interactions was in a joint scene. And how could I not include Jiminie? He’s their baby. <3

To be honest, Jimin’s subby moment sort of came out of nowhere. My muse suddenly reminded me that although Namjoon had disciplined Jimin for his challenging behaviour, the cub probably still felt hella guilty about snapping at his Beta-hyung like that, and with Jin holed up in the other bedroom looking after Tae there hadn’t been a chance for Jimin to apologise and resolve those feelings of guilt. So our little mochi suppressed them and tried to ignore them, but Hobi’s offhand comment blew the lid off those feelings and it all came pouring out. Good thing Jimin has such attentive Alpha-hyungs, who love their maknae so much.

Also, I gave myself serious Yoonseok feels with this chapter. Just...their whole history together. They were BFFs before the rest of the group had really gotten to know each
other, and Yoongi wouldn't tell anyone at the time but he was SO fiercely protective of Hobi back then, like he would've legitimately fought someone if they'd hurt the younger man. It eased off a little when the older trainees left and younger members moved into the dorm, because after that he had more than one dongsaeng to sate his nurturing-Alpha instincts. :P

And then there's my RapHope feels. *flails* Namjoon is so cuddly, and Hobi loves cuddles, and even though Joonie's younger I can totally see the Pack-Alpha spending quiet moments guiding Hobi's head into his lap and petting his hair and rubbing the tense muscles of his neck while they talk about music and movies and make playful, snarky comments at each other. There's a couch in Namjoon's office at the studio, and they use it frequently for snuggling and napping together. Jin has photos. <3

Thanks for reading! Feel free to leave me a comment below, I always love to hear your thoughts. :)

What Goes Up, Must Come Down (OT7, JinMin)

Chapter Summary

While the Alpha hyungs attend to their Omegas, Jin takes his mochi maknae-Alpha to one side for a private chat.

(Warning: lowkey smut, hardcore cuddles.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Taehyung shifts beneath him, feverish skin glistening with a faint sheen of sweat as he arches up with another quiet gasp, kiss-swollen lips parted temptingly. The faint aroma of honey-sweetness in the room intensifies, growing richer and more intoxicating with every passing second, thick enough that Jin can practically taste it in the air.

“That’s it,” the Beta murmurs, the fingers of his right hand deftly massaging the pup’s lower abdomen in small, slow circles, stroking and kneading over the sensitive heat glands located there. “You’re doing so well, sweetheart. Does that feel good?”

The Omega whines, nodding, head tilting back further as Jin lowers his mouth to the pup’s throat, brushing his lips tenderly against the mark he’d left there a few minutes earlier, inhaling deeply to savour the younger man’s intoxicating scent.

“Oh, he’s so loose already, hyung,” Jungkook reports, his voice low and slightly hoarse (in the pup’s defence, he’s done a lot of screaming these past couple of days).

Jin’s gaze shifts from its careful watch over Taehyung’s expression, and he spares a quick glance towards Jungkook where the pup’s situated between Tae’s legs. The maknae’s cheeks are faintly flushed, a sign of his own approaching heatwave, but his eyes are still clear and his attention is focused unwaveringly on the task at hand as he carefully works Taehyung open.

“Think you can add another finger for me, baby?” Jin asks, keeping his tone gentle. When Jungkook glances up towards him and gives a quick little nod, the Beta smiles at him warmly. “Aigoo, look at the two of you; you’re both being so good for me.”

Tae moans softly at the praise, pushing up against Jin’s gentle one-handed hold on his wrists (the Beta obligingly presses them a little more firmly into the pillow above Taehyung’s head, knowing instinctively that it’s what the pup’s craving right now), and he sees Jungkook’s throat move as the maknae swallows, eyelids fluttering closed for a moment. The pup’s holding up admirably well considering the potency of Tae’s mating hormones, but it’s been hours since his last wave, and Jin’s anticipating the cub to spike any minute now. Frankly, the only reason Kookie probably hasn’t spiked already is down to sheer determination. The maknae’s had his heart set on helping settle Tae during the earlier stages of his heat, like he always used to do before he became an Omega himself, at the cost of his own satisfaction. It’s adorably self-sacrificial.
Unfortunately, willpower will only get him so far when it comes to Omega biology. Mating hormones always, *always* triumph in the end.

If Jin only had Kookie’s welfare to consider, it’s likely he would’ve felt inclined to gently nudge the maknae into the next wave of his heat (it wouldn’t be difficult, given how sensitive the pup is to any form of domination right now) in order to ensure that he received the care and attention his body’s clearly desperate for. However, Tae’s only just beginning to emerge from the soft, vulnerable headspace of his ‘marshmallow stage’, so triggering Jungkook’s heat prior to that point would’ve made it necessary for the maknae to leave the room in order to be attended to, parted from Taehyung until the older Omega was stable enough to be around Alpha pheromones. Jin doubts either of his pups would’ve greatly appreciated that period of separation.

So he’s been walking a fragile tightrope between Dominant Beta and supportive lover (a delicate balancing act if ever there was one), giving Jungkook gentle commands that are easy to follow, attentive to the maknae’s instinctive need for both praise and reassurance, but always mindful of the pup’s sensitivity, careful not to push him over the edge and trigger his next wave. But now that Tae’s spiked, Jungkook’s control over his own hormonal state seems to have begun slipping quite rapidly. Jin doubts the maknae will be able to hold out much longer.

“Hyung,” Jungkook breathes a few moments later, finally tearing his gaze away from his task, pupils so dilated that Jin almost can’t see the colour of his eyes. “Hyung, I…I feel…”

“I know, baby,” Jin murmurs, holding the Omega’s gaze, lifting his hand from Tae’s abdomen to gently touch Jungkook’s fingers where they’re resting against the older Omega’s thigh. “It’s alright, you can let go now. Joonie and the others will be here soon.”

The Alphas are still downstairs, but Jin’s confident that Namjoon is already aware of the sudden hormonal change that’s taken place over last few minutes. Even without his heightened sense of smell, a Pack-Alpha just *knows* these things.

Jungkook sucks in a shuddering breath, blinking hard and shaking his head a little, clearly trying to focus. “No. I don’t need…” He takes another steadying breath, even as he turns his hand to grip onto Jin’s fingers tightly. “I wanna stay and help look after Tae.”

“You won’t have to leave him, sweetheart,” the Beta reassures, his smile gentle and full of warmth. “Tae’s ready for an Alpha now, thanks to you. Look how good you’ve made him feel, baby. He liked your fingers, didn’t you, Tae?”

“Fuck yeah,” Taehyung agrees, the words slurred but happy, sending Jungkook a pleasure-drunk smile. “Good boy, Kookie.”

Jin blinks. *Well. That’s new.*

Taehyung in heat is generally the epitome of submissiveness, but it seems even in his hormone-addled state he’s still aware of Jungkook’s new dynamic status, and his own position as the marginally-more-dominant Omega. Honestly, Jin has never been prouder of the pup; it can’t have been easy for Tae to pull himself out of his own super-subby headspace in order to attend to Jungkook’s dynamic needs. Then again, the singer’s always taken steps to indulge his younger packmate outside of heats, so perhaps his attentiveness shouldn’t be so surprising.

Predictably, Taehyung’s words have an immediate effect on the maknae, who gives a needy sort of whine in the back of his throat and slumps forwards, hands planted on the bed either side of Tae’s waist, holding himself up on his arms (only just, judging by the faint tremor in his limbs) and breathing heavily as the smell of warm caramel mixes with Tae’s honey scent in the air around them.
The combination is rich and sweet and heady, immediately the best scent Jin’s ever encountered.

Just as the Beta’s trying to work out how he’s supposed to go about settling two in-heat Omegas, there’s a quiet tap on the door, and Jin feels relief wash over him. He’d recognise that knock anywhere.

“Come in, Joon-ah,” he calls. “They’re ready for you.”

The door opens to admit their Pack-Alpha, whose pace slows to a halt only a few steps into the room as his nostrils flare, scenting the air.

“Oh my god,” Namjoon breathes, a slow smile curling handsomely at his lips. “Both of them? Are you serious?”

Jin nods, mirroring the younger man’s smile as Namjoon approaches the bed and drags a hand up Jungkook’s spine in a slow caress, pushing up under the younger man’s t-shirt so that he can stroke along bare skin. The Omega moans softly at the contact, his arms trembling visibly as he tries to keep himself braced above Taehyung.

“Aigoo, you both smell so good,” the Pack-Alpha purrs, leaning down to nuzzle gently along Taehyung’s jawline as he squeezes Jungkook’s nape. He glances up to shoot Jin a delighted little grin. “I felt the shift when Tae spiked, but I wasn’t expecting both my cubs to need an Alpha at the same time. Although to be honest, I thought Kookie might’ve spiked again before now.”

“He’s been so good for hyung,” Jin supplies warmly, reaching up to pet the maknae’s hair as the singer trembles faintly. “But I think our cub’s long overdue for some attention, aren’t you, baby?”

Jungkook shakes his head a little. “I’m…I’m okay,” he insists, but the wobble in his voice betrays him. “You should take care of Tae first, he needs you more than I do.”

Jin locks eyes with Namjoon, the two of them sharing a fond look at their youngest pup’s selflessness. Kookie’s always been the sort of kid to put others before himself, and Jin should’ve guessed that the trait would also apply to shared heat cycles.

And to be fair, the cub has a point – Taehyung does have a greater need at the moment. The initial heatwave at the beginning of an Omega’s cycle is always the most severe, usually consisting of several intense spikes that come back-to-back, although with some Omegas (like Tae) these can all roll into one and carry the appearance of a wave that simply can’t be sated. This generally means that their second-youngest requires constant and careful attention for the first few hours of his heat, which had never been an issue in the past because he’d previously been their only Omega.

“I can wait,” Jungkook insists, even though the scent of warm caramel is growing stronger and sweeter with every passing second, and he already appears out of breath. “Honest. I’ll be fine.”

“Aww, Kookie, that’s sweet of you,” Hoseok coos from the doorway, Yoongi beside him. The dancer’s already pulling his t-shirt over his head as he approaches the bed. “But you don’t have to wait, gorgeous; there’s plenty of Alpha to go around.”

Hoseok moves onto the bed to kneel behind Jungkook, wrapping his arms around the cub’s torso and pulling him upright and back against his chest, pressing a kiss to the side of the maknae’s throat as Jungkook drops his head back against the Dom’s shoulder, immediately pliant in the elder’s hold.

“Hyung…” the pup whines, apparently having decided to abandon any previous pretence at being ‘fine’ and give into his more pressing biological urges.
“Shhh.” Hoseok kisses his throat again, hand caressing up the maknae’s torso beneath his t-shirt. “I
know, angel. C’mon, let’s get you out of these clothes.”

With Kookie taken care of, Namjoon’s already shifted to straddle Tae’s waist, his hands sliding up
the Omega’s bare sides in a lingering caress before moving to where Jin has the pup’s hands secured
above his hand. Flashing the Beta a quick little smile, Namjoon smoothly takes over the restraining
hold, although judging by Tae’s sharp little gasp and the way he arches up in pleasure, the Alpha’s
grip is a lot firmer than Jin’s had been. Namjoon gives a rumbling purr of approval at the newly-
bared throat and promptly seals his mouth against it to stake his claim.

Movement from the doorway draws Jin’s gaze away from the attractive pair, and he smiles towards
Yoongi as the rapper steps into the room. A blond head of hair appears over the Alpha’s shoulder,
Jimin watching the scene before him with wide eyes, the apple of his throat bobbing as he swallows,
clearly affected by the Omegas’ heat pheromones.

Perhaps feeling Jin’s gaze on him, the dancer’s focus flickers across to him briefly…but the moment
their eyes lock, Jimin ducks his head down and shrinks a little further behind Yoongi.

The movement is subtle, but Jin is nothing if not observant when it comes to his cubs, and the
younger man’s unusual behaviour immediately lodges a splinter of uneasiness in the Beta’s mind.

A moment later and he’s up from the bed, closing the distance between himself and the Pack’s
maknae-Alpha, worry creasing his brow when he realises Jimin’s mango-cinnamon scent smells
distinctly off. The dancer’s now standing fully behind Yoongi, as though attempting to hide from
Jin’s sight whilst trying not to be obvious about it. Jin would find it cute if the circumstances were
different, but given that he has no feasible explanation for Jimin’s uncharacteristic behaviour, he’s
more than a little concerned.

“What happened?” he murmurs softly, pausing in front of the rapper.

Yoongi sends a fond glance back over his shoulder towards his smaller dongsaeng, the man’s easy
smile immediately putting Jin’s initial fears to rest.

“I think our cub needs to have some alone-time with his Beta hyung,” Yoongi answers, reaching
behind him for one of the younger Alpha’s wrists, gently but resolutely pulling Jimin out from his
hiding spot. “Don’t you, Jiminie?”

The dancer gaze flickers up towards the Beta’s face for only the briefest moment before he ducks his
head again, but he manages a quick little nod in agreement, which is all the prompting Jin needs
before he steps forward and scoops the cub up in his arms.

Jimin makes a soft, cute noise of surprise, short arms immediately winding around Jin’s shoulders in
a tight hold. Jin shushes him softly, adjusting his grip carefully to better support the Alpha.

“I’ve got you,” he promises, and waits until he feels Jimin loosen his death-grip a little before
stepping out of the bedroom and slowly making his way towards the door at the far end of the
upstairs hallway.

This particular bedroom technically belongs to Yoongi and Hobi, if only for the fact that the
wardrobe and dressers primarily contain their belongings; it’s rare that any of them actually keep to
the original bedroom allocations these days. They’ve long since replaced the single mattresses with
beds of a more appropriate size (designed to three or four people comfortably, with the Pack-bed in
Tae and Jimin’s room being the largest and able to accommodate all seven of them quite easily).
Certainly none of them have slept alone in a very long while; their management team at BigHit had
been more than happy to arrange for new furniture just over eighteen months ago when Jin and Namjoon had first explained their desire for the Pack to form more permanent mating bonds.

Jin carefully lowers himself down to sit on the edge of the bed, settling Jimin sideways in his lap and rubbing a hand in slow, soothing circles between the pup’s shoulders. The maknae-Alpha’s still got his face hidden in the front of Jin’s shirt, but his scent isn’t quite as off as it had been a few moments ago, so it seems he’s managed to calm down a little.

“I know you’re upset,” he murmurs, tilting his head down far enough to rest his cheek against Jimin’s soft, fluffy hair. “We don’t have to talk about it right away if you’re not ready. Take all the time you need, baby.”

There’s a wet sniffle from the clingy blond. “I shouldn’t,” he protests meekly, his voice thick and uneven. “What about Tae and Kookie?”

Jin hugs the cub tighter against him, hand sweeping up to settle over the Alpha’s nape. “They’re in good hands,” he murmurs. “Let your Alpha hyungs worry about them for now, alright? I need my Jiminie to focus on himself for a little while. Can you do that for me, baby?”

The dancer goes still in his arms, then his breath leaves him all at once in a half-laugh-half-sob. “Why do you always have to be so nice to me?”


Another short pause, a soft hiccup, and then a tentative, “Even when I’m bad?”

Jin pauses for a moment, his heart aching a little at how small and timid the younger man’s voice sounds. Seeing Jimin in a more submissive headspace certainly isn’t a rarity (he seems to spend most of the time fluctuating quite casually between playful-Dom and adorable-Sub depending on which Packmate he’s interacting with), but Jin can tell the pup’s down all the way right now, as sweet and vulnerable as Tae on one of his particularly subby days.

“You’re never bad, Jiminie,” he soothes, thumb stroking against the skin of the Alpha’s nape. “Sometimes you act out and misbehave, that’s truth enough, but it doesn’t make you a bad person. And I’ll always love you regardless, even when you’ve been naughty.”

Jimin squirms cutely at the n-word, and Jin smiles a little, nuzzling the crown of his head and breathing in his scent, finally beginning to understand the reason for its unexplained sourness.

“Is this about what happened earlier?” he guesses softly.

After a short pause, Jimin nods a little. “I was rude to you,” the maknae-Alpha reminds him timidly. “I wouldn’t listen, an’ I snapped at Joonie-hyung, an’ I…I’m really sorry, hyung.”

Jin can easily recall the cub’s brief temper tantrum from earlier that day (Jimin making a scene like that was a rare enough occurrence to make it memorable), but he also remembers leaving the pup in Namjoon’s more-than-capable hands, confident that the Pack-Alpha would be able to resolve the issue appropriately. For Jimin to still be so consumed by guilt that he’s upset to this extent...

It’s been a long while since Namjoon last neglected his responsibilities as Pack-Alpha; years, even. Jin hasn’t had to worry about the rapper’s ability to handle the younger cubs’ discipline since their debut days, when Joonie was still adjusting to his role and struggling with the prospect of being stern in the face of the maknae trio’s crocodile tears and puppy-dog eyes. Namjoon hadn’t fully comprehended, back then, the true impact of his actions; he hadn’t understood that unresolved guilt had a tendency to weigh heavily on a submissive’s conscience to the point where it would cause an
emotional imbalance, often driving the cub to act out again at a later point in order to (consciously or otherwise) reap the consequences of their misbehaviour and resolve those feelings of guilt.

And after being forced to instigate disciplinary damage-control with the maknaes one too many times due to Namjoon’s initial leniency, Jin had put his foot down and confronted the Pack-Alpha about the issue. He’d be sure to emphasise (with both firm words and the flat of his hand) why it was unacceptable for the Alpha to continue neglecting the pups’ discipline as he had been doing, and as far as Jin was aware, that particular conversation had put an end to the problem for good.

“Joonie disciplined you already for challenging his authority,” the Beta presses. “Right?”

To his relief, Jimin nods, sniffling quietly. “Yeah. B-but…”

“But what, baby?”

Jimin finally glances up at him, eyes red-rimmed and brimming with tears. “I forgot to apologise to you. An’ then you were with Tae, so I couldn’t, an’ Joonie-hyung says you weren’t mad at me but I still feel bad, y’know?”

Jin’s heart aches all over again, but he feels himself relax a little at the pup’s words, relieved to hear that Jimin’s troubles revolve around an issue that’s relatively easy to solve. He regrets that situation had required him to walk away from the maknae-Alpha. Under different circumstances, he would’ve taken the cub over his own knee first before passing him over to Namjoon to be disciplined more thoroughly, but by that point Tae had reached a critical stage in his pre-heat cycle and Jin hadn’t been able to linger for more than a few seconds after putting an end to Jimin’s outburst with a firm rebuke. It’s the first time the pup has snapped at Jin like that and not immediately been taken in hand, so for the maknae-Alpha to harbour a lingering sense of guilt is perhaps understandable.

“You feel bad?” he echoes, making his voice deliberately softer as he cups Jimin’s cheek in one hand, thumb brushing against the Alpha’s bottom lip. “Ai, poor baby. I’m sorry I had to leave you before you could apologise, cub, but I was never mad at you.”

Jin feels the younger man tilt his cheek into the touch. “Promise?”

“I promise,” the Beta confirms, leaning in to press a lingering kiss to the pup’s forehead. “You don’t need to feel bad about what happened, sweetheart. I bet you took your spanking so well for Joonie, didn’t you?”

Jimin nods, eyelids fluttering closed for a moment as he brings a hand up to wrap his fingers around Jin’s wrist, as though anchoring the Beta’s hand to his cheek.

“I was good,” he promises.

Jin smiles, brushing another kiss against his brow. “Of course you were. My Jiminnie’s always so good for his Alpha. Did Joonie take you over his knee, baby?”

The tiniest shake of Jimin’s head, and the Beta feels the cheek beneath his palm growing hot.

“No?” he asks, even though he already knows the answer (Namjoon has two methods when it comes to disciplining the cubs, and any direct challenge to a hyung’s authority is dealt with in a very specific way). “Aw, little one. Did he put you over the end of the bed?”

As intended, the gentle sympathy and term of endearment earn him a cute little pout, Jimin relaxing further in his hold as he allows himself to slip into a more submissive headspace.
“Uh-huh.”

“Aigoo, poor love.” Jin brushes a soft kiss against that perfect pout, then rubs his nose against Jimin’s in a tender nuzzle. “I bet you didn’t like that. Joonie probably pulled down your shorts too, huh? Held you in place with his big, strong hand and spanked you bare. I bet that stung. Did you cry, Jiminie?”

Jimin is blushing faintly pink now as he nods, but his pout has quadrupled in size and there’s a slight wobble to his bottom lip and a glistening sheen of fresh tears in his eyes.

“Aw, baby,” he sympathises, kissing him again. “Joonie spanked you hard, didn’t he? It takes a lot to make my little cub cry. And you tried to be brave and keep still like you always do, because you’re so good for hyung, but after a while it was too difficult, wasn’t it? And Joonie had to hold you down a little harder, because sometimes my Jiminie kicks.”

Truthfully, he has no idea what actually transpired between the two while he was attending to Taehyung, but he’s been present for (and participated in) disciplining the maknae-Alpha often enough over the years that he knows Jimin’s endearing habits by heart. And the fact of the matter is, had Tae not required his attention, it would’ve been Jin firmly holding the cub down over the end of the bed while Namjoon disciplined him accordingly. But it isn’t necessary to mention that to the pup right now.

“You disobeyed your Alpha,” he reminds the younger man. “And talking back to me like that was rude, baby. But you were so good for hyung, taking such a hard spanking like that. It’s all over now; we both forgive you.”

He lets that sink in for a few moments, idly combing his finger through Jimin’s hair as he gives the pup time to process everything. He doesn’t want to rush him – it’s a delicate process, soothing a submissive’s guilty conscience. Realistically, the quickest and easiest way to resolve the issue would be to take Jimin over his knee and administer the discipline the pup feels he deserves, but Jin tends to reserve that option for when all else fails. Jimin’s already been disciplined today, and although spanking the cubs is a necessary responsibility as their Beta and Dominant, it isn’t something he ever enjoys doing. If he can get them to see reason, remind them as vividly as possible of their most recent disciplinary experience and emphasise the fact that it was a sufficient consequence to their behaviour, he’s usually able to avoid taking them in hand a second time.

Sure, every now and then the negotiation tactic fails and the cub (usually Tae, because his baby overthinks misdeeds far too much) can’t be persuaded to find peace with himself, and Jin is forced to resolve those lingering feelings of guilt with a firm hand, but those occasions are few and far between.

“Look at me,” he murmurs, and waits until Jimin’s bloodshot eyes flicker up to meet his gaze before continuing. “Do you still think I’m mad at you?”

Jimin shakes his head immediately, sniffling a little, gaze dropping to where his fingers are tracing the brand logo on Jin’s shirtfront.

“Eyes up, baby,” Jin instructs, and smiles when the Alpha obeys him. “Good boy. Are you feeling any better, Jimin-ah? Or do you still feel bad?”

“Better,” the younger man promises, leaning in to press a quick little kiss against Jin’s mouth. The Beta’s relieved to see a hint of the maknae’s previous self-confidence returning at last, and relaxes further, his smile growing.
“And you know how much I love you, right?” he presses gently.

The younger man’s lips curl into a faint smile at that, and he nods again. “I love you too, hyung.”

Guilt-crisis seemingly averted (for now), Jin rewards the pup with a more lingering kiss, cupping Jimin’s face between both his hands. The maknae-Alpha’s scent is its usual mango-cinnamon spicy sweetness again, and he can’t get enough of it, drinking it in with each deep inhale. He can tell Jimin has begun to ascend from his more submissive headspace, the spice in his scent now slightly more overpowering than the sweetness, and Jin’s keen to help him all the way up before they go and rejoin the others – especially since Tae and Kookie are both likely to want the young Alpha’s care and attention the moment he returns.

“You know,” he comments, pulling away after a few minutes, both of them a little breathless from exchanging kisses. “It’s been a little while since you last marked me, Jimin-ah.”

Jimin’s eyes go round even as his pupils further dilate. “Y-you,” he stutters, “you want me to…?”

“Bite me?” Jin finishes for him with an indulgent grin. Instead of answering, he tilts his head marginally to one side (not far enough to be seen as submission, hell no, but enough to serve as a very tempting offer to his eager, hormonal cub).

“Are you sure?” Jimin presses, even as his fingers come up to brush against the side of Jin’s throat, caressing the pale skin there. “Namjoon-hyung won’t mind?”

Jin flashes him a dazzling little grin, scooting backwards on the bed a little, almost unseating Jimin from his lap. “He’ll want to leave a mark of his own the moment he sees it,” he acknowledges, laying back against the pillows comfortably. “So be sure to make it nice and obvious, there’s a good boy.”

Jimin shifts to straddle his hips, and almost immediately Jin can sense the shift in his hormones, the moment when he emerges from his submissive headspace and his more Dominant impulses kick into gear like a switch has been flicked.

“Your throat always bruises so easily, hyung,” the maknae-Alpha murmurs, leaning down to kiss the Beta’s neck. “I won’t even need to bite hard.”

Lifting a hand to cup over the back of Jimin’s neck, Jin uses the gentle grip to guide the pup’s head further down until his lips hover near the base of his throat.

“I want you to bite hard,” he answers, knowing exactly how to gently but unfailingly coax Jimin’s Alpha side out into the open. “It’ll feel so good, Jiminnie.”

The younger man moans softly, low and rumbling and about as close to a growl as the Alpha can manage. Jin finds the sound both adorable and incredibly hot.

“Wanna make you feel good, hyung,” the dancer purrs against his skin, and Jin feels the pup’s hands slip into his own, lacing their fingers together and guiding the Beta’s arms either side of his head to press them into the mattress. “Ready?”

It’s not often Jin allows the younger cubs to mark him like this (and only Namjoon gets away with doing it regularly), but it’s definitely something he enjoys when he allows himself to indulge a little. He loves that rush of pleasure that zaps through him like electricity the moment teeth pinch at his skin, loves the intense burn of arousal lighting a fire in his stomach as soft lips begin to suck on the mark, loves the way he can feel how happy and content his dongsaeng is whenever he allows one of them to sate their instincts like this.
“God, that’s it,” he breathes, his voice a little hoarse, shorts feeling tighter than they had been a few moments ago. “Feels so good, Jiminie.”

Jumin gives another growling sort of moan, hips grinding down against Jin’s as he sucks harder on the mark for a moment, and the Beta gives a surprised little laugh at the maknae-Alpha’s boldness.

“That turned you on, didn’t it?” he teases, fond and amused, pushing himself up after a few moments to sit upright in bed, Jimin still straddling his lap. “Me too, gorgeous. How about we go check on the Omegas? Tae’s probably already taken Joonie’s knot by now, you know what he’s like during his first wave. Bet he’s ready to be mounted again. You want to go take care of your Omega, don’t you, Jimin-ah?”

