A Little... Space?
by delicatedolly, PixieWombat

Summary

Jungkook was a Little. As in he liked to regress to a child's mindset. All he needed was a pacifier in his mouth, his caring hyungs and boyfriend, and a cartoon playing, and he felt like he could face the world and everything it threw at him.

A follow on from "A Little What?"
Requests taken.

Notes

Thank you for reading. I hope you enjoy this fluff fest of Little Jungkook. I just love him so much. Some chapters are requests from users, others are just from my imagination. This is a follow on from ‘A Little What?’ Hope you enjoy.
Contents and Requests

This fic is a follow on from ‘A Little What?’ which is the beginning of Jungkook becoming Little. You don’t have to read it, but by all means, please go and read it if you want.

PixieWombat is the beta of this story, they're so lovely. (Pixie's note 7/11/18: Finally up to date with editing.)

If you don't want to read this contents page, just skip right to the story in the next chapters.

This is a contents list so I can track what's coming up and all the stories I am currently writing.

Please feel free to request if you’d like or send comments, suggestions, or anything, really, I don’t mind. I'll be writing the requests in the order I get them so it's fair.

Updates on Weekends.

Finished Stories


3. A Little Sick- Request by yeonjin: Sick Jungkook.

4. A Little Teased- Request by pretty_kitty: Jungkook becomes Little whilst doing a vlive.

5. A Little Lost- Request by xxxDizzyxxx: Jungkook regresses in public, alone.

6. A Little Hurt- Request by yoongiem: In the middle of dancing, poor Kookie trips and hurts himself.

7. A Little Friend?- Jungkook becomes Little around Yugyeom on a day out.

8. A Little Spoiled- Request by mirmo: Jealous Yoongi when Jimin spoiled the baby.


10. A Little Injection- Request by Mona: Jungkook getting jabs in his bottom.

11. A Little Encounter with a Sasaeng- Request by Faith+Benton: Jungkook getting separated from the others and cornered by sasaeng fans, and getting hurt.

12. A Little Emotional- Request by BTSASDFKFKSKANS: Jungkookie's hormones are acting weird and he doesn't know what to do, so he seeks help from his Daddy to explain.

13. A Little Injured- Jungkook gets hurt and regresses. The hyungs are here to save the day.

14. A Little Overprotective- Request by waniey87: Everybody loves to cuddle the little maknae so much, including the members from other bands. But possessive, overprotective Taehyung tries to
15. **A Little Thunderstorm** - Request by Brikookie: Little Jungkook in a thunderstorm with no hyungs.

16. **A Little Meeting with the Managers** - Request by Kemy13: Jungkook regresses in a meeting with his managers, and one notices.

17. **A Little Strange?** - Request by :): Jungkook gets hit on and doesn't like it, falling into little space.

18. **A Little Burden, But Not Really** - Request by Brikookie: Jungkook doesn't regress because he feels like a burden.

20. **A Little Jealous** - Request by BabyBunnyJungkook: The members get jealous of Jungkook hanging out too much with other friends.


22. **A Little Playdate** - Request by a lot of people: Yugyeom and Jungkook playdate.

23. **A Little Rash** - Request by walkingcookies: Jungkook comes out with a nasty rash.

24. **A Little Anxious** - Request by fuckboichittapornlee: Jungkook doesn't want to get into trouble, so he is paranoid and nervous.

25. **The Run Episode That Never Aired** - Request by minibuns: Jungkook is in a haunted house and gets scared, Namjoon is to the rescue.

26. **A Little Nurse** - Request by minibuns: Taehyung has a fever and Little Gukkie helps him. The hyungs get jealous.

27. **A Little Christmas** - Christmas chapter!

28. **A Little Scolded** - Request by subtae: The hyungs are irritable one day and shout at Jungkook, not knowing that he is in little space.

29. **A Little Jungkook and Computer** - Request by luna: Why Little Jungkook shouldn't be allowed to be on a computer.

30. **A Little's Valentine's Day** - Request by SleepyYoon: It’s Yoongi and Jungkook’s anniversary and Jungkook slips into little space in a fancy restaurant.

31. **A Little Fearful** - Request by xOppar: Jungkook gets scared of the microwave.

32. **A Little's idol** - Request by VicchanMyBae: Gukkie slips into little space at an award show or something and G-dragon finds and takes care of him.

33. **Short Stories of Little Jungkook** - Three stories based on real life.

34. **A Little on TV** - Request by animatedhowell: “Let's Eat Dinner Together” where Jungkook slips into little space during filming because one of the hosts keeps babying him.

**Requests**

1. Request by PrincessAssassin: Jungkook watches one of Ip Man's movie and slips into little space because he was too excited by all the martial arts action.
2. Request by Trashhh: Where Jungkook is Little but is being a bad boy and needs to be put back into place.
3. Request by roman: Taehyung jumps on Jungkookie's back for a piggyback during a show but slips and gets hurt and has to hide it in front of ARMY.
4. Request by jeonq: Based off please take care of my refrigerator, when his hyungs get anxious in case there is any little stuff inside.
5. Request by Howlingblackwolf94: Jungkook has an allergic reaction to something.
6. Request by camlights: Jungkook becomes little whilst travelling.
7. Request by Parkmochi: Jungkook is little and sad, so his hyungs try to cheer him up.
8. Request by joonieoppa: Namkook focus.
10. Request by Min_YoonjiUnnie: Yoonkook including Min Holly.
11. Request by Diddy_Mady: Jungkook has to go to the dentist and gets scared.
12. Request by kookiebeth: Jungkook gets jealous because of his lack of time spent with Yoongi.
13. Request by TheKookieLover: Jungkook gets really little but he is with his managers instead of his hyungs.
14. Request by Princessyaoi: Little Jungkook and Yug with Bambam and Jackson as baby sister-its mayhem.
15. Request by animatedhowell: Little Jungkook on a diet.
16. Request by Where_The_Crows_Flies_1_2: Hoseok and Taehyung trying to win Jungkook's affection at the mall.
17. Request by Nina: Multifandom Little play date.
18. Request by Kyuren: Bungee jump disaster.
20. Request by akamurasaki: Yoongi faints and worries Little Jungkook.
21. Request by yoonkooklover: Yoongi is too stressed with chest pains and Little Jungkook finds out.
22. Request by pinky_787: Little Jungkook with tummy ache.
23. Request by PamPacMan: Little Jungkook and Little Yugeom at a thematic park.
24. Request by savage-baby-yoongi: Jealeous and possessive Jungkook, including Little Yuge.
25. Request by RyuuD_Kookie: Gukke's lost toy and protection squad bangtan.
26. Request by Sasha_shooting_star: Jungkook and IU.
27. Request by Sasha_shooting_star: Jungkook and the staff.
28. Request by BTSASDFKFKSKANS: Jungkook can't get out of little space or into it.
29. Request by nekoj: Jungkook and a nightmare.

Tell me which one you're looking forward to, or if you want to suggest something to add to the request.

If you want to add a request, just comment.
A Little Nickname

Chapter Summary

This is how Taehyung got the nickname of Papa, finally.

Chapter Notes

I just thought Taehyung needed a nickname and some loving from Little Gukkie. The main focus is on Taekook, hyungs do come in a little later.

Taehyung loved Little Jungkook, he really did. He loved everything about Jungkook, except one thing— his nickname for Taehyung. That sounded a bit harsh; don’t get him wrong, there was nothing the matter with ‘Taetae,’ but anyone could call him that. He wanted something cool, like Dada, Appa, or even Oppa. He knew he could never be Daddy, otherwise Yoongi would rip his head off. All the good nicknames had already been taken, but Taehyung didn’t care what he was called, as long as it sounded caring and paternal.

At first he was completely fine with his nickname, Jungkook claiming it was because he was his best friend. But as time passed, Taehyung started getting jealous of his hyungs, and their great nicknames, and how they cared for Jungkook. Taehyung knew he was being a bit of a brat, but he wanted a great nickname, too. It showcased how much Little Jungkook loved him. Maybe Papa, Papa Bear, or Dad. He wouldn’t mind any of those, he just wanted one.

Taehyung supposed Jungkook only saw him as a best friend, and not as a caregiver, because all he did was play with him. It was only on the rare occasion that Taehyung actually did anything caring, like get him warm milk, help Jungkook get changed, clean up Jungkook’s toys, or soothe him after he’d been crying. Even then, it was only when his hyungs were busy and he was told to do it.

It was an endless list really, all the things that his hyungs did for Little Jungkook. However, Taehyung just kept him entertained. He wanted to care for Jungkook, as well as play with him. So that’s when Taehyung decided that from then on, he was on a mission to get Jungkook to call him Papa.

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It was a Tuesday when it happened. All of his hyungs had went out for the day, some were in town, some at the studio, some walking somewhere. He and Jungkook decided to stay at home, or rather, Taehyung had insisted they stay home. Jungkook was unaware of what Taehyung was truly planning.

As soon as Taehyung woke up, he raced to the kitchen to make Jungkook some breakfast. He grabbed two eggs from the fridge and put oil in the pan, flames emitting around the hot ring. He then cracked the eggs into flower shaped molds, making sure that the yokes were in the middle, and left them to cook. Meanwhile, he put two pieces of toast in the toaster and got Jungkook’s sippy cup and
filled it with milk. When that was done, he put it in the microwave and turned it on for two minutes.

His hyungs always teased and joked about Taehyung’s non-existent skills in the kitchen. He loved to cook, he really did, he just wasn’t very good at it. Hence why when they had done a Vlive, Taehyung’s main job was to find something to present the food in, finding that bowl with a squirrel on it.

He smiled, as he felt very in control. Maybe he wasn’t such a bad cook after all. He got Jungkook’s plate out, the one covered with hearts, and waited for all the food to be cooked. Being a caregiver wasn’t that hard, he thought.

Maybe from then on he could start cooking for Little Jungkook; dinosaur chicken nuggets weren’t exactly rocket science. Hopefully then Jungkook would feel more comfortable calling Taehyung Papa.

Taehyung had decided that out of all the nicknames he had thought up, he would probably prefer Papa, and would call Jungkook something like pumpkin. Yeah, he liked that. He went to the living room, lifting up the lid from a chair, as to hide Jungkook’s Little stuff from the managers and staff, if they ever walked in the house with a surprise visit. He brought out Jungkook’s pacifier, coloring supplies, and his teddy bear, Gloss.

Taehyung put the items down on the table and switched on some cartoons, taking a battery out of the remote so Jungkook couldn’t change the channel, no matter what. The cartoons would ensure that if Jungkook wasn’t in little space before he watched them, he definitely would be afterwards.

As he was admiring his work, Taehyung suddenly smelled something burning, and his eyes widened as he ran back to the kitchen. His lips rolled up in disgust as he looked down on the eggs. Black wasn’t even the start of it. They looked as if they were burnt to a crisp. Taehyung didn’t even realise eggs could do that. He sighed in frustration as he picked the pan up and scraped the ashes into the trash, placing the charred pan into some soapy water and letting it soak.

He went to his toast, and his eyes lit up at the fact that it wasn’t actually burnt. Well, there was a burnt patch, but at least it was still edible. He got Jungkook’s milk from the microwave and tested it on his arm, like you would do a with a baby. Shit– that was mildly scalding. He took off the lid and watched as all the steam escaped. He needed it cooled, and fast. He carefully put the milk in the fridge, getting some margarine out in the process. Taehyung picked up the toast to spread the margarine when he realised, goddammit, it was cold. And so the last of their breakfast fell into the bin.

Maybe Taehyung should just stick to cereal. He poured some Fruit Loops into Jungkook’s blue bowl, with some milk and a baby spoon to accompany it. He had found something he could actually do. He put Jungkook’s– now warm, not scalding– milk and cereal down on the table with all his Little stuff.

He sighed, looking at the mess he had made in the kitchen, and started to clean it up. It didn’t seem like Jungkook was going to be awake anytime soon, anyway. It was only ten o’clock. Early for either of them to be up, really.

Taehyung had come to realise over the past few months that the only thing he didn’t like about being a caregiver was the tidying up. It was so boring.

Once he had gotten the kitchen into a state where Seokjin would most likely not scream at him, only mildly scold him, Taehyung ventured into the darkness of Jungkook’s room. It was exactly as Taehyung had thought, Jungkook was still asleep.
He tiptoed to the bedside and whispered, “Gukkie, wake up.”

Jungkook’s tired eyelashes fluttered open, saw Taehyung, and then closed again.

“Come on, Kookie, Taetae made you breakfast.”

This time he was greeted with a groan and a faint whisper of, “Ten more minutes, Taetae,” before Jungkook turned around.

Taehyung eyed something in the corner. Something guaranteed to make Jungkook fall into little space. He quickly grabbed the item, a pink fluffy sweater. Luckily for him, Jungkook slept shirtless most of the time, so it was only a matter of putting his head through the sweater hole. Although, it did take quite an effort to sit Jungkook up, or more accurately, rest him against a wall. Usually, Taehyung would curse about Jungkook’s sleeping habits, but now he was glad that Jungkook was such a heavy sleeper.

After he was clothed, Taehyung, with all his might, picked Jungkook up and placed him on his hip. Jungkook latched onto him like an overgrown koala, his legs lazily straddled around Taehyung as they moved to the living room. Taehyung knew Jungkook wouldn’t remember any of this, but he sure would.

He placed Jungkook down on the couch and kissed his forehead before saying, “Come on, Kookie, your breakfast’s in front of you.”

Taehyung went back to the kitchen to make his own breakfast. While pouring his cereal, he heard Jungkook shuffle around in the living room. Taehyung smiled as he realised Jungkook was finally awake.

His smile faltered when he saw a sleepy Jungkook, bowl of cereal in his hands, coming towards him, saying, “Tae, it’s fine, I’m not feeling Little today.”

Wait! What? Taehyung had done all of that, and Jungkook had everything he could want to be in little space, so why wasn’t he regressing? Taehyung knew he shouldn’t be angry at the younger, but he really wanted Jungkook to be Little.

Instead of saying that, he placed a confused expression on his face, like the cool actor he was, and said, “Oh, sorry, Kook. I just assumed, since you’re wearing your pink sweater.”

Jungkook’s eyebrows furrowed as he looked down, his eyes widening as he blushed a dark red.

“Oh, right, I didn’t realize I was wearing that.” Jungkook gave a bunny-toothed smile.

“Oh, it's okay, Kook, I don’t mind. You're just so cute,” Taehyung cooed in response.

Jungkook blushed an even deeper crimson, his ears turning red.

“Thanks for the food though, Tae,” he squeaked, bringing the baby spoon and Fruit Loops up to his mouth as he began to chew.

Taehyung watched, pleased, as he felt like Jungkook was a little bit closer to becoming Little. He nodded and took a bite of his own cereal, listening to Jungkook ramble on about some dream he had.

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A little while later, they went into the living room. Jungkook persisted in putting all his Little stuff
away, much to Taehyung’s dismay, and they sat on the couch.

“Hey, Jungkook, could you put them away? I, erm, need to get changed,” Taehyung gestured to his pyjamas, totally making up the excuse on the spot. Taehyung knew that Jungkook’s weakness was when he touched his Little supplies. He would almost always fall into little space, hence why most of the time his hyungs cleaned them up for him.

Jungkook looked shocked at him, knowing for himself that he usually became Little. But Taehyung had already started to rise and leave, a devilish smirk playing on his lips. Jungkook, so as not to seem bratty and petty, nodded. He cleaned the supplies away cautiously as Taehyung strutted to the next room, waiting for Little Jungkook to come find him.

No such luck. Taehyung returned to find Jungkook sitting on the couch, on his phone, smiling as he texted someone. Taehyung scowled, frustrated at him, but as soon as Jungkook looked to him, Taehyung put his big boxy smile on.

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“Taehyung, can you change the TV channel?” Jungkook asked, trying to avoid watching the colorful cartoons.

Taehyung nodded, a mischievous smirk on his face. He pressed the channel button on the remote, making sure that Jungkook could see, knowing it wouldn’t change, the battery still in his pocket.

“Sorry, Kook, the batteries must have died. I don’t think we have a spare, guess we're stuck watching this,” he lied through his teeth.

Jungkook sighed, rolling his eyes. “Can we at least play Overwatch or something? Anything but this.”

Taehyung’s eyebrows furrowed in annoyance, but he still answered, “Yeah, okay, Kook.”

He walked to the Xbox and knelt down, eyes scanning the disks. He saw Overwatch, but took two cases out. He opened both, but hopefully it looked like he was putting Overwatch in. He was actually putting something on that would hopefully put Jungkook into little space. He watched as the screen filled with Disney characters and bright colors.

“Tae, this is Disney Infinite, not Overwatch.”

He looked back at Jungkook, who was blushing quite a lot and fiddling with his fingers. Jungkook was still always so embarrassed and timid when he was Big and thinking about being Little. Taehyung found it adorable.

“Ah, right, sorry, wrong case.” Taehyung clicked his tongue and took the disk out, a smirk more apparent on his lips as he got Jungkook a step closer to little space. He put the correct disk in, passed Jungkook a controller, and they began to play.

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They must have played for hours, Jungkook starting a new game over and over again. He was so happy and competitive, trying to score the highest each time.

Taehyung would usually laugh at him, but this time, he was just annoyed. This wasn’t how he had planned the day. He was meant to be looking after Little Jungkook, his pumpkin, as Jungkook would call him Papa. Taehyung put all of his losses down to distraction. Of course that was the true
meaning behind every single one of them.

Finally, he spoke up and said, “Come on, Kook, let's stop and watch a movie.”

Jungkook whined, pouting as he nodded and watched Taehyung walk up to the Xbox and turn it off, glancing through all the DVDs.

“What do you wanna watch?” Taehyung asked. “We have Ponyo, Spirited Away, Pocahontas, Nemo—”

“Erm, how about World War Z, hyung,” Jungkook said, once again shooting Taehyung down.

Taehyung pouted, but agreed, placing the DVD in and the TV was almost instantly filled with zombies. He went back to Jungkook in one final attempt to turn him Little.

He cuddled Jungkook into his side and stroked his hair, something he’d seen Hoseok do a lot when Jungkook was in little space. Jungkook leaned into the touch, but there was no sign of him being Little.

Taehyung started thinking, maybe it was just not meant to be. Maybe Jungkook just wouldn’t regress today. He really shouldn’t force it on him. It was something Jungkook had to go into by himself. Taehyung was just being selfish by forcing him to go into little space. Jungkook wasn’t even stressed, Taehyung was just doing it for his own gain. He was selfish. Maybe Jungkook would never call Taehyung Papa, he should just accept it.

Taehyung sighed, and it must have been a little too loud, as he felt Jungkook move up and face him.

He cocked his head to the side and asked, “Tae, why have you been trying to get me into little space all day? Be honest.”

Taehyung’s heart stopped. Shit, Jungkook had noticed.

He stuttered out a reply, “E-erm, w-w-what do y-you—” He wasn’t so smooth now.

“Don’t lie to me, Tae, I know what you’ve been doing,” Jungkook cut him off, arms folded and eyebrows raised, waiting for a reply.

Taehyung knew by the determined look in Jungkook’s eyes that he would not be able to get out of this one.

Taehyung sighed, defeated, and he said, “I wanted you to be Little so I could look after you, like the hyungs. Like make you food, and stroke your hair, and sing you songs. I wanted to be your caregiver.”

Jungkook gasped as he listened, a frown ghosting his face. “But, Tae, you are my caregiver. Little Gukkie loves you playing with him.”

Taehyung sighed and said, “Yeah, but I wanted to be more than just your playmate.”

Jungkook’s eyebrows knitted together, his face etched with confusion.

Taehyung realised he should just come out with it. He had already come this far.

“I’m jealous of all the hyungs having nicknames. I want one too, and not just Taetae. I know it’s selfish of me, but I—”
Jungkook cut him off. “What did you have in mind?”

Taehyung looked up from his fingers, eyes wide. He was shocked, a bit unbelieving of Jungkook’s interest and the opportunity for his new nickname to become reality.

“Erm, well, I was thinking maybe Papa, but it’s okay if you don’t like it, I don’t–” Taehyung started, his face becoming flushed, his ears turning red.

“Tae, I like it, stop being so embarrassed.” Jungkook laughed and playfully punched his arm.

Taehyung let out a slow breath of air to stop his rapidly beating heart. He wiped the sweat from his palms onto his jeans.

“You do?”

Jungkook nodded.

Taehyung laughed and smiled as his heart filled with happiness and relief. “Oh my god, thank you so much! So you’ll call me Papa, then?”

Jungkook didn’t nod like Taehyung thought he would, and his smile became a little smaller.

Jungkook bit the inside of his cheek. “Hmm, well I guess it depends on what you were gonna call me.”

Taehyung could see the teasing glint in Jungkook’s eyes. Taehyung’s heart picked up and he fiddled with his fingers, becoming hesitant and nervous once again.

“Well, I was kind of thinking pumpkin.”

Jungkook sensed Taehyung’s nerves and so he laughed as he flung his arm around Taehyung.

“I love it, and yes, I will call you Papa. All you had to do was ask.” He recited, “Rule number four, never be embarrassed. That goes for everyone.”

Taehyung laughed as he nodded, remembering Jungkook’s Little rules. Their happy moment was interrupted by Jungkook’s stomach rumbling.

They pulled apart and Jungkook said, “Hyung, I know I’m not Little, but could you make me some food? It’ll give you good practice.” He smiled cheekily.

“Ah, you’re so spoiled. Okay, then, Gukkie. Dinosaur nuggets okay?” Taehyung laughed, shoving Jungkook lightly.

“Yeah, I’d eat anything.”

Jungkook walked to the kitchen, a goofy smile plastered on his face. He walked with his head high and proud as he was met with the kitchen again. Something about his mood told him he was not going to make a disaster of it all. Nothing could dampen his spirit. As Taehyung cooked lunch for the two of them, he couldn’t help but think how stupid he was.

Taehyung was so nervous, but all he needed to do was ask Jungkook. I mean, come on, Jungkook was his best friend. Even if he said no, it’s not like Jungkook would have thought any less of him. So what if it was embarrassing? At least he got what he wanted. Now he could care for and play with Jungkook. He bet his hyungs were going to be so shocked when they heard Jungkook calling him Papa. A swell of pride hit his chest at the thought of his little pumpkin calling him Papa.
As he was putting the dino nuggets in the oven and going to get some boiling water for the ramen, Taehyung’s heart stopped when he heard Jungkook scream out, “PAPA! PAPA!” His voice was full of fear and Taehyung had never run so fast, dropping everything he was doing and sprinting to the living room, expecting some kind of disaster to have happened.

He stopped to see a Little Jungkook with tears streaming down his face as he clutched the couch, knuckles white and eyes closed. He was shaking his head and calling out ‘Papa’ over and over again. Taehyung rushed towards him, gathering Jungkook in his arms.

“Pumpkin, shh, it’s okay. Papa’s here, it’s okay now.” Taehyung pet Jungkook’s hair as he sniffled into his chest. Even though Taehyung didn’t know why the Little was crying, he knew it must have been bad to make Jungkook this distraught.

“Papa, the zombies scary, turn it off,” Jungkook said quietly through his whimpers.

Taehyung picked up the remote, but had to slide in the battery before switching it over to the cartoon channel.

“There we go, pumpkin, the zombies are all gone,” Taehyung reassured Jungkook, giving him a big squeeze and a kiss on his hair. Taehyung just stayed there, allowing Jungkook to bury his face in Taehyung’s neck. Jungkook’s tears felt cold against his bare skin.

Jungkook peeked out from his hiding spot, his big doe-eyes peering up at Taehyung, and he said, “But, Papa, they were so scary, Gukkie thought they were gonna come for him.”

Taehyung kissed his forehead, whispering, “Gukkie, Papa would never let anyone hurt you, ever. He’ll protect you.”

Jungkook’s whimpers died down as he rubbed his eyes and looked at Taehyung.

“Thank you, Papa.” Jungkook smiled up at him and Taehyung cooed, bopping his nose, causing Jungkook to giggle.

“So, pumpkin, would you rather come watch Papa make lunch for a little while, or stay here and watch cartoons?”

Jungkook bit his lip nervously before quietly asking, “Can Gukkie go with Papa, please?” He gave Taehyung a great big smile.

Taehyung couldn’t say no if he wanted to.

“Of course you can, pumpkin.” Taehyung rose and gestured for Jungkook to get up.

Jungkook looked down at the ground and then at his feet, and reached out to Taehyung. “Upsies please, Papa.”

Taehyung laughed lowly before taking Jungkook in his arms and walking him to the kitchen. He placed Jungkook on a counter, going back to cooking ramen.

Jungkook rambled on about how unicorns really exist. A bit random, but children’s minds always were. Taehyung was fully immersed in the conversation, humming and inputting a few words while
cooking.

Jungkook heard the door unlock, and footsteps and voices filled the room.

“Papa! Papa! The hyungs are back,” he squealed, smiling brightly up at Taehyung, trying carefully to get down from the counter. “I’ll be right back, Papa,” Jungkook called back and Taehyung nodded, smiling to himself.

Jungkook ran towards the first person he saw and gave them a big squeezing hug.

“Hey, little one, good to see you.”

Jungkook hummed and said, “Hello, Appa.” He opened his eyes and gasped, giving a quick peck on Namjoon’s cheek before running to Seokjin.

“Eomma!” he cried out.

Seokjin looked at him and smiled brightly, offering his arms before sweeping him up in a huge hug. “Hello, sweetie,” he said, planting a kiss on Jungkook’s head.

He then heard Hoseok’s voice saying, “Oh, sweetheart, didn’t realise you were here.”

Jungkook pulled away from Seokjin and hugged Hoseok with a “Hi, Dada.”

Jungkook pulled away quickly to get to Jimin. “Oppa!” he squealed.

Jimin turned to him and smiled, his eyes almost disappearing, gathering Jungkook into a hug. “My pretty princess!”

Jungkook giggled and blushed into Jimin’s shoulder. He saw Yoongi and ran towards him.

“Daddy!” He giggled as Yoongi looked around before pointing at himself. “You’re so funny, Daddy, Gukkie doesn’t have another Daddy.”

Yoongi laughed before nodding, saying, “You better not, baby, I’m your only Daddy ever.” And then he planted a big, wet kiss on Jungkook’s lips.

“Ew!” Jungkook screeched, wiping his lips in disgust, laughing as his hyungs laughed with him. Jungkook’s eyes widened as he realised Taehyung was still in the kitchen.

“Quick! Papa’s making lunch for us, Gukkie’s getting dino nuggets.” He raced to the kitchen, leaving his confused hyungs to follow him.

Yoongi spoke out, asking, “Gukkie, who’s–” and then he stopped.

“Taehyung?” Jimin said, wide eyed.

“You’re cooking!?” Seokjin exclaimed in astonishment.

“You haven’t broken anything, have you?” Namjoon asked him.

Taehyung looked at him, eyebrow raised, and scoffed as he said, “No, Joonie, I’m not like you.”

Namjoon pouted slightly at Taehyung’s sassy comment.

Jungkook giggled along with his hyungs, and Namjoon rolled his eyes, laughing, while Taehyung
gave him a big grin.

“So you’re Papa?” Yoongi pointed at Taehyung and he nodded. Relief seemed to wash over Yoongi. Taehyung felt a swell of pride fill his chest as his hyungs got to know that Taehyung had a new nickname.

“Hey, pumpkin, why don’t you watch some cartoons with your hyungs while I finish lunch?” Taehyung asked, patting Jungkook and smiling brightly.

Jungkook nodded excitedly before grabbing Hoseok and Jimin’s hands and brought them to the living room and sat down. They all watched The Muppets, waiting for Taehyung to be done.

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All in all, lunch went well. Taehyung didn’t burn anything like he thought he would, and it tasted fine. It wasn’t quite Seokjin quality food, but it was edible, and Jungkook seemed to be pleased, humming happily to himself as he ate his dino nuggets. But of course, Jungkook probably wasn’t able to taste them with the amount of ketchup he put on them.

“So, Papa, huh?” Taehyung heard Hoseok whisper against his ear when they had all finished their lunch. Most of them were watching Jungkook, listening to the Little mumble as he made the dinosaurs roar at Jimin.

“Hyung!” Taehyung whined, turning to face him. He buried his blushing face in his hands, feeling slightly embarrassed, not wanting Hoseok to tease him about it. If only Hoseok knew how he had actually gotten the nickname.

Hoseok laughed and patted Taehyung on the back, saying, “Aw, Tae, don’t get embarrassed, it’s to–”

“Papa?”

Taehyung ignored his hyung, silently thanking Little Jungkook for getting him out of being even more embarrassed, as his head instantly snapped to Jungkook.

“Look, I finished it all!” Jungkook beamed up at him, showing Taehyung his clean plate, still smothered in ketchup.

“Good boy, pumpkin.” Taehyung leaned over and gave Jungkook a peck on the forehead, ruffling his hair in praise.

Jungkook giggled and smiled widely up at Taehyung, beaming like a halo hung around his head.

“Can Gukkie have Sweeties now?” Jungkook looked up at him with the cutest puppy eyes Taehyung had ever seen.

Taehyung bit his lip, unsure, and awkwardly glanced around at his hyungs, not knowing what to say. He saw them all smile and nod.

“Okay, pumpkin, but not too many, or you'll get a stomach ache.”

Jungkook nodded and thanked him as he grabbed Jimin’s hand and brought, more like dragged, him to the kitchen to get his Sweeties.

Taehyung didn’t know it, but his hyungs were looking at him with a sense of pride, as they knew
that Taehyung would be a great caregiver and Papa to Jungkook. If he was good before at playing with Jungkook, the hyungs knew Taehyung would be one of the best at actually looking after him.

Taehyung smiled, leaning back into the couch. He may not have known all the best tricks to being a caregiver yet, but boy, was he gonna learn. Taehyung had to live up to Jungkook calling him Papa now, and he could never let down his pumpkin who said Papa so sweetly.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, feel free to leave any comments, scenarios, or requests. I'd love to see what you think and what you want next.
The lights were too bright, blinding Jungkook. Every spotlight was seemingly centered down on him as he tried his best to sing his lines strongly, with no wavering, while they practiced for what felt like at least the 67th time. Jungkook wished he knew what he actually sounded like, but he couldn’t seem to hear himself, or anything, really, over the pounding of his head.

His headache was making everything hazy. His body moved like rusty machinery, painfully groaning with every move as they danced. His steps were sloppy and out of time, he knew that, but he just couldn’t seem to do anything about it. His limbs rebelled against the movement. He could see himself in the mirror, wet hair stuck to his forehead as sweat dripped down his face. His chest was rising and falling alarmingly quickly, but with a quick look around the room, Jungkook was certain no one had noticed.

All he wanted to do was slump down and sleep, but he couldn’t, not at practice like this. He would get scolded so much. His hyungs, even Seokjin, Namjoon, and Yoongi, didn’t seem to be as tired as Jungkook was, and they were usually the ones with the least amount of stamina of the group. His heart was pounding. Any harder, and Jungkook swore it would jump right out of his chest. He could feel himself heaving on the hot, thick, and sweaty air, and each breath left him gasping for more.

His limbs ached, throbbing with exhaustion. He felt like he was dancing in a pit of fire, the flames burning him as they climbed higher and higher. Jungkook stuttered on a note as he stumbled, his head becoming dizzy. He regained his balance quickly, or so he hoped.

He glanced to the side, where Jimin was luckily not looking at him. He was too interested in flipping his hair, and giving the imaginary crowd a lustful look that could and would stun thousands of fans.

He glanced to his other side, where Hoseok was showing off his impressive moves, hitting every cue with great execution and ease, also not noticing Jungkook’s condition.

Then through his hazy sight, he looked up at his dance teacher, who was not looking at him or seeming to notice anything at all. He was completely absorbed in writing something down in a notebook, nodding his head to the beat of the music.
Jungkook sighed in relief. He didn't want his hyungs to worry. It wasn't like he couldn't deal with a little headache. And some dizziness. And a weird turning feeling in his stomach. He was fine. It would pass, he told himself. He probably hadn't had enough to eat or drink, or something like that. Even though he hadn't skipped a meal in about three weeks.

All of a sudden, he could feel it. A bundle of saliva, salty and disgusting, rose to his mouth, and Jungkook knew he was going to be sick. He could feel his stomach churning and his eyes widened in horror, darting around, looking for the nearest place he could release the contents of his stomach. Jungkook knew he wouldn't make it to the bathrooms, they were a hall away. It had become obvious that he would be sick here, and it would happen either in front of his hyungs, on the floor or… in that waste bin. He went for the second option.

He ran, ignoring his cue to sing. He barely made it to the bin before he collapsed and gagged loudly, as his breakfast came up in lumps. He clung to the sides of the bin as his body was racked with painful waves of nausea, and he groaned. His throat felt like it was on fire and the pungent smell of sick burned his nose.

Jungkook could feel a sturdy hand on his back, rubbing soothing circles on it. He whimpered at the touch, fighting against the urge to be comforted, because he really didn’t want anyone to see him this way.

“It’s okay, Jungkookie, just let it out.”

He could instantly tell that was Yoongi’s gruff, and now concerned, voice. Oh god. His boyfriend and hyungs seeing him in such a disgusting state made his cheeks flush even more, causing him to want to hide away in a hovel forever.

He glanced up slightly at the mirror, his lips parted slightly in shock as he saw his reflection. He was so pale, highlighting his bloodshed eyes and causing his eye bags to look much darker than normal. He had vomit around the corners his mouth and he gagged again at that sight, releasing the last night's dinner into the trash can.

After some time, when his stomach was emptied and had decided to settle down, he leaned into Yoongi’s touch, only caring about his need for comfort, tears streaming down his face. He felt so horrible and icky. The pounding of his head was excruciatingly worse, especially as it was now accompanied by the burning of his throat and the cramps in his stomach.

He tried to stop his tears and be brave, so when Seokjin asked, “Do you think you can get up, Jungkook, so we can go to the van?” Jungkook instantly nodded, perhaps a little too quickly, as his vision went dizzy.

Once the room had stopped spinning, he snuck a look at all of his hyungs. He could see their concerned looks as they gathered around him. He tried to ignore them, but he felt slightly angry at himself. So much for hiding it, he thought.

He managed to balance on shaky knees, wobbling like a newborn deer. He brushed off any help from his hyungs, even Yoongi, who still hovered over him. A small smile was given to them all, attempting to reassure them that he was okay, even if his vision was slightly blurry, and his head had started to shoot pain down his back, as well.

“Can you walk?” he heard Jimin say off to the side of him, but Jungkook could barely see his face. Everything in his vision was unfocused and his hyungs were now faceless beings.

Jungkook nodded again. He didn't know, of course, if he could actually walk, but if he were to say
no, then he would make his hyungs worry even more and he really didn’t want any more fuss. He took one hesitant step forward. And then another. And then another. He started to walk very carefully, as he breathed slowly, trying to make sure that he didn’t trip or sway, as to reveal his true state.

But with one particular step, his vision became too cloudy. He saw flickers of stars in his eyes, and not the good kind. They seemed to submerge his vision as they became bigger and bigger, until he could only see a beam of light. Before he knew it, the floor looked alarmingly close, and it was coming closer and closer. Jungkook just wanted to sleep.

Yoongi watched as Jungkook fell straight to the ground with a sickening thud. Everything seemed to move in slow motion, but he found himself frozen, unable to do anything but look on in fear.

Yoongi heard Seokjin scream and saw Taehyung drop to the ground with Jungkook’s falling body, just barely stopping his head from hitting the ground. Yoongi fell down next to Jungkook, who was passed out on top of Taehyung, with Taehyung trying to rouse him, tears starting to gather in his eyes.

Jungkook looked so… well, dead. He was deathly pale and his lips looked scarily grey. His hair clung to his forehead, which was sticky with sweat, and his eyes were surrounded by dark bags.

All of the members gathered around Jungkook as Taehyung cradled his head. Yoongi stared on in shock.

“Oh, Jungkook,” Seokjin cried as he dropped to his knees next to them. He placed the back of his hand on Jungkook’s forehead and gasped at the furnace-like heat it gave off. “I think he might have a really bad fever, but I would need a thermometer to be certain if it’s serious.”

“What he needs is a hospital!” the choreographer cried out from behind, running up to them, concerned like everyone at the sight of the sickly boy.

Yoongi bit his lip upon hearing that suggestion. He knew how much Jungkook hated hospitals. There was no way, unless he was critically ill, that Jungkook would set foot inside of one. You had to bribe him to even go to a doctor’s or get his jabs for when they went on tour.

Luckily, Namjoon shook his head sternly, trying to calm the manager. “They’ll only admit him if his temperature is high enough. We need to get a thermometer.”

Yoongi heard Hoseok let out a sigh of frustration, but when he looked up, he could see a sheen in his eyes, and shaking in his hands. Jimin had already broken down in sobs, and he crawled to seek comfort in Hoseok’s arms. He was always such a precious mochi, caring so much for the other members, especially the maknae.

Taehyung looked just as frozen as Yoongi. He was holding Jungkook like a porcelain doll, scared that if he moved, Jungkook would break. Yoongi didn’t blame him. In this state, Jungkook did look like he was about the break. He looked so fragile.

“We need to get him home,” Namjoon said, like the leader he was, always level headed. Moving closer to Jungkook, he gathered him into his arms. Jungkook hung from them disturbingly like dead weight. “Come on, guys, I know we’re all shocked and sad, but we need to make sure our maknae’s okay.” Namjoon went out the door, followed by a focused Seokjin, who looked like he was on a mission.

Something in Namjoon’s words made Yoongi snap out of his trance. There his boyfriend was, sick
and crumbled in a ball because he had fainted. Jungkook needed him, and Namjoon was the sane one, while Yoongi just did nothing.

Yoongi jumped up, pulling Taehyung with him. “Joonie’s right, we need to help him.”

They rushed outside to the van.

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Jungkook hadn’t woken up for the entire car ride. There was slow music on, which caused a weird eeriness to hang in the air. Most of the members were panicking silently, but Jungkook looked as if he was sleeping soundly, if it weren’t for his burning skin and the little frown between his eyebrows.

Jimin stared at Jungkook, watching for any movement. He was just glad to hear him breathing. Jimin extended a shaky hand out towards Jungkook and gathered one of Jungkook’s big, sweaty hands in his own. He felt a stray tear fall from his eye. His baby dongsaeng was so ill, and Jimin couldn’t help him.

Jimin had always sworn to protect him no matter what, ever since Jungkook was a small fifteen-year-old boy, barely exposed to the world. Jimin had sworn–

“Jiminnie, he’ll be fine,” Taehyung said from behind Jimin. He had been watching the whole thing.

Jimin bit his lip as he turned to face Taehyung. “What if he isn’t, Tae? What if he is really ill? What if–”

“Those are all ‘what if’s, Jiminnie, we can’t be certain of anything,” Taehyung said.

Jimin peered up through teary eyes and saw his sadness mirrored in Taehyung’s own.

“We’ll just have to hope he is okay,” Taehyung said, glancing sadly at Jungkook’s seemingly small, delicate body.

“But hope doesn’t do anything,” Jimin whispered as he looked at Jungkook and let a sob leave his lips. He desperately wanted to help the boy, or at least see his doe-eyes and bunny smile.

“It’s the best thing we’ve got, Jiminnie. Jungkookie’s only got us to believe he can get better,” Taehyung said, biting the inside of his cheek, trying desperately not to break down. Trying desperately to believe his own words. He may have seemed strong to Jimin right then, but he was just as affected.

“Jungkook will be fine because he has hyungs like us,” Seokjin joked, shouting back to them.

Jimin bit back a laugh and Taehyung gave a watery smile. Yoongi scoffed beside them, arms wrapped around Jungkook protectively. Jimin silently thanked Seokjin for being able to lighten the mood in such sad times.

“Come on, guys, we’re here,” Namjoon called from the front of the vehicle.

Jimin, Hoseok, and Yoongi all gathered Jungkook up and steadied him as they walked to the dorm. The rest of BTS rushed in behind them.

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Once they got into the living room, they placed Jungkook down on the couch. Everyone seemed to be frantically moving about. Seokjin and Namjoon were getting the first aid kit, Taehyung was
getting more pillows, Jimin was getting water, Hoseok was getting ice. Then there was Yoongi, sitting beside Jungkook, placing his cold hands soothingly against Jungkook’s burning skin. He couldn’t bear to leave Jungkook alone in such a state. He couldn’t leave Jungkook l–

“D-D–”

Yoongi gasped as he saw Jungkook stir and begin to mumble. His frown lines became deeper and he let a whimper leave his lips.

“Jungkookie, baby?” Yoongi said as he grasped Jungkook’s hand and squeezed it. He felt Jungkook squeeze it back as his lashes began to flutter open.

“D-D-Daddy,” Jungkook’s eyes began to water as he gazed up at Yoongi.

“Oh, baby boy, it’s okay,” Yoongi shushed, planting a small kiss on Jungkook’s forehead.

“B-but, Daddy, it hurts really badly,” Jungkook slurred out, mind still hazy, his bottom lip quivering.

“Oh, baby boy, I know it does, but Daddy’s going to help you,” Yoongi said sadly, his eyes beginning to water, trying very unsuccessfully to stay strong for Jungkook. He sniffled as he said, “I wish I could take all the pain and sickness away, baby, I really do.” His voice began to waver and crack as he saw Jungkook frown in pain, his lip wobbling, as he tried to move into a position where his stomach doesn’t hurt.

“Jungkook, you’re awake,” Seokjin gasped as he came in, followed by Namjoon with a first aid kit.

“Eomma,” Jungkook sobbed out of relief. “Help, please.” Jungkook felt a little better now that Seokjin was there looking after him, like his real Eomma would do when he was younger and sick.

Seokjin smiled sadly. “I’m going to try, baby, I promise,” he said softly, wiping Jungkook’s matted bangs off of his forehead. Seokjin brought a thermometer towards Jungkook, trying to steady his wavering hand.

“Now, darling, you’re gonna have to be really brave, okay? I want you to open your mouth and stick this in, so I can take your temperature,” Seokjin said to him, as Namjoon smiled behind him to reassure Jungkook, who was looking at them with fear in his glistening eyes.

Jungkook nodded, his throat too sore to speak, and he opened his mouth and inserted the thermometer.

Yoongi felt Jungkook’s grip tighten around his hand and he squeezed back, rubbing circles on his leg as a sign of comfort, really just wanting to cuddle Jungkook.

Jungkook whimpered at the feeling, hoping it was over already.

“You’re doing so well, little one,” Namjoon said, smiling at him encouragingly.

“38 degrees,” Seokjin said as he pulled out the thermometer. “His fever has to be at least 39 degrees to go to a hospital.”

Jungkook gasped, distraught, as he heard Seokjin’s words. Panic took over him, and he started shaking his head. “No hospital, please, no likey,” he sobbed over and over again, trying to get away from his hyungs so they couldn’t take him.

Hoseok came rushing over, seeing the Little in distress, and shushed him, saying, “You’re not going
to the hospital, sweetheart, I promise.”

Jimin came up behind him and gave Jungkook a glass of water. Well, more like held it while Jungkook drank, so he didn’t get it everywhere. Jimin should really have brought Jungkook’s sippy cup, but he didn’t realize that he was Little.

When Jungkook was finished drinking, he said, “Thank you, Oppa.”

Jimin smiled at him through teary eyes, feeling relief sweep over him as Jungkook looked at him.

“Can you take some medicine, little one?” Namjoon asked, holding a bottle and shaking it as Seokjin filled a spoon with a brown substance.

Jungkook bit his lip before nodding slightly.

“Good boy,” Yoongi praised, as he slowly brought Jungkook up into a sitting position, allowing Jungkook to lean against him and cling to him like a koala.

Jungkook swallowed the medicine quickly, before pulling a face in disgust and spluttering, “That yucky, Eomma.”

Seokjin chuckled and placed a kiss on his bare forehead. “I know, darling, but it will help you get better,” he mirrored what Jungkook’s real Eomma used to recite to him when he had to take yucky medicine.

Jungkook nodded as his eyes started to become droopy. His head began to lull against Yoongi’s chest.

To his dismay, he heard Hoseok say, “Ah, ah, ah, Jungkook, just stay awake to get changed into your pyjamas, sweetheart.”

Jungkook whined in response and shook his head sleepily, clinging closer to Yoongi.

He felt Yoongi’s voice against his ear as he asked, “Do you want us to change you?”

Jungkook nodded, barely noticing himself being lifted and changed into his Little pyjamas. He just felt so tired and yucky. Jungkook just wanted cuddles and sleep.

“Pumpkin?” he heard Taehyung whisper, as he felt his touch on his forehead.

“Papa?” Jungkook called out, too tired to even open his eyes.

“Do you want your paci, pumpkin?”

Jungkook nodded slowly, parting his lips slightly, his head feeling too heavy to lift up. The pacifier fell in between his lips and Jungkook began to suck, completely blissed out.

He could feel a weight beside him and he snuggled into the warm, soft, person who he thought was Yoongi, and then he could feel Hoseok’s arms wrap around him, and he could hear Jimin’s breathing, and felt Taehyung’s gaze, and heard some of Seokjin and Namjoon’s conversation. Jungkook may still have felt achy and gross, but at least he had his caregivers to look after him. He went to sleep, happy as he nuzzled into Yoongi, dreaming as the fever got scared away by his hyungs.
Thanks for reading. Feel free to comment anything, scenarios, requests, thoughts. I'd love to know what you thought, and what you want next time!!!
A Little Teased

Chapter Summary

Request by pretty_kitty,
Could you do a story where jungkook becomes little whilst doing a vlive please? xx

Chapter Notes

Hope this is good. Thank you for all the support, comments and kudos, you're all so sweet. Hope you enjoy this.

Stop it! Jungkook shook his head quickly, trying to stop the battle currently raging in his head. He could feel himself balancing on the line between being Big and being Little. The thing was, he couldn’t slip right then. He supposed he could excuse himself, but Jungkook would need an actual excuse to do that, and the fans might not take it well. So Jungkook made the decision to stay, literally fighting against himself, fluttering between headspaces. It didn’t help that he was in a room with Taehyung and Jimin, who seemed relentless in teasing him.

Jungkook had thought he would be okay. When Jimin and Taehyung asked him if he wanted to do a Vlive with them, he had agreed almost instantly. He loved interacting with his fans, and always felt bad when he didn’t. However, Jungkook was deeply regretting that decision.

He had been fine at the start of filming. He hadn’t had any thoughts of becoming Little, but then again, he hadn’t been thinking of anything to do with being Little for at least three weeks.

Their Vlive had started strong, teasing, laughing, and talking about the concert they had just done, which earned them a lot of hearts. Jungkook was enjoying himself, laughing loudly and reading some of the comments. They decided that they were hungry and that instead of waiting for takeaway or room service, they could just make something quickly and then eat.

It had all started going a little wrong when he went to the kitchen to cook some ramen. As he was heating the kettle, Jungkook was surprised when he got a text message. He glanced over at his hyungs, who were still immersed in their constant joking. Jungkook took the chance to sneakily check his phone. His heart leapt when he saw the contact name of ‘Lamb skewers hyung’ flashing across his screen.

Jungkook read the text with a big smile. He wanted to be happy, and was at first, but he felt his stomach drop as soon as he processed the words.

Lamb skewers hyung:
Hey baby boy how are you doing? xx

Yoongi never called him baby boy. Only when he was feeling very, very Little. And now wasn’t the time.
But with that one nickname, he instantly longed to be Little again, coloring with his hyungs and playing, instead of being stuck doing a Vlive. He wanted to run to Yoongi’s room right then and hug him really tightly. And that wasn’t good. Jungkook closed his eyes for a second, regaining full control of his mind before replying.

Jungkook:
Hyung stop it. I’m doing a vlive and i'm not feeling little, x

He hit send, determined to make his hyung stop it, even if he bit his lip at the harshness that his words held. Maybe Jungkook could be Little soon, but now was really not the time.

Jungkook felt his phone buzz once again, and he couldn't help but doubt his decision as he read Yoongi’s reply.

Lamb skewers hyung:
I know i'm watching it baby, you're so cute x
okay i'll stop for now, it's just daddy's got a surprise for his baby

Jungkook’s breath hitched. He could feel himself falling very quickly into his Little headspace.

Yoongi had a surprise? For him? Would it be a present? Clothes? Toys? Pacifiers? Plushies?! Jungkook nearly squealed at the thought. He just wanted to run to Yoongi at that moment and see what he had. He was only a hotel door away. Why he had agreed to stay with the maknae line, and not Yoongi, was a mystery to him. Now Yoongi was sleeping in a room with Hoseok. That thought made Jungkook pout. He loved Jimin and Taehyung, but he just wanted Yoongi right then.

“Jungkook-ah, what's taking you so long?”

Jungkook instantly snapped out of his fragile headspace, realizing how long he must have taken, as the kettle must have boiled at least five minutes ago. He quickly poured water into the ramen pots, got some chopsticks, and hastily made his way to his hyungs.

“Sorry, hyung, I was just thinking.” He placed the food on the table and sat down beside the others, trying to make everything seem normal, like he hadn't just regressed into little space because of a stupid text from Yoongi.

“Ah, Jungkookie, don’t think too hard. I don’t think your brain could cope,” Taehyung said, his boxy smile growing wider, slapping Jungkook on the back playfully. Jimin cackled, joined by Taehyung, as they cracked a joke at Jungkook’s expense.

Usually Jungkook would be quick to respond with a comeback, insulting either one of them, because that's just what they did. But Jungkook felt a bit upset at Taehyung’s words this time, his Little side making him feel more vulnerable than usual. Jungkook knew he had to act as normal as possible in front of the camera, otherwise the fans would get worried.

So he morphed his frown into a grin as he said, “Haha, hyung, at least I'm smart enough to have thoughts. I mean, your nickname is literally Blank Tae.”

He knew he was off his game, but Jungkook found himself proud that he had actually come out with something. Jungkook must have done well, due to the way Jimin covered his face with his hands, and Taehyung looked offended, but tears welled at the corners of his eyes from laughter.

“Aish, you brat,” Taehyung said, hitting him on the shoulder a little bit.

“Ah, Jungkook-ah, Taehyung is still your hyung, you know?” Jimin said, a big smile on his face,
teasing in his tone.

“Well, maybe he should start acting like it,” Jungkook bounced back, laughing and pushing Taehyung in return. He hoped his laugh didn’t seem fake. He had already toyed with the idea of telling his hyungs that he was feeling a bit Little, but Jungkook knew the fans would hear anything he said or whispered.

“Disrespectful brat. Well, at least I didn’t get a four on an English test.”

Jungkook’s smile faltered. Usually this wouldn’t affect him; it was a running joke between them about his scores and intelligence regarding English, but something about this was different, and he knew exactly what.

“I think even a dog could have scored higher on a English exam,” Taehyung joked, barely stopping to breathe as he laughed.

“Taehyung, dogs don’t speak English,” Jimin said through his squeaks of laughter, peeking out from behind his hands.

Taehyung turned to him with wide eyes. “Aish, you idiot.” Both of their laughter died down as Taehyung said, “That’s my point, even a dog could have been smarter than our little Jungkookie over here.”

Jungkook’s heart hurt. He knew he had done badly on his English. He had cried when he had gotten that result back, and he didn't need his hyungs calling him dumb in the fragile state he was in.

Now he really did want Yoongi, with a surprise or not. He wanted to snuggle into him while Yoongi told him what a good boy he was and how talented he was. Not with his meanie hyungs, who called Jungkook dumb.

And so he got his phone out when he was sure his hyungs were occupied, bantering back and forth between themselves while eating, Jungkook offering a big smile. He scrolled down to Yoongi’s contact and slowly typed out a message.

Jungkook:
Daddy gukkies sad, what do I do?

He hoped that his eyes weren’t watery or his lips quivering, despite wanting to cry so much. Jungkook felt extra Little now that he was insecure.

He jumped slightly when his phone vibrated and he saw the reply appear.

Lamb skewers hyung:
Oh baby, I can see you.

Jungkook glanced up to the camera slightly, hoping to see Yoongi, but obviously he couldn't.

Lamb skewers hyung:
Say to your hyungs that I said I needed you to work on some lyrics or something.

Jungkook bit his lip in nervousness. He glanced over to his hyungs and then twiddled his thumbs. He finally spoke up, remembering not to call Jimin Oppa, Taehyung Papa, or Yoongi Daddy.

He formed each letter and sound slowly in his head before saying, “Hyungs, I just got a text from Yoongi-hyung. I need to go help him with something.”
Jumin and Taehyung looked towards him, slight confusion on their faces before Jumin nodded and said, “Okay, Jungkookie, say goodbye to ARMY.”

Jungkook looked into the camera, smiling brightly as he said, “Goodbye, ARMY.” He waved as he walked off camera, hopefully relaxed and slowly, not like he was in a total rush.

As soon as he was out of the camera’s range, he was running, wanting desperately to get to Yoongi. He slammed the door shut, running down to Yoongi’s hotel room and knocking hastily.

Almost as soon as his knuckles touched the door, it was opening. Jungkook didn’t even wait to see Yoongi’s face, he just flung himself into his arms, all of his pent-up emotions coming out at once. He barely heard the door close behind them through his crying.

“Shh, baby, it’s okay. You're with Daddy now,” Yoongi whispered into Jungkook’s ear as he pulled him down to sit on the bed.

“Daddy,” Jungkook whimpered out as he clung onto Yoongi’s shirt.

“I’m here, baby. Daddy’s here.”

Jungkook nodded and tried to stop his crying. He just felt so hurt now that Jumin and Taehyung had called him dumb. Jungkook was dumb. He was not even as smart as a dog. He felt so sad.

“Gukkie, you know you are perfect, right?” Yoongi whispered to him, brushing his hair from his forehead.

Jungkook shook his head, he didn’t want to hear it. He felt like Yoongi was lying to him.

“My perfect baby boy.”

Yoongi could feel Jungkook calming in his hold as his breaths became slower and his whimpers stopped. “Good boy, Gukkie. You’re such a good boy.” Yoongi kissed his forehead, drawing circles on Jungkook’s lower back and wiping away his tears.

“Really, Daddy?” Jungkook asked between sniffles.

Yoongi nodded and was about to say something reassuring and heartfelt, but then Jungkook jumped in, saying, “Then how come Papa and Oppa said Gukkie was dumb?”

Yoongi looked at him with sorrow in his eyes. “Oh, baby boy, they were only joking.”

Jungkook frowned and said, “But they hurt Gukkie because they made fun of him.” He sniffled once again, eyes becoming even more teary at the thought.

Yoongi sighed and asked, “Did they know you were feeling Little, baby?”

Jungkook hummed and bit his lip as he shook his head.

“Then that’s why they did that, baby, they didn’t know. They didn’t mean to be mean to you, Gukkie, they love you.”

Jungkook jerked away and crossed his arms in a huff. His hyungs were very mean to him, they didn’t really love him, otherwise they wouldn’t have hurt Jungkook’s heart.
“They were mean. They don’t love Gukkie,” he said matter-of-factly.

“Daddy knows they were mean, baby, but they didn’t mean it. I’ll get them to say sorry, and then you can forgive them,” Yoongi insisted.

Jungkook frowned and felt his fingers curl into fists. He glared at Yoongi and wriggled under his hold.

“Don’t wanna, Daddy, they were big meanie-pants. Gukkie will never forgive them.” Jungkook had defiance and determination burning in his eyes, but once he met Yoongi’s, it faltered.

Yoongi was looking at him with disappointment and a bit of anger in his eyes.

“Baby, you’re going to have to forgive Papa and Oppa to be a good boy.” Yoongi tutted his finger as he looked at Jungkook.

Jungkook wrinkled his nose at the thought. Why was Yoongi being so unfair?

“But, Daddy,” he whined, but Yoongi was quick to cut him off.

“No ‘but’s, Kookie, I want you to know they were only joking. I’ll go get them now so they can apologize, stay here and watch some TV.”

Yoongi went to give Jungkook a quick kiss, but Jungkook turned his face, making Yoongi sigh and kiss his ear instead.

Jungkook huffed, turning towards the TV as he heard Yoongi move out of the room. When Jungkook was sure Yoongi was gone, he stuck his tongue out at him, hoping to god he won’t see. It still made Jungkook feel mischievous, and he giggled a little bit.

Yoongi was being mean now. Why did Jungkook have to forgive them? He had done nothing wrong. He just wanted to ignore Taehyung and Jimin for making his heart hurt. They were mean, very mean, and Jungkook felt dumb because of them. It didn’t matter if they didn’t know he was Little, they made fun of him. Taehyung had even called him dumber than a dog. No, Jungkook wouldn’t forgive them, he would–

He felt a weight next to him, and Jungkook faced away with a sound of determination. “Go away, Gukkie doesn’t want to talk to you.”

Of course, Jungkook didn’t know who it was, but he gathered it was Yoongi, Jimin, or Taehyung seeking forgiveness, and Jungkook didn’t want to speak to any of them.

“Whyever not, sweetheart?”

Jungkook snapped his head around to see a confused Hoseok. He squealed and hugged him in excitement. “Hi, Dada. Sorry, Gukkie will talk to you.”

Hoseok chuckled and said jokingly, “Well, that’s nice of you, Gukkie.”

Jungkook hummed in agreement, nodding his head and smiling up at Hoseok.

“So who won’t you talk to, then?” Hoseok asked.

Jungkook’s smile turned quickly into a frown when he thought about the enemy. “Daddy, Taetae, and Oppa, they’re all meanie-pants.”
He squinted his eyes at Hoseok in suspicion, scared that he would also be mean to him.

“And why's that, sweetheart?” Hoseok prompted further.

Jungkook took a deep breath before saying, “Well, me, Taetae, and Oppa were doing a Vlive when Gukkie became Little and then they were mean, and called Gukkie dumb. So Gukkie got sad and came to Daddy, but then he said Gukkie had to forgive them. But he doesn’t want to forgive them because they made Gukkie hurt.” Jungkook looked down at his thumbs and twiddled his fingers while explaining, listening as Hoseok hummed every once in awhile.

When Jungkook finished, Hoseok said, “I see, sweetheart, but don’t you think you’ll be the mean one if you don’t forgive them?”

Jungkook looked up at Hoseok, shocked and wide eyed. Hoseok took his hands.

“I didn’t think of that, Dada.” He looked down to their interlocked hands. “Gukkie doesn’t want to be mean.”

He chewed at his lip, thinking of what he should do. Jungkook really didn’t want to be mean to his hyungs and Yoongi. He looked up at Hoseok with a big smile on his face. “I’m going to forgive them, Dada.”

He watched as an even bigger smile broke out on Hoseok’s face. He beamed with happiness. “You're such a good boy, Gukkie.”

Jungkook blushed, but still beamed under the praise.

“Come on, let me put on some cartoons while we wait for them.”

Jungkook nodded happily as he watched Hoseok decide on a nice cartoon, and then he moved next to Jungkook and laid them both down on the bed, snuggling. Jungkook instantly became entranced in the cartoons, barely paying any attention to what Hoseok was doing. He felt someone petting him, and he almost purred at the touch. It wasn’t long until he heard the door shut and he tensed, grabbing Hoseok’s hand for support.

“Oh, princess,” he heard Jimin shout, tears welling in his eyes as he came to engulf Jungkook in a big hug. “Oppa’s really sorry that we were mean to you, we didn’t know you were Little.”

Jungkook could barely say anything, his face was smashed against Jimin’s chest as he was cradled. He then heard Taehyung run towards him, shouting, “I’m really sorry, Gukkie, you're not dumb. I was only joking.” He came to Jungkook’s side and suffocated him against Jimin.

When Jungkook realized he could barely breathe, he pushed them off, gasping for air.

“It’s okay, Gukkie forgives you.”

There were collective gasps around the room, but Yoongi was the first one to say anything.

“You do?” He looked at Jungkook with wide eyes.

Jungkook hummed and nodded, glancing at Hoseok. “Yes, Dada convinced me.”

Jungkook was engulfed once again in a big group hug.

“I'm so proud of you, baby boy,” he heard Yoongi say.
“Thank you, Daddy.” Jungkook smiled brightly as the group hug ended, and he looked at all of his hyungs.

Hoseok spoke up next to him, stroking his thumb across their interlaced hands. “Gukkie, how about whenever you feel Little when you can't actually say it, you say a word to let all your hyungs know?”

His hyungs nodded in agreement with Hoseok.

“Like what, Dada?” Jungkook looked around at him, tilting his head to one side.

“Any word you want it to be. Pick a word, Gukkie.”

Jungkook stopped and thought really, really hard before saying, “Peaches.”

He heard his hyungs giggle, and Jungkook felt his ears start to burn red. He didn't like his hyungs laughing at him. Yoongi managed to make him feel better.

“That's a good word, Gukkie.”

Jungkook looked up at Yoongi.

“So whenever you feel Little, just say that word, okay, baby? No matter where we are or what you are doing.”

Jungkook nodded his head. “Okay, Daddy. Gukkie understands.”

His hyungs smiled.

“Can Gukkie stay here tonight, Daddy?” Jungkook asked Yoongi, smiling.

He saw Yoongi looking over at Hoseok briefly, who just smiled and nodded. Of course he was okay with that.

“Of course you can, Gukkie.”

He heard whines and protests coming from Jimin and Taehyung, who looked at him, pouting.

“But, pumpkin, why not with us?” Taehyung whined loudly.

“Do you not love us anymore, princess?” Jimin wailed dramatically, clutching his heart.

Jungkook was about the ensure them that he did love them very much, but he stopped as Jimin said, “How could you not love this?” He gestured to them both pulling very funny faces at Jungkook.

Jungkook let out a high-pitched giggle, the kind that left him gasping for air. It made his stomach hurt, but every time he thought he would stop laughing, Taehyung and Jimin made funny faces again and he couldn’t stop laughing. All his hyungs smiled at the cute little baby bunny, and they knew they wouldn’t have it any other way.
A Little Lost

Chapter Summary

**xxxDizzyxxxx**
Could you do a fic where little jungkook regresses in public alone or something?
I love little jungkook btw

Chapter Notes

Hope this is good. Thank you for all the support, comments and kudos, you're all so sweet. Hope you enjoy this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It would be fine. Nothing would go wrong. He had been to Hongdae so many times that nothing could happen that Jungkook wasn’t prepared for. At least that’s what he thought when he first arrived, anyway.

Once in awhile, Jungkook liked to get away from everything. He liked to be alone. Not the kind of alone where he was in a single dorm with his hyungs literally five meters away, talking behind what seemed to be paper thin walls. No, Jungkook liked the kind of alone where the only things that felt familiar were the street signs and pathways.

Of course, he wasn’t that alone, he was jammed between various passersby. He dug his face into his scarf and a hood, leaving a small slit in between, only able to see straight ahead. He had a few fans come up to him, asking for a signature or photo, but that was expected now, with his group’s rising popularity. He was thankful for the fans who he saw whispering and giggling, but just passed by and let Jungkook go about his day, without even a picture, like a normal human being.

Jungkook didn’t know how the fans could even recognize him from his figure under thousands of layers of padding. They could barely see his eyes, but they still somehow knew it was him. Only true fans though, and it took them awhile to realize.

Jungkook had been to Hongdae many times, it was a place he liked to go to get away from it all. Even though it was crowded, Jungkook liked the sense of being able to blend into the crowd and watch everyone and everything around him. Street dancers moving rhythmically to the low beat of music, the hum of conversation around him, the glow of street signs, Jungkook loved it.