His words are enough to have the cub rolling off him with another moan, grabbing onto the Beta’s arm to pull him up insistently from the bed.

“What are we waiting for?” Jimin enthuses, every trace of his previous submission gone as he eagerly drags Jin towards the door by the hand, their fingers interlaced. “Let’s go, let’s go, c’mon.”

Jin laughs, and lets himself be pulled. At times such as these, resistance is futile.
even if that means suffering the consequences. He needs the reassurance of knowing
he'll always be held accountable for his actions by someone who's more in control of the
situation than he is. Also I think maybe Yoongi knows and approves of the situation,
because he's Joonie's Bro but also thinks the clumsy idiot works too hard and holds
himself to too-high standards, so it's a relief for him to know that Jin won't let him fall.

Oops, rambling. It's 3am, I have a tendency to do that when I'm tired. I hope you
enjoyed the chapter, even though it wasn't anything like I'd planned when I first started
brainstorming this heat sequence. :P Honestly, I don't know if I'm capable of writing
pure smut in this 'verse, I might just have to gloss over the more intense moments and
focus on the bonding aspects instead because that's what I'm more comfortable with
when it comes to writing.
Settling In (OT7, NamKook)

Chapter Summary

As Jungkook's heat cycle finally begins to ease, Taehyung's is only just beginning. Meanwhile, Namjoon spends some quality time with his youngest cub.

(Warning: contains actual legitimate smut. Written by me. How did that even happen?)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jungkook hums contentedly, carefully flexing his fingers and toes as the tingling warmth of his endorphin high begins to abate and normal sensation resumes. The fuzziness in his mind has already started to fade, the pleasure-drunk obliviousness of his most recent spike ebbing away as awareness gradually returns to him.

He feels fucking awesome.

And hot. Very hot. And sticky.

“Kookie?”

Soft lips press a gentle kiss to his nape, and the blanket of warmth that’s settled over him shifts a little (a living person-blanket whose name is Hoseok, it seems), taking a fraction of weight off his back.

“Mmm, hi,” the Omega slurs, his tongue feeling thick in his mouth as his lips curl upwards in a sleepy smile.

“Hi.” Another kiss, and Jungkook feels Hoseok rub his nose back and forth against the sensitive skin of his neck in tender nuzzle. “Back with me already, sweetheart?”

Jungkook draws in another deep breath and blinks a few times to wake himself up, feeling his conscious mind slowly begin to emerge from the blissful ignorance of a cosy subspace.

“I think so,” he confirms, flexing his fingers and toes again.

He has fairly limited movement in his limbs, what with Hoseok settled on top of him like this and the rapper’s hands curled gently around his wrists to keep them secured against the mattress, but that’s fine with Jungkook. Totally fine. Now that his fever has broken and the pulsing, desperate urge to mate has been sated, all that he wants is skin-to-skin contact and lots of affection.

He’s an Omega of simple tastes.

“Do you need me to move?” Hoseok offers, nuzzling gently at his nape again.
Jungkook is quick to shake his head, as best he can with his cheek smushed against the bed. “Hn-nn. Stay. Wanna snuggle.”

The dancer breathes a fond little laugh against his skin, pressing a kiss behind Jungkook’s ear; a particularly sensitive spot that sends pleasant warmth tingling down his spine.

“I wasn’t planning on leaving you, sweetheart,” Hobi soothes, quietly amused. “I just thought maybe you’d be more comfortable laid on your side instead of being stuck underneath me like this.”

Jungkook hums softly, rubbing his cheek against the soft bedsheet again. The fabric smells of heat pheromones and Alpha-scent and Pack, and he wants to wear it as a toga for the rest of his life. Sadly, the stylist noonas would probably have something to say about it if he tried to go out in public dressed in bedsheets. Spoilsports.

Hoseok kisses his neck again, prompting him out of his silence with a gentle murmur. “Kookie?”

“I don’t mind being squished,” the Omega promises, thankfully without the fatigued slur to his words (his tongue seems less sluggish now that his mind is clearing). “Feels good.” Then a sudden thought occurs to him, interrupting his blissful tranquillity. “Wait, are you okay? ‘Cause we can totally move if you’re not comfortable, hyung.”

The dancer makes a soft, involuntary sort of noise in the back of his throat, and suddenly Jungkook’s being squished more (fuck yeah) as Hoseok peppers the back of his neck with butterfly kisses.

“Aigoo,” the Alpha coos as he pauses for breath between kisses, his voice full of warmth and affection. “How are you so perfect?”

The Omega squirms pleasantly and smiles, toes curling as a warm, bubbling sort of contentedness fills his chest at both the praise and the tender ministrations, a distant sort of buzzing filling his ears as he relaxes further into the mattress’s supportive embrace. If he goes any more boneless, he might just sink straight through to the floor.

Fingers suddenly card through his hair, and he turns his head just enough to one side so that he can glance at their owner, tilting up into contact with a happy hum when he sees a familiar blond smiling down at him warmly.

“Someone came around pretty fast, I see,” Jimin murmurs, gentle fingertips rubbing against Jungkook’s scalp before tracing tenderly along the angle of his jaw, stroking the skin there. The dancer shares a brief, surprised glance with Hoseok. “His fever broke already?”

“The waves seem to be getting shorter,” Hoseok confirms, letting go of one of Jungkook’s wrists so that he can reach up to stroke Jimin’s cheek in an idle caress. “I think his heat’s finally starting to settle down, thank god.”

Jungkook’s gaze shifts to his now-unrestrained wrist, the skin cooling quickly without the warmth of Hoseok’s hand pressed against it, and feels his lips turn down in a teeny-tiny pout. It’s not that he needs the Alpha’s grip anymore, at least not as badly as he had done during his recent spike when everything had felt so intense and urgent and being held still (safe and secure and snug) was the only thing that seemed to dampen those overwhelming emotions long enough for him to breathe.

But he still wants that same attention. It’s nice. It makes him feel safe.

A quiet laugh draws his gaze back up to Jimin, who regards him with fond amusement, even as the dancer reaches out to gently settle his own hand over Jungkook’s bare wrist.
“I don’t think he’s ready to come all the way up just yet, hyung,” the Alpha surmises, and leans down to bump his nose against Jungkook’s temple before kissing the sweaty skin there. “That’s okay, Kook. Take all the time you need.”

Jungkook closes his eyes, warmth swelling in his chest again as he tilts his head into the tender contact with a soft whine. The faint buzzing in his ears is growing more persistent, but there’s a whimpering noise there too, a familiar sound that Jungkook vaguely recognises. It sounds an awful lot like Taehyung...

Pulling himself back out of the cosy headspace he’s briefly settled into, Jungkook’s gaze flickers across to the opposite side of the giant Pack-bed, eyes widening a little at the sight of Tae propped up in a semi-recline against Namjoon’s chest, the Alpha’s arms locked around him tightly to secure the Omega’s own arms in place and hold him still as he squirms and wriggles. Yoongi’s kneeling to one side of the pair, hands braced on Taehyung’s inner thighs to help keep his legs spread wide, the fine muscles of his bare arms taught with the effort – and little wonder, given the Omega’s propensity to kick when he’s particularly worked up.

And Jin seems to be giving him plenty of reason to be just that; the Beta’s settled between Taehyung’s knees both hands moving rhythmically as they attend to the Omega. Jungkook can’t see exactly what he’s doing (Yoongi’s body is blocking his view, unfortunately), but he can guess by the low hum of a vibrator and Tae’s tearful whimpers that it must feel pretty good. In his experience (from his own recent heat and from the numerous times in the past when he’s assisted Jin in attending to Taehyung during heat cycles), Jin tends to favour using a vibrator to stimulate Tae’s mating glands in an attempt to ease his fever a little. It’s something he often does during the first stage of Tae’s heat, where his cycle is more intense and prolonged and almost impossible to sate.

As he watches, the Omega manages to break a leg free from Yoongi’s grip, drawing the knee back and using the momentum to cant a little to one side with a needy whine.

“Shhhh, easy. You’re okay, angel,” Jin soothes calmly, one hand shifting to the pup’s hip to deftly flip him back over again. “I know, I know. It feels good, doesn’t it? And it’s hard for my little Omega to keep still when hyung’s stroking you inside like this. Kick all you want to, baby, it’s alright; we’ve got you. You’re not going anywhere.”

Tae gives another tearful whine, head tilting back further against Namjoon’s chest as he squirms needily in the Alpha’s hold. The rapper gives a soothing sort of rumble from deep within his chest (the kind that sounds a bit like purring and makes Jungkook feel warm and fluttery on the inside), pressing a kiss to the Omega’s hair as his arms visibly tighten around the cub.

“We might need another pair of hands,” Namjoon suggests quietly.

“Mm,” Jin agrees, after studying Tae a moment longer, and glances over towards the trio of dongsaengs on the farthestmost side of the bed with an easy smile. “Jimin, honey? Are you free to help settle him, or do you need a few more minutes to recover?”

Jungkook’s gaze flickers back up to Jimin’s face, and for the first time he notices the Alpha’s flushed cheeks and the fine sheen of sweat on his forehead. Presumably, the man’s only recently finished settling Taehyung the traditional way. Jungkook’s a little disappointed that he missed the occasion; watching Jimin knot Tae is always, always hot.

“I can help, hyung,” Hoseok offers. “Let the cub rest a while longer.” He presses a quick kiss to the base of Jungkook’s neck. “Jiminie’s gonna cuddle you for a little bit, okay?”

Jin’s gaze shifts from Jimin to Jungkook, his smile softening even as the hand holding the whatever-
toy-of-choice keeps moving it slowly in and out of a gasping Taehyung.

“Is that alright with you, baby?”

Jungkook nods, returning the smile sleepily, and a moment later he feels Hoseok’s warm, comforting weight shift as the Alpha moves away, cool air tickling the heated skin of his back as he’s suddenly bereft of his human-shaped blanket. He isn’t left uncovered for long, though – in fact, he barely has a chance to mourn the loss of Hoseok’s warmth at all before Jimin’s settling over him to replicate the rapper’s previous position.

Jimin’s body is shorter and softer and radically different from how Hobi had felt on top of him, but it’s a nice sort of different. Jungkook hums in approval and turns his head to one side, cheek resting against the bedsheets again, eager to give the Alpha unrestricted access to his throat.

“Mmm, good boy,” Jimin purrs, lips dragging against the Omega’s sensitive skin. “Hold still for me, baby.”

Jungkook had been expecting (and eagerly anticipating) the dull pinch of teeth, but it still startles him, his sudden gasp sounding overly loud in the bedroom despite the noise coming from the far side of the bed. He pushes up against the grip on his wrists, a pulse of satisfaction flowing through him when the Jimin’s fingers tighten in response as he sucks on the bite-mark, and the Omega’s toes curl again as he moans wantonly, appreciating the action for what it is – as a means of marking and claiming (those currently being the two things Jungkook is craving the most).

Jimin kisses the new hickey gently, then nuzzles the back of Jungkook’s neck. “Still with me?”

“Mmm,” is all Jungkook can manage, his eyes closed and his mind blissfully fuzzy, body pulsing with warmth and contentedness as a wave of fatigue rolls over him.

The Omega lays there for an indeterminable period of time, stubbornly fighting the tempting pull of sleep but unwilling to bring himself up out of the cosy bubble of subspace he’s managed to settle into. Everything’s so nice here, sounds and senses muted to the point where he can’t even hear Taehyung or the other hyungs anymore – it’s just the two of them now, safe in this secluded little world.

He tries not to make his ongoing battle with sleep obvious, but Jimin is apparently far too perceptive. The Alpha breathes a quiet little laugh, pressing a lingering kiss just behind his ear. “I think someone needs a nap.”

Jungkook would protest, but since he’s dropped down too far to summon the energy to verbalise it, he settles for pulling a sleepy-pouty face. Given that he can’t even wrench his heavy eyelids open, he doesn’t imagine it comes across as a convincing argument.

“Cute,” Jimin comments, fond and amused. “But we both know you’re tired, baby.”

The Omega manages to purse his lips in a fiercer pout, but Jimin only breathes another fond little laugh, shifting to press a kiss to the corner of Jungkook’s mouth. It’s a little hard to keep pouting after that.

“Get some rest, Kookie,” the Alpha murmurs. “I’ll be right here when you wake up.”

Jungkook could keep stubbornly clinging to the crumbling precipice of his conscious mind if he truly wanted to, but Jimin’s soft words are dangerously persuasive, the lure of sleep far too tempting to ignore. And the moment the Omega stops fighting and lets the growing heaviness sweep over him,
Admiring the array of colourful marks that litter his neck and collarbone, Jungkook runs his fingers over them reverently, and catches Namjoon’s gaze where it’s reflected in the mirror, summoning his cutest aegyo and giving the Alpha his best puppy-dog eyes.

“Hyuuung,” he begins sweetly.

The Pack-Alpha pauses in pulling a t-shirt over his head, lips twitching up in a knowing little smile. “Why do I get the feeling you’re about to ask for something I’ve already said no to?”

Damn that man and his psychic powers.

Undeterred, Jungkook just tilts his head a little to one side, holding Namjoon’s gaze in the mirror as he ramps up the aegyo.

“Can’t I post just one selca on the group chat?”

Namjoon sighs softly, tugging the t-shirt into place and crossing over to stand directly behind Jungkook, arms looping around the Omega in a gentle backhug, resting his chin on the maknae’s shoulder.

“I know you’re eager to tell you friends,” the rapper acknowledges softly. “But the company’s asked us not to make it public knowledge until your heat’s already passed. They want to make it an official announcement, rather than have the news networks spreading half-heard rumours. They’ve already arranged a group photoshoot for the end of the week; Tae’s heat should be over by then.”

The younger man pouts, leaning back into the hug as his gaze flickers down to the faint bruises scattered across his skin.

“But I look so good like this,” Jungkook bemoans, hands coming up to squeeze his Alpha’s forearms. “You know how quickly Omegas heal; all the bruises will be gone by the end of the week.”

Instead of the expected sympathy, he gets a fond little grin and a lingering kiss pressed to the side of his throat.

“Do you honestly think I’m going to let those marks fade?” the Pack-Alpha asks lightly, but there’s
something in his tone that sends a tingling thrill down Jungkook’s spine.

He bites his lip to hide his own smile, leaning a little more weight back against Namjoon’s strong, muscular chest. “Is that a promise?”

“Mm-hm,” the Alpha confirms distractedly, busy brushing a trail of feather-light kisses across the makanes’s broad shoulders.

With Namjoon’s focus elsewhere, Jungkook grins at his reflection in the mirror, more than satisfied by the Alpha’s compromise. If his hyung can keep the claiming marks as fresh and attractive-looking as they are now, he’s willing to be patient a while longer and wait until the end of the week to tell all of his friends. The photos from the professional shoot are bound to turn out nicer than selcas, anyway – the lighting will be better, for one, and with a full face of makeup (and a couple more days to rest before then) his face might not look so puffy and his eyes less bloodshot from lack of sleep. Even though Jimin insists that likes it when he has “squishy” cheeks.

Still, now that his heat’s settling down and he’s beginning to feel more like himself again, he can’t help but feel excited about revealing his new dynamic status to his friends – especially his fellow Omegas. The 97-liners in Seventeen will likely spam him with emoji hearts for a week solid, just to bug him. Jaehyun’s probably going to send a recording of himself singing some sappy love ballad and insist that Jungkook set it as his new ringtone. Out of all his friends, Moonbin will probably be the only one to send him genuine messages of congratulations (because the younger singer is an absolute gem). God knows Yugyeom won’t. They’re best friends, which means the moment he finds out Jungkook’s going to have the fellow makanes inundating him with calls and texts littered with faux-insults and playful teasing.

“You feeling hungry?” Namjoon asks, drawing the makanes from his musings.

Jungkook shrugs his head, turning in the Alpha’s arms so that he can wrap his own around Namjoon’s shoulders, sighing contentedly as he relaxes into the embrace. The rapper gives a rumbling sort of purr at the action, one that makes Jungkook go warm from the top of his head right down to his toes, and hugs him tighter still.

“Do you want to go back and join the others?”

The makanes pauses briefly, before shaking his head again. Tae had only drifted off to sleep a short while ago, after what had been a pretty intense three-hour spike (Jin and the others had all dropped off to sleep right along with him, equally as exhausted), and having already taken a nap of his own earlier, Jungkook hadn’t felt much like sleeping even though it was already getting late. Rather than risking waking the others with his fidgeting, he’d tried to slip out of the bedroom on his own for a short while, but Namjoon had stirred almost as soon as his feet touched the floor (sneaky Pack-Alpha senses) and had insisted on joining him.

Which hadn’t exactly been a bad thing. They’ve taken a shower, watched a few webtoons curled up together in Jin and Joonie’s big double bed, and Jungkook’s been able to enjoy his Alpha’s undivided attention for almost two hours straight. His Omega instincts are sooo fucking sated. Although there’s a growing itch deep inside of him that he’s ignoring through sheer force of will.

“Not unless you want to,” he answers, pulling back to peer up at the older man.

Namjoon’s smile is warm and fond. “I want whatever makes you happy, cub.” He presses a soft kiss to the tip of Jungkook’s nose. “And right now you smell pretty happy to me.”

The Omega grins and leans in to steal a proper kiss, hands gripping onto Namjoon’s shoulders for
balance. The Alpha strokes a hand slowly up and down his spine, letting Jungkook kiss him to his heart’s content.

But a stray, niggling thought at the back of his mind keeps him from sinking down into any sort of cosy subspace bubble, and after a few moments he pulls back to give voice to that lingering concern. “What if Tae wakes up while you’re gone?” Jungkook frets quietly. “Maybe we should go back. He might need you.”

“Our Beta’s with him,” Namjoon answers reassuringly. “And he’s still got three Alpha hyungs to help take care of his heat. Besides,” the rapper gently cups Jungkook’s chin, thumb stroking tenderly over his bottom lip, “I’ve got another cub who needs me right here.”

Jungkook feels his insides liquefy into gooey warmth at the Alpha’s words, knees going weak, and the sudden buzzing in his ears reminds him that while his heat cycle is finally settling, it’s far from over. All it takes is a gentle push (or his Alpha being hella smooth, apparently) to tip him over the edge.

Namjoon studies him closely, drawing in a deep breath through his nose, lips curling up in a slow, satisfied smile as Jungkook feels his cheeks begin to flush. “There. You see?” the Alpha purrs, leaning in to bump their noses together, warm breath tickling Jungkook’s lips. “I knew you were due for another one, baby. It’s been almost five hours since your last fever, but your scent’s been growing sweet these past twenty minutes or so. I’d hoped to get you to eat something before now, but I guess we’ll have to take a snack later on, won’t we?”

Jungkook couldn’t give a rat’s ass about food right now. Not with how good Namjoon suddenly smells, or the way the Alpha’s hand is slowly stroking lower and lower down his spine. There’s a fire growing in the pit of his stomach, a sizzling warmth that’s quickly fanning out to his lower back and further downwards, and Jungkook’s suddenly glad that he never bothered to get dressed beyond a pair of cotton shorts, because clothes would just get in the way.

“You settled so beautifully for Hobi earlier,” Namjoon murmurs, his hand slipping down the back of Jungkook’s shorts, caressing the sensitive skin of his bare cheeks. “Took his knot like a champ, didn’t you, cub? You open up so easily now.”

The Omega sucks in a startled gasp as two fingers push smoothly inside of him with no resistance. He shudders, the heat in his body pulsing hotter as he clenches around the digits, suddenly hungry for more.

“Hyung,” he whimpers, clinging tighter to the Alpha’s shoulders and hiding his burning face against the man’s neck, legs trembling with the effort to keep himself upright. “I… I need-”

“Ohh, I know,” Namjoon soothes, his voice dropping lower. “I know exactly what you need, little one.”

The fingers move, stroking him slowly, and Jungkook’s moan is more of a tortured half-sob against the Alpha’s shoulder as he shifts restlessly from foot to foot. After a few minutes, his shorts slips down his thighs and fall to the floor around his ankles, but Jungkook pays little heed to his nakedness; not when Namjoon adds a third finger without warning and presses in deeper and harder than before, drawing a keening whine out of him. The Alpha turns his head to press a lingering kiss to the Omega’s hair, letting him catch his breath for a moment.

“Do you want hyung to take care of you?” Namjoon murmurs.
Jungkook nods quickly, the fog in his mind thickening as he feels himself slipping further and further into the growing pheromone high of his newly triggered heat-spike.

“Please,” he manages, a needy whimper that carries the faintest edge of desperation (he can’t help it, Namjoon’s fingers are setting his nerves on fire, and if he doesn’t get more of it he’s going to fucking die). “Hyung, pleasepleaseplease-”

As suddenly as they came, the fingers are gone. Before Jungkook can protest their absence, he’s being scooped up, Namjoon’s hands lifting him beneath his thighs as he clings tighter to the Alpha’s shoulders. He doesn’t loosen his grip until the world tilts and he feels the sturdy support of the mattress beneath him, and even then he still refuses to relinquish his hold entirely.

“I’m here,” Namjoon soothes, peppering his face with butterfly kisses as the Alpha gently uncurls Jungkook’s hands from their grip on his t-shirt, guiding his arms above his head to rest against the mattress, lacing their fingers together. “I’ve got you, Kookie. Hyung’s going to take care of everything.”

Ever true to his word, the Pack-Alpha does indeed proceed to take care of him. Quite thoroughly.

It’s awesome.

Chapter End Notes

Welp, I did it! You guys wanted smut, and I actually maybe sort of delivered? (Even if I cut out the actual sex part, because I'm like 90% asexual and mostly in it for the hugs.)

Genuinely considering having Yugyeom feature in the next chapter, because of course Jungkook is going to cave and video-call his BFF to show off his new marks like "ta-daaa! I'm an Omega!". And then potentially get the guilts for doing it all behind Namjoon's back. I mean, my muse changes the plot on a daily basis, damn it, but this plot point is something that's remained fairly unchanged so far - mostly because I want more Got7/BTS interactions. :P Thoughts?

Also yes, I slipped Astro and Seventeen sneakily into this 'verse as well. Because Moonbin is an adorable sweetheart who would totally be the Omega to Eunwoo's Alpha, and of course he'd be friends with Jungkook. For reasons. :D
Hope you enjoyed the chapter! Smut is legitimately so hard for me to write, but I tried my best, so I hope it wasn't as clunky and awkward as it felt writing it. *creys* I was half tempted just to end it with NamKook snuggling, but I felt too many of you had begged me for Alpha/maknae sexy times for me to keep ignoring you.

Having said that, we'll be returning to our regularly scheduled fluff with the next chapter. :P
Just The Two Of Us (NamJin)

Chapter Summary

A short interlude between a Pack-Alpha and his attentive Beta hyung.

(Warning: mentions of spanking, but mostly playful fluff.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

When Namjoon sighs again for the third time in as many minutes, Jin shifts his attention from the row of jackets hanging neatly in the man’s closet and glances across at the room towards his mate, observing him silently for a moment as the rapper continues to dress himself, the Alpha’s own gaze centred off somewhere in the middle-distance.

“Something on your mind?” Jin prompts quietly.

Namjoon blinks and straightens up, pulled from his reverie. “Hm?”

“You’ve been moping ever since you came off the phone,” the Beta tells him, his tone gentle and teasing, selecting a jacket from the closet to complete the outfit that he’s already laid out for the younger man. “You’re not going to a funeral, right? Because if you are, I definitely need to rethink your outfit. Even if you do look unfairly attractive in those pants.”

That earns him the barest hint of a genuine smile, although it’s so faint and short-lived that some might not even call it that; and moment later, the Alpha heaves another sigh, his previous despondency returning.

“I think Hobi should stay here,” Namjoon suddenly comments, fingers pausing where they’ve been trying (unsuccessfully) to fasten a button on his shirt. “I know Tae’s almost at the end of his heat, but he still needs the Pack’s support. It’s bad enough that I have to leave him before his cycle’s over – it doesn’t make sense to take Hoseok away from him too.”

Jin’s lips curl into a small, fond smile as he drapes Namjoon’s jacket over the end of the bed and steps closer to his mate, gently nudging the rapper’s hands aside so that he can finish buttoning up the shirt himself.

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Jin’s lips curl into a small, fond smile as he drapes Namjoon’s jacket over the end of the bed and steps closer to his mate, gently nudging the rapper’s hands aside so that he can finish buttoning up the shirt himself.

“He’ll be fine,” the Beta reassures, smoothing out the shirt collar to fix it just-so, admiring how well the pale pastel shade compliments Namjoon’s dyed hair. “It’s been hours since his last spike, and remember how easily he settled for Jiminie last time? He’s in good hands. Besides, Yoongi and I will be right here if he needs a little extra attention. I’m sure between the three of us we can handle one restless pup for a few hours.”

Brow faintly creased in uncertainty, Namjoon reaches up to loosely catch hold of Jin’s fingers, stilling the Beta’s careful ministrations. “Maybe I should just call off the meeting altogether.
Manager-nim said everyone would understand if I couldn’t make it.”

It’s Jin’s turn to sigh now, a fond sort of sound, and he gently squeezes Namjoon’s hand in return before drawing it to his lips to brush a feather-light flutter of a kiss against the man’s knuckles.

“If the meeting wasn’t important, he wouldn’t have called you about it in the first place,” the Beta points out gently. “We both know that.”

After waiting a moment to allow his words to sink in, he pulls away to reach for the jacket he’d set aside moments before, holding it out so that Namjoon can slip his arms through the sleeves. Jin has to bite back a grin at the picture of dejection his bondmate makes; with the slight protrusion of Namjoon’s bottom lip bordering on a genuine pout, and his broad shoulders slumped in defeat, the Pack-Alpha looks thoroughly put-out.

*Aish,* this pup. Five years together, and the rapper still continues to grow progressively more adorable each day, acting as a constant threat to Jin’s weakening heart.

“Joonie,” he coaxes, trying not to make his growing amusement too obvious. “It’s only for a few hours, hon. Nothing’s going to happen to the cubs while you’re gone.”

The Alpha fiddles with the silver bracelet around his left wrist – the custom made bonding marker that he and the rest of the Pack all tend to wear whenever they plan on leaving the house, acting as both a symbol of their connection and a means of providing comfort and security to the wearer when actual physical contact between Packmates isn’t possible. Jin knows without needing to look that Namjoon is stroking his fingers over the fine grooves etched into the surface of the silver band, tracing the names of his bondmates written there in Hangul. It’s a habit they both share; something Jin feels inclined to do whenever he’s separated from the rest of the Pack due to individual schedules.