He had a lamb skewer in his hand, something he had picked up of a street stall, a small comfort for Jungkook. A warmth spread through him at the thought of Yoongi. Jungkook could instantly feel his stress and worries ebb away into the bustling streets of Hongdae. He sighed in relief, his shoulders feeling lighter despite the bulky coat he was wearing.

He looked around slightly, seeing the streets becoming a little emptier as a crowd started to form around a street dancer. It was still busy, but at least now Jungkook could walk freely without being shoulder to shoulder with someone. He bit his lip before he finally came to the decision to take down
his hood, due to the fact he could barely see anything.

As soon as he did, he was hit by the fresh air of the city and the full picture of its beauty. Splashes of color hit every sign that lit up the night with their flashing neon sticks. He peered into windows, seeing happy people eating food, shopping, and chatting, all with big smiles on their faces. Jungkook came to the conclusion you couldn't really be sad in a place like this.

“Jungkook-oppa?”

He heard a high voice come from behind him. Jungkook flinched at his name, especially the oppa part. He tried to ignore her, pass it off as if he didn’t hear, but this fan seemed persistent. He felt her walk straight past him and in front of him. He jolted and looked up in surprise. She squealed when they met eyes.

“Jungkookie-oppa, I can’t believe it’s you! I love you so much,” the fan gave him a big smile, eyes forming creases.

Jungkook gave her a fake smile, bunny teeth appearing, looking frankly adorable.

He asked through his teeth, “Hi, what's your name?”

She gasped, “Oh, I’m Mina, but you can call me whatever you want.” She giggled and looked off, as if giving someone a secret look at an inside joke.

Jungkook’s smile faltered, only for a second, as he didn’t want her to realize, but it did all the same. He felt slightly uneasy by the fan, but carried on.

“Mina is a very pretty name.”

Mina giggled again, blushing bright red, but even then Jungkook didn’t see her as cute at her shy facade.

“What are you doing here all alone?” She got closer to him, standing on her tiptoes. Jungkook could feel her breath on his face.

Trying not to make it too obvious, he leaned back, one foot ready to go.

“Ah, I came out for a bit of thinking. I like Hongdae,” he said, his fake smile getting even faker.

Mina twirled her black hair through her fingertips, giggling once again. “Ah, it is very pretty. Would you take a picture with me?” She gave him a bright smile, her voice seeming even higher when she asked.

Jungkook nodded and she rushed to get out her phone. Her fingers danced on the keys as she finally got it on camera.

Mina moved even closer to him, her arm wrapped firmly around his waist, head resting on his chest. Jungkook stiffened at the position, but would feel bad if he asked her to move. He just smiled instead, hoping it would be over soon. Her grip clawed at him, digging right into his sides to the point that it almost made Jungkook whimper in pain. She flashed the camera twice and turned around to him, just staring at his face.

Jungkook coughed awkwardly, saying, “Ah, I better go, I need to finish shopping. I promised Taehyung I’d get him something from my travels.” He gave her a forced laugh and bowed at her. Of course he was lying, but Jungkook didn’t want to be ogled at, especially by this creepy fan.
Jungkook didn’t know what it was, but something about her just seemed… off.

“Oh, okay.”

Jungkook swore he saw something in her expression turn dark, as her lips formed a straight line.

“Goodbye, Jungkook-ah, I hope to see you again,” she sang, bowing to him.

Jungkook disagreed, he’d never hope to see her again.

“Thank you for supporting us.” He waved and started walking again.

When he knew he was out of range, he let out a big sigh. Jungkook swore that was the quickest he’d ever want a fan reaction to be. Usually he loved his fan interactions, but Mina gave him the creeps. The very thought of her smile and black eyes made his hair stand on end. Jungkook knew he was being paranoid. She was probably very nice, if you got to know her. I mean, it must be strange to meet your idol. You would do anything to be remembered.

He shook the thoughts from his head and carried on down the street, entering a shop full of anime themed stuff. He went straight past the children’s anime section, a slight fear in his mind at the thought of his Little mind being triggered, and decided to go down to all the merchandise and comics. He flitted through the comic books, most being ones he had already read.

Jungkook knew when he came in here that he had no actual intention of buying anything for himself. Maybe he would actually buy Taehyung something. It was either anime or Gucci that Taehyung would receive, and you could guess which one was cheaper.

Then his eye was caught not by a comic, but by a familiar face. He quickly picked up a book and placed his face between the pages, peering over the edge. Even from quite a distance, he could tell it was her. The fan that he had just left was at the front of the shop, glancing down at all the children’s comics. She looked fairly occupied, as if searching for something.

Jungkook had never paid for something so fast. He quickly rushed out of the store with his bag in hand, ignoring the girl and walking straight into a different shop. His heartbeat quickened. He knew it could have been a coincidence, I mean, anyone could watch anime. But he just felt a bit scared of her.

Jungkook swerved down a street he thought he remembered being down before and walked a few steps before turning down another. He imagined her running to get him, like a livid saesang fan, but every time he looked behind him, he didn’t see her face. He walked into a large clothing shop and immediately skipped the women’s section and went upstairs to the men’s.

He glanced around at the range of fabrics and passed them all until he saw an outfit on the manikin that he liked. A denim jacket hung from it that appealed to Jungkook more than it should have. Badges were sewn onto it, bursting with little colors. He looked from the manikin to the racks, and scanned through the rails, looking for his size. He hung the right sized jacket over his arm. He walked around the clothes, weaving through the aisles, looking for more things he’d like to wear.

He studied them all until his eyes landed on a pink pastel sweater with two baby blue stripes along the arm. He hadn’t realized he had started walking to it until his fingers were basking in the soft, fluffy material. That would make such a nice sweater for if he was Little.

He glanced around slightly, checking that no buff, manly men were standing near him that would be disgraced by his outfit choice. Jungkook faltered and he swore his heart stopped.
It wasn’t a big buff man that caused it, no, Jungkook would rather that any day. It was Mina again. The psycho fan, Jungkook would now refer to her as. What the hell was she doing there, especially in the men's isle? She was there, her grimy fingers touching the same type of denim jacket that Jungkook had in his hands.

He yanked the sweater down from the high railing and walked quickly to the register, heart picking up in speed. He barely talked to the man at the register. Jungkook didn't even get embarrassed as the man eyed the pink sweater he had bought himself. He just wanted to get out. As soon as the bag was placed on the counter, Jungkook made a run for it—well, a fast walk, a run was too obvious.

He raced down the stairs and out of the shop, and he swore he could hear footsteps mimicking his own. Step by step, he heard hers follow. He could basically feel her breath on his neck.

Jungkook could hear his own breathing. He could hear his heartbeat, thumping quicker and quicker, louder and louder. His feet picked up pace, and so did his heart. Faster and faster he went.

He glanced back and she was there, a few feet away from him. Jungkook panicked, cutting down an alleyway in desperation. He ran to the end and started walking down the street again, pushing others aside.

Quickly looking behind him, he saw the fan coming from the alleyway, looking around. Looking for Jungkook. He was being followed by her.

His mind was scrambled, trying desperately to find a way to hide, eyes darting back and forth. To street signs, to pathways, to people, to shops, to restaurants. Jungkook knew she would follow him everywhere.

Jungkook glanced back quickly, watching her get stopped by a few people. As she tried to push past them, Jungkook saw his chance. When he saw her bowing and making small talk with someone she must have known, he ran for it. Like actually ran this time, as fast as he could, into the nearest alleyway.

He stopped, holding his breath, his back flush up against the wall. It was then that he saw her. He could see she was looking for him, a craziness present in her eyes.

He swore her teeth must have been fangs, and her nails claws. She looked like a hungry wolf, ready for her next prey. Jungkook fought the urge to whimper in fear. But then she walked straight past him and down the alleyway. Jungkook almost sobbed in relief. He wiped away the tears that had started to gather in his eyes.

His mind was plagued with her. What did she want? Was she a sasaeng? Jungkook didn’t even need to ask that, he knew she was. He had heard stories of sasaeng fans and what they did to idols. Pulling their hair, pushing them, injuring them, and especially, following them. Jungkook had even experienced them, but when he did, he was always with his hyungs. Now he had no hyungs to protect him.

He walked down the alleyway and onto the street. A very quite street. Hardly anyone was there. He heard them, but he didn’t see them. Most of them were in the bar or eating.

It didn't look so nice, this part of Hongdae. The neon lights were cracked, and one building that used to say ‘Bar & Eat’ only managing to light up ‘BEat’, a little unsettling to Jungkook. His heart was still pounding in his ears, his breath still came out shaky.

He felt his stomach drop, and Jungkook swore he was going to be sick at the sudden realization that
hit him. Nothing felt familiar. No signs, no streets, no people. The sky was dark and filled with
smog. The street signs in the distance were hidden amongst the sky, and all Jungkook could see were
the dimly lit shops of the drunkards. He felt scared and very small compared to the street. The
thought made him tear up. Jungkook was lost.

He had also fallen very quickly into little space.

Jungkook’s eyes darted around, as he remembered his mother telling him once that if he was ever
lost, stay in the same place that he was, until someone found him. So he firmly set his feet on the
ground, glancing around. But of course, that only applied when people knew where you were. No
one knew Jungkook was there. Even he didn’t know where ‘there’ was. He didn’t even know if he
was in Hongdae anymore. Jungkook felt his cheeks become wet with tears. He was so lost. His
hyungs were never going to find him.

Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Jungkook sobbed. Why did he think it was alright to come to Hongdae?
Why did he come? Why did that mean lady follow him? Why did she chase him? Why did Jungkook
have to come here and get lost? Why did he have to become Little?

At least if he was Big, he would have some idea of what to do. All he wanted was one of his
hyungs, especially Yoongi. He cried harder at the thought of them. Even if it was just their voice, he
would– hey, wait a second.

Jungkook scrambled quickly to get his phone out of his pocket and open it up to his contacts, calling
the first one he saw. He waited with anticipation, watching his phone fill with Yoongi’s nickname as
he put the phone to his ear, his hands shaking.

His tried to calm his sobs, and they turned sniffles that would come after every single ring of the
phone, until it ended in a voicemail message. He tried again and again, but still the same answer.

Jungkook whimpered, his eyes tearing up once again as he scrambled to another contact. He quickly
tapped the icon that read ‘Hobi hyung’ and had barely put it to his ear before he heard the beeping of
an unavailable phone. Jungkook whined and scrolled down, praying for Namjoon to pick up. He
sighed when he finally put the phone to his ear, because at least this time it actually rang. And then a
voice filled his ear. He sobbed loudly.

“Jungkook-ah, are you done already? We’re out for lunch, so can you occupy yourself for a little
while, and then we’ll pick you up?”

Namjoon’s voice felt warm and happy. Jungkook sobbed harder at the thought of him being all that
way away. Jungkook didn’t know why he didn’t respond. He just couldn’t. His sobs were too big
and too loud. He couldn’t form any words, but he was thinking them.

“Jungkook-ah?” Namjoon spoke out again. “Is that okay with you?”

Jungkook still didn’t answer. He tried to make his sobs die down so that he could speak, but this time
it was really hard. His chest felt tight, and Jungkook knew he was on the verge of having a panic
attack.

“Jungkookie,” Namjoon called out. “Jungkook-ah, are you okay? Why aren’t you responding?”

Jungkook ignored Namjoon, trying to regain control of his breathing. The lack of oxygen was
making the Little even more scared than he already was. He took big, deep breaths, counting like
Yoongi always told him to. He heard Namjoon talking to his hyungs in the background. He could
barely make out what they were saying, but he knew it was about him.
He then heard Yoongi shout, quite loudly, “Shit– Jungkook called me six times and I didn’t answer, it was on silent.”

If Jungkook wasn’t so scared and sad, he would’ve scolded Yoongi for using that kind of language. Jungkook ignored the rest of his hyungs’ murmurs, focusing on his breathing.

He could feel his chest ease up and his sobs calm down, until tears were just left streaming down his face. He gasped big gulps of air as he finally zoned back into Namjoon shouting at him through the phone.

“Appa,” he cried into the phone, his voice breaking. “Peaches.” He felt his bottom lip quiver.

He heard Namjoon gasp slightly before saying, “Little one?”

Jungkook hummed.

“Okay, little one, me and the hyungs are coming for you.”

Jungkook cried out in relief.

He heard Namjoon say to his hyungs, “Jin-hyung, get the car. Everyone, peaches.”

Jungkook heard their collective gasps and cries as they moved out of whatever restaurant they must have been in and got in the van, doors slamming.

“Little one, are you still there?”

Jungkook hummed again in acknowledgment, his eyes darting around the street, clutching his phone tightly.

“We’re on our way now, where are you?”

Jungkook’s face crumpled as he looked around at the street.

“Gukkie doesn’t know, Appa. This mean lady, a saesang fan, followed Gukkie, so he ran, and Gukkie got lost. Gukkie is lost, Appa. Gukkie’s really scared.”

Namjoon gasped, followed by his hyungs. “Okay, little one, do you know where you were, though, before the sasaeng fan followed you?”

Jungkook thought, tracing back his memories before he said, “Yes, Appa. Gukkie remembers.”

“Okay, where is the last place you remember being?”

Jungkook thought back to the comic book store. It was the only place that Jungkook knew the name of, as it was one of the best comic book shops in Seoul. He and Taehyung always used to go to it.

“Book Saesong, the one that me and Papa always go.” Jungkook bit his lip, a little frustrated, because he was sure that was not the name of the comic book store, he said it wrong.

“He means Book Sae Tong, it’s near the subway,” he heard Taehyung say to Namjoon, and Jungkook realized he must be on speaker.

He then heard Seokjin say, “Sweetie, I’m going to ask you a very big thing, and you have to be quite a big boy to do it, okay?”
Jungkook smiled at the kindness in Seokjin’s voice.

“I want you to trace back your steps to the comic book store, do you think you could do that?”

Jungkook stuck his tongue out as he was thinking of his route back, before nodding and saying, “Yes, Eomma, Gukkie can do it.”

Seokjin managed to let out a shaky laugh. “You’re such a brave boy, sweetie. Eomma is proud of you.”

Jungkook blushed, even over the phone, as he said, “Thank you, Eomma. Gukkie gonna start walking back.” And he took his first steps of a quite a long way back.

“Good boy, Gukkie.”

Jungkook went through the alleyway he used to escape the sasaeng fan and walked out onto a quiet street. It almost felt like a totally different street to the one he had run down, but Jungkook knew it was the same when he saw the sign with a big fish on it that Jungkook had happened to notice on the way there. Jungkook felt a little better on a more ordinary street. Still scared from everything, but a bit better.

Scratch that, he was terrified.

“Baby boy?” He heard Yoongi’s voice next to his ear from over the phone. “I'm really sorry for not picking up the phone all those times, it was on silent.” Yoongi’s wobbled with sadness.

Jungkook clutched the phone to his ear as he looked around at the now empty street, before saying, “It’s okay, Daddy. Gukkie doesn’t mind, he just–”

Jungkook stopped, his heart leaping for joy when he saw the clothing shop he had been in. But then the lights turned off and the doors shut, and Jungkook panicked, thinking that everything would close soon, including the comic shop, and it would be pitch black, and he–

“He just what, baby?” Yoongi’s voice called.

“Daddy, Gukkie’s really, really scared,” he said, his voice cracking with fresh tears gathering.

“Oh, baby boy, I bet you are, but we’re nearly there now and then I’ll give you as many cuddles as you want.”

Jungkook gasped as he asked, “What about 56 cuddles?” checking if Yoongi was lying.

He heard Yoongi’s gruff laugh as he then said, “If that’s how many you want, Gukkie, I'll give you 57 cuddles.”

Jungkook gasped again and giggled. That was a lot of cuddles.

“Okay, Gukkie, we’re at the train station now, it’s as far as the van can go, but I’m going to come and get you, okay? When you get to the comic book store, just walk straight, okay?” Yoongi said.

“Yes, Daddy. Please hurry.”

“Okay, baby boy, don’t worry. Daddy will be there in no time, see you soon.”

Jungkook heard the slam of the van door, signaling Yoongi’s retreat.
“Dada?” Jungkook called out.

He heard a snuffle and a weak, “Yes, sweetheart?”

Jungkook realized that Hoseok must have been crying.

“When Gukkie gets home, can you make Gukkie some warm milk and stroke Gukkie’s hair, please?”

Hoseok let out a shaky breath. “Of course I will, sweetheart, anything for you.”

Jungkook smiled at the thought and hummed, even happier when he saw and passed the comic book shop, and did exactly what Yoongi told him.

“Oppa?” Jungkook called out, a little scared for Jimin’s silence.

“Y-yes, princess?” Jimin’s voice seemed broken. He must have still been crying.

“Oppa, don’t cry for Gukkie. Gukkie’s gonna be alright,” he said, trying to soothe Jimin.

“Oh, princess, you’re so kind. I’m supposed to be the one comforting you,” Jimin sniffled out, laughing slightly.

“We all need comfort sometimes.”

He heard Jimin hum in acknowledgment as his hyungs laughed a little.

“Dada?” He called out again.

“Yes, sweetheart?” Hoseok seemed better now.

Jungkook imagined he was smiling.

“Are you close to Oppa?” he asked.

“Erm... yes, Gukkie, we’re sat together. But why—”

“Cuddle Oppa and stroke his hair. Don’t worry, I won’t get jealous,” Jungkook cut Hoseok off. “It always makes me feel better. Are you doing it?”

He heard his hyungs laugh, and he heard them shuffle around and a few mumbles, and then it went silent.

“Are they cuddling, Appa and Eomma?” he asked.

They both laughed in return and said, “Yes.”

Jungkook smiled at the thought.

“And are they—” Jungkook stopped, his eyes widening at the figure almost directly in front and bit away from him, but then the figure looked up and Jungkook could see—

“Daddy,” he whispered and dropped his phone into his shopping bag. Then Jungkook ran as fast as he could, even faster than running away from the saesang fan. He saw Yoongi run towards him, and they crashed into a messy hug in the middle.

“Daddy,” Jungkook sobbed in relief, breathing him in. He clutched Yoongi’s jacket, burying his
head into the crook of his shoulder.

“I’m here, baby boy. You’re safe, you’re safe with me.”

He sobbed into Yoongi’s shoulder, nodding. He felt Yoongi bundle his coat in his fist as he squeezed Jungkook.

“I love you, Daddy,” Jungkook sobbed out.

“I love you too, baby boy.” Yoongi leaned back so he could kiss Jungkook’s lips.

Jungkook smiled as they pulled away from the peck and Yoongi had achieved stopping his crying.

“Come on, baby, the van’s not very far from here.” Yoongi took his hand and started to walk Jungkook back to the van.

Jungkook nodded as he stayed ever so close to Yoongi, clinging to him like a koala.

“I’m not going anywhere now, baby, okay?” Yoongi laughed at how close Jungkook wanted to be.

“I know, Daddy, but Gukkie doesn’t want to get lost again. He really missed you and got scared like a big baby,” Jungkook huffed before moving away from Yoongi slightly.

“Oh, Gukkie, I didn’t mean it like that, I was only joking. I like you showing me love, and you may think you acted like a big baby, but you’re my baby.” Yoongi managed to poke Jungkook’s nose, which made him giggle.

As soon as they got to the van, the door was pulled open and he was engulfed by a hysterical Eomma, a relieved Appa, a crying Oppa, a cuddling—more like squeezing the life out of him—Papa, and a comforting Dada. He just tried to hug them all, a big smile on his face as he finally got to see and hug every single one of his hyungs again.

“I love you all,” he said, while cuddling them even harder. The van was then filled with differently timed ‘I love you, too’s.

Seokjin said, “Come on, better get home quickly. It's almost ten o’clock.”

Seokjin, Namjoon, and Taehyung went to the front of the van and got it running. Jungkook shuffled in between Yoongi and Hoseok, who was still cuddling Jimin, even though Jimin seemed fine now. Jungkook smiled at the sight, and glanced up at Yoongi as he felt the car moving away from Hongdae and towards their dorm.

“Yes, baby boy?” Yoongi looked down at him, a smirk on his lips.

Jungkook blushed at being caught staring at him.

“Sorry, Daddy. Gukkie just missed your face, so he’s catching up on seeing it.”

Yoongi laughed, his gummy smile appearing. It made Jungkook laugh too. His laughter was stopped by a ginormous yawn.

“Come on baby, you must be tired.” Yoongi nudged Jungkook over to rest on his chest as an arm came over him, making Jungkook feel safe and protected.

Jungkook nodded in agreement, feeling his eyes start to droop.
As soon as they closed, he seemed to fall asleep with the motion of the car, barely hearing the soft whisper of, “I’m never letting you go out on your own again, I will protect you forever and ever. Goodnight, baby boy.”

Chapter End Notes

Did you like that? Hopefully you did. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I did writing it. Leave any suggestions and comments below, I'd love to know what you think or want :) Please no sexual things though, this is a non-sexy fic.
“Go again,” Hoseok shouted loudly, his voice echoing off the mirrored walls of the dance studio.

Everyone was heaving, their muscles aching, as they bit back their groans and whines at Hoseok, knowing he was only following the manager's orders. Hoseok’s own heart was pounding, and his sweat dripped onto the wooden floor.

Jungkook, like everyone, was exhausted. He was running on only a glass of water and an energy bar that he had just managed to choke down as they were leaving the dorm. They must have been dancing for about eight hours. Jungkook knew that he and his members may have been cursing their manager for making them do this, but everyone, including Jungkook himself, knew that this needed to be done.

Even the dance teacher had gotten too tired and bored, and had left them. Everyone had left them. They were all just driving themselves to the bone, or at least until the point where they couldn’t stand anymore.

They had a concert coming up, full of new songs and dances that were so unfamiliar. The choreography that they were practicing now was fairly new, their new track blaring from the speaker. They needed to get this right; Jungkook needed to get it perfect.

They had originally had to stop and start the music, helping each other, mostly going through the moves slowly with Seokjin and Namjoon. Hoseok usually went too fast for the majority of the members. He would always manage to pick up the moves very quickly and perfect them easily. Jungkook would be lying to say he didn’t glare at Hoseok and his dancing, as Jungkook was always envious of Hoseok.

Jungkook felt envy burning through his veins as he eyed Hoseok, who was dancing with such perfection and finesse. Meanwhile, it just made him feel even more frustrated, as he watched his own hunched form in the mirror, his limbs flailing about, sloppily trying to hit the moves, but really failing. He was so focused on his own reflection, glaring at every little movement, and getting angrier by the second. Maybe too focused.
He didn't know if he was not paying attention, or his brain was just too tired to register, but he didn't seem to see Taehyung’s foot at all. Well, he obviously didn’t.

As Jungkook moved to get to the middle and his position, his mind was already a step ahead of him, so he just followed it, but Taehyung’s foot was all he needed to throw him off. He felt the impact of his foot up against Taehyung’s, but didn’t register it until he felt himself falling.

If Jungkook’s head wasn’t so cloudy, maybe he would have been able to move out the way of Taehyung’s foot, or even regather his balance and step from his stumble. However, Jungkook had no such luck. Instead of stumbling, Jungkook tumbled over Taehyung’s foot, his own legs betraying him as the floor got closer very quickly.

So quickly, that Jungkook’s mind couldn’t actually process what was happening, he could only see the floor get alarmingly closer. He managed to get one wrist underneath him, but it proved completely useless compared to his weight. It just twisted underneath his chest into an unnatural position, as pain shot upward.

Jungkook’s knees bashed against the hard wooden floor, scraping against the wood, a sharp pain now tingling in his legs. His nose just missed being shattered, the top of his head taking the most force, making it cloud over with confusion. Pain pierced every inch of his body, with the mix of groaning, exhausted limbs and now the sharp pain of the fall.

Gasps echoed around him, and he could hear the pounding of footsteps as he rested his head against the cool wooden floor. Jungkook’s head was hazy and the room wouldn't seem to stop spinning.

He was still in shock and pain from his fall, staring wide-eyed at the tilting world. He barely heard the concerned words of his hyungs. He could feel hands supporting his body as they brought him up, Jungkook’s wrist pulsing in pain.

At first Jungkook’s body just went limp, shocked at what had happened. His eyes widened, breaths quickened, and his heartbeat pounded in his ears, until a sharp pain pulsed through in his body, dragging him back to reality

He could feel his face scrunch up and his cheeks going red as tears welled in his eyes, sobs bubbling at his lips. He didn't even try to stop them, his mind too focused on all the pain.

“DADDY!” he cried out, loud and broken. He was sobbing, cradling his injured hand. Even his legs started to scream out in pain and his vision was blurry from the big fat tears that rolled down his cheeks. His mind was still foggy from the bump on his head. He could feel two arms wrap around him almost instantly, and Jungkook curled up into a ball in those arms.

“Oh, baby boy, shh, you're okay,” Yoongi’s voice filled his ears, a soothing melody, making his head become slightly unclouded.

Jungkook peeked out of his bundle, up to Yoongi’s concerned features. Jungkook’s face twisted with pain.

“Hurts, Daddy,” Jungkook said through his sobs, breathing unsteady and pain piercing through every limb.

“Shh, I know it does, baby,” Yoongi said softly, rocking the boy gently in his arms. He left kisses throughout Jungkook’s hair, trying to calm the hysterical boy.

Jungkook shook his head, trying to stop all the pain and the cloudiness in his head.
He bit his wobbling lip, trying to stop any more sobs from escaping. He wanted to make Yoongi proud by being a big boy for him. He tried to ignore the pain in his body. It was not really hurting at this point, just a dull ache. His mind was just in shock from his fall.

“That was quite a hard fall, sweetheart,” Hoseok’s voice filled Jungkook’s ears as a hand rested on his shoulder.

Jungkook peered up at Hoseok, who smiled brightly at him, but still had concern written on his face. Jungkook sniffled and nodded sadly, his lips beginning to wobble again.

“Gukkie hurt, Dada,” he sniffed, trying to stop his cries from falling out with his words. He didn’t even know if Hoseok could understand him. To stop his brewing sobs from spilling over, Jungkook started to suck his thumb, slightly burying his face into Yoongi’s shirt, as if to stop the tears from falling.

“Good boy, baby,” Yoongi whispered down, kissing his head, bringing his arm up to stroke small circles on Jungkook's back. Even though he knew Jungkook was hurt, and he was very concerned, he couldn’t help but coo secretly at the Little’s cuteness.

“Remember what I told you, little one, about your thumb,” Namjoon spoke up, kneeling beside Little Jungkook, smiling.

Jungkook peeked out from Yoongi’s chest, still sucking his thumb, his eyes red from crying.

Jungkook slowly and reluctantly took his thumb from between his lips and mumbled, looking down, “But, Appa, no paci.” His voice broke, along with his hyungs’ hearts.

“Oh really?” Seokjin said, coming into Jungkook's view with something in his hands, raising his eyebrow and chuckling slightly.

Jungkook’s eyes widened and lit up when he saw the pacifier that Seokjin was twiddling in front of him. He unwound his arm from Yoongi’s hold and outstretched it towards Seokjin and the pacifier.

“Eomma, please, Gukkie want paci,” Jungkook said, pouting, looking at Seokjin with such pleading eyes that Seokjin couldn’t resist, no matter what it was for.

Seokjin leaned down and placed the pacifier between Jungkook’s lips, ruffling his hair.

Jungkook immediately sighed as his lips felt nice around the pacifier. He lulled his head backwards, tears now ebbing away.

“Aw, you're so cute, pumpkin,” Taehyung cooed, watching Jungkook blush at the compliment. Taehyung came to sit down next to them, pulling a funny face every time Jungkook would peak out and then hide again, giggling at Taehyung being silly.

As Jungkook went to put his hand over his mouth, he felt pain again, and his giggles turned into whines.

“Sweetie, can you tell us where you got hurt?” Seokjin asked, putting a hand on Jungkook's leg comfortably.

Yoongi let his arms go slack so that Jungkook could straighten up and follow Seokjin’s request.

“Erm, my knees, wrist, and head,” Jungkook listed, words slightly muffled under the pacifier.
The hyungs were glad that after all the time they had spent with Little Jungkook, they had begun to develop the ability to understand Jungkook with a pacifier in his mouth.

Seokjin nodded as he listed, smiling in reassurance.

“Well, I can see you hurt your head, there's a slight bruise forming,” Namjoon said from beside him, sounding like a doctor.

Jungkook frowned at the thought of a bruise on his head, and he couldn’t help but lean out and touch it. He instantly regretted it as he hissed in pain. He could tell it was going to be a big bruise.

“Can I have a look at your knees?” Hoseok asked, shuffling around closer to Jungkook's legs.

Jungkook didn’t speak, only nodded. He whimpered, not wanting any more pain, bracing himself to be ready. He clutched at the material of Yoongi’s shirt with the hand that wasn’t sore as Hoseok began to carefully roll up his pant leg.

Yoongi dropped one of his arms from around Jungkook and instead held his hand, stroking his thumb over it.

It provided some reassurance until Jungkook heard Hoseok gasp and Jungkook dared to take a look, already wishing he hadn't. His knees were smothered in deep red blood. Jungkook hid his face in Yoongi’s chest, not wanting to see it anymore. The pain of them increased, pounding with his loud heartbeat, and the blood made his stomach feel queasy. He was never very good with blood.

Yoongi whispered down to him, “You're doing so well, baby boy. It's only a little blood, we’ll get it fixed.”

Jungkook only whimpered in response, willing away his tears. He could feel Hoseok’s hands on his leg, and then a cold wet thing slid across them. Jungkook shivered at the feeling, pulling a face as he shot up, curious of what Hoseok was doing.

“Dada?”

Hoseok looked up to him through his bangs and smiled at Jungkook warmly, wiping away all the blood with a wipe that must have been magic, as it came out of nowhere.

Jungkook flinched as he grazed over the small cuts on his knees, which burned, causing him to squeeze Yoongi’s hand, hard.

“Pumpkin, which one would you like?” Taehyung asked, walking up to them.

Jungkook had barely noticed he had moved from Jungkook’s side. He glanced at Taehyung to see a first aid kit scattered out next to the kneeling, sitting, or crouching hyungs, as they all routed through it. He diverted his attention to Taehyung, who was holding his hand out. Within it there were two band-aid types, one blue with loads and loads of dinosaurs on it, and one with Zootopia on it.

Jungkook forgot about his pained knees to focus on making his choice. He really, really liked dinosaurs. But he really, really, really liked Zootopia. Well, he did like Zootopia a bit more. But dinosaurs were so cool.

“Both, Gukkie got two knees,” Jungkook said.

Taehyung gasped and said, looking at him with disbelief, “I never thought of that! You're so smart, pumpkin.” He kissed Jungkook’s forehead and Jungkook giggled, nodding and shying away slightly.
Jungkook watched Taehyung and Hoseok each place a band-aid on the cuts on his knees and kiss them all better, which surprisingly did actually help.

Jungkook giggled at them, clapping at the cute little band-aids covering his bloodied cuts, but as he did, he ended up jostling his sore wrist. He cried out and clutched it close to his chest. His hyungs all jumped to him, asking him what was wrong.

“My wrist, it hurts,” Jungkook whined, sucking on his pacifier harder, trying not to cry.

Yoongi’s eyes saddened as he brought Jungkook closer in an attempt to comfort him.

“Can I see it, baby?” he asked.

Jungkook hesitantly nodded and offered Yoongi his wrist. He knew Yoongi wouldn’t hurt him, but he couldn’t help but want to say no. He didn’t want it to hurt even more.

Yoongi handled it carefully, looking at it, and Jungkook bit down on his pacifier to stop any cries of pain or protest from leaving his lips. Yoongi brought it up and he leaned down, pressing a soft, warm kiss to it.

Jungkook felt warmth flutter through his body and he couldn’t help but smile, Yoongi’s kiss seemingly magical, at it took some of the pain away.

“It's most definitely sprained,” Yoongi announced to the hyungs, who all shuffled, and some gasped.

“Oh, sweetie, you really hurt yourself, didn’t you?” Seokjin said, taking Jungkook's injured arm to wrap it in some kind of bandage.

Jungkook nodded sadly, twisting in Yoongi’s lap to give Seokjin more access to his wrist.

“You're so brave, little one,” Namjoon said softly to Jungkook, placing a hand on Jungkook's shoulder.

Jungkook smiled up at Namjoon, saying, “Thank you, Appa.”

His hyungs cooed at his cuteness, all wanting to come hug him.

“Princess?”

Jungkook diverted his attention towards Jimin, who was crouched down to see him.

“Do you want this little bear? I got her as a gift from a fan, she's called Yoonie. I keep her around with me for good luck.”

Jungkook’s head twitched upward, his hand that was not being bandaged immediately outstretched as Jimin revealed a small kitty cat, with little pink stripes.

“Yes, please, Oppa,” Jungkook said through his pacifier, nodding, eyes focused on the little plushie Jimin was holding.

Jimin smiled as he got nearer to Jungkook and passed the toy to him. Jungkook muttered a thank you, too busy holding the cat gently and bringing her into a hug to thank Jimin more. Jimin smiled, very thankful that the fan gave him the cat, and that he decided to keep it around with him. It had proven very useful.

When Seokjin finished bandaging Jungkook’s wrist, he kissed it and slowly let it fall to his lap.
“Shall we go home and watch a movie, baby?” Yoongi asked, kissing Jungkook’s cheek, making him giggle at the touch.

Jungkook looked between his hyungs, eyebrows furrowed in confusion. “But what about dancing?” he asked, knowing that they needed to get the dance right and perfected.

“Dancing is nowhere near as important as you, pumpkin,” Taehyung said, smiling at him warmly, picking up Jungkook’s stray hand.

Jungkook looked down at their interlocked hands and then up at Taehyung with a smile.

“Okay,” Jungkook said, smiling as they all began to get up slowly, supporting Jungkook, to go home.

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“How are you feeling now, sweetheart?” Hoseok whispered over the film, but everyone could still hear him. They were not really paying attention much to the children’s film that was playing, more concerned for the injured Little.

Hence why they had insisted on cuddling together in Seokjin’s bed, which was the biggest and could just about fit all of them, while watching the film. Jungkook tore his eyes away from the screen, not wanting to miss anything, and smiled at Hoseok.

“Still hurts,” He thought back to his cut knees, bandaged wrist, and the bump on his head, but somehow they were not as painful anymore. He could barely tell which limbs belonged to him, he was that close to his hyungs. “But better now I’m with all of you,” Jungkook said quietly, cheeks painting red slightly.

His hyungs immediately burst out in happiness, cooing at how cute the Little was.

Jungkook blushed brightly, cuddling closer to Yoongi, hiding his face away. Yoongi’s chest rumbled with laughter as he kissed Jungkook’s head.

Jungkook couldn’t help it. As soon as he felt the warmth of his new position, close to Yoongi, he felt content. Yoongi had begun to talk to his hyungs. What about, Jungkook didn’t know or care, it all sounded like gobbledygook, but he could hear the low Daegu accent rumble in his ear. It was so soothing.

All of that day’s practice and traumatic events hit him at once. He could feel his limbs instantly become jelly-like, and his eyelids suddenly became very, very heavy. No matter what he did, he couldn’t seem to keep them open, so he didn’t. Even though their limbs were tangled and there was no room to move, body pressed against body, sweaty and hot, Jungkook fell asleep with a great big smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Feel free to comment anything, scenarios, requests, thoughts. I’d love to know what you thought and what you want next time!!!
A Little Friend?

Chapter Summary

Not a request, but still hope you like it. Jungkook becomes little around Yugyeom on a day out, it's the first time Yugyeom ever found out about a little space.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys,
thanks for all the support and love you guys give this story, it's unbelievable. Hope you like it.
Comments, kudos, and requests are all appreciated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Ever since his debut, Jungkook had been shy. He started off as a small fifteen-year-old boy, basically raised by his hyungs and with no real experience with life, just tossed into the idol life. His schedules and work meant that Jungkook never really had friends other than his hyungs, and he was also a very shy boy, even now.

As he got older, he saw his hyungs going out with members of other bands or dramas as their schedules became less demanding. But Jungkook was still left alone. It wasn't until he was introduced to GOT7 that he finally made some friends, Yugyeom being a very good one.

Jungkook was still shy when it came to meeting new people, but he could at least get out a few sentences to the person he was talking to. Luckily for him, Yugyeom understood. He was very easy going, and their age range and them both being maknaes was a great conversation starter. Soon they had become closer, and Jungkook had actually made a friend. Over time he had become very close with GOT7's maknae, and he felt very comfortable with Yugyeom now.

Their friendship had just been getting stronger and stronger. For example, there he was, laughing and smiling brightly next to Yugyeom as they played around in the arcade. Everything had been great. They had met up at a comic store, went shopping for a bit, then went out for lunch together, and now they had ended up at an arcade.

“Come on, Jungkookie, look at this one.” Yugyeom grasped Jungkook's hand and dragged him to a car game. It had fire designs going up the arcade box, flashing lights around it, and the sound of car engines roaring from it.

Jungkook grinned back at Yugyeom as they sat down on the seats. Jungkook felt adrenaline rush to his heart picking up speed. He loved games. He loved winning.

Yugyeom put his coin in the machine, as it was his turn this time. They gripped the steering wheels, choosing their cars carefully, both of them determined to win. And before they knew it, they were off. Racing through cars and obstacles, running over ramps, twisting and turning down the road.
They were both so focused on the game, they didn’t even care who they were playing with now, they both just wanted to win. Adrenaline pumped through their veins, tense and on edge, trying to beat one another.

“Yes!” Jungkook exclaimed as his car only just edged over the finish line before Yugyeom’s. He had won and lived up to the golden maknae title.

Yugyeom sighed, defeated, but still offered Jungkook a smile and a “Good job, Kook.”

Jungkook smiled back, trying to calm his rapid breathing.

They both got up and Jungkook was going to begin looking for their next game, but Yugyeom spoke up and said, “I’m just going to head to the bathroom, I’ll come find you.”

Jungkook nodded, waving Yugyeom off with a smile as he watched him go.

When Yugyeom left, Jungkook was left smiling goofily to himself. He felt so happy having Yugyeom around, he was a great friend. He made him laugh and smile and he had really brought Jungkook out of his shell.

Jungkook wandered around the arcade with a bounce in his step. He scanned every machine he went past. There were a lot of driving games, along with air hockey, dancing machines, fighting games, claw machines filled with toys and stuffies—Jungkook’s weakness. He tried to avoid them, he really did, but one stood out. It was bright pink, with bows, rainbows, and unicorns bursting from the box. Even the claw was rainbow colored. Jungkook’s eyes and feet were drawn to it.

It was little space heaven. All the pastel colors and cute fluff-balls, contained into one claw machine game. The machine was crowded with pink bunnies, rainbow llamas, a blue sloth, a pretty panda, and—OMG. Jungkook definitely did not squeal when he saw the cutest baby blue elephant in the whole wide world.

He wanted it. It was literally calling to him. He already had a name for it. He wanted Jingles. No, he needed Jingles.

Jungkook immediately scrambled to get his money out of his pocket and put it into the machine. He waited for it to be ready and then moved the claw straight over to Jingles. Jungkook knew that there was probably not a very good chance that he would actually win, but Jingles was his and only his. There was no way he was leaving without Jingles.

He watched the claw grasp at the air and then pull back up. He pouted at the sight, but he was even more determined to get it the next time. He tried again, crossing his fingers as he watched the claw draw closer than ever, and that time it actually grabbed the elephant and raised it up. Jungkook gasped, excited. Then, to his disappointment, it fell once again. He let out a huff of air, feeling sad.

“Hey, this is very pink, isn’t Jungkook?”

Jungkook snapped his head around to Yugyeom, who was chuckling and gesturing to the game.

Jungkook blushed and nodded his head slightly, not like his usual self. Yugyeom frowned slightly at Jungkook being quiet.

Jungkook felt silly, he was supposed to be manly, and not like girly stuff, especially in front of Yugyeom. But he wanted Jingles so bad and— wait. He had gone into little space.

Uh-oh. He bit his lip. He knew he had to hide it from Yugyeom, but he also had to tell his hyungs.
While Jungkook had his inner discussion, Yugyeom watched him carefully. He glanced down at the machine and then to Jungkook, and realized that Jungkook must be playing it.

“Which one are you going for?”

Jungkook’s eyes sparkled as his head shot up to Yugyeom, who looked quite surprised.

“The really, really cute blue elephant,” Jungkook said, enthusiastically pointing to it through the screen.

Yugyeom was a little taken aback by Jungkook’s childish speech, but he didn’t say anything, especially since he found it quite adorable.

“Oh, he is very cute,” Yugyeom nodded.

Jungkook didn’t tear his eyes away from the adorable elephant, he didn’t think he could.

But then he sighed and said, “But Guk– I can’t get him.” Jungkook stumbled over his words, beginning to panic slightly at the possibility of Yugyeom finding out.

“Why not?” Yugyeom asked, kindness in his voice.

Jungkook looked over at him, eyes a bit sad as he said, “Gukkie is not good at clawy machines.” He pouted, folding his arms over his chest as he looked longingly back at the elephant of his dreams.

Yugyeom’s eyebrows furrowed, a bit confused as to why Jungkook was referring to himself as Gukkie. He sounded so young. Yugyeom couldn’t resist wanting to help Jungkook with his cute pouting face.

“Do you want me to try and get it for you, Gukkie?”

Jungkook gasped, ripping his eyes away from the machine to look up at Yugyeom with wonder and admiration.

“Really, really, you’d do that?”

Jungkook sounded so hopeful and cute that Yugyeom just smiled and nodded, really hoping he didn’t lose, resisting the urge to shower Jungkook in kisses and hugs.

Jungkook squealed and nodded quickly, grabbing Yugyeom’s hand and squeezing it tightly. With the other, he wrestled to get the money into the slot. Once it was in, he let go of Yugyeom’s hand so he could work the claw.

Before Yugyeom moved the claw, he saw Jungkook out of the corner of his eye, hands pressed against the glass, nose slightly squished against it as he stared at the elephant. Yugyeom smiled sweetly, knowing that he had to win this for Jungkook to make him happy.

And that’s exactly what he did. Well, it took a few tries. Yugyeom’s first few attempts were failures. Every time, the elephant seemed too heavy for the claw, as all it would do was drop.

Jungkook tried not the whine, but every time it did, he could feel tears gather at the corners of his eyes.

Yugyeom sighed, frustrated, running his hand through his soft pink hair. He was about to give up and tell Jungkook that he would just win another game, but then he heard a sniffle from beside him. He gasped when he saw Jungkook biting his lip, trying to hold back tears.
He put more money in, hoping he had good luck. On this particular go, he angled it to perfection, and the claw was strong enough, and Jungkook watched it with so much hope. Yugyeom watched in disbelief as the stuffie fell into the prize box. He dropped down and grabbed it. He smiled goofily at Jungkook, and Jungkook squealed loudly, jumping up and down.

“Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” he exclaimed, and hugged Yugyeom tightly.

Yugyeom didn’t think he'd ever seen Jungkook so happy.

“Here you go, hope you enjoy,” Yugyeom said, passing the elephant to Jungkook. Yugyeom had to admit it was rather cute.

Jungkook tried to politely grab it from him and then he squeezed it to death in his arms.

“I love her so much, you're the best, Yugu,” Jungkook said, highly happy and pleased.

Yugyeom’s heart warmed at the sight and at the nickname. He had to admit, whatever Jungkook was doing right then, with his childish ways and more than happy mood, Yugyeom couldn’t help but fall for it and want to coo at the sight.

“So where do you wanna go next?” Yugyeom asked.

Jungkook thought, humming to himself and looking around, before his eyes lay on something and he gasped. Jungkook took Yugyeom’s hand and pulled him across the room to an air hockey table.

Yugyeom raised his eyebrows. “Are you sure?”

Jungkook nodded his head quickly, placing Jingles carefully on the side so she could watch and then putting a coin in. The puck came out on Jungkook’s side, and even though he was Little, it didn’t stop his need to win everything he played. He grinned as they began playing.

Even Little Jungkook had skill, and it seemed like he was easily beating Yugyeom. They bounced the puck back and forth, scoring goals. Well, Jungkook scored, anyway.

Yugyeom was still desperately trying to invade Jungkook’s goal and as he did, he got more angry. With one particular hit, he took it too hard, and the puck went spinning out of control. Yugyeom watched in horror as it flicked up from Jungkook’s striker and straight into his nose.

Jungkook dropped his striker and cried out in pain, and he swore he just broke his nose. It hurt really badly and he whined, “Owie, that really hurt.”

Yugyeom rushed over to his side, placing an arm around him. “Oh my god, Kookie, I’m so sorry, it was an accident.”

Jungkook nodded slightly. He knew Yugyeom didn’t mean it to hit him on purpose, but it still really hurt. He felt his bottom lip begin the wobble and saw tears gathering in his eyes, but he didn’t want to cry. He was meant to be big and strong like Big Jungkook would be. Never would–

Jungkook felt something warm drip onto his hands. He pulled his hands from his nose slightly and saw red splattered on his palm. He was bleeding! He was bleeding! Jungkook started crying hysterically, partly from the pain, partly from the blood, partly from being Little in public, partly from missing his caregivers.

Yugyeom jumped at Jungkook’s sudden outburst, but tried to remain calm. He rushed Jungkook to the nearest bathroom, secretly panicking on the inside. Never had Yugyeom seen anyone as
distracted as Jungkook. Usually Jungkook was fine with these things. Normally he would have just shaken it off and continued playing, but this was different.

He brought Jungkook over the sink to catch the blood as he gathered lots of paper towels to clean it up. Luckily, there was only a little bit of blood and it dripped slowly, like a faulty faucet. Yugyeom was more concerned with trying to calm Jungkook down, who was crying very loudly and was seemingly inconsolable.

An idea popped into Yugyeom’s mind, and he grabbed his phone and looked for Jungkook’s hyung contact. He put it to his ear, circling his hand on Jungkook’s back, hoping that he would calm down, as he listened to the empty ringing.

“Hello? Yugyeom?” Yoongi called out.

Yugyeom sighed in relief at Yoongi’s voice.

“Hi, Yoongi-ssi. Sorry for calling, I know you’re probably busy,” Yugyeom stopped himself rambling, knowing Jungkook needed help. “Jungkook got hit with an air hockey puck in the nose, and he’s bleeding. He’s really sad and won’t stop crying. To be honest, he’s kind of been in a strange mood in the past few minutes, like he–”

Yugyeom pretended he didn’t hear Yoongi curse underneath his breath.

“Can you put him on, please?” Yoongi asked affirmatively.

Yugyeom told him yes, before pressing the phone up to Jungkook’s ear.

“Baby boy, are you okay?”

Jungkook sobbed out in relief at hearing Yoongi’s voice. He just wanted Yoongi to hold him and kiss all the tears away.

He whimpered as he said, “No, Daddy, Gukkie got hit and got a really bad boo-boo, and now he’s bleeding, and– and–” Jungkook started sobbing again.

Yoongi’s heart broke, wanting to be near him, comforting his baby.

“Oh, baby boy, you’re okay. It’s okay, you’ll live.”

Jungkook laughed slightly.

“Can you try and calm down for Daddy, baby boy?”

Jungkook sniffled out a yes, nodding even though Yoongi couldn’t see him.

As he calmed down, Yugyeom just stood there watching Jungkook with his mouth wide open. He was on the phone with Yoongi, so why was he saying daddy? Wait. What? That was slightly weird. But then again, Yugyeom wasn’t freaking out at that like he thought he would, something about it kind of appealed to him. Instead of feeling disgust, he felt want, though he would deal with that later.

Yugyeom felt better because Jungkook looked like he was feeling better. Even if Jungkook was calling Yoongi Daddy right in front of Yugyeom, at least it was helping. Eventually Jungkook stopped crying, but he still looked ghastly, blood now drying on and under his nose.

“Good boy, Gukkie,” Yoongi said, and Jungkook smiled at the praise. “Do you wanna come home, baby, or stay with Yugyeom?”
Jungkook didn’t even need to think as he said, “I wanna stay with Yugi.” He smiled and looked at Yugyeom, whose face went from confusion to adoration.

“Are you gonna be good for him?” Yoongi asked and Jungkook giggled.

“Yes!”

Yoongi chuckled and said, “Do you wanna clear up all the blood, while I talk to Yugyeom and explain?”

Jungkook bit his lip nervously, before squeaking out a small yes and handing the phone to Yugyeom, who was slightly surprised.

“Yes, Yoongi-ssi,” Yugyeom said, eyeing Jungkook as he cleared the blood away from his face.

“Call me hyung, Yugyeom,” Yoongi said, despite the abnormal conversation they were about to have. “About Jungkook’s behavior… I’ll just tell you the basics and we can discuss more when you get here.”

Yugyeom let out a small okay, very curious about what was about to be revealed.

“Jungkook is a Little, meaning that sometimes he acts and thinks like a child. Usually he seems about five, sometimes younger, sometimes older, but it helps with his stress. He just needs someone to look after him.”

Yugyeom paused, taking everything in. Everything made sense, and yet it didn’t.

“Okay, I’ll look after him,” Yugyeom said, glancing at Jungkook, who was cleaning up the last bits of blood.

Yoongi made a sound of surprise before sighing and saying, “Thanks, I swear I’ll explain everything more when you get back. I owe you.” With that, the line was left dead.

Yugyeom dropped his phone into his pocket, looking awkwardly at Jungkook. He didn’t really know what to do or how to treat him. He watched as Jungkook’s eyes widened, and then Jungkook grabbed his hand and pulled him out the door.

“I forgot Jingles at the table, we need to go get her,” Jungkook exclaimed, running toward the table where he had left her.

Yugyeom got dragged along, confused, until he saw Jungkook grab the blue elephant.

“You named her Jingles?” Yugyeom asked.

Jungkook nodded happily, showing off his cute little bunny teeth. “Yes, I did, because she has a little bell around her neck.”

Yugyeom looked down at the plushie, and indeed it did.

“That’s a very nice name, Kookie,” Yugyeom tried, smiling awkwardly.

Jungkook flushed crimson, burying his face cutely amongst Jingles’ short fur, muttering a small thank you.

Yugyeom cooed at his adorableness and smiled widely.
“How about we go to the snack bar, and you can get whatever you want, for being such a brave boy?” Yugyeom said, still slightly unsure if that was okay to say.

Jungkook gasped and hugged Yugyeom tightly, nodding. Jungkook pulled Yugyeom to the snack bar they had passed earlier.

Yugyeom laughed as they went, realizing that all he had to do was act like he would with a child, but with Jungkook, and everything would be fine.

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They had gotten their food and sat down, Jungkook clinging to Yugyeom like a duckling to its mother, not that Yugyeom minded. He found it very cute, the mix of Jungkook’s shyness and his babbling on.

“So, your hyungs look after you?” Yugyeom asked between sips of his milkshake.

Jungkook nodded and beamed at him, finishing the piece of cotton candy he was eating.

“They all do. Jinnie is my Eomma, Joonie is my Appa, Jiminnie’s Oppa, Taetae’s Papa, Hobi is Dada, and Yoongi’s Daddy,” Jungkook said, before taking a big sip of his slushie.

Yugyeom hoped he didn’t become too hyper from all the sugar.

“What’s your favorite thing about being Little?” Yugyeom asked, honestly interested.

Jungkook gasped, thinking. That was a hard one. He loved lots of things about being Little.

“There’s lots and lots, like cuddling with my plushies,” he said, while squeezing Jingles, as if to prove it. “Oh, oh, and my pacifier,” he said excitedly. Yugyeom didn’t even find it strange anymore. “Oh, no, my coloring.”

Yugyeom laughed as this just kept going on. Jungkook listed many things he liked about being Little, and why it helped him when he was Big. Yugyeom began to understand it better. It helped Jungkook de-stress, to get away from the world and be looked after in many ways. In all honesty, it sounded nice. It obviously benefited Jungkook a lot. He was lucky he had hyungs as good as he did. Everyone accepted him. But then again, he was so adorable that Yugyeom failed to see how anyone could not fall in love with Little Jungkook.

Jungkook suddenly went quiet and looked down at his lap, squirming slightly and twiddling his fingers. His cheeks looked flushed.

Yugyeom’s brow furrowed as he looked confused at the now silent Jungkook. “Kook, everything alright?” he asked, concern and kindness present in his voice.

Jungkook looked at him and said quietly, “I need the potty.” He was flushed bright red.

Yugyeom chuckled and cooed at his actions.

“Well, go then, Kookie,” he said, shaking his head.

Jungkook whined and said, “Can you come with Gukkie, Yugy? Don’t wanna be alone.”

Yugyeom nodded his head, standing and taking Jungkook’s hand as he led him to the bathroom.

“You don’t need help going, do you?” Yugyeom gulped. Even though he and Jungkook were close,
he didn’t think they were that close.

Jungkook flushed red, spluttering and shaking his head furiously back and forth, before disappearing into the bathroom.

While Jungkook went to the toilet, Yugyeom glanced down at his watch. His eyes widened at how late it was. It was already nine o’clock, and Yugyeom had said to his members and to Jungkook’s that they’d be back by at least seven. He glanced down at his phone, but luckily there were no missed calls. They must have assumed everything was fine.

Jungkook greeted him with a big smile on his face, shaking water from his hands. Yugyeom handed him Jingles, who they remembered to pick up this time, and Jungkook thanked him before taking her into his arms.

“Hey, Jungkook, I think we should start heading back. Do you wanna get a taxi?”

Jungkook sighed and nodded, whining that he didn’t want to leave Yugyeom because he was so fun and Jungkook loved him. Yugyeom would be lying if he said that didn’t affect him.

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They talked on the taxi all the way home, not necessarily just about being Little. They talked about fairies, and cute things, and how Jungkook nearly burnt the house down the other day.

They laughed together as they walked up the stairs to BTS’s dorm and Jungkook fumbled with the key to get inside, but once he did, he ran in screaming, “Daddy!”

Yugyeom smiled as he closed the door behind him, watching Little Jungkook hug Yoongi.

“Hey, baby, did you have a good day?”

Jungkook hummed and smiled brightly, but before he could continue, he saw Hoseok from behind Yoongi and cried out, “Dada!” Jungkook skipped over to see him, and was engulfed in another hug.

Yugyeom watched the scene happily, but still saw Yoongi walking up to him.

“Come sit down, it will be easier to explain then.”

Yugyeom tried not to interrupt as Yoongi led him to the couch.

“With all due respect, er, hyung, I don’t think I need anything explained. Little Gukkie already did everything,” Yugyeom admitted.

Yoongi raised an eyebrow, his lips twitching up into a smile. Jungkook ran up and bounced into the seat between them, and Yugyeom and Yoongi both looked at him fondly.

“Look what Yugu won me,” Jungkook said excitedly, showing off his new elephant.

The hyungs cooed at him as more members flooded the room.

Yugyeom felt slightly nervous, but they all looked welcoming.

“Thank you, Yugyeom,” Namjoon, the leader, said.

Yugyeom bowed his head in respect, but also to say that no thanks was needed.
Yugyeom felt his phone vibrate and a message popped up from Jaebum, reading, ‘Maknae, get your butt home.’ He stifled a laugh before announcing that he had to go.

Jungkook whined, protesting, “No, please don’t go, Yuy–”

He was cut off by Jimin saying, “Be fair, princess. Yugyeom’s got a family, too.”

Jungkook pouted, but nodded, and kissed Yugyeom on the cheek before he left.

“Love you, Yuy,” Jungkook said droopily.

Yugyeom smiled. “Love you too, Gukkie.”

He waved to the rest of BTS as he closed the door and began to walk back to call another taxi, a stupid grin on his face.

He didn’t know why Jungkook had kept his Little side a secret. Yugyeom loved it, he wished he had found out sooner. He thought back to the adorable Little maknae and smiled. He loved Jungkook, Big or Little. But he had to admit, Little Jungkook was so cute that no one could resist him. And maybe Yugyeom wanted to be that small, too.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, feel free to leave any comments, scenarios, or requests. I’d love to see what you think and what you want next.
Yoongi was losing it. It used to be all about him. He knew he sounded selfish, but Little Jungkook had always fixated on and obsessed over his Daddy, and Yoongi liked it that way. Whenever Jungkook was in little space, he would follow Yoongi. He would kiss, cuddle, and smother him. Yoongi always joked when Jungkook was Big about the Little’s clinginess, but he secretly reveled in the attention. But a problem had arisen, and its name was Jimin.

When Yoongi was at the studio one day, Jungkook, unknown to Yoongi, had fallen into little space. Jimin had taken Jungkook out for chocolate chip ice cream, and ever since that unfortunate event, every sentence that had come out of Little Jungkook’s lips had ‘Oppa’ in it.

Everything that Yoongi heard when Jungkook was in little space was Oppa did this, Oppa did that, Oppa bought me this, let me cuddle with Oppa… Argh, Yoongi couldn’t stand it. He felt pure, cold jealousy. Yoongi knew he shouldn’t be so malicious towards his members, especially with Jimin, one of the smallest, fluffiest beings next to Little Jungkook, but Yoongi just couldn’t help it. Jungkook was his, Big or Little, and his alone.

“Daddy, Daddy, Daddy!”

Yoongi’s head snapped towards the sound, surprised at Jungkook calling his name, after all that time. Yoongi instantly smiled when he saw a Little Jungkook come in. He was running full speed, giggling, as he planted himself on Yoongi’s lap.

“Daddy, look what Oppa bought me!” Jungkook held up a big, fluffy, white chinchilla plushie, giggling and squeezing it tightly with all the love that belonged to and should be showered onto Yoongi. “I’m going to call it Minnie, because he’s cute like Oppa,” Jungkook said, totally oblivious to the jealousy beginning to course through Yoongi’s veins.

Yoongi’s face fell. Oppa, Oppa, Oppa. What about Daddy? He tried to smile at the bundle of sunshine on his lap, but it was soon dragged down into a frown with no resistance when he saw his enemy.

Jimin strode in with a huge smile on his face, looking between the pair and then stopping at Jungkook, who was gushing about his new toy. Yoongi’s eyes burned with jealousy. Jimin didn’t
seem to notice, he just smiled widely at both of them.

Yoongi licked his lips before saying to Jungkook, loud and clear so Jimin could hear, “Hey, baby boy, do you want to go for ice cream? I’ll get you your favorite.” Yoongi sang, bopping Jungkook’s nose. Yoongi gave a snide side-look to Jimin, trying to show that he was the better caregiver.

Jungkook giggled with delight, nodding, but then he stopped and gasped, “Oh no, Daddy, Gukkie’s sorry. He promised he’d go with Jiminie to the new comic book store.”

Jungkook got up from Yoongi’s lap, or at least tried to, but Yoongi’s hands were firm, and tightly secured Jungkook in place. Jungkook huffed slightly as he remained stuck in place, wondering why Yoongi wouldn’t let him go.

“Yeah, and then I’m taking him out for noodles, aren’t I, princess?” Jimin called, a big smile radiating on his face.

That made Yoongi scowl even more, and his eyes darkened. Jungkook nodded his head quickly, squirming under Yoongi’s hold. It should have been Yoongi who was taking his baby out. Yoongi should have been spoiling his baby rotten. But instead, this impostor was stealing Jungkook away from him. Yoongi glared at Jimin, wishing he had lasers in his eyes to get rid of him.

“Come on, princess, better get going,” Jimin said, walking up to Jungkook and extending out his hand.

Jungkook took it, as he felt Yoongi’s grip slacken, finally. Yoongi sighed sadly behind him as Jungkook left with Jimin.

Yoongi growled at the sight of them walking out of the house. Sad and disheartened, Yoongi was left to sit in silence, completely alone. Yoongi didn’t know if Jimin knew it yet, but he had just declared war. A bloodthirsty, blackmailing, merciless war. And Yoongi was going to win. He was the Daddy, after all.

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“Oppa, please, may Gukkie have it?”

Jimin sighed and turned around to see what else Jungkook wanted. He saw the boy clutching a pair of baby blue dungarees. Jimin gathered the dungarees in his hand, checking the size, the durability, the material– god, he had become like an actual parent. How they had ended up going to a clothing shop from a comic book store and a noodle shop, Jimin would never know.

He brought his eyes to Jungkook’s and said, “But, princess, you’ve already got four pairs of dungarees.”

It was true. Jungkook probably had more Little clothes than he did Big clothes.

Jungkook pouted as he said, “But, Oppa, I haven’t got blue ones. Please?” He gave Jimin puppy eyes.

Jimin wanted to look away, the puppy eyes always got him. That was why he always ended up buying Jungkook everything he wanted. No, it wouldn’t work this time.

But Jungkook had made a valid point, he didn’t have any blue dungarees, and they could go with so many different outfits. He imagined Little Jungkook running around in them, giggling, coloring, cuddling– goddammit. Jimin knew that Jungkook had won once again.
“Okay, princess, you can have them.”

Jungkook gasped and squealed as he hugged Jimin tightly, chanting, “Thank you” over and over again. Jimin hugged him back, defeated, but still a warmth spread over him at the sight of the happy Little. He was a sucker for cute things, and Jungkook was probably the cutest thing Jimin had ever seen.

“Come on, princess, let's pay before you take all my money away,” Jimin joked. Well, kind of. He grabbed Jungkook’s hand as they walked to the register. Jimin placed the dungarees on the counter while he paid.

Meanwhile, Jimin couldn't help but see Jungkook in the corner of his eyes, shying away from the worker as he grabbed Jimin’s hand tighter. Jimin squeezed back as a sign of reassurance, but he could still see Jungkook’s wide eyes, slightly embarrassed and scared.

As soon as the woman gave Jimin the bag, he bowed, saying thank you, and watched as the nervous Little mimicked him quickly, wanting to get away. Jimin chuckled as he brought his arm around Jungkook.

“Don’t be scared, princess. Oppa’s here,” Jimin whispered.

Jungkook’s shoulders fell as he let out a deep breath. Jimin dropped his hand to Jungkook’s lower back, and rubbed circles on it to soothe his nerves.

“You want Gukkie to take some bags?” Jungkook asked as they were walking, peering down at Jimin’s arms, laden with bags filled with goodies for Little Jungkook. Jimin looked up at him and smiled, waving him off.

“You’re so kind, princess, but no. Oppa’s not as weak as you think he is,” Jimin said as he lifted the bags on each arm, pulling funny faces, as if they was too heavy. Jungkook started giggling at his silly Oppa.

“OMG! Jimin! Jungkook! I love you guys!”

Jungkook’s smile was instantly wiped off his face as he saw a girl screaming and running toward them. He jumped towards Jimin, scared. All he wanted to do was run away.

Jimin’s eyes widened, silently cursing himself for going out without any disguises. He put an arm around Jungkook protectively, so he felt safer.

“Hi, please don’t be so loud. We’re trying to keep a low profile.” Jimin gave a smile to the fan as she came closer.

She squealed quietly, having an inner fangirling moment.

Jimin leaned over to whisper in Jungkook’s ear, “It's okay, Gukkie, just say hi.” Jimin hoped the fan didn’t think of it as anything. Even if she did, she was too busy fawning over the cuteness of Jungkook as he let out a small, “Hi.”

“Can I get a picture with you?” she asked, waving her phone in the air.

Jimin bit his lip, unsure of what management would think, but he nodded, hoping to get it over and done with. She came close to them and put her phone at an angle. Luckily, Jimin could see Jungkook’s shy, but cute smile, as they all posed for the picture.
“Ah, thank you so much. I love you, by the way. Especially you, Jungkook,” she said, putting her phone away.

Jimin felt Jungkook tense beside him, but he managed to pluck up his courage and say, “Thank you, goodbye.” He waved at her as she walked off.

Jimin felt his chest fill with pride.