Namjoon’s reluctance to leave the cubs is hardly surprising, really – even without Jin’s Beta senses telling him so, it’s only natural that a Pack-Alpha would still be experiencing lingering protective and nurturing instincts at the tail-end of an Omega’s heat week. Jin knows the rapper would rather cancel his scheduled meeting at *BigHit* studios to spend the rest of the afternoon curled around Tae and Kookie, but unfortunately that isn’t a viable option.

There’s an overseas musician who has recently been contracted in to work with *BTS* on a song for their album later in the year, and apparently it’s his last day in Korea before he returns to the States. The higher-ups in management naturally feel obliged to ensure that the artist is formally introduced to the group’s leader at the very least (since meeting with *BTS* as a whole is out of the question, given that Kookie and Tae still require a certain level of care and attention at the moment). Sejin had called them earlier that afternoon to apologise for the inconvenience of needing to drag Namjoon away from his cubs at such short notice, but regardless of how casually he’d worded it, refusing the request wouldn’t have gone down well with the rest of their management team.

They’re lucky to have been allowed so much time off as it is, especially since there had been a full week of activities planned out prior to Kookie’s sudden presentation four days ago. The company has really gone out of its way to guarantee the Pack sufficient time and privacy in order to attend to their maknae without any interruptions. Of course, Tae’s heat had come as a surprise to all of them, adding further complications to the already-delayed schedule by stretching their unplanned leave of absence by an additional forty-eight hours.

Honestly, Jin’s been expecting something like this to crop up for a while now. And he’s fairly sure Namjoon had likewise been anticipating a phone call from their managers at some point; the Alpha’s not stupid. But it doesn’t mean he has to like it.
What about Jungkook?” Namjoon presses, although the wind has gone from his sails now, and he seems already resigned to the fact that his argument won’t hold up under scrutiny. “It’s his first cycle, hyung. I can’t just leave him.”

Jin regards him fondly but manages to keep from smiling, if only for Namjoon’s sake (the Alpha looks so utterly serious in his sulking, and it’s too freaking cute).

“Kookie’s heat pheromones tapered off this morning,” the Beta reminds him calmly, tugging on the lapels of the Alpha’s jacket to straighten it. “He’ll be a little clingy for the next twenty-four hours or so, but the pup’s mating cycle is over and done with. He won’t spike again.” Jin gives his mate a look. “But you already know that, Joon-ah.”

The younger man holds his gaze for all of zero-point-five seconds before ducking his head, shamefaced, clearly having come to the realisation that he’s fooling nobody.

“I just…” The rapper heaves another sigh, a tired and resigned sound. “I hate leaving them like this.”

Warmth and sympathy stirring another sigh, a tired and resigned sound. “I hate leaving them like this.”

“I know you do, baby,” he murmurs, thumb stroking over Joonie’s cleanly-shaven skin. “They’re your Omegas, you only want what’s best for them. And believe me, I feel the same way. But they’re both going to cope just fine without you; I won’t let anything happen to them while you’re gone.”

The Alpha nods ever so slightly, leaning into the elder’s touch, his own hand coming up to rest over Jin’s against his cheek as he ducks his gaze again.

“I’m being stupid.”

Jin leans in to kiss him chastely. “No you’re not,” he soothes. “You’re just feeling a little protective at the moment, that’s all. It’ll pass once your instincts start to settle.”

Namjoon hums in acknowledgment, his tense posture relaxing a little more as Jin bumps their noses together.

“But I still want Hobi to go with you,” the Beta adds.

“Ah-ah, no buts,” Jin cuts him off, calmly but with quiet authority. “As Pack-Alpha, being away from the cubs after four days of continuous contact is gonna leave you feeling unbalanced as hell. I don’t want you going anywhere alone, okay? It’ll be a whole lot easier with Hobi there, trust me.”

The awesome thing about Hoseok is that he has zero qualms when it comes to initiating tactile contact in public. If he feels that Namjoon is beginning to get homesick for his cubs (and Hobi’s got impeccable senses, so Jin doesn’t doubt he’ll be able to determine the Pack-Alpha’s mood), he won’t hesitate to plaster himself against the rapper’s side for a casual hug or drape himself over the younger man’s back, or tangle their fingers together beneath the table during a meeting. And he’s exactly the sort of company that Namjoon’s going to need when he inevitably starts feeling anxious about his absent pups.

“So I don’t get a say in this?” Namjoon surmises, arching an eyebrow at him in that cheeky way of his.

“Of course you do,” Jin reassures, and kisses him again. “You get to say ‘yes, hyung’. ”
That earns him a quirk of the lips, and a sardonic, “That’s generous of you.”

Jin smiles widely in return, stealing another more lingering kiss when Namjoon leans in to meet him halfway, the fingers of his free hand sinking into the rapper’s thick hair to angle his head just-so.

“Well?” he prompts, pulling back a little to regard his dongsaeng expectantly. “Aren’t you going to say it?”

An innocent look, and Namjoon tips his head a little to one side. “Huh?”

“Joonie.”

“What?” The Alpha blinks at him, feigning confusion (the absolute *brat*). “Was I supposed to be saying something?”

Jin purses his lips to keep himself from smiling. “You know what?” he remarks pleasantly. “It really has been *far* too long since I last took you over my knee, cub. Maybe I need to rectify that—”

“Hyung!” Namjoon protests with a startled burst of laughter, tugging against Jin’s sudden grip on his wrist. “Wait, wait, I was kidding! You’re right, I agree, I’ll take Hobi with me and—gah! Oh my god, hyung, you’re not seriously going to—”

Laughing, Jin pauses in his easy manhandling of the Alpha, foot propped up on the lower rung of the nearby chair, Namjoon already half-bent over his left thigh, the sharp *smack* of his single playful swat echoing in the otherwise silent bedroom.

“Am I not?” Jin asks, with genuine interest. “Are you *sure*, baby? Maybe we should test that theory.”

Namjoon snorts (the Alpha tries admirably to supress it, but Jin hears it anyway), hands clutching onto the man’s lower leg for balance—although, the Beta is pleased to note, he makes no attempt to actively remove himself from his upended position. Joonie’s always been a good boy deep down, despite his propensity for cheeky backtalk (and good God, Jin loves him for it.)

Honestly, there’s a part of him that almost misses the days when his bondmate was still young and wide-eyed and unexperienced enough to make frequent mistakes; tiny errors in judgement that would always require Jin’s careful attention and correction. These days the Pack-Alpha is often so forward-thinking and mature about things that Jin’s usually left just watching approvingly from the sidelines as the rapper effortlessly takes charge of any and every situation. He’s so immensely *proud* of the strong leader and thoughtful hyung Namjoon has blossomed into over the course of a few short years, but he still treasures those memories of a clumsier, less confident Kim Namjoon with a certain wistful fondness.

And that feeling of *rightness* at having a soft, tearful, repentant Pack-Alpha cuddled safely in his lap is something the Dominant within Jin still craves from time to time. He rarely nudges Joonie into a more submissive headspace these days (with the stress that had plagued their debut years now alleviated, his mate doesn’t need to vent his fears and frustrations in quite the same way anymore), but those intimate memories have forever influenced the dynamic they share.

“Yah, this cub,” he sighs, the way he used to back during their debut days after he was done scolding his pup, giving the man’s clothed rear a few affectionate pats. “What’s a hyung to do, hm?”

Namjoon glances back at him over his shoulder with a playful little grin. “Another kiss would be nice.”
Jin rolls his eyes even as he tugs the Alpha upright. “Aish. Always so demanding.”

He obliges the younger man all the same, inwardly congratulating himself for having successfully put a stop to the rapper’s previous Omega-related anxieties; his rich, earthy scent has purified again, and there’s no trace of the lingering uneasiness that Jin had sensed within him before.

The Alpha smells happy again, which happens to be exactly how Jin likes him.

Chapter End Notes

So this chapter was initially supposed to contain the Jungkook/Yugyeom video call scene and the associated guilt-trip that followed, but the word count was hitting 6K+ and I wasn't even half done, so I figured you might appreciate an update now (even though it's a short one) rather than waiting another week for the rest of the chapter to be written.

Plus a lot of you have been asking for more Jin/Namjoon interactions, so I thought you might like to see them being playful with each other. Joonie is an adorable brat around Jin when he wants to be, a side of himself that nobody else gets to see. And Jin loves his cuddly Pack-Alpha SO much.

ALSO OMG WHO NOMINATED ME FOR A FANFICTION AWARD, BLESS YOU, I LOVE YOU!!!
I'm not 100% sure how the voting/ranking system works, but someone sent me a link to a googledoc thing so I guess that's how it's done. If any of you would like to vote for my fic "If Found, Please Return", it has apparently been nominated under category of 'Best Gen'.

No pressure to vote, I'm honestly just flattered to have been nominated, but if you'd like to support my fic the googledoc link is here: https://docs.google.com/forms/d/e/1FAIpQLSeD0pO3S_C_W5NdIly04Lpd4W511kZqJutm_3WnuZ

And thanks again to whoever nominated me!!! :D

(Also I've just finished adding chapter titles, after someone mentioned a little while ago that they would find it easier to go back to their favourite parts of the story if I labelled the navigation with something other than chapter numbers. So I literally just brainstormed 18 chapter titles in about ten minutes and stuck them on there, apologies if they're a little cheesy! They might change at some point. :P And I added whichever ship(s) feature predominantly in each chapter, for those who have favourite scenes between specific members. :) )

<3
“Next episode?” Jungkook asks, finger hovering over the touchscreen of the tablet as he peers sideways at Taehyung.

His fellow Omega blinks rapidly, clearly struggling to stay awake, but gives a shallow nod all the same as he snuggles back against Yoongi’s chest. The Alpha grunts softly at the sudden movement, glancing up from his book to check on his wriggling charge, dropping a quick kiss against Taehyung’s hair as he loops an arm around the Omega’s waist from behind.

“You look like you could use a nap, cub,” the Alpha comments, his voice a low and a little rough from lack of use, setting his book aside to give Tae his full attention. “Why don’t you close your eyes for a little while? Jin-hyung’s only just started on dinner, it’ll probably be an hour or so before its ready.”

“Hyung’s right,” Jimin pipes up from the other side of Jungkook, leaning around the maknae to smile fondly at his drowsy Sub. “You were awake half the night, baby, and you didn’t really sleep much after your spike this morning. A quick power-nap might do you good.”

“Wait a second.” The Omega squints at them in sleepy accusation. “This is mutiny.”

Jungkook snorts, shutting off the tablet and discarding it so that he can twist around in Jimin’s side-hug to press a kiss to Taehyung’s cheek, leaning in closer to nuzzle at the Omega’s warm skin. Now that his own heat has passed, he can fully appreciate the honey-sweetness of the man’s scent; Tae smells *really fucking good*. Jungkook swears his scent never used to be this powerful during previous heats. Or perhaps it’s just because his newly blossomed Omega biology has made him a lot more receptive to the other Omega’s pheromones.

“It’s only a mutiny if you’re in charge to begin with,” Jungkook reminds his fellow maknae cheekily. “Which you’re not.”

“Huh.” Taehyung blinks at him for a moment, then tilts his head cutely to one side, fingers gripping the front of the younger man’s t-shirt to pull him closer. “I want a kiss.”
Jungkook leans in to oblige him, inhaling Tae’s scent deeply as their lips lock, eyes slipping closed as the older Omega’s tongue pushes past his lips to deepen the kiss. Yesterday, the intimate contact likely would’ve stoked a tingling heat in his lower belly and made him hungry for more – but now that his mating drive has finally abated, the kiss just feels nice, filling him with warmth and contentment from head to toe.

A moment later he feels Yoongi’s talented fingers slip into his hair and Jimin’s hand strokes gently up his spine, and he gives a happy little hum against Taehyung’s lips at the gentle petting. He might not be in heat anymore, but he’s an Omega now, and his newly-awoken instincts feel wonderfully sated at the loving attention from his bondmates. He’s always been fond of cuddles, but there’s a more persistent craving for tactile affection now; like the dormant need for intimacy that has always existed deep within him suddenly been ramped up to its maximum setting. Jungkook had expected it to take a little while to get used to feeling so needy all the time, but honestly? He still feels like his old self, despite the new cravings.

Actually, in a weird sense, he’s feeling more like himself than ever before; whole in a way he hadn’t been prior to his presentation.

He’d been perfectly happy as a Beta (or, rather, as a Neutral who thought he was a Beta), but he’d never been able to fully embrace his dynamic role, constantly asking himself ‘what would Jin-hyung do?’ when his own biological senses failed to lead him in the right direction. Now that he’s an Omega, with all the instincts and hormones that come with the dynamic, he finally feels confident in his identity and his place in the Pack.

It’s pretty awesome.

Taehyung pulls back by half an inch, lingering close enough that Jungkook can still feel the warmth of every breath against his lips, and flashes the younger man a triumphant little smile.

“Who’s in charge again?” Tae asks sweetly.

Oooh, that bastard.

Jungkook tries to narrow his eyes in faux-annoyance at the man’s sneaky tactics (he’d level some witty insult at him, only his brain’s feeling particularly mushy after that kiss), but Taehyung’s handsome grin makes it difficult to keep up the act for long. Hearing Jimin huff a quiet laugh behind him as Yoongi’s lips twitch up at the corners, Jungkook finally gives into his own smile, rolling his eyes.

“You, hyung,” he acknowledges with a sigh, but adds (because he can’t possibly leave it like that), “For now.”

Taehyung’s victory is short-lived, because in the next moment the Omega gives a jaw-splitting yawn, pulling back from Jungkook to rub at his eyes with the back of his hand, stretching one arm languorously over his head and making a soft noise in the back of his throat.

Jungkook immediately forgets the importance of having the last word, because sleepy-Taehyung happens to be the cutest kind, and his heart is instantly melting.

“You should sleep,” he murmurs, leaning in again to nuzzle the other Omega’s cheek, brushing the softest of kisses there. “Want me to stay while you take a nap?”

He’s not tired in the least (between frequent naps and post-spike snoozes as his heat tapered off, Jungkook’s slept more these past two days than he has done in a long while), but he doesn’t mind
lying awake and letting the Omega cuddle up to him for an hour or so if Tae needs the company.

But Taehyung shakes his head, sending him a sleepy smile. “S’okay. I can tell you’re getting antsy after being cooped up in here for so long.” He waves his hand in a shooing motion even as he turns to cuddle further into Yoongi’s hold. “Go have fun”

The maknae sniffs a grin at the fatigued dismissal, but shifts up onto his knees to scoot out of bed all the same, not willing to pass up on the opportunity to chill on his own for a bit. Tae’s right – now that his heat hormones have diminished and his mating drive is no longer there, the Den (or so they tend to refer to the bedroom where they always spend Tae’s heats) feels a lot more confining than it had done before. Jungkook’s all for Pack-piles and spending hours on end snuggled up together, but he’s also someone who likes peace and quiet every so often; time alone with his own thoughts where he can just exist. He doesn’t want to be away from the others for any extended period of time (he’s not quite ready for a lengthy separation just yet), but an hour or so by himself outside of these four walls does hold a certain appeal, as long as he knows his Alphas are nearby.

Jimin reaches out to catch hold of his wrist gently before he can move away from the bed, glancing up at him to study his face for a brief moment.

“Do you need me to come with you?” the dancer asks quietly.

Jungkook shakes his head, flashing Jimin an easy smile to reassure the Alpha.

“Nah, I’m good,” he promises. “Thanks, hyung. I’ll probably just use my computer for a little while.”

Jimin regards him searchingly a few seconds longer before nodding and letting go. “Alright. But you know where we are if you change your mind, okay?”

“And Jin-hyung’s downstairs if you need anything,” Yoongi reminds him, already shifting to lay back against the pillows, Taehyung nestling sleepily into his side. “I’ll come get you when it’s time for dinner, cub.”

“Thank you.” Jungkook smiles and blows them all a kiss, before ducking out of the bedroom quickly.

The maknae hadn’t been lying to his hyungs – he really does intend to play games on his computer… after he’s taken a peek at social media.

It’s been days since he last had a chance to look at his phone (he’d tried turning it on earlier in the day, only to discover it had run out of battery), and he wants to see if any of his friends have sent him messages during the four days he’s been missing in action. And God only knows what’s been happening in the world of Kpop while he’s been away – Jungkook normally likes to keep himself updated on the latest news within the industry, and all kinds of shit could’ve gone down this past week without him knowing. Plus there’ll be rookie debuts and comebacks to check up on, and Astro’s stage performances from Japan, and GOT7’s latest reality episode…

Aigoo, he feels so out of touch with the world.

Retrieving his phone from where he’d left it charging on his bedside table and switching it on, Jungkook flops down onto the bed, stretching out with a happy moan as he feels his joints pop after a few hours of inertia cuddled up in bed with Tae and his Alphas.

The screen lights up brightly as it finishes booting up, and almost immediately a column of notifications fills the whole screen. Jungkook feels his eyes widen, using his thumb to scroll down
slowly, stomach sinking as the list of messages and missed calls grows longer and longer.

Aw hell.

There are a few sporadic notifications from the 97-liner group chat, but most of the messages seem to be assorted texts from GOT7 and Astro. Or more specifically, two members of those groups in particular.

**Gyeomie:**
Busy week, Kook? None of you guys have posted anything on sms since Sunday. Are you working on something?

**Gyeomie:**
Dude, the group chat is so quiet these days. Do you maybe wanna videochat later? I miss your face. :-(

**Missed Call 21:32**

**Missed Call 22:03**

**Missed Call 23:51**

**Gyeomie:**
Sorry you probably have a late schedule or something, right? Don’t mind me, I’m just your lonely BFF dying of boredom at home. I can’t wait for this stupid ankle to heal up, I hate being stuck at home. Message me when you’re free okay? Miss you, stupid.

**Binnie:**
Hi hyung! It’s Moonbin. We’re finally back home from Japan, yay! :) I bought some weird snacks for you to try, since I still owe you from bowling last month. You like green tea, right? Xxx

**Binnie:**
Yugyeom hyung says he hasn’t heard from you in a little while, hope you’re doing okay. Are you getting enough sleep? You guys always work so hard. Fighting! Xxx

**Binnie:**
Btw, Eunwoo’s hidden all the snacks so that I can’t eat them before we see each other. He knows me too well. Xxx

**Gyeomie:**
So Tae and Jimin aren’t answering me either. Are you guys filming abroad or something? Why didn’t you teell meeeeee? Meanie. You better bring me back something nice if you’re overseas, I’m a poor invalid who needs snacks. :-(

**Binnie:**
Hyung, are you okay? I just heard your radio show MC thing for tomorrow got cancelled. Please don’t get sick. :( Rest well and eat well! Xxx

**Missed Call 14:11**

**Missed Call 18:09**

**Missed Call 20:32**
Gyeomie:
Yah, Kookie. Now you’re ignoring Moonbin too? That’s harsh, bro. He video-called me just now, and he was wearing his sad-puppy face. You know I can’t handle it when he looks at me like that. You monster. >:-(

Gyeomie:
Kidding. ILY really. :-)

Gyeomie:
But seriously dude, what’s going on with you? Even the fans are worried. They haven’t seen you guys at the studio all week. There’s all kinds of crazy rumours about secret filming schedules and mixtapes, but I know that’s bull. You don’t have to tell me where you are or what you’re doing, just let me know that you’re safe. Please. X

Jungkook bites his bottom lip, unease twisting his stomach into knots as he speed-reads through half a dozen similar messages of concern from his friends. Aish. He hadn’t meant to make any of them worry about him so much – it’s just that his heat had totally preoccupied his thoughts these past four days, and with Namjoon telling him that he couldn’t share the secret of his dynamic on the group chat until after the photoshoot, he’d elected to avoid temptation by leaving his phone in his bedroom all week.

But now Moonbin and Yugyeom are worried and probably feeling hurt or offended by his silence, and aigoo, why hadn’t he checked on his phone sooner? Stupid, stupid, stupud…

Without a second thought, he opens the messaging app and quickly types out a text, adding both Moonbin and Yugyeom as the intended recipients.

Jungkook:
OMG, I’m so sorry for taking this long to reply! Nothing bad happened to me and I’m not sick, I promise. I just haven’t had a chance to check my messages until now, that’s all. This week’s been kinda crazy (but in a good way!) and I promise I’ll tell you all about it really soon, but it’s still sort of a secret just at the moment so I can’t say anything more just now. But I’m doing great. : ) Please don’t worry about me. xxxx

The moment he hits send, that feeling of uneasiness in his chest begins to diminish, enough that he can breathe easy again. He hates keeping the whole truth from his friends, but the managers still don’t want him making his dynamic public knowledge until BigHit has released an official statement following the photoshoot tomorrow afternoon. And part of him is kinda like screw that plan because it’s his body and his identity, but he knows the company are trying to avoid any backlash on social media. If the secret somehow managed to get out before the official statement, the news networks would take the rumours and run with them, and god only knows what sort of twisted half-truths would crop up. It’d be like the Jimin-pregnancy scandal all over again.

Besides, it’s not just the managers who’ve requested his silence – Namjoon had asked him specifically not to share selfies of his bonding marks on the group chat, and his Alpha’s word carries far more weight than his employers at BigHit studios. He can keep it a secret for another twenty-four hours, it’s totally fine…

Incoming VideoCall
Fuck

Fuck, fuck, fuck, he hadn’t planned for this, what the hell is he supposed to do?

He’s still dressed in one of Jin’s oversized t-shirts, the material baggy enough to show off his bare throat and a good portion of his collarbone. Which would normally be fine (he and Gyeom have seen more of each other than that before), except his exposed skin is absolutely covered in hickeys and claiming marks (kept fresh and vivid-looking by his Alphas on a daily basis, as promised), and there’s no way Yugyeom will see them and not come to the immediate conclusion that Jungkook has spent the past few days getting thoroughly mated.

It’s not unusual for Betas (or even Alphas) to sport the occasional bonding mark, and Jungkook’s performed onstage with visible hickeys before without batting an eyelid, but to be marked to this extent? And to have disappeared off the face of the earth for four days straight without prior warning? Yugyeom’s going to have questions for sure. Questions that Jungkook isn’t going to be able to answer. Fuck.

But he can’t just ignore his best friend’s call, can he? Not after ignoring him all week and making him fret over Jungkook’s wellbeing. Besides, there’s no harm in just talking, right? He’ll simply reiterate what he said in his text about it being a secret, and they can go back to talking about random crap like they usually do. No biggie.

His mind made up, Jungkook rolls out of bed and crosses over to the door to push it closed (after a quick glance down the hallway to make sure none of his hyungs are within earshot). Then he grabs one of Jin’s hoodies from the closet (the big grey one that he’d stolen a few weeks ago) and pulls it on quickly, tugging the hood up and pulling the drawstrings tight to close the neckline a bit, checking his reflection in the mirror.

Perfect.

Giving an internal fist-pump at his own stroke of genius, Jungkook darts back over to the bed and scoops up his phone, plopping down to sit on the edge of the mattress and being sure to hold the device above his head at the perfect selfie-angle so that his neck is out of frame, plastering a wide smile onto his face as he hits ‘Accept’.

“Kookie!” Yugyeom’s grin stretches impossibly wide as the call connects, the other maknae’s relief immediately evident. “Aigoo, I thought for a minute you weren’t going to answer. Quit worrying me like that.”

Jungkook feels his own smile grow more genuine at the sight of his best friend. It’s been a month or so since they last had chance to meet in person, but they’d recently taken to video-calling each other a couple of times a week, and he hadn’t realised until now just how much he’s missed the other maknae.

“I’m sorry,” he apologises. “I didn’t mean to worry you, honest. It’s just…it’s been a really crazy week.”

Yugyeom pulls a face at him, something that’s almost-but-not-quite a pout. “I know your managers tend to give you block-schedules, but next time you’ve got stuff coming up just tell me, okay? I’ll
“Yeah, about that.” Jungkook winces, using his free hand to bunch up the neck of the hoodie, just to make sure it won’t slip and expose his secrets. “None of it was actually planned. Took us all by surprise, me and the hyungs. But it’s done now, and next time I promise I’ll be able to give you a heads-up.”

“They didn’t even tell you about your schedule this week?” Yugyeom looks put-out on his behalf. “Kind of a dick move. What if you guys had made plans? Is there a new management team or something? Your company’s always kept you in the loop before. And cancelling your radio-show gig two days in advance? The hell was that all about?”

Fuck. He’d forgotten about that.

“I wasn’t gonna be able to make it,” he explains, trying to be as vague as possible so that his friend doesn’t grow suspicious. “So they let the station know ahead of schedule. I hope the broadcasters were able to find another MC.”

Yugyeom nods. “Eunwoo managed to pick up the slot last-minute. The replay’s already online, you should totally check it out.”

Jungkook nods, relieved. Although he’s a little disappointed that he hadn’t been able to have a go at playing radio-host himself, he’s glad his unplanned leave of absence has given Cha Eunwoo the opportunity to broadcast his skills as MC to a larger audience. As someone who’s never been particularly comfortable (or eloquent) when it comes to talking in front of the camera for even short periods of time, Jungkook’s always had a lot of respect for Astro’s visual and how effortlessly he charms both audience and idols alike whenever he hosts MusicCore. If there’s anyone who’d be able to step-in last minute with minimal prep time and still pull off a good show, it’s Eunwoo.

And that certainly explains how Moonbin had known about the cancellation the day before the radio show was due to air.

“–ou feeling alright?”

Yugyeom’s concerned voice snaps him out of his thoughts, and he nods again, managing a convincing smile for the other Omega.

“I’m fine,” he reassures. “Just a little spaced out still, that’s all.”

“Jetlag?” Yugeuom guesses.

Aish, the man’s still stuck on the overseas-schedule thing. Jungkook doesn’t want to lie to his best friend by fuelling that particular train of thought, but he also knows that without the complication of travelling abroad, he doesn’t really have a decent excuse for having ignored the other maknae all week.

Sighing, he rakes a hand though his hair, pushing the hood back with the motion. “I’m not really supposed to talk about–”

“Yah, what the hell happened to your neck?!”

Heart seizing up in his chest, Jungkook realises five seconds too late that he’s let go of the bunched-up fabric at the collar of his hoodie, allowing the garment to hang down a little, exposing his throat to the camera. He quickly angles the phone a little higher (even though his arm’s already aching something fierce), eyes wide and smile full of forced cheer.
“Nothing,” he answers. “Anyway, how’s your ankle? Is the swelling any better?”