“You were so brave, princess. Oppa’s so proud of you,” he said, as he saw Jungkook bury his face in Jimin’s jacket with embarrassment. “Let’s go get ice cream as a reward,” Jimin suggested, squeezing Jungkook’s side.

Jungkook gasped as he looked up at Jimin, saying with wide eyes, “Really, Oppa?”

They had already gotten noodles, had some street food, and ate candy, which is still in Jungkook’s pocket. Jungkook had even had a chocolate bar, and now he was getting ice cream? It was the best day ever. He could hardly believe it.

Jimin chuckled and nodded, saying, “Yeah, you deserve it. Come on now, I’ll get you chocolate chip.”

Jungkook gasped, nodding quickly. He spotted the nearest ice cream shop and practically dragged Jimin across the street to it. He had to get that ice cream.

Jimin shook his head. He knew his wallet would be cursing him, but he just loved to spoil Jungkook rotten, Big or Little. Only, when Jungkook was Little, there was no way Jimin could resist.

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“Hyungies, we’re home,” Jungkook sang as he ran into the living room, Jimin trailing behind him as he set all the bags down. Jungkook skipped around, but pouted when he didn’t see anyone.

“Oppa, where is everyone?” he asked, as he spun around on his heels.

“I think everyone's gone out, princess. Daddy should still be here, though.”

As if by magic, Jungkook heard Yoongi call out, “Gukkie, is that you?”

Jungkook raced to find the voice, swerving around tables and chairs, all so he could see his Daddy.

“Daddy!” Jungkook squealed, throwing his arms around Yoongi, while Yoongi chuckled and squeezed him affectionately. When Jungkook pulled away from the hug, he gasped loudly, his eyes wide as he saw the room.

Pillows were piled high and mighty, creating a doorway, and blankets where strung from the ceiling. It was a pillow fort, the best pillow fort Jungkook had ever seen!

“Did you do this, Daddy?” Jungkook asked in disbelief.

Yoongi nodded as he leaned down and gave Jungkook a kiss, saying, “Go explore, Gukkie, I’ll bring your stuffies.”

Jungkook nodded excitedly as he bounded into the fort.

Yoongi turned around smugly to face Jimin, who was staring in amazement at the fort.
“Good, isn’t it?” Yoongi replied sassily, hand on his hip. He gave Jimin a sly smirk, feeling awfully coy. Jimin didn’t tear his eyes away from the fort, only nodded, mouth agape.

“Bet you couldn’t do this, could you, Jimin?” Yoongi asked, eyebrows raised, poison in his voice. The den had taken him at least four hours to complete, and a lot of blue tack, cellotape, and string, but it was better than anything Jimin had done.

Now Jungkook would love Yoongi more than Jimin. Just when Yoongi thought he had finally won the war, he heard Jungkook’s voice pipe up.

“Oh, Daddy, you should see my new dungarees that Oppa bought me, they're the cutest.” He came out of the pillow den, much to Yoongi’s dismay, and ran back to the bags Jimin had left in the living room.

Yoongi couldn’t take it anymore. His jealousy turned into anger as he scowled at an unknowing Jimin, and literally growled as he said, “That should be me.”

Jimin looked from the den to Yoongi, shocked and confused.

“W-What?” he squeaked. He had never seen Yoongi mad like this before, especially since Jimin had done nothing wrong.

“All he ever talks about anymore is you, he should be talking about me,” Yoongi said as he pointed accusingly at Jimin. “Oppa this, Oppa that. It should be Daddy, I should be spoiling him,” Yoongi ranted on. “All you do is spoil him, and he loves you for it.” Yoongi’s voice started to raise in volume. “I hate it, he’s mine.”

Jimin gasped. Yoongi was mad because he was jealous? Well, that was stupid.

“Woah, woah, woah, hyung. You're angry at me because you're jealous?”

Yoongi’s scowl faltered as he looked at Jimin, a little embarrassed now at his outburst.

“You don’t need to be jealous, Yoongi-hyung, I know he’s yours. I just can't help but spoil him, he’s too cute,” Jimin said, moving towards Yoongi, who was hanging his head in shame. “I’m sorry if I’m spending too much time with him, I can stop if you’d–”

“No, no, don’t stop, Jimin. I’m sorry, I was being stupid,” Yoongi sighed, looking up at Jimin. “I just got jealous over you spoiling him, and not me, I’m sorry I’m so possessive.”

Jimin chuckled lightly, hitting Yoongi on the arm as he said, “It's okay, hyung, I understand.” Jimin gave him a sweet smile.

“Daddy, see? Don’t they look cute?” Jungkook squealed as he came running down the corridor, wearing his new dungarees and a striped top.

Yoongi smiled brightly as he lifted Jungkook up and said, “You're beautiful, baby.” He gave him a great big sloppy kiss.

Jungkook whined in disgust, but still enjoyed the attention from Yoongi.

“Come on, Oppa, come see the den that Daddy built,” Jungkook said, grabbing Jimin’s hand tightly, smiling up at him. This time, Yoongi didn’t feel jealousy over it. He just smiled at how cute his baby was being. How long that would last, Yoongi didn’t know.
“Ah, princess, I think you should take your Daddy in with you, baby. He misses you,” Jimin said sweetly, glancing at Yoongi in the corner of his eye.

Yoongi shook his head. “It’s okay, Daddy has already seen the den. Take Oppa, and I’ll go get your stuffies.” He left before Jimin could protest.

Jimin was pulled into the pillow fort by a very excited Jungkook, and he smiled, giggling with him. Yoongi just smiled and started towards Jungkook’s bedroom, no longer feeling anything but happiness.

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“Gukkie, come on, baby. Let’s go to bed,” Yoongi said, watching the droopy head of Jungkook as they watched a movie in the fort.

Jungkook’s eyes opened for a split second before he shook his head. He scooched closer to Yoongi and nuzzled in, saying, “Sleep here, Daddy, please.”

Yoongi smiled down at the sleepy Little and kissed his forehead. “Okay, baby, just this once.”

Jungkook hummed as he wound his arms around Yoongi like a koala.

Yoongi glanced over to Jimin, who had already fallen asleep, passed out on the covers. Yoongi smiled, bringing himself and Jungkook closer to Jimin. Jimin moved towards them and drooped a lazy arm around Jungkook.

“I love you, Daddy,” Jungkook murmured, before he fell asleep.

“I love you, too, baby boy. Goodnight.” With that, they all fell asleep in the pillow fort. There was no jealousy, no hatred, just love.

Chapter End Notes

I just wanted to thank you guys for answering me in the last chapter. I swear I’m listening, and I’m taking into consideration all of your suggestions, I’m just trying to figure out what to do. Don’t worry, shouldn’t be that long of a wait, I’m gonna carry on with this story as well until I write the chapter. Hope that made sense.

Thank you for all the support, love you guys.<3

Thanks for reading. Feel free to comment anything, scenarios, requests, thoughts. I’d love to know what you thought and what you want next time!!!
A Little Punishment

Chapter Summary

SmolMin requested
a naughty kook and the punishments given, punishment given,

Chapter Notes

I've decided I'm gonna update every Wednesday and Saturday coz my writing pace is sooo slow lately.
Thank you for all the support, guys. Love you all <3 <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sometimes Jungkook was an angel, sometimes he was a brat. Whether Big or Little, he went through these ups and downs, like all people did. At times when he was Big, he would obey every single thing his hyungs would say. His room would be tidy, he would wash the dishes without being asked, and he would even do the laundry. The hyungs loved when he would go through that phase, for obvious reasons. When he was Little, he still obeyed his hyungs, and even tidied away his toys and brushed his teeth without being asked, which was a real miracle.

Other times, he was bratty, Big or Little. Big Jungkook would whine, shout, curse, and in some extreme cases, punch a wall or a pillow. The hyungs were just glad it wasn't them. When he was Little, Jungkook would throw a tantrum, screaming and crying, but that was only on the rare occasion that he had one, had too much sugar, or two, been deprived from being Little for quite some time.

Jungkook rarely got punished, his hyungs just usually overlooked his bad behavior and focused on praising the good behavior. Jungkook was barely naughty, anyway. It was only on the odd occasion that he would have to be punished. However, now that he gotten more comfortable around them when he was Little, Jungkook had begun to push boundaries. Their little angel began to turn to the dark side.

It had begun with a bit of back talk, nothing much. Usually Big Jungkook would always back talk or make comments at his hyungs, like a child would do to their parents if they were daring. The hyungs just ignored it.

Most of the time they followed what Hoseok did. Due to Hoseok being Jungkook's caregiver for the longest, they left all punishment to Hoseok. They had begun to learn about punishments, like time-outs, the taking of Jungkook’s toys or plushies, no dessert, etc. Some of the elders had used those methods, but barely.

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Jungkook hadn’t been in little space for at least five weeks when it had happened. Usually they had little space Saturdays, where, like in the name, every Saturday he regressed into little space.
Unfortunately, due to them all being busy preparing for a new album, all their Saturdays were taken up. Jungkook understood. Well, at first, anyway. The more he denied his Little side, the more he could feel himself become annoyed and frustrated.

It was Saturday today. Jungkook had finally been allowed to become Little, they had cleared all their schedules for it. Jungkook was overjoyed, but when he did slip into little space, he was a little devil. But Jungkook would have said he was being fairly good. And by fairly good, he meant talking back, shouting, messing around, and generally not listening to his hyungs.

One of the final straws for his hyungs was when they all came around the table to eat lunch. Jungkook constantly had a mischievous look in his eyes, which made his hyungs weary, and they watched his every move.

“Jungkook-ah, eat your vegetables, please,” Taehyung said from beside him as he picked up another carrot, showing Jungkook that they were actually nice to eat.

Jungkook looked up from his plate and glared at Taehyung, sticking his tongue out in disgust at the look of his vegetables. “No,” he said and instantly looked down again, stabbing his carrots.

“They’re good for you, princess,” Jimin chimed in.

Jungkook shook his head in defiance, setting his lips into a very thin line.

Jimin sighed. “They’ll make you big and strong,” he tried again.

Jungkook peered up at Jimin from his murdering of the carrots. “No, they don’t,” he spat at Jimin, smirking slightly at the gasps around the room. He liked their reaction to the bad behavior. He wanted to be naughty.

“Don’t speak to Jimin in that tone, Jungkook-ah. Apologize,” Namjoon scolded, but Jungkook didn’t apologize like he usually would. This time he just ignored Namjoon, looking down at his plate.

“Don’t ignore me.”

Namjoon’s voice sent shivers down Jungkook's spine, it was harsh and stern, like he would use when Jungkook got into big trouble when he was Big. Jungkook looked up at Jimin and said, “Sorry.”

It didn’t sound sincere, it sounded more like he was mocking Namjoon.

Namjoon bit his lip, holding back another scolding. He knew Jungkook was only being bratty because he hadn’t regressed in five weeks. He was lucky that he had gotten that much of an apology out of him.

“Are you gonna eat them, then, baby?” Yoongi asked softly, as not to disturb or cause anger from the Little.

Jungkook didn’t want to get angry with Yoongi, but he also didn’t want to eat his disgusting carrots. “No,” he grumbled angrily under his breath, not once looking up to meet Yoongi’s eyes.

“What was that?” Yoongi’s voice came out a bit harsher than his usual tone as a warning.

Jungkook heard, but it just made him want to defy even more. This time he looked up at Yoongi, more like glared at him.
“No,” he said, loudly and clearly, smiling when he saw Yoongi’s shocked expression.

“Jungkook, if you don’t eat them, you don’t get dessert,” Hoseok chimed, trying to avoid more conflict and tension between the members.

All the hyungs knew Jungkook was being like this because of the lack of little space, so they were slower to scold than usual.

Normally, Jungkook would immediately stop any troublemaking when his dessert was on the line, but this time he just shook his head, shouting, “No!”

Jungkook crossed his arms over his chest, shooting daggers at all his hyungs.

“Jungkook,” Yoongi said deeply and sternly. It made Jungkook’s heart leap with fear, but something about it made him want to carry on.

“No!” he yelled once again. He stomped his feet against the cold wooden floor, hearing the stomping echoing through the room, his hyungs watching him in silence.

“NO! NO! NO!” he screamed over and over again, and the more he did, the more he became worked up, his face becoming red. It was like his body was out of control as he stomped the ground and clenched his fists tightly, screaming at his hyungs.

He looked down at his vegetables and became furious. They were the reason he was getting no dessert. He had to eat them, but he didn’t want to!

Jungkook’s hands grabbed the plate, and he flung it on the floor in anger. He didn’t even realize what he was doing until he heard it smash on the ground and shatter into a thousand pieces. The gravy and carrots splayed over the floor and the china splintered, mixing between the floor. Jungkook instantly knew he was going to get in a lot of trouble.

“Jeon Jungkook!” Hoseok’s voice rumbled through the room like thunder, loud and full of fury.

Jungkook dropped his head, knowing he had done very wrong. Having a tantrum was one thing, but smashing a plate… He glanced down once again at the plate, and felt hot tears fall onto his cheek. He could hear Hoseok’s footsteps thud against the floor, and saw his shoes near his.

“You’re gonna have a time out for ten minutes, you should be glad I’m going easy on you because I know you haven’t been Little for a while,” Hoseok said sternly, his voice cold and harsh.

Jungkook was too scared to look up, he just nodded sadly as he felt a hand grab his wrist and pull him to the time-out corner. Jungkook whimpered at the sight of it.

His shoulder was pressed down by Hoseok, and he sat on a chair, staring blankly at the wall through teary eyes.

“You’re here because not only did you throw a tantrum and disobey us, but you were rude to your hyungs and you smashed a plate. Do you understand, Jungkook?” Hoseok said lowly from behind him.

Jungkook sniffled and nodded, letting a small “Yes, Dada” wobble from his lips as he heard Hoseok’s footsteps move away from him. He broke down into sobs at the sound, not out of sadness, but more out of anger and frustration, he just doesn’t know what at. Now that the carrots were gone, he had no real reason to mad, and yet he was.
“He’s never acted out that badly before,” Jimin said, a bit shaken up from witnessing the maknae’s tantrum. He sat on the table, glancing at all of his hyungs, looking for their opinions and reassurance.

“I know this is the worst we’ve seen him,” Taehyung agreed, nodding his head. He was washing the remaining plates that weren’t destroyed in the whirlwind of Jungkook’s tantrum.

“It’s only because he hasn’t been Little in a while, we know he acts up,” Namjoon told them, as he dried the dishes next to Taehyung, and put them away. The hyungs hummed and nodded around him, uncertainty still mirrored in their eyes.

“We knew he was gonna bad, but not this bad, Joonie,” Seokjin said, sweeping up the glass into a dustpan. The rest of the hyungs nodded and mumbled their own renditions of agreement.

Yoongi sat next to Jimin and just looked down at his hands, a little too silent in the situation. Maybe because he could hear the heartbreaking sobs of the Little in the other room, and he could see the crying figure of Jungkook facing the wall from the kitchen. He may have seemed like a hard, cold man on the outside, but he was really a soft, gooey marshmallow on the inside. He just wanted to gather the Little in his arms and kiss it better, even if Jungkook had just broke a plate in a tantrum.

“I hate punishing him,” Hoseok came in smiling sadly, rubbing his hands together, propping himself up on the table next to Jimin and Yoongi, giving them all a gloomy look. “He’s only ever been this bad once before,” Hoseok said, wincing at the thought of his last tantrum.

“Well, I think it was a bad day for him, he couldn’t get this one move right. When he became Little, he got angry because I was with Yoongi, and when I came back he got really jealous and angry. He threw the biggest tantrum I have ever seen, flung himself on the floor and everything. He even threw a lamp at me,” Hoseok recited.

The hyungs gasped at the thought of Jungkook doing something so violent towards Hoseok.

“Wait, that’s why the lamp broke?” Seokjin asked curiously. However, he saw the shocked and confused looks of everyone else looking at him and he spluttered, waving them off, saying, “Erm, sorry, not the point. Carry on.”

Everyone gave him a funny look before turning back to Hoseok.

“What did you do?” Taehyung asked, finishing the last dish in the sink, now looking at Hoseok and drying his hands.

“Erm, well, I spanked him ten times,” Hoseok said slightly embarrassed. He was not really looking at Yoongi for his reaction, a bit scared of it. Jungkook was Yoongi’s boyfriend, after all.

A collective gasp was heard around the room, but not from Yoongi. Yoongi just sat silently, he was just staring into the living room, where the Little sat in the corner, his shoulders shaking with his cries.

“How did he react to that?” Namjoon asked, stepping closer to Hoseok, standing beside the table. Hoseok looked up from his feet, which he was looking at with some shame.
“He stopped. He cried a lot through it, and I felt awful afterwards, but he realized what he did wrong. When he was Big he said it was good that I did it, because his Little side actually learned and he responded,” Hoseok confessed, feeling a little better as he reassured that Jungkook didn’t mind it, he was actually thankful for it. But Hoseok still wasn’t one to inflict pain, and it seemed he would only do it if it was necessary.

The room went silent, no one quite knew what to say. All they were left with were the shallow sounds of their breathing and the cries of Jungkook in the other room, which seemed to be calming down into small-ish sniffles and whimpers.

“How long does Jungkook have left to be in time out?” Jimin asked Hoseok, eyeing the boy’s figure sadly. He wanted to get Jungkook to stop crying and to hug him, they all did.

Hoseok glanced down at his watch and said, “Four minutes left.”

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Four minutes later, Jungkook had stopped crying altogether. He just glared at the blank wall, fury and frustration coursing through his veins for no good reason. He was just agitated, and he could hear his hyungs talking about him and laughing, not about him, but it sounded like it, and it just made him even angrier.

Jimin was the first one to go up to Jungkook, as he was closest to the Little, but he was followed by all the hyungs as they flooded the living room and surrounded the Little.

“Princess, punishment is over now,” Jimin said sweetly, knowing that usually after Little Jungkook was punished, he was very fragile and needy.

Therefore it was quite surprising when all Jungkook did was huff and grab the edges of the chair, knuckles turning white. Jimin frowned at the sight, moving closer to Jungkook and placing his hand delicately on his shoulder.

“Are you okay, Jun– ah!” Jimin screamed in pain as Jungkook bit his hand. Jungkook let his hand go, feeling very sad now that he had bitten Jimin. Jimin clutched his hand, looking at Jungkook with so much shock and hurt, tears shimmering in his eyes.

“JEON JUNGKOOK, GET IN HERE RIGHT NOW!” Hoseok shouted, more furious than Jungkook had ever seen him before.

Jungkook cowered at the anger that was radiating off his hyung. He shuffled around the chair and must be moving too slowly, because Hoseok stormed towards him and grabbed Jungkook, flipping him around.

Hoseok sat, pulling Jungkook down onto his lap. Jungkook cried out, “No, no!” as he squirmed under Hoseok's surprisingly strong grip, knowing instantly he was going to be spanked.

“Jungkook, I don’t like doing this, but you’ve been really bad today. You know that, right?” Hoseok asked sternly, setting Jungkook more comfortably on his lap.

Jungkook whimpered as he buried his head in Hoseok’s thigh, but still nodded, because he did know why he was there.

“This is for talking back to all of us this morning,” Hoseok said loudly, so ajungkook could hear it over the cracking of Hoseok’s hands against his bum.
He cried in pain and sadness, tears once again flooding his eyes as he bubbled out words such as, “No, stop, Dada, Gukkie sorry!”

Hoseok just creased his lip into a thin, straight line, focusing on the punishment.

“This is for shouting at us,” Hoseok said, another whip-like hand smacking against Jungkook’s bottom.

Jungkook squealed and cried out in pain, resulting him in burying his head and muffling his cries in Hoseok’s leg.

“This is for not obeying us,” Hoseok said, another hand coming down on Jungkook, seemingly with no mercy for the crying Little beneath him.

The hyungs watched in shock and horror at the scene in front of them. They knew it was normal, and a very proven way to discipline a Little. Even Jungkook had said that it was good that Hoseok did it. Maybe it was that Hoseok, the nicest person in the world, was spanking their precious baby, or that the maknae was crying so painfully underneath him, but something didn’t feel right. They didn’t like it. Especially Yoongi.

All Yoongi wanted to do was grab Jungkook from Hoseok and protect him forever and ever, and tell him that everything was fine and that the punishment was over. He knew why Hoseok was doing it, but it didn’t make Yoongi like it any better.

“Stop,” Yoongi cried out, running towards them. “Stop, Hoseok, he’s learned his lesson,” Yoongi said firmly, showing Hoseok he meant business.

Hoseok stopped spanking Jungkook and looked up at Yoongi, slightly dazed and shocked at his own actions. Hoseok nodded and glanced down at the Little, who was sobbing hysterically in his lap.

“Sweetheart,” Hoseok said, pressing a hand against Jungkook’s back.

Jungkook flinched, feeling Hoseok’s grasp loosen, and he squirmed away in fear. “No, no, Gukkie swears he’ll be good, don’t hurt me.”

Hoseok could feel his mouth dry and his eyes tear up. Jungkook looked so scared of him.

Jungkook turned away from Hoseok and jumped into Yoongi’s arms. “Daddy,” Jungkook said, still crying.

Yoongi looked at him sadly as he cradled Jungkook, shushing him, trying to cuddle the tears away. Yoongi’s heart broke at the sight of the broken Little, who had gone from bratty to distraught.

“It’s okay, Gukkie, the punishment’s over and we forgive you,” Yoongi whispered in his ear, which made Jungkook relax slightly in his arms and his cries lessen.

“Sweetheart, Dada’s really sorry,” Hoseok tried, his voice breaking in between words, as he tried to get close to the Little, feeling awful and guilty at his actions. He had taken it too far for Jungkook to handle.

Jungkook peered up from Yoongi’s chest and said, “S’ kay, Dada, Gukkie sorry.” He dropped his head in shame, thinking back to all the naughty things he had done.

“We forgive you, pumpkin,” Taehyung joined them, wrapping an arm around Jungkook, giving him a big reassuring smile and booping him on the nose. Taehyung picked up Jungkook from Yoongi’s
hold and Jungkook latched onto him like a koala, while they all relocated to the living room couches so they could be near one another, especially Little Jungkook.

Once settled, Jungkook moved from away Taehyung with a small kiss on his cheek, and wriggled his way into Yoongi’s arms, who gladly accepted with a loving smile. Jungkook nestled himself into Yoongi’s shoulder.

“Gukkie sorry for shouting at Daddy,” he said against Yoongi’s shoulder.

Yoongi kissed the side of his head, drawing circles on his lower back as he said, “No need, baby, it's okay now.”

Jungkook nodded smally, glad that he had been forgiven.

“Gukkie sorry for not eating veggies,” he said, bringing his head up to see all of his hyungs, who were looking at him.

They all smiled and cooed at him, telling him that he was forgiven. Jungkook saw that Hoseok was peculiarly quiet, so he snuck his hand onto Hoseok’s and clutched it.

Hoseok looked up to him and smiled, bringing Jungkook’s hand up to his lips and kissing it, which made Jungkook smile.

“Oppa, Gukkie really, really sorry for biting you,” he said, looking at the angry red bite mark on Jimin's hand. “He was just so angry,” he tried to explain, using the only words he thought were best to describe it.

“It's okay, princess, stop apologizing. You’ve been punished and you won't do it again, will you?” Jimin asks sweetly, but with some authority in his words, telling Jungkook that it wasn’t really an option.

Jungkook shook his head furiously. “No, Oppa. Gukkie be good boy forever,” he said meditatively, bunching his fist up into a ball and pumping the air.

“What do you wanna do now, sweetie?” Seokjin asked him, smiling.

“Dunno, Eomma,” he said at first, sticking his tongue out in though. Jungkook squealed as he came to a decision. “Let's cuddle,” he said, delighted.

All his hyungs cooed and laughed and came over to the couch. They ended up in a bundle of arms and legs. It was a bit hot and sweaty, but Jungkook loved it. He sighed contently, resting his head on Yoongi’s shoulder, glad he had all of his hyungs.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Feel free to comment anything, scenarios, requests, thoughts. I'd love to know what you thought and what you want next time!!!
“Jungkook, are you ready to go?” Seokjin’s voice rang out as Jungkook raced around, picking up his phone and sliding it in his pocket, pulling a snapback onto his head, and rushing out of his room. He shut the door behind him and instantly spotted Seokjin, waiting for him at the door.

“Thanks, hyung,” Jungkook said, running to the van, where everyone was waiting. He clambered in, groaning as he climbed over Jimin and Taehyung to get to Yoongi, who, unfortunately for his hyungs, was sat at the furthest seat from the door.

“Hi, Kook,” Yoongi said, smiling widely, chuckling slightly at Jungkook’s haste.

“Hi, hyung,” Jungkook smiled widely back at him, shifting his weight closer to Yoongi.

Yoongi placed an arm around him and Jungkook placed his hand on Yoongi’s thigh. Both of them were trying to avoid the looming conversation that they both knew they needed to address.

Yoongi feared that Jungkook would panic if he brought it up, and no one needed an on-the-verge-of-a-panic-attack Jungkook on their hands.

Jungkook, on the other hand, wanted to forget why they were going and what they were about to do, so he just tried to move it from his mind.

In five days they were going on a world tour again, which was exciting and amazing, and Jungkook really couldn’t wait. The only bump in the road (more like a mountain), was that they had to get vaccines for it.

You’d think, with the amount of vaccines they all had to have in order to go to different countries, Jungkook would be used to them by now. He mostly was. He just had to be bribed with food, or things like no chores and cuddles afterwards, to actually go and get a vaccine.

But this one was different. When his manager had told him, Jungkook had done something he never really should have done— he googled it. The jab they were all getting was a very painful one. It was a
combination of three different vaccines, so it was a big needle. Or so he had read.

“How’s everyone feeling?” Hoseok shouted back to them all, not really addressing anyone but Jungkook. They all knew how he was about jabs. Everyone hummed that they were fine, Jungkook included. However, he was secretly starting to freak out on the inside, his grip tightening slightly on Yoongi’s thigh as his shoulders became tense.

“I heard this jab is one of the most painful,” Taehyung said obliviously, not really taking into consideration the terrified Jungkook, who huddled closer to Yoongi, trying not to appear so frightened.

Taehyung earned an elbow in the side from Jimin, who nodded his head towards Jungkook discreetly. Taehyung’s eyes widened in realisation and he spluttered, trying to reverse his words.

“Erm, I mean, it will be fine, though. They were probably wimps,” he tried.

Jumin sighed next to him, shaking his head and glancing toward the maknae, knowing the damage had already been done.

The van fell silent as they listened to Taehyung’s words, and then they all glanced to see Jungkook. That’s when they all picked up and started saying that everything would be okay and that it wouldn’t hurt at all, trying everything to help the maknae feel better.

Jungkook didn’t even listen to them, just stared down at his hand, grasping onto Yoongi’s thigh and trying to control his breathing.

Yoongi looked sadly at the boy in his arms, pulling him closer so that Jungkook was basically sitting on his lap. Jungkook let out a shaky sigh into Yoongi’s hug, trying to let his shoulder fall and his heart stop beating so loudly and rapidly.

“It’ll be okay, I swear,” Yoongi whispered, reassuring him. Jungkook just shook his head, waving his hand at Yoongi.

“I’m fine,” Jungkook said loudly, so that not only Yoongi, but all his hyungs as well, could hear, because Jungkook was certain they were listening closely to him, too.

Jungkook was not fine. He was nowhere near fine. His heart was pounding, his hands were shaking, his knees were quaking, his lip was almost bleeding from his teeth gnawing and puncturing his lips.

He was so scared, and he wasn’t even getting the injection yet! He tried to shake away the nightmarish images plaguing his thoughts, the humongous needle ready to pierce right through his skin, the wicked doctor smiling devilishly behind it. Jungkook wanted to run away or tell Seokjin to turn the car around, he didn't think he could do it anymore.

He just buried his head into Yoongi’s side, allowing Yoongi to draw circles on his arm, so he could focus on that instead of his looming fate which he was terrified about.

After some while, as Jungkook was trying to maintain his steady breathing, and finally becoming more successful at breathing like a normal person, he felt Yoongi’s pattern change as he ran his fingers over Jungkook’s bare skin.

Jungkook began smiling goofily when he realised what Yoongi was actually tracing on his arm. It took him a while, but he spelled out each letter that Yoongi was making. He looked up to Yoongi, scrunching his nose, as he realised what Yoongi had spelled.
Jungkook whispered up to him, “You cheesy mother—”

Yoongi kissed Jungkook before he could finish, and Jungkook just melted into the kiss, ignoring the whines from Jimin and Taehyung. Yoongi had written ‘I love you.’

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“Jeon Jungkook, waiting room six, please,” a monotone voice rang out through the almost silent waiting room. Every little rustle of a magazine, or the low hum of conversation was drowned out by Jungkook’s labored, frantic breathing. Unfortunately, Jungkook was the last one to go out of the members, seeing as he was the youngest and the doctors had called them out in age order.

Every single time one of his hyung’s names would be called out, Jungkook tensed, his heart rate rapidly increasing. Yoongi was by his side, attempting everything he could to calm Jungkook down. It helped a little, until Yoongi’s name was called out, and Jungkook had to bite down hard on his lip to stop any sobs from coming out. Before he left, Yoongi gave him a squeeze, as they couldn’t really kiss in public. Even though it could just be taken as a friendly, comforting gesture, they really didn’t need any kind of rumors.

Hoseok then tried to comfort him, an arm resting around Jungkook’s shaking shoulders, and it kind of helped. Jungkook just tried to snuggle into Hoseok, blocking out that horrid voice calling out his name, as Jungkook whimpered into Hoseok’s shirt.

Unfortunately, Namjoon’s name was called straight after, before he even got the chance to try and comfort Jungkook.

When Namjoon left, only the maknae line remained, and Jungkook’s shaking body was passed onto Jimin, who started whispering Busan dialect in his ear. The sense of home was calming him, as if he could already see his mother and hear the crashing waves of the ocean. Jungkook tried to be strong for them, sitting up straighter, trying to stop the concerned looks he was receiving from both Jimin and Taehyung.

It wasn’t until he heard Jimin’s name being called, and his familiar sense of home was ripped away, that he nearly broke down right into Taehyung's arms. Whether he would break down into tears or in a panic attack, Jungkook really didn’t know.

But before Taehyung could even attempt at comforting him, that dreadful voice shrilled into the waiting room, calling Taehyung’s name. Taehyung left hesitantly, his hand sliding reluctantly from Jungkook's white knuckled grasp. Jungkook smiled at him, trying to reassure he was fine, his grip telling a totally different story.

Not long after Taehyung moved to the doctor’s room, Jungkook’s name was called out. He froze at first, and then moved jerkily upward into a standing position, his legs feeling like he was wearing iron shoes as he wobbled to the doctor’s room. His legs wanted him to run away more than anything, everything about him wanted to desert this injection, but he couldn’t. He knew what these were for, and he knew he needed to get them.

Nothing could stop this happening, not even Jungkook himself. As soon as he had gotten to the room and opened the door, he jumped as it slammed with a thud.

He had also very quickly and heavily slipped into little space.

His eyes widened, wanting to run to Yoongi and get away from the room, the public, the massive needle!
The doctor greeted him with a great big smile, like she always did when he came.

Luckily, the doctor’s office they went to was a family business, mostly used by idols or those of the upper class. It helped BTS to go under the radar, because maybe a saesang fan would be weird and insane enough to stalk them to a doctor’s office.

Out of all the doctors, Jungkook liked the doctor who was in front of him the best.

“Good morning, Jungkook,” she said informally, as they had met many times and had become very comfortable around each other.

“M-morning, Dr. K-kim,” Jungkook stuttered, stumbling as he walked over to sit in the seat next to her. She giggled slightly, making Jungkook blush and hide his head, facing his hands resting in his lap.

“So, how are you feeling?” she asked, fiddling with the computer, typing and then clicking.

Jungkook glanced up at her through his bangs. His heart was pounding slightly as he looked at her, panicked, waiting for her to reveal the needle.

“Gukkie scared,” he whispered, too scared to even realise that he was speaking about himself in third person. He didn’t even see her reaction, he just focused on his rapidly beating heart.

“There is nothing to be afraid of, I swear, Jungkook,” she said, completely professional. The typing against the keyboard stopped, and as Jungkook heard her heels clack against the floor and saw her feet move around him, he tensed even more.

“I’m not going to lie, it will hurt.”

Jungkook bit his lip to stop his sobs.

“So I’ll get it over quickly.”

Her footsteps inched towards him and he snapped his head upward, his barrier breaking when he saw a needle in her hands. It was humongous, at least the size of her forearm!

“No!” Jungkook began to wail as he broke down into gut-wrenching sobs, shaking his head quickly, trying to scramble away from her.

He could see her through frantic eyes, jumping out of her seat and rushing towards him, her hands hectic as they tried find a place, cradling him. Jungkook pushed her away, sobbing loudly. He didn’t want the big needle to stick into his skin and hurt him.

“Want Daddy,” he whined through his sobs, as he caught his breath for a second. He didn’t even care what he was saying. He was just so terrified and distraught, and all he wanted was his hyungs and his Daddy to take him out of this place, or at least come cuddle with him.

“Is your Daddy here with you, Kookie?” she asked, sweetly, if not a bit hesitant.

Jungkook looked up at her from his hands and nodded his head. She made a hum of thought. Jungkook’s cries seemed to be dying down, he was just confused at what she would do.

“Is Yoongi your Daddy, Guk?” she asked again, shuffling closer to him and placing a hand on his leg in comfort. Luckily, Jungkook didn’t shy away or push her off this time.

Jungkook gasped quietly, rubbing his eyes with his sleeve, nodding and sniffing, his cries almost
gone.

“I’ll go get him, okay, Kookie?” she said, rising from her seat and smiling down at Jungkook.

Jungkook smiled back, her face making him happy, as she always looked so kind and happy, like a fairy or a princess.

“Here, this is Bobo. He wants to say hello,” she shuffled about, and then came close to Jungkook. He looked up, gasping widely when he saw a cute sheep plushie in her hands, using her hand to lift one of his legs and wave at Jungkook.

Jungkook giggled and sniffled once more waving, at the plushie. “Hello,” he said cutely. The doctor smiled widely and giggled at first, but then cooed at him and his cuteness.

“Can you take care of him, while I go find Daddy?”

Jungkook nodded quickly, holding out his hands as she placed the plushie in them. He squealed, feeling the soft fur as he cuddled it close, playing with its curls.

She waved goodbye, which Jungkook happily returned, but then immediately went back to playing and blabbering on to the cute little sheep plushie he held, luckily no longer thinking about the injection.

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Dr. Kim went straight to the waiting room, knowing that Yoongi, only taking about five minutes to get the injection, would be there around then. And of course, like she had predicted, he was sat in the waiting room. His face was taut with pain, but he still made small talk with the other members.

She smiled at him, but felt slightly nervous, as she had never really spoken to Yoongi an awful lot. She had heard about him, so much. Most of the time, Jungkook didn’t shut up about him in the waiting room, but then again, she did ask how they were doing.

She was one of the only people who had become fortunate enough to know that Yoongi and Jungkook were dating. When Jungkook first wanted to confess, he had slipped up and told her all about it. He had tried desperately to explain what he meant, so she would understand and hopefully not blab to the world.

Fortunately, Dr. Kim was open minded and level headed, and she liked the thought of Jungkook and Yoongi being together. She saw how happy Jungkook was when someone mentioned his boyfriend, so she supported them fully. Jungkook was so grateful that she did, and she never told a single soul. How she knew about little space was an entirely different story.

“Min Yoongi, I would like to see you, please,” she called out strongly, so he could definitely hear her. His smile dropped when he saw her, the conversation from the rest of BTS dying down into concerned looks.

Yoongi nodded and rose, striding over to her quickly, a frown on his face. Before they could talk, she ushered him out of the room quickly, realising she had left Little Jungkook alone, and needed to get back quickly. God only knew what sharp items he could find and cut himself on, or things he could swallow.

She turned to face him, trying to remain a cool professional doctor, but she felt bad when she saw Yoongi’s eyes full of panic. “Jungkook-ah has gone into little space, and he really needs you.”
As soon as those words left her lips, Yoongi gasped, eyes widened in surprise. He was silently cursing under his breath, partly for Jungkook becoming Little in front of the doctor, mostly because he should've expected that Jungkook would fall into little space.

Yoongi nodded, saying firmly, “Please take me to him,”

She smiled at him, nodding as she led Yoongi to the room with the Little inside.

“So, erm, how do you know about little space?” Yoongi asked awkwardly, but still very intrigued.

She glanced back to him, smiling. “A patient of mine became Little, just like Jungkook has, and I was so shocked and confused. He luckily explained it to me, and now I just think it’s the cutest thing in the world,” she recited, her smile growing at the thought of the incident.

Yoongi hummed at her story, nodding as he listened, but still very much concerned about Little Jungkook, who must have been so scared before his injection. Yoongi already knew they would have to cuddle and spoil the Little rotten after this injection, because it hurt like a–

“We are here,” she said, cutting Yoongi out of his thoughts.

He nodded, waiting expectantly for her to open the door.

There Little Jungkook was, clutching his sheep plushie under his arm, his fingers interlaced with its pink blushed curls, the other hand brought to his lips as he sucked his thumb. When he caught sight of Yoongi appearing in the room, Jungkook’s eyes lit up and he took thumb out of his mouth, shouting “Daddy!” happily.

Yoongi flinched slightly, eyeing the doctor to see her reaction. She didn’t react, she just went back to her desk. Yoongi chuckled as he walked to the Little. As soon as he was within arm’s length of Jungkook, Yoongi was pulled down into a hug, which consisted of Jungkook clutching him the tightest he had ever felt.

“Hi, baby boy,” Yoongi smiled at him, repositioning the hug so they were more comfortable, with Yoongi’s arm around Jungkook's shoulders as Jungkook cuddled into him.

Jungkook looked up at him and said quietly, “Daddy had ‘jections?”

Yoongi chuckled, kissing his hair slightly to comfort him, he was just so damn cute Yoongi couldn’t resist. “It's ‘injections’ and yes, baby, Daddy got them.”

Jungkook gasped, seeing his Daddy seemingly unaffected by the jabs. Maybe it didn't even hurt that much. But just before Jungkook could fully calm himself and his heartbeat down, coming to a decision that maybe it wouldn’t be that bad, Dr. Kim came close to him. She didn’t have the needle, but she was too close for his liking. He bit back a sob, clutching at Yoongi and tensing, trying to subtly move away from Dr. Kim. Yoongi kept him in place, and Jungkook whimpered in the realization that he could not get out of this

“If you’d like to come with me, Jungkook,” she said, offering her hand towards him.

He hesitantly brought his hand towards her and could feel her hand grasp his as she helped him to rise.

“Daddy come as well?” Jungkook asked, tilting his head, glancing backwards at Yoongi, his fingers interlaced with Yoongi’s.
Dr. Kim smiled and nodded. “Okay, Daddy can come, but he can only sit beside the bed, okay?”

Jungkook nodded quickly, pulling Yoongi up with him as they walked to the bed. Jungkook bit at his lip harshly, his legs feeling shaky, as he almost collapsed on the patient bed. Dr. Kim went to get the needle and Jungkook’s stomach dropped when he saw it shine under the light.

“Baby boy, shall we go for ice cream after you get your injection?” Yoongi suggested as he placed a chair next to Jungkook on the table.

He nodded, smiling at Yoongi, excited for ice cream like he usually was. He took off his jacket and handed it to Yoongi, then rolled up his sleeve so she could gain access to his arm.

“Oh, I’m not injecting this to your arm. Erm, the solution is too thick, it would cause too much pain. This solution is to be injected into your buttocks, so if you’d like to pull down you pants slightly and lie on the bed, please,” she said, smiling, giving a small laugh at Jungkook and his cuteness as he blushed, looking at Yoongi, shocked and unsure.

Yoongi nodded, stroking Jungkook’s hand to stop his anxiety. “Do as the doctor says, baby,” Yoongi reassured, watching as Jungkook shakily lied down and Dr. Kim picked up the big needle.

Luckily, with Jungkook’s new position, he couldn’t actually see the needle edging ever so close to him as the doctor’s hands positioned it against his skin and pierced it. Jungkook whimpered, biting down on his free arm to stop his sobs. Yoongi rose so he could stroke the boy’s hair to try and stop the pain, feeling a lot of sympathy for the Little, as Yoongi knew how much it hurt.

“Good boy, Guk, you’re so brave,” Yoongi whispered to him.

Jungkook just whimpered, but Yoongi was sure Jungkook had heard him by the way Jungkook’s shoulders relaxed slightly, despite the pain.

The needle was soon out, and Dr. Kim turned to clean it and put it in a dish. Jungkook brought himself up, whining when he felt the pulsing pain his bum. He rose slowly, hissing when he sat up, his eyes watery. He was trying everything to stop sobbing again, wanting to brave so he could get ice cream.

Yoongi sat beside Jungkook, not really caring if he shouldn’t be, and cuddled the Little, kissing his cheek. Jungkook melted into his touch, wanting all the pain to disappear.

“You were so brave, baby,” Yoongi said, stroking his arm and kissing Jungkook’s head.

“Gukkie get ice cream?” Jungkook sniffled, peering up at Yoongi with his big, cute doe-eyes, shining with tears.

Yoongi’s heart almost broke at the sight. But Yoongi chuckled still, rocking Jungkook his arms, caged around him. “Yeah, baby, we’ll go get ice cream.”

Jungkook smiled and squealed, the pain still there, but fading slightly.

“Because you were such a brave boy, do you want a sticker, Kookie?” Dr. Kim came close to him, and laughed when Jungkook gasped and nodded quickly, clapping his hands excitedly. She peeled away an Iron Man sticker, knowing that it was Jungkook’s favorite, well, at least when he was big, anyway.

Jungkook giggled when she placed the sticker on his chest. “Thank you, Dr. Kim,” he beamed up at her like a ray of sunshine. She ruffled his hair as she went back to sit in her desk chair.
Yoongi kissed Jungkook, passing him his sheep plushie and Jungkook almost instantly began mumbling to it. He walked over to the doctor who was interested in her screen and said, “You won't tell anyone, right?”

He glanced at Jungkook, but then sent a firm look to her, so she knew she didn’t really have much of a choice.

“Of course I won't. I love Jungkook-ah,” she turned to him and met Yoongi’s gaze, smile not faltering once.

Yoongi smiled back, reassured. He knew a liar when he saw one. He also knew that she was already keeping the secret about Jungkook's and Yoongi’s relationship, so she could be trusted.

“Erm, I’m sorry for asking you this, but who was the other patient? I think it would be good for Jungkook to meet another Little. You don’t have to, I would understand.” Yoongi said, hope in his eyes as he moved close to Jungkook and somehow, with godly strength, picked up Jungkook, who clung to him like koala, playing with his sheep behind Yoongi’s back, making sure not to touch the tender bit of his butt.

“I think he's quite close to Jungkook, so I don’t think he would mind,” she said, but Yoongi could see the hesitation in her eyes. “Kim Yugyeom, from GOT7, is also a Little.”

Yoongi gasped at the revelation, shocked, as he knew Yugyeom had found out about little space from Jungkook himself, but never had he thought Yugyeom would be a Little, himself.

Jungkook perked up at his best friend's name, and twisted his head around.

“Yugy?” he asked, tilting his head in confusion.

“Yes, Yugy, baby,” Yoongi said, kissing Jungkook's nose, who laughed cutely, burying his face in the crook of Yoongi’s shoulder. Yoongi laughed, but knew he had to set Jungkook down, so he did, very delicately.

“Well, thank you, Dr. Kim,” Yoongi said, bowing his head to her, smiling. He was very grateful for everything she had done for him and Jungkook. Yoongi grabbed Jungkook's hand and squeezed it, prompting Jungkook to say thank you or goodbye before they left.

“Bye-bye, Dr. Kim, thank you,” Jungkook squealed, before running up and hugging her.

Yoongi’s eyes widened, feeling sorry for Dr. Kim, who was nearly knocked over by Jungkook. He was about to scold him, but was stopped when Dr. Kim’s laughter filled the room, and he found himself smiling.

Dr. Kim ruffled his hair and let Jungkook skip over to Yoongi, holding his hand once again. Yoongi pulled Jungkook slightly and they moved to the door. Jungkook smiled at Dr. Kim, looking over his shoulder at her.

“Bye-bye,” he said once again, and blew her a kiss for good measure, giggling when she fought to catch it.

When Jungkook was out of the room, he realized he could see his other hyungs, and once he did, he was practically dragging Yoongi down the corridor to the waiting room. When he flung the door open, he could see that his hyungs were the only ones in the room, and that it was all clear for him to be Little.
“Hyungies,” he cried happily, running towards them, dropping Yoongi’s hand in the process. They all immediately stood up, eyes wide in shock. Jungkook ran right to them and when he got there, he beamed up at them, pointing to the sticker on his chest.

“Look what Gukkie got ‘coz he was a brave boy,” he said, excited. The hyungs all seemed to be frozen and it was Jimin who came out of first, shooting a look at Yoongi to tell him that he needed to explain.

“Wow, princess, you were brave,” Jimin said as he looked down to the Iron Man sticker, smiling, but very confused at what had happened. He looked up at Jungkook, who was practically radiating sunshine.

“Daddy says we can go get ice cream, come on, Oppa,” Jungkook said, not listening to any of Jimin's protests, resorting to pulling him out the door to get to the nearest ice cream shop or supermarket.

The members left, all watching the two go and then snapping their heads to Yoongi, eyebrows raised, wanting an explanation. They obviously knew that Jungkook was in little space, but not what had happened.

Namjoon was the first time to speak up, walking up to Yoongi.

“What happened?” he asked, a bit frantic. He whispered it so he knew no one would know what they were talking about if they walked in.

Yoongi gave them a smile to reassure that everything was fine. “Guk became Little before he got his injections, and then Dr. Kim told me to come. He’s fine, though, didn’t even cry when he got them,” Yoongi said proudly, beginning to walk out of the clinic, following Jungkook, watching fondly as he caught Jungkook’s eyes.

“She what!?” Seokjin said, panicked, looking to Yoongi with wide eyes, arm gripping tightly on his forearm.

Yoongi snapped around to him, looking totally calm.

“Don’t worry, she won’t tell. I’m sure of it,” Yoongi said firmly, looking to the rest of BTS.

“How can you be so sure?” Namjoon asked, eyebrows raised, skeptical, but almost mocking Yoongi, not believing his words.

“She actually knows about me and Jungkook being in a relationship. Jungkook told her by accident, and she hasn’t told a single soul. I trust her,” Yoongi said, challenging Namjoon, whose expression dropped from concern to relief, but also shock.

“She knows?” Taehyung gasped, looking at Yoongi with wide eyes.

Yoongi chuckled, nodding. “Yeah, and she already knew what little space was. She had a patient who went into little space, and you’ll never guess who it was.”

“Who!?” Hoseok said, surprised, but also very intrigued. If Yoongi looked happy and excited about it, it must have been someone they knew.

“Yugyeom, he’s a Little,” Yoongi said, turning towards them, wanting to see all their reactions.

All of the members’ faces transformed into wide eyes and open mouths. They looked so shocked that
Yoongi can't help but laugh at them. He couldn't wait to see Jungkook's reaction to the news when he was Big.

“OMG, that’s so cute,” Hoseok squealed, fangirling at the thought. “They can have play dates together!”

“Play date?” Jungkook interrupted, coming towards them. He was licking his ice cream happily, his head tilted inquisitively.

Yoongi nodded, humming, and said, “Would you like to have a playdate with Yugy, baby?”

Jungkook squealed, jumping up and down, nodding. “YES! YES! YES!”

BTS all laughed and cooed at the cute Little, knowing that they’d have to speak to Yugeom soon.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Feel free to leave any comments, scenarios or requests. I’d love to see what you think and what you want next.
A Little Encounter with a Sasaeng

Chapter Summary

Request by Faith+Benton
Jungkook getting separated from the others and getting cornered by saesang fans and gets hurt.

Chapter Notes

Ahh I actually updated on time. That took a lot, though.
I just wanted to say, thank you so much for all the support and comments you have given this fic. I seriously love you guys. Now, on with the fic.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everyone knew that sasaeng fans were crazy—no, they were insane. Following idols, taking pictures of them in privacy, even going as far as selling EXO’s urine. Fortunately, Jungkook had never really had to deal with sasaengs—well, alone, anyway—and they never did anything as crazy as some of the haunting stories he had heard. He just knew they were out there.

The only time he had ever had to deal with one alone was when he had been followed by a sasaeng fan when he went to Hongdae, and we all know how that turned out. The rest of the time, his hyungs were there to protect him.

Sasaeng fans were scary and vicious, and there had been countless times where he had had to run away from them, just to feel safe. He saw the news about idols being terrorized by them. Sasaengs hurting them, because that was the only way they could ever truly be noticed. Jungkook always felt a chill run down his spine at the thought of them.

Even his hyungs had had a few experiences with them. Taehyung had had to run from one, Jimin fell down because of one. Luckily, most of them seemed to back off once BigHit sent out a tweet calling for people to watch BTS and respect them. Almost instantly, they had the great support of ARMY’s backing this up, but there were some who didn’t even give it a thought.

They were currently on their way off the plane that had just landed in Japan. They were all pretty jet lagged, despite the broken sleep they all managed to get on the trip. Everyone looked like they needed cocktail sticks to keep their eyes open, but luckily makeup always helped to deal with the dark pits and six o’clock shadows that plagued their faces.

Before the doors opened to the airport, he mimicked his hyungs as he plastered a cracked smile on his face, his eyes barely open, knowing that behind those doors would be hundreds of fans.

It seemed that no matter where they went now, fans would constantly know where they were and try to show ‘support’ for them. Don’t get him wrong, some were there solely to support them and welcome them to where they had visited, but others were there to try to grab and kidnap them, or something like that.
As soon as the doors opened, Jungkook couldn’t help but gasp at the sheer amount of people crowded into one room. No matter how many times Jungkook had experienced the same feelings or sights, he couldn’t help but feel overwhelmed by it all.

They must have only gotten a glance of Namjoon’s face, but the fans went wild, some calling for them, screaming their names, some just blatantly screaming. Banners and ARMY bombs were scattered amongst the crowd.

At first it didn’t seem that bad. He knew all he had to do was stay close to his hyungs and follow them, and then everything would be okay. Hence why this time, he had decided to go last in the single file line that they had agreed to walk in to get down the very narrow path, which was even smaller than they had predicted due to the fans being a little more boisterous.

He remembered the time when the ARMY’s had held hands together to allow them to walk, like some god-given angels; he wished they would do that every time. Unfortunately, Jungkook wasn’t that lucky.

Before he walked into the path, he braced himself, seeing the members in front of him literally shoulder to shoulder with the fans, pushing their way through the crowd. He knew that the whole situation would make him anxious, but he set that thought aside, focusing on the main mission to get through the crowd and to the van waiting for them.

If Jungkook wasn’t wide awake before, he was now, due to the shrills filling his ears as he attempted walk down the small path that the fans had ‘generously’ left.

Jungkook had done this so many times, and nothing—for him, anyway—had ever gone wrong, so why this time was different, he didn’t know.

He thought he was being polite, doing his good deed for the day, when he saw a fan fall because of the rowdy group behind her. He had watched her fall, and then immediately stopped as she fell almost in front of him, and he helped her up. Of course as soon as she realized who it was she blushed a deep red, looking down at the floor as she grabbed his hand as he helped her up.

“Erm, t-th-thank you, J-Jungkook-ssi,” she said quietly, all in Japanese. Luckily, Jungkook had been to Japan many times, and had been learning some Japanese in his spare time in order to interact with fans. He had actually become quite good, and could understand her with ease.

Once she rose, she tucked her pink hair behind her ear. The fan smiled shyly, glancing up to Jungkook once before her eyes returned to her feet.

“You’re welcome,” Jungkook said, smiling widely at the cute fan. “Just be careful next time,” he chuckled.

The fan flushed darker, which Jungkook didn’t even think was possible. She nodded quickly, bowing her head and quietly thanking him again.

Jungkook bowed his head before turning around, ready to catch up with his members, but he didn’t see them. Somehow, in that short amount of time, the pathway had closed, and he couldn't see anything past the fans surrounding him. Even the security were no longer able to be seen.

His heart dropped to his stomach, his eyes frantically looking for any sign of someone familiar. His heart rate picked up considerably, and it pounded in his ears, louder than a drum. He could hear it even over some of the fans’ screaming, but nothing could drown it out fully.

He took a shaky breath, knowing that, above anything else, he needed to stay calm. He could not
have a panic attack in front of all those people. He decided to at least try and find his hyungs by walking in a straight line, hoping to get to the front of the airport. As he took his first step, he could hear a shrieking in his ear.

“Jungkook-oppa!” a fan shrilled. Jungkook flinched at the frequency and volume in which she said it.

A lot of people were calling out his name, but she seemed so loud and threatening that Jungkook couldn’t help but notice it amongst everyone. He shook it off, setting his head down and looking at his feet, wanting to focus on finding his hyungs.

“Oppa, where are you going?!” the same voice screamed out, but seemed almost angry this time, and something in it made Jungkook want to run away and find protection with his hyungs. He still didn’t dare stop or turn around to see the, frankly, scary, fan. He just carried on, politely pushing through the crowd, apologizing as he went.

“Jungkook, don’t ignore me!” the same fan called out, but this time they didn’t stop at that. Jungkook felt claws at the back of his head, and the back of his sweater was dragged backwards, and him with it.

He couldn't process what was happening until he landed on the floor with a big thud, falling backwards, not able to stop his head from crashing against the floor.

Almost immediately, his shock turned into pain. He scrunched his face at the sharp pain piercing the back of his head. He could feel the room start to tilt, and his already heavy eyes struggled to stay open; he just wanted to fall asleep. It felt like he was on a ship, and he could feel himself swaying and rocking. He felt like he was going to be sick.

The pain almost instantly made him want to fall into little space, and he could already feel that he was on the edge of it, his mindset wavering. All he wanted was for his hyungs to look after him and baby him. He was hurt, and his hyungs weren't even there! The pain was really, really bad, and Jungkook didn’t know if he could deal with it all.

“Jungkook-ah, you shouldn't ignore your fans!” the scary fan screamed, cutting him from his daze, as he began to realize where he was and what he was doing and about to do. He immediately snapped himself up, groaning as his headache seemed to amplify times a hundred.

“I love you, Jungkook!” another girl screamed at him as she bent down, a crazed look in her wide eyes.

Jungkook tried not to look too obvious as he shied away.

“You're my favorite, not like the others,” she spit, looking off into the direction in which Jungkook assumed was the rest of BTS.

He furrowed his eyebrows in confusion. Why didn’t she like the other members?

Girl 3 bent down to him, too close for Jungkook's liking. All he wanted to do was scramble away, but he was surrounded by so many crazed fans, he couldn’t move. And from the point of being sprawled on the floor, there was no way the other members could see him. He bit his lip to stop it from wobbling.

She landed on her knees, crawling up to him like a predator as she came to his ear and whispered, “Please love me, oppa.”
Jungkook felt his heart pound loudly and his breath hitched, frozen in place by her actions. Jungkook shook his head slightly, not seeming to remember how speak.

She sighed sadly, and Jungkook thought she was about to pull away, as the pressure on his leg left, but as he looked up, he saw the smirk on her face and all sense of relief faded.

She neared him, closer and closer, until Jungkook can feel her hot breath against his neck. He followed her hand in fear and disgust as it traced his leg. He couldn’t take it anymore. He closed his eyes tightly, not wanting to see it, just pretending the touch was from one of the other members, like Taehyung or Yoongi.

“Stop it!” Jungkook heard a voice call out and his eyes snapped open to his savior. Or what he thought would be his savior, but when he saw the person responsible, his hope dropped. It was the same girl who had pulled him backward.

“He’s mine,” she spat back at the girl, whose hand didn't leave Jungkook's leg. Girl 1, as Jungkook would now call her, crouched down to him and gave him a big smile, like a Cheshire cat.

“Isn’t that right, Jungkook?” She raised an eyebrow at him, and one hand gripped around his bicep, but she wasn’t done. The longer Jungkook took to answer, her nails began to pierce into his skin, making him whimper.

Jungkook knew now that these fans were insane and deranged. How would cornering and hurting him make him want to be with them? Yes, he did notice them, but it wasn’t for a good reason.

“She’s mine,” Girl 2 said, bending down and grabbing his hair in her hand, staring at him darkly. “Aren’t you?”

Jungkook could feel tears gather in his eyes, partly from the pain, but mostly from him feeling so scared. Especially with none of his hyungs there to protect or help him.

She brought her hand down from pulling the strand of his hair painfully, to his neck. As soon as her fingers feathered down, Jungkook cried out, wincing at the pain of the back of his head pulsing. The girls jumped at his sudden outburst. He could feel himself slipping into little space, very, very quickly and deeply. The mix of being lost, away from his hyungs, terrorized by sasaengs, and the excruciating pain in his head, almost forcing him to be Little.

“Jungkookie!” Jungkook almost sobbed at that voice. It was Yoongi.

Jungkook didn't know if it was just his imagination, desperate to hear his boyfriend's voice, or maybe it was the hit he took to his head playing tricks on him. He strained his ears to try and hear the voice again.

Once again it called out, “Jungkookie, where are you?” This time it was louder and Jungkook lifted his head up, trying to see any sign of Yoongi actually being there and not just a figment of his imagination.

“Hyung,” he shouted, voice cracking in the middle. He scrambled upward, trying to shake of the grip of Girl 3. Surprisingly, she didn't budge, even with Yoongi coming for him.

“Leave him alone, please,” Yoongi said through a gritted smile, trying to be polite to the girls. Jungkook knew he was trying to control his temper, fire burning in his eyes, a look Jungkook had only seen a handful of times.

Jungkook bit his lip hard to stop himself from sobbing in relief as he looked at Yoongi, his eyes
teary, just wanting to run into his arms and be taken away. Jungkook thought he had never been so happy to see his hyung’s blond hair or sleepy eyes.

The girls instantly scattered into the crowd at the look of the fuming Yoongi, his shoulders rising and falling rapidly like he’d run to Jungkook. Even though Yoongi was a lot smaller than him, Jungkook was still intimidated by his hyung.

Yoongi was instantly at his side, his hands replacing the ones of the sasaengs that seemed to burn his skin.

“Oh, Jungkookie, let’s get you up, okay?” Yoongi said quietly, knowing that everyone would probably be looking at them.

Jungkook gave a small, pained smile. He tried to get up with great difficulty, groaning. Yoongi’s hands gripped his arms, supporting him as he rose to his feet.

As soon as Jungkook was up, though, the floor seemed to fall out from under his feet. He felt like he was in a washing machine, the room spinning round and round. If Yoongi hadn’t been holding him, Jungkook knew he would have fallen.

“Woah, Kook, steady there,” Yoongi said, chuckling slightly, trying to lighten the mood, but Jungkook could hear the clear concern in his voice. Jungkook knew that they needed to get out of there as soon as possible, so it was no surprise when he felt them moving, Jungkook barely aware of what his own legs were doing.

Jungkook could only feel the pain in his head, and he was too focused on his wavering mindset to even notice where they were going. He knew that he shouldn’t be Little in an airport full of fans, of all places. But he was with Yoongi now.

Jungkook didn’t realize he was being so obvious, but something in Yoongi must have sensed his torn thoughts, as he whispered in his ear, “Try not to slip just yet, Jungkook. Wait until we get out.”

Jungkook’s breath hitched, and he nodded. He could do that, he was sure of it. Yoongi sighed in what Jungkook guessed was relief.

The crowd no longer seemed that big of a problem. With Yoongi by his side, they both seemed to glide through it effortlessly. But Jungkook couldn’t help but see the shocked looks and whispers of the fans around them. Did he look that bad?

He saw them pointing at something, and Jungkook subconsciously ran a hand through his hair, a habit when he was either nervous or worried, and in this case he was both. However, when he brought his hand down, he gasped at the crimson that stained it. Blood! He was bleeding! Jungkook was bleeding!

He gasped slightly, realizing he had fallen into little space in public when Yoongi had told him not to. He felt like crying, not only because of the pain, but everything that had happened. He wanted to sob his heart out.

Jungkook grabbed Yoongi’s hand and squeezed it. He leant over and whispered very quietly, so no one around him could hear, “Peaches.”

Yoongi squeezed his hand, not saying anything, but acknowledging Jungkook’s current state. Yoongi glanced back and gave a small smile of reassurance and Jungkook smiled back gratefully. Over Yoongi’s shoulder he could see the rest of the members waiting for him, outside of the building and closer to the black van.
He waved to the fans, who smiled at him and actually knew something about personal space and respect. They waved back, but some still don’t seem to have any consideration for him, just snapping pictures and videos of his current state. He could already see Yoongi’s scowling face, even if he couldn’t actually see it.

As soon as they got outside and the doors closed behind them, security swarming around them, all his hyungs swarmed around Jungkook.

“Oh my god, Jungkookie, are you okay?” Jimin said first, bringing Jungkook into a big hug.

Jungkook shook his head before it all became too much, and he broke down in Jimin's arms, shoulders shaking as tears streamed down his face.

Jimin let out a small gasp before hugging Jungkook tighter, bringing one of his hands up to Jungkook’s hair to stroke it.

“Shh, princess, it's okay,” he whispered in the Little’s ear. Jungkook didn’t even have to tell Jimin that he was Little, he just knew that Big Jungkook would never sob so heartbrokenly.

Like with the girl before, a hand came to his head, and he cried out through his sobs, pushing himself away from Jimin as his head became very tender.

Jimin looked at him, shocked, and Jungkook instantly felt bad, which made him sob even harder.

“Little one, you're bleeding. What happened?” Namjoon gasped, everyone now looking at Jimin's hand, which was painted with blood, mimicking Jungkook's own hand.

“Guk—” he cried, “He-he got sa-sasaeng—” he broke down into sobs once again, his words not understandable to anyone, including himself.

“Shh, sweetheart, you have to calm down first, or your hyungs can’t understand you,” Hoseok said sweetly, as he came closer to Jungkook and placed a hand on his shoulder, Jungkook still in Jimin's strong grasp.

Jungkook nodded, his breath hitching as he tried to subside his sobs.

“Baby boy, just listen and nod, okay?” Yoongi said, whilst Jungkook fought to stop his sobs. “Did fans do this to you?”

The members around him gasped. Jungkook glanced upward at Yoongi, nodding his head sadly, tears still flooding his eyes.

“I can't believe it,” Seokjin whispered angrily to them, coming closer to Jungkook and joining the hug. “You’ve been so brave, darling, your hyungs are proud of you,” he kissed Jungkook's forehead, trying to wipe away the last of Jungkook’s tears.

“Shall we get in the car?” Namjoon called out, noticing that a lot more people were coming out of the airport and recognizing them, and they really didn’t need fans questioning Jungkook’s mindset.

Everyone nodded, realizing the same thing. Jimin and Seokjin led Jungkook to the van.

Jungkook ended up sandwiched between Hoseok and Yoongi, and now that he was with his hyungs, Jungkook felt so much better.

“Are you okay now, pumpkin?” Taehyung asked. He had seemingly just been watching Jungkook
very closely.

Jungkook hummed, nodding his head slowly as to not irritate his head or make himself dizzy. “Yes, Papa, boo boo still hurts, though,”

“We’ll help your head when we get to the hotel, okay, sweetheart?” Hoseok said, ruffling Jungkook’s hair, careful not to touch Jungkook's cut.

“Okay, Dada,” Jungkook said, turning to give him a big smile.

Yoongi wrapped a hand around Jungkook’s waist and nuzzled his nose, kissing him sweetly. Jungkook giggled and everyone in the van was happy to hear it.

“I'm never gonna let you go, baby boy,” Yoongi whispered, kissing Jungkook's cheek.

Jungkook smiled widely, wrapping his arms tightly around Yoongi. “Gukkie never gonna leave you, Daddy.”

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading. Feel free to leave any comments, scenarios or requests. I'd love to see what you think and what you want next.
Jungkook felt like laughing. Jungkook felt like crying. Jungkook felt like shouting. And he felt so much more. It was like a washing machine of emotions, all the time.

One second he was angry, snapping at everyone who gave him so much as a look. Another second, he wanted to cry every time he got scolded, or if he couldn’t decide what to wear and got frustrated. He would also laugh so loudly that tears came to his eyes, and he found the smallest things humorous. His hyungs were getting tired of his mood swings, and he’d be lying if he said that he wasn’t, too. Jungkook just couldn’t seem to stop them.

Like now, he was in practice with the rest of BTS, and he could feel his mood totally change. He was scrutinizing his every move, from his footwork, to the way his fingers poised as he danced. Nothing looked right, he couldn’t get the timing right and hit the moves with perfection. He could see the disapproving look of his dance teacher in front of him.

It made tears grow in Jungkook’s eyes. Usually, he would never dare to be so emotional, especially when it came to crying— he was a man, for god’s sake! And men didn’t cry. But he could feel eyes burning into him, watching with annoyance as they had to start again from the top, due to Jungkook messing up the moves and putting everyone else off.

He bit his lip hard, looking down at his feet, feeling like a marble was lodged in his throat. Tears had begun flooding his eyes, threatening to spill over. Jungkook tried to hide behind his bangs, so the other members couldn’t see his watery eyes. He brought his sleeve up and sniffled, trying to dry the corner of his eyes.

“Jungkook, are you okay?” Namjoon whispered from behind him, leaning very close to Jungkook.

Jungkook didn’t dare look up, knowing that if he did, there would be no way he could deny that he was very close to crying. The evidence was written all over his face.

He nodded smally, hunching his shoulders and shuffling away slightly from Namjoon’s presence, showing Namjoon that he wasn’t in the mood to talk.
Luckily, before Namjoon could react to Jungkook’s actions, the music resumed blaring through the speakers. Jungkook messed up the moves once again. He ducked his head to stop his hyungs from seeing his tears, and to stop himself from seeing the other’s disappointment.

It didn’t last very long, they didn’t even get through the song before it was cut off. Jungkook couldn’t stop his curiosity from getting the better of him as he snapped his head upwards towards the computer, where the dance teacher was glaring at Jungkook with fire in his eyes.

Jungkook instantly ducked his head, shrinking under the scrutinising scowl of his dance teacher. He couldn’t hear the awkward shuffling of his hyungs behind him, only the thumps of his heartbeat getting louder and louder. Not only was he exhausted, but he was scared—very scared.

“Well, you may as well go home,” Sungdeuk, their dance teacher, told them, a little harshness in his voice. He walked closer to them, and Jungkook could feel him burning holes into his head. “If Jungkook’s not going to do the moves right, we’ll be here forever, so we’ll have an extra practice tomorrow, instead.”

Jungkook bit his lip, listening to the small groans of his hyungs. Saturday was the only day they always had no schedules or anything that they had to do. Usually they all just slept, and then when they actually woke up, they just rested with one another. But now Jungkook had screwed up so much that his hyungs had to pay for it as well. They probably hated him right now.

The realization and heavy guilt that was laid on him made his shoulders hunch as he tried to muffled the little sobs that escaped his lips.

“Sorry,” he whimpered out quietly, so barely anyone could hear the fragile tone of his voice. He felt stupid for crying over such a small thing. He wasn’t usually this emotional. He felt pathetic and weak, and all he wanted to do was be alone so that no one could see him like this. Jungkook barely cried, but when he did, it was like he couldn’t stop the waterfall of tears that fell.

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As soon as they were formally dismissed, Jungkook was the first one to leave. He ran out of the room as quickly as he could to get to the van and sort himself out, and also so his hyungs couldn’t dote on him. Jungkook didn’t need their sympathy for something so pitiful.

He could hear the click of the locks on the van unlock and Jungkook jumped in, sliding into the furthest seat, looking out of the window just to hide his face, as he rushed to wipe all the tears that were still determined to fall. Jungkook knew there would be no way that his hyungs wouldn’t know that he had been crying, his puffy eyes and large red tear marks on his cheeks making sure of that.

Jungkook tensed as he heard his hyungs’ whispered voices coming closer and closer to him, as they all settled into their seats. Jungkook’s eyes didn’t leave the window. He could see his hyungs’ reflections in it, all looking at him.

“I can’t believe we have to go back tomorrow. Well done, Jungkook,” Taehyung said moodily, crossing his arms, huffing and giving Jungkook a glare.

Jungkook sunk into his seat slightly at the harshness of Taehyung’s voice. He knew he deserved it, hence why he didn’t say anything back like he usually would.

“Taehyung, stop it. We all have our off days,” Hoseok scolded him, hitting Taehyung lightly to tell him to back off. Jungkook silently thanked Hoseok for telling Taehyung to stop, because Jungkook knew he could break at any moment, already feeling bad.
“No, hyung, just because he’s crying doesn’t mean he gets away with it,” Taehyung said coldly, challenging his hyungs.

Hoseok frowned deeply, the rest of the hyungs looking at him with what seemed to be shock. Jungkook couldn’t see their expressions very well in the dark window screen.

“Taehyung, stop it, re–” Seokjin piped up, anger in his voice. Jungkook didn’t really know if it was meant for him or Taehyung.

He didn’t give himself time to think before he interrupted. “No, Jin-hyung, Tae’s right.” To his surprise, his voice didn’t come out as broken as he felt, it didn’t even crack.

“I’m so pathetic for crying. I messed up, and the only reason you’re not scolding me is because I’m crying like a baby,” Jungkook spat, and for the first time he turned around to see his hyungs, not even caring about the tears that still fell.

“Kook, don’t speak of yourself that way,” Yoongi said, looking at him sadly and placing a hand on his leg in an attempt to comfort him.

“Why not? Everyone else just too scared to say it,” Jungkook said spitefully, turning his lips up in disgust for himself and the tears that betrayed every other bone in his body.

“But, Kook–” Yoongi started, and with his words, Jungkook felt a dark mist wash over him, anger brewing.

“No, hyung, I don’t want to hear it,” Jungkook snapped, his voice rising slightly, before he returned to the window in a huff. He watched as his hyungs’ expressions changed to shock and hurt, and Jungkook didn’t miss the flecks of anger in their eyes.

“Jungkook, you may be emotional, but that doesn’t mean you can speak to us in that tone,” Namjoon scolded, his voice filling the van and then leaving it airily silent.

“What tone?” Jungkook bounced back, like a mischievous child in an argument with their parents.

“Jungkook, don’t push it,” Hoseok warned, looking back at him.

“Push what?” Jungkook sassed back, now smirking. No tears were falling anymore, and pure, hot rage bubbled in his stomach, waiting to erupt like a volcano.

“Jeon Jungkook, you’re going to get in trouble,” Jimin said, less angry than all the other hyungs. Jungkook knew Jimin was the soft one, so it was no surprise that Jimin was more concerned about what Jungkook would receive if he carried on.

“Not really, it’s not like you’re actually going to do anything about it,” Jungkook laughed spitefully. “You can’t ground me or shit like that, I’m never allowed out with the schedules.”

Jungkook bit his lip as he heard the gasps of his hyungs. He swore and broke the rules that they had set for him. It was to disrespectful to say to his hyungs, but at that moment Jungkook really didn’t care.

“Right, Jungkook, I can’t be bothered with this shit today,” Namjoon sighed, but his voice was still booming with authority. “If you’re going to act like a child, I’ll treat you like one.”

Jungkook raised his eyebrow, challenging Namjoon as they had a sort of stare down.
“As soon as you get home, you’re going straight to your room, and you’re only allowed out for dinner,” Namjoon directed. “Oh, and no technology in there, either, so pass Yoongi your phone.”

Jungkook huffed, even more outraged.

“Make me!” he shouted back, scowling at Namjoon, who was still turned around towards him.

“Jungkook, stop acting like a baby and grow up. Hand me the phone, or you’ll regret it,” Yoongi threatened Jungkook, eyes burning with fury and warning.

Jungkook’s anger and confidence immediately fizzled out at Yoongi’s voice. Yoongi was no doubt the scariest hyung, and no one wanted to be scolded by him, especially Jungkook.

With an agitated sigh, Jungkook pulled his phone from his pocket and dropped it into Yoongi’s hand. He huffed as he returned to looking out the window, arms crossed, and glared at every hyung using the reflection.

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“Right, come on, Jungkook,” Namjoon said, stepping out of the van and grabbing Jungkook’s arm, pulling him out.

Jungkook hissed from the pure strength that Namjoon held him with. Namjoon dragged him into the dorm and right to his room as Jungkook hung his head in shame, cheeks flushed from embarrassment, the gazes of his hyungs never leaving him.

“You did this to yourself.” Namjoon reprimanded before he slammed the door, still furious with the disrespect from Jungkook.

Jungkook was left thrown on the bed, staring at the door as it closed for the rest of the night.

“Argh!” he groaned, falling back onto the bed. He no longer felt sad or angry, just frustrated. He stared at the ceiling, tears gathering in the backs of his eyes. Why did he have to do that? Stupid emotions! Why was he so stupid?

He bit his lip, the pain acting as some kind of self-punishment. He was getting sick of himself. He didn’t like being like this, his hyungs were always on edge with him. Jungkook didn’t want to be reminded of the countless times he had been scolded and shouted at in the past two days alone.

He was so fucking pathetic, he couldn’t even control his own emotions. He threw his hands up and dug his palms into his eyes to stop the hot tears that were welling up. He wished there was a cure or something. Why were his hyungs always so pulled together, while Jungkook was there acting like a baby, throwing temper tantrums and crying every time he got scolded? Stupid! Stupid! Stupid–

“Jungkook, I’m coming in,” Jungkook heard Yoongi’s voice muffled through the door. Immediately, he dropped his hands to the bedsheets, blinking his tears away and then pushing himself up against the headboard, wanting to look at least presentable, and not like he was on the verge of a breakdown.

The door opened slowly, and Jungkook bit his lip in anticipation and nervousness about what his hyung wanted. Yoongi appeared and shut the door, giving Jungkook a small smile as he walked up and sat down beside him.

Yoongi wrapped his arms around Jungkook, and even though Yoongi was very much smaller than Jungkook, he felt smaller in his hyungs arms, and Yoongi was always big spoon. Jungkook leaned into Yoongi, letting out a big, shaky sigh and turning around so he could bury his face in Yoongi’s
They stayed like this for awhile, both lying in silence, just appreciating each other’s company.

“I love you,” Jungkook whispered, daring to bring his head up to meet Yoongi’s eyes as he said it.

Yoongi captured his lips in a slow kiss, and Jungkook couldn’t help but melt into it. After a while, he pulled back, breathing hot air onto Jungkook’s lips. “I love you, too.”

“What’s wrong with you at the minute, Kook?” Yoongi asked, no hint of anger in his voice, but Jungkook still shrank under it, knowing there must be some hidden fury to it.

“One minute you’re smiles and rainbows, the next you’re sobbing a waterfall, and then you’re shouting at all of us,” Yoongi carried on, looking at him not with the anger that Jungkook expected, but with concern.

“It’s so fucking confusing,” Yoongi chuckled, bringing his hand up to draw soothing circles on Jungkook’s shoulder.

Jungkook felt his limbs turn to jelly in Yoongi’s arms. Tears pricked at his eyes, and he didn’t how he would answer Yoongi, if didn’t know himself.

“Daddy,” Jungkook whimpered out, returning to burying his head in Yoongi’s shoulder, feeling pitiful.

Yoongi clicked his tongue, bringing his other hand up to Jungkook’s hair, running through it. “Why did you slip, baby?”

Jungkook bit his lip and sniffled, trying everything to stop any more tears from falling.

“Gukkie so angry,” he choked out quietly.

“Angry at me and your hyungs?” Yoongi asked tenderly, shushing Jungkook’s little whines. He felt Jungkook shake his head strongly and Yoongi’s eyebrows furrowed with confusion.

“Who are you angry at, baby?” Yoongi asked, his heart breaking a bit at the sight of the crying Little in his arms.

“Gukkie,” Jungkook said, anger apparent in his voice. He averted his eyes away from Yoongi, too ashamed to see his reaction,

“You’re mad at yourself, baby?” Yoongi asked once again, making sure he understood what the Little was feeling. “Why are you mad, baby boy?”

Jungkook sniffed, pulling away from Yoongi’s shoulder and looking into his warm brown eyes.

“Cause Gukkie stupid, and he don’t know why he so angry and sad and happy,” he stuttered out.

“Gukkie don’t like emotion.”

Yoongi chuckled, kissing Jungkook at his cuteness. “It’s okay, baby, it’s just your hormones acting up,” Yoongi said, smiling at him fully.

“Stupid hormones,” Jungkook muttered, pouting now. He moved his arms to come across his chest in a huff.

Yoongi laughed, bringing his hands up to unfold Jungkook’s arms as he said sweetly, “Yes, baby,
stupid hormones.”

“How Gukkie stop it, Daddy?” Jungkook asked, tilting his head and looking at Yoongi with wide eyes, full of curiosity.

“That’s a hard one, baby. Everyone gets emotional, it's natural,” Yoongi said, chuckling once again when he saw Jungkook gasp with shock at how he wasn’t the only one who had hormones. “Every time you get angry, count down from ten. Can you do that, baby?”

Jungkook hummed, nodding his head. Jungkook was determined that he was big enough to count down to ten. He wasn’t a big baby that couldn’t even count.

“And then when you feel like crying, come to me, and I’ll hug you tightly until the tears stop falling. Okay, baby boy?” Yoongi said soothingly, and he brought his hand up again to feather through Jungkook’s hair.

Jungkook nodded, leaning into the touch, now smiling at Yoongi happily. Then all of sudden, he gasped. Yoongi looked at him with confusion at his outburst.

“Gukkie mean to hyungs and Appa, gotta say sorry.” Jungkook scrambled up, Yoongi groaning as he did, and he skipped out of his room, not even waiting for Yoongi. He skipped straight to the living room, where he saw the rest of his hyungs scattered on the couch.

“Jungkook, what are you doing out of your room?” Namjoon looked over at him, raising his eyebrows, anger still traceable his features. The rest of his hyungs snapped their heads to look at him, and Jungkook shrank under their gazes.

He had forgotten that he was supposed to be confined to the walls of his bedroom before dinner because he was mean to his hyungs and shouted at them. Jungkook shrank under Namjoon’s gaze, looking sadly down at his feet.

“Wait, before you scold him, Gukkie has something to say, don’t you, baby?” Yoongi said to his hyungs, Namjoon in particular, as he placed a hand on Jungkook’s shoulder, reassuring him.

Jungkook turned around, giving Yoongi a grateful look, nodding.

“Gukkie sorry, he was angry ‘cause of hormones,” Jungkook recited, looking at Namjoon and thinking back to Yoongi’s words. Jungkook watched as Namjoon’s expression of annoyance transformed into a smile.

Namjoon opened his arms wide, leaving a space on his lap for Jungkook to sit. Jungkook gasped happily, jumping into Namjoon’s arms, giggling. Namjoon grunted quietly at the weight on top of him. Jungkook felt like he was about to crush Namjoon’s thighs, but Namjoon just focused on how happy the Little looked instead of the pain.

“We forgive you, little one,” Namjoon said as he placed his head on Jungkook’s shoulder, back hugging the Little. Namjoon craned his neck around to see the smile grow on the Little’s face as his eyes lit up.

“Don’t worry, sweetheart. Everyone’s moody from time to time,” Hoseok said, shuffling closer, placing a hand on Jungkook’s thigh and smiling widely at him.

“Yeah, Taehyung is moody all the time,” Jimin joked, turning around to join the conversation about switching the TV channel to the children’s channel.
Everyone chuckled, well, except Taehyung, who spluttered out a, “What, no I’m not!” He crossed his arms over his chest, pouting.

“We all know that’s a lie,” Seokjin laughed, not actually joking.

“Jin-hyung!” Taehyung whined out, causing everyone to laugh even harder.

Once it quieted down, Jungkook peered around at Namjoon, looking a bit nervous. He bit his lip as he muttered, “Gukkie have to go back to bed.”

“Hmm,” Namjoon said, smirking, but Jungkook couldn’t see him. “Maybe just this once, you don’t have to. Okay, little one?”

Jungkook squealed with delight, turning around to hug Namjoon tightly. “Thank you, Appa!”

Jungkook jumped off of Namjoon’s lap and leapt towards the doorway, much to the confusion of all his hyungs.

“Where are you going, pumpkin?” Taehyung called after him.

Jungkook turned around with a great big smile. “Getting Gloss, Papa,” he said, before disappearing, giggling as he ran to his room.

Seokjin turned to face the rest of the members, who all, including himself, had a stupid smile on their face. “Do you think we’re too soft on him?” he asked.

Everyone tore their eyes away from the disappearing Jungkook and to Seokjin.

“Maybe,” Jimin said, smiling dopily.

“But he’s so cute, he just gets away with it,” Yoongi finished, smiling brightly as the Little came running in, falling into his hyung’s arms, giggling.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys for reading,
I can’t believe all the support I get for this fic, you guys are amazing.
I love to read your comments, even if I’m a little awkward at responding :D
“Jungkook-ah, can you go get me a drink, please?”

Jungkook pried his eyes away from the film playing on the TV and looked at Yoongi with annoyance on his face.

“Hyung, you can do it yourself. I'm watching the film,” Jungkook whined gently, tapping Yoongi's leg to get him to move.

Yoongi sighed and looked at him, unwinding his arm from around Jungkook. Yoongi repositioned himself, resting on his arm, sitting up. Jungkook pouted at the loss of Yoongi cuddling him, glancing sadly down at Yoongi's arms.

“But, Jungkook-ah, I've been in the studio all day. All you've been doing is playing Overwatch.”

Jungkook knew he was right. The members had finally gotten a day off, and most of them were too stressed to relax. Well, mostly they just carried on working, so it wasn't really a day off, and all he had done was play Overwatch in his room. But it wasn't Jungkook's fault that his hyungs decided to torture themselves like that.

If Jungkook was honest with himself, he was going to go into little space today to relieve all the stress of their busy week. He had missed out on little space the previous Saturday, due to them being in an interview. He had pouted all day that day, his hyungs shooting him sympathetic looks.

All his hyungs, however, seemed to have other ideas, and instead of staying at home like Jungkook had wished they had done, they decided to go out either to dance practice, to the studio, or to hang out with their friends. Jungkook had stayed home alone, knowing he couldn't go into little space because of all his hyungs being gone. He just sulked and hid in the darkness of his room.

When all his hyungs came back home from their days of activities, Jungkook was overjoyed. His Little side was especially ecstatic, his body and mind itching to go into little space. But as soon as he saw his hyungs, he immediately erased the idea– they looked so tired. Bags darkening their eyes, sickly pale tinted skin, their groans of exhaustion echoing through the house. At least Yoongi had come home this time. Hense why Jungkook and the other members were now sat on the couch.
watching whatever film they were, moaning about how tired they were.

“But, hyung, I'm not your maid,” Jungkook whined like a little kid, wanting to stomp his feet. But instead, he crossed his arms and huffed, ignoring Yoongi by turning his face back around to the TV.

“I'd bet you'd look really good dressed up as one,” he heard Yoongi say quite loudly next to his ear, nibbling at the lobe. It made Jungkook simultaneously shiver and elbow him.

Yoongi groaned in pain, clutching his injured ribs as Jungkook looked at him, eyes wide in disbelief, his face burning. Yoongi was smirking as he turned, glancing between Jungkook's eyes and his lips. The gaze Yoongi was giving him made him feel hot.

Just as Jungkook was about to give a comeback like he was so famous for, he heard Taehyung say, “Eww, gross. I don’t need to know about your sex life.”

They both darted their heads towards Taehyung, who had disgust written on his face. It was then that Jungkook realized that all his hyungs were staring at the couple. He didn’t think it was possible to blush more than he already was, but somehow he did.

“Jungkook would look good as a maid, though,” Taehyung wiggled his eyebrows towards the pair. Obviously he was just joking, but Jungkook hated him all the same. All his hyungs laughed at Jungkook's uncomfortable situation. Jungkook just wanted to earth to swallow him whole.

“Ah, is that why you want me to call you princess, Kook-ah? Because you like wearing frilly dresses?” Jimin said, giggling at him. He scrunched his nose up cutely as he teased the maknae.

Jungkook shot up, to the surprise of all his hyungs. He felt Yoongi grasp his hand before he could turn to leave.

“Where are you going?” he asked, eyebrow raised, finally sat upright.

Jungkook glanced at him, raising his eyebrow. Annoyance was burning in his eyes and a smirk played on his lips.

“I making you a drink, like you wanted. Water will do, won't it?” Jungkook replied, a bit of anger and sass in his voice.

Jungkook could tell that Yoongi wanted to apologize, but Jungkook just walked off to the kitchen, as to avoid anymore teasing from his members. He like teasing the members, but he didn't like being teased.

All of his hyungs laughed or made some kind of noise as their eyes followed Jungkook to the door. Jungkook rolled his eyes and went to the kitchen. He went straight to the cupboard that held all the cups and mugs. Jungkook opened it and scanned for what he was looking for, but sadly it wasn’t there.

You see, Yoongi was obsessed with Kumamon, and had a Kumamon glass which he loved. Jungkook just loved to see Yoongi’s eyes light up and his gummy smile when he had it, and it seemed his hyung needed some of that after his tiring day.

So Jungkook went to the other cupboard with all the plates and bowls, and sure enough, there was the glass, standing in its full glory. He grabbed the cup out, a little excited to see Yoongi’s expression. He then went to fill it up with water as he walked, clutching it. But then his feet stopped. What was that doing out? Jungkook gasped a little at the sight of his sippy cup on the side of the kitchen counter.
Jungkook almost whined at the thought of warm milk or some juice in the sippy cup, humming along, cuddling his hyungs. SMASH! Jungkook was quickly snapped out of his daze by the loud noise. He looked down and gasped. Uh-oh. Jungkook had broken the glass—Yoongi’s favorite glass. To make matters worse, he had slipped into little space.

Jungkook felt tears gather in his eyes. Yoongi was going to punish him. What if he hurt him?

Jungkook had broken his Daddy’s favorite glass, and now he was never going to be forgiven. Once Yoongi found out, he wouldn’t love him anymore. Jungkook’s heart hurt at the thought.

He didn’t know what to do. Then it clicked, and he suddenly had a great idea in his head—he would clean it up and Yoongi would never notice. When Jungkook was Big again, he could go to the store and buy the exact same one, and his Daddy wouldn’t notice, which meant he would still love him. Jungkook instantly felt better, and crouched down near the shards of glass.

He immediately started gathering the glass with his hands, since he couldn’t find a pan to put it in. Jungkook picked up piece after piece, starting with the biggest ones. He felt better for doing it. However, every time Jungkook picked up a piece of glass, it hurt his hands, like a pin prick—a very sore pin prick. The pain made Jungkook want to cry, but he also knew he couldn’t just stop, otherwise Yoongi would find out.

“Kookie?” he heard Jimin say from behind him. Jungkook usually would love the sound of Jimin’s voice, but not now. Just the sound of it made Jungkook spin around and his tears start to spill over.

“Jungkook! What are you doing? Why are you bleeding?”

Jungkook looked down at his hands, and indeed they were smothered and dripping with blood. He gasped and instantly felt scared.

“Oppa, please, Gukkie’s bleeding, he hurts,” Jungkook barely managed to get the words out before breaking down into sobs. He saw Jimin panic as he started to call out quickly to everyone else. Jungkook cried harder in the realisation that Yoongi would find the broken mug.

“Ok, princess. Quick, let’s get you cleaned up.”

He could see fear and the tears gathering in Jimin’s eyes, which did not help Jungkook at all. Jimin outstretched his hand towards Jungkook, visibly shaking. Jungkook tried to step towards Jimin, but noticed the glass on the floor, making him cry even more, if that was possible.

“Oppa, I can’t get over, there too much—” he said hysterically, tears streaming down his face.

“Okay, princess, I’ll come to you, okay?” Jimin’s voice cracked when he was talking and tears started to spill over.

In one swift movement, Jimin stepped towards Jungkook and swept him up in his arms. He moved quickly toward the kitchen sink and propped Jungkook on the countertop. Jimin’s hands shook as he reached out to examine Jungkook’s bleeding hands, but was stopped by the hysterical cries of Seokjin.

“Sweetie, what did you do?!” Seokjin looked horrified at Little Jungkook’s hands littered with cuts. He instantly went into mommy mode.

Yoongi was instantly beside him trying to help him, but Jungkook couldn’t help it, he felt too guilty. The realization that he had just broken Yoongi’s glass, and maybe he wouldn’t like him anymore; he didn’t want that, he didn’t want his daddy to know, so he squeezed out a, “Go away, Daddy.” He didn’t dare to look at Yoongi’s hurt expression, his heart already hurt when he heard his footsteps go
away and were replaced by Seokjin’s.

Jungkook barely paid any attention to Seokjin ordering Namjoon to get a first aid kit or for Jimin to go to Yoongi, who was waiting to comfort him. He was too distraught by the blood gushing from his palms.

“Oh, sweetie,” Seokjin gasped, gently placing Jungkook’s hands in his as he looked at the damage.

“Eomma,” Jungkook whimpered out. “Hurts.” He looked up to Seokjin’s eyes, which managed to calm him. They weren’t filled with fear like Jimin’s, but full of reassurance. But he still wanted to ask the question.

“Will Gukkie die?”

Hoseok came to sit by him with a breathy laugh. “No, sweetheart, you won't die. Dada promises.”

Jungkook sobbed out in relief, leaning his head on Hoseok.

“You really promise?” he looked up at Hoseok through wide eyes full of hope. Jungkook didn’t want to die, but he was losing so much blood, he must have been dying.

“Gukkie, do you remember when I cut my hand because of the knife and it bled for ages?”

Taehyung came in front of Jungkook, wearing slippers in case there was any stray glass.

Jungkook nodded, chewing his lip. He did remember, he was sadder than Taehyung. He had hated his Taetae getting hurt, and all that blood. They even had to go the hospital to get it stitched.

“Well, Taetae didn’t die because Taetae did everything he was told so he could get better. So Gukkie won't die, okay?” Taehyung raised his eyebrow at Jungkook.

He sighed and said, “Yes, Taetae, Gukkie won't die.” Jungkook nodded and came out from hiding in Hoseok’s chest, but Hoseok’s hand still circled his lower back.

He glanced over to see Yoongi comforting Jimin, whispering words into his ears whilst they hugged. Jimin’s eyes were filled with tears. Jungkook knew Jimin didn’t like blood or people getting hurt, but that didn’t mean he could take his Daddy. Jungkook’s bottom lip jutted out at the sight, but then he glanced down to the floor and the smashed mug, and suddenly got really frightened. Yoongi wasn’t going to love him anymore. That was his favorite mug. Yoongi was probably going to love Jimin instead. Jungkook didn’t--

“I've got it,” his head snapped over to Namjoon just as the first aid box came flying open and scattered on the floor. Everyone groaned.

“For god’s sake, Namjoon, it's no wonder we call you ‘god of destruction,’” Seokjin said, bringing Jungkook’s hand under some cold water. Namjoon instantly dropped to the ground and frantically attempted to pick up the fallen medical supplies.

Jungkook started belly laughing till it hurt. He was so distracted by his funny Appa, he barely felt the pain of his hands. “You're so silly, Appa.”

Namjoon looked at him with a goofy smile as he picked up the last of the medical supplies. Namjoon then passed Seokjin the bandages as they bandaged his hands.

Jungkook whimpered at the pain of the wrapped bandages, but Hoseok hugged him and placed a kiss on his head. And when they were done, his Eomma and Appa kissed each hand, and Jungkook
felt happier and warmer. At least now he knew he was not going to die.

Jungkook looked up to Namjoon and reached out to him, saying, “Upsies, Appa,” and suddenly he was being lifted from the counter and into Namjoon’s arms.

Jungkook clung to Namjoon, legs linked together as he moved towards the living room. As they went, he heard Namjoon’s voice whisper against his ear. “Gukkie, did you become Little as you moved the glass, and that’s why it fell?”

Jungkook gasped. He knew his Appa was smart, but he didn’t realize he was that smart.

“Yes, Appa, Gukkie didn’t mean to. He was Big, Gukkie swears it, and then he saw his sippy cup, and Daddy’s mug fell and went oopsies all over the floor, and Gukkie tried to pick it up, and then he cut his hands and got ouchies,” he said in one big breath.

Namjoon struggled to understand him at first, but he got the jist of the story. Namjoon set Jungkook down and was about to reach to get a pacifier, but Jungkook clung to him with a death grip.

“What’s wrong, little one?”

Jungkook’s bottom lip jutted out, but he still shook his head and said, “Gukkie only wants Appa.”

He heard Namjoon coo and sit next to him, and he allowed Jungkook to snuggle into him. “What’s wrong, little one?” Namjoon began to stroke his hair soothingly.

Jungkook sighed, staring straight ahead as he asked, “Are you all mad at Gukkie?”

Namjoon gasped and said, “No, little one, we’re not mad. I break glasses all the time, do I not?”

Jungkook giggled and nodded into Namjoon’s chest.

“But what about Daddy? Gukkie broke his favoritest mug in the whole wide world, and then Gukkie told him to go away ‘coz Gukkie felt guilty, and now Daddy won’t love Gukkie, and—” he stumbled out, but was stopped by a voice and froze. Yoongi.

“Oh, baby boy, is that what you think?”

Jungkook didn’t dare meet Yoongi’s eyes, just nodded his head slightly.

“I’d rather have you than my mug any day.”

Jungkook gasped, eyes wide when he looked at Yoongi.

“I love you, Gukkie, and I would never want to see you get hurt. Daddy will always love you, no matter what.”

“No matter what?” Jungkook asked, and Yoongi came to sit beside him and Namjoon.

“I’ll love you forever and ever, and so will all of your other caregivers.”

Jungkook looked from Yoongi up to Namjoon, who was staring at him with a big smile on his face, nodding in agreement.

“I love you all, too.”

They both cooed to the sight of him and Yoongi’s hand rested on Jungkook’s thigh. He felt at peace.
He felt loved once again.

“Gukkie, guess what I’ve got?” Hoseok sang as he skipped into the living room. Jungkook rose curiously, wanting to see what was behind the other’s back. He tilted his head to the side cutely, and squealed when Hoseok brought his hands out from behind his back. In his hands, he was holding a sparkly pacifier, Gloss, and Flopsy. Jungkook reached out for them and hugged them as Hoseok placed the pacifier in the Little’s mouth.

He thanked Hoseok from behind his pacifier, who returned him with a big smile. He felt a warmth spread through him, and Jungkook felt so happy and glad to be Little, he forgot how sad he felt about the smashed Kumamon mug and the pain in his hands.

Chapter End Notes

Nothing to do with the story, but a word of advice, never leave a charger out on the floor. I did and stepped on it, and I’m not even joking, it looks like I have a hole in my foot, it’s worse than lego.

Thank you for reading. Feel free to leave any comments, scenarios or requests. I’d love to see what you think and what you want next.
A Little Overprotective

Chapter Summary

Request by wanie87: Everybody loves to cuddle the little maknae so much, including the members from other bands. But possessive, overprotective Taehyung tries to protect Guk.

Chapter Notes

I am so sorry for the late update, I hate when authors do that to me, but typing on my phone is really hard. I feel like I've written loads and then when I actually look, I've barely written a sentence. I hope this is good, any errors will be corrected by my great beta, pixiewombat.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The idol star athletic championships, or more commonly know as ISAC, was a game show of sorts, with kpop idols going head to head in Olympic sports.

For Jungkook, it combined everything he loved. Competitive sports, medals, praise, and meeting new people.

Even though Jungkook was never really a sociable person, as he had gotten older, he had realised how much he had come out of his shell. Especially since they had done the '97 line performance, the group chat which derived from it had really helped, and now he was happy to say that he had found a friend in each and every one of the idols involved. So, all in all, Jungkook loved ISAC.

Taehyung, on the other hand, despised it. Not because he didn’t like sports or being competitive, no, he loved that bit, but he didn’t like the way that other groups would practically swarm around his maknae, coo over him and adore him.

He wasn’t jealous of the attention Jungkook received, he was just jealous of the attention they received from Jungkook.

It was bad enough that Taehyung had to fight the other members of BTS for Jungkook, especially when he was Little. Taehyung would describe himself as a koala, clingy, cute, and loveable. And all he ever needed was Jungkook nearby or cuddling him.

That’s why, whenever they came to the ISAC games, Taehyung would watch with a pout and go sulk, as Jungkook’s smile shone brightly as he talked to all the other idols that he knew.

“You're doing it again,” Jimin sang out into Taehyung’s ear, watching with a smirk as Taehyung looked away, pouting at Jungkook, who immediately after catching a member of Seventeen’s eyes, ran right towards the enemy. The8, or as known to Jungkook, Minghao.

“What?” Taehyung broke his glare to turn and look at Jimin, crumpling his eyebrows together, trying
to show an innocence that Jimin could read through. “I’m not doing anything,” Taehyung enforced, looking at Jimin with wide eyes, like some halo shone above his head.

“Don’t play all innocent, Kim Taehyung. I know every time we come here, you go and sulk because precious Jungkookie’s not giving you enough attention,” Jimin chuckled, shaking his head as Taehyung spluttered.

“No, I’m–” Suddenly, Taehyung’s eyes widened as he saw Vernon come closer to Jungkook, slinging an arm over the maknae. Taehyung almost growled, wanting nothing more than to swipe Jungkook away and cuddle him forever.

“Jiminie~” Taehyung whined, tearing his eyes away from the Seventeen members stealing Jungkook. “I wanna cuddle Jungkookie,” Taehyung said through pouted lips.

Jimin just chuckled, ruffling Taehyung’s hair, who in response sighed as he plopped himself down next to the other band members.

“Is he doing it again?” Namjoon chuckled with a knowing look, eying the second youngest sinking into self pity with his arms folded. Jimin looked away from Taehyung to meet Namjoon's eyes with a smile.

“Yeah, he’s being needy,” Jimin laughed, sitting himself between the two.

“No, I just want Jungkookie,” Taehyung muttered, still pouting, giving a longing gaze to the laughing maknae.

“That’s it,” Taehyung said firmly, rising to his feet, hands clenched into fists. “I can’t take it anymore, I’m going to get my maknae,” he finished with a dramatic flare as he strode up to Seventeen and Jungkook.

The rest of the members didn’t even protest, just sighing and watching lazily as Taehyung left.

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“Jungkookie, can I talk to you?” Taehyung sang as he joined the huddle of idols, bowing to each member and greeting them warmly.

Taehyung did actually like Seventeen’s members, but what he didn’t like was people stealing his Jungkookie away.

Jungkook glanced upward from laughing with the Seventeen members, all sat in a cluster around him. Jungkook raised an eyebrow, silently questioning Taehyung’s actions.

But Jungkook still nodded, excusing himself from the members as Taehyung literally dragged him away until they were definitely out of hearing range.

“What is it, hyung?” Jungkook asked, tilting his head, totally oblivious to Taehyung’s hours of pining after him.

“I miss you,” Taehyung whined quietly, giving Jungkook his best puppy dog eyes.

“But why, hyung? I am literally talking to you right now and I live with you, how could you miss me?” Jungkook asked with slight annoyance in his voice, due to the fact that he was pulled away from Seventeen’s members and their jokes. All because Taehyung felt lonely, even though he had every other member and a room full of other idols to talk to.
Taehyung looked up at him with watery eyes. “But now you don’t pay attention to me,” he sniffled.

Jungkook couldn’t work out if Taehyung was being serious or just messing with him. Damn him for being such a good actor. But no matter what the truth was, Jungkook couldn’t resist Taehyung’s glassy, wide eyes and pouty lips. Jungkook sighed heavily, running a hand through his hair.

“I’m not leaving Seventeen,” Jungkook said with finality, causing Taehyung to huff sadly. “But you can come with me, if you want,” Jungkook bargained.

Taehyung’s expression immediately transformed from sullen and pitiful to one of pure joy, and that’s when Jungkook realised that Taehyung had indeed been playing him the whole time.

“Yay!” Taehyung celebrated as he jumped at Jungkook, clambering his arms and legs around him.

The crowd around them must have seen, as squealing and applause rang throughout the arena. Jungkook huffed at the surprising weight, but still laughed, wrapping his arms around Taehyung’s legs for support.

Taehyung giggled gleefully, finding a comfortable spot on Jungkook’s back.

“Seriously, I don’t know who’s the youngest,” Jungkook muttered, shaking his head.

“I think we all know who is the youngest,” Taehyung sang into Jungkook’s ear.

For some reason, that struck him as odd. Jungkook didn’t know if Taehyung meant that we know he was the youngest because he legitimately was, or if it was because Jungkook was a Little and was definitely a lot younger than Taehyung when he was in his headspace, and certainly acted it, too.

Jungkook shook it off, before returning to Seventeen with a smile on his face, secretly loving that Taehyung wanted his attention.

They walked, Jungkook carrying Taehyung in a piggyback, for the short distance to get to Seventeen, who were still splayed on the ground.

“Can Taehyung join us?” Jungkook asked shyly, but still with a great big smile on his face.

“Sure, the more the merrier,” S.Coups, the leader, replied, smiling brightly up at the both of them, gesturing to the empty space between The8 and Vernon.

Jungkook stood waiting for Taehyung to slide off his back and sit down, so Jungkook could do the same beside him, but it never happened. Taehyung remained clinging onto Jungkook, and when Jungkook removed his supporting arms, Taehyung just tightened his grip.

Jungkook turned his head the best he could to look at Taehyung and shoot him a look of confusion, but Taehyung didn’t meet his eyes. He had a very small smirk on his lips and refused to make any eye contact with Jungkook.

In return, Jungkook just sighed, shaking his head slightly as he lowered himself and Taehyung, still clinging onto him with a death grip, to the ground.

Taehyung fit right in. It was no surprise to anyone really, everyone knew that he was a bubbly, outgoing man, he could literally make friends in the bathroom.

Jungkook, in fact, felt more comfortable now that Taehyung was cuddling with him, and even though he wouldn’t admit it, Jungkook loved the way Taehyung held him close in a back hug.
Jungkook always did feel more comfortable with his hyungs.

“Are you excited for the running, Jungkook?” The8 turned to him and asked with a bright smile on his face.

Jungkook glanced around, nodding. “Yeah, I just hope I’m faster than everyone.” Everyone smiled at him, listening in on the conversation.

“I’m sure you’ll do amazing, Jungkook,” Dino offered, smiling cutely at him. Jungkook blushed, nodding, his hands finding Taehyung’s arms and resting there to help him feel less shy.

He could hear the quiet coos from Seventeen, and Jungkook couldn’t help but feel very shy and anxious. In the crowd of people, even though he wasn’t the smallest or the youngest, he sure felt like it.

“Your maknae’s really one of the fastest people I’ve seen, Taehyung,” S.Coups said, amazed, to Taehyung, meeting his eyes before smiling down at the shy maknae.

“Ah, I know,” Taehyung gave him a happy squeeze, but Jungkook still didn’t raise his head. “Our baby is very fast,” Taehyung said, teasing Jungkook. He chuckled, and Jungkook could feel the vibrations from behind him. He could also hear the laughs from around the group, but Jungkook didn’t really focus on any of that.

He knew Taehyung calling him baby was supposed to just be a joke, and usually Jungkook would push him, whining at Taehyung, but still laughing. However, this time Taehyung’s words made him slip into little space.

He was left breathing rapidly, suddenly very scared and aware of the members of Seventeen around him, and how they weren’t his hyungs.

Jungkook kept his head down, bringing his hand to Taehyung’s thumb and fiddling with it, smiling slightly. He waited and listened to the way the conversation changed to something not about him. So he craned his head around, not able to move very much because of Taehyung’s firm group.

Usually, Little Jungkook would love being cuddled and doted on by Taehyung, but now all he wanted to do was break free and run away from everyone.

When he was sure no one was listening, he brought his lips up to Taehyung’s ear as best he could, and whispered, “Peaches.”

Taehyung’s eyes widened, looking at the youngest with alarm in his eyes. Jungkook quickly turned around, nodding at the conversation that he had no idea what it was about. Jungkook could feel Taehyung’s grip get a bit tighter, and he felt Taehyung breathe against his neck.

“Do you want to go, Jungkook?” he whispered. Jungkook nodded smally, a little sad that Taehyung wasn’t calling him pumpkin or anything cute, but he knew it was so no one got suspicious, especially The8, who was literally centimetres away from them.

Taehyung gave him a squeeze of understanding as he cleared his throat and checked his phone, which Jungkook knew had nothing but twitter notifications. He then put it away, announcing, “I just got a text from Jin-hyung, me and Kookie have to go.”

The Seventeen members let out small whines about not wanting them to go, and Jungkook and Taehyung both gave them a polite smile.
“Goodbye, you two, you have to listen to your elders,” Jeonghan, the second eldest, said.

“Thank you,” Taehyung bowed his head, patting Jungkook’s stomach as they rose together.

“Say bye-bye, Guk,” Taehyung whispered behind his smile.

Jungkook snapped into action, waving at everyone. “Bye-bye,” Jungkook bowed his head, accompanied by Taehyung's own goodbye. Seventeen all waved goodbye, bowing back, before returning back to their earlier conversation.

“Let’s meet up soon, Guk,” The8 said, smiling up at Jungkook.

Jungkook smiled back widely. “Y-yeah, o-o-kay,” he said quickly, hoping no one caught the stutter or higher pitches in his tone.

As soon as The8 left him for Seventeen, Jungkook sighed loudly.

“You're okay, pumpkin, let's go back to your hyungs,” Taehyung mumbled, still aware of the others around them.

Jungkook nodded, grabbing Taehyung’s arm in vice grip. Taehyung smiled sadly down at the Little, who was looking around with big, frantic eyes, watching the other idols fearfully. Taehyung purposely picked up his pace to get their members quickly.

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Luckily, the members weren’t too far away, and were still sat in almost the same position as before, minus a few members, including Seokjin and Namjoon, who were dancing and entertaining the fans.

Jungkook giggled at the funny things Seokjin and Namjoon were doing, his grip becoming looser as he dropped his hands to Taehyung’s hand, who intertwined their fingers, giving the Little’s hand a comforting squeeze.

“Guess who’s here to see us,” Taehyung sang quietly to Jimin, who looked up at the two, confused. It was only when he saw Jungkook staring down at his feet and clutching at Taehyung's hand that he realised Jungkook must have been in little space.

“Hello, princess,” Jimin smiled at him when Taehyung lowered them down so they were still sitting in a back hug.

“Hello, Oppa,” Jungkook whispered, glancing up at Jimin with a small wave.

Jimin chuckled, shuffling up to them and placing a hand on Jungkook's thigh.

“Where Daddy and Dada?” Jungkook asked, turning his head in search for them, before tilting his head to the side, looking to Jimin and seeking an answer.

“Ah, Daddy went to play basketball, and Dada went to support him,” Jimin sighed, offering Jungkook a small, sad smile.

“Oh,” Jungkook said, his shoulders falling, feeling sad at the absence of Yoongi and Hoseok.

“Don’t get upset, pumpkin,” Taehyung said, tutting sadly.

Jungkook hadn’t even realised he had tears gathering in his eyes, his bottom lip wobbling. He sniffled, trying to suck all the tears back.
“Do you want to play a game, princess?” Jimin asked sweetly, rubbing Jungkook’s leg comfortably. Jungkook nodded, happier to be playing a game. And so they played a hand game from their childhood, which Jungkook couldn’t stop giggling at. Taehyung and Jimin let the Little win every time, not caring about it when they saw the Little’s overjoyed face.

Sometime during their game, Namjoon and Seokjin both came and sat near them, almost immediately realising that Jungkook was in little space.

“Little one, do you still want to run in the games?” Namjoon asked sweetly, when the maknae line had just about gotten bored of their game.

Jungkook didn’t even hesitate, nodding quickly. Even if he was Little, he was still the competitive Jungkook who wanted to win at everything.

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Maybe it was because he was Little, maybe it was because he was tired, or maybe it was because the other was faster, but Jungkook didn’t win. He came second, which to many would be a kind of win, but to Jungkook, who won almost everything he tried at, it was a complete and utter failure.

He could feel tears stinging at his eyes as soon as they called he was in second, but he couldn’t let them fall until the camera had stopped filming him, and he ran away, trying to dodge his way through all the people who wanted to congratulate him, but he just couldn’t.

The crowds was so busy, there was barely any space between each person, and the ones who were close to him immediately tried to hug or put an arm around him when they saw the tears that betrayed him and fell down his cheek.

But he didn’t want any of them. He didn’t want their comfort. He pushed past them, feeling even worse, as he knew that the fans could probably see, and that’s the only reason why he didn’t break down into sobs right then and there.

It was no longer just about losing the game, even though that made him sad. The attention of all the other idols and members of staff made him feel so little and sad and frightened.

All of a sudden, he crashed into a body with great force, and he tried to pull away, but felt two arms keep him securely in an embrace.

Jungkook didn’t panic as he realised that it was Taehyung hugging him. Jungkook wrapped his hands around Taehyung's back, burying his face into his shoulder to hide from anyone else seeing.

Taehyung led Jungkook away from the crowds, still hugging him tightly. Jungkook didn’t lift his head up once, just allowing Taehyung to walk him.

“Are you sad that you didn’t win, pumpkin?” Taehyung muttered, bringing them both to sit down, Jungkook's grip not faltering once.

Jungkook sniffled, nodding into Taehyung’s shoulder. Taehyung tutted with sadness, running his hand through the Little’s hair.

“But, pumpkin, you came second,” Taehyung tried, knowing how much both Big and Little Jungkook were competitive, and even though he was seconds away from winning, he didn’t care.

“Didn’t win, though, Papa,” Jungkook sniffled out, coming out from hiding in Taehyung's shoulder
to look at him.

Taehyung gave him a big smile, bringing a hand up to wipe the stray tears away, his heart breaking at the sight of Jungkook's tear stained cheeks. “But you have won,” Taehyung whispered, putting his forehead against Jungkook's, the crowd squealing at his actions.

“You won my heart,” Taehyung finished dramatically, pulling away to shoot Jungkook two tiny hearts with his fingers and thumbs, flashing a dashing smile.

Jungkook giggled, placing a peck on Taehyung's cheek. Taehyung clutched his heart in response, which made Jungkook squeal with laughter.

Taehyung chuckled, giving him an Eskimo kiss for being so cute.

“Better?” Taehyung asked, brushing the hair away from Jungkook's face.

Jungkook shook his head, pouting, causing Taehyung to frown, tilting his head and questioning his sadness.

Jungkook shuffled about, curling up on Taehyung's lap. Because he was bigger than Taehyung, he could barely seem smaller.

Jungkook put his head to Taehyung's chest, like a baby would do to hear their mother’s heartbeat, and it had the same desired effect of calming him as he listened to it.

“All better now, Papa,” Jungkook mumbled, snuggling his face into Taehyung's chest.

Taehyung chuckled, kissing the Little’s hair, happy now that he knew the fans were more focused on Jimin and Seokjin playing than they were on him and Little Jungkook.

Taehyung watched as Jungkook's eyes became droopier and his mouth formed a pout. Taehyung realised he must be missing his pacifier. “It's okay, honey, you can suck your thumb if you want. I will shield you away from everyone.”

Jungkook didn’t need to be told twice, nor did he hesitate before his thumb was set firmly between his lips as he sucked, sighing contently. Taehyung brought his arms around Jungkook, whose head was now bowed, so Taehyung can wrap his arms in such a way that no one could see Jungkook's face. It was a little uncomfortable, but Taehyung was just glad that Jungkook was happy.

“Love Papa,” Jungkook said sloppily, his words muttered against his thumb.

Taehyung kissed his hair, and leaving his nose buried into the youngest’s locks. Taehyung finally felt content with the Little in his arms, snuggled closely. It was all he ever wanted and now that he had gotten it, there was no way he was ever letting Jungkook go.

Chapter End Notes

I just wanted to thank you guys for all the support, I never expected such great people who liked this story. Also, thanks for all the concern about my foot. Don't worry, it's healing well XD

Thank you for reading, feel free to leave any comments, scenarios, or requests. I'd love
to see what you think and what you want next.
A Little Thunderstorm

Chapter Summary

Request by Brikookie:
Little Jungkook in a thunderstorm with no hyungs.

Chapter Notes

Ah, finally got my new laptop, so I'm trying to write as much as I can, but BTS just decided to be dropping these photos every hour and I can't cope. Why do they do this to me? I'm not ready for all these theories!!! This story is kinda influenced by my nan who hides in cupboards at storms, you'll understand if you read.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn’t like Jungkook was scared of thunderstorms, because he definitely wasn’t. It was just that he didn’t like the sound of thunder crashing over a dark sky, not because it was scary, but because it was so rude and annoying. He didn’t like the bright flashes of lightening, because they would make him jump due to it being so unexpected. He also didn’t like the way the storm would engulf the sky into a big dark pit, but not because it was terrifying, he just couldn’t see anything he was doing without wasting electricity. Those were definitely the only reasons Jungkook wanted the storms to stop.

Okay, so maybe he was a little scared of storms. He always had been, ever since he was young; he used to hide in cupboards and under tables, just to escape from them. But Jungkook was older now, he no longer needed to hide from storms. All he had to do was put on a pair of headphones and be close to one of his hyungs, and he would be fine. He had learned to overcome his fear, or so he had thought.

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He had seriously begun to regret denying his fear of storms to everyone, even himself, because if he didn’t, the day could have gone so much better.

A storm was inevitable that day. All of BTS knew one was coming. The clouds were slowly brewing into angry black masses, and the humidity would choke you as soon as set one foot outside of the hotel.

But Jungkook was too big-headed and full of his own pride that he couldn’t bring himself to admit to anyone that he was terrified of storms, and even that was an understatement.

His whole pride issue was how he ended up alone, curled up on the couch while watching TV, his eyes trained on the storm clouds brewing in the air, the last peaks of light becoming engulfed by them.

‘God, I should’ve gone with the others to shop,’ he cursed himself.
He thought he’d be fine when the members asked him if he wanted to go out. The members would be back before he knew it, and they’d definitely be back before the storm started, so he could go through the same routine of headphones, music, and cuddles.

He was so wrong. It had been at least four hours, and they still hadn’t come back. Who took four hours to shop for food?

His eyes moved from the storm to the TV in hopes of distracting himself. The screen was filled with a weather report, and since they were in South America, Jungkook couldn’t understand the reporter, but he could catch a few words and that was enough. “Big storm,” and “dangerous,” and “warning” were enough to get his heart pounding just a little bit faster. And the last words he heard before she cut off made him feel as if he was in some kind of movie. “Stay inside and be safe,” echoed in his head.

Jungkook’s grip tightened around the armrest as the TV cut to another news story, but he couldn’t shake the feeling of dread in the pit of his stomach. He tried to talk himself out of grabbing his phone next to him and calling his hyungs because of a stupid, childish fear of thunderstorms.

Suddenly a bright flash invaded the room, making Jungkook jump. The shadows of all the objects in the living room distorted for a moment, leaving monstrous shadows splayed across the wall. His heart pounded loudly and rapidly, his breath coming out labored as the room fell back to its normal lighting.

Denying was all Jungkook could do, as alternate reasons other than the flash being caused by lightning flooded his brain, even though his subconscious knew there was no denying what caused it. Maybe it was a reporter or a saesang coming to creep on him, even there was no way they would even be able to know his location, or how to get through the key-locked gates and peer through the window. Jungkook didn’t know which one he would rather see, a rabid fan or a monster of a storm.

A low grumble erupted from outside, and even though Jungkook hoped it was just a dumpster being rolled by one of the staff, he knew that no one else was around this house, and felt his hands start to tremor.

He brought his shaking hands to the remote and turned up the volume on the TV, so sound filled the room. It was not quite the music and headphones he would usually opt for, but Jungkook didn’t know if he could get up without his legs giving way on him.

It was not long before lightning flashed again, this time longer. There was no denying that this was a storm, and Jungkook seemed to be right in the middle of it. The test he used to do when he was a child, where you counted the seconds between the lightning flash and thunder then divided by five, said that the storm was only about mile away, and by the sound of it, it was getting closer.

He clutched one hand to the edge of the armrest and the other held his phone to his chest, as he fought his thoughts. He couldn’t call his hyungs. He would be fine. If he did call them, he would seem like a big baby, and they were probably busy, anyway. What could they do about a storm? They certainly couldn’t make it stop.

It seemed like it would never stop. The lightning flashed strong, the darkness being lit for a second, before he was plunged into darkness, the only light the small overhead and the TV screen. The low grumble thankfully seemed to be drowned out by the loud TV.

Jungkook plucked up his courage in order to glance outside, and something caught his eye. He saw a tree looking very weak against the wind, and it didn’t just sway or wobble, no, it literally turned to one side and kept falling, until it crashed to the ground across from the window. He heard a big thud,
followed by a strange snapping kind of sound, which he didn’t really register until the house was plunged into darkness and silence. The tree must have fallen onto a power line and cut the power completely.

Jungkook shuffled away from the window, fearing that another tree would fall right on top of the house and crush him, and then further scared at the thought of the house getting struck by lightning.

He felt so vulnerable and small that he slipped into little space so quickly, he barely realized.

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He couldn’t do it anymore. He couldn’t bear it.

When the next round of lightning brightened the living room, Jungkook found himself running to his room, cradling his phone to his chest.

He admitted it, he was scared– no, petrified– of storms, and he wanted his hyungs so badly.

Jungkook slammed the door behind him, as if the storm could get him through the doorway. He ran straight past his bed, figuring that the safest place to hide from the storm was in his wardrobe, like he did as a child.

It was enclosed and wooden, so if the storm did hit it, it wouldn’t be attracted to the wood, and if the roof fell through, he would have some protection. Even if he was Little, Jungkook was still smart.

So that’s how he ended up huddled against himself and some clothes in the bottom of his wardrobe, and all because he never told his hyungs he was scared of storms.

Stupid! Stupid! Stupid! Jungkook felt tears fall from his eyes as his whole body shook with fear.

He was in little space, which definitely, at this moment of time, wasn’t helping him at all. If anything, it just made him more hysterical.

Jungkook knew the rules. If at any time he became Little, he had to inform his hyungs, otherwise he would get punished. He would rather be good and get a sticker on his good behavior chart than get into trouble because he was too stubborn. And so he pushed his pride to the side, knowing he would have to call them. He scrambled with his phone, sliding it open and searching for the first contact.

As soon as it rang, he put it on speaker so he could no longer hear the noise of the storm.

It was not long before a few empty rings were followed by Jimin’s voice filling the room as he called out for Jungkook, who seemed to be unable to form any words. He just sobbed even louder. “Peaches, peaches,” he softly whimpered out from his pouted lips.

“Kook? What– you say the signal?” Jimin tried.

Jungkook could hear the crackling of the phone and suddenly the image of the falling tree and the clouds above burned strong in his memory. The storm was affecting the phone signal.

“Peaches, please, I’m so scared,” he whispered, tensing as he heard another growl from the monster outside.
He heard Jimin gasp, and Jungkook hoped it meant he knew Jungkook was in little space.

“Prince–” Jimin’s voice cut off in robotic crackles, which consequently made Jungkook cry even harder.

“Princess, princess, can you hear me?” Jimin’s voice seemed clear as could be this time, and Jungkook hoped it stayed that way.

“Yes, Oppa,” he sniffled out, his sobs becoming silent tears as Jimin’s voice comforted him, a hint of Busan dialect in his words.

“Are you okay?” Jimin called out, his voice wavering in volume. Jungkook clutched the phone tighter, scared that he might lose Jimin again.

“Jimin, stop leaning out that window,” Jungkook heard Seokjin’s faint voice in the background reprimanding his Oppa.

“No, hyung, Jungkook is in little space,” Jimin shouted back, sounding quite agitated, probably glaring at Seokjin.

Jungkook, on the other hand, couldn’t help but giggle as he imagined his hyungs driving down the road in their big black van, with Jimin hanging out of the window to get a signal. Jungkook had such good hyungs and caregivers.

“Princess, are you okay?” Jimin asked again, returning to the matter at hand, whilst ignoring the discussions around the van. The rest of BTS’s muffled conversations could still be heard by Jungkook.

“No,” Jungkook choked out, shaking his head furiously, no matter that Jimin couldn’t see him. “Gukkie so scared, Oppa,” he broke down into pitiful sobs, screaming in shock when lightning entered the small slit between the two wardrobe doors.

“Princess, are you scared of the storm?” Jimin asked, anxious and very concerned after he heard the Little screaming.

“Y-yes, yes, Gukkie always been s-sc-scared of storm,” he admitted finally, actually feeling a lot better for doing it. “Th-the-there thunder, a-and lightning, and a tree fell down, and now no power, and it-it dark, and Gukkie so-so scared, please come home,” he gasped out, the tightness in his chest restricting his words.

Jungkook tried poking at it to relieve the feeling. He knew that if he didn’t calm down, he would most likely have a panic attack, and that was always dangerous for him, no matter which headspace he was in.

He had to calm down, but the next crack of thunder definitely didn’t help the restricting feeling of his chest. It felt like someone had tied a rope around his lungs and was pulling it tighter and tighter.

“Princess, listen to me,” Jimin began, obviously hearing Jungkook wheezing. “You have to calm down. We’re on the way home, and we’re going as fast as we can,” Jimin reassured, but to Jungkook, who was huddled up in the wardrobe, lightening striking, it wasn’t that reassuring. Jungkook would rather be with his hyung than listening to his voice over a stupid phone.

“Where are you, pumpkin?” Jungkook heard the phone shuffling around and turning toward Taehyung’s voice.
Jungkook bit his lip, giving a small glance to the wardrobe around him, illuminated by his phone light, even though he knew where he was. “I’m in the wardrobe, Papa,” he squeaked out.

He heard Taehyung gasp on the other line, mumbling something either to himself or Jimin, he couldn’t quite tell, his words were drowned out by another loud rumble of thunder.

“How have you got a stuffie and your pacifier, sweetie?” Seokjin called out to him, his voice sounding quieter than Taehyung’s.

Jungkook chewed at his lip, feeling even worse because he didn’t have either, and now that Seokjin had mentioned them, he realised how badly he actually wants them.

“No, Eomma,” he whimpered out, feeling an irony taste hit his tongue. He stopped chewing at his lip and opted for his fist instead, gnawing at the skin nervously.

“There should be some Little supplies in the wardrobe with you, little one,” Namjoon’s voice filled the small space of the wardrobe. Jungkook nodded even though Namjoon couldn’t see him, as he moved his hands around in search for the hidden treasure.

His fingers brushed something that crinkled, and with the realisation that it was a plastic bag, Jungkook grabbed it and pulled it close so he could bury his hand in it. Sure enough, just like Namjoon said, his fingers found a small, fluffy cat plushie, the one Jimin gave him when he got injured, and a pacifier. Jungkook gave the cat a big squeeze before putting the pacifier in his mouth and resting the phone on his knees.

“You got it, little one?” Namjoon called out to him.

Jungkook hummed in affirmation, feeling happier now that he had some comforts, but still in obvious need of his hyungs.

“Baby, how come you never told us you were scared of storms, hmm?” Yoongi asked him. Jungkook tensed slightly, expecting anger, or at least a scolding, for never telling them, but he didn’t get either. The only thing he could hear in Yoongi’s voice was concern and love.

Jungkook sucked in a deep breath, pushing aside all his Big thoughts about embarrassing himself as he said, “Because Big Jungkook didn’t want you to see him as a big baby, or make fun of him.”

His hyungs cooed over the phone, and Jungkook found himself blushing and burying his face into the cat plushie’s fluffy fur.

“Baby boy, we would never make fun of you for something you’re so afraid of,” Yoongi reassured him.

Jungkook stifled a sob, just wanting to be cuddled up in his Daddy’s arms, loneliness making his heart feel heavy.

“Yeah, I’m scared of lots of things, sweetheart and the hyungs may joke, but they’re never mean, are they?” Hoseok said softly.

Jungkook hummed, nodding. He knew that sometimes they made a joke or two about Hoseok’s fears, and believe him, there were a lot of them, but they never did it to hurt him. It was just to make him laugh and make a scary thing feel funny.

“Silly billy, not telling us sooner,” Yoongi joked, chuckling.
Jungkook nodded, giggling, the storm seemingly out of his thoughts as his hyungs had managed to calm him down.

“You could have avoided all this, but Gukkie was too stubborn,” Seokjin added jokingly.

The truth was, that if he was honest and told them, there was be no way that they would have left him alone, Big or Little. He wouldn’t be in this situation if he had just told them.

“Guk, we’re just pulling into the driveway, do you wanna come meet us?” Namjoon asked him, causing Jungkook’s heart to leap from joy and relief. They were finally home. He had waited for so long. Jungkook knew that everything was going to be okay now.

Jungkook didn’t even answer, dropping the phone in the process of clambering out of the wardrobe and running towards the door. He didn’t care about the lightning flashing, or the heavy rain smashing against the windows, he just wanted to see his hyungs.

He heard the door unlock before he got to it, and it swung open to reveal a concerned looking Yoongi searching the room for Jungkook.

“Daddy!” Jungkook squealed dramatically, running up to Yoongi like they were in some kind of sappy love story. He swung his arms around Yoongi and buried his head into his shoulder, letting out a sob of relief, clinging to him.

“Oh, baby boy,” Yoongi kissed his hair, tutting at how worked up the Little was, and all because he was too prideful to admit he was scared.

Jungkook felt another arm around him, which he identified to be Jimin’s, and he was about to call out to him, but then realised he was sobbing too hard to talk.

And then the next arms embraced him, and the next ones, and the next ones, until he and all the other members were hugging in the middle of the doorway. It was a struggle to move like that, but they did it anyway, taking small penguin-like steps to the couch, no one wanting to let go of the Little.

They sat Jungkook down, and all came around him, basically sitting on each other’s laps to be as close to him as they could.

“Hey, hey, sweetie, calm down, okay?” Seokjin tried, his voice soothing, but Jungkook could barely hear it over his gut-wrenching sobs.

He felt someone rocking him side to side, his head buried into their chest as arms locked securely around him.

He felt a pacifier enter his mouth, and Jungkook didn’t even realize that he had dropped it, but as soon as he felt the nipple at his mouth he began sucking, tears still streaming, but at least his breaths were more controlled.

“Yo-you we-were gone f-for-ever,” he sniffled out, peering up from Yoongi’s chest to see the rest of his hyungs’ faces, full of guilt and sadness.

“Oh, princess, we know we were, and we are very sorry for that,” Jimin placed a hand on his thigh and rubbed his thumb soothingly, looking to Jungkook for some kind of forgiveness.

“We’re sorry, pumpkin, but we only took so long because we were getting something for you,” Taehyung reasoned, hoping the Little would understand their actions more and be less angry at them.
Jungkook gasped, his watery eyes widening at the news. “You did?”