Yugyeom shifts and the camera wobbles as the maknae rolls over to sit up on the couch (Jungkook’s been over at his apartment often enough to recognise the furniture of the living room).

“Don’t you dare try to change the subject,” the dancer argues, but there’s excitement and intrigue in his gaze rather than anger. “I know what a claiming bite looks like, Kookie. The hell did you do to get your Doms to go all possessive on you like that? Did someone try to hit on your or something?”

The other Omega’s voice is growing steadily louder and Jungkook puts a finger to his own lips, eyes wide. He doubts Yugyeom’s at the dorm on his own – given what he knows of GOT7, the maknae’s hyungs would never leave him alone when he’s injured – and the last thing he wants is someone else walking in on their conversation and growing suspicious.

“Shhh,” he hisses urgently. “Oh my god, no. And keep your voice down, okay? I’m not even supposed to be talking to anyone just yet, not until after the photoshoot.”

“Photoshoot?” Both of Yugyeom’s eyebrows go up, his mouth forming a small ‘o’ a moment later, and then he’s stammering in his haste to get the next question out. “It’s, oh my god, does the photoshoot have something to do with the reason why you’re covered in bonding marks?”

Fuck. Fucking hell. He’s an idiot.

He doesn’t answer, but he can feel the growing heat in his cheeks already betraying him, and he realises the game is up when Yugyeom’s eyes grow impossibly wide and he sucks in a noisy gasp.

“You presented?! Oh my god, Kookie…holy fuck! I fucking knew you weren’t a Beta!”

“Shhh!” Jungkook hisses with increased urgency, lowering his arm to a more comfortable angle now that the secret is out, allowing Yugyeom to see his bruised throat in all its thoroughly-marked glory. “Dude, you can’t tell anyone, okay? Promise me. I gave Joonie-hyung my word that I wouldn’t tell, and you weren’t supposed to find out until tomorrow. So just...if he ever asks, you never heard it from me first, alright?”

“Aiii, your neck looks so fucking awesome-”

Jungkook pulls the phone closer to his face to hide his neck from view again. “Yugyeomie, you have to promise me.”

“Cross my heart,” the younger Omega answers, even going so far as to mime the action with his free hand. “I won’t tell a soul, I swear. Can I see your neck again? Aigoo, how far down did they mark? You know the fans are gonna go crazy when-”

“Gyomie?”

Jungkook stills at the familiar voice from somewhere off-camera, and he sees his friend freeze in a similar fashion. He has just enough time to bunch up the front of his hoodie with his free hand to cover his neck again before Jackson Wang is walking in frame, dressed in a loose tank top and jogging pants like he’s been exercising (and knowing the energetic Alpha, that’s probably the case), reaching out to stroke a hand over Yugyeom’s hair.

“I heard shouting,” the Alpha comments, a faint crease of concern between his brows. “Is everything alright? Yah, what did hyung tell you about keeping that foot elevated? Do you really wanna have another talk about that so soon, puppy?”
Yugyeom pouts, but obligingly shifts around on the couch (presumably to lift his legs back up onto the cushions), and tries to angle the phone away from his hyung. Jackson, being the observant Alpha Jungkook knows him to be, immediately notices the action and catches hold of Yugyeom’s wrist, tilting down to peer at the screen.

“Jungkookie!” the rapper greets with his usual brimming enthusiasm, his smile wide and full of warmth. “So you’re alive after all, huh? Gyeomie here’s been acting out all week worrying about you. It’s a miracle he’s still sitting, to be honest.”

“Hyung,” Yugyeom gripes, duly mortified, cheeks flushed an attractive pink as Jungkook tries (and fails) not to smile.

Jackson laughs, perching on the edge of the couch and looping an arm around the Omega’s shoulders, pressing a kiss to the side of his head, then to his temple, and lastly one to his blush-stained cheek. Yugyeom pulls a face, but Jungkook doesn’t miss the way he tilts his head subtly into the touch.

“I should go,” he manages after a moment, hoodie still tugged up to his chin. “It was nice seeing you, Jackson-hyung! Gyeomie…I’ll message you later, okay? And…you promised me, right?”

Yugyeom nods, and manages a confident, reassuring smile despite the pink still decorating his cheeks. “Right.”

“Wait, what did you promise?” Jackson pries, ever curious, glancing between the two maknaes. “Is it a secret? That’s exciting. Why can’t you tell me? Kookie, hyung’s very good at keeping secrets, you know.”

The youngest GOT7 member snorts at that. “Hyung, I love you, but you seriously suck at keeping anything a secret. You remember the album spoilers last year?”

Jackson clutches a hand to his chest dramatically, mouth falling open. “Betrayal! I thought we agreed never to bring that up in polite conversation?”

“I don’t remember agreeing to-”

“Shhhh.” Jackson presses an index finger to the Omega’s lips. “Hyung remembers. It totally happened.”

Yugyeom rolls his eyes and glances back at the screen. “Chat to you later, Kook. And congrats!”

The Omega sends him a slightly exaggerated finger-heart and then disconnects the call. Jungkook’s cheeks are aching from smiling so much, and he flops back against the mattress with a quiet laugh, letting his phone fall to the side.

Well, that could’ve gone better.

Could’ve gone a whole lot worse, too. At least Jackson hadn’t found out the truth, and he trusts Yugyeom to keep his secret safe – they’re BFFs for a reason. A part of him is itching now to call Moonbin and spill the beans, but he’s already told one person about his new dynamic (semi-accidentally, but mostly because he wanted to); making an effort to tell Binnie as well would feel a little too much like deliberate disobedience for comfort.

His smile fades a little, something fluttering uneasily in his chest.

It’s not like he’d intended to go against Namjoon’s instructions by telling Yugyeom. He hadn’t
meant to show the other Omega his claiming marks or reveal his presentation, but factual evidence had been stacked up in such a way that there’d been a sort of domino-effect the moment Gyeomie first noticed his throat. Technically, the other maknae had guessed the truth. Jungkook had simply… elaborated on the facts a little bit, that’s all.

Jungkook hasn’t done anything wrong. Not really. So there’s nothing to feel guilty about, right? His stomach’s just feeling a little weird because he’s hungry, that’s all.

He’s fine.

Chapter End Notes

Two chapter in one week? The hell is this, muse?

This is insomnia, that’s what this is. Seriously, brain, it’s 3:45am. Please go to sleep.

On the plus side, a new chapter! The long-awaited Jungkook/Yugyeom phonecall, with bonus Jackson. Because of course our chipper Mr Wang is cuddly, nurturing Alpha who’s especially fond of his maknae cub.

Also Yugyeom is still occasionally a brat to his hyungs in this 'verse the way he is in real life, only they don't let him get away with it as much since he's their Sub. I like to think a lot of his savageness happens onstage and in front of the cameras for a reason though - because the fans love it. He's actually a super sweet Omega behind closed doors, just with a bit of an attitude every now and then, which Mark and JB and Jinyoung and Jackson are careful to nip in the bud as quickly as they can.

Jungkook's gonna come down with a bad case of The Guilts in the next chapter, which will give me a good opportunity to show you in more detail how sub-drops in this 'verse work, and why the Doms do what they do to keep the Pack happy and guilt-free as much as possible. <3

Hope you liked it! Feel free to let me know in the comments. :) xxx
Chapter Summary

Jimin may be the youngest and least experienced of Jungkook's dominants, but he's not stupid. And an Alpha's nose never lies.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

In order to negotiate with a sleepy Taehyung, sufficient willpower is an absolute necessity.

Physical strength is also important to a certain extent, but muscles can’t really help you when a pair of puppy-dog eyes and a pouty bottom lip is guaranteed to turn you into a pushover. Under normal circumstances Jimin would like to think he has plenty of both strength and willpower, and is therefore adept at handling Taehyung in any situation; however, when Tae is in the latter stages of his heat cycle (tired and clingy and adorable), the maknae-Alpha can’t help but take one look at his Omega and go utterly soft. Which isn’t exactly the ideal reaction when he’s supposed to be coaxing Taehyung out of bed.

“TaeTae,” he coaxes gently, for what must be the fourth time in the past thirty seconds. “You need to wake up, kitten. It’s time to eat.”

The Omega rolls over to press his face into the pillow with a muffled whine, fingers curling in the fabric of the Alpha’s t-shirt to try and tug him closer for a snuggle.

“Nooo. Minnie, I’m too sleeepy.”

Aish, his heart.

He’s weak for his Omegas at the best of times, but Tae calling him ‘Minnie’ and using aegyo like that (not fair, not fair) and smelling so comfortingly sweet….aigoo. He just wants to wrap the cub up in his arms and-

No. Stop it. Stay strong, stay strong…

“Aw, don’t be like that,” Jimin cajoles, brushing a row of feather-light kisses across the sub’s nape and nuzzling the skin there tenderly. “Jin-hyung’s been cooking all afternoon – he even made dakgangjeong, just for you.”

Their attentive Beta has prepared a special meal for the Pack to mark the end of Taehyung’s heat. It’s something he does every cycle, diligently and unfailingly feeding the Pack by spending hours in the kitchen slaving away over numerous pots and pans.

Jimin knows the act mostly stems from Jin’s instinct to provide for his mates, but it’s also something of a cultural tradition in Korea; a way for Pack-Betas to ensure that their Omegas are fed well during the final hours of their cycle as their appetite returns, in an effort to compensate for how little they might’ve eaten during the earlier stages of their heat. Of course, in this day and age, younger Pack-
Betas (or those less capable of handling things in the kitchen) often opt to order from special pre-set delivery menus rather than cook everything themselves from scratch. Most Korean restaurants will offer a separate selection of hearty, filling foods in large portions, specifically designed for a Pack to share during this cyclical tradition.

Jin, however, prefers to do things the old-fashioned way (for a man who’s so into technology and modern advancements, he’s unwaveringly traditional when it comes to his Pack), and somehow manages to whip up a veritable feast for all of them within a few short hours, time and time again. Although Jimin has a feeling the Beta might’ve enlisted the help of Sejin-hyung to do a quick grocery-run for them, because there’s no way they could’ve had the ingredients for anything substantial left in the fridge after five days spent cooped up in the house attending to their Omegas’ heats. And Jin would want fresh ingredients (he’s a little particular about the quality of meat when it’s a post-cycle feast, and woe betide anyone who might suggest just ordering pizza instead), so in all likelihood their loyal manager probably went shopping earlier that day to purchase everything the Beta needed.

“Hyung even made steamed kimchi buns,” he adds temptingly, trying to gently turn over his stubborn semi-dozing dongsaeng. “Come on, Tae, aren’t you hungry?”

When Taehyung’s answer is another sleepy whine, Jimin heaves a quiet sigh. He’d already known from previous experience that verbal negotiation tactics are generally doomed to failure when Tae is still in the sleepy-koala stage of his heat, but he’s reluctant to exert his dominance over the Omega when the pup is so soft and squishy and cute.

If Namjoon were here, he’d probably just scoop the younger man into his arms regardless of Taehyung’s protests and carry him downstairs, but that’s because he’s the Pack-Alpha and isn’t quite as weak-willed as Jimin. Tae’s sleepy little whines are doing dramatic things to his heart, and what kind of monster would he be to drag the poor cub out of bed when he’s clearly so tired?

“Maybe we should just keep something warm for him,” Jimin suggests after a long pause, petting the sleepy Omega’s hair and glancing towards Yoongi. “I don’t think he wants to eat just yet.”

The older Alpha regards him fondly with a knowing sort of look, clearly amused, finishing getting dressed quickly as he crosses back over to the pair.

“Oh, he wants to eat,” Yoongi informs him, smiling a little as he kneels up on the bed, stroking a gentle hand down Taehyung’s spine. “He’s just being dramatic about it. Aren’t you, baby?”

“No m’not,” the Omega insists, adorably sulky. “I just wanna stay here an’ cuddle.”

Jimin makes a soft, involuntary noise at the back of his throat, reaching out on impulse to oblige his mate, but Yoongi gently intercepts the movement with an arm across his chest, shaking his head a little when Jimin glances his way.

“Let me,” the Alpha offers calmly, hand coming up stroke Jimin’s cheek in the briefest of touches, immediately settling the younger man’s fractious instincts. “Why don’t you go get Kookie? If he’s got his headphones in, he probably doesn’t know dinner’s ready. You know what he’s like when he starts playing computer games. We’ll see you downstairs in a minute, okay?”

“Noooo,” Tae whines, attempting to pull the nearest pillow over his head.

Yoongi sniffs a grin, sliding his arms beneath Taehyung’s. “Come on, pup,” he cajoles, in that laidback no-nonsense way of his. “Jin-hyung’s waiting for us. Let’s go eat.”
Jimin will forever be in awe of his smallest hyung’s ability to manhandle the maknae line with what appears to be minimal effort on his part. In a matter of seconds, Yoongi’s pulled Tae into his arms and has rolled smoothly to his feet, carrying the Omega across the room and towards the door as Jimin watches him in silent admiration.

The Alpha glances back over his shoulder, quirking an eyebrow at the younger idol, amused. “Do I need to carry you too, cub?”

Now there’s a tempting offer.

The Dominant within Jimin has been leading his instincts for the better part of two days now, and the slightly more submissive maknae-Alpha side of him is consequently feeling a tad restless. With Tae’s heat coming to an end, and Kookie already clear of his own cycle, Jimin can’t deny that he’s been thinking quite seriously about allowing himself to indulge in those softer instincts later on. He isn’t necessarily craving any sort of mating-related domination (although bedroom activity is always a welcome bonus); he just wants to get cuddled by someone bigger and stronger than him for a little while. There’s nothing more relaxing than feeling small and safe in a cosy embrace, and after the week they’ve had, he’s overdue some downtime (in the literal sense of the word).

Still, it’s only a very faint sort of itch in the back of his mind – if Tae or Kookie need him to be their dominant Alpha a while longer, he’s more than happy to oblige. He knows his hyungs will always be ready and willing to give him what he needs if and when that itch grows too big to ignore.

“No, hyung,” he assures, returning Yoongi’s smile. “I think I can manage on my own.”

Yoongi gives him another knowing look (aigoo, the Alpha’s far too perceptive, Jimin’s ninety-nine-point-eight percent sure the man’s already guessed his inclinations towards slipping into a more submissive headspace in the near future), but the rapper doesn’t press him further, instead turning to carry Tae out of the bedroom without further comment.

Jimin rolls out of bed and quickly pulls on a pair of comfortable slacks over his boxer shorts (their resident Beta doesn’t have many house-rules, but wearing clothes at the dinner table is one of them), briefly glancing at his reflection in the mirror to make sure his hair doesn’t look too ridiculous before heading off in search of his youngest dongsaeng.

“Kookie?” he calls, knocking lightly on the door to the maknae’s shared bedroom. “It’s time for dinner.”

Receiving no reply, Jimin assumes that either Yoongi is right and the Omega is listening to music on his headphones, or in all likelihood the cub’s fallen asleep (increased sleepiness in the wake of a heat is to be expected, but even more so given that it’s Kookie’s first cycle). With that in mind, he pushes the door open, eyes seeking out his dongsaeng, a fond smile immediately curling at his lips when he catches sight of him.

Jungkook’s curled up on his side, dressed in one of Jin’s too-large hoodies and hugging a pillow to his chest, both arms wrapped around it tightly. On first glance he seems to be sleeping, but as Jimin takes a step towards the bed, the maknae’s gaze flickers up to meet his own, eyes wide in surprise.

Jimin breathes a quiet laugh at the cute expression. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to startle you. I thought you were sleeping.” He moves to perch on the edge of the bed, stroking a hand up the Omega’s side. “Dinner’s ready, baby.”

The maknae hums in acknowledgement, but otherwise doesn’t react beyond a tired blink (ai, cute cute cute). Leaning down with a fond smile to press a kiss to the cub’s temple, Jimin attempts to
reuse the tactics that hadn’t worked on Tae (he’s semi-confident they’ll find success with Kookie, given his dongsaeng’s healthy appetite).

“Jin-hyung made spicy buldak,” he mentions casually.

He feels Jungkook shift a little beneath him. “…with cheese?”

*Bingo.*

“Mm-hmm,” he confirms, rubbing his nose tenderly along the Omega’s jaw. “Hyung knows it’s your favourite, so I bet he made it extra spicy just for you. Aish, the rest of us are going to suffer; at least we know you’ll eat well.”

He pauses when Jungkook’s scent finally registers. It’s understandably fainter than it had been during the height of his heat cycle, but it ought to still be the temptingly sweet, warm caramel smell that Jimin’s nose has grown accustomed to this past week. And it still is, but barely so, overlaid by a slightly sharper sort of scent, almost like fresh-cut ginger – it clings to his nostrils in a way that the Alpha within him immediately registers as *wrong.*

His smile fading a little, Jimin pulls back to study the maknae’s face closely, a faint line of concern creasing his brow as he lifts a hand to stroke his fingers through the Omega’s dark hair.

“Hey,” he murmurs softly. “Are you alright?”


“Because you smell weird.” Perhaps that’s not the nicest way to put it, but Jimin can’t really describe the scent in detail, or articulate what’s wrong with it beyond the fact that he knows something is off.

The Omega pulls a face at him, suddenly looking uncomfortable. “Oh. Maybe I should shower.”

Jimin shakes his head. “No, it’s not that. It’s just...there’s something wrong with your…”

He leans in again to press his nose against Jungkook’s skin, this time gently cupping the Omega’s jaw to tilt his head back, exposing his throat (and the productive scent glands located there), inhaling deeply again and trying not to flinch at that weird-not-right smell that seems determined to obliterate Jungkook’s natural sweetness.

“I think I should take a shower, hyung,” the maknae reiterates, shifting beneath him, pressing hand against Jimin’s chest to push him back with unexpected strength. “I’ll come join you guys for dinner in a minute, okay?”

Jimin allows himself be pushed back (more out of surprise at the sudden motion than out of any intention to actually let Kookie leave), and within the blink of an eye the Omega’s already on his feet and striding quickly towards the door.

“Wait,” Jimin calls after him as he hurries to follow the maknae, the unsettled-Alpha-instincts sort of feeling within him growing bigger and more intense by the second.

His biological impulses perhaps aren’t as fine-tuned as his hyungs’, but he *knows* that something’s wrong with his Omega, and he isn’t about to let this slide.

“Kookie, c’mere,” he insists fretfully. “Something’s not right. Let me just-”

The loud bang of the bathroom door slamming shut stops him dead in his tracks, and at the quiet but
distinctive shnick that immediately follows, Jimin stares wide-eyed at the wooden barrier between them, stunned speechless.

*Did that brat just…?*

He reaches for the handle and tries to open the door, but it won’t budge. As the concern for his dongsaeng’s welfare begins to mount, the shock recedes quickly, and he finds his voice again.

“Jeon Jungkook.” He takes a deep, steadying breath, careful not to sound annoyed (or worried or scared or any of the other harrowing emotions he’s currently feeling right now). “Did you just lock yourself in the bathroom to get away from me?”

There’s a short pause, then:

“Um. No?”

Jimin’s never heard a less convincing response in his life. He takes another steadying breath, reminds himself that something’s wrong with Kookie and that getting angry isn’t going to improve the situation for anyone, and tries again.

“Cub.” The petname slips out as his Alpha instincts continue rising to the fore. “Are you lying to hyung?”

There’s a soft whine from inside the bathroom, almost too quiet for Jimin to hear (if he hadn’t been pressed up to the bathroom door, he might have missed it). The dancer’s concern increases tenfold, and he regrets not having the sort of inbuilt strength that Pack-Alpha’s have been known to wield in defence of their cubs. Although he can’t really envision Namjoon breaking down the bathroom door unless it was a life-or-death sort of situation; his hyung’s more of a calmly-negotiate-and-deescalate type of Alpha.

Huh. Maybe Jimin needs to adopt that sort of approach to the situation.

“Baby,” he murmurs, making an effort to keep his voice as soothing as possible. “Come on, I know something’s upsetting you. Unlock the d-”

The sound off the shower’s powerful jets cuts him off, and for the second time in as many minutes Jimin is stunned to silence.

First Kookie runs away from him (quite literally), then he places a physical barrier between them so that Jimin can’t get to him, then he blatantly lies about doing it *even though Jimin had just witnessed the act in person*, and now the cub’s just flat-out ignoring him?

That’s not the Jungkook he knows. Sure, the maknaes can have his bratty moments, and occasionally sleepy sulkiness (when combined with his somewhat stubborn-willed nature) lands the kid in trouble with one of the hyungs for showing attitude or failing to listen, but on the whole he’s a good and obedient dongsaeng most of the time. Which is probably why his occasional acts of rebellion seem so entirely out-of-character.

And it wouldn’t worry Jimin so much if it was just a little brattiness. He could handle that on his own; Kookie’s been over his knee once or twice before, it’s not big deal. But it’s the way that the cub’s scent has changed so significantly in the space of just an hour or so. A person’s scent is closely tied in with their emotional and physical wellbeing, and generally when something happens that tends to be the first thing that changes – a sort of early warning sign that comes in handy when dealing with young dongsaengs who downright refuse to acknowledge the fact that they’re sick until they’re literally about to keel over. It had been more difficult with Kookie as a Neutral (or a Beta, as
they’d once thought of him) because two out of the three primary scent glands remain dormant until an individual blooms into their biological dynamic. However, Jungook’s an Omega now, and their scent glands pump at full-power pretty much all the time, advertising the individual’s emotional balance to the world around them.

Of course, scent production can be controlled to a certain extent, but it takes time (and practice) to gain control over your own body to such an extent – even Tae’s not very good at it, especially when he’s sad. Given that Kookie’s only been an Omega a short handful of days, there’s no way he’ll possess the necessary skills and knowledge to pull that off.

Unable, therefore, to hide his true condition from Jimin by masking his scent, the Omega had clearly decided that locking himself in the bathroom was the next best option. Which is all kinds of dumb, because there’s a good chance Kookie could be sick or hurt and is trying to hide it, and Jimin needs to get to him, dammit.

There’s no other reason Jimin can think of for the pup locking him out like this – if he was just a little upset, he’d want to initiate skinship, right? Jimin certainly knows that’s what he craves the most whenever he’s feeling a little down. And why would Jungkook feel the need to hide a minor thing like that in such a dramatic way?

No, something must be seriously wrong with his maknae. That’s the only logical explanation as to why Kookie could be acting out to this extent.

Fuck.

That’s it. He’s getting backup.

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I now have a Kpop Tumblr!

I spent a little while figuring things out, but now I've gotten the hang of it I feel comfortable inviting you guys to visit my page. Come say hello, I don't bite! Also feel free to message me with prompts there, if you'd rather not post them here. :)

Chapter End Notes
I decided to post this now, even though I'd planned on adding the first segment of the next chapter (with Yoongi) onto this one. I figured posting a slightly shorter chapter now was better than a longer one in god only knows how long. Also, I was having serious VMin/MinKook feels and I wanted to share them with you. :D

So my Tumblr is essentially 90% Astro pics/gifs at the moment, but it'll be a multi-group blog (BTS/GOT7/etc) fairly soon, and obviously it's handy as a place where I can answer any questions you might have and also post short brainstorms of any fic ideas that come up. It'll be fun peeps. :)

Hope you enjoyed the chapter! I'm not overly happy with the title, but it's very late at night and I want to get this posted before I sleep. So the title may or may not change in the morning. :P

Love you!
Chapter Summary

Jungkook is struggling, lying-by-omission feels just as bad as the real thing, and Jimin needs a hug.
Enter Min Yoongi, stage left.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Jungkook exhales a shaky sigh, forehead coming to rest against the damp tile of the bathroom wall, its smooth surface shockingly cold compared to the pummelling heat of the shower against his neck and shoulders.

Aigoo. He’s such a fucking idiot.

Not for running away from Jimin and locking himself in the bathroom to put a barrier between the two of them – on the contrary, it feels like that particular decision is the only sensible thing he’s done so far today.

No, Jungkook’s an idiot for letting his emotions get the better of him, for realising too late just how loudly he’d been broadcasting his misery through his pores, and consequently scaring the hell out of Jimin for no good reason.

Stupid, stupid, stupid.

He never should’ve allowed himself to dwell on his earlier conversation with Yugyeom; overthinking the whole thing had been his first big mistake. His second had been letting regret sink its sharp claws deep into his chest, because guilt had been quick to ninja-roll its way into his unsettled conscience in its wake. Remembering his promise to Namjoon, and just how quickly and easily he’d broken it, coupled with the knowledge that the Alpha would be so disappointed if he ever found out the truth…aish. Stomach twisting into knots and guilt curdling in his gut, Jungkook had felt ten different kinds of awful.

And that’s the sorry state in which Jimin had found him – stewing miserably over the whole conflicting business, annoyed at his own emotional weakness, irritated by all the irrational feelings welling up inside of him, and feeling thoroughly unhappy overall.

No wonder Jimin had been alarmed by his scent.

Jungkook isn’t naïve – he knows exactly how susceptible a new Omega’s scent is to the slightest hormonal or emotional change. It’s all part and parcel of the body’s natural dynamic development, something everyone goes through at one stage or another; Betas to a lesser extent, because their unique biology means that their presentation is a gradual process rather than a sudden onset of newfound instincts and foreign hormones, so they learn to control their scent as they grow without all the fuss and palaver. And for Alphas, who tend to present fairly early on during puberty (sometimes
has young as eleven or twelve), their scent-control issues are often less obvious – since teenagers, generally speaking, experience periods of fluctuating hormones and heightened emotions even at the best of times.

Omegas have likewise been known to present at a younger age, but that isn’t the norm; typically presentation occurs later on during puberty, in the final years of high school. And their scent runs stronger than an Alpha’s, so any significant shift from sweet to sour becomes immediately more noticeable, especially to the individual’s Pack or close friends.

Tae hadn’t long since presented when he first joined BigHit as a trainee, and although he’d been on regular suppressants right from the get-go, it had been a good six months before his scent stopped fluctuating dramatically whenever he got angry or upset.

“It’s not a bad smell,” Jungkook had reassured the teenager at the time, crawling into the bottom bunkbed alongside Namjoon and Hoseok to join their cosy cuddle-pile. “It’s kinda… I don’t know, herbal? Like medicine. Not bad, just not normal.”

And therein lay the issue. ‘Not bad, just not normal’ is probably exactly how Jungkook smells right now.