The hyungs hummed and nodded around him as Hoseok brought a bag out from behind him, smiling brightly at Jungkook as he reached down and pulled out a box. On it was a picture of a big toy car playset that he had been begging his hyungs to get him, but they had sworn that he would have to wait until his birthday.

Jungkook squealed, jumping up and down, making grabby hands in the toy’s direction. Hoseok chuckled, shaking his head humorously as he handed the box over to Jungkook.

Jungkook jumped up and down happily, clutching the box to his chest. He turned to Yoongi, his eyes gleaming, contrasting with his tear streaked face.

“Can I open and play with it, Daddy?” he asked excitedly.

Yoongi hummed, thinking, before nodding. He smiled as the Little squealed, sitting on the floor with a thud, before ripping the box open.

“Come play, come play,” he called to all his hyungs, who chuckled and smiled at him, making their way down onto the floor to play with the Little.

After that, with all his hyungs playing and making him laugh, he barely heard the thunder, or took notice of the lightning, or of the way the room was only lit by the flashlights on their phones, giving everyone a funny shadow.

There may have been a monstrous storm outside, but Jungkook felt safe inside, with all of his hyungs protecting him.

Maybe he wouldn’t be so scared of storms from now on.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, be sure to leave any requests or comments that you want, I love reading them.
Oh, btw, unrelated weird question, but do you have wheelie bins where you live, and if you do, what do you call them? I just wrote this a realized that it sounds very British, so I googled it and it said Americans call them dumpsters, but I dunno?????
A Little Meeting With the Managers

Chapter Summary

Request by Kemy13:
Jungkook regresses in a meeting with his managers, and one notices.

Chapter Notes

ahh i'm so sorry for not updating for a week, but hopefully this long chapter will make up for it.
i should hopefully get back on track with updating regularly.
But please enjoy the chapter, i enjoyed writing it.
Thank you for reading, commenting and supporting. <3<3
please vote for BTS on soribada as well ^_^

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Jungkook-ah, are you with us?” Manager Sejin called out, snapping Jungkook out of whatever thoughts he was having. Jungkook felt his face flush as he met eyes with the manager, who was raising an eyebrow at him, with everyone else in the room now staring at him.

“Yes, manager-nim,” Jungkook said, bowing his head politely.

Luckily for him, that was all they needed before they turned back to their muttered discussions.

Jungkook sighed slightly, lowering himself into his chair. To be completely honest, Jungkook didn’t know if he was actually with them. His brain was scattered, and his thoughts felt floaty. Every time he would get like this, Jungkook knew it was his body’s way of telling him he needed to go into little space. But now wasn’t really the time or the place.

Jungkook was sat at the end of a long table, the managers and staff all ignoring him. Even though this meeting was about him, his future and his career, Jungkook didn’t have any input in it. He only spoke when spoken to, and that was only rarely. When he did try to answer, the room was taken over by even more voices.

If Jungkook didn’t have so much respect for these people, he knew he would tell them to be quiet and let him speak. It was unfair that they made decisions about him without his approval. What was the point of him being in this room? It was like he was invisible.

They were the reason his thoughts were all over the place. He had given up on listening to them, because when he did, he would just become frustrated. He didn't want to do most of the things they were speaking about. But Jungkook knew that after this was over with, Bang PD-nim would take him to the side and ask his opinion, so he knew it would be okay. But at this rate, Jungkook didn’t know if he would be in a stable enough state of mind to actually speak to the manager.

He could feel himself sinking deeper and deeper into his headspace, and the more he thought about
not going into it, the more he sank, and he was left fighting a losing battle. It was similar to quicksand; the more you tried to resist, the more you would be dragged down, until you were fully submersed.

Jungkook was trying everything he could, alternating between chewing at his lip and digging his nails into his palms and thighs, hoping the pain would allow him to snap out of it, but it didn’t.

No matter how far his fingernails dug into his palms, he couldn’t shake the thoughts and the feelings of wanting to be Little. All he wanted to do was be wrapped up in one of his caregiver’s arms with a pacifier and a plushie, and never have to come to these stupid, boring meetings ever again.

“Hey, Jungkook-ah, we were thinking of a youthful and cute pastel concept for this comeback,” a member of staff, well, the director for his next comeback, smiled at him, leaning over to the table to pass a sort of scrap book over to Jungkook, with “BTS comeback ideas” written sloppily on the front cover.

It managed to drag Jungkook from his thoughts and he jumped slightly, startled that someone was actually trying to engage him in any sort of participation in this meeting.

He recovered quickly, though, and Jungkook smiled to him, bowing and thanking him while he received the book, already knowing what was inside.

Every comeback, a director would create a folder or book with all of their ideas, including clothing ideas for the stylists, set ideas, effects and props; it was the best thing about these meetings. Jungkook just loved to see the concepts.

However, this time it was different. As he opened the book delicately, he couldn’t help the small gasp that left his lips as his eyes met the page.

He should really have known with the words pastel, youthful, and cute. Jungkook was finished from the first time he opened the page.

Yes, it was only the first page, but it was filled with an overflow of pastel pictures.

He saw pink fluffy clouds, and pretty little baby blue flowers. His eyes widened at the book, his fingers itching to see it all. He flipped the page to be met with the same pastel theme, but this time it was clothes. Really pretty clothes.

It was basically everything that was found on a Little blog or a Pinterest board for Littles. The page was scattered with cute little clouds and creatures, which really didn’t help with his fighting headspaces.

Why? Jungkook thought. Out of all the concepts, why did they pick this? Not the dark or manly concepts they usually sported. Why the change?

Jungkook let out a shaky breath, trying to tame his thoughts as he continued looking, knowing that at least one of the staff would be studying his reaction.

Jungkook gasped loudly when he saw a baby blue sweater with white bands around the sleeves. Jungkook actually owned that jumper, and when he was in little space, he would snuggle into the fluffy material with a plushie and pacifier, and–

Oh, damn! Damn this book! He had fallen into little space.

Before he could start to panic, Jungkook’s eyes were caught by a blue velvet set of dungarees, and
yes, he had what seemed to be millions of dungarees, but never had he seen them in velvet before. He imagined wearing the pretty material and playing and being cooed at, and everything else he did in little space. He couldn’t contain the squeal that escaped his lips.

Everyone turned to him in an instant, and Jungkook froze under their gaze, realising what he had done. Jungkook bravely glanced up to meet their confused faces. He bit his bottom lip, cheeks glowing red, wanting to run and hide. He hoped they wouldn’t mention it, hoped that it would just pass their minds. They had more important things to sort out, anyway. They had probably barely been paying attention.

“So, do you like it?” The director spoke up first, and Jungkook could hear the obvious confusion and weariness in his voice.

Never had any of those people seen Jungkook so happy, or squealing—well, in a meeting, anyway.

Jungkook nodded quickly, his eyes still focused on the overalls, smiling widely at the thought of them.

“Yes, Guk— I l-love it,” he stuttered over his words, hoping no one heard his slip up. If they did, they didn’t say anything. He received a few strange looks about his almost third person tense, but that was all.

The director gave him a small smile, which certainly didn’t meet the conflicted look in his eyes.

Jungkook was happy to return to browsing through the book, looking at the director happily before he did. Jungkook wondered if he would be able to keep the clothes after they finished the concept. God, he hoped so. He might cry if he didn’t.

There wasn’t one piece of clothing on the page that Jungkook didn’t want. He flicked through the pages quickly and excitedly, letting out gasps and squeals, hopefully quiet ones. Well, they were at least quieter than he was used to.

Suddenly, as Jungkook reached the last page, he saw two hands on top of the book. He looked up, shocked. The hands lead to the frowning director, but before Jungkook could think anything of it, he felt the book being tugged from his hands.

Jungkook tightened his grip on the book, not wanting to let it go. He wanted to show it to all his hyungs, so they could buy him all the clothes. He wanted to look and look, forever and ever. He didn’t want the mean director to take it away from him!

The director made a sound of surprise and his eyes widened in alarm. The director pulled harder, but he was no match for Jungkook’s strong grip and muscles. Jungkook frowned, confused at why this man was trying to take away what he really wanted. The hyungs only did that when he was naughty. And Jungkook hadn’t done anything wrong.

Jungkook was so submersed in his thoughts that he didn’t see the looks of confusion and surprise that everyone was sporting around the room, all focused on him. Jungkook let out a small whine, his shoulders shaking as his lips formed into a big fat pout.

“Jungkook, let go,” Bang Shihyuk’s voice boomed throughout the room, and Jungkook jolted in surprise. His hands instantly went limp and retracted the quickly, leaving the book to fall on the table with a thud.

Jungkook jumped at that. He looked over at Shihyuk in shock, but instantly looked down when he saw the fury on the other’s face. Jungkook shrank under his gaze, tears beginning to well in his eyes.
He had never been scolded so harshly by the producer. Never had he raised his voice like that. Jungkook was always a good boy.

Jungkook sniffled, bringing a sleeve down to create a sweater paw and wipe his tears, in an attempt to convince everyone that he was still a big boy.

“Sorry,” Jungkook whimpered quietly, bringing his hands down to his lap, where his head was facing, as he began to fiddle nervously with his fingers. His face flushed red, even the tips of his ears, as embarrassment flooded his body.

He never liked being the center of attention—well, unless he was with his hyungs.

He didn’t want to be there, even more than before. He wanted a pacifier, he wanted a blanket, he wanted the book, moreover, he wanted his hyungs.

Jungkook heard the conversation move to something else that, once again, Jungkook wasn’t included in. He took the chance to slip his phone out of his jean pocket and turn it on, instantly turning down the brightness.

He glanced upward, relieved for once that no one was paying him attention, and then he went back to the screen, pulling up his messages to talk to one of his hyungs. They always said that if he ever fell into little space, he would need to tell them right away, no matter what. And Jungkook, despite being bratty sometimes, wanted to be a good boy at least seventy percent of the time.

Jungkook:
Peaches

Jiminie:
What?
Princess????
Are you still in the manager’s meeting?

Jungkook:
Yes oppa
Gukkie sad, he just got scolded

He sniffled quietly once again, trying to shake the tears from his vision. Why was he always so fragile and emotional when he was Little?

Jiminie:
Oh princess
I’m afraid we can’t do anything
You’ll just have to sit it out

Before Jungkook could respond, he heard the same booming voice from before, and it made him jump and look up to its direction.

“Jeon Jungkook, how disrespectful!” Shihyuk stood at the end of the table, his eyes burning with a fury, staring right at Jungkook. And with his eyes followed everyone else in the room, until Jungkook was being stared at by fourteen big, scary adults.

Jungkook shuffled in his seat, shrinking in on himself. He wanted to hide or run away, but he knew he could do neither. And neither would be useful for him getting out of this situation.

“Pass me your phone,” he continued, holding out a hand and rising in his chair, leaning over to
Jungkook looked down at his phone, Jimin still texting him and Yoongi soon joining. His phone screen filled with their concerned texting. Almost every second another member would join in.

“Now,” Shihyuk practically growled out. Jungkook slid out of his seat and shakily passed his phone over. The older raised an eyebrow at him.

Jungkook sat down, tears glistening in his eyes, some already on the edge of falling. Shihyuk was quick to sit down and avert the conversation somewhere else as Jungkook sank into the chair.

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For the rest of the meeting Jungkook sat in silence, except for his silent sobs. He had brought one hand to cover his mouth and muffle his pitiful whimpers, and buried his eyes in his itchy sweater on his other arm, wishing he was in a soft, fluffy jumper, instead.

Even though it was obvious that Jungkook was crying, no one went up to him, or asked him if he was okay. He was being ignored even more than before.

He felt horrible. Jungkook had never been ignored by anyone in little space. His caregivers always paid him more attention when he was Little. He felt so sad, and he knew that everyone in the room thought he was weird and strange. But he also knew that there was no way to be Big again, his mind was too Little. He may have regressed farther than he ever had, and by the looks of it, he was regressing even further.

Then the room was filled with the screeching of chairs as everyone said goodbye and left. But Jungkook, like he normally would, remained in his chair, for when he and the producer would just talk. Even then no one talked to him, no one said goodbye or anything, they just got up and left.

It was eerily silent when everyone was gone, the room only filled by Jungkook’s suppressed whispers and Shihyuk’s breathing. Jungkook felt a little Bigger as his heart started to beat faster, but it was nowhere near as Big as he needed to be.

“Jungkook-ah, come here,” Shihyuk called out to him, breaking the silence. Jungkook didn’t once look up to him. He was too afraid of what the producer would do next. Despite Jungkook wanting to run away, he just walked quite shakily up to Shihyuk, his head hanging in shame.

“I don’t like shouting at you,” Shihyuk started, placing a hand on Jungkook’s shoulder. Even though the touch was gentle, Jungkook still flinched.

“What you did was very disrespectful, you do know that, right?” The producer came closer and closer to him, until their feet meet. Jungkook nodded sadly, still not sparing a glance towards him.

“But I know you do.” Jungkook couldn’t help but let out a big sigh of relief, maybe he wasn’t going to get scolded again. He could hear the anger fade from Shihyuk’s voice.

“I wanted to talk about the text messages on your phone.”

Jungkook snapped his head upward, his eyes wide and mouth parted, gasping and hoping to dear god his hyungs hadn’t wrote anything weird to him. He knew that every hyung had text him, but he didn’t actually know what they texted him. He peered at Shihyuk, eyeing him, trying to figure out what he was feeling and how much he actually knew.

“I’m sorry for invading your privacy, but I couldn’t help but see some texts that your hyungs were
Jungkook sucked in a breath, tensing and preparing himself for the worst. Instead of talking, the producer clicked on his phone and scrolled through it, Jungkook silently cursing himself for not putting any kind of pin on it.

He brought the phone up to Jungkook's face. It was Yoongi's text messages, and believe him, there were a lot of him. Jungkook's eyes were immediately drawn to one text that he knew Shihyuk would be confused about.

Yoongi:
“Hey baby, oppa said you were in little space, don’t worry, you’ll be with daddy in no time, x”

Jungkook read it and gasped. There was no way he could deny any of that to Shihyuk.

There were so many problems in the whole thing. Yoongi had called him baby, which at first could have just be seen as a couple's nickname, but then he had called Jimin Oppa, and then said ‘little space’ and called himself Daddy. Jungkook was well and truly stuck.

Jungkook looked from the phone to the producer, whose expression was so confused and expectant of him. Jungkook tried to open his mouth and speak, he really did, but he just couldn’t. His lip began to wobble and his eyes filled with tears. He didn’t want to cry again, but it seemed his body didn’t care about what he wanted.

He got out, “I’m a Little,” before he broke down into sobs, his shoulders shaking and tears falling down his face, still looking at Shihyuk. He looked at Jungkook with wide eyes, shocked from the maknae’s sudden outburst.

Shihyuk wasted no time in scooping the boy into his arms. Jungkook tensed at first, but with Shihyuk’s arms around him, he began to sob into his shoulder.

Jungkook loved the producer like a second dad. He was always there for him, no matter what. Jungkook always knew that if he had any problems or concerns, he could go to Shihyuk, who usually was very kind and happy, unless he was scolding him, of course.

“Don’t be sad, Jungkook-ah, I just need you explain a bit, can you do that for me?” The producer asked, his voice soft and gentle as he brought a hand up to trace circles on the boy’s back.

Jungkook sniffled, his sobs succumbing to soft whimpers as he nodded into the producer's shoulder. Jungkook let out a shaky breath before he moved his head up and rested his chin on Shihyuk’s shoulder. Jungkook knew if he made eye contact, he wouldn’t be able to speak.

“Gukkie feeling Little,” he said quietly, almost inaudible, but being that close to Shihyuk, Jungkook knew he heard.

“Means I like to act young,” Jungkook tried to explain, but not very well. He wished his hyungs were there to explain everything for him. Jungkook wasn’t the best at speaking when he was Little. Most of the time his words would get all muddled up.

“Young? How young?” Shihyuk asked, his touch faltering, bringing Jungkook back slightly so the producer could see his face.

“Like a child,” Jungkook said timidly, chewing on his lip, keeping eye contact with the producer.

He didn’t say anything for quite some time, just stared at Jungkook with a blank expression, which
of course made Jungkook feel even worse.

Many thoughts ran through Jungkook’s head. But the one that stood out most was that the producer hated him. Shihyuk could do anything to Jungkook.

He could cut his career, just like that. He could tell the world. He could totally ruin Jungkook’s life. He could split him and Yoongi apart. He could–

“How old?” Jungkook tilted his head to the side, curious about the producer not shouting at him or saying that he was strange.

“Four,” Jungkook said, holding up four fingers for Shihyuk to see, just in case he couldn’t hear Jungkook.

The producer hummed, nodding, looking like he was in deep thought, which was very understandable, but Jungkook could feel his hands start to shake with nerves.

“How do you mind if I google it?” Shihyuk asked, which for Jungkook sounded very attentive. Jungkook nodded quickly, glad that he seemed to be taking an interest in understanding all this.

The producer nodded with a smile on his face as he sat down and opened his laptop, leaving Jungkook to stand and stare awkwardly.

He must have noticed, as he glanced at Jungkook and did something Jungkook would never have expected him to.

He patted his knee, looking at Jungkook, and Jungkook knew that Shihyuk was offering for him to sit on his lap.

Jungkook made his way over hesitantly, glancing back and from Shihyuk’s eyes and his lap. “It’s fine, come sit on my lap, it’s not like you’re heavy,” he reassured.

Jungkook nodded happily, bouncing over and placing himself on the producer's lap, giggling.

“So you act like a child?” Shihyuk asked, whilst his eyes looked over the rest of the website about little space.

Jungkook stared down at his twiddling fingers, humming and nodding. To be truthful, Jungkook didn’t think he had ever been so grateful to have internet. That way the producer could learn as much as he wanted about little space, just like Jungkook had done.

“I’m guessing your hyungs are your caregivers?” he asked another question, scrolling through the website. Jungkook looked up at Shihyuk and nodded, trying to ignore the overwhelming sense of loneliness and longing for him to be sat on his Daddy’s lap instead of Shihyuk’s.

Shihyuk didn’t speak for a while, and Jungkook couldn’t tell if he was reading from the screen, or submersed in his own thoughts. But it didn’t really matter, because the more he stayed silent, the more anxious Jungkook became.

“A-are you go-gonna kick Gukkie out? Do you hate Gukkie?” His eyes started to tear up at the thought of the producer kicking him out, of never seeing his hyungs again, never being able to sing again. He would probably get disowned by his family if they found out he was a Little.

Shihyuk stopped staring at the laptop and snapped his head to Jungkook, which made him flush, feeling even more scared at his unreadable expression. This was it, he thought, PD-nim was gonna
kick him out.

“What? No!” The producer said, much to Jungkook’s confusion. He even gasped a little, looking at Shihyuk with wide eyes.

“But-but, Gukkie strange, and weird, and—” Jungkook said becoming increasingly saddened by each word.

“No, you’re not. If anything, Jungkookie, I think it’s a good thing. Everyone needs a way to destress,” Shihyuk said, giving him a big, warm smile, which made Jungkook instantly feel better.

He let out a big breath and relaxed his shoulders, setting himself more comfortably on the producer’s lap. Jungkook nodded, smiling back at Shihyuk, genuinely happy that he was being accepted by one of the most important people in his life. The producer was literally family to him, like all his hyungs were.

“I’ll tell your hyungs to come and pick you up, do you want to watch a film on my laptop while we wait?”

Jungkook nodded, bouncing up and down excitedly on Shihyuk’s lap, clapping his hands together cutely. The producer, despite the weight on his lap, chuckled and ruffled the maknae’s hair, happy to see a smile on Jungkook’s face, one he hadn’t seen shine so brightly in quite some time.

“Yes, please,” Jungkook said through his smile, still remembering his manners like the polite little boy he was.

“Which one?” he said, putting an arm around Jungkook to steady him on his lap, the other hand clicking the search bar.

“Erm…” Jungkook thought, placing a finger to his lips, before gasping. “Oh, oh, Zootopia,” Jungkook said, giddy from excitement.

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Jungkook was sat contently on Shihyuk’s lap watching the movie, all of that day’s events forgotten. The producer was doing something else with his paperwork, but Jungkook still sat happily on his lap, with big headphones on his ears so he didn’t disturb him. But Shihyuk only smiled brightly if the boy giggled or made any kind of sound, he was just so cute. And even if his leg was becoming numb from the Little sitting on him, he really didn’t mind.

“Er, Bang PD-nim,” a soft voice called out to them. Shihyuk looked up to see his secretary looking between him and Jungkook with a quite confused look on her face. He gave her a big smile, acting like it was totally normal to have one of his idols sat on his lap. He only hoped she doesn’t take it in the wrong way, but luckily his secretary was a very nice and understanding person. He nodded to her, wanting her to carry on.

“BTS are here,” she introduced, shaking herself from her confused state.

Shihyuk smiled down at the maknae, who was still entranced in the film, staring at the screen with a cute smile, his little bunny teeth showing. The producer actually really enjoyed seeing Jungkook like this, so cute and happy.

“Send them in,” Shihyuk said, nodding towards to the girl, who bowed to him quickly and smiled. Her smile grew bigger when she looked at Jungkook.
Shihyuk put his pen down and tapped Jungkook on his shoulders to get his attention. Jungkook peered around to meet Shihyuk’s eyes, looking like a confused puppy. He couldn’t help but chuckle, taking the boy’s headphones off from around his head and placing them on the desk.

“Your hyungs are here, Jungkookie.”

Jungkook’s eyes widened as he squealed, jumping off of Shihyuk’s lap. “Where are they?” He asked quickly, looking around frantically, but still not seeing any sign of the members. Until he saw a flash of blond hair and he shouted out, “Daddy!”

Jungkook ran straight to Yoongi, who looked at him startled for a second, gazing towards Shihyuk to see his expression, until his eyes were covered by Jungkook’s large frame.

“Hello, baby,” Yoongi said, chuckling at the boy’s excitement and bringing his own arms to wrap around the Little. Then Jungkook pulled away, going to the next hyung and hugging them, greeting and hugging everyone in turn.

“Did you have a good time, sweetheart?” Hoseok said when it was his turn. Jungkook nodded happily.

“Yeah, I watched Zootopia and even sat on PD-nim’s lap,” he said excitedly, glancing over at the producer, who was talking to Namjoon and Yoongi.

“That’s good, princess, did PD-nim look after you well?” Jimin asked him, awaiting Jungkook’s greeting.

Jungkook pulled back to look between Hoseok, Jimin, Seokjin and Taehyung. “Yeah, he’s really nice, he’s like my grandpa.”

The boys chuckled at Jungkook’s statement, and it was Seokjin who came closer to him, stealing a hug from the boy and shaking his head. “Don’t say that to him, sweetie.”

Jungkook looked over at his other hyungs, still embracing Seokjin. “Why not?”

“Coz grandpas are old,” Taehyung said.

Jungkook looked over at him with a perplexed expression, tilting his head. “But he is old.”

The hyungs burst out laughing at the Little’s bluntness and confusion over why he shouldn’t say it. Just like a child, Jungkook was very blunt, but he never really understood why everyone would react differently to him.

“Shh, Gukkie, you can’t say that, okay?” Hoseok whispered, pressing a finger to his lips once he had gained control of his laughter.

Jungkook nodded, still slightly confused, but not wanting to go against his hyung’s wishes because he was a good boy, and might even get a sticker on his sticker chart if he was really good.

“Good boy,” Seokjin said, patting his butt as they walked up to the producer, Namjoon and Yoongi.

“PD-nim said you’ve been a good boy, little one,” Namjoon said to him when he noticed Jungkook walking timidly up to them, scared of what they were talking about.

Jungkook smiled, nodding happily, glad that Shihyuk had left out the part where he had been scolded for not being respectful, but that didn’t really matter, that was all a misunderstanding.
“Say thank you, baby, for PD-nim looking after you,” Yoongi said, smiling at the Little and then giving a glance at the smiling producer.

“Thank you,” Jungkook beamed, hugging Shihyuk tightly to show how grateful he felt.

“You’re welcome, Jungkookie,” he said, ruffling the boy’s hair.

Jungkook pulled away, going to stand by Yoongi and grabbing his hand. They all started to say goodbye to one another, the members thanking Shihyuk, very grateful for them having such a nice and understanding producer.

“Say bye, baby,” Yoongi whispered in his ear, still pulling him towards the door.

Jungkook nodded, turning back to the manager and waving at him. “Bye-bye, Grandpa,” he said, smiling brightly.

The hyungs froze, eyes widening. Hoseok face palmed. Shihyuk had a shocked look on his face for a second, but then, to all of his hyungs surprise, waved back, smiling widely at the Little and saying, “Bye-bye, Jungkookie.”

Jungkook giggled and skipped out the door, pulling Yoongi along with him. The other members shook their heads, chuckling to one another and just watching the Little skip off. Yet another person had fallen for his cuteness.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading. Feel free to comment anything, scenarios, requests, thoughts. I'd love to know what you thought, and what you want next time!!!
A Little Strange?

Chapter Summary

Request by :)
Jungkook gets hit on and doesn't like it, falling into little space.

Chapter Notes

Just a warning, this kinda got out of hand. I really don't know what happened. It was meant to be fluffy, but then it got quite sad.
More taekook in it tho.
and yoonkook
Hope you enjoy

Attention was something Jungkook had mostly grown used to, he was an idol after all. But over the years, Jungkook had learned that there was bad attention and good attention. The good kind was when he was dancing and singing in front of a crowd and they were going crazy. It was his fans complimenting and fawning over him. The bad kind of attention was either from the people who showed him hate, or the people that Jungkook hated.

Nightclubs were an example of a place that Jungkook hated. None of the members were big drinkers, Jungkook included. In particular, Taehyung and Hoseok avoided drinking alcohol at all costs. They hardly ever went out to clubs to drink, and when they did, it was only ever private ones. However, today everyone had decided to go to one together, not to drink and get wasted, but to see an underground rapper performance, like the ones Yoongi and Namjoon used to attend.

It had all started when Yoongi had bumped into one of his old friends, an underground rapper named Haneul, and they had started talking. Somewhere along the line, Haneul had invited everyone to see the show, and then Yoongi and Namjoon had insisted they go.

Not one bit of Jungkook protested. He was actually excited to see what the underground rap scene was all about. After all, it was how Yoongi and Namjoon first made a name for themselves.

His only problem was all the people. You see, Jungkook was never all that great with people to begin with, so imagine his anxiety when he was forced to stand shoulder to shoulder with a bunch of thuggy looking teenagers.

Usually, he would just cling to one of his hyungs, Yoongi being his first choice. Yoongi was always the one who could calm him down the most, and all-in-all make him feel safe.

However, this time Yoongi was only paying attention to Haneul. Smiling widely and laughing at her (probably rubbish) jokes. Even Namjoon didn’t find them that funny. It was obvious that she was flirting. She was practically throwing herself at Yoongi, flipping her hair and giggling loudly as she fluttered her eyelashes at him, looking like she had something in her eye.
Normally if Jungkook saw her, he would have just laughed at the ridiculousness of it all and overlooked it. This time he couldn’t, because she was doing this with Yoongi. His Yoongi. And Yoongi wasn’t pushing her away. If anything, he was leaning into her and leading her on. It made Jungkook’s blood boil.

Jungkook was used to seeing girls fawn over Yoongi, and seeing him complimenting them. He was okay with it because it was just their job, and Jungkook knew that Yoongi was faking it, giving girls a smile that didn’t quite meet his eyes like it would when he was around Jungkook. And every chance Yoongi got, he would usually send Jungkook a loving gaze. But Jungkook had been glaring at Yoongi the entire time they had been there, and he hadn’t once looked back to him. Not once!

Jungkook, his hyungs, and the girl were huddled around a small stage where a rapper was performing. The rapper was great, but Jungkook couldn’t quite remember his name or even process what his lyrics were about. He couldn’t focus on the performance, only the burning jealousy he felt when looking at Yoongi.

Sometimes Jungkook felt threatened with Yoongi being bisexual. Not that there was anything wrong with him being bisexual. It was just that Yoongi was always surrounded by pretty girls, and Jungkook wasn’t like that, and never would be. Even though he knew Yoongi was loyal to him and loved him, Jungkook couldn’t help but feel slightly sad whenever he saw a pretty girl like Haneul who liked Yoongi.

She could give Yoongi things that Jungkook never could. Jungkook didn’t look like a girl, or talk like a girl, or act like a girl. He wasn’t cute, funny, or sweet. He was goofy, and bratty, and cocky. He didn’t have womanly curves, a small waist, or boobs of any size. Instead, he had thick thighs, a sharp jawline, and a flat chest.

“Jungkook, are you okay?” Taehyung whispered, placing a hand on his back. Jungkook flinched, being distracted from shooting daggers in Haneul’s direction.

He felt something wet fall on his cheek. At first, he thought it was raining until he quickly realized that it couldn’t rain underground. Maybe it was a faulty pipe? He brought a hand up to quickly wipe away the moisture, hoping that no one saw. By the startled sound Taehyung made, he wasn’t as sneaky as he would have liked to be.

There was no denying it now, it was a tear. And by the stinging sensation in his eyes, there were more to come.

He needed to get out of there.

“I’m fine,” Jungkook said, trying to sound normal, wincing as his voice came out slightly broken and hoarse. “I’m going to the bathroom,” he announced, loud enough that his hyungs could hear and he didn’t need to answer any more questions. He just wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible.

“Really? This isn’t the kinda place you want to go the toilet, Jungkookie,” Hoseok joked, looking around the room. It was covered in cobwebs, with mysterious stains on the walls, and the nauseating smell of sweat, alcohol, and smoke filling the air. Hoseok’s lips curled with disgust, and Jungkook couldn’t help but follow as he scrunched his nose up.

It luckily took his mind off his thoughts, just for a second. If the main space was this bad, Jungkook didn’t know if he wanted to see what the bathrooms were like. Probably door less with creepy guys hanging around, doing drugs or something like that. Haneul’s screeching laugh cut through his thoughts, and he knew he couldn’t take it anymore. Even if the bathrooms were just a hole in the floor, he would go anywhere just to get out of there.
“I’m going to the bathroom,” Jungkook said clearly and firmly, so his hyungs knew there would be no way that they could stop him. That and the fact that he had already started walking.

Jungkook took a deep breath as he pushed through the crowd, who were mostly moving with the music with a drink in hand, screaming at the stage, and in this case, right down Jungkook’s ear. Jungkook swore his hyungs were the only ones without a drink in their hands.

Eyes darting around the room, Jungkook could just about see the sign for the toilets, but as he got closer, several horrid-looking faces emerged from the crowd, hovering around the bathroom door.

Okay, so maybe he wouldn’t be going to the bathroom after all.

He could do with a little fresh air instead. At least if he was outside, Jungkook could catch his breath. Being surrounded by so many people made it hard to breathe, especially when he was alone.

“Did you sit in a pile of sugar? Cause you have a pretty sweet ass!” Someone called through the blaring music. Jungkook tensed and picked up the pace, walking in the direction of the exit. He knew that they probably weren’t speaking to him, but rather some girl in a short skirt, but still shook him up, as he became more aware of exactly where he was and who he was with, aka, no one.

Jungkook gave a quick glance over his shoulder to see if Yoongi had noticed he was gone, but when he did, he saw Yoongi in the same position as when Jungkook had left him, looking like he was about to bump into Haneul with how close he was to her.

Jungkook turned his head back around with a scowl on his face, directing his attention to the light peeking out from the doorway, though it seemed to be dimming due to the later hour.

“Hey, baby, where you going? Do you not like that one?” the same voice called out, this time louder, and Jungkook couldn’t help but walk faster. He looked over his shoulder, trying to gauge where the voice was coming from, but he couldn’t see anyone trying to pick up a girl. He sighed, shaking his head slightly at whatever douchebags were trying to get into some girl’s pants.

When Jungkook finally got outside, he breathed in a great big gulp of fresh air, trying to calm down his rapid heartbeat. The music was still pounding from outside, and there was still a funky smell, but it felt a lot better than being suffocated by the crowd with Haneul screeching down his ear.

Jungkook could feel his phone going wild, probably his hyungs wondering where the hell he went and why he was taking so long. Taehyung had tried to follow him, but luckily Jungkook had steered him a different way. His phone was a constant buzz, and it was very annoying. And he knew not one of them would belong to Yoongi. Reaching into his pocket, Jungkook made the fateful decision to turn it off.

“Hey, baby, you tryna hide from me?” Jungkook froze. It was the same voice from before. What was he doing there? Averting his eyes, Jungkook resorted to staring at the floor, hoping that this guy wasn’t talking to him. That was seeming less and less likely.

Mustering up his courage, Jungkook took the risk of looking in the direction of the voice. He froze slightly when he saw the man with piercings all over his face, and a drink in his hand. Maybe if it was just the one, Jungkook wouldn’t be scared off. He was strong and could easily hold him off, or break his wrist if need be. But there wasn’t just one. It was a whole gang, with at least six other guys.

It made him want to run away. Why he didn’t, he’d never know. He just stood there, frozen, waiting for their next move, like a deer in the headlights.

"Hi, I'm writing a phone book, can I have your number?" One of the men, obviously the leader of
these misfits, had the guts to walk up to him, so they were only about five centimeters apart.

He gave Jungkook an awfully creepy smirk, and Jungkook scrunched his nose up at the pungent smell of alcohol and smoke radiating from the other man. Never had his hyungs or anyone he knew smelled this drunk before.

The man’s teeth were yellow and cracked, his cheeks painted red from the alcohol, and his eyes were bloodshot, looking at Jungkook like he was his next prey. That was it, Jungkook couldn’t do it anymore. He had to get away!

It was obvious that this man didn’t know him. If he did, he would have known how much trouble he would have gotten in if he was found doing this to Jungkook. Jungkook used this to his advantage, assuming that they wouldn’t tell anyone if he pushed them away, or maybe had to hit them.

Jungkook took the chance to move away from him, pushing with all his force so that the man stumbled back. He looked around frantically before making a break for the club door so that he could get to his hyungs.

He thought he had made it, but then suddenly he was pushed back by one of the gang members and he fell to the ground with quite some impact. Such an impact that he grazed his elbows and knocked his head slightly.

The fall also jolted him into little space.

By the time he got up, his eyes had already started watering. He sniffled, bringing his hand up to his eyes to stop the tears from falling. He couldn’t be seen by these mean men when he was crying.

“Don’t try and get away, sweet cheeks. You’re too pretty to get away.” one man said, peering down to Jungkook, who was curled up with his arms wrapped around his legs so that he could bury his face in his knees.

He didn’t want to be there. He wanted to be with all his hyungs.

Not Yoongi though, because he didn’t like him anymore. He liked Haneul better. Hopefully, Taehyung would come and save him, and then take him away, so he would never have to see those bad guys again.

Even though they couldn’t see his face, they can hear his sniffles. Jungkook already had a steady flow of tears waterfalling down his cheeks and his shoulders were shaking. He just wanted to be left alone. But these guys just couldn’t seem to get what he is saying.

“Oh baby, don’t cry, it’ll ruin your pretty face,” the leader came down close to him, placing a hand on his shoulder.

If that were any of his hyungs, Jungkook would have probably stopped crying and cuddled with them. But it wasn’t them. It wasn’t Yoongi, or Jin, or Taehyung, or Namjoon, or Jimin, or Hoseok.

It was an evil man, like a Disney villain, trying to snatch away the princess. But every time he watched Disney films, the prince would always save the princess. But by the looks of it, his princes didn’t even know where he was.

He shook off the guy's hand, but his grip just got tighter. Jungkook snapped his head up to give the man the scariest look he could muster as he said, “Go away.” His voice sounded quieter than he would have liked, and the guy just chuckled at him, moving even closer.
“How could I leave such a beautiful person?” the man said, leaning closer with his lips pursed and his eyes shut. Jungkook squeaked when he realized this guy was trying to kiss him. With all his might, he scrambled backward. The man’s grip was torn away as he pressed himself up against a wall, seeing no other escape.

“No, you’re not Daddy!” he shouted, balling his fingers into fists, tears dripping onto his t-shirt. The Little didn’t even pay attention to what he said, he was too scared and sad, and he was listening to his pounding heart more than the mutters of the men.

It only when the man said, “Hear that, guys? He has a daddy,” with everyone chuckling after, that Jungkook gasped, realizing what he had said. If these guys knew who he was, they could have run straight to the media, and then they could have ruined his career. It was a blessing, really, that they didn’t know. Hopefully, they were also too drunk to remember this ever again.

“He’s just like a baby,” the man chuckled maliciously, before spitting onto the ground beside Jungkook. “Fucking disgusting.” Jungkook flinched at his harsh words. Never had he been called disgusting.

“Come on, guys, this one is just a weirdo,” and with that, Jungkook heard their feet shuffling away from him, and he watched as they all laughed at him and pointed, saying snide comments, before he was left alone.

It was then that Jungkook let himself truly sob. It wasn’t a fake cry like toddlers do to get attention, or even if they fell over. It was a truly heartbroken cry, one he couldn’t seem to stop, and he didn’t even want to.

He was disgusting. He was disgusting, and his hyungs were just lying to him. They probably never even loved him.

When he fell asleep or wasn’t paying attention, they were probably saying how strange and weird he was. Yoongi probably didn’t even want him as a boyfriend. That was why he liked Haneul so much because he didn’t like Jungkook anymore.

Being Little was weird, and he never wanted to be Little again.

And even though he wanted to be Big then, no matter how much he tried, he just couldn’t. He couldn’t stop his sobs, and he couldn’t stop being Little.

It was then that he felt two arms wrap around him and bury his face in their chest. At first, he thought one of the men had come back, so he tried to push them away, sobbing.

“Shh, pumpkin, it’s okay,” Taehyung’s voice whispered in his ear. Jungkook couldn’t help but feel slightly relieved, although he knew he shouldn’t feel that way. He knew now that Taehyung was probably faking it all, and thought he was disgusting, just like the men had told him.

Jungkook fought against Taehyung’s hold; he didn’t want Taehyung to pity him. But Taehyung wasn’t having any of it. He had gotten Jungkook in such a position that Jungkook couldn’t move his arms to push Taehyung away.

When Jungkook realized this he just went limp in Taehyung’s arms, still sobbing, but this time his tears dampened Taehyung’s shirt. “Calm down Kookie, I’m with you now.” Taehyung’s voice tried to calm him down, but all Jungkook could think was, ‘This is all lies. All of it.’ Taehyung didn’t care for him. Why would he? Even Jungkook didn’t like himself anymore. And if he couldn’t like himself, why would anyone else?
“If you calm down, we can go home if you’d like,” Jungkook instantly tried to stop his tears. He would rather be at home than this place. He didn’t like being Little in public, no matter where he was.

Taehyung’s words just reinforced that he didn’t like Jungkook anymore because he didn’t even use a sweet nickname for him like he usually would.

“You really wanna go home, huh, Guk?” Taehyung mused, kissing Jungkook’s hair before trying to get the maknae to look up at him. However, Jungkook was too strong and too stubborn to look up at Taehyung. He just buried his face even further into Taehyung’s chest, breathing in deep breaths, being soothed by the familiar smell of Taehyung’s aftershave.

He gave Taehyung a small nod, so he knew how much Jungkook wanted to go.

“Good boy, Guk. I’m just going to call the hyungs, so they can come and we’ll all go home, okay?” Jungkook snapped his head up, clinging to Taehyung’s shirt. He didn’t want that. He didn’t want to see all his hyungs. They would all probably be annoyed at him for making them leave when they were having so much fun.

“No,” he said, shaking his head and squeezing his eyes shut, the last of his tears rolling down his face.

“Okay, which hyung do you want me to call, then? I’ll need someone to drive us, so we can stay at home and the hyungs can stay here and they have a lift home.”

“Appa,” he whispered. Taehyung nodded and kissed Jungkook’s hair to show that he had understood him.

Taehyung moved an arm around Jungkook to get to his phone, and Jungkook couldn’t help but whimper at not being held as tightly.

Jungkook barely listened to the conversation; he felt too conflicted in his thoughts. All of his feelings are just crashing against one another. He couldn’t help but be confused.

Should he feel disgusted by himself? Was what the men said true? But if what they said were true, then why was Taehyung comforting him? Why didn’t he just run away and leave him all alone?

“Pumpkin, can you tell me why you didn’t want your hyungs to come and get you?” Taehyung asked him softly, placing Jungkook in a more comfortable position across his lap, with his arms around Jungkook, keeping him safe.

“Cause hyungies don’t love Gukkie anymore,” Jungkook started, his voice wavering, before pointing accusingly at Taehyung. “You don’t love me anymore.”

Taehyung gasped, almost looking offended, but mostly sad and concerned. “You don’t love me anymore.”

Taehyung brought Jungkook into a very tight hug, as if he was afraid of losing him. “Jungkook, we love you, big or little, do you understand? No matter what you do.” No matter how firm and reassuring Taehyung’s voice sounded, Jungkook didn’t want to listen to it. He knew Taehyung was probably lying to him.
“No, you’re lying,” his voice cracked into small little sobs and he looked up at Taehyung sadly. “Does Papa ever lie to you?”

Jungkook chewed at his lip before shaking his head from side to side. No. Taehyung had never lied to him. All the members had always told Jungkook the truth.

“So why would he lie about loving you?” Jungkook faltered. “If I didn’t love you, would I be hugging you?” Taehyung held Jungkook tighter.

Jungkook shook his head.

“Would I be stroking your hair?” Jungkook leaned into Taehyung’s touch as his fingers ran through his hair. Jungkook shook his head.

“Would I kiss you?” Taehyung pressed a soft kiss to Jungkook’s forehead, causing him to let out a small giggle. Jungkook shook his head again.

“So Gukkie, do I love you?”

Jungkook nodded.

“I’m sorry,” Jungkook sniffled, rubbing his eyes and face to dry his wet cheeks.

“Don’t be sorry, pumpkin. What they said to you was very, very mean, and they were very wrong. Okay?” Taehyung brought his hand down from Jungkook’s hair to cup his face and wipe Jungkook’s tears with his thumb.

“Yes, Papa,” Jungkook said, feeling a lot better. He still had to stop all his thoughts from tearing down the nice ones though.

“So, what are you two doing out in the dark and sitting on the floor?” Jungkook looked up to see Namjoon standing there, looking at them with a goofy smile and quite a confused look on his face.

“Appa,” Jungkook called out, making grabby hands in Namjoon’s direction. Namjoon came closer, smiling at the Little before sweeping him up in his arms and settling Jungkook on his hip.

With Namjoon being the tallest, he was one of the only members who could pick Jungkook up with ease and hold him for a long time. Jungkook instantly wound his arms around Namjoon’s neck and wrapped his legs around the other’s hips, nuzzling into the elder’s shoulder.

“Do you love Gukkie?” Jungkook asked quietly.

Namjoon glanced over Jungkook’s shoulder, confused, shooting a look at Taehyung. Taehyung just gave him a smile, prompting Namjoon to continue, mouthing that they’d talk about it later. “Little one, you know I love you very, very much.”

Jungkook brought his head back to see Namjoon and gave him a small smile before kissing Namjoon’s cheek and giggling happily to himself. Namjoon chuckled, returning the sweet kiss to Jungkook’s hair.

“Shall we get going home then?” Namjoon said, squeezing Jungkook tightly as the maknae nodded quickly. They began to walk to the car, with Namjoon trying not to seem like he was struggling. The
maknae may sound and act like a child, but he definitely wasn’t the size of one.

Taehyung got up and followed them, pulling funny faces at Jungkook, glad to see the Little happy and laughing again.

The trip home was at first filled with giggles and squealing, as both Taehyung and Namjoon made Jungkook feel better, even if Namjoon didn’t know what had caused Jungkook to be sad in the first place. But the longer the drive went on, the quieter it became, as Jungkook’s laughing became drowsy before he fell asleep against Taehyung, snoring cutely.

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When Jungkook woke up, he heard the loud voices of his hyungs and shuffling. He also realized he was no longer feeling Little anymore.

“Why are you here? I was just about to drive back.” That was Namjoon’s voice, sounding quite confused. Jungkook normally would just wake up, but today he didn’t. He wanted to see if his hyungs actually did say anything bad about him like the men said.

Jungkook knew his hyungs loved him now, but what if they saw him as a burden and annoyance? Hence the reason he kept his eyes shut, trying to keep his breathing slow and regular.

“You think you could tell us Jungkook was Little and we wouldn’t rush home to see him? We would have gone with you,” said Jimin.

There was a pause of silence from his hyungs before Taehyung said hesitantly, “He didn’t want you all to know, he only wanted Namjoon.”

A collective gasp went around the room, and Jungkook was left feeling on edge. “What? Why?” Jin asked.

If they were going to say anything mean, this was their opportunity. He knew saying he didn’t want to see his hyungs was mean, but at the time it was the best option. But now Jungkook just felt bad about it. They all sounded so offended.

It was then that Jungkook decided he should wake up. The hyungs sounded more sad than malicious or angry. He opened his eyes, realizing that he was tucked up on Namjoon’s lap. He shifted to get Namjoon to loosen his grip on him, and Jungkook slid out of his lap to sit beside him.

“I didn’t want to see you because I thought you all didn’t love me.” Jungkook put his head down slightly, feeling saddened by the anxiety still surrounding his thoughts, questioning everything his hyungs did.

Before anyone could question it, Jungkook started to explain. “It felt too crowded, so I wanted to get away from it all. I was going to the bathroom, but I saw this gang and decided to go outside instead, and this guy kept shouting all these pick-up lines, but I assumed it was for some girl. I got outside, and turns out he was shouting them at me,” Jungkook tried to ignore the way his hyungs gasped. Namjoon put a hand on his leg to soothe him.

“They all ganged up on me. I tried to escape, but they pushed me to the ground, and I hit my head and fell into little space. I, erm, I called out for my daddy, and they called me disgusting and strange, so I just thought that you were all lying to me and hated me,” Jungkook sniffled, still not looking up at his hyung, his eyes fixed on his twiddling thumbs.

“Baby, you know that’s not true, right?” Yoongi said, bending down to put a hand on Jungkook’s
knee and looking up to see Jungkook’s hidden face. Jungkook nodded silently. He knew if he tried to speak that he would probably cry. It was quite a surprise for Jungkook to see that Yoongi came. Maybe Yoongi did like him more than Haneul after all.

“And you know we love you, right?” Jimin asked, sounding almost concerned.

Jungkook nodded again. He loved them all too, but he couldn’t help but hear the same nagging thought of ‘they don’t love you, you're just a burden when you're little.’ But for now, he’d just try to ignore it. “Do you want to watch a film, Jungkook?” Jin asked, smiling at Jungkook as he placed himself down on the couch beside him. Jungkook nodded, happy to have something that would take his mind off everything.

He did know that they loved him. He loved them all too. But it’s just whether his little side was so understanding.

Chapter End Notes

For all of you who are commenting about Yugyeom and Jungkook, do not worry. I'll be doing a separate story on little Yugyeom and his beginning, with both of them. It will be like three chapters, and will be up soon. Then the playdate chapter will be up.

Just wanted to say thank you for all the heartwarming comments. I love every single one.

Thank you for reading, feel free to leave any comments, scenarios, or requests. I'd love to see what you think and what you want next.
After they returned home, no one spoke about the incident where Jungkook had been ganged up on by several men who told him he was disgusting for being Little.

The hyungs knew that if they pried, Jungkook would retreat behind the walls that they had worked so hard to knock down. So, they didn’t speak about it until they had to.

It had been over a month since then, and Jungkook hadn’t regressed or shown any signs of even wanting to. Their ‘Little Saturdays,’ where Jungkook would regress every week, had become a day where Jungkook practiced or went to the gym. He avoided being at home altogether. It was at the point to where his hyungs were truly worried.

They had tried again and again to push Jungkook into little space, and even though they knew Jungkook had been close to regressing at times, he hadn’t once fully become Little.

It was then that they realized that Jungkook was stopping himself from becoming Little for some reason or another. So, they tried everything that they could think of to get Jungkook into little space.

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The first to try was Hoseok. Hoseok was very observant and knew when Jungkook needed to go into little space. He had known Little Gukkie the longest, so ultimately knew him more and knew when he was having withdrawal symptoms.
This came into play as Jungkook was trying to write some lyrics for their next album, with Hoseok by his side. Jungkook’s mind was fogged with frustration, sighing every other second and scribbling angrily at the stupid lyrics he had written. His hyungs were always better at writing lyrics than Jungkook. How they came so easy to them, Jungkook would never know. He felt Hoseok’s eyes on him, watching his every move and it made Jungkook feel a bit paranoid.

“Jungkookie, do you want to go out for some ice cream?” Hoseok asked, hope on his face, accompanied by his famous big smile.

Jungkook glanced up from his paper full of scribbles and raised an eyebrow in suspicion before saying, “No thanks, I have to think about these lyrics.” Jungkook dismissed him with a wave of his hand, staring back at the paper.

Hoseok whined and said, “Come on, Gukkie, I’ll buy your favorite, double chocolate chip.”

Jungkook had to stop himself from plummeting into little space. Double chocolate chip wasn’t Jungkook’s favorite; it was Little Gukkie’s favorite. Jungkook had to pinch himself to stop Little Gukkie from squealing and diving head first literally into a world full of pacifiers and stuffies.

It was so much harder to resist being Little the more he did it. He was getting terrible withdrawal symptoms for being Little, but he wouldn’t let his hyungs know that. Jungkook bit his lip, taking in a deep breath and trying to wipe his thoughts of little space as he turned around, so he was facing Hoseok and gave him a stiff smile.

“No thanks, hyung, I have to finish this off,” Jungkook said, pointing to the pieces of paper scattered on the table in front of him, crosses and blank spaces taunting and mocking him.

Hoseok sighed a bit too loudly as he watched Jungkook gather his papers and walk to his own room. Hoseok didn’t miss the sound of the latch clicking, shutting Jungkook in his room for at least the rest of the day.

Hoseok was left behind, wondering why Jungkook wouldn’t let himself become Little. He could tell that Jungkook was desperate to be Little, but he shut himself down, as he would usually do when he was stressed. He just blocked his emotions out, along with anyone who tried to get near him.

There was also the fact that Hoseok had a hunch that this whole thing was down to the incident with those men at the club. Ever since that happened Jungkook was different, and it wasn’t just not being Little. He was constantly on edge, agitated and distant. When Jungkook was younger and he was always so quiet and cut off from the group, Hoseok hated it. From that moment on, Hoseok was determined for Jungkook to be Little.

Jungkook, on the other hand, didn’t know if Hoseok had told the rest of his hyungs about him needing to be Little, or Jungkook was just a bit too obvious, but after Hoseok’s attempts, each of his
hyungs came to him and tried to put him into little space.

***

Next to try was Jin. Now, Jin wasn’t all that subtle in the way he tried to get Jungkook into little space.

It must have been 10 o’ clock when Jungkook came back from practice, sweaty, frustrated and very, very hungry.

As soon as Jungkook came in, he made a beeline for the kitchen. Searching high and low for a snack, he was met with the sad realization that every single cupboard was empty. Only sauces and spices remained: no bars, no rice, no cereal, nothing Jungkook could eat. His stomach groaned at the sight.

Then he opened the fridge. Each shelf was almost completely bare. There were a single cabbage leaf and a moldy carrot and a stray piece of cheese. But then he saw it, and he swore he heard angel’s trumpets and saw holy lights shine down. There, in the middle of the fridge, was a bowl. He quickly pulled it out and saw it in its full glory. Jin’s handy work at its best, but not really the best for Jungkook.

It was a penguin made from rice, laying on a bed of lettuce leaves. It looked happy, its eyes forming crescents. He even had a small fish made with a pepper. Jungkook knew it was for when he was Little, but he was starving, and maybe Jin hyung wouldn’t mind.

He closed the fridge and went to the drawer to get some chopsticks. But the only ones that were there were his training chopsticks for when he was Little, which had Ryan the lion on them (you know who bought him them). Jungkook clicked his tongue but picked them up anyway.

He brought the food to the table and almost had to close his eyes to eat it. The maknae felt bad about smashing it up to eat it. He knew that Jin hyung must have put a lot of effort into it. But there was no other way. Otherwise, Jungkook would most definitely become Little.

“Oh, sweetie,” Jin strode in with a great big smile on his face, his arms wide open and coming closer and closer to Jungkook. Jungkook could see the glint of excitement and relief in his eyes, and Jungkook’s stomach dropped. “I’m so ha-”

“I’m not Little,” Jungkook grumbled, getting up and leaving the food behind, fighting the urge to regress after hearing Jin’s tone and nickname. His whole body was aching to be Little, but he wouldn’t let himself be.

Ignoring Jin’s sigh of disappointment, Jungkook walked straight to his bedroom, locking the door behind him and flinging himself on his bed. He huddled under the covers, trying to fall asleep.
He wouldn’t be Little!

He couldn’t be Little anymore!

The stress he put on his hyungs was something they didn’t need to deal with.

So, he wouldn’t anymore.

He was just going to push his feelings aside, forever.

Jin, meanwhile, sighed sadly, shaking his head as he looked at the box of rice he had made. Jin wanted to go and comfort the maknae, and hug him and make him smile. No one had seen Jungkook smile in a very long time.

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After Jin’s failed attempt, Namjoon had decided to give it a go. He took to it in a way that at all subtle. Namjoon stuck true to his blunt, analytic nature.

They were both sitting in Namjoon’s room with a notebook and pen, waiting for inspiration to hit them. Namjoon, the lyrical master he was, filled the page with words like he was speed writing.

Jungkook, on the other hand, was still left with a blank page. He couldn’t think. His mind was so clouded with all his thoughts and stresses that he couldn’t process anything.

Instead of inspiration for lyrics, all Jungkook could think about was that move he couldn’t get right in the new choreography, or that note that he couldn’t reach, and all the scolding’s he had received from his managers and the staff. And he couldn’t quite make a song about that.

Their new come back was supposed to be happy and joyful. However, Jungkook hadn’t felt like that in a while. But it was all his own fault, so he couldn’t really complain. He would get over it. As soon as he got used to not being Little, he would be fine. He wasn’t always a Little, so he was sure he could be without it again.

“Are you okay, Kook?” Namjoon’s voice was smooth and calm as usual as he brought his head up to meet Jungkook’s eyes, searching for something.

Jungkook discretely lifted the notebook upward so Namjoon couldn’t see the blank page. Jungkook pretended to think about something and then look down at the paper again, writing a string of words with no meaning.
“Yes, I’m fine,” Jungkook reassured, nodding and acting as if he was in the middle of a lyrical breakthrough, when all he could really focus on was the pounding of his heart and how to keep calm. He didn’t want Namjoon to press anymore; he hated talking about any feelings. “Just a bit slow at writing them, it’ll be fine though.”

Namjoon grunted, “I don’t care about the lyrics.” He placed a hand on Jungkook’s notebook and pushed it down so Jungkook had nothing to hide his face. “I care about you.”

Jungkook scoffed, meeting Namjoon’s eyes. “Thanks, hyung,” he joked, trying to play off the pride and warmth that spread through Jungkook. It felt nice to feel like he was cared for again. He hadn’t felt very loved since he hadn’t been in little space. Also, Yoongi was hanging out more and more with Haneul. It made him feel like an afterthought, oblivious to his hyungs constantly watching him with concern.

“You’re worrying us; you haven’t been Little.”

God, Jungkook could never do anything right. He was worrying his hyungs. He didn’t want to do that, they had other things to think about. Why should they have another insignificant worry? Jungkook should be able to look after himself, like every other human being. He shouldn’t be a burden to his hyungs. Their lives were already hard enough. “I don’t plan on being Little anymore,” Jungkook grumbled, his fingers tightening into a fist. He got up and walked straight out of the room.

He knew it was rude, but he was scared that if he stayed any longer, he would start crying.

Namjoon was left dumbfounded, staring at the empty space that Jungkook had occupied and glanced back at the empty notebook.

Namjoon got up and rushed to go get the maknae but saw Taehyung outside of Jungkook’s door instead. They shared a look of despair before the door opened and Taehyung retreated inside, signaling for him not to follow.

Namjoon sighed, frustrated, as he went to sit in the living room and waited for the two. He wouldn’t leave his spot until they emerged from the room.

***

Taehyung heard Jungkook’s raised voice from Namjoon’s room, but the words were muffled. At first, he thought that they were joking. Jungkook barely ever raised his voice to one of his hyungs. When he saw Jungkook storming out the room and heading towards his own, Taehyung knew something was really wrong. He immediately rose and followed, being met with a door to the face and the sound of a lock. But that didn’t deter him.
He knocked on the door. “Jungkookie, please. It’s your favorite hyung,” Taehyung called, continuing to knock, creating a beat of some sort.

“Yoongi-hyung?” Jungkook sniffled, halfheartedly joking. Of course, Jungkook knew it was Taehyung.

“Nooo, Jungkookie, please let me in,” Taehyung whined, glad that Jungkook must be happy enough to try and joke with his hyung, even if Taehyung could hear the small whimpers and sniffles coming from inside the room.

“Just you?” Jungkook asked hesitantly.

“Just me,” Taehyung reassured, a bit confused as to why Jungkook didn’t want anyone else coming in. It must be serious.

Taehyung placed his ear to the door and heard the shuffling of footsteps coming from inside. As he turned his head he caught sight of Namjoon rushing to get to them and then falter when he saw Taehyung. Taehyung looked at him, alarmed, and then signaled him to not come any closer. Jungkook had already made it obvious that he didn’t want the other hyung.

He heard a lock unlatch and the door swung open, an arm grabbing Taehyung and dragging him inside of Jungkook’s lair.

Taehyung was immediately faced with a teary Jungkook, sporting wet cheeks, and a wobbling bottom lip. As soon as Taehyung was in, Jungkook swerved around and locked the door quickly, before rushing to his bed and sitting down.

Taehyung walked slowly up to Jungkook like he was approaching an injured animal that would run away with any sudden movement. At this moment in time, Jungkook did look like he was about to run at any moment. Taehyung knew how much he hated talking about feelings, or just being serious in general.

Taehyung flung himself on the bed and swung an arm around Jungkook, sitting in silence and looking at the maknae through the mirror’s reflection.

“Jungkookie, tell hyung what wrong,” Taehyung said softly, tapping his fingers on Jungkook’s shoulder to create the beat of a Korean lullaby that never failed to calm Jungkook down.

Usually, it would work instantly and Jungkook would be like putty in his arms, but something was holding him back. Jungkook was still stiff, even shook off Taehyung’s touch, which he had never done before.
“I don’t want to be Little anymore, Tae,” Jungkook sighed, bringing his head up to glance at the elder.

Taehyung gasped, looking at the maknae with wide eyes.

What? Why was he saying this? Where did this all- oh. His memory went back to the time at the underground club. Was that it? Did that cause it?

“Jungkook, you know what they said wasn’t true,” Taehyung said, meeting Jungkook’s eyes. “Being Little is good, you make us so happy, you shouldn’t care what those people said.”

Jungkook sighed, shaking his head. “It’s not just about that, anymore.”

“What is it about then?” Taehyung placed a hand on Jungkook’s thigh, which, luckily, he didn’t shake off this time.

Jungkook looked as if he was about to say something important like he was preparing himself for a big revelation. Taehyung was ready. He wanted to know what was wrong, and how he could help. But instead of explaining, Jungkook sighed before saying, “I just I don’t want to be Little anymore. I hope you can respect that.”

Taehyung was torn. Those words felt wrong. He knew there was some reason for this. Jungkook loved being Little. He used to beg to go into little space, or when he was Little, he would drag Taehyung to play with him. Taehyung loved it, he loved taking care of their Little maknae, and so did all the hyungs.

It made him think. Had they done something wrong? Jungkook wouldn’t just stop being Little. There must be some reason. But instead of bombarding Jungkook with questions, Taehyung just said, “Okay.”

Jungkook faltered. “What?”

“Okay,” Taehyung repeated, “I’ll respect it. You don’t want to be Little anymore, I won’t force you. It’s your decision.” It broke his heart to say that. However, Taehyung knew his maknae was too stubborn. Jungkook would tell him eventually, and it would all go back to normal.

“Thank you,” Jungkook choked out, tears welling in his eyes. “Now please leave.” He sounded so broken, the last thing Taehyung wanted to do was leave. He refused to leave the maknae while he was hurting.

“No, Jungkook, pl-”
“Leave, Taehyung. I’m not asking.” Jungkook’s voice sounded stern and almost cold as he tried to glare at Taehyung but ultimately ended up looking pitiful with the tears streaming down his face.

It took a while for Taehyung to convince himself to leave, especially with the sobs coming from Jungkook, but he knew he should respect what his maknae wanted. He gave a sorrowful look before turning around, hearing the door slam behind him and the familiar sound of the door locking.

He would have to tell the hyungs about this.

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As soon as Jimin heard what had happened, he shot up, marching to Jungkook’s room, despite the others’ protests. He knew that somehow, he had to comfort the boy. And then he stopped.

He realized if that he was to get in, he would need an excuse that Jungkook would believe to let him in.

It was then that Jimin remembered the box of shoes that Jimin had secretly bought him. Jungkook had begged him for them, a new pair of Timberlands, but Jimin didn’t have enough money on him at the time to buy them. But he went back and had this whole plan that when Jungkook finished the new choreography that he and Jimin were doing, he would give him them to say well done. That would have to wait. There were more important things at hand.

He fished the box from under his bed and went to straight to Jungkook’s room, knocking on the door and pretending as if he didn’t know what had happened. “Jungkookie?”

He was met by a shuffle around the room and a blunt, “Go away, Jimin.”

Jimin whined loudly, “But, Jungkookie, hyung bought you something.” He placed his ear to the door to hear any movement from inside it. All Jimin could hear was small, muffled whimpers.

“I don’t care,” Jungkook huffed.

“I think you do, it’s something you’ve been asking for a very long time,” he sang, shaking the shoes in the box, hearing the rustle of the tissue paper and the thud of the shoes against the cardboard.

“Timberlands?” Jungkook called out quietly.

Jimin chuckled at the maknae’s tone, “Hmm, you’ll just have to open the door and find out.”

“Oh, okay, one sec.” Jimin heard shuffling around the room, probably Jungkook rushing to be
presentable for his hyung and not look like he had been crying.

Jimin smiled triumphantly, shooting the hyungs a happy look to show that Jungkook was letting him in. The hyungs gave him thumbs up of encouragement but Jimin could see the very obvious concern on their faces.

The door unlocked and was swung open. Even though Jungkook had tried his hardest to wipe the tears and appear normal, Jimin could still see the red patches on his cheeks. It broke his heart to see, and Jimin had to take a deep breath to stop him from engulfing the boy in the biggest hug.

Jimin swerved around Jungkook and went to go sit down on the bed before Jungkook could change his mind and not let him in. Jungkook slowly shut the door, being sure to lock it again.

He gasped excitedly, making grabby hands towards the box. And at that moment, Jimin thought he has broken this façade, for a second Jungkook looks Little. The gleam in his eye had returned, but then Jungkook put his hands down like a scolded child and glanced at the box.

Jimin sighed, placing the shoes on Jungkook’s lap, who greedily opened it. Once he saw the shoes he flung his arms around Jimin, muttering a thank you, before returning to the shoes and getting them out.

He pulled out the tissue paper and the piece of cardboard which held the shape of the shoe and discarded them to the side.

“I’ll take that,” Jimin said, leaning over to gather the rubbish, looking for the bin in Jungkook’s room. Jungkook barely paid any attention, too busy trying on his new shoes. Jimin walked over, smiling to himself until it dropped.

The bin was filled with Jungkook’s little space supplies. Pacifiers, plushies, coloring books, coloring pencils, all overflowed in the bin.

“Jungkook-ah,” Jimin’s voice sounded just as broken as his heart was. “Why is your Little stuff in the bin?” He breathed in disbelief.

Jimin turned to see Jungkook freeze and stop anything he was doing. “I don’t want to be Little anymore,” he mumbled quietly.

“We both know that’s a lie,” Jimin said, forgetting about the rubbish and walking over to Jungkook and sitting down beside him. “Please tell me why you are doing this,” Jimin pleaded, giving Jungkook a pouty face, looking like a puppy. It was a look that Jungkook could never resist.

Jungkook sighed, running a hand through his hair. “I-I just feel like such a burden; it’s like every
break you get, you have to look after me. Our lives are already hard, you don’t need me making it harder.”

Jimin’s eyes stung with tears, but he was determined not to let them fall. “Jungkook, listen to me.” He gathered the maknae’s hands in his small ones and looked deep into his eyes. “You are not a burden, we love taking care of you,” he spoke from the heart.

Jungkook, on the other hand, just didn’t seem to be able to find truth in Jimin’s words.

“Why would we look after you if we didn’t want to?”

“Because I made you,” Jungkook whispered sadly. “You never wanted this; you didn’t when I told you.”

Memories flooded back to Jimin from when Jungkook first told the members, and how Jimin had never understood it. He had been very inconsiderate to the maknae, in all honesty, it was only because he didn’t quite get it. But as soon as he heard Hoseok and Taehyung talking, he couldn’t help but want to take care of the boy. Especially when he came to Jimin looking so cute in his onesie.

“Oh, okay, so I wasn’t very nice at the start, and I’m sorry for that, but I fell for your cuteness, and kindness, and adorableness and-”

“Hyung, please,” Jungkook whined, secretly reveling in all the compliments and trying to fight down his smile.

“I’ve got more,” Jimin chuckled at Jungkook, who was protesting quickly. “But you get what I mean, you could never be a burden, okay?”

Jungkook gave a small nod.

“Say it for me,” Jimin said, bringing a hand to Jungkook’s face and cupping his cheeks.

“I’m not a burden,” Jungkook said, actually believing it this time, “My hyungs love me.” Jimin nodded and beamed at him.

“Yes, so are you going to be Little again?” Jimin asked, watching hopefully as Jungkook paused. It felt like a million years before Jungkook gave a small nod and smiled at Jimin. Jimin squealed with glee, pulling Jungkook into a hug and whispering, “I’m happy that you figured it out.”
“Me too,” Jungkook whispered back.

Jimin pulled away from Jungkook and said, “Come on, Kook, forget about the shoes for a second. Let’s go tell the others, they’ve been so worried.”

Jimin could sense that the maknae feels bad about it, so they walked hand in hand to the living room.

The members immediately looked up at them with concern on their faces. Jimin gave a reassuring smile before saying, “Jungkook has something he wants to say.”

All the members looked at him expectantly, but none really in shock. He gave a side glance to Jimin, who gave him a not-so-discrete thumbs up. Jungkook groaned, his cheeks heating up from embarrassment.

“What I said about not wanting to be Little,” Jungkook paused to let out a deep breath in an attempt to calm his racing heartbeat. “It wasn’t true.”

The hyungs gave him a happy look, but he could tell that they already knew what was probably going to happen. Hoseok patted the empty space next to him, which Jungkook shyly walked up to, bowing his head in thanks. As soon as he sat down, Hoseok rested an arm on his shoulder.

“Did we do anything wrong?” Jin asked, looking at Jungkook inquisitively.

Jungkook gasped, quickly shaking his head, shocked at the thought that his hyungs would ever think it was their fault. “No, no!” He blurted out before calming himself and saying, “I just felt like such a burden to you, all I-“

“Jungkook, how could say that? You could never be a burden,” Hoseok said in disbelief, squeezing the maknae tightly.

“Yeah, we love you, and we love taking care of you,” Jin added, giving Jungkook a big sweet smile.

“Yeah, I know that now, thanks to Jimin,” Jungkook glanced over to Jimin, who was looking at him with a prideful and fond look.

“So, no more talks about not being Little?” Namjoon asked, sounding almost scared.

“No more,” Jungkook assured, laughing when he heard the collective sigh of relief around the room.

“So, when-” Jin was just about to speak, but a door opened revealing Yoongi wearing smart clothes, sporting damp hair and a flushed face. He had even gone to the trouble of putting makeup on, unlike
he usually would.

Wait! Yoongi wasn’t there the whole time. God, Jungkook must have been so wrapped up in his own thoughts, he didn’t even comprehend that Yoongi wasn’t listening. By the looks of it, Yoongi had just gotten out of the shower.

“I’m going out with Haneul, might be back late, so don’t wait up,” Yoongi informed them, smiling. The hyungs nodded in return, sharing a look amongst one another, which Jungkook presumed is down to the fact that they want to tell Yoongi what had happened.

Jungkook didn’t really pay much attention because he could only focus on Yoongi waving to them and about to go out with that monster.

He felt a strong whine rise from his throat and he didn’t really realize that it was him at first until Yoongi stopped like a deer in the headlights and all his hyungs looked at him. Jungkook felt tears fall down his cheeks as he sobbed. “Please, Daddy, don’t go.”

Yoongi immediately rushed to the Little and tried to pull the boy into a hug. Surprisingly, Jungkook didn’t accept the hug; he pushed Yoongi away with such force that he stumbled back. Jungkook curled up into Hoseok’s chest, who in return cradled and rocked the boy in hopes of soothing him.

“No, you don’t love me anymore,” Jungkook whimpered, “you like Haneul better.”

“Baby,” Yoongi said, sounding almost broken at being the cause of the Little’s crying. “I love you more than anything.”

“No, you don’t,” Jungkook pointed a finger at him accusingly. “You’re gonna leave Gukkie, coz you love her more.”

Yoongi scrambled to get the maknae, and placed a hand on his leg. “Baby, do you think that Daddy will leave you for Haneul?”

Jungkook just sniffled and nodded pitifully.

“Oh, baby boy,” Yoongi shuffled on to the couch until he was basically sitting on the boy’s lap. “Daddy will never leave you.”

“Daddy not want Haneul as a girlfriend?” Jungkook asked timidly, turning his head to the side and looking at Yoongi.

“No, baby, never,” Yoongi chuckled and kissed the boy’s nose, “And Haneul only likes girls,
anyway.”

“Oh,” Jungkook said, as a rush of relief flooded through his body. Yoongi wasn’t ever leaving him. Yoongi loved him the most in the whole wide world.

“Please don’t leave, Daddy. Gukkie missed you,” Jungkook whispered, shifting his weight to cling to Yoongi’s shirt.

Yoongi smiled and nodded. “Okay, baby, Daddy will stay with you. Just let him tell Haneul, okay?”

Jungkook nodded happily, sniffing as Yoongi pressed a soft kiss the maknae’s cheek.

Yoongi got up and fiddled with his phone, but Jungkook averted his attention to his other hyungs.

He gave a small, shy smile, which of course they all cooed at.

“I’ve missed you soooo much,” Hoseok squealed, wrapping his arms around the Little and squeezing him tightly. Jungkook giggled, and soon the rest of his hyungs were walking over and sweeping him up into a big hug.

“Gukkie sorry,” Jungkook said sadly, thinking back to the past events and how he had deprived himself of little space.

Taehyung wiped away the tears with his thumb and said, “Don’t be sorry, there’s nothing to be sorry about, okay?” He shot Jungkook a big boxy smile, which made Jungkook smile and nod happily.

They were still all engulfed in a hug, each person determined not to let go.

“What do you wanna do, little one?” Namjoon asked.

“Erm…” Jungkook pressed a finger against his lips and thought hard. “Stay like this.” Heis hyungs cooed and agreed.

“Let’s try to sit down and cuddle, okay?” Jin said, everyone agreeing and reluctantly pulling away from the hug to scatter pillows from the couch onto the floor while Jimin led Jungkook to get his Little supplies.

They reconvened a few minutes later, Jungkook in a soft pink sweater and a pair of long cotton shorts, a pacifier between his lips, Gloss tucked under one arm and Flopsy under the other, somehow still managing to hold Jimin’s hand at the same time.
When he saw his hyungs smiling at him with a nice mountain of cushions and soft things Jungkook skipped over, dragging Jimin with him. He fell into his hyungs, all of them groaning under the added weight. Jungkook giggled, wiggling into the space between Yoongi and Hoseok. Jin threw a blanket over all of them before lying down next to Namjoon.

Jungkook laughed contently, no longer feeling angry or stressed or sad. Instead, he just felt happy.

“Love you,” Jungkook beamed at all of them.

“Love you too, Gukkie,” their voices rang out as one before they all settled in for some much-needed quality time with their Little.

Chapter End Notes

The little Yugyeom story will be up on the 11th of September, so please look forward to it.

Thank you for reading, feel free to leave any comments, scenarios, or requests. I'd love to see what you think and what you want next.
A Little Yugyeom (Finally)

I posted a story about little yugyeom, its gonna have about 3 chapters i think, and little jungkook is in a lot of it,

I'm sorry this took so long, but i hope it was worth it,

The story if about how yugyeom came to accept his little self, and how got7 found out.

so please check it out.

A little secret

https://archiveofourown.org/works/12051618/chapters/27289701

Thank youuu ^_^
A Little Jealous

Chapter Summary

Request by BabyBunnyJungkook: The members get jealous of Jungkook hanging out too much with other friends.

Chapter Notes

Ahhhh i’m so sorry for updating this soooo late.
I just all of a sudden got loads of assignments and then it was the comeback, which was amazing!!!! i AM SPEECHLESS, I LOVE EVERYTHING ABOUT IT. i LOVE EVERYTHING ABOUT THEM!!! I screamed when it came out.
Hopefully i will be able keep on top of it all and update frequently.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Bye, hyungs,” Jungkook shouted back and waved at the other members, who were scattered around on the couch. All except for Yoongi, who was in the shower and had been for at least an hour now. They briefly glanced up from the TV to watch Jungkook retreat out of the house, their smiles falling ever so slightly.

Before he walked out the front door and locked it behind him, Jungkook gave them a big smile and another wave. He had done that five times that week, and it was only Wednesday.

The Hyung’s knew now that, as usual, they would probably not see Jungkook’s face until either very, very late at night, or in the early hours of the morning. The only time his members ever got to see him now was when Jungkook was forced to be around them, like during practice or recordings.
And even then, as soon as it was done, Jungkook was gone.

For some reason, Jungkook had been insistent that every day he would go out with Mingyu, the 97-liner from Seventeen. Ever since the 97-liner performance, and that then evolving into a group chat, Jungkook had become more and more interested in talking to other idols.

It was good, at first, anyway. The hyungs were so proud that their little maknae was finally coming out of his shy shell and becoming more comfortable in his own skin.

But, all of a sudden, Jungkook had started texting them more frequently, and then one day he went out with them and the rest was history. Even though Seokmin, Mingyu, and Minghao were all 97-liners from Seventeen, Jungkook had become very obsessed with Mingyu for whatever reason. When asked by his hyungs, Jungkook simply said that he shared the same interests with the fellow 97-liner.

The hyungs were now left, like usual, sad that all of their hopes of spending the day with the maknae were completely obliterated.

All of their eyes were fixed on the front door, listening to Jungkook walk away. No one moved or
said anything, or even sighed.

However, the silence that filled the air was soon broken by Taehyung, who jumped to his feet and placed himself in front of everyone. “So, we’ve all noticed that Jungkook’s been spending less and less time with us.”

It took a while until all the hyungs nodded in agreement as they waited for everyone else’s reaction. If it was only one of them that felt that way then that would make them feel like a jealousy-ridden monster who was so selfish that they couldn’t even let Jungkook make friends. They never looked away though, their eyes were still ghosting the door.

“It’s good he is making friends,” Namjoon tried reasoning with them all. He was known for being the most rational, he was the leader after all.

“But I miss him!” Hoseok whined, clinging to Namjoon tightly, rocking him back and forth.

Namjoon let out a noise of surprise at how tightly his Hyung was holding him but then sighed, shaking his head. He knew that Hoseok would never shut up about missing their maknae.

“We all miss him, but we can’t be selfish,” Jin tried to reason, just like Namjoon did, and just like Namjoon, it didn’t work. Jin could barely convince himself that he shouldn’t be the green-eyed monster, so how was he to convince anyone else? And even though the hyungs agreed with what he is saying, they would still rather have Jungkookie all to themselves.

“Does he not love us anymore?” Hoseok said, a small pout forming on his lips. His arms slowly dropped their tight grip on Namjoon.

Deep down, Hoseok knew that the maknae loved them, they had been family for almost seven years. They had practically raised him, the maknae must love them with all his heart, just like Hoseok did with every member. But he couldn’t help but feel the smallest amount of doubt, because why else would the maknae be practically avoiding them?

Jimin was the first to protest, no doubt in his mind. “Of course, he still loves us, he just wants more friends.” He gave Hoseok a look of reassurance and then watched as most of the elder hyungs nodded their heads.

Taehyung was still in his own world, until he whined loudly, stomping one foot so that all the attention was on him.

“But we’re his friends, why does he need anymore?” Taehyung huffed, crossing his arms like a child and falling dramatically on the couch, nearly crushing Jin in the process. He sat with a big fat pout on his lips, watching the door as if Jungkook was going to walk through it any minute, but he knew he wouldn’t.

“Did we do something wrong?” Jin asked, ignoring the childish acts of Taehyung, and becoming more serious. Maybe they were the reason as to why Jungkook was so distant lately.

Instantly all the members fell into silence, racking their brains and thinking of any moment, no matter how big or small it was, that could have pushed their maknae away. But no matter how hard they thought, they couldn’t think of a single thing.

It was then that Taehyung clicked his fingers and bounced to his feet, causing everyone to snap their attention to him, awaiting his theory. “Yoongi,” he said simply. The hyungs all looked at him with confusion as to why their second youngest would call on the rapper, who clearly was not there.
“What?” Namjoon asked.

Taehyung brought his hands to clasp behind his back and he proceeded to take small strides back and forth, like someone out of Sherlock Holmes. “Yoongi caused it.” The members instantly want to protest and defend the rapper, but Taehyung shushed them all.

“No, think about it. Jungkook was jealous of him and Haneul,” Taehyung said, still pacing up and down in the living room.

The rest of the members didn’t respond. Taehyung was actually making a valid argument, so they just awaited his next words.

“Jungkook goes out now to make us all jealous, or more specifically, Yoongi,” Taehyung pointed accusingly down the hall to the bathroom where Yoongi was located.

A moment of silence filled the room, as they pondered the idea, feeling ridiculous that they thought such a thing was true. But at that moment, it made the most sense.

“That actually makes sense,” Namjoon’s said, almost breathlessly.

“So, Jungkook is doing this to make Yoongi jealous, and that’s it?” Hoseok asked, with a perplexed expression on his face.

“Exactly,” Taehyung said, dropping back down on the couch. “He didn’t even apologize that well, and even if Jungkookie was still feeling bad about it, he wouldn’t say anything,” Taehyung explained, another theory arising.

“Our maknae’s not very good with emotion,” Jin agreed.

Then a click was heard from the room down the corridor, and a soft padding of footsteps was getting closer and closer to them. Instantly they scrambled to a very serious position, all their eyes staring at the corridor, waiting for Yoongi.

As soon as Yoongi entered, everyone turned to give him a death stare. At first, Yoongi didn’t even spare a glance at them, he had his eyes fixed on his phone screen.

“Speak of the devil,” Namjoon said all in English, which made Yoongi’s eyes dart upwards, not really understanding the words, or the reason for the anger in his voice. After seeing everyone’s expressions, Yoongi approached slowly, as if they were wild animals about to pounce.

“Sit,” Jin commanded, using his elder authority, which made Yoongi flop on the couch opposite all of them.

The suspect then looked at them inquisitively, noting the absence of the maknae. “What—

“Yoongi, we have something we want to talk about,” Namjoon said very seriously, causing Yoongi’s smile to drop at the unusually solemn mood. It suddenly made his heart leap with fear. This only happened if someone did something very wrong, and the loss of the maknae made him feel even more anxious.

Was Jungkook okay? Had he gone missing? Had Jungkookie gotten hurt? Could he really not leave them alone for the most of 15 minutes and not be met with chaos? He thought.

“What’s wrong? Where’s Jungkookie?” Yoongi asked frantically, even more concerned when a look of sympathy flashed in Namjoon’s eyes.
“So, you have noticed he’s been gone?” Hoseok asked, his voice full of disbelief.

“Of course I have, I’m not blind,” Yoongi scoffed, his voice coming out harsher than he would have liked, but he just wanted his members to tell him what was wrong.

“So, you noticed how he’s hardly been with us,” Taehyung’s voice was less confused and more accusing. *If Yoongi had noticed, why hadn’t he done anything about it? But then again, they hadn’t done anything but pine over their maknae, it was only now that they were actually talking about it.*

Yoongi nodded, “He’s been with Mingyu.” Those words hit Taehyung. Yoongi did know. Was he not jealous like they all were? The elder was Jungkook’s boyfriend after all. Were they all just overreacting?

“I’m sorry, but what is this all about?” Yoongi asked, now even more confused than he had been.

“Have you talked about the whole Haneul situation anymore?” Jin asked, feeling more like a relationship counselor than a hyung.

Yoongi turned to Jin with wide eyes, and then answered firmly, “Yes, we have, everything is fine. Why, did Jungkook say something?” All the members but Yoongi shared a look between one another, which certainly didn’t help with Yoongi’s paranoia.

He thought everything was fine between them. Even after they had a conversation when Jungkook was Little, when he went into big space again they had talked it out. Everything had been fine, or at least he had thought so.

“Not necessarily,” Jimin bit his lip before continuing. “We think that’s the reason that he has been so distant.”

Yoongi furrowed his brows, “Distant? He just wants to make friends, he told me.” The members stayed silent for a second, processing the new information.

“And when did he tell you this, we only see him for five minutes and then he’s out of the house,” Hoseok said, trying to mask the slight anger in his voice. It was like Yoongi was acting clueless when he clearly knew that Jungkook was seeing them less and less.

“After he goes out with Mingyu he comes back to meet me at the studio and helps me with my tracks, then he usually falls asleep, so then we go home together,” Yoongi explained as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“So that’s why he comes home so late,” Jimin muttered, loud enough for all the rest of the members to agree with.

“Yeah, but do you not think it is weird that he only wanted to make friends after he got jealous of you and Haneul,” Taehyung asked.

Yoongi opened his mouth, seeming sure of his next words until they fell into silence and he shut it. He then muttered sadly, “I never thought of that.” Was Jungkook really avoiding them because of what Yoongi had done? Was he hiding his feelings from Yoongi? Why?

The room was left in silence as Yoongi thought until finally he looked into each of the members’ awaiting eyes and said, “I’ll ask him tonight.”

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That’s exactly what he did. Jungkook came into the studio like he usually did when the digital clock glowed 10:04 in the darkness of the room. Like usual, the lights were turned on, leaving Yoongi to hiss, his eyes sensitive, and then his earphones would be pulled down, the music still playing.

Jungkook would whisper, “Hi, hyung,” and a small kiss would be pressed to his cheek as Jungkook placed himself on the chair next to Yoongi, which had been awaiting him all night. Yoongi would stare at the maknae for a few seconds, admiring his beauty and then return to the music. And everything was normal.

It was only when they decided to take a break and retreat to the couch that Yoongi decided to ask the question. But not until after a very long inner monologue.

Would Jungkook really try to make him jealous? Was Yoongi that bad of a boyfriend to not realize? Or did Jungkook just like Mingyu more than him? Did Jungkook not feel happy with him anymore? Or maybe Jungkook really did just want another friend.

Jungkook managed to pull Yoongi out of his thoughts as he sighed, falling back onto Yoongi’s lap and groaning, “I don’t want to go to vocal practice tomorrow.” And it’s as if something snapped because Yoongi forgot his thoughts and easily fell back into their routine. Almost on instinct, Yoongi brought his fingers to sift through Jungkook’s hair, feeling the maknae melt underneath him.

“It will be fine,” Yoongi reassured. He didn’t really want to go to his own vocal practice, but they were idols after all. They simply couldn’t not do it. “How about after, I’ll treat you and we go out for lamb skewers?”

Usually, Jungkook would jump at any chance to spend his hyung’s money and not his own, especially when lamb skewers were involved. But this time, all Yoongi was met with was silence, and he swore he felt Jungkook tense. Then Jungkook’s head was off his lap, and he rose to be side by side with Yoongi.

“I can’t Yoongi, I’m sorry. I’m going out with Mingyu.”

Yoongi would be lying if he said he didn’t feel the twang of jealousy at Jungkook’s words. And then suddenly, the whole reason he was there came back and he couldn’t help but blurt it out.

“Jungkook, you would tell me if there was something wrong, right?” He asked, wringing his hands with nerves.

“What? Yoongi, you know I would,” Jungkook turned to Yoongi. “After all, Namjoon does say, communication is the key to a successful relationship,” Jungkook joked, laughing.

Normally, Yoongi would laugh with Jungkook and make fun of the leader with him, but he could only stifle a nervous laugh. Jungkook was avoiding the question and covering it up with a joke, so the seriousness of the conversation would disappear.

“So, you’re not still upset about me and Haneul,” Yoongi asked, letting his words hang in the air for a few seconds.

“No, we’ve already talked about this Yoongi,” Jungkook’s tone made Yoongi feel as if it was the most stupid question, and for a moment, he would have thought everything was okay, but he couldn’t miss the anger in Jungkook’s voice.

“Do you want me to be?” Jungkook asked, his voice rising slightly. “Is that it?” Jungkook turned to meet Yoongi’s eyes, raising his eyebrow, each feature reading anger. “Do you want me to be jealous? Are you.”
“N-no,” Yoongi tried to calm down the maknae, before they got into a full out argument.

But with Jungkook’s sudden outburst, Yoongi knew that Jungkook was hiding something. He always did get defensive if he was keeping a secret.

“The others said that maybe you were being distant because you were still upset with me,” Yoongi said, laughing it off as if it was nothing, but secretly awaiting Jungkook’s reaction.

“What?” Jungkook scoffed, “I’ve been gone for like four hours, and they already miss me,” Yoongi didn’t miss the fondness in his eyes. “You know what they said is not true, I’m fine with you and Haneul.”

Jungkook then settled back down onto Yoongi’s lap, shifting so he became comfortable. Yoongi sighed, falling back into stroking the maknae’s head. “I know,” Yoongi said, smiling, trying to convince himself. “It was stupid.” But was it really?

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After four more days, Jungkook had become like a ghost. He was only around the dorm when no one could see him, and he was only heard when he was talked about.

The hyungs, even Yoongi, were becoming more and more jealous. Taehyung and Hoseok were moping around most of the time, whining over the lack of Jungkookie. Yoongi had even begun to wear a small pout on his lips as Jungkook’s visits became less and less.

It was a Saturday when all their schedules were free, and once again they awoke to a maknae-less house. All the hyungs, planted themselves on the couch one by one, not really watching whatever was on TV, their minds were more focused on Jungkook, or the lack of him.

It was supposed to be little space Saturdays, where they would do nothing but play with their Little maknae, but now they were left all alone. Eventually, the quiet house became too depressing for Namjoon and Jin, who decided to go out shopping.

“I can’t take this anymore,” moaned Taehyung. “What do you think Jungkookie is doing now?”

Hoseok and Jimin thought while Yoongi pretended to ignore them and watch the TV, wishing he had gone with Namjoon and Jin, or at least had to some earplugs to drown out all the whining.

“Probably having fun without us,” Hoseok sighed sadly, dropping his phone onto his lap and looking longingly at the front door.

“We have to do something!” Taehyung’s fingers formed into a fist.

“Like what?” Jimin said, trying to cut off any of Taehyung’s wacky ideas, “What can we do? Sneak into the Seventeen’s dorm like some creeps?” Jimin laughed, but he laughed alone.

He groaned when he saw Hoseok and Taehyung turn to each other, with matching smirks on their faces. Even Yoongi tore his eyes away from the screen to see them.

“I know Jeonghan’s number,” Taehyung said gleefully, scrambling to get his phone and find the number. Hoseok nodded happily while Jimin fought to get the phone. Yoongi just sighed, shaking his head and watching the exchange.

“You are not-” Yoongi began, but his voice was interrupted by Taehyung’s.
“Hi, Jeonghan, it’s Taehyung, is Jungkookie at your house?” A silence filled the room, everyone frozen. Even Jimin was frozen, hovering to get Taehyung’s phone. “Oh, he’s just with Mingyu at home?” Taehyung said, seemingly innocent. If only Jeonghan knew his ridiculous intentions.

“Well, could you give me the address, Jungkook asked me to pick him up yesterday, but his phone must have died so I can’t find out the address,” the lies rolled off of Taehyung’s tongue easily, and if weren’t for the situation, Yoongi would have been very impressed with Taehyung’s acting skills.

A silence filled the room until Taehyung was smiling widely and said, “Thank you, Jeonghan.”

And that’s how they ended up on a search party for their maknae.

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How Yoongi had ended up following them, he would never know. He was partly bored but mostly intrigued, though he would never let any of his members know.

Somehow Hoseok and Taehyung had even gotten Jimin to follow them. That was how they had ended up, staring at Jungkook through the window nearest to where he stood together with Mingyu. They weren’t that close, but it was still too close for Yoongi’s liking. He had to restrain himself from walking into the dorm and breaking the two up. But he knew he had to be rational.

Jungkook was laughing brightly at whatever Mingyu was saying, looking truly comfortable around him. Yoongi hadn’t made Jungkook smile like that in quite a long time. He then saw Jungkook throw his arms around Mingyu happily, and Mingyu hugged him tightly. Had they hugged more than once? Had they done anything else but hugging?

They looked happy. They almost looked like a couple.

He could feel the members’ eyes watching him, waiting for any kind of reaction. It was Jimin who spoke up first. “Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea, let’s go home,” he tried. And even though Yoongi knew that he should just agree and go back to the dorm like everything was normal, he couldn’t. He couldn’t tear his eyes away from Jungkook.

“Yeah, hyung, let’s-” Hoseok started, but Yoongi shushed him, his heart beating rapidly. He slid his phone from his pocket and then searched for Jungkook’s contact, placing the phone to his ear, and letting it ring. He watched as Jungkook stopped laughing and brought out his phone. At seeing the contact he looked startled for a moment before he pressed a finger to his lips to shush Mingyu and placed the phone to his ear.

“Hi, hyung,” Jungkook said, still smiling, not for Yoongi, but at Mingyu.

“Hi, Jungkook, Jin wanted to know if you’ll be home for tea,” Yoongi knew he shouldn’t be lying to Jungkook, but he couldn’t think of any other way. If he told the maknae the truth, he would sound like a psychopath or a possessive boyfriend.

“Erm, no I won’t, I’m with Mingyu, remember?”

“Ah, I know, where are you?” Yoongi said, hoping that he would get the truth. But as he watched intently, Jungkook’s smile faltered, and his eyes looked nervously around the room, something he did when he wasn’t telling the truth. Yoongi tried to ignore the feeling of his heart breaking slightly. Jungkook’s words just reaffirmed his feelings.

“I’m bowling.” He never knew two words could affect him so much.
Yoongi’s grip on the phone tightened as he said, “Have a nice time.”

Jungkook’s smile returned as he looked at Mingyu, nodding at whatever he said. “Yeah, hyung, I’ll see you at the studio.”

Yoongi grimaced, “Yeah, see you.” No ‘I love you’ or ‘I miss you.’ Nothing.

Yoongi dropped his phone into his lap and just drove. Drove away from Jungkook, trying to forget all the things he saw through the window. Now, Yoongi wasn’t one to cry or show much emotion at all. But even though he didn’t show it, he felt it. And now it felt like someone had stabbed him or something. He drove with blurry eyes, gripping the steering wheel with anger.

“Hyung, there will be some reason, Jungkookie wouldn’t-” Jimin’s words fizzled out, no one wanting to suggest it out loud. But everyone was thinking it. Everyone heard the phone conversation, the car was too quiet not to.

“I know he wouldn’t cheat,” Yoongi reassured, but not even able to convince himself. He didn’t know anymore. Did Jungkook even love him?

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As soon as Yoongi got home, his only mission was to get out of there. He grabbed his things and went straight to the studio, where he submerged himself into his music, on edge as he waited for the lights to be switched on.

Part of him wanted to see Jungkook, and ask him for the truth, the other part didn’t want to do anything, but forget it all. If he forgot about it, then he wouldn’t need to destroy what he thought was a very good relationship. It could even destroy the band if it got too out of hand.

But soon enough, Yoongi had no choice but to come face to face with Jungkook, as light filled the room. At the first footstep, Yoongi took off his headphones and turned around to see Jungkook, looking like a dear in the headlights, not used to Yoongi being so quick to greet him.

“Where were you?” Yoongi said gruffly, trying not to lash out as he clenched his fingers together.

“I was bowling, I already told you,” Jungkook said, laughing nervously as he went to sit down on the chair next to Yoongi, treading almost delicately, feeling the tension in the air.

“Tell me the truth, Jungkook.” Suddenly, Yoongi can’t take it anymore. The fact that Jungkook had lied to him again infuriated him even more. “I know you weren’t.”

“Wh-what do you mean?” Jungkook stuttered, and now Yoongi could tell that the younger was nervous and definitely hiding something, by the panicked look in his eyes.

“You weren’t bowling,” Yoongi explained further, trying to calm himself.

“Were you following me?!” Jungkook exclaimed, throwing his hands in the air. With the look of guilt that flashes across Yoongi’s face, Jungkook could tell that his theory was true. “I can’t believe you-”

“You! You!” Yoongi said, his voice rising over Jungkook’s, “I can’t believe you, I saw you with him, and you lied to me!”

“So, you did follow me?!” Jungkook shouted back, challenging Yoongi’s tone.
“Yes, Taehyung and Hoseok dragged me there,” Yoongi told him, trying to avoid seeming like the crazy boyfriend, but Jungkook had already found out now.

“You said if anything was wrong, you’d tell me, why didn’t you tell me?” Yoongi’s anger began to fade away as it was replaced with sadness.

Jungkook sighed, losing the tension in his shoulders. “Nothing is wrong, Mingyu is teaching me how to cook.”

Yoongi scoffed, laughing spitefully. Out of all the excuses, Jungkook sure was creative. They were in the kitchen, after all.

“Cooking,” Yoongi mocked.

“You know what, I can’t believe you’re acting like that, you wanna know what I was doing with Mingyu?” Jungkook shouted, obviously annoyed by Yoongi’s attitude. Yoongi nodded, bracing himself for whatever Jungkook was about to say.

“He’s teaching me to cook, so I could surprise you all,” Jungkook almost screamed at him, even though he was still just a meter away.

The elder’s frown faltered at Jungkook’s confession. At first, he thought it was just another lie but when he truly looked at Jungkook, he wasn’t looking around nervously or overcompensating in his actions. Was he actually telling the truth? Well, Yoongi didn’t expect that.

Jungkook brought something up on his phone and threw it onto Yoongi’s lap.

He glanced down, not even having to bring the phone up to see what it was. It was the conversations between Mingyu and Jungkook, and sure enough, each one, bar a few usual conversations, was about how to cook, and what time Jungkook would come around, and what dish they would cook.

He was telling the truth.

“Jungkook,” Yoongi let the maknae’s name fall from his lips as they faded into silence, not really knowing any other way to react. He knew he should apologize straight away, but by the look on Jungkook’s face, he had more to say.

“It was meant to be a surprise, and thanks to your jealousy, I can’t even do that.” Watching as Jungkook’s eyes began to water, Yoongi knew it wouldn’t be very long until the maknae started crying. God, he was such an asshole.

“Gukkie suppose to make hyungies happy and say thank you, for looking after him,” Jungkook sniffled, his words breaking off, on the verge of crying.

Yoongi’s heart broke, he was an even bigger asshole. He upset Jungkook so much he had been put into little space.

“Oh, baby, Daddy’s sorry,” Yoongi said, rising up from his chair to bring his arms around Jungkook’s shaking frame. “Daddy just got jealous because he doesn’t like sharing his baby.”

Jungkook seemed to lighten up ever so slightly, as he brought a hand up to wind around Yoongi’s waist and buried his face in his shoulder. “Gukkie sorry.”

Yoongi shook his head, sliding his hand into the Little’s hair and stroking it soothingly. “No. You have nothing to be sorry for, Daddy’s just being mean, isn’t he?”
Jungkook giggled, nodding, “Daddy’s a big meany pants.”

Even though the Little sounded like he was only joking, Yoongi knew there must be some part of him that meant it, he was horrible.

Yoongi rested himself on Jungkook’s lap, still embracing the maknae, and they stayed like that for some while, just appreciating each other.

It was Jungkook who interrupted the silence, though. “Daddy, can I go see other hyungies?” His voice was quiet, but Yoongi could still hear every word in the silent studio.

With a hesitant glance at the clock which read 00:36, Yoongi nodded and said, “Okay, baby, come on then.” Yoongi unwound his arms from around the Little and stood, allowing the Little to hold his hand as they both went home together.

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When they got home, the dorm room was mostly silent, there was no movement but the sound of shallow breathing and of course, Namjoon’s snoring. At the realization of this, Jungkook couldn’t help but get sad and sport a big pout, which Yoongi couldn’t stand to see. So maybe when Yoongi suggested they cook for the members, he wasn’t in the right state of mind, the one where he made logical decisions.

Of course, Jungkook was thrilled, and practically dragged Yoongi to the kitchen. They cooked, with the supervision of Yoongi, for at least two hours, with TV breaks in between. How the hell the sleeping members didn’t wake up was a mystery to Yoongi, but he didn’t mind because then at least it would be a surprise.

It was about 3:00 when everything was done, placed on a table and steaming hot. It looked delicious, everything looked to be cooked to perfection, the taste, though was something Yoongi maybe was a little scared of.

He thought back to all the dishes Jungkook had made, either too salty or covered in sugar, he found no in between. But to be honest, Yoongi would eat anything for the Little, even if it tasted like pure seawater.

“You did amazing, baby,” Yoongi praised, leaning onto his tiptoes to press a kiss to the Little’s forehead.

Jungkook clapped eagerly, taking off his apron and throwing it over the counter.

Yoongi was too scared to even look at the state of the kitchen they had left it in. Jin would be so annoyed, hopefully the cuteness of the Little would distract him.

“Let’s wake them up, Daddy,” Jungkook said, bringing up a pan and a wooden spoon, grinning back at Yoongi. Yoongi picked up the nearest clean pan and spoon and smirked back. They were going to have some fun.

In sync, they both smashed the spoons against the metal, creating an almost gong-like sound. It was so loud Yoongi hoped the neighbors wouldn’t come in and complain. But it didn’t stop him from being any less ruthless. Jungkook was hitting it like he was on a drum set.

“WHATS WRONG!!? WHATS WRONG!?” Jin screamed, stumbling, and half asleep, into the kitchen. His mouth dropped when he saw the two, trailing his eyes down to the food covered maknae, and the equally messy Yoongi.
“What the hell have—” He began to scold, but he didn’t get to finish as Jungkook had already run up to Jin and almost knocked him over by the force of his hug.

“Eomma, look, look,” Jungkook jumped up and down, pointing over to the table. He then rushed over and pulled out a seat for Jin.

Before going to sit down, Jin shot Yoongi a confused look, who just shook it off, smiling.

The next hyung was Namjoon. “Guys, why are you smashing the pans this early,” he looked at them all, barely awake, his tiredness shutting his eyes. But when he caught a glimpse of the table behind them his eyes widened. “You’ve been cooking?” He looked over to Yoongi, confused.

Yoongi chuckled, shaking his head and said, “No, our amazing Little has.” He gestured over to Jungkook, who was currently placing a napkin on Jin’s lap.

Namjoon smiled widely, walking over to the table, and as expected, was greeted by a great big squeal of “Appa!” Jungkook raced around the table to where Namjoon sat and engulfed him in a great big hug. Namjoon chuckled, hugging the Little tightly.

“I’m awake, I’m awake,” Taehyung walked in, his eyes shut fully, weaving very skillfully through the room and sitting down at the table. Yoongi assumed it was what he usually did every morning. He really wouldn’t know, he was too lazy to wake up before anyone else.

Jungkook giggled, turning to Taehyung and leaning down to whisper, “Papa.” Taehyung’s eyes snapped open in response, and he jumped on the maknae in an instant.

“Pumpkin!” he shouted, “I’ve missed you so much.” Taehyung peppered Jungkook’s face with kisses, hugging him tightly. Jungkook giggled at everyone.

“Wait, I need to get Hoseok,” Taehyung exclaimed, running out the room to what supposedly was Hoseok’s room. They both did just whine all the time they missed Jungkook.

“What’s all this, princess?” Jimin asked sweetly, smiling at Jungkook, knowing he was already in little space. Unlike all the others, who looked about half dead in their sleepy states with their puffy faces, Jimin still managed to look like a prince, his hair messy and skin fair as ever.

“Oppa! Gukkie cooked food to say thank you,” Jungkook said, gesturing to all of the food on the table. Yoongi watched as Jimin’s smile dropped, luckily Jungkook didn’t see this, as he was too caught up in a hug from Hoseok.

Yoongi shot Jimin a look. He knew that Jimin was on a very restrictive diet, which really should be called the ‘starve yourself diet’, for their next comeback, which was in no way healthy. But no matter what, tonight Jimin was eating, whether he liked it or not. Jimin dropped into a seat at the intensity of Yoongi’s stare.

Once everyone was seated, except Jungkook, he cleared his throat and announced, “Gukkie wanted to say thank you to all his hyungs, for looking after Jungkookie.” His hyungs let out a chorus of awing and doting, a small, pink, blush dusting Jungkook’s cheeks as he too sat and then proceeded to dive in.

Yoongi, much like the rest of the members, braced himself for the first bite, knowing it might not be the best. But it was. It was heavenly.

Those cooking lessons really paid off. It was delicious. And the more Yoongi ate, he realized how great his maknae was at cooking.
“This is amazing,” Hoseok said, with a mouthful of noodles. All the hyungs nodded in agreement, all except for one, who was still frozen in their seat. Yoongi hoped Jungkook didn’t notice. But he did. “Oppa, do you not like it?” Jungkook’s voice was tinted with sadness. Oh no.

Jimin snapped his head up from staring at the food in front of him. He bit his lip before saying, “I’m sure its lovely, princess, I’m just on a diet.” Jungkook really didn’t like that fact, he almost looked angry.

He pointed his chopsticks in Jimin’s direction, “No diet, Oppa no need it.”

Everyone could see the obvious fight that Jimin was putting up in his mind.

“Jimin, Gukkie made this very nice meal, the least you can do is try some,” Namjoon said, his voice full of authority, a tone he barely ever uses. But everyone knew it would probably be the only way to make Jimin eat anything.

It almost looked like they had broken him, as he actually picked up his chopsticks, but after ten seconds, he didn’t make any effort to eat anything.

“Jiminie, please, for hyung, just eat something, we can go to the gym tomorrow,” Jin said soothingly. At his words, Jimin seemed to break, and take the first bite. Yoongi didn’t know how he did it, but Jin and Jimin always had some kind of secret language. Jin was almost always successful in making him eat something.

When tasting the first bite, Jimin’s eyes lit up. “This is amazing, Jungkookie.”

Jungkook giggled, squealing, “Thank you, Mingyu taught it me.”

“Wait,” Taehyung said silencing everyone, “Mingyu was teaching you to cook.”

Gukkie shared a glance at Yoongi, and then nodded firmly. “Mingyu teaching Gukkie to cook so he could surprise you all.”

Everyone for a moment was left in silence before Hoseok let out a sigh of relief. “I thought you didn’t like us.”

The Little’s eyes widened as he shook his head furiously. “Silly Dada, Gukkie love hyungies.”

“See I told you,” Jimin poked Hoseok with the end of his chopstick, and in return, Hoseok let out a sharp squeak, which Jungkook giggled at. They all then returned to their meal, loving each bite.

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“Yoongi, what did you do to my kitchen?!” Jin exclaimed once the members had retreated to the couch with full bellies. He heard Jungkook gasp next to him, looking at Yoongi with wide, panicked eyes. Nobody liked a scolding from Jin.

“Quick, baby, pretend you’re asleep,” Yoongi whispered, pushing Jungkook down softly, so the maknae was resting over his lap. Jungkook soon understood and moved to a comfortable position, curling up into a ball and closing his eyes, just in time for a raging Jin to come in.

Before Jin could shout at them, Yoongi pressed a finger to his lips, which made Jin falter and close his mouth at seeing the sleeping Little. His eyes softened until they meet Yoongi’s again, and he gave him a glare. “You’re not off the hook,” he pointed at him with a wooden spoon and retreated back into the kitchen.
Yoongi chuckled, shaking Jungkook’s shoulder. “He’s gone baby, you can wake up.” But he didn’t.

Yoongi smiled fondly at the small snores leaving the Little’s mouth. He must have been really tired to have slept that quickly.

Yoongi bent down somehow and pressed a kiss to the Little’s forehead, feeling his own eyes droop, but before he was fully submerged in sleep, he heard Taehyung say, “Let’s never get that jealous again.” Yoongi couldn’t agree more.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, i hope you liked it, Please feel free to leave any comments or requests, i love to know what you think and want next.
A Very Little Jungkook

Chapter Summary

Request by samsam-
Hi! I love little space! Can you do little Jungkook with diapers, please?
I want something with Jin

Chapter Notes

Don't worry, I am alive!!
I am also very sorry
I've been very ill for the past 2 weeks, so haven been able to do much, but i am finally okay, so updates will presume as usual, so thank you for waiting you guys are the best, hope you enjoy...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jungkook wasn’t looking for it specifically, but he found it, anyway. Every time BTS had a comeback and their music video was released, each member would watch it and read the comments of all the fans. Jungkook always preferred to watch it independently, much like Jimin did.

He liked to focus on the comments from the fans. It made him happy that the fans showed so much love to the music they had spent months writing and producing, and that they loved Jungkook as well. But there was one comment that glared at him.

HATEJUNGKOOK
Did you see how ugly Jungkook was????

At first his eyes swept past it, knowing it was just a hater. The hyungs always told him to never read their comments or pay any attention to them. They were like school yard bullies; jealous and with nothing better to do with their time but pick on people. Only these people were total cowards, not even showing their faces.

Jungkook knew that his hyungs got more hate than he did. He was always the golden maknae and most haters focused on Namjoon or Hoseok. As sad as it was, the hyungs had now developed a deflective shield to all of those comments from receiving them so many times. But in this era, Jungkook could see how ARMY’s were becoming more appreciative of the two members, and that made him happy.

Jungkook, on the other hand, wasn’t very used to comments like that. Of course, he had seen a few, you were bound to when you were famous, and maybe he should have just scrolled past the comment, like he usually did. But for some reason, he didn’t.

The whole account was filled with pictures of him, paused at the wrong time, or making an ugly
face. Some pictures had bright red crosses through them but the comments attached to them were the worst.

HATEJUNGKOOK
I don’t see why Jungkook is in the band, can he do anything right?

He couldn’t help but think back to all of those times when he couldn’t get a move right, or his skin flared up, or his voice broke. But everyone had times like that, right?

HATEJUNGKOOK
Does he really think he can dance!!?? A rock could dance better than him.

No matter how much it hurt, or how much he knew he shouldn’t be reading them, he couldn’t tear his eyes away. All he needed to do was simply press back, and go to all the loving accounts of his ARMY’s, but he didn’t. He kept on reading and reading. The more he read, the more the words became true.

HATEJUNGKOOK
He doesn’t deserve to be in BTS!

HATEJUNGKOOK
BTS would be so much better without Jungkook.

HATEJUNGKOOK
GEEZ does Jungkook even wash his face?

With every comment, his shell of carefully built up security and self-acceptance was slowly being chipped away. With every comment, he could suddenly feel the fullness of his stomach and how it shouldn’t be there, and the bumps on his skin. He didn’t know words could hurt him so much. But they did.

Why did they hurt him so much? Why couldn’t he just brush them off like everyone else did? He was just weak compared to his hyungs. Why did this person hate him so much? There must be something wrong with him, if they hated him that much. Was everyone else just lying to him about him being good and perfect and pretty? His fans, his parents, his hyungs– were they all lying to him?

Jungkook didn’t realize he was crying until a cold drop of water fell against his cheek and his lips began to wobble. No matter how much restraint he had, he couldn’t stop.

No! He couldn’t cry! Not over something so stupid and petty! His hyungs would think he was a big baby, crying like that. He was a big baby. He couldn’t do anything without the help of his hyungs.

He didn’t realize he was sobbing until loud noises filled his room, and it took him a while to even recognize they were his. He brought a fist to his mouth and bit down, muffling the sobs. Or at least he tried to, but the pain of his teeth sinking into his hand hurt and made him cry out and throw it
down. He felt Little, very Little.

It wasn’t long before one of his hyungs heard him. He was very loud, after all.

“Jungkookie!” Jimin slammed open the door, causing Jungkook to jump from the sound. Jungkook shrank, bringing his knees to his chest and trying to be as small as possible. In an instant, Jimin was hugging him and scooping the maknae onto his lap.

“Princess, what’s wrong?” Jimin whispered into his ear, bringing a hand up to the Little’s head and running it through his hair.

“Gu-“ His plea was inaudible through his sobs. Usually, he would have stopped crying by now, but he just couldn’t. It was like his body had a mind of its own. His hysterical crying brought more of his hyungs rushing to his room.

“What’s wrong?” Hoseok ran to get beside the Little, placing a hand on his leg. Hoseok looked to Jimin for an answer, but was met by a panicked shake of his head. Yoongi wasn’t too far behind, sitting next to the Little and shushing him.

Following Yoongi were Namjoon and Taehyung, equally as shocked.

“Tae, go get a pacifier,” Namjoon ordered, making his way to the Little and the other members.

“What happened?” Jin exclaimed, alarmed at the sight before him.

Something in Jungkook’s mind switched, and he was instantly untucking his hands from his knees and outstretching them toward Jin, making grabby hands towards the eldest.

That’s all it took before Jin was rushing to him and scooping the Little up into his arms. Jimin rose so that Jin could have a space.

Jungkook seemed to calm down slightly at the presence of the eldest hyung. Jin smiled gratefully before taking the place and rocking the maknae soothingly back and forth. For some reason, it helped a lot. Jungkook found his sobs quieting at the motion.

The members collectively sighed, finally coming down from their panicked and stressed states. They could never relax if Jungkook wasn’t okay.

“I’ve got it,” Taehyung announced, waving a blue pacifier in the air. The hyungs snapped their heads towards him and gave him a warning glance, none of them wanting to make too much noise in case it made Jungkook cry again. Taehyung proceeded to tiptoe over to the Little and place a hand on his back.
“Pumpkin, here you go,” he placed the pacifier to the Little’s lips, who took it, sucking on it contently, before nuzzling back down into Jin’s chest, letting his ear press against his heartbeat once again.

“Baby,” Yoongi asked calmly, once Jungkook seemed to have finally quieted. “Do you want to tell us what made you so upset?”

Jungkook wriggled on Jin’s lap and turned his face so it was hidden against his chest. Jin chuckled slightly and placed a kiss to the Little’s hair, hugging him tightly.

Usually, the Little was shy after being so upset, but he would always come around. Even if the hyungs had to wait for an hour before the Little looked them in the eyes again.

Then there was a moment of silence, and whispers filled the air, whispers that Jungkook couldn’t quite understand with being so close to Jin.

“Little one, why were you reading mean tweets?” Namjoon’s voice was soft and almost made Jungkook want to look up at him, but he didn’t. His words made Jungkook freeze and try to burrow even closer to Jin. He knew he would be in trouble now. He knew that he would get some kind of scolding.

“Mommy,” he whimpered, bringing one of his hands up to grab Jin’s shirt as he rubbed his face against the soft material. For a moment everyone froze. Never had Jungkook called Jin anything but Eomma when he was Little. He sounded so fragile and young that his hyungs could barely believe it was him.

“Sweetie, what’s wrong?” Jin asked delicately, slowly beginning to rock the Little again.

Jungkook mumbled something incoherent against Jin’s chest, at which Jin stopped rocking and placed his hands under the Little’s frame to pull him up slightly, so Jungkook could be heard.

“Can you repeat that, sweetie?” Jin said, smiling and nodding, trying to coax Jungkook into speaking. But all Jin received was babble. He couldn’t seem to make any sense of what he was trying to say. Jungkook’s words were more slurred and inaudible than his normal Little speech would be.

“Did you get sad because of the mean people, baby?” Yoongi offered, seeing that Jungkook was unable to speak very well.

Jungkook nodded firmly, giving a small, appreciative smile to Yoongi.

“Don’t listen to them, princess, okay?” Jimin cooed, leaning down to whisper in Jungkook’s ear.
He giggled at the way Jimin’s voice tickled his ear. He nodded cutely before bringing up a hand to latch around Jin’s neck, and then shuffled so he was clinging like a koala to the eldest.

“How old are you feeling, sweetheart?” Hoseok asked, observing the situation and realizing, much like the other members, that Jungkook was feeling a lot younger than he usually was.

Jungkook thought for a second before holding up one finger in Hoseok’s direction.

“Aww, baby boy, so cute,” Yoongi cooed, placing a kiss to the Little’s forehead, who giggled happily.

Even though his hyungs may have seemed happy and calm, inside they were panicking. Never had they dealt with Jungkook being so young, they were used to Jungkook’s normal Little age.

They didn’t really know how to look after a Little, so little. They supposed it would be like how you look after a one year old child. But it had been a long time since they had to babysit like that.

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“Right, so repeat what we need again.” Jin said, eyeing Taehyung playing with Jungkook and a set of blocks on the floor. Taehyung kept on having to pull the blocks away from Jungkook, who was more interested in eating them than placing them on top of one another.

Jimin, on the other hand, was trying to babyproof the house, getting rid of wires and any items on the floor so Jungkook could crawl around without hurting himself, making sure there was nothing dangerous that Jungkook could pick up and start eating, and deciding which Little toys were suitable for Baby Jungkook.

Hoseok, Namjoon, and Yoongi had all been instructed by Jin to go to the store, covered in face masks and layers of clothes to be disguised from the fans, to get Jungkook some baby supplies.

Yoongi sighed at Jin’s constant reminders of what they needed. They had been through it at least four times and he wasn’t forgetting any time soon, especially with Hoseok constantly mumbling each item to stop himself from forgetting.

“We know what he needs, we’ll be back before he even realizes we’re gone,” Namjoon intervened, staring at the Little fondly instead of Jin. Jin sighed, shooing them away to the front door. The three of them said goodbye and walked out.

Jin walked back into the living room, watching happily as Jungkook put a block onto another one with much guidance and equally as much praise from Taehyung, who was cheering him on.
Eventually, Jimin had just given up on baby proofing and decided to go play with them both, another person clapping for Jungkook’s building.

Jin shook his head, chuckling to himself, before deciding to babyproof the kitchen, and get rid of all the knives and anything Jungkook could pull down, seeing as Jimin seemed to be distracted, leaving Jungkook in questionably safe hands.

“Come on, Jungkookie, you can do it,” applauded Taehyung, watching closely as Jungkook held a red brick in his hand and hovered it over the tower. But before it ever reached the block underneath, Jungkook froze. Immediately, Taehyung stopped focussing on Jungkook’s hands, and looked up at his face.

His smile began to drop when he saw the way that Jungkook’s bottom lip began to wobble. Jimin noticed too and rushed closer to the Little, not knowing why he was so sad.

“Hey, hey, princess, don’t-“ Jimin didn’t even get to finish before Jungkook’s sobs were filling the room. His pacifier fell from his lips and his cries grew louder. They were heartbreaking cries, but the reason for them was still unclear.

On instinct, Taehyung immediately scooped the Little onto his lap, but Jungkook didn’t show any signs of calming down.

“What’s wrong?” Jimin shouted over the crying, looking to Taehyung for an answer, but Taehyung just reflected the same confused and helpless look on his face.

“I don’t know!” Taehyung answered back, trying to rock the Little back and forth like Jin had done.

“Maybe he’s teething?” Taehyung reasoned, seeing no real cause to Jungkook’s crying. He wasn’t hurt in any places that Taehyung could see, and he was fine about three seconds ago.

“Tae, how can he be teething, he has teeth?!” Jimin said, not believing how Taehyung thought his suggestion made any sense.

“Well, I don’t know, do you have any better suggestions?” Taehyung said, agitated and not able to think straight with the amount of noise Jungkook was making.

Jimin just stayed frozen, his eyes darting around the room, trying to find anything that would stop him from crying.

“Mommy!” Jungkook cried out, more like screamed, deafening both the members beside him. Jimin didn’t think he had ever seen Jin run so fast. He was there in a blink of an eye, scooping Jungkook up from the floor, and latching him around his body.
“Shh, sweetie,” Jin whispered against Jungkook’s ear, bouncing him up and down. In a matter of seconds, Jungkook fell silent, leaving Jimin and Taehyung to look at Jin, dumbfounded.

Jungkook fell completely silent as he began to mouth at Jin’s shoulder. It was quite a weird feeling for Jin, but as long as Jungkook was happy, he didn’t mind his t-shirt getting slightly wet.

“How~” Jimin stuttered, amazed by how quickly Jin could calm Jungkook down.

Jin shot him a cocky smirk and said, “I guess he just missed me.” He then made his way over to the couch and sat, looking down at Jungkook and pecking his cheek.

“Did Jungkookie miss me?” Jin cooed, bopping the maknae’s nose with a small tap of his finger. Jungkook giggled, nodding, as he captures Jin’s finger and brought it to his mouth, gurgling around it. Everyone had to contain their joy and adoration of the Little.

Jimin and Taehyung scrambled up to the couch nearest them as Jin shuffled the maknae around so he was being cradled close to his chest, like what a mother would do for her baby.

“Aw, who’s a cutie pie,” Taehyung cooed, making a silly face at Jungkook, who giggled in response, dropping Jin’s finger and bringing his saliva coated hands up to Taehyung’s face and squishing his cheeks together. Taehyung wrinkled his nose up at the feeling of Jungkook’s wet hands, but soon forgot about it when Jungkook’s heavenly laugh rang out. The baby of the group truly was a baby, and he couldn’t be cuter.

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They decided to put some cartoons on, even though Jungkook was probably too young to understand what was happening, like he usually would when he was in little space, but he seemed to enjoy it. The show was filled with bright colors and animals, and Jungkook was entrapped in it as he giggled at all the funny animals.

“Moooo,” Jungkook echoed the cow on the screen and in the direction of Jimin, pointing to the TV screen, when another pink cow appeared on the screen, eating grass. Jimin chuckled while nodding, bringing the Little closer.

“Yes, that’s what a cow sounds like.” Jimin agreed, praising the Little. “Well done, princess.”

Jungkook happily clapped, continuing to watch the show. Jimin gazed over to Jin, who already seemed to be nodding off. He couldn’t help but chuckle at how quickly Jin could be worn out. True, Jimin was tired too, but not to the point where he was almost falling asleep.

Jimin looked at Taehyung, who was smiling, but Jimin didn’t know if it was at Jungkook or at the show. Sometimes Jimin didn’t know who was really the youngest. Taehyung seemed to be even more entranced in the program than Jungkook.
“Uh-oh,” Jimin snapped his head around to the Little’s voice, ready to jump into action.

At first there seemed to be nothing wrong with Jungkook, but then the Little’s bottom lip began to wobble once again. Jin jolted upward, and Jimin thought it was down to the fact that Jungkook had called out, but he realized it was not when he saw a growing wet patch on Jungkook’s pants.

“Don’t cry, don’t cry, it’s okay,” Jimin said, trying to both calm the Little and think of the best way to deal with the situation. For a moment, everyone was kind of frozen. Jungkook had never had an accident before, but then again, he had never been this little before, either.

“I sorry,” Jungkook whimpered, rubbing his eyes as they filled with tears. The Little tried to scamper away, but after realizing this, Jin held him back, thinking that it would be best to contain the mess in one area, rather than him moving.

“It’s okay, sweetie, everyone has accidents,” Jin reassured, rubbing circles onto Jungkook’s shoulder, waiting for it to be over.

“Tae, call up the others and say we need some diapers as well, okay?” Jin whispered to Taehyung, feeling Jungkook shift on his lap, obviously uncomfortable. Taehyung nodded, already out of his trance and calling the other members.

“Let’s go get a bath, okay, sweetie,” Jin said calmly, trying not to react to his wet pants or the state of the couch, which he would definitely have to wash. Jungkook remained silent, trying to suppress his cries, only sniffing slightly, but avoiding looking at his hyungs. Jin didn’t really need an answer, because what he did know was that he and Jungkook needed to wash.

“Jimin, can you go run the both for me? And go get Jungkookie some nice warm pyjamas, I’ll take him,” Jin said kindly.

Jimin responded quickly by getting up and walking to the bathroom. Jin turned Jungkook around so he could get hold of the Little securely enough to pick him up. “Come on then, sweetie, let's go get cleaned up.”

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While Jin was bathing him, he frowned as he kept an eye trained on the Little. Jungkook looked like he was fighting a very intense battle amongst his thoughts, and no one that young should be thinking about anything except playing and what to eat.

It seemed that Jungkook was becoming bigger in his head space and more aware of his actions, and for the most part it just made Jungkook feel worse.

Jin, at seeing Jungkook looking so ashamed, opted for soothing words of comfort.

“Don’t be sad, buttercup, it’s okay,” Jin swirled the warm water around the bath so it was neither too cold or too hot. Jungkook still had his eyes fixed on the water and how it rippled around his legs.
“Mommy mad?” Jungkook briefly looked up to Jin through his bangs with teary eyes and a small, fragile voice that broke Jin’s heart to hear.

“No, sweetie, I’m not mad, and no one else is, okay?” Jin explained, hoping that the Little believed that there would be no way that Jin would be mad for something like this. How could he be? It wasn’t like it was Jungkook’s fault.

Jungkook gave a small nod, hopefully feeling a little better, but Jin could still see the small frown on the Little’s face.

“Kookie, do you want to use one of Daddy’s bath bombs?” Jin suggested, trying to hide his knowing smirk. He knew that Jungkook would jump at the chance of using one of Yoongi’s bath bombs because they were so pretty. They usually worked to relax Yoongi, but Jin was certain that he wouldn’t mind Jungkook using it to cheer himself up. Yoongi would literally do anything for Jungkook, Big or Little.

Jungkook snapped his head up at hearing the words, a great big smile on his face.

Well that cheered him up. Jin thought, already rooting around in the bathroom drawer to get to the bath bombs.

“Pink or blue, sweetie,” Jin called, despite already knowing the answer.

“Pink, pink, pink!” he exclaimed, clapping excitedly, his words becoming more understandable to Jin.

Jin nodded, happy at seeing the brightening of his maknae’s mood. He picked up the bath bomb, unwrapping it from its packaging and bringing it back to bath.

“Three,” Jin began counting down. “Two,” This time Jungkook tried to join in, slightly belated. “One!” they said together, Jungkook more squealing than speaking, as he watched intensely as Jin dropped it into the bath.

In an instant, it was fizzing with so many pretty, pink colors, the whole bath slowly began to fill with the pink colours. It began to sparkle too, which even Jin was a fan of.

Jungkook just sat giggling, splashing the water around him. Jin smiled happily at the Little, now having so much fun.

“Better now, sweetie?” he asked while getting a loofa and spreading some body wash on it.
Jungkook nodded, allowing Jin to wash his body, humming contently, more focusing on the swirling pink than anything else.

“Yoongi and the others will be back soon,” Taehyung announced as he walked into the bathroom, sitting down on the toilet seat. He chuckled when he saw Jungkook splashing about cutely in the water. Jin nodded in acknowledgment, still washing the Little.

“Daddy?” Jungkook said inquisitively, turning his head to one side. Jin and Taehyung both laughed at how cute the maknae looked.

“Yes, Daddy’s coming home,” Taehyung repeated, smiling at him. Jungkook giggled gleefully, clapping his hands together.

“Daddy! Daddy!” he squealed over and over again, splashing water all over the floor. Jin usually tell him to stop, but because the Little seemed so happy, he could hardly scold him or tell him to stop.

Jimin, on the other hand, walked in and saw the water going everywhere, his socks became drenched as soon as he stepped one foot inside.

“Woah, princess, calm down a bit, okay? You’re getting water all over the place,” Jimin said, his voice sounding bright, but there was a seriousness to his words, and luckily Jungkook understood that.

“Are you ready to come out?” Jimin asked, revealing the bunny towel behind his back. Jungkook nodded, trying to get to his feet a bit too hastily, because Jin had to catch him before he slipped in the water. It didn’t stop him though, and he ran to Jimin, who enveloped him in the warm towel, flinging the hood over his head and letting the bunny ears flop down to the sides of his face.

“Where’s my baby?” Yoongi’s voice called out with the opening of a door, and instantly Jungkook was alert. He snapped his head in the direction of the sound and was off like a rocket, running towards the sound, or at least as best he could, as he still was unsteady on his feet. He waddled to Yoongi and immediately fell into his arms, almost knocking Yoongi off his feet.

“Daddy!” Jungkook squealed, hugging the elder tightly.

“Hey, baby boy, are you feeling better now?” Yoongi asked, seeing a great big smile on the Little’s face, instead of him crying his eyes out.

Hoseok came in behind them and placed a kiss on the Little’s forehead.

“Hi, sweetie, how old are you feeling now?” he asked, sensing that Jungkook was a little older than he was before. His hyungs tried not to feel slightly disheartened at the seemingly pointless trip to the shops for littler supplies.
Jungkook held up two fingers to them, who smiled, nodding. Maybe it wasn’t so pointless, after all. Jungkook peered around Yoongi to see the bag in Hoseok’s hands.

“Let’s get you ready for bed, hm?” Yoongi hummed, noticing the goosebumps on the Little’s skin and how he was shivering under the towel. Jungkook nodded, eager to be wrapped up warmly.

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It took about ten minutes of trying to figure out how to work a diaper and get the Little changed, which proved more of a struggle than usual since Little Jungkook could usually get changed by himself with little help.

But when he was younger, he really wouldn’t stop wiggling. For the most part, Hoseok had been entertaining him with a rattle, which at first they thought would have been too young for Jungkook, but he really seemed to like it. Maybe it was the sound, or how it lit up when it was shook, but something about it entrapped him.

There was baby powder everywhere, all over the floor, all over everyone’s clothes, and packaging was littered all around the floor. But at least Jungkook was happy.

He was dressed in a pair of baby blue dinosaur pyjamas and a big fluffy dressing gown when they finally went to go sit down. He ran right to the couch, sitting down next to Namjoon, who trying to get The Little Mermaid playing on the TV.

“Appa,” Jungkook mumbled around his pacifier, feeling his stomach growl ever so slightly.

“Hungry,” he pointed to his stomach, just in case Namjoon couldn’t understand him. Ever since he had become littler, Jungkook began to realise that it was quite a struggle for his hyungs to understand him.

“Don’t worry, little one, Eomma’s making you some milk,” Namjoon replied, averting his eyes from the TV and to the Little, whose eyes lit up at his words.