His scent is still relatively new to the Pack, and although his hyungs have grown accustomed to how he’s supposed to smell when he’s happy, none of them (not even Jungkook himself) have experienced what happens when he gets upset, at least not outside of his heat. Whatever Jimin had detected in his scent a few minutes ago was clearly new and unsettling and wrong, a significant enough change from his usual Omega-scent to trigger all the Alpha’s protective instincts.

It’s happened before, of course. He’d carried a scent back when he was unpresented (every child does, right from birth), but a Neutral’s scent is faint and clean and doesn’t tend to alter dramatically in response to emotional changes. Generally speaking, only those who are intimately familiar with a Neutral’s ‘normal’ scent (usually family-Pack members and close friends) can detect these changes; although that being said, Jungkook had only been in the trainee dorms a month or so before Yoongi, Hobi and Namjoon had begun to pick up on his subtle mood-cues.

“Your scent’s off,” would be the usual explanation, followed shortly after by a comforting arm around his shoulders and a friendly nuzzle to his temple (or a tight backhug, in Hobi’s case). “I know something’s bothering you, cub. Tell hyung what’s wrong.”

There hadn’t been anything he could do to hide those feelings back then, short of using scent-blocker spray, which carried a weird, metallic sort of smell of its own that his hyungs always, always recognised; additionally, it was an unusual measure to take with your Pack. Blockers are totally normal (and often expected) for work or school, where dulling your fluctuating scent is seen as a way of being considerate to your colleagues and peers during periods of emotional unrest or hormonal instability. But to use it at home, with your own Packmates?

Yeah, that automatically raises suspicions.

Jin and Namjoon had been quick to add that one to the list of basic ground rules back when the group had first come together as a Pack. It had been a necessary measure, especially after Jimin’s almost-breakdown.

“I know that Jiminnie felt like he was doing what was best for the Pack,” Jin had told them, wearing the most serious expression Jungkook had ever seen him use before, the Beta’s gaze passing over the three maknaes where they sat together on the couch, each cuddled up snugly in an Alpha’s lap. “But keeping something so serious to himself was a mistake. Your hyungs are here to support and care
for you; we can’t do that if we don’t know that something’s upsetting you. Look, I’m not saying that none of you can ever have secrets – we’ll always do our best to respect your privacy – but if you’re sick or hurting, we need to know. Using blockers to hide that from me is as good as lying. Do you understand?”

The three of them had been quick to nod in confirmation, Jimin’s cheeks flushed pink, his eyes red-rimmed, lips turned down in abject misery, looking about ten seconds away from breaking down in tears all over again.

“No more blockers,” Namjoon had murmured softly, nuzzling the maknae-Alpha’s temple to comfort him as he cradled Jimin close, although his gaze had shifted after a few moments to include Tae and Kookie in his decision. “Not inside the dorm, and not at the studio unless you tell one of us beforehand. Promise me, cubs.”

Jungkook had readily complied (what other logical option had there been?), and he’s never had any sane reason to regret making that promise to his Alpha all those years ago.

Not until now, at least.

Blockers would be an easy fix to his current situation – a quick spritz of blocker spray beneath his usual brand of deodorant and he wouldn’t have to worry about his internal emotional battle being loudly advertised to anyone and everyone in the near vicinity. There’d obviously be a chance that his hyungs would recognise the faint metallic smell all blockers carry, and then he’d be in even more trouble for actively trying to hide his present dilemma from the Pack, but…

No. He can’t. He’s already broken one promise today, the last thing he wants to do is make himself feel even shittier by-

A cold, heavy sort of weight sinks deeper into the pit of his stomach, like an internal punch to the gut. Jungkook clenches his hands into fists against the cool tile of the shower wall, taking a deep, steadying breath as he forcefully pushes those thoughts aside.

Stupid, stop thinking about it. Just pretend like it never happened. It’s not a big deal, Namjoon doesn’t even now about the call; you’re getting yourself all upset over fuck-all…

Straightening up and reaching decisively for the fruit-scented shower gel, he dumps a generous amount into the palm of his hand and lathers himself up. He won’t use blockers, and scent-scrub is an absolute no-go in his current situation (the Doms would definitely suspect something if he showed up to dinner having rid himself of the Pack’s scent entirely), but the fruity soap will at least help to mask any minor fluctuation in his own body chemistry. All he has to do is successfully get through dinner without thinking about his earlier disobedience (shitfucknostop, it was an accident) and everything will be tickety-boo.

He’s fine. He’s got this.

Now he just needs to convince Jimin that he’s not about to have a mental breakdown or something. He’s beginning to regret locking the Alpha out of the bathroom like that; Jimin had been genuinely concerned about him, but there hadn’t even been anything wrong aside from Jungkook’s ridiculously sensitive emotions and hair-trigger scent glands. He hates worrying any of his mates, the maknae-Alpha most of all because…well, because it’s Jiminie. He’s the hyung who sneaks Jungkook snacks when they’re supposed to be on diets, and stays up late with him to watch scary movies when nobody else wants to, and puts up with Kookie being a sassy, sarcastic brat when he’s hungry and sleep-deprived, and somehow still manages to smile at him so sweetly and fondly all the time.
Jungkook doesn’t like seeing Jimin without a smile, and being the one to cause that smile to disappear so suddenly is very nearly the worst thing ever, second only to making Hoseok lose his temper with him that one time about fifteen months ago (never again, never again). Jimin probably won’t be happy with him for slamming the bathroom door in his face, but at least when he realises the Omega doesn’t smell weird anymore he won’t be quite so panic-stricken. It’s for the best. Jungkook can stomach the scolding he’s due if it means seeing the Alpha relax again.

And besides, it’s only Jimin. When it comes to scolding, the maknae-Alpha usually keeps it brief and not particularly firm, with maybe like one or two super-light little swats if he’s feeling more than usually peeved. Jungkook hates being scolded by anyone, but he can just about cope with a twenty-second lecture from Jimin, because afterwards there’ll be cuddles and kisses and then maybe that cold, sickly sort of churning in his stomach might finally begin settle. Everything’s going to be fine…

“Jungkookie?”

…unless Jimin decided to call on Yoongi for backup.

Jungkook shuts off the water quickly, his heart racing as he tentatively opens the glass door to the sectioned-off shower, shivering a little as the comparatively chilly air turns his skin to gooseflesh.

“Yes, hyung?” he answers, with as much cheerful enthusiasm as possible (act normal, act normal).

“It’s time for dinner, kiddo,” the Alpha tells him, his voice muffled a little by the door. “Come on out.”

Oh fuck. Fuck.

Game over.

…

“Relax, cub,” Yoongi murmurs, a hand coming up to settle on the small of Jimin’s back as the younger Alpha shifts restlessly from foot to foot. “He’ll be out in a minute.”

Jimin stops fidgeting, but instead crosses his arms tightly over his chest, bottom lip caught between his teeth as his gaze flickers back towards the closed bathroom door.
It’s disconcerting to see the maknae-Alpha so uncharacteristically nervous. Jimin is normally brimming with youthful energy, friendly and polite in his mannerisms but with a quiet sort of underlying confidence in his strength as an Alpha and his place as the more Dominant of the three younger members. Granted, he often voluntarily surrenders that position of power to adopt a more submissive persona whenever he needs that settling reprieve, but even in his submission there’s an aura of self-assurance; Jimin always seems comfortable in his own skin, be he Alpha-Dom or submissive pup.

However, the younger man’s quite obviously unsettled at the moment.

Yoongi had seen it in his posture the moment Jimin had stepped into the kitchen, the cub hovering near the threshold and shooting nervous glances towards Jin’s back as the Beta tended to various dishes by the stove, a clingy Tae tucked up against his side under the pretence of ‘helping’ with the finishing touches.

Jimin had beckoned him over quickly when their eyes locked, latching onto Yoongi’s arm the moment the rapper drew near enough and dragging him out into the relative seclusion of the hallway.

“Something’s wrong with Kookie,” had been the dancer’s anxious whisper, his fingers curling tight in the sleeve of Yoongi’s hoodie. “He’s acting weird and he scent’s all wrong and he…he wouldn’t listen to me, hyung.”

The immediate urge to run upstairs and break the bathroom door down in order to check on his youngest cub had thankfully been curbed by the more sensible part of his brain, which reminded him of the importance of thinking things through first before allowing his instincts to take control of his actions.

Priority number one had been deescalating the situation, starting with the fractious cub right in front of him.

Pulling the maknae-Alpha towards him, Yoongi had cupped Jimin’s chin in a gentle hand, leaning in to brush a soft, soothing kiss against his plump lips.

“And Jimin had, albeit rapidly and somewhat disjointedly, fingers curling ever tighter in the sleeve of Yoongi’s hoodie as his hushed voice grew progressively louder. It had been a rambling sort of account, but the general gist of it had been clear enough; that the Omega’s scent had radically changed without obvious reason, and the moment Jimin voiced his concerns regarding the issue, Kookie had all but run away from him and locked himself in the bathroom, ignoring the Alpha in favour of turning on the shower.

Suffice to say, such behaviour is more than a little out of character for their youngest dongsaeng. Sure, Kookie can be a little surly at times when he’s tired or anxious, but he rarely outright ignores a hyung, let alone forcefully separates himself from them. He’s never done that before; slamming doors in people’s faces is definitely something they would’ve nipped in the bud early on. Their cub is rarely disrespectful, and certainly never to this extent.

However, there are new factors to consider now. Jungkook’s still the same maknae that he was last weekend, but the pup’s also gone through a minor metamorphosis these past five days – his personality remains unchanged, but new hormones and instincts and biological needs will be constantly influencing the way he thinks and feels and processes things. It’s got to be pretty overwhelming for the poor cub.
“He’s probably just feeling a little unsettled,” Yoongi had tried to reassure his dongsaeng, combing his fingers through Jimin’s hair. “It’s the first time Kookie’s been away from any of us for longer than a few minutes, and he’s been on his own for a good couple of hours now. I imagine he’s feeling lonely. You know how volatile his scent’s going to be for the next few months; the kid only just presented, he can’t control it yet. Pup’s gonna watch a sad movie and have us all convinced he’s dying.”

The joke had fallen flat, Jimin sending a fretful sort of glance towards the staircase, face pinched in worry. Regretting his questionable choice of phrasing, Yoongi had taken the younger Alpha by the hand, lacing their fingers together and pulling him upstairs in the direction of their errant Omega – because clearly Jimin wasn’t going to settle down until the situation was adequately resolved.

Which is why they’re standing outside the bathroom door right now, waiting for Jungkook to finish drying off, Jimin growing increasingly more restless beside him with every passing minute.

“Hey,” he murmurs again, pushing his hand up beneath the pup’s shirt to rest against his back, hoping the skin-on-skin contact will help to settle him a little. “Calm down. Do you need to wait downstairs until I’ve finished talking to—”

The bathroom door unlocks suddenly with a sharp *shnick*, before swinging open to reveal a freshly-showered Jungkook, naked except for the towel wrapped around his waist, hair sticking up at odd angles from where he’s scrubbed it dry. He glances warily from Yoongi’s face to Jimin’s, the apple of his throat bobbing as he swallows.

“Um…hi. Is everything okay?”

Yoongi’s gaze quickly scans over the Omega’s exposed skin, seeking out any sign of injury to reassure himself that Jimin’s initial fears (that the pup had somehow managed to hurt himself and was trying to hide it) are indeed false. Finding neither bruise or blemish aside from the mating markers attractively littering the pup’s neck and collarbone, Yoongi allows his neutral expression to soften into a smile, holding out a hand towards the cub.

“Why don’t you tell me?” he remarks softly, fingers closed around Jungkook’s wrist when the Omega shifts close enough to him, drawing the pup into a careful embrace. “What’s going on with you, hm?”

The hug is both means of settling the Omega (who’s clearly feeling nervous at being confronted by two of his Alphas so suddenly) and an excuse to keep him close enough that he can properly assess Jungkook’s scent. And although the grapefruit shower gel the pup’s used is obscuring things a bit, he can still make out Kookie’s caramel-sweetness beneath it, unmarred by the ‘weird ginger smell’ Jimin insists it had carried before.

“With me?” Jungkook echoes, sounding a little bewildered. “Nothing. I was just taking a shower, hyung.”

Jimin steps forward, still looking worried and disgruntled. “Yah, why did you run away from me? I was trying to talk to you, Kook. Your scent was all wrong.”

“That’s why I jumped in the shower,” the Omega insists defensively, lifting his head from Yoongi’s shoulder to pout at the other maknae. “You said I smelled weird, so I went to wash up.”

“Aish, I didn’t mean it like that,” Jimin groans, executing an actual face-palm. “I thought you were hurt or sick or something, you were acting so strange. Why did you ignore me like that?”
Jungkook pulls away from Yoongi to smile at the maknae-Alpha tentatively. “Hyung, I smell better now, right? I used the shower gel you like. See? I’m totally okay.”

Yoongi narrows his eyes a little at the pup’s skilful deflection tactics, an expression Jungkook doesn’t see because he’s a little busy being squeezed into a hug by Jimin; the dancer nuzzling first at the maknae’s throat, then his jawline, then finally Jungkook’s temple, his creased brow smoothing out a little at the Omega’s familiar scent.

“It’s changed back again,” Jimin tells him after a long moment, his tone relieved as he rubs his cheek against the side of Kookie’s head, suddenly looking exhausted. “I swear your scent was different before. Is Yoongi-hyung right, was it just ‘cause you missed cuddling with us?”

Jungkook nods, wrapping his arms around the maknae-Alpha in return as his posture deflates.

“Guess I’m not used to being on my own just yet, huh?”

“Aw, baby.” Jimin coos in sympathy, pulling back far enough to press a noisy smooch to the maknae’s cheek. “Why didn’t you say so before? You had me so worried. And yah, since when do you slam doors in hyung’s face?”

His tone is teasing, but Jungkook still ducks his head guiltily, and Yoongi’s nose is sensitive enough that he detects the faint shift in the pup’s scent.

“I’m sorry,” the Omega says contritely, playing with Jimin’s fingers as he keeps his gaze lowered. “I…I didn’t mean…sorta.”

“Convincing,” Yoongi mutters, leaning back against the wall in a casual slouch, arms crossed over his chest as he studies the cub.

Normally he’d find Jungkook’s sweet, fumbling, put-his-foot-in-his-mouth apologies endearing, but there’s something about the Omega’s whole mannerism that feels…off. It isn’t anything specific, nothing Yoongi can put his finger on, but there’s just something that doesn’t sit right with him.

Jungkook glances sideways at him, then ducks his gaze again just as quickly, cheeks tinging a faint pink.

“Am I in trouble?”

Jimin shakes his head, hugging him tighter. “No, it’s cool, we’re cool. Everything’s cool, right hyung?”

Yoongi arches an eyebrow at the younger Alpha. “Do we slam doors in each other’s faces in this house?”

The dancer winces. “Well no, but…”

“But?”

Jimin pouts at him, with a cute wide-eyed look that makes it perfectly clear he doesn’t want his dongsaeng to get into trouble. Which is adorably loyal of him, but it also makes it immediately apparent that subby Jimin has taken over.

The hyung line never expect their Alpha cub to act as disciplinarian to his younger mates, but usually Dominant-Jimin at least knows when to hand over the reins to one of his hyungs so that the situation can be dealt with accordingly. Like Hoseok, Jimin struggles to be strict with his dongsaengs, but
when Tae or Kookie are acting out or resisting authority in that telling way of theirs which means they’re desperate for the reassurance of a firmer hand, both Alphas have their own way of steering the maknaes in the direction of sterner hyung. Sometimes that means gently suggesting that the cub go and address his complaints to Namjoon or Jin, and very occasionally the pups are steered in the literal sense of the word, tugged through the house to the nearest bedroom or study and planted in front of said Dominant.

A particularly memorable occasion was that one time last year when the maknae-Alpha had stomped into his bedroom one afternoon, a flailing Taehyung thrown over his shoulder, and abruptly deposited the irate Omega right in Yoongi’s lap with the pup still mid-tantrum.

Jimin in a fully Dominant headspace is always an impressive sight.

He’s the polar opposite of that right now, bottom lip jutting out as he bats his eyelashes at Yoongi pleadingly. The rapper sighs, fighting back a fond smile, and steps up to the pair.

“No more slamming doors, cub,” he murmurs, gentle but authoritative, and lands a single, echoing swat to Jungkook’s towel-clad rump.

The Omega lets out a muffled *meep* of surprise, tensing in Jimin’s arms. But when Yoongi’s hand then rubs the punished area tenderly, he relaxes again, nodding slowly.

"Sorry, hyung."

Yoongi presses a kiss to the back of Kookie’s neck, inhaling deeply to assess the pup’s scent again, needing a few seconds to separate it from the perfume of the grapefruit shower gel. The Omega’s clearly still feeling a little unsettled, but the caramel’s still more sweet than sour; he’s stable. Even so, Yoongi can’t quite shake the feeling that there’s something else going on with his cub, something further beneath the surface that they haven’t touched on yet.

“We’re hooooome!” Hoseok’s voice echoes up cheerfully from the downstairs hallway as the front door opens and closes. “Oh wow, something smells good. Is it you, Jin-hyung?”

Jungkook’s head comes up sharply, his eyes wide, and Jimin lets out a cheerful “whoop!” in celebration as he throws both arms in the air.

“Cheese buldak time!” the dancer crows enthusiastically. “Come on, Kookie, let’s go eat.” He pauses suddenly, lips twitching up in a tiny grin. “Uh...maybe put some clothes on first?”

“Right, yes, clothes, good idea,” Jungkook hurries to agree, and all but sprints away into the nearest bedroom (to be fair, it doesn’t matter which he uses, he’ll inevitably put on someone else’s shirt and pants anyway).

Yoongi watches him go silently, unable to shake that niggling feeling from before. Heaving a short, sharp sigh, he draws his gaze away from the bedroom door and steps forward to cup Jimin’s face between both hands, planting a lingering kiss on his forehead.

“Thank you for coming to me when you were worried about him.” He smiles down at the cub calmly. “You did good, Min-ah.”

The younger man’s blooming smile is testament to how far down he’s already slipped (subby Jimin *loves* being praised), and he curls his fingers in the sleeve of Yoongi’s hoodie again, albeit far less urgently than before.

“Guess I was overreacting a bit; he seems totally fine now.” The maknae-Alpha glances up at him,
his expression faltering a little. “He…he’s fine, right?”

Yoongi smiles again, leaning in to brush their mouths together in a brief, chaste kiss.

“No more worrying about it, okay?” he murmurs. “Let your hyungs take care of Kookie tonight. You’ve done enough already, baby.”

Jimin sags a little in obvious relief, leaning forwards into Yoongi as his posture drops. “You sure?”

“I’m sure. Hyung’s got this.” He kisses the younger Alpha again, then gently nudges him towards the staircase. “You go on ahead, I’ll wait for Kookie.”

As Jimin skips away from him and sets off downstairs, Yoongi’s smile fades slowly. Perhaps it’s just his imagination. Perhaps he’s looking too deeply into this and seeing things that aren’t there.

Or maybe Jungkook really is hiding something.

Feel free to come say hi on my Tumblr!

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the chapter! I'll fix any big typos in the morning, if I don't post this now it'll never get done. :P

I realise in places it was quite a world-building heavy chapter, but I love writing that kinda stuff and I really couldn't help myself this time. :P Don't worry, the situation finally gets resolved in the next chapter!

Love yooou! <3 xxx
Chapter Summary

Jungkook reaches his breaking point, but Namjoon and the others are there to catch him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The spicy rice cakes are cooked to perfection, soft and chewy and hot enough to make his lips tingle – just the way Jungkook likes them.

“Good?” Jin asks from his seat on the opposite side of the table, watching the maknae closely after he takes the first bite.

Jungkook manages a genuine smile in return, the uneasiness in his gut settling a little as the temptation of his favourite food coaxes his dormant appetite back to life again.

“So good,” he confirms, and stuffs another rice cake into his mouth, spicy sauce dripping from his chopsticks to stain his chin.

Jin chuckles, leaning across the table to swipe his thumb over the sticky mark. Jungkook wrinkles his nose playfully at the fussing, but he appreciates the tactile gesture all the same. It’s far easier to push those strange, unsettling thoughts to the back of his mind with his hyungs surrounding him like this, all of them chatting and laughing and brushing up against each other as they pass dishes back and forth.

On any other day, he’d be brimming with contented happiness at being in such a cosy, carefree atmosphere, but those niggling doubts from earlier keep on poking at him every few minutes, constantly reminding him of all those awful feelings he’s been trying so hard to ignore.

Well, he’ll just need to try harder.

No longer is he safely hidden away in the bathroom with a solid wooden door to keep him separated from the rest of the Pack – there’s literally less than an inch between his elbow and Hoseok’s, their chairs are so close together – so he can’t risk letting his scent betray him the way it had earlier with Jimin. The moment his concentration slips and he allows himself to think about his situation for more than half a second, all that guilt and self-loathing will come flooding back again, and surrounded by his bondmates like he is now…aigoo. Jin and Namjoon and Yoongi would notice that something was wrong in a heartbeat, and the last thing he wants to do is spoil everyone’s evening by making a scene at the table.

Having said that, Jungkook’s beginning to wonder if Jin might already be harbouring suspicions about his wellbeing. Even though the Beta’s wearing his usual smile as he talks to the others, Kookie keeps catching him sharing these long, silent glances with Namjoon – quiet, meaningful looks that are starting to make Jungkook feel all squirmy and nervous inside.
Staring at his food is the easiest option, even if it’s making him feel as though everyone’s watching him eat. Cheerful conversation continues on around him, but he can’t quite bring himself to join in – it’s strangely hard to keep track of the topic, and the clink of cutlery against bowls and the sound of glasses thunking down on the surface of the table seem far louder than they ought to. In all honesty, Jungkook wants to excuse himself from the table and seek out someplace quiet and secluded where he can curl up and just breathe, maybe cry a little. Yeah, crying sounds pretty good right now.

It’s not that he’s sad – he’s okay, he’s fine – but there’s some kind of stupid war going on between his head and his heart, and it’s making him feel far too much. His skin’s too tight, like whatever’s welling up inside of him desperately wants to get out, but he just doesn’t know how. In any other situation, Jungkook would go to one of his hyungs (any of them) and crawl into their lap and maybe bury his face against their neck and breathe in the scent of mate and Pack and safe, but that isn’t a viable option right now because then the others would know something was wrong for sure, and they’d all be worried and he’d ruin everything.

But ohhh god, he wants a cuddle so bad it hurts.

He’s managed to finish half his plate, but as time’s gone on his reawakened appetite has begun rapidly diminishing. Under normal circumstances he’d already be on his third or fourth serving by this point, but the thought of eating that much right now makes him feel physically sick. With all those emotions churning in his gut, there simply isn’t enough room for food.

Honestly, part of him wants to put his chopsticks down and push the plate away, but it’s obvious that this particular dish has been catered to suit his own preferences (the rest of the Pack don’t have his tolerance for super-spicy foods), which means that Jin must’ve cooked it specially just for Jungkook, knowing how often the maknae craves the carb-heavy indulgence during promotions and comebacks, when they aren’t allowed to eat unhealthily. It’d be rude not to eat a little more; Jin had spent so many hours working hard in the kitchen, Jungkook doesn’t want to seem ungrateful.

So he feels obligated to continue taking bite after bite, even though the knot in his stomach makes eating a painful and unpleasant experience. He’s gonna stick to a single plate, though – Jin won’t fuss at him as long as he finishes what’s in front of him, right?

“Here, Kookie, have some buldak,” Tae’s voice cheerfully interrupts his thoughts, the other Omega nudging his side gently before lifting a huge bite of mozzarella-smothered chicken to Jungkook’s lips. “You haven’t tried it yet.”

Caught unawares, Jungkook isn’t able to think up an excuse quick enough to turn down Taehyung’s offer, and obligingly opens his mouth to accept the bite of meat and cheese and spicy sauce. It’s good (of course it is, Jin made it), but it’s super rich and heavy, and Jungkook’s stomach’s already beginning to churn even before he swallows.

“Mmm,” he enthuses, as genuinely as he can manage, because Tae’s clearly waiting on his reaction.

“Awesome, right?” Taehyung agrees with an easy grin, and turns his attention back to his own plate. The Omega’s left hand, however, comes to rest on Jungkook’s knee beneath the table, giving it a gentle squeeze. “Jin-hyung, you really outdid yourself this time. Didn’t he, Kook?”

Fuck.

He’d been hoping to avoid engaging in conversation with his eldest hyung, but Tae’s put him in a difficult position here – if he keeps quiet and says nothing, that’ll only draw even more attention to
his uncharacteristic silence, which is the last thing he needs right now. So instead he swallows his
mouthful and glances up briefly from his meal with what he hopes is a convincingly earnest
expression.

“Yeah, hyung,” he agrees, relieved when his voice sounds mostly normal (just a little hoarse from
lack of use). “Everything’s great.”

Jin’s smile is full of gentle warmth, his gaze soft. “Thank you, baby.”

Jungkook ducks his head again just as quickly, a sudden dull ache forming beneath his breastbone,
making his next few breaths feel laboured. He’s weak for petnames at the best of times, but aigoo,
right now they’ll be his undoing. The urge to break down and cry has intensified tenfold at Jin’s
gentleness, and he hates it – hates how strange and unbalanced he feels, hates how vulnerable he is
in his current state.

The lively chatter of his bondmates bubbles up around him again, strangely muted despite their close
proximity, and Jungkook finds it increasingly more difficult to concentrate on individual speakers,
their voices merging together until none of the words seem to form coherent sentences. Tae’s hand
feels nice, though. His thumb is stroking back and forth over the curve of Jungkook’s knee in a slow,
repetitive rhythm, and it’s such a pleasant distraction from the cold, heavy sort of hollowness that’s
steadily growing bigger inside of him.

Those not-nice feelings he’s being trying to forget about are becoming increasingly more difficult to
ignore. It doesn’t help that every time he dares to lift his gaze from his plate, he catches one of the
hyung-line watching him, or sharing a significant look with one another, and he just knows his
unusual behaviour has caught their attention.

Which only serves to make him feel even shittier; the knowledge that on top of already breaking his
promise to Namjoon and slamming the bathroom door in Jimin’s face and lying to Yoongi and trying
to mask his scent with shower gel, now he’s ruining dinner for everyone else by making the others
worry about him for no reason.

Aish, he’s such an idiot.