”’nana milk,” he gasped, looking at Namjoon with big, round, sparkling eyes. Banana milk was Jungkook’s weakness, and not just when he was Little. He had even admitted to the fans that if he was ever in a bad mood, just give him banana milk. However, it was late, and Namjoon knew that if they were to give the maknae something with sugar in it, there would have been no way he would have fallen asleep. “No, Gukkie, no banana milk until tomorrow. Jinnie has made you some nice warm milk.”

Jungkook’s stomach growled loudly in response and he giggled, another voice joining along.

“Is baby hungry?” Yoongi came up to him, wrapping an arm around the Little and bringing him closer. Jungkook nodded, eyeing the kitchen where Jin would most likely be warming up the milk.

“Don’t worry, Eomma will be done soon,” Yoongi lifted Jungkook’s hair off his forehead for a
moment so he could plant his lips on the bare space. Jungkook nodded happily, shuffling toward Yoongi, who brought his arm around the Little to allow him to snuggle closer.

The rest of Jungkook’s hyungs came in at different times, but all came to sit on the couches, watching as the opening titles of The Little Mermaid played on the screen. Soon, Jungkook became more interested in the movie than his hyungs or his hungry stomach.

Well, until Jin came in with something in his hand, which Jungkook obviously knew what it was. “Mommy,” he called out, making grabby towards the bottle that Jin was holding in his hands.

But just as Jin extended out the bottle in Jungkook’s direction, he swerved to give it to Yoongi. Jungkook swung his head around curiously to see why he wasn’t able to hold it.

“Jungkookie, I’m going to feed you, so you don’t spill it anywhere, is that okay, baby?” Yoongi explained slowly.

Jungkook thought for a small while. He did feel littler than usual. Maybe he would spill it everywhere and then get into trouble. Also, he did want to be held by Yoongi and just relax. In the end he nodded and scrambled up onto Yoongi’s lap, with the groaning of his hyung.

Yoongi slung an arm around Jungkook’s back to support him as he leaned back, like you would do with a baby, so Jungkook was resting comfortably. Namjoon took Jungkook’s pacifier and put it to the side as it was replaced by the bottle.

As soon as Jungkook tasted the warm milk, he felt his whole body relax, gazing at Yoongi dreamily. Yoongi just smiled back down adoringly at him, and he was pretty sure the hyungs were more focused on him than the TV, but at that point it didn’t matter. Something about the milk just managed to calm him, all worries completely gone.

Even if he wasn’t this little ever again, he would sure be asking for warm milk in a baby bottle. He had never felt so relaxed. He was so relaxed that he didn’t even realize he was falling asleep.

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Jungkook had woken up at two in the morning, bawling his eyes out. The hyungs had jolted awake, running to his room. Granted, Yoongi had already been in Jungkook’s room, but sleeping on a separate mattress, seeing as though Jungkook had practically pushed Yoongi out of the bed because he was too hot.

“But, what’s wrong?!” Yoongi asked over his cries, scrambling to get to the bed and hold the Little, who was thrashing about. Maybe he had a nightmare- one hell of a nightmare.

But Jungkook wasn’t asleep anymore, he was staring with his eyes wide open.
“Daddy,” he called, just as all the other members barged through the door, causing Jungkook to jolt, surprised.

“What’s wrong?” Taehyung asked, in his half asleep state, but managed to sit on the side of the bed. Jungkook stopped thrashing on the bed, and instead huddled up, pulling his knees up to his chest.

“Did you have a bad dream, princess?” Jimin suggested, putting everything together, also considering the fact that maybe Jungkook was too little to talk again. He was right, because all Jungkook did was sniffle and nod.

“Don’t worry, it wasn’t real,” Jin reassured as he sat down in an unoccupied space to rub a hand on the small of the Little’s back.

“Do you want Daddy to sleep with you on your bed, Guk? Yoongi asked, slightly hesitant, thinking about the bruise he would probably get because of the Little already pushing him off the bed. Jungkook once again sniffled and nodded, finally becoming slightly less rigid.

“Okay, baby, let's go b-” Just as Yoongi was about to suggest they go back to sleep, a small whine could be heard as Jungkook shook his head. He unravelled himself from his ball and glanced down to his pants, blushing slightly.

“Are you wet, baby?” Yoongi asked as if it was the most normal thing in the world. Jungkook flushed even more at the words and the reality, but all he really wanted to do was get dry and fall asleep.

“Come on, let's get you changed,” Namjoon said, bundling the Little up in his arms and resting him on his hip as they walked to the bathroom.

Changing Jungkook was a lot easier the second time, maybe because it wasn’t so unusual to them, but he was changed in under two minutes, and this time Jungkook was too tired to wriggle, and just laid pliable in their arms.

He was back in bed before he knew it, sucking on a pacifier and snuggled into Yoongi’s chest, resting his ear on his heartbeat, the beats soothing him. Yoongi thanked the other hyungs and they soon left for their own bedrooms. The lights grew dark and they laid in silence.

The silence was soon filled by his hyung. On the occasions that Yoongi would sing, usually he would just make fun of himself, but in fact, he was actually a good singer. Jungkook always loved it when Yoongi would sing to him, especially lullabies. Yoongi sang them better than anyone, including his own mother. So that night Jungkook fell asleep to the beautiful voice of Yoongi, lulling him to sleep. And he slept through the whole night.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for reading I hope you enjoyed, please feel free to leave any comments or requests.
Please don't forget to vote for BTS on mwave!!!
❤❤❤
“Are you ready, baby?” Yoongi asked, glancing down to the Little, who was getting his shoes on. Jungkook strapped the Velcro down and then looked up to meet Yoongi’s eyes with the biggest smile to ever grace his face.

“Yes, Daddy!” he squealed excitedly, jumping up to his feet and swinging his backpack over his shoulders while dancing from one foot to the other, not being able to keep still from all his joy.

“Come on then, we said we’d be there by two,” Jin rushed past the Little and Yoongi to open the front door, with blankets and Jungkook’s white teddy bear in his hands. He ran straight to the car, where Namjoon was waiting in the driver’s seat.

Jungkook nodded eagerly, grabbing Yoongi’s hand and pulling him out the door and into the car.

Jimin chuckled, watching Yoongi being dragged by his arm as he picked up the backpack full of snacks and spare pacifiers. Taehyung was beside him, carrying his own stash of snacks and entertainment for the Little.

“He’s excited, isn’t he?” Jimin noted, nodding his head in the direction of their giggling maknae.

Taehyung laughed, nodding and agreeing as he said, “Well, of course he is, he has been waiting for this for almost a month.” They both made their way out of the house and to the car.

You see, today was the day that Jungkook was finally going to have a play date with Yugyeom. For months Jungkook had begged his hyungs to play with Yugyeom, but with hectic schedules for both Got7 and BTS, they could never seem to find a date to set it up. However, when both groups had found out that they would be given time off for Chuseok, they happily arranged a date almost immediately.

Yugyeom was still getting used to being Little and becoming comfortable with the dynamics with all his hyungs. He was only just finding out how old he felt and what he liked to do. He wasn’t as little
as Jungkook and didn’t regress as much. Luckily, Yugyeom’s hyungs were quickly adapting to his headspace and needs. It also helped that BTS was always just a phone call away.

Both groups had decided that it would be best if the BTS members went to GOT7’s dorm, because Yugyeom was a little shy in front of new people and he may not have wanted to be Little in an unfamiliar place. When BTS had asked their maknae, Little Jungkook really couldn’t care less, he just wanted to see Yugyeom.

At first Jungkook had wanted to be Big for when they went, just so he didn’t scare Yugyeom away. That plan was soon ruined, as he was so excited he had slipped into little space very quickly, and wasn’t showing signs of being Big anytime soon.

In the meantime, the hyungs were just preparing themselves for the hectic day. Of course, they were happy. If Jungkook was happy then they were definitely happy. But they knew that today would be filled with mischievous Littles, and who knew what they would get up to.

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“Remember, Yugyeom’s very shy, okay, sweetheart?” Hoseok reminded as he helped the Little out of the car.

Jungkook didn’t look at him, his eyes were fixed on the door, but he still nodded and muttered a small, “Okay, Dada.”

That was good enough, Hoseok thought. He knew that the only thing Jungkook would be bothered about, was playing with Yugyeom.

Jungkook gripped Hoseok’s hand hard, rocking on his heels as he waited for the rest of his hyungs to get all his stuff and open the door.

Namjoon was first to enter the GOT7 dorm, followed by the rest of the members, and finally Hoseok walked in, with Jungkook trailing behind him. Hoseok noticed that Jungkook’s demeanor had changed in a matter of seconds.

He looked down at Jungkook, who instead of a big smile gracing his face, was chewing at his bottom lip. Hoseok couldn’t help that his smile soon dropped into a frown as he came to a halt at the doorway.

Jungkook stopped slowly, still behind Hoseok as he darted his eyes up briefly, with confusion in his eyes.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart, why have you gone quiet all of a sudden?” Hoseok asked sweetly, showing his concern for the Little.

Jungkook didn’t respond, instead he averted his eyes down to his feet with his fingers messing with the corner of his t-shirt. As Hoseok was looking down at the Little he heard the quiet padding of footsteps, getting louder and louder, coming to where they were stood. Hoseok fluttered his eyes upward to see Yoongi looking at the Little and then turning to give Hoseok a confused look.

Hoseok and Yoongi had a moment of understanding pass between the two of them. Ever since Jungkook had become Little, the members had slowly begun to develop an unspoken language, usually telling each other what was wrong.
Yoongi grasped Jungkook’s fidgeting hand and cupped it in his own. Jungkook snapped his head up timidly, smiling slightly when he saw Yoongi smiling back at him.

“Are you nervous, baby?” Yoongi asked, analyzing Jungkook’s expressions and movements.

Jungkook nodded, his eyes beginning to get shiny from small tears. At the sight of them, Yoongi scooped Jungkook into his arms and held him tightly, leaning over to Jungkook’s ear and whispering, “Don’t be scared, baby, your hyungs are with you, and you get to play with Yugyeom,” Jungkook nodded towards the end of Yoongi’s sentence, smiling, obviously thinking back to why he was there.

Yoongi pulled back from the hug, and dropped his hand to Jungkook’s and interlaces their fingers together. “Come on, baby, Yugyeom will be waiting for you,” Jungkook nodded, taking small steps to Hoseok, where he took his hyung’s hand and received a small, reassuring squeeze from him. Jungkook let out a small, shaky breath and began to walk behind his hyungs into the GOT7 dorm.

As soon as they walked in, Jungkook saw all his hyungs in conversation with the Got7 members, and he peeked through the gap between Yoongi and Hoseok.

That’s when BamBam caught a glimpse of him and smiled brightly, waving and saying, “Hello, Guk.” Once the other GOT7 members heard, they all stopped their conversations and turned to him, smiling and greeting him.

With all the attention on him, Jungkook couldn’t help but shy away and hide behind Hoseok, even though the maknae was bigger than him. Hoseok chuckled, releasing Jungkook’s hand and placing his arm around the Little to draw him out from behind.

“He’s a little shy,” Yoongi explained to all of them. At his words, the BTS members shot him a confused look, thinking back to only a matter of minutes ago when he was jumping in his seat.

“Aw, don’t worry, pumpkin, they may look scary, but they’re not,” Taehyung reassured, walking slowly up to Jungkook. He gestured to all the GOT7 members, who almost looked frozen, remaining quiet in case they scared the Little. Jungkook emerged slowly from his hiding place and shyly looked up from his feet, giving everyone a small wave, his bunny teeth appearing as he smiled.

GOT7 had to do everything not to fanboy too hard at his cuteness. Mark was the first one to speak as he said, “Yugyeom’s in his room, he’ll be waiting for you.” Mark offered the Little a big smile, gesturing him toward the direction of Yugyeom’s room.

Jungkook peeked a glance towards Yoongi, secretly telling him that he wouldn’t go alone. Luckily, Yoongi understood and nodded, leading the Little in the direction of Yugyeom’s room.

It wasn’t long before they arrived to Yugeom’s room, Jungkook knew where it was as he had been there countless times before, but when he walked in, it wasn’t like he had ever seen it. There were thousands of toys set up on the floor, and teddy’s mounted on the bed. It was filled with pastel colors, Yugyeom matching them all.

At first, Yugyeom didn’t notice them because he was playing with Jinyoung and a set of cars. However, when Jungkook let out an audible gasp of amazement at all the toys he had, Yugyeom snapped his head in the direction of the noise, and at seeing Jungkook, his smile grew brighter and bigger.

He scrambled to his feet and ran to Jungkook, swinging his arms around the other maknae and squealing, “Gukkie!”
All of Jungkook’s nerves seemed to melt away at the presence of the other Little and he brought his hands up and squeezed the younger as hard as possible. “Yugy! he squealed back.

Yugyeom jumped back and dragged Jungkook over to the floor to where he was paying. At seeing the two happy Littles, Jinyoung rose and began to make his way to the door, greeting Yoongi as he did.

The two littles waved goodbye, and as they were going out, Yoongi turned to Jinyoung and said “Wow, that’s a lot of toys.” Even Yoongi was surprised at the amount Yugyeom had, especially compared to the mountain of toys Jungkook had, that now looked like a hill next Yugyeom’s.

“Well, we don’t have much restraint against Yugyeom’s cuteness,” Jinyoung chuckled, shaking his head, trying not to think about his damaged bank account. Yoongi nodded, agreeing, knowing exactly what it was like not being able to say no to a literal bundle of cuteness.

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Meanwhile, Jungkook and Yugyeom were sat together on the floor, blabbering on about a new toy that Yugyeom had just gotten that Jungkook had really wanted. Little did he know that it was his Christmas present.

They sat in silence for a moment, just smiling at one another, before Yugyeom broke it and said, “So, Gukkie, what do you wanna play?”

Jungkook looked around at all the toys, which all looked so fun and exciting. He was not able to choose just one. “I dunno, there’s too many to choose,” he exclaimed, throwing his hands dramatically in the air.

Yugyeom giggled, nodding, admiring all the toys that his hyungs had bought him. He skimmed through all the toys, looking for his favorite thing to play, but also one that Jungkook could play with him as well.

And then he saw it, glistening from under the mound of toys. He rushed to get it, but had to be careful to get the box in case he tipped it everywhere. He dropped it on the floor and smiled at Jungkook. “Let’s build a castle,” Yugyeom said excitedly, falling to his knees and opening the box of blocks.

Jungkook gasped when he saw the pretty pastel and sparkly blocks. They were so much better than the boring wooden ones that he had at home. He needed to add them to the list of little toys he wanted from Santa.

“They’re so pretty,” he gasped, picking up a block and rolling it in his hands to see all the sparkles. Yugyeom nodded, picking up his own block and placing it down on the floor.

“Let’s make two castles, one pink and one blue.” Before Jungkook could even get a word in, Yugyeom was passing him all the pink ones. Not that he minded, pink was his favorite color, but he really wanted to build a big one together. But he didn’t say anything because it was Yugyeom’s house and toys, and his hyungs always told him to be nice, so he would be.

“Let’s build them near each other, one for the prince and one for the princess,” Yugyeom instructed Jungkook, already beginning to stack blocks on top of one another.
Jungkook nodded, taking his block and beginning to build, his tongue peeking out of his lips in concentration. Jungkook liked building, he always did it with Taehyung or Jimin when they were playing.

He was quite a good builder as well. As the golden maknae, about the only thing he wasn’t good at was math. Everything else, he excelled in.

Jungkook was just about to place a block on his castle archway when he moved to get the angle right and he felt his foot hit something. Then a small clatter of blocks could be heard, and Jungkook froze with dread. He peered around the see half of Yugyeom’s tower knocked over.

Jungkook gasped, feeling guilty as he apologized quickly, “I’m really sorry, Yugy, it was accident.”

But Yugyeom, who moved his eyes away from his fallen tower, turned to him with an angry expression. “No, it wasn’t,” he accused, and then his eyes were filled with fury as they locked on Jungkook’s tower.

Jungkook couldn’t stop what happened next, as Yugyeom leant over and crashed his hand on the tower, all the blocks Jungkook had worked ever so hard to build on each other, were on the ground after Yugyeom had finished.

“Yugy!” Jungkook exclaimed, surprised that his best friend would do something like that. He couldn’t control the tears that welled up in his eyes. “That was mean,” he whimpered out, his bottom lip beginning to wobble uncontrollably.

Jungkook ran before Yugyeom could see him crying, heading straight to Yoongi. He didn’t want to seem like a big baby in front of Yugyeom and the other GOT7 members, but he couldn’t stop crying. He felt so sad that his tower was now broken because Yugyeom was angry because of an accident. Jungkook’s hyungs always told him that it was okay if it was an accident. So why didn’t Yugyeom think that?

Yugyeom was left alone with his face unreadable for a second, shocked by his own actions before he looked down and his heart broke. He was quick to scramble to his feet and run after the crying Jungkook. He also braced himself, knowing that he would be in a lot of trouble.

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“Baby, what’s-“ Yoongi was hit full force by the Little running into his arms, sobbing his heart out. Everyone else was silent, looking towards the Little. Even though Yoongi didn’t know what was wrong, he still comforted the Little. He was hysterical in his arms.

Next, came in an equally upset Yugyeom, with tears streaming down his face. No one knew what was wrong, or who had caused the tears. Jin rushed to his maknae, and looked over him to check if there was any blood, Jinyoung did the same with Yugyeom, who was now holding the sobbing Little.

“Calm down, little one,” Namjoon whispered to him, pushing Jungkook’s bangs out of his face so he could see his eyes properly.

“Here you go, pumpkin,” Taehyung said, giving Jungkook a pacifier to suppress his sobs. Once he had quieted down, Jungkook nestled his face into Yoongi’s shoulder. The BTS members shared a
confused look, and then looked to GOT7, who looked equally as perplexed.

“Now what’s wrong, Guk?” Jimin asked him delicately.

Jungkook peeked out from Yoongi’s shoulder and said, “Yugy broke my castle.” A gasp echoed throughout the room.

Jinyoung scooped the Little into his arms, so he was cradling Yugeom’s body close to his chest on the couch. Jackson bent down and put his hands on the Little’s knees, causing the Little to look to him for a split second, before looking down with guilt. “Is that true, doll?” he asked.

Yugyeom brought his head up and nodded, but not without saying, “He broke mine first.” He tried to explain his actions.

This time it was Namjoon’s turn to look at Jungkook and ask, “Did you, Guk?”

Jungkook wriggled his way up so he was sitting and took his pacifier from his lips. “It was accident Appa, Guk didn’t mean to,” Jungkook stuttered out, looking at Namjoon confidently, something he would not do if he was lying.

“No, it wasn’t, it on purpose,” Yugeom accused, pointing to Jungkook with a small amount of anger in his voice.

“Now, prince, why would Jungkookie do that to his bestest friend?” Jaebum asked him, raising an eyebrow, hoping that his words will convince the Little.

Yugyeom thought for a while, and his face slowly became less angry as he did. “He wouldn’t, Appa,” he concluded, shaking his head sadly, feeling really guilty that he knocked over Jungkook’s tower now.

He peered up at Jungkook and said, “I sorry, Gukkie, I was really angry and I broke your tower, and Yugy feel really bad, I-”

“It’s okay, Yugy,” Jungkook said, scooting off of Yoongi’s lap and closer to Yugeom. “I forgive you.”

Yugyeom gasped, in a state of disbelief that Jungkook was so kind and forgave him so quickly. “Best friends?” Yugeom asked timidly.

Jungkook nodded, wrapping his arms around Yugeom as he said, “Bestest friends in the whole wide world.” Yugeom giggled, accepting the hug and kissing Jungkook on the cheek as if to seal their friendship.

“Well, boys, what do you want to do now?” Youngjae asked them both with a great big smile.

Yugyeom thought for a second, Jungkook thinking along with him. He began to open his mouth to say what he wanted to do, but then he shut it and glanced at Jungkook, saying, “I’ll let Gukkie decide.” It earned a great big smile from each of Yugeom’s hyungs, and Yugeom beamed at the unspoken praise.

Jungkook, on the other hand, was thinking hard about what to pick. It had to be something they both enjoyed, and wouldn’t cause another argument. And then he finally thought of something and he shouted out, “Let’s color!”

Yugyeom gasped, nodding his head excitedly and jumping up from Jinyoung’s arms, grabbing
Jungkook’s hand as they went to get colors and paper, leaving both maknae’s hyungs behind to smile amongst themselves.

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“What are you drawing, baby?” Jinyoung asked, peering over Yugyeom’s shoulder, who was drawing next to Jungkook. All the hyungs were watching TV as the two Littles drew and colored, with pens scattered all over the floor.

“This is me,” Yugyeom pointed down at the stickman with yellow hair. “This is Gukkie,” he pointed again to a bigger figure with black hair, and they were holding hands. In the middle of the picture it read ‘bEst fRends.’ Jinyoung couldn’t help but smile at the Little and kiss his hair.

“It’s beautiful,” Mark said behind Jinyoung, paying more attention to the Little than the movie. Yugyeom turned around and gave a great big, beaming smile.

“Thank you!” he squealed happily before returning back to coloring in a big heart.

Beside him, Jungkook looked very concentrated, not even paying attention to the other Little beside him. He kept on looking up from his drawing to the members in the room and then back down, which made them all very inquisitive about what he was drawing.

Jimin slid down onto the floor, kneeling next to Jungkook, and he glanced at the picture. Though Jungkook was too quick, as he picked up the piece of paper and held it close to his chest. Jimin looked to him, shocked and confused.

“It’s a surprise,” Jungkook explained, making sure no one could see the picture through the back of the piece of paper.

“Oh, okay,” Jimin said, nodding as he settled down into sitting on the floor. “I won’t look, I swear,” he promised, crossing his fingers over his heart so Jungkook knew that he was serious.

Jungkook looked through squinted eyes, with an eyebrow raised, before nodding hesitantly and returning back to drawing. Jimin shuffled closer to the Little and managed to wrap his hand around the younger’s waist, letting his head rest on Jungkook’s shoulder as he watched the TV.

After a while, Jungkook began humming to himself, until he stopped and moved forward to grab his picture. Jimin took notice and said, “Can I see now?”

Jungkook nodded happily, bringing up the drawing so Jimin could finally see it.

A great big smile grew on Jimin’s face when he saw the picture in its full glory. The first thing that caught his eye was the great big rainbow in the background, but then in front of it was fourteen people. And even without labels, Jimin could tell who they were. No matter how little or big, Jungkook was still a great artist. Each and every member of both BTS and GOT7 were on the page, with Yugyeom and Jungkook holding hands in the middle of it.

“Wow, that’s amazing, Gukkie,” BamBam said, catching a glimpse of the artwork. Jungkook blushed at the compliment, letting out a small and shy, “Thank you.”

“They’re both amazing,” Jin said, looking between each of the pieces. Both Littles smiled gratefully in Jin’s direction and then looked at each other’s piece.
“How about we put them on the fridge,” Jackson suggested, causing both Littles to gasp and nod happily, scampering to the kitchen and waiting to pin up their artwork for all to see.

Once it was pinned up, Jackson turned to them and said, “So what do you want to do now?” Yugyeom and Jungkook turned to one another with a mischievous glint in their eyes, and all Jackson could do was brace himself.

***

Both Littles had agreed that they wanted to watch a film, which was very different to what Jackson had expected. There was no mess or chaos included in watching a film, it was very calming, if anything.

They had all gathered their duvets and cushions, Jungkook had brought his own blanket and teddy bear, and had squeezed together on the couch, limbs tangled, but happy none the less. They also had a supply of sweets and popcorn, which at first everyone except the Littles were a bit wary about. No one wanted a Little on a sugar rush, the destruction they could cause was worse than a tornado. But after two pairs of very convincing puppy eyes, they simply could not resist.

They had both decided that they wanted to watch Frozen, which both their hyungs had watched over and over again, but they couldn’t say no. So that’s how both groups had ended up very squished on a couch, covered in heaps of blankets and watching Frozen.

Of course, it was only a matter of time before both Littles were sound asleep, snoring on each other, the movie barely halfway through. But it was eight o’clock already, and they had both had a pretty busy day playing, so it was no surprise.

“Daddy,” Jungkook mumbled, turning around so his head was on Yoongi’s chest.

Yoongi chuckled at how sleepy the Little looked, he still had his eyes closed and his mouth slightly open. “Yes, baby boy?”

“I’m sleepy,” he muttered, causing Yoongi to chuckle and nod.

“I can see that, baby, do you want to go home now?” Yoongi knew it was what Jungkook was probably wanting to say, but felt too rude to say it.

Jungkook hummed, nodding, already wrapping his hands around Yoongi’s neck securely so Yoongi could carry him. Yoongi smiled to himself before looking to Jinyoung, who was next to Yugyeom.

“We better get this one home,” he said, nodding towards Jungkook. Jinyoung looked from Yugyeom and up at Yoongi, and he smiled when he saw the equally as sleepy Jungkook in his arms.

“Okay,” he said, nodding, the other GOT7 members agreeing with him.

Yoongi’s members made their own way up, gathering up all of Jungkook’s things and bundling them in their arms, Jin reciting a small checklist of all the things that they had brought.

When everyone was done, they gathered near the Little and awaited Yoongi. Yoongi rose with the Little in his arms and came to a standing position, Jungkook securely wrapped around him.
He didn’t miss how GOT7 looked at him with disbelief. “How do you even carry him?” Jaebum asked, amazed by the ease that Yoongi had with carrying Jungkook, who was a lot bigger than the elder. It almost looked funny with how big Jungkook looked compared to the smaller Yoongi.

Yoongi scoffed as he said, “I’m not that weak, you know.” Everyone laughed at his words, but still not really knowing how he did it.

“I did have to build up my strength, and you get used to it pretty quickly,” he explained as he made his way to the door, being led by GO7 members, well, all except for BamBam and Jaebum, who had decided to stay with Yugyeom.

“Well, thank you for letting us come,” Namjoon said, speaking for the rest of his members.

“No, it’s fine, please come whenever you want,” Mark replied sincerely, waving at them as they turned to leave for the car.

While getting Jungkook’s seatbelt on, Yoongi noticed his eyes flutter open and land on Yoongi. “Daddy,” he mumbled, making grabby hands towards the elder. Yoongi chuckled at how clingy Jungkook got whenever he was sleepy. He clicked the seatbelt securely and shuffled closer to Jungkook.

“Did you have a nice day, princess?” Jimin whispered to Jungkook.

Jungkook nodded with a small smile on his face as he said, “It was bestest day ever.”

Chapter End Notes

OH MY GOD GUYS, I CANT BELIEVE THIS STORY HAS 1000 KUDOS like wth. Thank you so much for the support, i never thought this story would be so liked. Please comment about anything and feel free to leave any requests in the comments!! Thank you so much<3<3
A Little Rash

Chapter Summary

Request by walkingcookies:
Jungkook comes out with a nasty rash.

Chapter Notes

ok so... this is late. I'm sorry once again.
I'm not too happy about this chapter so sorry, but i wanted to post something, to not keep you waiting so i hope you enjoy none the less.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Jungkook didn’t get sick every often, but when he did, he got very ill. It was like his immune system just shut down, and Jungkook was sent into a spiral of sickness. On the odd occasion he would get ill, Jungkook tried to hide it; from his fans, his management, and most, importantly, his hyungs. Somehow, they always found out, but that didn’t stop him from trying to hide it.

He was currently on tour with BTS in Japan. One day, he woke up groggily, a slight pounding to his head and a dizziness as he rose. His throat also felt like it was on fire. He was suddenly very glad that they were not performing today, just practicing.

The illness was something Jungkook already knew would make him feel like hell throughout the day, however, it was also something that he could hide from his hyungs. He could just drink a lot of water and avoid the lights. At least, that’s what he had planned, anyway.

When he had begun to steady on his feet, Jungkook shakily made his way to the bathroom, squinting at the hallway light as he went. He could hear his hyungs’ voices coming from the living room but ignored them and shut the bathroom door behind him.

After letting out a shaky breath, Jungkook went to examine himself in the mirror to see the damage, but what he saw wasn’t what he had expected. It was so much worse.

Instead of just bags under his eyes and an awfully flushed face, like he usually would have and successfully covered with makeup, he saw black, sickly looking dark circles surrounding his eyes like a raccoon and then he saw his bright red cheeks that looked like they could illuminate a room.

Jungkook brought a hand up to press his fingers against them. His fingertips were immediately met with heat, but he was barely focused on that because something more alarming caught his eye. His whole hand was covered with small, red blotches. They covered almost every inch of his bare skin, and when he rolled up his sleeve, he was met with the same outcome.

Jungkook’s heartbeat sped up with shock and fear, as he pulled the collar of his t-shirt down and examined his chest. The rash was there too. He pulled up his pant leg, only to see the same red blotches. Immediately, his mind began to race, and dread filled his thoughts.
There was no way he could hide this from his hyungs. Even with a polo neck, long jeans, gloves, and a ton of makeup, a rash was too hard to hide. Jungkook also knew that a rash could be very serious. It could be meningitis, he could die from it. He didn’t want that!

He couldn’t help but panic, rushing out of the bathroom and practically running to the living room on his unsteady feet. He also couldn’t help but fall into little space.

“Daddy,” he cried out, but his throat was too sore, and it came out more like a screech than words. Jungkook eyes were streaming with tears, but he cried without sound because every time he did, his throat would burn with pain.

He ran straight in the direction of his hyungs and then met eyes briefly with Namjoon. He took the chance to fling himself into the elder’s arms.

Luckily, his noise alerted each of his hyungs, their attention immediately snatched from whatever they were doing and going straight to Jungkook. There was a moment of silence before they all moved at once, gliding over to the Little, with Namjoon scooping him up into his arms and bringing him over to the couch so they could speak better.

Once in Namjoon’s arms, Jungkook buried his face into the elder’s shoulder and clung to him tightly, muffling his cries. Even when Jungkook was on the couch he didn’t move, frozen in his position.

Namjoon shared a worried glance with the rest of Jungkook’s hyungs before leaning down next to the Little’s ear and whispering, “Little one, what’s wrong?”

Jungkook only sniffled and rubbed his face against the soft material of Namjoon’s sweater, getting his tears all over it, but Namjoon didn’t mind.

There was a small pause before Jungkook muttered a small, “I w-will really miss you, Appa.” His words are very quiet, causing Namjoon to second guess Jungkook’s words, but he was very alarmed when he finally understood them, and so were the rest of the hyungs.

“Miss me, why Gukkie, are you trying to get rid of me?” Namjoon joked, chuckling to himself, trying to draw out at least a smile from the Little. But behind his laugh was a very nervous Namjoon.

Why would the Little miss him? Was he planning to go away? What had happened in a matter of minutes this morning to make Jungkookie so upset that he would regress?

Jungkook shook his head and looked up slightly so his words could be heard. “Gonna die,” he whimpered out sadly, with tears still streaming down his face.

With a brief look of concern shared between the other members, Yoongi moved closer to the Little. Jungkook didn’t meet his eyes, even as he placed a hand on the youngest’s knee. “Baby, what’s wrong?”

Jungkook let out a shaky breath before peeking out from Namjoon’s chest, revealing his ruby red cheeks and sunken eyes. But before his hyungs could examine the Little any further, his face twisted into an impression of worry and disgust as he fought hard to break free from Namjoon’s hold.

Only a matter of seconds after he was free, he was running to the nearest place to throw up. His eyes spotted a bin, and only a few centimeters away from it, his knees buckled from under him as he expelled the last night’s dinner into the trash.

Immediately, the hyungs were sent into overprotective mode, each one jumping from their seats and running to get nearer to Jungkook, who was unfortunately still repelling his meal. But at this point, he couldn’t stop the small whimpers that left his mouth, caused by the burning sensation in his throat.
and the twisting of his stomach.

Taehyung placed a hand on the Little’s back, drawing soothing circles on it, while Yoongi was crouched next to Jungkook, whispering words of love and reassurance, both attempting to offer some comfort. After the gagging subsided Jungkook practically collapsed into Yoongi’s arms, his breaths strained and ragged, his eyes barely open, exhausted by the sickness.

Taehyung and Jimin helped Yoongi to lift Jungkook upright so he was in a more comfortable position. But as they did, Jin caught a glimpse of something currently hidden by Jungkook’s t-shirt, and with the maknae’s current sickness, Jin began to panic slightly.

“Lift his shirt,” Jin announced to the members closest to Jungkook. They all turned to him with confused expressions, to which Jin just rolled his eyes slightly, making his own way to the Little and carefully rolling up the front of his shirt, exposing the skin of his stomach.

They all gasped when they saw it; the red blotchy rash, covering every inch of his stomach. Out of curiosity, Jimin brought his hand to the Little’s sleeve and gently rolled it up, revealing the same rash.

“Hoseok,” Namjoon called out in his leader voice, snapping Hoseok out of whatever daze he was and in an instant, he jumped up to his feet, ready to follow instructions. “Get a wine glass, please.”

For a second, all of the members, bar Jin and Namjoon, had their eyes widened, realizing what the true purpose of the wine glass was. Jungkook could either be ill or very, very ill. Meningitis was the worst rash, and could lead to much worse. They had to help Jungkook as quickly as possible because if the maknae was to get even sicker, his hyungs wouldn’t be able to forgive themselves.

Hoseok was back quickly, dropping to his knees and bringing his fingers up to brush against the maknae’s skin before saying, “This is going to be slightly cold, sweetheart.” He placed the glass down. Even with the warning, Jungkook whimpered when the cold glass hit his skin, turning slightly to hide his face against Yoongi, who tightened his grip around Jungkook in response.

When the rash faded into nothing under the pressure of the glass, there was a collective sigh of relief.

“Let’s get him cleaned up,” Namjoon nodded his head towards the rest of the members as he pulled his phone out of his pocket and began calling who the members assumed was Bang PD-nim.

The rest of them sprang into action. Yoongi, with the help of Jin, carried Jungkook to the sofa, Jimin got the little supplies, Taehyung went to get a warm cloth, and Hoseok raced to grab his laptop.

As Jungkook was hoisted down, he was insistent that he would not let Yoongi go anytime soon. His fists were clinging to the material of Yoongi’s shirt with a death grip, so the elder had to go down with him, not like he minded. The Little was as close as he could get to Yoongi, until Jin sat beside to him and he shuffled slightly so he could be close to both his hyungs.

“I’m sorry, Daddy and Eomma,” Jungkook let out a muffled sob as he rubbed his teary eyes with his fists. And even though it was quiet, both of his hyungs could hear it clearly. Jin wrapped an arm around the Little’s frame and asked in a soft voice, “Whatever for, sweetie?”

Slowly, Jungkook took his hands away from his eyes and still on the verge of tears, said, “C-coz Guk-Gukkie is i-ill and ca-can’t perform, so ARMY gonna be sad.” His voice was so close to cracking and being taken by tears that Jin and Yoongi could feel their hearts break with the Little’s words.

Yoongi squeezed Jungkook gently, but enough for reassurance as he said, “Don’t you dare worry about that.” He leaned closer to Jungkook before nuzzling his nose on the Little’s wet cheek. At the
feeling of being tickled, Jungkook let out a small giggle, which both of his hyungs were very happy to hear. “ARMY would rather you be healthy than anything, baby.”

Jungkook turned to meet Yoongi’s eyes to see if he was telling the truth. “Really?” he asked skeptically. But before Yoongi could respond, Jin leaned down and placed a kiss to the Little’s forehead and said, “Really.”

Jungkook went to respond, but his attention was taken by the new person entering the room.

“Jiminie asked which pajamas you wanted, pumpkin,” Taehyung said with a kind smile on his lips as he knelt down with a warm wet cloth.

As Jungkook thought hard, Taehyung quickly but gently began to wipe the Little’s face free of any sick or tears, and once it was all clean he placed a kiss to the Little’s forehead, who giggled cutely in response. Even in his greatest sickness, Jungkook wouldn’t lose his cuteness.

“Ones with dinosaurs,” Jungkook finally responded, to which Taehyung nodded and rose up, making his way down the corridor again to tell Jimin and help him.

Hoseok replaced Taehyung as he strode in, first aid kit balancing on his arm as he squished onto the small sofa next to Jin. “Well, we know he hasn’t got meningitis, so that’s good,” Hoseok informed them, but really it was just to try to calm down his own overactive thoughts and panic. “The only thing is that the nausea, and by the looks of it a high temperature, doesn’t sit well,” he added.

Hoseok popped open the box and pulled out a sterilized thermometer, giving Jin and Yoongi both a warning glance, their grips becoming ever-so-slightly tighter on Jungkook so there was no way he could escape. “Sweetheart, could you let me take your temperature, please?”

Jungkook’s eyes widened as they locked onto the thermometer edging slowly towards him. He bit his bottom lip at the sight and jerked away from it, shaking his head. “No, thank you, Dada.” His hyungs chuckled at the Little’s politeness, but the mood was dampened when they noticed how scared Jungkook seemed to be.

“Oh, baby, I’m afraid manners can’t really stop it, you need your temperature taken,” Yoongi tried to convince Jungkook as his hand began to draw circles around Jungkook’s arm, but all Jungkook did was whimper.

“Come on, sweetie, Eomma will give you whatever you want,” Jin coaxed, this time convincing Jungkook to stop leaning back into the cushion, tempted by the offer.

Jungkook toyed with the idea, looking at the thermometer warily, but lucky enough for all his hyungs, he agreed, “Okay then.”

“Good boy,” Yoongi praised as he placed a kiss on the Little’s hair.

Noticing the Little being slightly happier at the praise, Hoseok took the chance to move the thermometer forward and place it in between Jungkook’s lips.

“Ah good, you’re taking his temperature,” Namjoon said once he finished his call and sat on the opposite couch from them. The members, all except Jungkook, who was fighting the urge to take the thermometer out, looked at Namjoon with expectant eyes.

“PD-nim said we’ll cancel the concert for as long as we need to, but a doctor will be round soon to check on Jungkook.” For a moment, the members looked at him, startled, before glancing at Jungkook in little space.
Hoseok proceeded to take the thermometer out while the others talked, at which point Jimin and Taehyung had arrived, silently making their way into the living room, passing Jungkook his pacifier as Taehyung placed a blanket over him and then sat down as close to Jungkook as they could.

“Does he know Jungkook is in little space?” Jimin enquired, smiling when he met the Little’s eyes, fluttering cutely in total bliss, sucking on his pacifier and wrapped up in a soft blanket.

“Yes, he does,” Namjoon confirmed, alleviating some of the members’ worries, but only some.

“But the doctor won’t,” Taehyung chimed in, voicing the other members’ concerns.

“Actually, the doctor does.” Everyone looked at Namjoon, puzzled. “Well, after the doctor that gave Jungkook his injection found out about his little space, and then so did Bang PD-nim, he offered her a job, kind of a private doctor, so Jungkook’s secret doesn’t get out,” Namjoon explained, completely dumfounding the rest of his members for a second.

“What?” Yoongi was the first to speak. “Why didn’t he tell us?”

“Well, he said he could have sworn he did, but obviously not. Typical Bang PD-nim,” Namjoon chuckled, the other members joining in slowly.

After a moment of silence, well, and small snores from the Little, Hoseok said, “So then... all we have to do is wait?” And even though it wasn’t really a question, the rest of BTS nodded, all the same, their eyes never once leaving their sick maknae.

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Even though Jungkook seemed fast asleep, his caregivers still placed on his favorite Disney princess movie, “The Little Mermaid,” on the TV, just in case he woke up. What they didn’t realize, however, was the fact that as soon as Ariel began singing her first song, Jungkook would hear it, open his doe eyes, and begin giggling and clapping his hands.

All his hyungs were happy at his high emotion but also felt guilty that they had woken up the Little unintentionally, but luckily, Jungkook didn’t seem to mind one bit. He was perfectly content with watching the movie, especially when he had gotten changed into soft dinosaur pajamas, with Gloss cuddled next to him and his hyungs all around him.

Yoongi leaned down and brought his lips to the Little’s ears as he whispered, “How are you feeling now, baby boy?”

Not once looking away from the TV screen, Jungkook thought for a moment before saying, “A little icky daddy, but a little better.”

Yoongi nodded before letting the Little get back to his movie. But it wasn’t long before the movie was once again interrupted by a knock on the door.

Namjoon rose first, heading straight to the door. Jungkook’s eyes followed him before snapping his head back around and tilting it slightly, saying, “Who’s that?”

But before anyone could answer, totally forgetting the fact that Jungkook probably didn’t hear the earlier discussion, Namjoon was already back with the visitor.
The doctor walked in with a medical kit in her hand and a great big, warm smile on her face, her eyes sparkling with happiness and kindness. When Jungkook caught sight of her, a smile instantly grew on his face, but he still hid behind Yoongi slightly, his cheeks flushing.

“Hello, Jungkookie,” the doctor waved sweetly to him as she walked closer and closer.

Jungkook slowly emerged from his hiding spot and brought up his own hand to wave to her as he said, “Hi, Dr. Kim.”

The doctor’s smile grew even bigger as she crouched down to be on Jungkook’s level while she put her case down on the coffee table and clicked it open. “Now, your Appa told me you’re not feeling too well, and you have a nasty rash, is that right?” Jungkook looked up at Yoongi first, who gave him a reassuring nod, and then Jungkook turned once again to Dr. Kim and nodded.

She smiled gratefully before getting something out of her medical case and fiddling with it. The doctor turned around back to Jungkook, so he could finally see the weird contraption in her hand. “So Jungkook, I’m just going to place this on your forehead, so I can get your temperature, okay?”

Jungkook nodded hesitantly, watching cautiously as Dr. Kim placed the small thing to his head, and waited for it to beep. “Well, he’s running a small temperature,” she observed while taking the device away from his head and replacing it back in her bag.

She then turned to Jungkook’s hyungs and asked them, “How has he been since he threw up?”

“He hasn’t thrown up since,” Hoseok informed her, sparing a glance between the rest of his members and then to Jungkook. They watched closely as Dr. Kim proceeded to roll up Jungkook’s sleeve to reveal the rash and then examine it.

“He said he still feels a bit sick, right, baby?” Yoongi added as he brought his hand to the Little’s hair to run his fingers through it, before pressing a small kiss to it as Jungkook nodded.

Next was Jimin’s turn to contribute as he remembered something from earlier. “He also complained of a sore throat.” The rest of the hyungs nodded in agreement, all looking at the doctor, expecting an answer.

“Well, it’s definitely scarlet fever, so I will need you to give him antibiotics every day for ten days and it should all clear up,” she instructed, already beginning to give them the medicine from her bag and pack up. “For the pain, I would give him paracetamol, but other than that, he should be better in a matter of two days or a little more.” She then proceeded to rise with her closed medical case in one hand, as she bowed to the members.

But just as she looked as if she was going to say her goodbyes, something sparkled in her eyes as she rummaged through her pocket. “Ah, I almost forgot.” She pulled out what looked to be a shiny piece of paper.

“Bang PD-nim said that you liked Zootopia, Gukkie, so…” she trailed off, flipping the paper around to reveal a big sticker of Judy from Zootopia. Jungkook gasped, his eyes sparkling with amazement, briefly forgetting his illness as she stuck the sticker onto his top. He beamed, thanking her.

Namjoon then began to rise to show her the way out, as everyone, including Jungkook, said their ‘thank you’s and goodbyes. She said goodbye to them all before leaving the house.

Once she was gone, Jungkook turned to Jin with a concerned look on his face. “Gukkie gonna die, Eomma?” Jin chuckled, shaking his head, before stroking the Little’s hair and placing a kiss on his forehead. “No, sweetie, you’ll get better soon, I promise.”
Jungkook seemed pretty satisfied with Jin’s answer and nodded before turning back to the TV. It wasn’t long before the Little was fighting to keep his eyes open and holding back his yawning. Obviously his hyungs knew that the Little was very tired, however, Taehyung was the first to say anything. He and the other hyungs knew Jungkook would try and stay up because he didn’t want to miss the movie, even if he had watched it over a hundred times. “Go to sleep if you’re tired, pumpkin.”

Jungkook shook his head, his eyes slightly closed, but still determined to stay awake. His hyungs chuckled at him. Needless to say, Jungkook was asleep in a matter of seconds and soon after, his hyungs followed him, each one of them cuddling contently on the couch, hoping to be rid of any sickness as soon as possible.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, commenting and leaving kudos, you guys make me so happy. If there is anything you would like the request for another chapter please comment it, It may be slow, but i will certainly do it.
Every once in a while, when tension was high and the pressure was piled on, usually right before a comeback, Jungkook’s hyungs would get very, very stressed and when they did, they got very agitated. It seemed like no matter what Jungkook tried to do, give them massages, encourage them to watch a movie to destress, or even on the odd occasion, buy them a meal, everything he tried was hopeless.

Most of the time Jungkook just opted to avoid each hyung at a time, preferring to not get snapped at, but there were days where the whole thing was unavoidable and days where every hyung was filled with stress. Like today, it seemed.

Everyone was up and out of the house by 7:00 am with puffy faces, dark circles under their eyes, and messy hair. They went straight to the recording studio to record vocals for a concert.

Jungkook didn’t know what the feeling was, but he could sense something was going to go wrong today, and boy was he right.

They had begun recording as soon as they had arrived, singing and rapping the same lines over and over again. Maybe it was it was the morning that made Jungkook’s voice, despite still sounding heavenly, sound rough and slightly hoarse, he didn’t know. It was almost undetectable, but of course, Jimin, the perfectionist, picked up on it.

When they were all gifted with a short break, Jungkook immediately went to get a coffee from the machine down the hallway, with Jimin following him for a drink of water. They walked in silence, mostly because they were too tired to talk, but when Jungkook arrived was when he felt Jimin’s eyes on him. At first, he didn’t think anything of it, he just placed a small Styrofoam cup under the dispenser and chose which coffee he wanted.

What caught Jungkook off guard was the fact that as he was waiting, he heard Jimin’s footsteps behind him, walking away. Jungkook snapped his head around, confused at why Jimin was leaving, usually, the elder would wait with him. Jimin must have felt Jungkook’s eyes on him, as he turned around with a displeased look in his eyes, before saying, “Coffee makes your vocals worse, and they
weren’t too good before.” He turned without another word, leaving Jungkook frozen.

Even though it wasn’t a blatant scolding, Jungkook couldn’t help but feel a little sad at Jimin’s words. It wasn’t like his usually kind and happy voice, and with the displeased look, Jungkook suddenly didn’t want the coffee anymore and just left it on the side. The disappointment in Jimin’s expression burned brightly in Jungkook’s memory. But Jungkook tried to ignore it, he knew his hyung was only stressed and he didn’t really mean it.

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Later on in the recording, Jungkook’s voice seemed to hate him. It was getting worse and worse, and this time it wasn’t only Jimin who noticed. At first, his hyungs didn’t say anything, just shot him a look that Jungkook couldn’t really see if it was of annoyance or concern, he would rather the latter.

Luckily for Jungkook, his hyungs let it slide for quite some time, well, until the director made him and the members repeat the same lines over and over again because his voice kept on breaking on the high note.

Eventually, after many failed attempts the director finally shouted, “We’ll do it some other time, I expect it to be perfection, Jungkook.” He warned them with a very serious look in his eyes, before turning around to talk to the technical producers, allowing Jungkook to let out a frustrated huff of air.

And as if it wasn’t bad enough, Jungkook could feel the glares of his hyungs as he looked down at his feet, embarrassed. He usually got the note right. What made it different today?

“You need to start taking vocal lessons seriously,” Jin said in an unusually serious voice, with a look to accompany it. Jungkook could feel his shoulders fall with the heaviness of Jin’s comment, and the anger in his voice. It only made it worse when Taehyung joined in.

“Jin-hyung’s right. Just because you have a great voice and are the golden maknae, doesn’t mean you don’t have to work hard like the rest of us.” Then the rest of the hyungs got back to mumbling amongst each other, leaving Jungkook to think over the words, knowing the truth behind them. Sometimes he did take for advantage that he had a good singing voice, and maybe wouldn’t do the extra ten minutes of singing in the morning every once in a while, but it still didn’t mean he didn’t try.

Yoongi must have seen how their harsh words had affected him, as he subtly moved over to Jungkook and placed a hand against his, bringing his lips closer to Jungkook’s ear as he said, “Don’t listen to them, they don’t mean it, they’re only—”

“Stressed,” Jungkook cut off, sighing and nodding as he raised his head to meet Yoongi’s eyes. “I know, don’t worry, I know they don’t mean it,” he replied, reassuring Yoongi that he was okay with the comments, even if they were a little harsh. He would get over them.

But the thing was, it didn’t seem to get any better when they all returned home. It seemed like everyone’s positive energy, even Hoseok the sunshine, had been zapped right out of them, leaving behind six very grumpy hyungs that Jungkook had to deal with.

Each one of his hyungs collapsed on the couch, leaving little to no room for Jungkook, but that was okay. He wasn’t really that tired anyway. He decided to sit on the floor instead and just relax, or at least he tried to, but his plans were horribly ruined when he heard the sickeningly sweet voice of
Namjoon. “Jungkookie,” he called out sleepily, bringing out a hand to pet Jungkook’s hair. “Could you do me a favor and run me a bath, please?”

Jungkook sighed, not even contemplating the thought, before nodding, wanting to help all of his hyungs as best he could. Namjoon smiled with appreciation before sinking further down into the couch.

Jungkook was soon on his feet, not realizing the hell he had brought upon himself, which started with, “Jungkook, while you’re up, could you get me a glass of water, please?”

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After that, Jungkook was run off his feet with requests. At first, it was going well, and keeping everyone happy, but soon it spiraled out of control.

First, it was the ramyeon that Taehyung decided he wanted. As it cooked, Jungkook had begun frying some chicken for Hoseok like the good maknae he was, but as he attempted to multitask, he suddenly heard a very weird call from down the hall that sounded suspiciously like Namjoon.

“Jungkook, you forgot the water, everywhere is drenched.” Oh, it was Namjoon. Jungkook bit his lip before running to the bathroom to see, like Namjoon had said, water gushing down the side of the bathtub and straight onto the bathroom tiles.

He slowly peered up to see Namjoon’s annoyed face and grimaced, as he knew what was coming next. “Do you know how much effort it is to clean all this?” Namjoon started to rant, “I asked you to run me a bath, not make me an ocean.”

When Jungkook did something wrong, Namjoon, like a good leader, he would do one of three things: wave it off like it meant nothing, scold him but in a joking way, or scold him for real. This was definitely scolding for real.

But it was light, so Jungkook could shake it off pretty easily. He would have been fine if he had not heard a loud shout from the kitchen that brought a chill down his spine.

“Jungkook, what is this mess?!” It was none other than Jin hyung, sounding very scary at the moment, causing Jungkook to wince at the thought of the state he had left the kitchen in. Namjoon gave him pitiful eyes before Jungkook braced himself and walked to the kitchen, where he saw a raging Jin, as expected.

“You could at least clean up after yourself;” Jin groaned as he dropped the dirty packages into the bin. “Just because you’re the youngest doesn’t mean everyone has to do everything for you.” And with that, Jin left Jungkook to deal with the mess. But before he could even do that, a strange smell wafted over to him, and his eyes went wide when he realized what it was.

He scampered over to the pan he was cooking Hoseok’s chicken in, smelling the burning stench and seeing the charred sides of the white meat. Quickly, Jungkook turned the heat down and took the pan off the heat. Then he tried to salvage any not burnt pieces and put them in a bowl, with the ramyeon in another.

He sighed from the relief of something actually going right for once and decided to go take it to his hyungs before something bad did happen.
Jungkook found himself going to Hoseok first, handing him the bowl with a smile, which Hoseok didn’t return, but thanked him all the same. Next, he gave the bowl of ramyeon to Taehyung, who gave him a small smile, which Jungkook instantly returned.

However, unfortunately for Jungkook, he couldn’t feel pleased for himself anytime soon because Hoseok just had to ruin the moment. “Ew, Jungkook, I can’t eat that,” Hoseok tossed the bowl of chicken onto the coffee table, his face twisted into an expression of disgust. “It’s all burned.”

“Ah, sorry hyung,” Jungkook began to apologize profusely. “I can make you ano-” Jungkook tried, but his efforts were soon shot down by Hoseok.

“No, it’s fine,” Hoseok snapped before looking back to the TV, cutting off any hopes Jungkook had. “I’ll be fine,” Hoseok sighed before getting up very abruptly, to which all the members snapped their heads in his direction. “I’m going to bed,” he announced before striding off into his bedroom.

Usually, Hoseok would be full of smiles and laughter, but he had his bad, grumpy days, he was a human after all.

His departure made Jungkook feel even worse, as he glared at the burnt chicken with a fury, the feeling of guilt laying heavy on his shoulders. Maybe if he had made better chicken then Hoseok wouldn’t have gone away. However, Jimin barely gave him any time to dwell on that before he interrupted with, “Have you gotten me my water yet?”

Jungkook shook his head solemnly before walking to the kitchen where Jin was manically cleaning up, whispering curse words under his breath. He quietly tiptoed closer to Jin to grab a glass from a cupboard and hopefully escape without being shouted out. But Jungkook wasn’t that lucky. As soon as he saw Jin’s head turn in his direction, he knew he was in for it.

“Jungkook, what do you want now?” Jin said, obviously agitated, as he clashed the bowl onto the side, making Jungkook flinch slightly.

“Erm, I’m getting Jimin hyung a glass of water,” Jungkook said quietly, glancing down to cup in his hand and then to the sink that Jin was hovering over.

Jin sighed loudly, but nodded all the same, stepping aside so Jungkook could gain access to the sink.

Everything was going well until Jungkook tried to move the glass away from the sink. Maybe the water had made the glass too slippery, or maybe he wasn’t holding it right. Either way, Jungkook watched in horror as the glass slipped from his fingers. It was like the scene was playing in slow motion as he saw the shard of glass shatter as it hit the ground, waves of water splashing everywhere.

“Jungkook!” Jin shouted, “Get out now, all you’re doing is making things worse.”

Jungkook didn’t have to be told twice. He backed away, apologizing profusely, before rushing to his room, hoping to find at least some sanctuary from all his stressed and grumpy hyungs.

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Fifteen minutes later, Jungkook was still left staring at the ceiling, hearing the aftermath of his chaos. A sigh of frustration left his mouth as he ran his fingers through his hair. He just lay there in his pajamas, staring blankly at the white ceiling, hoping that it would finally go silent and the guilt would disappear.
He knew his hyungs were only scolding him because they were tired and stressed, but it still didn’t hurt any less. He just hoped they were fine the next day.

“Jungkookie,” a small knock accompanied the quiet voice. The familiar voice didn’t even wait for permission to come in, as the door creaked open, revealing none other than Yoongi.

Jungkook gave a small smile to Yoongi as he watched his hyung make his way to the bed and lie down beside him silently. Jungkook then returned to staring at the ceiling, waiting for Yoongi to start some conversation. After five or so minutes, he did.

“He didn’t mean it, Jungkook,” Yoongi said, repeating his words from before. A sentence that had become like a mantra to Jungkook.

“I know, hyung,” Jungkook sighed, rolling to his side so he could Yoongi’s face better. “But I just made things worse,” without realizing, Jungkook’s lips had begun to form a small pout.

“No, you didn’t,” Yoongi returned, bringing one of his hands up to play with Jungkook’s hair calmly.

“Yes, I did. Every time I tried to help, it went wrong.” Jungkook thought back to everything that had happened that day, feeling guilty for adding even more stress and reasons to be angry because of his stupidity.

“You did nothing wrong, okay?” Yoongi asked, looking directly into his eyes.

“But-“ Jungkook tried to protest, but there was no way Yoongi was letting him depreciate his self-worth.

“Ah-ah, you did nothing wrong, okay?” Yoongi repeated, slower and stronger this time. “When you wake up in the morning, the members will say sorry for being so cruel, okay?”

Jungkook sighed, nodding. Yoongi was right. His hyungs always did apologize the day after, when their heads weren’t clouded over by stress.

“Right, so go to sleep and forget this happened,” Yoongi instructed, hoping to get Jungkook sleeping so he didn’t overthink things too much like his worry-some maknae would always do when something went wrong. He was too much of a perfectionist.

Jungkook nodded silently, snuggling into Yoongi’s warmth as he wrapped an arm around the elder’s waist. Before closing his eyes, Yoongi placed a quick but sweet kiss on Jungkook’s lips and said, “Sleep well, I love you.”

Jungkook hummed in response, before a soft, “I love you too,” left his lips. He wanted to sleep well, but he knew the thoughts of today’s events would play on his mind. At least he had Yoongi to help him with that. It always did hurt him the most seeing the members struggle with stress.

Tomorrow was a new day and a fresh start. It was Saturday. They had no schedule or events that they had to do, so no one would have to be stressed.

It was also a day that he could be in little space, which at the minute he could really use to relieve his stress. Everything would go back to normal and be okay, or at least he thought.

***
When Jungkook awoke the first thing he thought about was little space. He almost jumped up in glee and excitement, but he felt restricted by something. He peered down to see that the something was Yoongi’s arm and the day before came rushing back, and instead of happiness, Jungkook could feel a wash of anxious feelings and guilt.

What if his hyungs were too stressed to look after him in little space today? What if they didn’t want to look after him? Was he a burden? And most importantly, would he get scolded again?

There was one thing worse than getting scolded, and it was getting scolded in little space. Jungkook hated being scolded and told off. He hardly ever acted brattily, but when he did get told off for doing something, he would most of the time stop it and just cry.

Jungkook tried to unsuccessfully shake the feeling and squirm his way out of Yoongi’s hold and silently make his way to the kitchen. Surprisingly, Jin was already there. Jungkook couldn’t control how his heart rate sped up by a few counts just at seeing Jin. Would the eldest still be mad at him?

Jin caught sight of him, causing Jungkook to want to hide and duck until a smile grew on Jin’s face.

“Morning, Kookie,” he beamed brightly towards him. That caught Jungkook slightly off guard.

“Morning, Jin,” Jungkook said, skepticism making its way into his voice.

Jungkook made his way over to the stool next to the kitchen counter and sat down, watching as Jin began cooking something.

“Jungkookie, I’ve got to say sorry for last night,” Jin began, turning around with a pan in his hand. “I know being stressed is no excuse and that I should have never shouted at you in that way, so I am dearly sorry, please forgive me.” Jin’s face had readable regret on it, as he brought his fingers together to form a heart in Jungkook’s direction. Jungkook chuckled and nodded. “I forgive you, hyung.”

Jin leaned over the counter that separated them and ruffled Jungkook’s hair as he said, smiling, “Ah, such a great maknae.”

Jungkook beamed at the praise, some of the guilty feelings slightly alleviated.

“So, are you gonna be Little today?” Jin asked, turning back around to whatever he was cooking. Jungkook’s reaction was to nod and run his room in order to get changed into something more comfortable and then wake his hyungs up. Then a new thought crossed his mind and he wasn’t so excited anymore, more like nervous.

He couldn’t help the feeling of fear that struck him when he thought that he may be doing something wrong. He didn’t want to get scolded again. Jin may have been okay with him being Little, but what about the other members? Were they still too stressed to look after him?

“Jungkookie?” Jin asked, staring at him. Jungkook didn’t even realize he had spaced out or started gnawing at his bottom lip from anxiety. Jungkook met Jin’s eyes and hummed in acknowledgment.

Jungkook felt timid all of a sudden as he shrunk into Jin’s shoulder and said quietly, “Can I be Little today?” His voice was so quiet it took a few seconds before Jin could fully understand what the maknae had said, but once he did, his eyebrows formed an expression of confusion.

“Well, of course, you can, Jungkookie, you don’t need to ask.” The eldest gave a great big smile to
Jungkook and then turned around for only a matter of seconds, before revealing what he had been cooking. “Besides, I made pancakes,” he sang, watching happily as Jungkook’s eyes widened and started to sparkle with excitement.

As soon as the plate of dinosaur-shaped pancakes landed in front of him, drizzled with syrup, Jungkook couldn’t help but slip into little space, whether he wanted to or not.

“Yay, thank you, Eomma,” he said, clapping his hands together before diving, eating the pancakes very quickly. Jin smiled as he watched his maknae lovingly.

“How about when you finish your pancakes, we’ll go wake your hyungs up, okay?” Jin suggested, eating his own pancake as he made his way up onto a kitchen stool.

Jungkook thought for a moment, weighing the idea. He always did love waking up all his hyungs so they had the most amount of time to have the most amount of fun, but what if they were angry at him? What if they would shout or want to go to sleep, and it was all his fault. At the thought, Jungkook shook his head profusely, “No, thank you, Eomma.”

That struck Jin as weird. Never had their Little refused to do something like that before. And he had to know the reason. “Why not, sweetie?”

Jungkook gulped down his last bit of pancake before saying, “Coz hyungies might get mad.”

It pained Jin to hear such a small and scared voice from the Little, one he should not have when being around his hyungs. “No, they won’t, darling, I promise.”

Jungkook peered up from his pancakes and stuck out his syrup-covered pinky finger towards Jin. “Pinky promise.”

Immediately, Jin nodded and wrapped his own pinky around the Little’s.

“So, shall we go wake up your hyungs?” Jin asked enthusiastically, but again, despite promising, Jungkook still shook his head.

“Why not this time, sweetie?” Jin sighed, hoping to get Jungkook happier.

“Don’t wanna, Eomma,” he whispered, averting his eyes to his slipper-covered feet. In all honesty, Jungkook did want to wake up his hyungs, but he was scared that he would get told off again.

“Okay, sweetie, how about you watch TV and I’ll go wake them up, does that sound better?” Jungkook gave a small nod, still looking down at his feet. Jin rose from the chair, taking both his and Jungkook’s plate and placing them in some soapy water, before grabbing Jungkook’s hand and leading him to the couch where the TV was already playing.

“I’ll be right back,” Jin said, before walking off to the bedrooms, leaving Jungkook all alone. The maknae looked to the TV screen and crinkled his nose in disgust as he saw a documentary on the industry of rice. His eyes were drawn to the remote balancing on the edge of the couch. There was no way he would pick it up or change the channel.

Maybe that’s what Jin wanted to watch and he would get upset if Jungkook turned it off. He wouldn’t want to upset his Eomma ever. So he decided against the idea totally, and sat rigidly in silence, trying not to be bored out of his mind.

“What are you watching this for, sweetheart?” Hoseok said sleepily, interrupting the program. Jungkook’s snapped his towards the voice to see a very puffy and sleepy looking Hoseok. His hyung
fell onto the seat next to him and wound his arms around Jungkook’s frame.

“The remote’s there, Gukkie,” Hoseok drowsily pointed to the remote at the end of the couch, that Jungkook had been tempted to use for what felt like an eternity. Jungkook still remained frozen and didn’t move.

Instead, he turned around to meet Hoseok’s half asleep eyes as he said timidly, “Can I change over the channel?”

Hoseok’s eyes widened at the question and he cocked his head to the side in confusion. “Of course you can, sweetheart, you don’t need to ask.”

Jungkook nodded gratefully before reaching his arm over to grab the remote. As he pressed the button to the TV guide to see all the shows, he was constantly sneaking small gazes at Hoseok to see his hyungs expression. He didn’t want to put on something that Hoseok wouldn’t like.

“Ah, Kiki’s Delivery Service, you like that, don’t you, Guk,” Hoseok said. Jungkook did like that movie, in fact, it was one of his favorite movies, but instead of saying yes like he usually would, he was more concerned if Hoseok would be happy with it.

“Do you like it?” Jungkook asked hesitantly.

Hoseok chuckled, kissing the maknae’s hair. “I like anything, Gukkie,” he reassured, trying not the show a look of confusion towards the Little, thinking maybe that was what Jin was talking about when he said Jungkook wasn’t completely himself today.