“Hey.” Hoseok’s lips are close enough to his ear that the quiet murmur probably goes unheard by the
rest of the table, but Jungkook still feels like everyone is watching him regardless. “Do you need to
step out for a minute, angel?”

The Alpha’s hand strokes slowly up his spine to settle on his nape in a comforting gesture, and
Jungkook wants to slip sideways in his seat and fall into his Dom’s arms and maybe cry a bit, but he
can’t. He’s caused so much fuss already today, he just needs to get a grip and toughen up. This isn’t
the Pack’s problem, it’s his, and he’s not about to drag poor Hoseok into the whole messy business
just because his subby side wants a goddamn cuddle. He’s stronger than this; he can cope.

“I’m fine, hyung.” The lie slips out with surprising ease, although even to him his voice sounds
weird and emotionless. “Just tired, I guess.”

He hears Hoseok sigh softly, and he isn’t sure why but the man seems sad all of a sudden. Before he
can process the Dom’s reaction, Hobi’s pressing a gentle kiss to his temple, nuzzling his skin gently
as he continues to stroke a hand over the back of Jungkook’s head, smoothing down the short hairs
there.

It feels so nice. Far too nice.
His eyes are suddenly burning as a lump forms in his throat, and Jungkook blinks hard, a little alarmed at his body’s betrayal of his inner emotional torment. He ducks his head further, slowly shifting rice cakes around his plate with his chopsticks, arranging them first in a row, then forming a circle, then lining them up side-by-side from smallest to largest. The task provides a welcome distraction from any unwanted feelings, and although it doesn’t help to lessen the horrible twisting in his gut or ease the tightness in his chest, it gives him something else to focus on for a brief period of time. But Hobi’s still petting him gently, and his eyes are still burning, and he doesn’t know how much longer he can keep going like this.

“I’ll clean up,” Yoongi’s voice draws him from his stupor a moment later, and he glances up in surprise to find that the rest of the Pack have already cleared their own plates (and emptied most of the serving dishes scattered across the table). “Pack rules, hyung – yah, put those down.”

It’s something of a tradition in the group that they never allow Jin to do the dishes or clean up after them following a post-heat feast; since the eldest spends so many hours cooking for them, it’s the least they can do in return, and it’s a gesture the Beta seems to appreciate. Generally, it’ll be the Alphas who tidy things away after dinner while Jin takes the younger cubs into the living room to watch a movie and instigate a cuddle-pile. It’s a good tradition; one Jungkook usually looks forward to.

Just not right now.

If someone tries to snuggle up to him in his current state, there’s a ninety-nine percent chance he’s gonna burst into tears.

Jin, who’s already begun to stack up the dishes closest to him, surrenders his armload to Yoongi without protest, a grateful smile curling at the corner of his mouth. That expression fades, however, the moment his gaze shifts across the table to settle on Jungkook, and when their eyes meet something in the Omega’s chest just shatters.

He grits his teeth and presses his lips tight together, but his vision’s already blurring with fresh tears.

Nononono, don’t cry, don’t cry. Come on, you’re stronger than this…

“Tae, sweetheart,” Jin says, turning his attention towards the Omega who has (somehow, at some point, without Jungkook even noticing) looped an arm around the maknae’s waist in a sideways hug. “I left some snacks upstairs in the Den. Why don’t you and Jiminie go pick out a movie for the rest of us?”

Taehyung’s arm tightens its grip briefly, but his voice is still unfailingly cheerful. “Okay. I call dibs on the macha Pepero!”

The older Omega stands, pushing his chair back, his arm slipping from around Jungkook but his hand sliding up to instead settle on the younger man’s hair, fingertips rubbing briefly against his scalp as Tae quickly leans down to bump his nose against his dongsaeng’s temple.

“You’ll be okay,” he whispers, and brushes a kiss against the shell of Jungkook’s ear. “It’ll pass, I promise. Just let them take care of you.”

The singer’s moving away again just as quickly, leaving Jungkook stubbornly blinking back tears as he bites the inside of his cheek in an effort to distract himself from the overwhelming urge to break down right then and there.

“Ai! Don’t do that.” Jimin’s hand cups his cheek, drawing his blurry gaze up again to where the
Alpha has appeared beside him (wait, when had he come around the table? Jungkook never even saw him move). “You’ll hurt yourself.”

Jungkook stops biting his inner cheek immediately, as much out of surprise at the man’s perceptiveness as out of an instinctive impulse to obey his Dom. Jimin holds his gaze a moment, the dancer’s expression soft and full of quiet concern, and after a moment of silence the Alpha glances sideways in Jin’s direction.

“Hyung, can’t I stay?”

Sighing softly, the Beta shakes his head, his expression sympathetic. “Not tonight, baby. Go on upstairs, okay? Tae’s waiting for you.”

“But-”

“Jimin,” Yoongi murmurs calmly from his seat beside Jin. He says nothing else, and his neutral expression remains unchanged, but it’s clearly meant as a gentle warning.

The maknae-Alpha hesitates a brief moment longer, clearly reluctant to leave (and Jungkook appreciates the gesture, but honestly it’s making him feel all the more inclined to cry and/or curl up in a tormented ball of guilt and self-loathing at all the worry he’s causing).

Off to the left side of the table (a direction in which Jungkook has been very careful not to look for the duration of the evening, because he knew right from the get-go that it would be his undoing), a chair squeaks as it slides back against the kitchen flooring, quiet footsteps approaching him slowly. Jungkook quickly drops his gaze to his lap, because he doesn’t want to see the expression on his hyung’s face, can’t bear to even look at him because it hurts so much.

“We’ll join the two of you in a little while, cub,” Namjoon’s low, soothing voice rumbles, and Jungkook closes his eyes, breathing shakily. Hoseok’s hand on his nape squeezes in gentle reassurance.

“But-” Jimin tries to argue, his voice sounding small.

“I know, I know,” the Pack-Alpha murmurs, and there’s a rustle of fabric as the Dom presumably pulls Jimin closer. “You’re down pretty far tonight, aren’t you? That’s why I need you to stay with Tae, little one. Hobi, hon, could you…?”

The rapper’s hand releases its gentle hold on the back of Jungkook’s neck as he stands, and the Omega peers up from his lap in time to see Namjoon transferring Jimin from his own embrace into Hoseok’s waiting arms.

“I got him,” the dancer reassures, and spares one brief glance back towards Jungkook before steering Jimin towards the door. “Come on, angel. You and I are late for a cuddle-date with Taehyeongie.”

Now that Jungkook’s caught Namjoon’s gaze (for the first time that evening), he can’t bear to look away, even though it’s killing him inside. The Alpha’s changed into a soft baby-blue hoodie (one of Jin’s, he’s fairly sure) and dark sweatpants, and he looks so big and cuddly and soft that Jungkook can’t quite hold back the low, wounded noise that escapes his throat.

Namjoon moves slowly, shifting to crouch down beside Jungkook’s chair, both hands coming up to frame the Omega’s face. The maknae releases a shaky exhale, closing his eyes briefly as he leans into the touch like a man starved (and holy fuck, he feels like it too), a fat tear tumbling over his lashes to cut a burning trail down his cheek until it’s caught and gently wiped away by Namjoon’s thumb.
“Ai, Kookie,” the Alpha murmurs, his tone quiet and audibly pained, as though he shares the maknae’s anguish.

Jungkook feels the last crumbling wall of his weakened defences come crashing down around him, and all at once those brimming emotions come bubbling to the surface, stealing his breath away with their intensity for a moment as vision swims with fresh tears, Namjoon’s face becoming blurry before his eyes.

“I’m here, baby,” Namjoon soothes, leaning up to press their brows together gently, his hands still cradling the omega’s face. “Everything’s going to be alright, I promise. Tell hyung what’s wrong.”

His aching throat pushing out a single soft, breathless little sob, Jungkook falls forwards, throwing both arms around Namjoon’s neck as he buries his face in the familiar safety of the Alpha’s shoulder. The Omega’s done with fighting against his own emotions; he’s exhausted and it hurts too much, and he just wants it all to go away.

So this is it: game over.

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Feel free to come and say hi on Tumblr! :)

Also I'm now accepting requests via my ask box, if you'd rather leave them there instead of posting them publicly.

Chapter End Notes

All will finally be put right in the next chapter. NamJinKook cuddles, SugaKookie cuddles, HobiKook cuddles, maknae cuddles....basically lots of cuddles and Kookie's attentive Doms addressing all those negative emotions he's been struggling with these past few chapters.

Writing this chapter from Kookie's perspective was hella difficult, not gonna lie - there's a good reason why I generally avoid prolonged angst in my stories. D: But I wanted to get this posted now (at 2:30am, damn you insomnia) so that in the next chapter I can focus purely on banishing all those nasty feelings and building Kookie back up again.
Thanks for reading! Let me know your thoughts, I love to hear from you. :) <3 xxxx
Namjoon and Jin finally uncover the truth behind their youngest Omega's most recent breakdown, and attend to his needs accordingly.

(Warning: this chapter contains spanking towards the end)

“You’re okay, cub,” Namjoon murmurs, stroking a hand slowly over the back of Jungkook’s head to smooth his hair down, his other arm circling the maknae’s waist to keep him cradled close. “Hyung’s here.”

The Omega’s tearful sobs have quietened to stuttered, trembling little breaths and silent tears, but that strange bitter-ginger smell that had manifested itself in the pup’s scent during dinner hasn’t changed in its intensity, all but obscuring the maknae’s natural caramel sweetness. It clings to Namjoon’s nostrils with every breath, a constant reminder to his Alpha biology that something is terribly wrong with his youngest cub.

Earlier that day, when he and Hoseok had first sat down in the conference room at BigHit Studios to discuss future collab projects with an artist from overseas, the rapper hadn’t once imagined that in less than six hours he’d find his lap occupied by an emotionally distraught dongsaeng. When they’d left the house that afternoon, Kookie had been in good spirits, jumping up from the bed with a bright smile to wrap his arms around Namjoon’s waist, playfully demanding a goodbye kiss. What in the world could’ve happened to the pup during the short few hours he was gone to bring about such a significant emotional upheaval?

He hasn’t seen Jungkook this upset in a long while, and Namjoon finds the intensity of the pup’s scent-change more than a little alarming. The logical part of his brain knows how susceptible the newly-presented Omega’s hormones will be to even the slightest emotional imbalance, but that knowledge does little to ease Namjoon’s concerns. Usually tactile affection and gentle reassurances would be enough to calm the maknae when he gets like this, but Kookie seems just as distraught now as he had been back there in the kitchen.

And to make matters worse, the Omega won’t even talk to him about it.

Namjoon had hoped maybe Jin or Yoongi would be able to offer an explanation as to why he’d come home to such a visibly upset maknae, but neither of his hyungs had been able to shed any light on the subject.

“I’ve got no idea what’s going on in his head right now,” Yoongi had admitted to him earlier that evening, drawing both Jin and Namjoon aside for a quiet word while Hoseok and the maknae trio
settled down at the dinner table. “I tried talking to him about it upstairs, but the kid’s got a knack for deflection. It’s not even like he and the cubs had an argument or something – if they’d all gotten into a fight, I could maybe understand his behaviour. But I’ve never known him to act out like this unless something’s bothering him.”

Jin had hummed in agreement, his concerned gaze flitting across to the kitchen doorway as the younger members’ lively chatter echoed back into the corridor. “Locking himself in the bathroom to hide from Jimin is definitely a cause for concern. And you’re sure he used the scented soap?”

“That super sweet citrus brand Jimin likes to use before fanmeets,” Yoongi had confirmed gravely. “I suppose we should be grateful he didn’t try to use blockers or something, but even so, it’s still a pretty obvious cover-up. It made it almost impossible for me to know for sure if his scent had destabilised or not. The kid hasn’t started dropping yet, I can tell that much at least, but...aish. Something just doesn’t feel right, y’know?”

And boy, had that been an understatement.

Jungkook’s unusual behaviour had become even more glaringly apparent as soon as Namjoon had taken a seat at the kitchen table. Normally, the maknae would happily involve himself in the general group conversation (nine times out of ten simply to make some sort of teasing quip or a sarcastic comment in his fellow maknaes’ general direction), but the pup hadn’t spoken so much as single word to any of them for the first half of the meal. Taehyung and Jimin had even taken steps to try and coax Jungkook into joining the discussion, switching to topics that would normally appeal to their youngest member such as dance and exercise and movies. None of their attempts had proven to be successful, though. And as the evening had progressed, Jungkook’s behaviour had only grown more irregular; his posture tensing and his eyes becoming fixed almost exclusively on his half-eaten plate of food, save for the few occasions when his gaze had darted up nervously towards Jin or Yoongi before ducking away again just as quickly.

The maknae hadn’t glanced in Namjoon’s direction for the duration of the meal, not even once, and the Alpha had begun to wonder if Jungkook’s acute emotional distress (being broadcasted clearly through his rapidly souring scent) was somehow attributed to his own decision to leave home earlier that day. After all, Kookie had only recently presented as an Omega, and for the past five days Namjoon had tended to him almost around-the-clock; perhaps the brief period of separation had simply been too much, too soon.

It isn’t a conclusion Namjoon particularly likes, but with no other obvious cause for the maknae’s sudden Drop, it seems to be the only viable explanation he has.

“Jungkook-ah,” he says softly, after a few long minutes of silence, leaning back to settle more comfortably in his seat on the living room couch. “Talk to me, cub. You were so happy earlier today, I don’t understand where things went wrong. Is this...are you upset because I left you?”

To his immeasurable relief, Jungkook shakes his head quickly, forehead still pressed against Namjoon’s shoulder, fingers clenching in the Alpha’s hoodie.

Exhaling the breath he hadn’t realised he’d been holding, Namjoon hugs the pup tighter against him, turning his head to press a lingering kiss to the maknae’s dark hair. Honestly, he’s glad the pup’s grief isn’t his own doing – leaving the Pack this afternoon had been difficult enough to endure without that additional guilt weighing on his conscience – but it does mean he’s back exactly where he started, with no explanation as to why Jungkook is suffering like this.

Not for the first time, he wishes Jin had joined him in the living room to talk to their maknae. The Beta tends to have a sixth sense when it comes to the younger cubs, particularly their baby, and in all
likelihood he would’ve figured out a way to coax the truth out of Jungkook by now, whereas Namjoon’s still feels just as clueless as he did back there in the kitchen.

Of course, he could always call on his partner for backup – he knows Jin’s waiting outside in the hallway, listening to their conversation (Namjoon can easily sense his mate’s presence from such a short distance, and feels reassured by it) – but the Beta had thought it best that their maknae spent some alone time with his Pack-Alpha first, since Kookie normally responded well to him.

Unfortunately, Namjoon doesn’t feel like he’s making a whole lot of progress on his own this time.

“Jungkookie, please,” he murmurs, back to square one again now that his previous theory has been disproved. “I know something happened this afternoon to upset you. Please, just talk to me, tell me what’s going on. I’m sure we’ll find a way to put things right.”

The Omega chokes out another little sob, the sound muffled by Namjoon’s shoulder.

“S’too late for that,” Jungkook insists, his voice tremulous and thick with tears. “I fucked up, an’ now I’m making everyone else upset an’ I...I’m such an idiot.

“Hey, hey, shhh.” Namjoon squeezes the pup’s nape gently, rocking him a little in his embrace, chest aching in concern at the maknae’s obvious internal pain. “That’s not true. We’re only upset because we’re worried about you, kiddo; because we love you. That doesn’t make you an idiot. And whatever happened, whatever mistakes you made today, I promise I won’t be upset with you if you tell me.”

Jungkook unclenches a hand to scrub the sleeve of his sweatshirt across his eyes, sucking in a hitching breath. “You w-will. I’ve ruined everything, hyung. I couldn’t even keep my promise, an’ now everyone’s gonna hate me.”

It’s a teeny-tiny step in the right direction in terms of finally getting to the bottom of things, but there’s something about the maknae’s phrasing that alarms him, and Namjoon’s stomach swoops like he’s just plummeted thirty feet.

“Kookie,” he murmurs, working hard to keep his voice low and even despite the fear coiling tight like a spring in his chest. “Baby, you’re scaring me. What’s this all about?”

“I told him,” Jungkook blurts, forehead digging harder into Namjoon’s shoulder as though he’s trying to hide himself further from sight. “Yugyeom. I know you told me not to, but it was an accident, I swear – he saw me, he saw all the marks and I just couldn’t help it. Gyeomie kept asking questions, and I...I really wanted to tell him; I liked telling him. B-but I broke my promise to you an’ I knew you were gonna be so disappointed in me when you found out, so I tried keeping it a secret – but it hurts hyung, it hurts so bad – an’ then Jiminnie-hyung found me and I couldn’t hide it from him because of my stupid Omega scent, so I ran away and made him really mad at me an-”

“Breathe,” Namjoon gently interrupts, because Jungkook’s voice is growing tighter and more choked with every word and the Omega has begun trembling faintly in his arms, clearly overwhelmed. “Shhh, it’s okay. Just breathe.”

He pushes up beneath the Omega’s sweatshirt, splaying a hand against the small of Jungkook’s back, hoping the skin-on-skin contact will calm his fractious pup. And it works to some extent, enough that the maknae is able to suck in a few deep, shaky breaths, his posture sagging a little against Namjoon’s chest as the tension slowly drains away.

That brief moment of stillness gives Namjoon the time he needs to evaluate Jungkook’s rambling,
tearful confession, and the truth of the matter hits him in a sudden flash of clarity.

“You’re upset because…because you told Yugyeom about your presentation?”

With a soft, aggrieved whine, Jungkook’s fingers tighten in the fabric of his hoodie. “Hyung, I’m sorry. Please don’t be mad at me.”

The Alpha feels a rush of conflicting emotions – surprise, confusion, sympathy, incredulity, sadness, relief, relief, relief – as he squeezes the pup in a firm hug.

“Aigoo,” he breathes, closing his eyes briefly as he forces his unsettled instincts to finally calm, reassured by the simplicity of the maknae’s confession. Then he goes on to quickly reassure, “Of course I’m not mad at you, cub – you haven’t done anything wrong.”

Jungkook snifflles wetly against his shoulder, and stills in Namjoon’s hold for a long beat, before slowly drawing back an inch or two to peek up at the Alpha. His eyes are red and puffy, glistening with unshed tears, but the confusion in his gaze is very much apparent.

“But…but I broke my promise,” the Omega croaks hesitantly.

Namjoon’s heart aches for his youngest pup. “Kookie…aish. Yugyeom’s your best friend, kiddo, it’s only natural that you’d want to talk to him about everything you’ve been through this past week. I never meant for you to feel like you had to keep your dynamic a secret from everyone; I just didn’t want you posting anything on social media before the company made an official announcement, or sharing it with all your friends in a group chat where the images might get leaked.”

The Omega blinks at him in confusion, but rather than calming at Namjoon’s reassurance he seems to grow visibly more distressed, his breathing becoming shallow and slightly erratic as he slowly shakes his head.

“But I was wrong,” Jungkook insists, his voice breaking. “I didn’t listen to you and I lied about a ton of stuff an’an’ I feel awful.”

Ah. So therein lies the real issue.

Here at last, Namjoon finds his feet planted on familiar ground. Although he now knows the root cause of the maknae’s troubles (Jungkook having confessed his secret to Yugyeom), it’s the pup’s self-inflicted suffering that has brought about his current state of emotional unrest. Namjoon’s primary focus needs to be on the immense burden of guilt and self-loathing that the pup’s managed to accumulate during the long hours that he’s spent overthinking his supposed wrongdoing.

It isn’t the first time one of his pups has backed themselves into such a dark corner; even though nine time out of ten it’s Taehyung who’s ends up needing his careful attention under such circumstances, Jungkook’s been here often enough himself that Namjoon knows exactly how such a delicate situation needs to be handled.

The Omega gives another low, miserable sort of whine and lightly thunks his forehead Namjoon’s shoulder, apparently misinterpreting the Alpha’s brief silence for discontent.

“I’m sorry, please don’t be upset,” Jungkook entreats. “I won’t do it again, I promise.”

Namjoon quickly opens his mouth to reassure the pup, but another voice beats him to it.

“We’re not upset with you for telling Yugyeom-ah about your presentation,” Jin says from the doorway, and Namjoon glances up in time to see the Beta slowly walking towards them. “I know
how much you’ve missed talking to him. And it wasn’t your fault if he saw the marks, baby. Besides, we all know Gyeomie’s someone we can trust to keep your new status to himself.”

The crease in Jungkook’s brow deepens a little as he lifts his head again, the Omega looking confused and even a little frustrated.

“But...but hyung, I-”

“However, you did make a few mistakes today,” Jin continues softly, taking a seat beside Namjoon on the couch and reaching out to carefully cup Jungkook’s cheek in his hand. “You lied to Hobi back there in the kitchen, when he asked if you were feeling alright. You lied to Jimin when he first started to suspect that something was wrong. You even shut the bathroom door in his face just to keep him from finding out just how bad you were feeling inside, ignoring your hyung and disobeying your Alpha when he told you to open it. And I appreciate that you didn’t use blockers today, but you did try to mask your unstable scent with Jimin’s shower gel, which you already knew was something Joonie and I would disapprove of.”

Jungkook’s chin is wobbling ever so slightly at Jin’s calm, gentle scolding, and although Namjoon feels like someone’s forcing a knife deep into his chest at the sight of it, he doesn’t try to interrupt the Beta, or offer up tender reassurances – right now, that wouldn’t be in the cub’s best interests. What Kookie needs is absolution; to face the consequences that he clearly feels he’s earned through his wrongdoings, and rid himself of the heavy burden of self-inflicted guilt. Jin’s words are simply a way to help emphasise to the pup that his mistakes are entirely unrelated to his conversation with Yugyeom, so that the cub understands that his coming discipline is in response to actual misdeeds and not an accidental slip of the tongue.

“You were hurting,” Jin continues softly, his thumb stroking tenderly over the Omega’s cheek. “And you tried to hide that from us, Jungkook-ah. You know how we feel about you covering things up.”

A fat tear tumbles over the maknae’s damp lashes, cutting a glistening trail down his flushed cheek, and Jin wipes it away gently, before leaning in closer to brush a tender kiss to the centre of his brow. Jungkook hiccups a choked little sob, letting go of Namjoon’s hoodie with one hand to grasp onto Jin’s sleeve instead.

“I know, baby,” the Beta murmurs, his voice hushed in understanding. “I know it hurts right now. We’re gonna make that go away real soon, I promise.”

Namjoon’s gaze seeks out Jin’s, quietly questioning, tipping his head to one side in a vague sort of gesture that he’s confident his mate will nevertheless be able to decipher, eyes flickering down to the Beta’s lap. Jin shakes his head fractionally, and kisses the maknae’s brow one last time before pulling back, relinquishing his hold on the Omega. Understanding the silent cue, Namjoon takes a deep, settling breath and gently grips the pup’s chin, tilting it back up towards himself.

“I’m going to put you over my knee,” he tells the pup gently. “You’re getting a spanking, cub.”

Jungkook gives another tearful whine, but sags further into Namjoon’s embrace rather than pulling away, his ragged breathing settling a little. Already, the bitter-ginger scent has begun to fade, but he knows it’ll take more than verbal reassurances to settle his fractious pup. If he neglects to address Jungkook’s guilt and pain now, his condition will only continue to deteriorate, and Namjoon would never do anything to risk the health of his own cub. Dealing with it now, firmly enough that Jungkook feels he’s adequately atoned for his wrongdoings, will allow the maknae to wipe the slate clean and let go of those negative feelings that are threatening his emotional health so drastically.

With that in mind, he steels his heart and carefully grips Jungkook about the waist, deftly turning the
younger man over and stretching him out across his lap. The Omega tenses for a brief moment, hands pushing against the couch cushions and feet braced against the floor as he startles at the suddenness of the new position.

“Easy, easy,” Namjoon soothes, pushing up the cub’s sweatshirt a little to stroke gentle circles at the small of his back. “I’ve got you.”

Jin’s already standing up from the couch and moving around to switch sides, taking a seat on Namjoon’s left and grasping Jungkook beneath the arms, carefully easing the maknae further across the Alpha’s thighs so that his head and upper torso are resting in the Beta’s own lap.

“That’s it,” Jin murmurs, cupping a hand over Jungkook’s nape, his other coming to rest lightly over the maknae’s hands where they’re clenched in the couch cushion. “Let’s get you settled, baby. There, does that feel better?”

Jungkook’s body relaxes significantly, the tension seeping out of him as he breathes a shaky sigh, nodding minutely.

Giving the pup half a minute to adjust to his new settling restraints, Namjoon shares a brief, relieved glance with Jin. It’s the first time their youngest pup has truly seemed to calm since the rapper first came home earlier that evening; it’s definitely a reassurance that they’re on the right track. And it’s all the confirmation Namjoon needs to proceed as planned.

With the material barriers between his hand and Jungkook’s rear removed with a swift, practiced tug, the Alpha sets to work warming the bared skin in front of him with slow, firm, measured swats.

As anticipated, it doesn’t take long for the maknae to dissolve into tears again (as emotionally distraught as he already is, such a reaction is to be expected), but Namjoon keeps his senses carefully attuned to the cub’s scent and a close eye on the pale-pink colour of his backside, adjusting his pace and swing after a minute or so. His hand isn’t falling half as heavily now as it had been before, but he doubts the pup will notice the difference – his cub’s distress is mostly attributed to the experience of being spanked rather than the discomfort of the discipline itself.

Even so, Namjoon is glad to bring the session to a close after only a couple of minutes, tenderly rubbing the pink, warm skin of Jungkook’s cheeks to ease the sting.

“Good boy,” he praises, his voice a low, affectionate rumble as he loosens the restraining arm he’d placed over Jungkook’s waist, instead stroking a hand up the Omega’s spine. “Aigoo, you were so good for me, little one.”

Jin’s already cradling the pup’s head, leaning down to press a lingering kiss to Jungkook’s crown as the Omega scrubs the sleeve of his sweatshirt back and forth across his eyes, his tearful, hiccupping little sobs echoing in the otherwise silent living room. Namjoon’s heart clenches, and with a soft noise of sympathy he quickly but carefully tugs the Omega’s clothes back into place and gathers him up in his arms, drawing his youngest close against him in a tight embrace.

“You’re okay,” he murmurs, as the pup shifts in his lap in an attempt to press up as close as possible against his chest. “Shhh, I know. I know, baby.”

Namjoon might do this on a frequent (oftentimes weekly) basis, but he’s never going to reach the stage where his cubs’ tears don’t affect him to some extent. Over the years he’s learned how to overcome his own weakness in the face of his dongsaengs’ distress, and how to briefly put aside his own feelings in order to attend to the needs of his Packmates, but the ache in his chest whenever one of his pups cries is always there.
He doesn’t know how Jin does it – the man looks so serene now, regarding Jungkook with open fondness as he carefully lifts the maknae’s legs up onto his own lap so that the cub’s seated across the both of them. Namjoon has to chalk it up to being a ‘Beta thing’; the man’s more attuned to Jungkook’s inner emotional balance than Namjoon (as an Alpha) could ever hope to be, and it’s likely that with his guilt and self-hatred absolved in the wake of his spanking, Jungkook does feel significantly better than he did before. Which would explain why Jin appears so contented now.

“They’re good tears,” Jin had told him years ago, smiling at the Alpha calmly, a crying Taehyung cradled in his lap. “I know he seems more upset now than he did a few minutes ago, but he’s a lot more settled on the inside. Trust your instincts, Joonie, not your eyes.”

It had taken many long months after they had first debuted as a group before Namjoon had been able to look after the cubs properly without Jin’s guiding presence, the Beta’s instincts far more attuned to the cub’s emotional needs than his own with the Pack bond still so fresh, but over time Namjoon’s own senses had strengthened to the point where he no longer needed the Beta to alert him to a problem with one of the pups. He thanks his lucky stars every day that Jin had been older and more experienced than himself; god only knows how often he would’ve fucked things up back when they were rookies without the Beta’s help.

Jin catches his eye and smiles softly (Namjoon imagines he’s probably wearing a particularly sappy expression right now), lifting a hand briefly to touch the backs of his knuckles to Namjoon’s cheek in a gentle caress.

The Alpha leans into the touch, then turns his head enough to press a kiss to Jin’s palm, a reassurance in answer to Jin’s nonverbal question – that yes, he’s fine.

The Beta leans in slowly to touch his forehead to Namjoon’s, then shifts his focus back to Jungkook, wrapping his arms around the both of them so that the Omega’s sandwiched between their dual embrace.

“Feeling better, baby?” Jin asks quietly after a minute or so.

Nodding a little, Jungkook exhales a long, shaky sigh, his warm breath tickling Namjoon’s throat as the Omega nuzzles against his skin there, likely finding comfort in his scent. The pup’s tears appear to have finally stopped, although his breathing still stutters every so often in the aftermath of his prolonged crying fit.

As Namjoon buries his nose in the maknae’s soft hair and breathed deeply, he gets a lungful of sweet, warm caramel. Relieved beyond words, his own fractious instincts finally settling back down again at the familiar scent, the Alpha rests his cheek against the pup’s head, exhaling a rumbling sigh as he closes his eyes, content to hold his maknae close for a while longer.

He hears Jin sniff a grin beside him, and after a moment he peeks one eye open to glance in the Beta’s direction, finding the man regarding him fondly. Namjoon’s own lips twitch up to mirror his smile.

“What?”

Jin’s hand gently caresses the back of the Alpha’s head. “You’re purring.”

Namjoon rolls his eyes, but doesn’t deny the accusation. He’s fully aware of the noise coming from his chest, and while he pretends to be exasperated whenever Jin uses that particular word to describe the sound, he doesn’t really mind. The cubs always settle whenever he makes it, so he isn’t about to stop, even if Jin does find it cute.
Although honestly? He doesn’t mind that part either; the Beta’s gentle petting feels pretty darn good.

Come talk to me on Tumblr! My asks are open if you want to chat/leave a request. <3

Chapter End Notes

At long last Kookie's feeling back to normal again. There's more cuddles to come, but this chapter was growing too lengthy so Omega-snuggling will continue in the next update. :)

Also don't worry, I haven't forgotten about the others. Hobi, Jimin and Tae will get their own scene in the next chapter, since subby-Jimin needs comfort every bit as much as Jungkook right now. And Hoseok is a walking hug machine, so snuggles are inevitable whenever he's around. Also my muse is SOFT after Hixtape and all its associated behind-the-scenes videos, so Hobi's gonna get a lot of love in the next chapter. <3

Thanks for reading! I know we've been leading up to this chapter for quite a while, so I hope nobody's disappointed with how it turned out. Feel free to drop me a message! :) 

xxx
Chapter Summary

Fluff and cuddles. You have been warned.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hoseok’s kneeling on the rug in front of the bookcase, busy perusing the Pack’s extensive library of DVDs (meticulously arranged both alphabetically and by genre, courtesy of Namjoon), when he hears a noise from the other side of the Den that quickly draws his gaze away from the task.

“Jimin,” he warns quietly, watching as the cub freezes mid-step only a few short paces from the doorway. “We already talked about this, angel. I need you to stay here with me and Taehyungie.”

The maknae-Alpha peers back towards him, his expression beseeching.

“But hyung,” he tries – a soft, plaintive whine, “I’m not gonna interfere or anything, I promise. I just want to make sure he’s okay.”

“Kookie’s gonna be fine,” Taehyung reassures from his cross-legged position in the middle of the giant bed, surrounded by snacks. “I should know; I’ve been where he’s at more times than I can count. It only seems worse because it’s his first time dropping as an Omega; he’s dealing with a ton of new feelings and instincts and stuff, that’s all. He’ll be okay, Namjoonie-hyung knows what to do.”

The Omega shoves another Pepero in his mouth before setting the packet aside and stretching both arms towards the dancer in an obvious invitation, making cute grabby hands.

“Come snuggle with me, okay?” he suggests. “It’ll make you feel better.”

Jimin appears genuinely torn for a moment between the need to seek out his youngest dongsaeng to ensure Jungkook’s wellbeing, and the urge to find comfort in Taehyung’s arms. With how small the pup seems right now, Hoseok’s fairly certain his submissive side currently has both hands on the wheel (and subby Jimin generally needs tactile affection and gentle reassurance in excess, especially if he’s upset), but clearly his most basic Alpha instincts to protect and nurture are still fighting to regain that control for Jungkook’s sake. It’s ten kinds of adorable that the pup still wants to be there for his Omega even in his current state, but Hoseok can already tell that Jimin’s internal emotional battle is beginning to take a toll on him; the poor cub looks exhausted.

“In a minute, Tae,” Jimin answers after a long moment of deliberation, and Hoseok slowly pushes himself to his feet, anticipating the imminent possibility that he might have to sprint after his quick-footed dongsaeng. “I’m just gonna…I need to.”

Turning in order to resume his previous trajectory towards the hallway, the maknae-Alpha suddenly stumbles back a pace with a quiet grunt, having collided with an unexpected obstacle in his path.

“Going somewhere?” Yoongi asks evenly, catching Jimin carefully by the shoulders before the younger Alpha can lose his footing.
Hoseok relaxing his stance, sending his elder bondmate a grateful little smile. It’s not that he’s *incapable* of being firm with Jimin and the others (he’s chased down errant dongsaengs before, and he’d do it again without hesitation if the situation required it of him), but he’s really far more comfortable being the hyung who dries their tears and soothes their worries; besides, it’s not like the Pack has a *shortage* of sterner Doms.

Jimin drops his gaze to the floor as he fidgets in place, but Yoongi gently tilts his chin back up again, arching an eyebrow expectantly.

“I asked you a question, cub.”

The apple of the man’s throat bobs as he swallows. “I…I was only gonna check on Kookie, hyung.”

“Mm-hm,” Yoongi acknowledges patiently. “And what did Hobi tell you about going downstairs?”

Jimin pulls at the sleeves of his hoodie, tugging them over his hands as his gaze darts briefly towards Hoseok (nervous, apologetic, guilty) before dropping to the floor again.

“No to,” the dancer answers meekly.

Yoongi studies the maknae-Alpha’s face for a brief moment, then turns him smoothly to one side, leaning the pup forwards over his left arm as he lands a brisk flurry of sharp swats to Jimin’s clothed rear. Before the younger man can utter more than a single quiet whine, the rapper’s righting him again, drawing him close for a brief, tight hug and pressing his lips to Jimin’s temple in a chaste kiss.

“Go apologise to Hobi,” Yoongi tells the cub calmly, giving him a gentle, prompting push towards the other Alpha.

Jimin isn’t quite crying, but there’s a glistening sort of sheen in the pup’s eyes as he approaches, sweater-paws twisting together in fidgety contriteness.

“M’sorry, hyung.”

Hoseok has to actively fight the urge to coo at how sweet he looks, cheeks dusted the very faintest tinge of pink and those big, sad eyes looking up at him like that – *aigoo*, his heart. He opens his arms without hesitation, engulfing Jimin in a tight hug when the younger Alpha dives into them.

“It’s okay,” he soothes, rubbing his cheek against the soft, blond hair as Jimin sniffs against his neck. “I know you didn’t mean to act out; you were just worried about Kookie, right? And I get that, baby, I really do – but you’re not in the right frame of mind to take care of an Omega right now.”

He pulls away an inch or so, just enough that he can cup the younger man’s chin, thumb stroking tenderly over Jimin’s bottom lip.

“Kookie’s in safe hands,” Hoseok reassures. “Joonie and Jin-hyung will look after him, I promise. You don’t have to keep holding on like this for his sake. We both know how badly you want to go down, angel.” He leans in to kiss the pup softly. “I need you to listen to hyung, okay? It’s time to let go now.”

Jimin makes a soft, needy noise in the back of his throat, an almost-but-not-quite whimper that’s really *far* too adorable for Hoseok’s weak heart to bear. Although in all honesty, he’s reassured by the pup’s show of vulnerability – Jimin’s dominant side finally seems to be fully surrendering to his more submissive inclinations.

“Need me to stay, Seokseok-ah?” Yoongi offers quietly, coming up behind Jimin to stroke the pup’s
Hoseok smiles gratefully, but shakes his head. “We’ll be fine.”

“Hey!” Taehyung protests, apparently done with being left out of the three-way hug. “Stop keeping Jiminie all to yourselves, I wanna cuddle him too.”

Laughing, Hoseok extends an arm towards the pouting Omega, wrapping it around Tae’s shoulders when the younger man nestsles himself up against Jimin with a happy little hum, kissing the Alpha’s cheek.

“Dumbass,” the Omega mutters fondly. “You should’ve just told hyung that you needed a push to go down. Swear to god, I was ready to spank you myself.”

Sharing an amused glance with Hoseok (because the idea of their soft-hearted Omega pup taking anyone in hand is, quite frankly, ridiculous), Yoongi gives the younger rapper a quiet smile.

“Looks like Tae’s got it covered,” he remarks wryly. “I’ll go finish cleaning things up in the kitchen. Call me if you need anything, alright?”

“Mm,” Hoseok agrees, lifting his hand from Taehyung’s shoulder to cup the back of Yoongi’s neck, drawing him in close enough for a gentle kiss. “Thank you.”

The elder rapper caresses his cheek, fingertips lingering against Hobi’s skin for a long moment before Yoongi finally pulls away, dropping a quick kiss against the crown of Jimin’s head and ruffling Tae’s hair with his free hand before departing.

Hoseok now finds himself alone with an armload of cuddly pups (his favourite kind of predicament), and with practiced ease he herds them back towards the giant Pack-bed, disentangling himself from their hold (much to Jimin’s vocal and pouty protests) long enough to scoot across the mattress towards the centre of the bed, grabbing the TV remote along the way. He hasn’t been able to pre-select a DVD, but realistically with how clingy and small Jimin seems right now, he won’t really be up to focusing on anything with a complex storyline.

Hobi switches it onto a random music channel to add a little background noise, then tosses the remote aside and beckons his packmates closer.

“There,” he sighs happily a few moments later, sitting back against the pillows at the headboard with a cub tucked up beneath an arm either side of him. “This is cosy, right?”

“Perfect,” Taehyung agrees, using his sock-clad feet to manoeuvre the box of Pepero further up the bed so that he can continue snacking. “Ooh, look – Jealousy.”

Hoseok glances towards the wall-mounted TV, recognising the stylistic intro to the MV before the camera even begins focusing on the members of Monsta X, but a quiet noise from his right draws his gaze away to where Jimin is determinedly trying to suffocate himself against the rapper’s shoulder.

Retracting his arm from around Taehyung (the Omega doesn’t appear to notice, fully absorbed in watching the hoobae group, munching on three Peperos at once), Hoseok turns his attention towards the maknae-Alpha beside him, fingers combing through the pup’s hair as he hugs Jimin a little tighter.

“Minnie,” he murmurs. “It’s okay if you want to sit closer, y’know.”

With the open invitation thus extended, Hoseok isn’t particularly surprised when Jimin moves a
moment later, shifting to straddle the rapper’s lap and plastering himself to Hobi’s chest, warm breath tickling the elder’s throat as his dongsaeng breathes a heavy sigh of relief, relaxing fully against him.

Smiling, warmth and affection pulsing beneath his breastbone at the cub’s sweet, tactile nature (he adores the maknae-Alpha irrespective of his headspace, but subby-Jimin just makes him weak), Hoseok rubs slow, winding patterns across the younger man’s back. He glances sideways at Tae and offers the Omega his free arm again, but the pup shakes his head with a soft smile, regarding Jimin fondly.

“I’m good for a little while,” Taehyung tells him, his voice hushed. “Pretty sure I’ve hit my hug-quota for the day at least three times over. Haven’t been this stable all week.”

With Tae having still been very much in the post-heat-clinginess phase earlier that day (fussy and pouty and requiring constant tactile comfort to keep him contented), Hobi’s honestly surprised at how quickly the Omega’s hormones seem to have levelled out. But his scent can’t lie, crisp and sweet and clear as it is; Taehyung seems perfectly stable at the moment (happy, even), and that’s certainly a reassurance.

Hoseok returns the smile, wrapping his arm back around Jimin instead. “If you’re sure,” he returns. “Let me know if that changes, okay? There’s plenty of room for one more.”

Taehyung hums a cheerful acknowledgement and stuffs another Pepero in his mouth (how that boy can still eat after wolfing down three plates of food at dinner, Hobi will never know – where is he putting it all?), his attention returning to the music video playing out on the TV. Following suit, Hoseok allows his own gaze to shift to the screen, although he keeps his senses attuned to Jimin’s deep, even breathing and the way the pup’s hands tug spasmodically at his hoodie every once in a while, as though checking to make sure Hobi’s still there.

It’s a good twenty minutes later (or so he estimates by the number of MVs the channel has cycled through) when Jimin finally stirs, lifting his head from Hoseok’s shoulder and leaning back a little. He looks distinctly sleepy, like he’s just woken up from a nap, but Hoseok knows the pup hasn’t been asleep; it’s simply the contented spaced-out look that the maknae-Alpha tends to get whenever he goes down for any period of time.

“Hey, little one,” he murmurs, hand coming up to cup the submissive’s cheek, his smile full of tender warmth. “Feeling better?”

Jimin gives a slow nod, blinking sluggishly and tilting his cheek into Hoseok’s touch with a soft hum.

Hobi really can’t stop the quiet coo that escapes his lips at the adorable sight (this cub, aish, he’s seriously too much), and he brings his other hand up to cradle Jimin’s face, leaning in to press chaste butterfly kisses across his nose and cheeks. The maknae-Alpha smiles, eyes crinkling into cute half-moons as he gives a breathy little laugh, and Hoseok dies a little more inside.

“Aigoo, you’re so fucking cute,” he murmurs (Jin’s not here, so his f-bomb filter has automatically switched itself off), rubbing their noses together in a gentle nuzzle. “I could just eat you.”

“Kinky,” Tae mutters around a mouthful of Choco-pie.

Jimin snorts, one hand releasing its grip on Hoseok’s hoodie to take a half-assed swipe at the Omega’s thigh. Taehyung gives a squawk of protest at the attack, and a moment later the red packaging of his snack bounces off the side of Jimin’s head in retaliation. The maknae-Alpha stops
nuzzling against Hoseok’s palm to wrinkle his nose in Tae’s direction, a playful sort of look in his eye, and it quickly becomes apparent that an all-out war is imminent if steps aren’t taken to deescalate the situation.

“I don’t think Jin-hyung’s gonna be too happy if we make a mess of the Den,” Hoseok reasons calmly, reaching out to catch hold of Tae’s wrist before the Omega can reach for the open bag of seaweed snacks. “How about we call a truce, hm?”

“If we have to,” Taehyung sighs with exaggerated reluctance (the way he shuffles over to tuck himself under Hoseok’s arm against the Alpha’s side a moment later belies his tone). “I was totally gonna win, though.”

Jimin slowly leans over to kiss the Omega, his hand shifting from Hobi’s shoulder to settle lightly against the side of Tae’s neck. The younger man exhales a long, contented sigh through his nose, eyes slipping closed as Jimin sucks on his bottom lip, head tilting back against Hoseok’s bicep.

The rapper watches them silently for a few minutes, his free hand idly stroking Jimin’s thigh where the maknae-Alpha still straddles his lap, until finally the younger man pulls back from Taehyung, his smile soft and sleepy but just a teensy bit smug.

“Pretty sure I won that round.”

A quick sideways glance at Taehyung confirms Hoseok’s suspicions – the Omega’s still got his head tilted back, staring up at the ceiling blankly, cheeks faintly tinged pink and bottom lip kiss-swollen.

Sniffing a grin, Hoseok turns his head to press a kiss to Taehyung’s temple. “Uh oh. Man down.”

“Nn-nn,” Taehyung denies, still looking a little dazed. “Man up.”

Jimin laughs brightly at that, sounding a little more like his usual self. “Oh. Sorry, Taetae – guess I’m just that good, huh?”

Tae rolls his eyes with a groan, but he’s smiling. “Like you didn’t know exactly what you were doing. Bastard.”

In a moment of clarity Hoseok’s gaze shifts to Taehyung’s lap, and his lips curl up in another grin as he comes to appreciate the true extent of the Omegas new…predicament.

“You need some help with that?” he offers casually.

The assortment of snacks next to Taehyung go flying as he shoves them out of the way hastily (they’ll have to clean things up before Jin finds out or else Hobi’s going to get The Look from their resident Beta caretaker), and the Omega shifts up onto his knees in a flash, his previous dazedness gone.

“Well,” he answers, tugging his shirt up over his head without preamble and tossing it aside. “Since you’re offering…. ."
Jungkook isn’t unhappy, he knows that much at least.

Trying to figure out how he does feel? That’s a little more complicated. Those bad-horrible-awful feelings from before are well and truly gone, so that’s definitely a drastic improvement, but aish, he’s just too tired to even think about emotions anymore.

It seems like days since he had that video-call with Yugyeom and this whole mess first began – battling with himself internally had really taken it out of him, even before Namjoon had taken him aside for a ‘talk’. Then add to that the fact that he’s probably spent half the evening crying his eyes out and…yeah. He’s pretty much burnt through all of his reserves and he’s running on empty.

He can hear Jin and Namjoon talking quietly; for some reason it sounds far away, even though he can feel the Alpha’s cheek still resting against his hair and knows the hands stroking his lower legs belongs to the Beta. Everything’s a little muted, but comfortably so - the world around him is warm and cosy and safe, and with his eyes closed like this he really ought to be able to fall asleep in a heartbeat…

Except he can’t. There’s something niggling at him, a faint buzz at the edge of his consciousness that’s keeping him from letting go completely. He doesn’t know why, or even what it is, only that it’s being hella rude.

A familiar scent slowly begins to register, drawing him a little ways out of that cosy bubble of subspace (although he quite stubbornly refuses to open his eyes, because no, sleepy time), and he becomes aware of someone’s hand gently petting the back of his head. The appendage can’t belong to Namjoon, not unless the man’s suddenly grown a third arm, and both of Jin’s hands are on his lower limbs, so it’s gotta belong to someone new…

“He’s only been down about fifteen minutes or so,” he hears Namjoon say, the words a soothing sort of rumble that Jungkook swears he can feel in his bones. “I’d hoped he might take a nap, but he’s fighting it.”

“Stubborn kid,” Yoongi mutters, and Jungkook feels himself rise up from that floaty bubble-space a little more at the man’s gruff but affectionate tone of voice. “Here, let me take him – go take a break, Joon.”

“I’m fine-”

“You’re exhausted,” the elder rapper interjects. “I can take it from here, and Hobi’s got the cubs in hand – go easy on yourself, okay? It’s been one helluva week, and our schedule’s due to resume tomorrow.”

“Yoongi’s right,” Jin’s soft voice murmurs, and Jungkook hears the wet press of lips against skin. “A little downturn wouldn’t hurt, Joonie. Come on, come upstairs to bed. Jungkook’s settled now, he’ll be okay without you.”
Jungkook feels the warm puff of Namjoon’s heavy sigh against his hairline. “I know that. I just… alright.” Soft lips brush against his brow, the arms around him tightening briefly. “Kookie?”

The maknae forces his eyelids open to a sleepy squint, relaxing when he finds the lights in the room much dimmer than he remembers them (the main overhead lights appear to be switched off, the living room now lit by a single standing lamp in the far corner). He blinks sluggishly at the Pack-Alpha, fingers curling into the fabric of the man’s hoodie.

Namjoon smiles down at him gently. “Yoongi’s here, cub. Is it alright if he sits with you for a little while?”

Jungkook’s gaze flickers up to where the elder rapper’s standing in front the couch – looking wonderfully soft in his big sweater and casual jeans, regarding him with a fond expression – and feels immediately overcome with the urge to snuggle.

Words, it seems, are something he isn’t quite capable of at the moment (his tongue’s temporarily forgotten its most basic function), but the low, needy sort of whine that erupts from the back of his throat (quite unintentionally) apparently communicates this desire well enough.

Yoongi’s smile pulls slowly at his mouth – a small, quiet curl of his lips that makes Jungkook’s chest go all fluttery and hot. Without further prompting the rapper moves to sit beside Namjoon on the couch, allowing the Pack-Alpha to transfer Jungkook into his lap.

After such prolonged tactile contact with both Jin and Namjoon, the loss of their dual embrace is a little bit like jumping into cold water – for a moment he loses his breath, and his body tingles all over, and there’s a temporary flash of panic because nonono, he wasn’t ready – but then Yoongi’s drawing him in close, arms closing around him securely, and it’s fine, it’s all good, he’s safe.

He vaguely registers Jin and Namjoon leaving with a murmured word to the eldest Alpha, but Jungkook’s a little preoccupied breathing in Yoongi’s scent, nose pressed against the man’s throat where the chocolate-like aroma is most heady, cuddled up sideways with his back against the arm of the couch for support.

A hand cups his chin, gently drawing him out from the safety of Yoongi’s neck.

“Hey, puppy.”

Jungkook melts, uttering a soft noise in the back of his throat as the petname sends happiness thrumming through him in warm, tingling pulses. This is it; this is what he’d been missing.

Even if Yoongi isn’t always the one to discipline him, nine times out of ten Jungkook feels the urge to seek him out in the aftermath of a spanking (be that in the rapper’s studio at BigHit or his bedroom upstairs) for cuddles and sympathy. There’s something about the man’s scent that he just finds so utterly calming. Plus Yoongi’s so soft and comfortable and his hugs are amazing, and it always reminds Jungkook of those homesick nights back in the trainee dorm when the Alpha would hold him and let him pour out all his worries and stresses without judgement. He’d been so shy back then, but talking to Yoongi (quiet, gentle, safe Yoongi) had always been easy.

“Hyung,” he breathes, his voice croaky and uneven from lack of use.

He can’t manage anything more, because there’s a lump in his throat again, but Yoongi understands all the same.

“I know,” Yoongi murmurs, pressing a soft kiss to the corner of Jungkook’s mouth. “I know, cub. You’re still down pretty far, huh? That’s okay. Hyung’s here, you’re safe. You can stay down as
long as you like.”

A shaky exhale, and Jungkook’s eyelids flutter closed briefly, opening again when he feels the touch of Yoongi’s lips against his brow.

“Tired?” the Alpha asks, brushing his fringe back.

Jungkook nods, lips turning down in a pout to communicate just how crushingly exhausted he feels. Yoongi gives a quiet hum in sympathy, mirroring the pout with such accuracy that it startles a flicker of a genuine smile out of the maknae despite his fatigue.

“Come on, beautiful,” Yoongi murmurs, lips kicking up again at the Omega’s reaction. “I think someone’s long overdue a nap.”

He feels himself being shifted in the Alpha’s lap again, strong hands lifting and turning him as Yoongi swings his legs up onto the cushions, until finally he’s settled on top of the rapper, stretched out along the couch with his head resting against the man’s chest. In reality, Kookie knows he’s a few centimetres taller than Yoongi, but laying with the Alpha like this he feels a whole lot smaller. And it’s perfect.

Yoongi’s hand settles over the back of his neck, not squeezing but simply resting there, a comfortable and reassuring weight.

“Go to sleep, baby,” the rapper murmurs.

Jungkook doesn’t even remember closing his eyes before he’s gone.

…

“We…we should at least go and say goodnight to the cubs,” Namjoon insists, with only a very faint slur to his words.

Jin rolls his eyes fondly, despite knowing that in the semi-darkness of the bedroom his mate might not be able to see it. “I spoke to Hobi while you were in the shower. Tae and Jiminie already fell asleep; he wore them out pretty good, by the sounds of it.”

“What about Kookie?” the Alpha perseveres. “We can’t just leave him downstairs all night.”

“He and Yoongi crash on the couch all the time,” Jin answers, a smile in his voice as he gently smooths Namjoon’s damp hair back from his sweaty brow. “At least once a month; they have anime marathons. But you didn’t hear that from me, okay?”
The younger man is silent for a moment, but Jin can still sense his unrest. With a quiet, fond sigh, the Beta presses a lingering kiss to his mate’s heated skin, smoothing his hand up the Alpha’s bare chest beneath the sheets, feeling the shaky rise-and-fall as Namjoon slowly begins to regain control of his breathing.

“It’s been a long week,” he murmurs, lips moving against Namjoon’s cheek. “Having two Omegas in heat hasn’t been easy, especially with Tae’s coming in halfway through. You’ve been on high-alert for six days straight now, and winding down from that isn’t gonna be a walk in the park, I know. But you need to cut yourself some slack, Joonie. And have a little more faith in your Pack – they can cope without you for one night.”

Namjoon hums, but Jin isn’t convinced the Alpha truly believes him. Honestly, he’d been hoping this conversation wouldn’t be necessary – that a hot shower and a quick fuck would render his overworked, overtired mate so exhausted that Joonie would simply fall asleep without overthinking anything and everything to do with the pups.

“You need to let go,” he reiterates, fingers playing with Namjoon’s hair. “You won’t be able to sleep properly if you’re constantly fretting about the others.”

“Mm.”

Jin regards him critically for a long moment. “Why do I get the feeling you’re not listening to me?”

“Mm,” Namjoon repeats, his gazing unfocusedly towards the ceiling.

The Beta arches an eyebrow, fingers stroking down the side of Namjoon’s face to gently grip his jaw, waiting until the Alpha blinks hard and refocuses on him.

“Cub. What did I just ask you?”

“Uh…”

With a sigh, Jin shifts beneath the bedcovers, moving to settle over Namjoon in one swift motion, hands braced either side of the rapper’s head. His mate blinks up at him, seeming genuinely startled by the suddenness the position-change, and Jin uses that shock to his advantage, dropping his voice to a low, even hum.

“Enough, Namjoon-ah,” he murmurs, holding the pup’s gaze. “Stop worrying about the others; everything’s been taken care of. It’s time to focus on you, okay? If you aren’t ready to give yourself a break, I’ll be more than happy to help take you down a few pegs.”

He sees the younger man’s throat move as he swallows, and feels a pulse of satisfaction at that brief show of vulnerability.

“Hyung, I-”

“Is that what you need, pup?” Jin pushes, keeping his voice deliberately hushed. “Because you know I won’t have any trouble putting you over my knee if I think it’ll help you loosen up.”

“I…I don’t…”

“No?” Jin leans down to gently, tenderly brush a kiss against the Alpha’s mouth. “Then stop fighting me, baby. The others aren’t here now, it’s just you and me. You’re not in charge anymore.”

Namjoon closes his eyes with a shaky exhale, and Jin can literally feel the remaining tension begin to
seep from his body with each passing second. The Beta smiles, leaning in to press fluttering kisses to his mate’s cheeks and over his nose.

“Good boy,” he whispers, as Namjoon tilts his head back, baring his throat without prompting. “Always so good for me, Joonie.”

Call him a selfish man, but if there’s one thing that Seokjin hoards for himself in its entirety without guilt or shame, it’s Namjoon’s submission. The knowledge that no other man has had the pleasure of seeing the rapper’s more vulnerable side like this, that nobody else has experienced the thrill of watching the Pack-Alpha surrender control over to him so willingly…aigoo.

Jin doesn’t do it very often, but there’s truly nothing in life more satisfying than seeing Kim Namjoon baring his throat of his own free will.

The Beta shifts his stance a little as he leans in again to kiss the man’s neck. “I’m so proud of you, baby,” he murmurs. “You know that, right? The way you handled the cubs’ heats this week, aigoo. My Alpha pup’s come a long way since debut.”

Namjoon smiles sweetly at the praise, fingers wrapping loosely around one of Jin’s biceps.

“Only because I had someone to guide me,” the Alpha returns, gazing up at him in gentle adoration. “I wouldn’t be anything without you, hyung.”

Aish, this pup.

“Are you crying?” Namjoon asks a moment later, a smile in his voice as he lets Jin pepper his face with butterfly kisses.

Jin nips lightly at the Alpha’s earlobe. “If I am, it’s entirely your fault. Now shut up and let me love you.”

Namjoon, good boy that he is, readily obliges.

Come chat to me on Tumblr! I love to hear from you. :)

Chapter End Notes

I am in a SOFT mood, can you tell? I love my squishy boys.

Only a couple more chapters to go before this story comes to an end! But 'Pack Origins' and the GOT7 spin-off to this series will begin soon afterwards, so watch this space.
Thanks to everyone who sent me requests and prompts and lovely messages on Tumblr! I haven't answered many requests directly because I'm keeping them stored up, so if I don't reply with a "I'm sorry but I won't be able to do this prompt", then assume I'm interested in fulfilling it. :)

(Did you notice me sneaking MonstaX into this chapter? Their comeback is a BOP and my Monbebe heart is so happy.)

Take care, fam!
Chapter Summary

Finally, the day of the long-awaited photoshoot arrives.

(Fluff, fluff and more fluff. Also Dom!Jin.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

“It’ll be a three-part shoot,” Sejin explains to them, index fingers absently tapping out a rhythm against the steering wheel as the car waits at a set of traffic lights. “That means three outfits, three different sets, three concepts. I’m afraid it’s going to be a pretty heavy day, all in all. So if any of you need to take a break, I want you to come tell me or one of the other managers. Okay?”

There’s a polite murmur of assent from six of the seven passengers, but nobody calls Jungkook out on his silence. Given how sensitive his scent is at the moment, it’s more than likely that the rest of the Pack can smell just how nervous he’s feeling right now.

In truth, butterflies had taken up residence in his stomach from the moment he’d first woken up that morning; a sickly feeling of nervous anticipation that he hasn’t been able to shake, regardless of the ample reassurance he’s received from his bondmates.

“It’ll be fine, pup,” Yoongi had soothed over breakfast, gently petting his hair as Namjoon tried to coax him into eating some fruit. “Sejin-hyung’s handpicked the set staff himself, and he’s promised it’ll be our regular stylists today. You won’t have to deal with anyone new.”

The Omega had hummed distractedly in response, accepting the bite of mango from Namjoon’s fingers, curling up a little further in the Pack-Alpha’s lap. Yoongi had sighed softly, crouching down beside the chair to hold Jungkook’s gaze, hands resting comfortably on the maknae’s knees.

“The team aren’t going to treat you any differently, pup. They already love you for who you are as a person; your new status won’t change that. Well…the noonas might spoil you even more than they already do, but that’s not such a bad thing, is it?”

Jungkook had managed a teeny-tiny smile at that, part of him feeling a little embarrassed for being such a baby over something as simple as a photoshoot.

Seriously though, he’s got to have done at least a hundred of them over the past five years (maybe even more, considering all the sponsorship stuff they do), so it really shouldn’t feel like such a huge deal. And it’s not even like this’ll be the first time he’s sporting bonding-markers during a shoot, either; their comeback promo photos almost always include a cosy, domestic concept, and having a marker peeking out beneath the collar of your shirt has been a popular trend these past few years, especially with male groups. The industry loves a close-knit Pack, and fans lap up absolutely anything that hints towards healthy bonds between their favourite idols.
So no, he isn’t worried about the claiming marks that decorate his neck and shoulders – he’s always proud to show the world how much he’s loved by the rest of his Pack.

The crux of the matter is, Jeon Jungkook isn’t Beta anymore; simple as that. He’s an Omega now. And despite what the others keep telling him, he knows for a fact that it will change things in the eyes of the public, at least to some degree. True, it’s been almost a century since society began to move away from traditional dynamic roles (where Omegas were considered delicate creatures in need of protection, or worse, highly sought-after treasures to be primped and petted and adorned with pretty things like dolls), but there will always be people who still cling to those outdated ideologies in some way or another; like the netizens who criticise Namjoon’s position as Pack-Alpha simply because of his gentle nature, or who claim that Hoseok is a disgrace to the Alpha dynamic because he lets the younger cubs tease him during fansigns and backstage videos without reprimANDING them.

What if some people don’t like the idea of him suddenly being an Omega?

Jungkook knows his stage persona can be a little…dominant, at times. He never intentionally acts that way, it just happens naturally when he’s performing (Tae calls it ‘being in The Zone’), and he knows he isn’t always like that during fansigns or behind-the-scenes stuff (his hyungs would probably sit on him if he did it too often). Nevertheless, it’s earned him something of a reputation these past few years, and it’s clear there are a lot of fans out there who really like the whole Maknae-Beta On Top thing. There are even fansites dedicated to his stage persona; video compilations made of him looking at his hyungs a certain way, and viral gifsets commemorating that one time a couple of years ago when he’d used banmal against Jin to get the upper hand in a straight-faced game. And truthfully, even though he’s always been a total sub at heart, there’s something about poking fun at his Packmates that he absolutely loves.

That doesn’t necessarily have to change just because he’s presented as an Omega, right? He knows a lot of Omega idols still adopt the soft/innocent image these days, because despite dynamic equality people still adore cutesy concepts involving that particular subgender, but he’s never really been someone who embraces all things cute, even if his aegyo’s pretty good nowadays. Besides, there are plenty of badass Omegas in the industry (Shinee’s Taemin had pretty much set the bar for confident, independent subs the second he debuted as a soloist), and the fans sure seem to love it when Taehyung goes ‘bad boy’ onstage.

Army have loved and supported him as a Beta; the real question is whether or not they’ll still support his maknae-on-top stage personality now that he’s an Omega…

“Don’t.” A thumb gently rescues Jungkook’s bottom lip from between his teeth, startling the Omega from his thoughts. “You’ll hurt yourself.”

“Sorry,” he mumbles reflexively, blinking a few times to bring Jin’s features more into focus.

Jin studies his face closely for a moment, one hand still cupping the maknae’s chin, before his expression softens in understanding and he leans in to press a feather-light kiss against the younger’s abused lip.

“I can hear that brain of yours ticking away,” the Beta murmurs quietly, bumping their noses together. “You need to stop overthinking today’s schedule, sweetheart. You’re getting yourself all worked up.”

Ducking his head to smush his face against Jin’s shoulder, Jungkook whines softly. There’s no use trying to pretend that everything’s okay; his scent’s off, so the rest of the Pack must already know how unsettled he’s feeling. And in all honesty, if they weren’t inside a moving vehicle, Jungkook would already be climbing into the Beta’s lap for a proper cuddle – but for now he settles for twisting
around as best he can and pressing into Jin as much as physically possible.

Fucking seatbelts, man.

“Kookie?” Namjoon speaks from the row of seats in front of them. “Do you need us to pull over, kiddo?”

The Omega shakes his head quickly, face still hidden against Jin’s sweater. He knows they’re on a tight enough schedule as it is, and they’re already running a little late because of traffic; it’d be rude to keep the staff waiting on account of his own oversensitivity.

A hand settles lightly on the back of his head, Jin’s long fingers combing through his hair, his touch wonderfully soothing. Jungkook feels a warm body press in closer on his other side, and a moment later Hoseok gently runs the pad of his thumb over the maknae’s knuckles, holding the Omega’s hand with their fingers snugly interlaced. Jungkook is comforted by the touch, and although he doesn’t lift his head from its resting place on Jin’s shoulder, he squeezes Hobi’s hand in return, a silent reassurance.

Jin’s right, he really needs to stop overthinking things. He’ll just treat today like any other working schedule; forget all about the Big Secret and the reason why he had to leave the house with a big scarf wrapped around his neck. It’s just a photoshoot. And on the plus side, Jungkook will get to wear nice clothes, and get complimented by all the staff for looking good in his shots (that’s always the best part, there’s no use denying how much he loves praise), and there’ll be tons of snacks and drinks set up on a table somewhere for them to grab whenever they fancy, and it’s always kinda fun to settle into the scene of the shoot and experiment with poses.

Jungkook’s a professional. And so help him, he’s going to shoot the best Omega-presentation photos in the history of Kpop; he’s not about to let a few nervous butterflies get in his way.

Yoongi doesn’t know the exact budget of today’s photoshoot, but it’s pretty damn obvious that BigHit has forked out a little something extra this time.

The spacious, open studio has been divided into three intricately detailed sets, and Yoongi can’t even begin to imagine how long the staff must have been working to put it all together. The ‘living room’ set is all neutral colours; a light beige couch with plush cushions, white walls, fluffy grey-blue carpet, white gossamer curtains covering the fake-window. The whole design is the epitome of homely – he can certainly testify to the cosiness of the couch – and the outfits they’ve been dressed in are casual
and comfortable, knitted sweaters or hoodies and soft cotton sweatpants. They’d even given Taehyung cute animal-socks and a panda plushie (which Jimin had promptly stolen for his own solo shots).

After having spent the past twenty minutes cuddled up on said couch with Hoseok and Namjoon for a series of rapper-line photos, Yoongi’s feeling pretty chilled out, his gait languid and easy as he heads across the studio to check up on Tae and Jimin.

“Taehyung-ssi, turn your head just a little to the left,” one photographer is busy instructing, gesturing to their assistant to adjust one of the lights nearby. “Good. Jimin-ssi, perhaps put you hand over… yes, that’s it, perfect.”

Yoongi rakes his eyes appreciatively over his younger bondmates. Damn. He needs to find out which stylist decided to dress Jimin in ripped skinny jeans and a leather jacket, and thank them personally. Taehyung’s looking every bit as edible in his own dark jacket and white t-shirt, and holy fuck, they’ve actually given him leather pants. Someone on their promo team needs a serious pay-rise. Yoongi feels a sudden surge of lyrical inspiration at the sight (because damn), and knows he’ll be staying up late tonight writing a rap that’ll inevitably be too explicit to ever share with anyone in the outside world (at least not until he’s well and truly retired from idol life years down the line to become a producer or something).

The concept of the second set seems to be the complete opposite of the first, what with the faux-concrete wall covered in spray-painted graffiti, English and Japanese words mixed in with the Korean letters in a clear attempt to appeal to their overseas fans. Give it three hours after the photos get published on sms, and Yoongi knows international ARMYs will be coming up with overly complex and highfalutings theories about what the words really mean and how they’re in some way connected to a new or old album concept.

“Yoongi-ssi,” a voice calls from nearby, and the rapper turns towards the speaker with a polite acknowledgement to see one of their male stylists fixing himself a coffee at the snack table nearby. “We’ll be doing your makeup for the second shoot in about ten minutes, okay? Take a break.”

Nodding, Yoongi glances back at his two dongsaengs, cracking a quiet smile when Taehyung leans in close to Jimin and blows a raspberry against his bare throat, effectively shattering the illusion of a dark and sexy concept (or whatever it is they’re going for here with all the leather and thick eyeliner), and dancer gives a startled cry that quickly dissolves into a peal of high, bubbling laughter. Taehyung giggles, darting away to avoid the swat Jimin aims at his thigh, and the photographer lowers his camera with a fond sort of sigh, shaking his head as he waits for the two maknaes to settle down.

“Hey,” Namjoon calls with a smile in his voice, appearing beside Yoongi without warning (sneaky pup) and wrapping a casual arm around the older Alpha. “Focus, you two. Jimin-ah, that last pose you did with your hand on Tae’s shoulder? It looked awesome.”

The two cubs stop playing, Jimin’s face brightening at the compliment. “You think so?”

“Totally. That jacket really suits you,” the Pack-Alpha continues, smiling encouragingly at the pair. “Yours too, Tae.”

And just like that, the maknaes are back in position again, their enthusiasm for the shoot apparently bolstered by their leader’s words. Yoongi huffs a quiet laugh, leaning into Namjoon’s side as they watch the vocal duo at work, feeling the younger rapper’s hand slip an inch or two beneath the fabric of his baggy knitted sweater to settle on his hip, squeezing gently.
“You’re even clingier than usual today,” Yoongi accuses, faintly amused, even as he leans further into the younger’s touch (because attempting to resist a cuddly Namjoon is a battle his heart has never been strong enough to endure). “Everything okay?”

“Mm,” Namjoon hums, turning his head to nuzzle at Yoongi’s fluffed-up hair, exhaling a familiar sort of rumbling sigh that has the elder’s lips turning up in a fond smile.

“Ah,” he acknowledges softly. “Happy?”

Another purring rumble, and Namjoon rests his cheek against Yoongi’s hair, turning his attention back towards the maknaes as they switch to a different pose; Taehyung now seated on the floor with one knee bent, Jimin crouching down behind him and half-draped over the Omega’s back, arms hanging down over the younger man’s shoulders in a casual sort of backhug.

Under different circumstances, Yoongi would be content to stay there and let Joonie use him as a teddy-bear to his heart’s content, but he probably only has a few minutes left before the stylists call him back to the dressing room to get his makeup redone and change into a new outfit, and he wants to find Jungkook before the new shoot starts. He hasn’t seen the pup since the first group shots in the ‘living room’, the PDs having divided them up into three groups soon afterwards so that they could use all three sets simultaneously.

“I’m gonna go check up on Kookie real quick,” he murmurs, turning in Namjoon’s hold and leaning up to brush a quick kiss against the Alpha’s cheek. “Find Hobi if you get too lonely – he’s always down for a cuddle.”

He walks away before the Pack-Alpha can do something to change his mind (like pout – aigoo, how can someone who named himself Rap Monster be so infuriatingly cute all the time?) and over to the far side of the studio, where green-screen panels have been erected around the third (and arguably most expensive) set.

How the staff had managed to bring in so many flowers and wild rose-bushes, he’ll never know, but their effort has certainly paid off – the set looks beautiful, like someone’s taken a slice out of the countryside and just plonked it in the studio fully intact. There’s even grass, and either it’s the real deal or the most convincing looking astro-turf he’s ever seen in his life.

Yoongi’s gaze is immediately drawn to a figure standing to one side of the set, surrounded by pink roses in full bloom (he can’t tell from here whether the flowers are living or artificial, but they certainly seem real enough). Jungkook’s dressed simply in a pair of white slacks and a dark maroon sweater that’s at least three sizes too big, draped loosely over his slim frame to hang off-the-shoulder on one side, fully exposing the maknae’s neck and collarbone and the colourful array of claiming-marks that decorate his smooth skin.

Breath catching in his throat at the sight, Yoongi watches as one of the staff members finishes carefully arranging the slim branches of the rosebush to rest about Jungkook’s shoulders, the pale pink blooms cast in a warm, yellow glow from the bright on-set lighting placed strategically a few feet to Jungkook’s right.

“Our baby grew up pretty fast, didn’t he?”

Yoongi doesn’t startle at Jin’s voice, but only because he’s so enthralled by the scene before him that the man’s words take a few moments to fully register. He feels the Beta’s arms snake around him from behind, and lifts his own hands to settle over Jin’s, saying nothing as he watches Jungkook shift his stance, bringing his right arm up to gently brush his fingertips against one of the larger marks along his collarbone.
“Excellent, Jungkook-ah, that’s beautiful,” the photographer encourages, snapping shot after shot. “Hold that pose for me. A few more seconds… and done. That was the one, folks – Mina, make sure those last few are backed up.” He lowers the camera and shoots Jungkook a thumbs-up. “Good work, kid. We’ll break for ten minutes before we start the paired shots with Seokjin-ah, okay?”

Jungkook nods, bowing quickly to the set staff who move to clear up and rearrange the flowers disturbed by the shoot, smiling shyly when they praise him for his hard work, hurrying off the set with a hand already tugging the baggy material of his oversized maroon sweater back up over his shoulder to cover himself a little. Jungkook’s gaze flickers up towards Yoongi as he steps from the grass onto the hard floor of the studio, his expression brightening as he quickens his pace and ploughs straight into the rapper’s chest.

Yoongi breathes a quiet laugh, rubbing the maknae’s back. “Hi there.”

“Hi,” Jungkook returns, nose tucked against the elder’s neck, rubbing back and forth against the skin there in a cute little nuzzle. “Did you watch? Was it okay?”

“You were perfect, baby,” Jin reassures him, gently petting the Omega’s hair (clearly being careful not to undo the stylist’s work in the process). “I have a feeling I know which photo they’re going to publish when they make your presentation public.”

Yoongi glances across to one of the nearby monitors, where the photographer and a handful of set staff are admiring a snapshot of Jungkook holding his most recent pose, and he knows Jin’s right; the photo is perfect in every sense of the word, and BigHit would be crazy not to use it.

“Yeah,” he agrees, voice hushed in awe because fuck, their baby is beautiful. “Yeah, that’s the one.”
Aish, it’s *late*.

His eyes are tired and itchy, his vision blurring in and out of focus, but Jungkook blinks hard, determined not to let his fatigue get the better of him as he refreshes *BigHit’s* twitter page for the hundredth time, squinting at his phone in sleepy annoyance when the layout remains unchanged.
Sejin-hyung had told him the publicity team had already written and perfected the pending announcement earlier in the week (when his heat was still in full swing), but had delayed posting it until after the photoshoot to emphasise that suddenly-an-Omega-sorry-folks Jungkook was still very much loved by his Pack. They’d chosen the group photo together; a snapshot of the seven of them from the ‘living room’ set, draped comfortably over each other on the couch and sprawled out on the floor, all touching one another somehow, looking peaceful and comfortable and utterly content. And the solo pic, as Jin and Yoongi had correctly predicted, was going to be the photo of him by the rose bushes with his bonding markers proudly on display and his skin tinted pink-and-gold from the glow of the roses and the bright on-set lighting. They were just going to do a few touch-ups and then it would be published, or so the promo team had promised him.

So why hasn’t anything been posted yet?

It’s been hours since they got home from the shoot, surely the staff can’t still be working on it, not this late at night.

“Kookie,” a voice warns softly in the dark. “Are you on your phone again?”

The maknae quickly turns off the device and pops his head out from beneath the duvet, peering up at Jin apologetically as the Beta lays propped up on his elbow. Even in the darkness of the room, Jungkook can see his arched eyebrows, and squirms uncomfortably beneath the man’s gaze.

“Sorry, hyung.”

Jin reaches out to smooth his fringe back from his forehead (Jungkook’s gotten all sweaty beneath the covers, having sacrificed cool air in his quest to hide the light of his phone from his sleeping bondmates).

“You said that last time,” the Beta reminds him quietly. “And the time before that. This’ll be the third time I’ve asked you to put your phone away, little one.”

Jungkook makes a soft whining sound, calling on the powers of aegyo to save him from any pending chastisement. “But hyuuung, I can’t sleep.”

“Wha’s wrong?” Namjoon’s sleep-roughened voice asks suddenly, a deep and rumbling murmur, as he pushes himself up on Jungkook’s other side. The man rubs at his eyes, a sleepy frown creasing his brow. “Kookie?”

“He’s fine, hon,” Jin promises, reaching over Jungkook to gently stroke the Pack-Alpha’s cheek. “Shh, go back to sleep.”

The rapper grunts in sleepy assent, arm snaking over Jungkook’s waist beneath the duvet in a loose cuddle as his head drops back down against the pillow. Within seconds his breathing’s evened out again, his transition to the land of nod so seamless that Jungkook’s inclined to believe that he was never truly awake to begin with. It wouldn’t be the first time that the Pack-Alpha has fussed over one of them in his sleep.

“And as for you…”

Jungkook stills at the quiet warning, but a split second later he registers the warmth and amusement in the man’s voice and feels himself relax again, reaching out with the hand that isn’t holding his phone to tug lightly at Jin’s t-shirt.

The Beta obligingly shuffles closer and wraps his arm around the younger man in a snug hold, one leg draping over both of Jungkook’s beneath the covers, soft lips brushing against the shell of the
maknae’s ear.

“That’s enough worrying for one day,” Jin tells him, with a note of finality. “You’re going to slide that phone under the pillow and forget about it until the morning. Okay, sweetie?”

Jungkook knows that despite the petname, it wouldn’t be in his best interests to push his luck any further by refusing to comply with the Beta’s instructions. But then again, he’s Jeon Jungkook, and sometimes his mouth does stupid things without his brain’s consent.

“But hyung, it’s already the morning.”

There’s a beat of silence, and then Jin’s moving too quickly for him to manage anything more than a sharp, surprised inhale as he’s turned over a full one-eighty, Jin rolling with Jungkook in his arms and deftly flipping him to plant the Omega facedown on the opposite side of the double bed (and really, it’s a good thing Tae and Jimin had decided to bunk with Hobi and Yoongi tonight, otherwise someone definitely would’ve been squished in the process).

Fingers slip into his hair, gripping gently to hold him in place as a warm mouth closes over his nape. The soft pinch of teeth startles him (Jin rarely bites in an effort to settle the maknae line, that generally tends to be more of an Alpha habit), enough so that Jungkook gives a tiny kick and a soft, muffled little cry into the pillow, tears pricking the corners of his eyes. But then his body goes lax instinctively, a pleasant sort of warmth fanning out from that point of contact, rolling through him in a tingling wave all the way down to his toes.

Jin hums a low, rumbling noise of approval and presses a few lingering kisses to the area he’d nipped, before carefully releasing his grip on the Omega’s hair, running his fingers through it instead as he nuzzles at the sensitive patch of skin behind Jungkook’s left ear.

“There now,” Jin murmurs, still perfectly calm and composed, his voice carefully hushed, clearly mindful of disturbing Namjoon’s slumber. “Isn’t that better? Do you think you’re ready to listen to hyung now, treasure?”

Jungkook nods, letting Jin pluck his phone from his lax grip without complaint, his head feeling pleasantly fuzzy. He hears the Beta set down his phone on the bedside table, briefly lamenting the loss of contact as Jin leans away to accomplish this, but the elder’s warmth returns soon enough, pressing down with a comforting weight against his back.

“Shhh,” the Beta soothes, arms slipping beneath the maknae’s torso to turn Jungkook onto his side so that he’s facing Namjoon’s sleeping form, manhandling the pliant pup with practiced ease. “Easy, cub. I’ve got you.”

Although he’d liked it better being squished, perhaps that wouldn’t have been the most comfortable way to wake up in the morning. And this is pretty nice, too – with Jin’s arms and legs wrapped around him from behind, Jungkook feels perfectly cocooned by the Beta’s tactile affections, his body thrumming in contentment. If he was Namjoon, he’d probably be purring.

“You’ve had a pretty hectic day today, little one,” Jin murmurs, his lips moving against Jungkook’s hair. “Given how worked-up you were first thing, I guess we should’ve thought to settle you as soon as we got home from the studio. Hyung’s sorry for not noticing sooner.” Another soft kiss is pressed into his hair. "I promise I’ll remember for next time.”

Jungkook doesn’t fully understand why the man thinks it’s necessary to apologise to him, but he feels compelled to reassure the Beta regardless.
“S’okay,” he slurs, heavy eyelids already drooping closed. “Love you, hyungie.”

The arms around him tighten, cocooning him further in that familiar place of warmth and security.

“I love you too, baby.”

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Come say hi to me on Tumblr!

Also the fanart is the wonderful work of my dear friend Saferions, who can be found here. :) ☺

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Chapter End Notes

Only one more chapter, folks! D:

It's such a relief to be reaching this point in the story - like, I literally planned this chapter out (to some extent, at least) almost a year ago, so to have it fleshed out and posted as part of a bigger story is...just a really good feeling, y'know?

THE FANART IS AMAZING, RIGHT? PLEASE GIVE THE ARTIST LOTS OF LOVE. <3

My GOT7 spin-off fic is due to start at the end of next week, all going well. Also there may or may not be a couple of BTS one-shots set in this 'verse that I'll post before my Pack Origins fic begins. So stay tuned, if you're interested. :) 

As always, I love to hear from you! xxxxx

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!