“Okay,” Jungkook agreed hesitantly, tearing his eyes away from observing his hyung and back to the TV as he watched the movie, hoping that everything would go well today.

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It wasn’t long before all of Jungkook’s hyungs had sleepily plodded to the living room and practically collapsed onto the couch. Well, all except for Jin, who strode straight to the kitchen, probably to cook more pancakes.

It also wasn’t long before Jungkook was starting to feel very, very bored. At first, he tried to shake off the boredom and watch the film, but the fact was he just wasn’t in the mood to watch a movie. But he was also too nervous to ask to do anything else. What if his hyungs didn’t want to play, or they enjoyed the film more? Jungkook didn’t want them feeling any worse than they did yesterday. What if they shouted at him again?

Eventually, the boredom was too much to handle. He couldn’t stand sitting there when he would rather be playing with his toys or doing something more exciting. It took about five minutes for Jungkook to gain the confidence he needed to turn to Yoongi and tug at his sleeve before whispering, “Can I play instead, Daddy?” There was a moment of silence as Jungkook watched as Yoongi turned around with an expression that Jungkook didn’t quite understand.

“Of course, baby, what would you like to play?” Yoongi asked him sweetly.

“Hmm, bui-” Jungkook stopped himself, remembering that he didn’t want to make his hyungs upset or stressed in any way, so he decided to settle on a simple, “I don’t know.”
Yoongi raised an eyebrow at the Little’s behavior, the youngest seeming more timid than usual. “Hmm, I think you do, what were you going to say?”

Jungkook sighed, annoyed at himself that Yoongi was too good and already knew he was hiding something. “Building blocks,” he said, almost pouting.

“Of course, you can play building blocks,” Yoongi said, placing a kiss on the Little’s hair. “Now, who would you like to play with you?”

Yoongi didn’t miss to way that Jungkook’s eyes immediately were drawn to Taehyung but were quickly averted down to his twiddling fingers. Yoongi frowned at the sight, not quite sure why Jungkook wasn’t being his usual bubbly and happy self. Had they done something wrong?

“Do you wanna play with TaeTae?” Yoongi asked. Hearing his name, Taehyung turned to look at them with a great big boxy smile, probably already listening to the conversation the two were having.

“Only if Papa want to,” Jungkook mumbled, his face still facing down in the directions of his hands.

“Of course I want to, pumpkin,” Taehyung replied, already on his feet and making his way over to the Little with an outstretched hand. “Come on, let’s go get your building blocks.” Jungkook seemed to be slightly happier with the offer, a small smile making its way onto his lips as he nodded and took Taehyung’s hand slowly.

Yoongi and the rest of the members watched as the Little trailed behind Taehyung to get to the bedroom. All of them had noticed something was off with Jungkook. But hopefully, everything would return back to normal.

***

It didn’t turn back to normal. The rest of the day was filled with Jungkook asking questions and timidly walking around the dorm, just like he was being Little for the first time again.

Everything he did came with a question.

‘Can I put this block on top of that block?’

‘Can I color this flower blue?’

‘Can I build a house?’

‘Can I draw a dog?’

‘Can I hug you?’

And those were only the start of his questions. Every time his hyungs heard one, they got more and more confused, not sure as to why Jungkook seemed so nervous today.

It was when Jimin was sat on the couch, watching an episode of Ben10, that Jungkook’s questions really caught him off guard and he was left with no other option but to ask the Little about it. Jungkook slowly shifted towards Jimin and squeaked out a small, “Can I sit on your lap, please, Oppa?” Jimin nodded profusely, giving him a confused but happy smile.
Jungkook’s eyes lit up as he let out a small giggle and sat on Jimin’s lap. Even though Jungkook was bigger than him, Jimin didn’t mind having the maknae on his lap. He wound both his arms around the Little’s small waist and placed his head on his shoulder.

“Princess, can I ask you something?” At Jimin’s words, the rest of the members zoned into the conversation, wanting to know what Jimin was about to ask and if it would answer their questions.

Jungkook hummed and nodded, his eyes still fixed on the TV screen.

“Why have you been asking permission to do everything today? You know you don’t need to.” Jimin could feel how the youngest tensed in his hold and his breathing picked up slightly.

“I’m not,” Jungkook answered, trying to steer clear of the question without much success. Him waving it off just made his hyungs even more intrigued.

“Are you sure about that, little one? Don’t worry, we won’t be mad, no matter what it is,” Namjoon said softly, giving him a big heart-warming smile.

“You promise?” Jungkook said looking to all his hyungs, even twisting around to see Jimin.

“We promise,” his hyungs all replied in unison.

Jungkook brought his pacifier from his lips and let out a big sigh before he said, “Well, Gukkie don’t wanna upset his hyungies, or make them angry.” At Jungkook’s confession, his members looked confused, not quite sure where the sudden change came from.

“But why would we ever be-” Hoseok started, but was quickly interrupted by Yoongi when an idea came to mind.

“Is this about your hyungs scolding you last night?” Yoongi said. All the members gasped at the revelation.

Jungkook shook his head from side to side furiously when he saw how sad it made his hyungs look, but with the knowing eyes of Yoongi, Jungkook knew that he knew he was lying. “A teeny weenie little bit,” Jungkook confessed, making a small gesture with his two fingers to show how small the problem was.

“Oh, sweetheart,” Hoseok says sadly, wanting to engulf the Little into a hug, but it would be very hard since he was on Jimin’s lap. “We’re sorry.” Everyone nodded their head in agreement.

“Never be scared of making us upset or angry. We want you to be happy, not walking on eggshells,” Namjoon added, speaking the truth of his members, who were as sad as he was at causing such a horrible thing.

Jungkook shot him a confused look and said, “I don’t want to walk on eggshells, Appa, they hurt.” He cocked his head to the side in confusion, he really didn’t understand as to why Namjoon would ever suggest such a thing.

“No, it’s just a saying, pumpkin, he means he wants you to be free to do whatever you want,” Taehyung explained, chuckling at the Little’s cute, confused face.

“Whatever I want?” Jungkook eyes lit up with joy, his brain being filled with thoughts of everything he had ever wanted to do.

“Within reason,” Jimin corrected, shooting Taehyung a small look, both knowing that Jungkook
would try to do everything now, like see if he could hang off the ceiling fan or something crazy like that.

“Well then, I want ramyeon for tea, please, Eomma,” Jungkook beamed at Jin, who nodded and chuckled at the Little’s now happy expression.

“What do you wanna do while we wait, princess?” Jimin asked, bouncing the Little slightly on his lap.

“Hmm,” Jungkook placed a finger to his lips as he thought, before smiling widely and saying, “Oh, I know, let’s play with my new car.” Jungkook scampered off to the bedroom, leaving his hyungs smiling widely.

They were glad that everything had turned back to normal and that Jungkook felt happy around them. They also vowed never to scold their maknae again.

Chapter End Notes

hank you for reading i really hope you enjoyed, please feel free to leave requests in the comments, kudos or any comments in general.
Bye <3
The Run Episode That Never Aired

Chapter Summary

Request by minibuns:
Jungkook is in a haunted house and gets scared, Namjoon is to the rescue.

Chapter Notes

So i'm sorry for this being a day late, but exams stress me out, but its only a day so its not to bad.
Have you guys seen and heard the mic drop remix yet? I swear i have watched it so many times. I love it so much, like dammn they all look so good, Namjoon's hair is amazing, and Hoseok's like intro thingy, kills me every time. Actually the whole thing just killed me. Sorry for rambling it was just sooo Good!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Run episodes meant that BTS could just be crazy maniacs while doing different tasks to entertain themselves and film it. Every single episode ended in cackles of laughter and fun that the fans who were watching often shared.

But there was one episode that had never been aired. It was just after the episode was filmed with zombies that the so-called hidden episode happened.

As they had rented out the whole amusement park, the company thought that they may as well make the most of it. So not only would they go to the zombie attraction, but they would also go to the haunted house, filled with ghouls, monsters, and all sorts of horrors.

At the news, everyone except for Jungkook and Taehyung’s smiles dropped. Some members, like Namjoon and Yoongi, recovered pretty quickly, but Hoseok’s expression was set in fear. Unlike the others, Jungkook wasn’t scared, he was actually very excited. He loved playing horror games and watching horror films. As long as they didn’t include a clown, Jungkook was completely fine. His only fear, which he barely told anyone about, was clowns.

The way they walked in their big shoes, or the way a big red smile was painted on their face, haunted Jungkook. Ever since he was a child, he was plagued with nightmares and a fear of the creepy clowns, and even as he got older, no matter how much he tried to rationalize, as soon as he saw their painted white faces and colorful wigs, the fear-filled him once again. But in a horror house filled with ghouls, there was like a 0.7% chance a clown would come up.

All they had to do was go in a haunted house and collect as many tickets for ARMY as possible, much like in the zombie maze. But this time, they would have jump scares and some people running after them. Also, this time they weren’t going to be in teams, they were going to be very, very alone. It was a thought that unnerved Jungkook slightly, but he tried not to think about it.

“I bet I can beat you,” Taehyung smirked towards Jungkook after all the introduction filming was
done. His words lit a fire of competitiveness in the youngest, even more than before. He loved to win everything, it was like he had a knack for winning, and Taehyung was his biggest rival.

Jungkook turned to meet Taehyung’s challenging but playful gaze, as he scoffed and said, “Yeah right, no-” Jungkook’s voice was drowned out by the instructor, who had placed himself in front of them all to tell them about what to do. Jungkook heart began to leap in excitement, knowing that it was about to begin.

“Right, so if you want to talk to us, you should all use your walkie-talkies,” the instructor said, as he handed out the small walkie-talkies that they all hooked to their pants. Then the instructor came to a standstill and smirked before saying, “Don’t get too frightened, you’ll come out alive… hopefully.”

Jungkook chuckled slightly, rolling his eyes at the instructor’s attempt to be creepy. But as he did, they fell on the terror on Hoseok’s face, who was gulping loudly and wringing his palms from nerves. Jungkook reached an arm over to Hoseok’s forearm and gave it a reassuring pat, which Hoseok gave a small crooked smile to.

The instructor then took the members back individually, to take them to a different starting point so they don’t all go in together. When Jungkook was taken, he waved goodbye to the remainder of his hyungs and smiled as he walked. He caught sight of a big, black door in the side of the building and realized it must be where he was going.

“Nervous?” the instructor asked as they approached nearer and nearer the door. Jungkook shook his head firmly, to which the instructor chuckled at as he came to a stop and pulled out a set of keys and began to unlock the door.

“You may not be nervous now, but this is one of the scariest haunted houses in Asia, so beware,” the instructed told him as he opened the door dramatically, revealing pitch black darkness.

His words did not affect Jungkook one bit or the darkness. All he wanted to do was beat Taehyung and get more tickets for ARMY.

“Good luck,” were the last words of the instructor before Jungkook took a step inside and the door was slammed shut behind him. Jungkook rolled his eyes at the instructor trying to make the whole thing spooky when it really wasn’t. Even if it was pitch black, it didn’t faze him, as he knew his eyes would soon get used to it.

The thing was, he didn’t need to. Jungkook caught sight of a glowing opening down the black corridor. The more and more he walked the brighter it became. He could hear a slight eerie music, like that of a child’s jack-in-the-box, but even that didn’t faze him.

At that moment Jungkook wondered how the others were doing. Well, he probably knew how they were doing: Namjoon would be trying to appear brave, while secretly hating it, Yoongi would probably be ready to punch someone, Jimin would be scared out of his mind, Jin would probably be screaming his head off, Taehyung would be fine, and Hoseok, well, he would probably have already had a heart attack by now.

Then suddenly as Jungkook inched around the corner, a smile on his face at the thought of his hyungs, he caught sight of a small blue card, peeking out between two candlesticks. It was then that he realized that they must be the ARMY tickets, and as soon as he saw it, he was determined to get to it. He was determined to get more than-

“Get away!” A high-pitched voice shrieked, as a pasty face jumped into Jungkook’s vision, only centimeters away from his face. Her ragged, white clothes were drenched in fake blood, her matted
black hair covered her dark eyes. Jungkook didn’t even flinch, he was more focused on the card than anything.

He bowed as he politely walked around her, saying, “Hello,” and waving at her. For a moment, he saw confusion flash past her eyes, but it was soon gone as she continued her facade.

“I said, get out,” she sneered, baring her blood-stained teeth at him. Jungkook simply plucked the card from between the candle holders and walked straight past her, no matter how relentless she seemed.

Jungkook took one last glance to the room, between the dolls, ripped teddy bears, and creepy doll houses, before he smiled and opened the door to the next room.

Well, he could only assume it was a room, it was too dark to see if it was. All he could hear was the creaking of the floorboards underneath his feet. He could see the same dim glow from before, but this time it was illuminated red. Jungkook scoffed at the attempted fear factor that he was completely oblivious to.

Suddenly, he felt something grab at his leg, with the sound of snarling. He allowed himself to be frightened for short time, as his heart skipped a beat, but in a matter of seconds he came to his senses and laughed when he saw another ghoul like from before, at his feet.

Jungkook simply stepped over her claw-like hands and went straight to the opening, hoping to find another ticket for ARMY.

The room had an eerie feel to it, with its bright colors that almost were illuminated in the darkness. It looked to be a bedroom, with bright rainbow covers and a dotty red blanket and pillows. There was a big bear on the bed, with its eyes masked by two big buttons and a smile painted across it in red paint. There were a dirty mirror and a part of a wooden dressing table with claw marks tarnishing the wood. It almost looked like a child’s room, but a disturbing one.

Jungkook didn’t stay observing the room for too long because he caught a glimpse of the small ticket that rested on the dressing table. He smiled knowingly and strolled confidently up to it, already preparing himself for something to jump out and try to scare him, emphasis on ‘try.’

His hand picked up the card from the mirror’s rim and he went to put it in his pocket for safe keeping, but he heard something that brought a chill down his spine. It was the sound of a laugh, manic and almost psychopathic, and it was accompanied by the squeak of two giant shoes plodding against the wooden floor.

Jungkook froze. His heartbeat sped up, having an inner argument to himself whether to check what was behind him or not.

A low voice whispered behind him, “Hello, boy, I’m Doodles the clown.” The man laughed like a maniac afterward and the sound made Jungkook’s blood freeze. Jungkook shot his eyes up to see his reflection, and like he had expected, a white painted face and a big red smile were looking back at him. Jungkook screamed, losing all of his thoughts to appear manly, the fear just took over him.

He was running as fast as he could, not caring that he dropped the ticket in the process. He just needed to get out of there, and fast. He slammed the door behind him, the loud laughs of the clown could still be heard from behind it, but Jungkook didn’t think his legs could run any further. They had become like jelly from the fear.

He collapsed against the wooden door, sobs bubbling up to his lips. Jungkook tried shaking them
away, not wanting to be like a big baby. He wanted to be Big. But he just couldn’t. His sobs finally
won out, loud and uncontrollable, the now Little Jungkook was crying his eyes out, shaking with
pure terror.

He wanted to call out for his Daddy. He wanted to call out for his hyungs, but his sobs overtook the
ability to talk at all. Jungkook was left helpless, tears falling from his eyes. He shut them so he
couldn’t see the scary corridor, filled with paintings and claw marks.

“Jungkook,” the voice of an angel, also known as Namjoon, called out to him. At hearing it,
Jungkook snapped his eyes open, trying to stop crying so he could hear it better. It went silent for a
few seconds, which made Jungkook think that he was only imagining his savior’s voice.

“Jungkook?” the voice called out again. It wasn’t just a hallucination! Jungkook scrambled to his feet
and started to frantically call out to his leader. “Appa,” he cried loudly, sobs still threatening to fall
from his lips.

“Appa!” Jungkook called again, running down the corridor to try and locate his hyung.
“Jungkookie,” Namjoon’s voice seemed louder and louder, and with it Jungkook got faster and
faster, not caring about the scary building, just wanting to get to his hyung as quickly as he could.

Then he caught sight of the leader’s concerned face and Jungkook ran straight to him, almost
knocking the leader off his feet with the sheer force that Jungkook ran into Namjoon’s arms with.

Instantly, Namjoon wrapped his arms around the youngest and rocked him gently as Jungkook
sobbed hysterically into his shoulder.

“Ap-Ap,” Jungkook tried to call out but failed, as every word was overtaken with a huge sob.
Namjoon tried to calm the Little down by stroking the back of Jungkook’s head softly while
whispering words of reassurance into his ear. “Don’t worry, little one. Appa’s here, you’re safe.”

Jungkook nodded his head sadly, which made Namjoon’s heart suddenly filled with guilt. He
couldn’t help but feel that Jungkook was his responsibility, and it was his fault that Jungkook was
now crying his heart out. He was the leader, he should have said no to the haunted house idea. But
then again, he had assumed Jungkook would be fine, liked it even. He never seemed fazed by horror
films or anything freaky, so what had caused this?

Eventually, with a lot of coaxing, Namjoon managed to settle the Little best he could, as Jungkook’s
sobs were becoming quieter and muffled into soft whimpers. “Shh- there we go, everything’s okay
now,” Namjoon said, pulling the Little back from the hug to wipe some stray tears from his face
before pressing a kiss to his forehead softly.

“Are you okay now, sweetie?” Namjoon asked as he looked into Jungkook’s watery eyes.

Jungkook shook his head, his face crumpling on the verge of tears once more. Namjoon’s eyes
widened in panic before saying, “No, no, little one, don’t cry, it’s okay. I’m here, I’ll protect you.”

Jungkook’s face seemed to straighten out slightly as he looked at Namjoon with big, round eyes.
“Bu-but Appa, there w-was mean c-clown and he s-so sc-scary,” Jungkook whimpered out, pointing
to the doorway he had just arrived from.

Namjoon had to fight the urge to go straight up to this so-called clown and give him what-for. But he
rationalized pretty quickly, despite his anger. He knew it was only the man’s job to scare people. It
still didn’t make Namjoon hate him any less. He knew how petrified Jungkook was of clowns, it was
the only thing Jungkook was scared of, well, except for microwaves, but clowns were Jungkook’s
ultimate fear. Never did Namjoon expect anything other than ghouls and ghosts to be in the haunted house. Neither did Jungkook, he supposed.

“Well, he’s never going to get you again. I will protect you against all the clowns in the entire universe,” Namjoon said, his words completely true.

“Really, Appa?” Jungkook said in disbelief. “You pinky promise for infinity?” The Little stuck out his pinky towards the elder, giving Namjoon perhaps the saddest look he had ever seen.

Namjoon’s heart broke at the sight, so he was quick to wrap his own finger around the Little’s and say, “Pinky promise for infinity.”

“Now,” Namjoon said, “Let me tell the instructor we want to come out, okay?”

A smile brightened on Jungkook’s tear-stricken face as he nodded quickly, obviously not liking being in such a scary place anymore.

Namjoon picked his walkie talky from off his belt and pressed the button to allow him to speak. “Excuse me,” he said quite loudly, hoping they could hear him.

It was only in a matter of seconds before a panicked voice filled the silence. “Namjoon-ah, oh thank god,” Namjoon was surprised to hear that it was Bang PD-nim. “I’ve been panicking ever since I saw Jungkook sobbing,” he said frantically. Namjoon could already picture how quickly the manager would be pacing with stress.

“He’s in little space, right?” the manager asked, to which Namjoon gave a small glance at the Little, whose eyes had not left his face once. He gave a small smile to the maknae to try and reassure him.

“Yes, he is,” Namjoon replied, to which he heard Bang PD-nim gasp slightly.

“Well, I’m sorry to say this, Namjoon-ah, but I’ve talked to the instructor and you can only get out by either walking back or walking forward,” Namjoon heard the way that Jungkook whimpered, grasping hold of Namjoon’s hand. The leader glancing down to how hard the Little was squeezing his hand, his knuckles turning white, and he instantly felt protective of him. There was no way that he could let Jungkook face the clown again. He would never forgive himself. It looked like he had no other options.

“Could you tell the staff to stop acting while we walk through?” Namjoon said, almost pleading for there to be some way for them to stop trying to scare them all.

But with the way the manager sighed sorrowfully, Namjoon already had his answer. “There’s no way of communicating with them.”

Namjoon’s heart dropped, glancing once again at the Little’s fearful face, obviously not wanting to go into the next room.

“If it makes you feel any better, you only have one room to go,” the manager tried giving them something optimistic, but Namjoon just scoffed and said, “Not really making me feel any better.”

“I’m sorry, Namjoon, I really am. This is my fault, just please come as quickly as possible and get out of there.” Bang PD-nim’s voice was filled with regret and sadness, which was quite rare for him.

“It’s not your fault. Don’t worry, we’ll be there in a matter of seconds, goodbye,” Namjoon said, finally taking his hand off the walkie-talkie. The room was left in silence for a second as Namjoon tried to contemplate what to do, but it was soon broken by a small, scared voice.
“Appa?” the Little said, new tears welling up in his eyes, “Please, can we go, I don’t wanna be here, I’ll be super brave.” Jungkook shuffled closer to the leader so they could begin walking.

“Are you sure, Gukkie?” Namjoon asked, knowing there was no other way but still wanting to know if the Little was truly okay with it.

Jungkook bit his lip hesitantly before giving Namjoon a firm nod. “Yes, Appa, Gukkie can do it, promise.” Namjoon knew when Little Jungkook promised something, it was serious. But it still didn’t make Namjoon feel any better about having to lead his maknae into such a scary place. However, he knew he had to.

“Come on then, little one,” Namjoon said, placing a protective arm around the Little’s shoulder and pulling him closer. They cautiously walked to the door that held god knows what behind it. Namjoon gave a reassuring smile to the Little before he opened it and let out a shaky breath, waiting for something to jump out at him.

The door creaked open, revealing a green-lit room with paintings hanging on the wall, each one some kind of distorted or disturbing piece of art. Namjoon took his first step in, with Jungkook burying his face into the leader’s chest.

Namjoon just hoped to god nothing popped out to surprise them. He didn’t think the Little would be able to handle a big fright. “Come on, Guk, we’re nearly there,” Namjoon soothed, stroking his arm up and down the Little’s shoulder, trying to ease Jungkook’s tension.

“But, Appa,” Jungkook squeaked out in a whisper. “They’re all following us,” he stuck out his finger and pointed at one of the paintings, which indeed was following them with its eyes.

“They can’t do you any harm because I’m here, okay, little one?” Namjoon said, giving a death glare to the man in painting before glancing down lovingly at the Little. Jungkook gave a small nod, determined to get through the room without crying again, even if his bottom lip was wobbling slightly.

“Come on, let’s go a bit quicker so we can get out of here,” Namjoon suggested, picking up his pace to get out of the godforsaken room. The maknae gave a quick and grateful nod before picking up his own pace, keeping his eyes locked on the door.

It was getting closer and closer and that was all that mattered. Namjoon was just hoping that whatever was meant to jump out at them had totally gone against the idea. And for once, luck was on Namjoon side. He reached the doorknob and opened it quite hastily, very happy when he was greeted with the lights of the camera crew.

Jungkook jumped out of Namjoon arms in delight and said, “Thank you so much, Appa, Gukkie was so scared and he hated it.”

Namjoon gave a big smile to the Little, despite still feeling sad at the sight of the apparent tear marks on the Little’s face. The youngest then engulfed the leader in a big, warm hug, and squeezed him very tightly.

“Jungkook?” a voice called out and Jungkook’s head instantly snapped towards it. Then Yoongi emerged from the crowd of the camera crew members and ran up to him.

“Daddy!” Jungkook cried happily, meeting the elder halfway and wrapping his arms around him. “Oh, baby, are you okay?” Yoongi asked frantically, checking to see if there were any signs of distress or harm. He could clearly see the dried tears, so it mustn’t have gone very well.
“Well, there was a big mean clown, so Gukkie got scared, but Appa came an’ saved me,” Jungkook explained, giving Namjoon a big, loving smile, which the elder returned.

“He’s like your knight in shining armor, right?” Yoongi smiled gratefully towards Namjoon.

Jungkook nodded, breaking the hug and going straight to Namjoon to cling to his side. “Yes, he protect me from anything.”

“That I will,” Namjoon returned, placing a small a kiss on the Little’s hair. “I’ll protect you forever and ever,” he said, very truthfully.

Jungkook nodded and giggled slightly, before nuzzling his face into the leader’s chest and saying, “Love you, Appa.”

Namjoon smiled sweetly and said, “Love you too, Gukkie.” After that, Jungkook didn’t let go of Namjoon for the entire night.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, I hoped you enjoyed it, I feel like this should have came out for Halloween, but oh well. Please comment and request anything you like, and also thank you in advanced for any comments or kudos you leaves, love ya, bye.
A Little Nurse

Chapter Summary

Request by minibuns:
Taehyung has a fever and Little Gukkie helps him. The hyungs get jealous.

Chapter Notes

happy December the 2nd. I cant tell you how excited i am for Christmas already, i'm such a Christmas freak.
Any way i hope you enjoy this chapter, I love wrting Taekook! Hope you enjoy...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn’t often that Jungkook fell into little space in public, but when it did happen it was usually very unexpected. Sometimes, Jungkook would fall into little space for no reason in particular. Like now, for instance. BTS had just finished practicing for the MNET award show, and maybe it was due to the excitement of going home, or maybe it was down to the nerves for the actual performance, Jungkook didn’t really know, but he had fallen into little space.

Not like the other members minded, they were happy to see their Little, smiling and laughing with him, all except for one, and it didn’t go unnoticed by Jungkook.

Taehyung, for the whole of the dance practice and even after, had seemed very off. He wouldn’t engage in anyone’s conversations or smile at anyone. He just had a frown set on his features and a pained look in his eyes.

“Papa?” Jungkook said, trying to meet Taehyung’s eyes, which were fixed on the floor. “Are you okay?” The Little tried not to appear too sad, because he wasn’t so much of baby that he would cry because of his hyung not paying attention to him. But then again, Jungkook hated when his hyungs had problems, even in little space.

“I’m fine, Guk,” Taehyung croaked out, finally tearing his eyes away from the floor and meeting Jungkook’s. “Just a little tired.” Taehyung brought a hand up to rub at his face and then shield his eyes from the light.

Jungkook frowned at his hyung’s actions. “Are you sure, Papa? ‘Coz Gukkie don’t-”

“Please, Jungkook, I just need to be alone,” Taehyung said, cutting him off completely as he walked away, causing Jungkook’s smile to fall. His hyung’s voice was harsh and snappy, and Jungkook hated being scolded. He couldn’t see what was wrong with what he had done, either way. Jungkook fought back his tears, trying to ignore the slight burning in his throat.

“Don’t worry, baby,” Yoongi placed an arm around Jungkook’s shoulder, kissing his cheek softly. “Papa’s probably just a bit grumpy,” Yoongi chuckled, shaking his head as Taehyung trudged out of the studio with the rest of the members.
Jungkook nodded his head in recognition, still sad at Taehyung’s words and not understanding why wearing a Snow White costume would make him so upset. “Come on, baby, the sooner we get home, the sooner you can play.”

Jungkook turned around happily, forgetting about Taehyung’s bad mood for the moment. “Can we play with train track?” he asked excitedly.

Yoongi smiled lovingly at the Little, nodding his head. “You can play anything you want, baby.” Jungkook squealed, slipping from Yoongi’s hold so he could run and catch up with his hyungs, hoping to get home to play faster.

That night, Taehyung went straight to his room, not even wishing anyone goodnight. Jungkook was concerned, of course, but once Hoseok asked him to play, he became too distracted to think about it anymore. Like Yoongi had said, Taehyung was probably just grumpy.

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When Jungkook woke up, he was no longer in little space, but he was still blissed out, wrapped up in the warmth of Yoongi’s arms. Jungkook lay still for a moment, admiring his boyfriend’s face with a smile on his lips, debating whether to stay there with his boyfriend or seek out the bacon he could smell Jin cooking.

Turned out, he didn’t really need to make a decision, his grumbling belly had already made one. Jungkook proceeded to gently unwind himself from Yoongi’s arms, but as soon as he got free of the other’s grip, two arms pulled him back to lie down once again.

“Why are you leaving?” Yoongi mumbled sleepily, his eyes still firmly shut. “You’re my only warmth,” Yoongi whined, drawing Jungkook nearer and wrapping his legs around the younger so he really could not escape.

Jungkook couldn’t help but chuckle at his clingy hyung as he tried to reason with him, “But hyung, there’s bacon.”

“Bacon?” Yoongi’s eyes snapped wide open, despite still looking sleepy. It was only on odd occasion that Yoongi favored food over sleep. Yoongi’s grip became slack around Jungkook’s frame, and Jungkook took the chance to slither his way out of bed and sit upright.

“Come on, or I’ll eat it all,” Jungkook turned to smile mischievously before dashing off into the kitchen, Yoongi not too far behind.

Like he had expected, Jin was smiling widely and frying a pan of bacon, just waiting for all the members to wake up to the smell of delicious bacon. Jungkook felt his mouth water at just the look of it. He eagerly sat himself down at the table, smiling widely at the eldest member.

“Morning, maknae,” Jin said cheerily, placing the pan of bacon down to crack a number of eggs into a different pan.

Jungkook opened his mouth, ready to respond, but his words are soon cut short after he heard a bright, cheery voice coming from next to him. “Morning, everyone,” Hoseok said, smiling from ear to ear, placing himself down in the seat next to Jungkook.
“Morning, hyungs,” Jungkook said before a big plate of eggs and bacon was placed in front of him. Then all he cared about was eating as much as he could of the tasty looking food. He shoveled a big forkful of a bit of everything right into his mouth, wanting to hug Jin for being such a good cook.

“Thank you,” Jungkook said through a mouthful of food.

Jin gave him a look of disgust as he placed down Hoseok’s plate in front of him. “Don’t speak with your mouth full,” he scolded lightly, smiling, before going back to the stove.

Jimin and Yoongi came in then, having a small conversation between the two of them before sitting down and greeting everyone. Jungkook gulped down his food and gave them a big, happy ‘good morning,’ and then shoveled the next forkful of food into his mouth.

The rest of the members seated at the table were soon to follow Jungkook, stuffing their faces with Jin’s delicious cooking. Jin came over to the table once again, a small look of confusion on his face as he placed a plate down on the table in front of an empty seat.

“Hmm, it’s not like Namjoonie to sleep in,” he mumbled to them, causing everyone to stop eating and look at the deserted seat. It was normal for Taehyung to sleep in, he managed to do it every weekend. But Namjoon was always up, in fact Jungkook had never seen him sleep past ten o’clock, and it was now eleven.

And as if he had heard them, a familiar voice filled the confused silence. “Jin.”

Everyone instantly snapped their heads to the leader. Jungkook felt his stomach twist slightly with worry at the stress and slight panic evident in Namjoon’s eyes. It wasn’t like the leader to lose his cool and calm appearance. It was then that they realized something must have been very wrong.

“Yes,” Jin said, discarding the plate of food and making his way to Namjoon in search of what was wrong.

“I think Tae might be sick,” Namjoon said, and as if to prove it, they all hear a loud sneeze coming from the direction of Namjoon and Taehyung’s room.

Instantly, Jin was sent into serious mode, rushing with Namjoon to get to Taehyung’s room, leaving the rest of the members to sit in silence.

Jungkook felt his stomach drop with dread. It was probably just a cold, he tried to reassure himself. Taehyung wouldn’t actually be that sick. But then the memories of the previous night and Taehyung being ‘grumpy’ entered his mind.

It made Jungkook feel saddened that Taehyung wasn’t actually grumpy, he was just sick. Maybe he was very sick. Jungkook bit his lip with anxiety, trying not to let his thoughts wander. But he found it really hard.

What if Taehyung was really sick? What if he had to go to the doctor? Jungkook hated seeing his hyungs in pain or ill. It was one of Jungkook’s weaknesses. It all sent him pretty quickly into little space.

Jungkook felt his eyes start to well up with tears as he turned to Yoongi and whimpered out a small, “Daddy.” His bottom lip had begun to wobble at the sound of Taehyung coughing violently in the other room.

Yoongi snapped his head around to the Little with wide eyes that instantly softened when he saw the look on Jungkook’s face. “Oh baby, why did you slip?”
Jungkook sniffed sadly before muttering, “Papa s-sick and h-hu-hurt an-and-” Jungkook had to stop before he started sobbing full force. Instead, he bit harshly down on his bottom lip, wanting a pacifier instead.

“Oh, don’t worry, sweetheart, Taetae will be just fine,” Hoseok said, eyes full of pity as he got out of his seat to wrap his arms around the Little, even with the awkward position.

“But Dada, what if-” Jungkook tried to speak again, but his attention was caught by Jin entering the kitchen, searching the cupboards for something.

Jin grabbed a thermometer and a medicine bottle out of the cupboard before turning to them all and saying, “Tae has a high fever and has the flu, we think.” At his words, Jungkook’s face crumpled into sobs, hugging his Dada tightly, his heart feeling heavy at the thought of his caregiver being very ill.

“He’ll be fine though, princess,” Jimin reassured, rushing over to where the Little was, shooting a glare to Jin. “Won’t he, Jin-hyung?”

At the look, Jin’s eyes widened as he pieced everything together. “Of course, he will be fine, it’ll be gone in less than a day.” Of course, Jin didn’t actually know if that was true, but he could at least hope for the sake of Tae and the devastated maknae, who probably wouldn’t be out of little space until Taehyung was better.

Jin gave a reassuring look to the Little before heading back into Taehyung’s room.

“Baby, how about while Jin-hyung makes Taehyung better, you go get changed and then you can go see him, okay?” Yoongi tried to reason with the Little, hoping that he would take the bait, and not want to go straight to Taehyung, who would probably look worse after the medicine was given.

Fortunately for Yoongi, Jungkook gave a hesitant nod, to which his three hyungs breathed a sigh of relief. Hoseok smiled to him brightly as he held a hand outstretched towards him. “Come on then, sweetheart, let’s go get you comfy.” Jungkook took the hand slowly and rose to his feet, trailing behind Hoseok who was leading him back to his own room, with Yoongi and Jimin not too far behind.

“Hyung,” Jimin whispered into Yoongi’s ear so the Little couldn’t hear him. “Do you really think it’s best that he goes to Tae? What if Jungkookie gets Tae’s illness?” Yoongi knew Jimin had a valid point. They all stood a chance of getting Taehyung’s illness, but Jungkook even more so. They knew that once Jungkook saw Taehyung sick, Jungkook would not leave his side.

Yoongi fixed his head forward, but still responded with, “There’s no way we could keep him from Taehyung. You can barely separate them normally, never mind when Taehyung is ill. Jungkook will be at his side 24/7.”

“I know,” Jimin sighed, entering Jungkook’s room, ready to make their maknae feel better, and dry the tears that silently fell from his face.

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“Right, sweetie, Papa has the flu, so don’t make too much noise, okay? Or he might get a really bad headache,” Jin instructed Jungkook while he softly drew circles in the Little’s back, as they both
faced the door to Taehyung’s room.

Jungkook nodded, meeting Jin’s eyes as he said through his blue pacifier, “Okay, Eomma.”

Jin ruffled his hair before opening the door slowly, allowing the Little to see Taehyung, looking a little worse for wear.

Taehyung’s eyes were open, despite looking bloodshot and tired. His hair was plastered with sweat against his forehead and his cheeks looked even redder against his now pale skin. At the sight, Jungkook couldn’t contain himself anymore, and he ran to the bedside and threw his arms around Taehyung.

“Papa,” Jungkook cried sadly, new tears already forming in his eyes. He met Taehyung’s eyes with his watery ones. If he didn’t have his pacifier, he would have already been crying.

“Oh, pumpkin,” Taehyung sighed, his voice hoarse and sounding sore. Taehyung brought a hand to stroke the Little’s hair comfortingly, hating to see him so upset. “Don’t cry, Guk, I’m okay.”

“You’re not okay, Papa,” Jungkook said in despair, shaking his head furiously. “You’re sick.”

“That I am,” Taehyung said, as he pulled Jungkook away slightly so he could see the Little’s face, which was on the verge of tears. “But I’ll be okay, I promise, buttercup.”

Jungkook seemed to brighten up at Taehyung’s words. The maknae always valued promises, and if someone was to ever break one, then Jungkook would be angry at them until they either bought him something or gave him food.

“Really, really promise,” Jungkook urged, staring at Taehyung with wide, sparkling eyes.

“Really, really promise,” Taehyung echoed, then pressed his lips to kiss the Little on his nose. “I’ll be better really soon.”

“You better be,” Jin called out, laughing to himself. “I can’t be bothered waiting on you hand and foot for any longer than today.” Of course, he was joking, the eldest would rather Taehyung be better than anything else. He didn’t mind being a maid for the day or even the week, just as long as Taehyung was happy.

“But Jinnie-hyung, I really like you being my nurse,” Taehyung whined jokingly. At least he was getting his sense of humor back, even if he still did look bad. “And I could really do with some of your great chicken soup,” Taehyung looked at Jin with big, pleading puppy dog eyes.

Jungkook perked up at his words, seemingly not sad anymore as he ran to Jin and said, “Eomma, let Gukkie help, I wanna be Papa’s nurse today.” He beamed up at Jin, who really couldn’t say no to him.

“Of course, you can, sweetie. Come on, let Papa rest,” Jin said, beckoning the Little over. Jungkook nodded happily before skipping over and grabbing Jin’s hand so they could make their way over to the kitchen, leaving Taehyung to sink back into the warmth and comfort of his covers and close his eyes.

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“Oh, that looks good, princess. Can I try a bit?” Jimin asked, hovering over the pot that Jungkook was carefully stirring and Jin was closely watching. Jimin picked up a spoon to dip in the creamy soup, but Jungkook hit his hand away.

“No, Oppa, only for Papa,” he said, fixing his eyes down, very focused on the task at hand.

Jimin’s smile dropped slightly as he whined, “But Gukkie, it looks so nice, it’ll only be small bit.” But no matter how much prying and whining Jimin tried, Jungkook kept his focus and shook his head.

“No, you’re not sick, soup is only for sick people, Oppa,” Jungkook explained to his hyung. Jimin frowned at the thought before an idea popped into his head. “But Gukkie, I think I feel a sniffle coming on,” Jimin said, sniffing as if to prove it, and looking at Jungkook with sad eyes.

Jungkook’s eyes glanced upward briefly, just to check if Jimin was okay, but once he realized that his hyung was probably just trying to get the soup, he shook his head once again.

“No, only for Papa,” Jungkook said firmly. Jimin huffed before leaving Jungkook be and moping about on the couch, trying not to get jealous at all the attention Taehyung was receiving.

Hoseok noticed how grumpy Jimin looked, and then he glanced over to the kitchen to where Jungkook was standing as he called out, “Hey, sweetheart, do you wanna play something with me?”

Usually, Jungkook would jump at the chance anytime an offer to play anything came up. He would instantly say yes, especially when Hoseok asked because apparently, he’s very fun to play with, according to Jungkook. But this time Jungkook shook his head and said, “No, thank you, Dada, got to look after Papa.”

Hoseok tried to not let his smile fall at such a petty thing as he returned to watch the variety show on TV, definitely feeling a little jealous at seeing Jungkook taking soup and a glass of orange juice to Taehyung’s room.

Meanwhile, Jungkook entered the room slowly, watching the liquids on the tray slosh about as he walked slowly and carefully up to Taehyung’s bed, who had begun to sit up, having just woken up from his sleep.

“Wow, Gukkie, did you make this?” Taehyung said once the tray of food was placed in front of him, steaming and smelling delicious.

Jungkook nodded happily as he said, “Yes, Papa, just for you.” Taehyung, despite all his ailments, couldn’t help but smile widely at the way the Little practically beamed.

“Wow, I am special to have such a good cook and some delicious soup,” Taehyung said, picking up a spoon and taking his first sip. It actually did taste delicious. Taehyung silently thanked Jin for being there with Gukkie, or god knows what would have gone into the soup.

Taehyung then winced slightly at a sharp pain in his head that did not go unnoticed by either Jin or Jungkook. “Do you need some painkillers, Tae?” Jin asked with concern.

Taehyung didn’t even get to respond before Jungkook was sent into action. “I’ll get them, Eomma,” he said before speeding off into the kitchen to get the paracetamol. Jin and Taehyung stayed frozen for a second before Jin chased after the Little, just in case anything went wrong.

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That was how the rest of the day went, really. Taehyung didn’t even have to say what he wanted before Jungkook was keen to get it, all to make Taehyung feel better. It was so sweet that Taehyung had begun cooing every time Jungkook brought him something. Even if Taehyung was ill, seeing Jungkook really put a smile on his face.

The only thing was, Taehyung and Jungkook didn’t realize that what they were doing made the rest of the members a tiny bit jealous.

Everyone, minus Jin, who was following Jungkook everywhere, was sulking on the couch watching Running Man, but no one was amused. Usually, when Jungkook was Little he never failed to give the members an equal amount of love, so it was different for Jungkook’s attention to be constantly on Taehyung.

Somehow, they had all come to the same conclusion. If they pretended to be ill as well, maybe Jungkook would pay them attention as well. And that was how it all started.

First it was Jimin, who took the chance when Jungkook had finally sat down, coloring something in.

“What’s that your drawing, baby?” Yoongi asked, peering over he Little’s shoulder to see it better.

“It’s for Papa, so he get well soon,” Jungkook said, his words slightly muffled behind his pacifier, but everyone could still hear him.

Jimin tried not to feel the flame of jealousy but he couldn’t help it, and so he began to let out a small cough. It worked though, as it caused Jungkook’s head to snap instantly in his direction.

“Oppa?” Jungkook said, titling his head to one side. “Are you okay?” Jimin had to fight a smile at his triumph.

“Hmm, I think I might be getting a cough,” Jimin said, putting on a hoarse voice for extra effect. “I could do with some water,” he hinted, knowing that when Taehyung had hinted he wanted something, Jungkook would instantly go to get it. It wasn’t like Jimin wanted to turn Jungkook into his personal maid, he just wanted some more attention.

“Hmm, could Oppa get it? Gukkie busy right now,” Jungkook said, before turning back and beginning to color again, this time what seemed to be Taehyung’s brown hair.

Jimin frowned at the lack of interest the Little had and went back to sulking on the couch.

Next, it was Hoseok’s turn. He shifted onto the floor and sat next to Jungkook, who was still fixed on coloring in the picture, though it was nearly done. “Hmm, I think I might be getting a bit ill, do I seem too hot to you, Guk?” Hoseok said, hoping to get the Little’s attention, seeing that Jimin’s method had worked, but just not well enough.

Like Hoseok had hoped for, Jungkook swirled around to place a hand to Hoseok’s forehead with a concerned look on his face, before looking confused and saying, “Nope, you’re okay, Dada.” Then he once again returned to coloring his picture. Hoseok’s smile fell, but he still didn’t leave. Instead, he wrapped his arms around the Little’s torso, placing Jungkook between his legs as he colored. Jungkook didn’t even seem to notice.

Then it seemed to be Namjoon’s turn, who breathed in, trying to feel a tickle against his nose so he could sneeze and get Jungkook’s attention on him. It wasn’t long before he managed to sneeze loudly, not only alerting Jungkook, but the rest of the members as well.

“Appa,” Jungkook said, almost sounding shocked. “Are you sick too?” Jungkook rushed over,
discarding the picture on the floor. His eyes had a look of panic and concern, and they had already begun to well with tears.

At the sight, Namjoon couldn’t act any more. Simply the thought of causing the maknae any sadness made his heart hurt. It was then that Namjoon decided against pretending to be sick. He shouldn’t have been jealous of Taehyung anyway, it wasn’t like Taehyung could pretend to be sick at all.

“No, little one, just a bit of dust in the room, is all,” Namjoon explained, ruffling the Little’s hair, who just stared back at him skeptically.

“Are you sure?” Jungkook asked, just to be certain that none of his other hyungs were getting ill.

Namjoon nodded, already feeling guilty for being the cause of Jungkook’s concern, all because of him feeling a little jealous.

Jungkook left Namjoon hesitantly, ready to rush back if he did so much as sniffle, but he also wanted to give his picture to Taehyung to make him feel better. “I’m going to give Papa my picture, no one get sick, okay?” Jungkook said as he picked up his picture and pointed around the room to his hyungs, who now sported smiles at the realization that Jungkook did still care about them.

“Okay, baby, just make sure Papa’s okay with you being there,” Yoongi replied, just hoping that the Little wasn’t making Taehyung feel even worse. They all knew that Jungkook was doing it because of love and concern, but if Taehyung had a headache, fever, and much worse, all he probably wanted to do was sleep.

“Okay, Daddy,” Jungkook agreed before skipping off in the direction of Taehyung’s bedroom.

He opened the door slowly, to not let the light in too fast, so Taehyung wouldn’t have to squint. “Papa,” Jungkook called out in the darkness of the room.

“Jungkookie?” Taehyung responded, moving slowly to get up into a sitting position and see who was entering the room. He leaned over to turn on the lamp on his bedside table, so he could see Jungkook’s face better. Taehyung couldn’t help but smile when he saw the Little looking adorable with his baby blue dungarees and matching pacifier.

“Yes, Papa,” Jungkook said, before waddling over to Taehyung and sitting next to him. Taehyung shuffled over so the Little could fit more comfortably.

“Gukkie drew you a picture,” Jungkook said before shyly holding up the piece of paper he had in his hand. Taehyung felt his heart soften at the sight of the messily drawn, but still beautiful, picture of him and Jungkook surrounded in a big heart, with ‘gEt Well sOOon,’ written across the top.

Taehyung smiled brightly before bringing an arm around the Little and squeezing him tightly. “It’s so beautiful, pumpkin, I love it so much.”

Jungkook beamed happily before saying, “Does it make you feel better?”

“It’s the best medicine I could ever have,” Taehyung responded, placing a great big kiss to the side of the Little’s head and placing the picture on his bedside table before switching the lamp off. Then he shuffled down onto his bed so that his head was resting against the pillow as he patted to empty space on bed next to him.

Jungkook complied, getting underneath the covers, enveloped by the warmth. Taehyung wrapped his arms securely around the Little and let Jungkook nuzzle his face into Taehyung’s silk pajamas.
“Love you, Papa,” Jungkook said, his voice already filled with sleepiness.

“Love you too, pumpkin,” Taehyung said softly. “Thank you for looking after me today.” Taehyung felt his own eyes begin to get heavy from exhaustion. Even though he knew that he would probably get scolded for exposing Jungkook to an illness, all he wanted now was his maknae to cuddle with.

“It okay, Papa, Gukkie like making you feel better,” Jungkook said, momentarily peeking up from Taehyung’s chest. “Please don’t get sick again, okay, Papa?”

Taehyung chuckled at the seriousness of Jungkook’s expression, “Okay, pumpkin, I won’t.” The two of them then fell into a calming and deep sleep, wrapped in each other’s arms and never feeling happier.

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The next morning, when everyone had woken up, the hyungs were lounging about in the living room just waiting for Taehyung to start sneezing and coughing again, and for Jungkook to be frantically rushing around to help him. But instead of what they had expected, Taehyung came in looking considerably better, but with a concerned, yet guilty look on his face.

“Erm, guys,” he said hesitantly, getting each of the member’s attention. “I think I got Gukkie ill,” he said, not meeting anyone’s slightly annoyed gaze.

And as if by magic, they heard the small coughs coming from Taehyung’s bedroom, followed by a small, whiny voice saying, “Papa, come back, Gukkie wanna cuddle.”

At an instant, everyone sprang to their feet to help the Little, knowing that he would probably be feeling awful and sleepy and groggy.

They all rushed to Taehyung’s room, where, like they had expected, lay a sick and very sad looking maknae.

“Hey, baby, I heard you got sick,” Yoongi said sadly as he made his way over to the bed and sat next to the Little.

Jungkook nodded, pitying himself and sniffling. “Gukkie don’t feel too good,” he replied through pouting lips.

“Aww, I’m so sorry, pumpkin,” Taehyung replied, guilt evident in his voice. It was mainly his fault though.

Jungkook shook his head, giving Taehyung a smile before saying, “It okay, Papa, Gukkie liked looking after you.” The hyungs cooed at Jungkook, still able to be adorable even when he felt horribly ill.

“Our little angel,” Jin said, as everyone made their way to the bed and wrapped Jungkook up in a group hug, not caring if they got sick at all. All they knew now was that they would have a day filled with medicine, movies, and cuddles.

Chapter End Notes
Thank you for all the comments and kudos you give this fic it means a lot. so please feel free to leave comments about absolutely anything you want including requests. Until next time Thank you and goodbye
Chapter Summary

Okay so I know this is very late, but I forgot to tell you all that I was going on holiday to New Zealand for a month so wouldn’t be posting, so I’m sorry. Anyway seeing as though it is Christmas I wanted to give you a gift.

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas everyone, or Christmas Eve depending on where you are, hope you get everything you want.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

There weren’t many occasions where Jungkook couldn’t control whether he was in Little Space or not, but one of those occasions was Christmas. Since December had hit, it was a constant rollercoaster of being Little and being Big, and the nearer the holiday got, the less likely it was that you would find Jungkook in Big Space rather than in Little Space. But really, he couldn’t help it. Everywhere was filled with pretty lights and tinsel, Christmas trees and red bows.

Every time Jungkook caught so much as a glimpse of something Christmas-y, excitement and joy swelled in his heart, and it usually ended up with him slipping. It wasn’t like the other members minded, everyone thought that he was cute, jumping about with excitement, asking about Santa and how many days there were until Christmas Eve.

Well, now Jungkook had made it, after what felt like an eternity of waiting and asking. Christmas Eve was finally there, and Jungkook was obviously Little.

The new dorm, big and fancy, had a Christmas tree to match, the top skimming the ceiling, leaving just enough room to put the angel on top. Usually, the members of BTS wouldn’t decorate the house so much, they never did when they were back with their parents, but seeing as though Gukkie was so excited, they went full out this year, and even had a garland wound around the staircase, twinkling with lights.

This was the only year that the members had ever spent Christmas together, as a family. Normally they would all be visiting family, but this year Jungkook’s parents were visiting his brother, instead of staying at home, and there wasn’t enough room for Jungkook to stay. At first, Jungkook got quite upset at the thought of not seeing his parents and brother, even to the point of him allowing himself a small pitiful cry.

However, when Jin had caught wind of it, the eldest had made the decision of staying at home, no matter how much Jungkook protested. Naturally, each member had then followed suit, but most of them had agreed with their parents that they would see them for a few hours on Christmas Eve instead.

It had actually worked out very well, because it meant that there would be a smaller chance of
Jungkook becoming Little in front of his parents, which he really didn't want to do, and on Christmas, everyone including Jungkook knew it would be hard not to instantly become Little because of all the excitement.

The members were now all back from seeing their parents, all except for Taehyung, who would probably still be playing with his little sister and brothers, and Yoongi, who was working hard in the studio to try and finish a new track. At first, the members, including Jungkook, had been pretty disappointed that he was working, but when Yoongi promised Gukkie he would finish at six and then not work through Christmas or Boxing Day at all, they all agreed. It wasn’t too bad though, because the studio was a part of the house, so was only a door away from them all. Which meant that everyone except Tae had to keep an eye on the excited Little.

“Dada?” Jungkook asked happily, bouncing up and down on Hoseok’s lap as he watched an Arthur Christmas special.

Hoseok smiled back at him, placing a hand on Jungkook’s leg to stop him moving while he talked.

“Yes, sweetheart?”

“Do you think Santa will get me the Nerf gun I asked for?” Jungkook peered around to meet Hoseok’s eyes, his own gleaming with joy.

“Well, did you put it on your list for Santa?” Hoseok asked.

Jungkook squinted his eyes and hummed, as he thought back to the list he had written to Santa of all the presents he wanted, and of course, it had a very neat and pretty picture of Santa Claus and Rudolph the reindeer. When he thought back, he remembered specifically writing down the exact Nerf gun he wanted, so he nodded happily.

“Well then, I think he may bring it, but only if you’re a good boy,” Hoseok sang, kissing the Little’s cheek and making him giggle.

In fact, Hoseok knew Jungkook was getting that present, because he had to scour around about twenty-five different toys shops even to catch a glimpse of it, and when he did he had to persuade a mother to let him buy the toy off her, causing him to spend at least four times the original price of it. But it was for his maknae, so he really didn’t care about the money, as long as Gukkie was happy.

“I am a good boy,” Jungkook replied, almost sounding offended. Ever since the start of December, he had worked really, really hard to be good.

“Hmm, I know,” Hoseok hummed, squeezing Jungkook into a tight hug, “But you still have four hours left until bedtime, Guk.”

Jungkook, for the most part, forgot about the first part of Hoseok’s sentence, getting caught up on the word ‘bedtime.’ Instantly, Jungkook looked at the time on the clock and then counted on his fingers. If it was four o’clock then in four hours it would be...

“But, Dada,” Jungkook whined at the realization that he would have to go to bed at eight o’clock.

“What’s wrong now?” Namjoon came in, teasing with a bright smile on his face. He sat down beside them and placed a kiss on the Little’s cheek.

Jungkook turns to him with a big fat pout on his lips, arms crossed. “Dada is making me go to bed at eight o’clock.”

Namjoon gave a brief look to Hoseok and then turned to the Little and said in the same tone as
Jungkook, “But, Gukkie, you have to go bed early.”

“Why, Appa?” Jungkook asked, sulking, but more curious than before.

“Because, little one, Santa has to come and deliver his presents to you,” Jin interrupted them as he averted his eyes from the TV screen and to the Little, obviously having listened in on the conversation.

Jungkook turned to meet Jin's gaze with a look of despair, “But, Eomma, I wanted to stay up to see Santa...”

Jin tutted as he ruffled Jungkook's hair. “Santa won’t come if you're awake.”

At that news Jungkook gasped, looking around to the rest of his hyungs to confirm what Jin had said, to which they all nodded.

“Okay,” Jungkook sighed sadly, crossing his arms in a huff and his lips forming a pout. At seeing the Little's sadness, Jimin couldn’t help but give a quick glance around the room at the other members, who had all returned to watching the film.

He leaned close to the Little's ear and whispered, “If you’re a good boy, I’ll let you stay up till nine o'clock, okay, princess?”

Jungkook’s eyes widened with happiness at the words and he nodded gleefully, “Thank you, Oppa.”

“You’re welcome, Jungkook,” Jimin replied, smiling at the bright smile on the Little's face and they both returned to the film.

They barely got to watch the film before Jungkook heard the door unlatch and swing open. “I’m home,” a voice sung out. Jungkook immediately recognized as Taehyung's. He was up in an instant, running towards the voice and smiling widely.

“Papa!” he exclaimed as he engulfed Taehyung in his arms, squealing with delight.

Taehyung chuckled and said, “Hey, pumpkin.”

Jungkook wasn’t letting him go any time soon. “Missed you, Papa,” Jungkook said against Taehyung’s shoulder through pouty lips.

Taehyung laughed, squeezing the Little tighter and saying, “But I haven’t been gone all that long.”

Jungkook made a whine in protest and muttered, “It too long,” making his hyung laugh again. He had only been away for four hours, if that, but it was sweet that Gukkie missed him so much. The maknae was always clingy.

“Well, I’m here now, pumpkin, aren’t I?” They were left in silence for a small moment until Jungkook let out a small noise of protest, but also consideration.

“How about I make you and I hot chocolate, and we go back to watching the film, hey?”

Jungkook gasped at the offer, flinging himself from Taehyung's arms and nodding gleefully, before running once again to the living room. Taehyung wasn’t far behind, shaking his head and laughing at the Little's excitement.

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Jungkook had been staring down the clock for at least the past twenty minutes, just waiting for the big hand to hit twelve and the small hand to hit six because he knew as soon as it did, he would be able to go get to Yoongi and celebrate Christmas.

The nearer he got, the more focused he would be. No matter how many times his hyungs tried to bribe him with any kind of treat or offer to play, Jungkook would not move from the spot directly across from the clock.

“Sweetheart, let's go do something to pass the time,” Hoseok tried once again, feeling slightly sad that the Little was so desperate to see Yoongi.

Jungkook shook his head firmly, “No, thank you, coz if I don’t look, I’ll miss it.”

Namjoon chuckled at the Little’s determination, but when he met eyes with Hoseok's slightly worried ones, his laugh fell silent. And then something crossed his mind and he almost snapped his fingers, he was so happy. “Little one, I have an early present for you.” Namjoon could see the way Jungkook’s ears pricked up and he became more interested. However, his eyes never left the clock.

“Something you wanted for all of us,” Namjoon’s voice was knowing as he smirked, watching as the maknae’s lips fell open in a gasp and his eyes widened with recognition of what Namjoon meant.

“Really, Appa, is it...” Jungkook trailed off, jumping to his feet and slowly looking around at his hyungs, not wanting to reveal what he wanted for them all just yet.

“Hmm, I guess you just have to find it,” Namjoon rose to the maknae’s side and held out his hand, which the Little immediately took, but then stopped and looked back at the clock, turning around and hesitantly chewing at his lip.

“Don’t worry, we'll be back. I promise, little one,” Jungkook gave one last longing look to the clock and the corridor where Yoongi’s studio was, and then took Namjoon's hand. Namjoon smiled, not missing the way Hoseok smiled gratefully, and took Jungkook out of the living room and away from the clock, bringing him to the elder’s room.

Jungkook, confused, found himself looking around the room for some kind of presents or something he knew he wanted. “Appa?” he said, tilting his head to one side.

Namjoon, who was rooting through his wardrobe, turned around with a big wide grin and pulled out a huge, wrapped box from the wardrobe.

Jungkook had to stop himself from immediately tearing open the wrapping paper, instead, he looked at Namjoon expectedly. Namjoon then smirked at him and said, “What are you waiting for, hmm?”

Jungkook ran up to it and then realized that the box wasn’t to be unwrapped, but rather it had a lid. He tore off the lid to reveal a bundle of brown fur and he gasped, giving a look of wonder with his wide eyes to Namjoon. He knew what it was!

Jungkook dove into the box and pulled out a reindeer onesie, one he had seen in a shop and insisted to Namjoon that they should all get one for Christmas, but he didn’t think Namjoon had bought them. But he had thought wrong. Now they would all be matching and Christmas-y.

“Appa!” Jungkook exclaimed gleefully, running up to Namjoon and hugging him really, really tightly, “Thank you soooo much, Appa!”

Namjoon chuckled, placing a soft kiss to Little’s head and then saying, “Shall we give them to your hyungs?”
Jungkook nodded and was off in a flash, gathering as many of the onesies he could fill his hands with and skipping off into the living room.

At first all of his hyungs were confused at seeing the Little with mysterious fur in his arms, but when it was placed on their lap by Gukkie, they began to realize what it all was.

“Onesies?” Taehyung asked, holding the onesie up to see its light brown belly and the hood, with antlers, eyes and big brown nose.

“Reindeer onesies,” Jimin added, nodding to agree with Taehyung and then smiling to himself.

“They have antlers and everything,” Hoseok exclaimed, seeming more excited than the Little.

Jungkook shared his enthusiasm as he nodded gleefully and said, “I know, Dada, aren’t they great?”

“They’re amazing,” Jin said dramatically, playing up the fact that the Little was so happy about them.

“I know, and mine even has a red nose like-” For some reason or another, as Jungkook was speaking, his eyes trailed to the clock he was staring at before, and when he realized what time it was, his brain immediately switched thoughts. It was finally six o’clock, well, a little past it, but it still meant that Jungkook could go get Yoongi away from working.

“Let’s go get Daddy,” Jungkook said, dropping the remaining onesies and running to Namjoon, who had just about set foot into the living room, grabbing his hand tightly and dragging him across to the studio.

Luckily, with the new dorm it was barely two seconds away, so Jungkook was there pretty fast, and in that time, he had already come up with how he was going to greet Yoongi. He turned to Namjoon, dropping his hand in the process, bringing a finger up to his lips and motioning for silence. Namjoon fortunately understood and nodded with a smile on his face. Jungkook then proceeded to open the door quietly and tiptoe into the room.

Fortunately for him, Yoongi always wore sound cancelling headphones when he worked, so the chance of him hearing anything, including Jungkook, was slim. The closer Jungkook got, the less he could contain his giggles, but he tried to remain strong so he didn’t reveal himself.

He then swung his arms around Yoongi's shoulders and hugged him tightly, planting a big sloppy kiss onto the elder's cheek. “Daddy,” Jungkook said happily, watching Yoongi's once sullen and frustrated expression ease into a gummy smile and crescent eyes.

Yoongi tugged Jungkook’s arms around and brought the Little round to be cuddled on his lap. “Hey, baby.”

Jungkook giggled at how Yoongi's breath tickled at his neck as Jungkook buried his face into Yoongi's shoulder.

“Are you excited for Santa to come?” Yoongi, of course, already knew the answer but he just loved the way Jungkook's whole face would light up with pure joy at the thought.

“I’m so excited, Daddy, are you?!” Jungkook admitted, squirming around on Yoongi's lap a little from excitement.

Yoongi chuckled and said, “Well, of course I am, I love Santa bringing me presents.” Jungkook hummed in response, nodding his head.
“How was song making, Daddy?” he asked, tilting his head to one side to make him seem more interested, which of course he was, but not as much as Big Jungkook would be.

“How about my baby decides?” Yoongi smiled as he saw Jungkook gasp. He pulled off his very expensive headphones and placed them around Jungkook's ears, pressing play.

The music filled Jungkook's ears and he couldn’t help but kick his feet to the beat of the song. Of course, with Yoongi being producer of the year and everything now, it was a masterpiece, and even Little Jungkook, whose favorite music was nursery rhymes, could tell everyone would love it.

“It’s amazing, Daddy,” Jungkook shouted very loudly, forgetting the fact that he had headphones on, causing Yoongi to laugh at him, wincing at the volume of Jungkook’s shouts before he carefully took away the headphones from the maknae’s ears. “Everyone in the whole wide world will love it.”

“But does my baby love it?” Yoongi asked as if it was the most important question in the world.

“Baby love it bestest in the whole wide world,” Jungkook insisted, nodding very firmly.

Yoongi chuckled and gave Jungkook Eskimo kiss as he said, “Well, that's all that matters then,” causing Jungkook to giggle loudly.

But then Jungkook pulled away, remembering something. “Come on, Daddy, Gukkie got a surprise,” referring to the onesies. Of course Yoongi was confused, but he didn’t have much time to ask because Jungkook was already pulling him into the living room, picking up Namjoon's hand on the way.

As soon as Jungkook entered the living room, he was amazed to find the rest of his hyungs dressed in the onesies he had picked.

“Wow, you all look great,” Yoongi said jokingly with a smirk on his face, which dropped when he saw an unworn onesie on the couch that must obviously belong to him.

“Have you ever seen a more handsome reindeer?” Jin said, strutting as if the carpet in the living room was a catwalk, showing everyone his antlers. Of course, as he was always handsome, he made a very handsome reindeer.

“Eomma is always handsome,” Jungkook agreed, giggling when Jin did a silly pose at the end of his ‘catwalk’.

“I know I am,” he said, sassily blowing his fringe out of his eyes to reveal more of his handsome face.

“Do you wanna hear a joke, sweetie?” he said, trying to hide the smile forming on his face. The rest of the members groaned loudly, but Jungkook clapped in excitement, nodding.

“What do reindeers hang on their Christmas tree?” Jin took a dramatic pause, looking at everyone's confused faces. “A horn-ament.”

The whole house was filled with the sounds of everyone groaning, all except for Jimin, who was suppressing his laughter and Jungkook, who was bursting with laughter, which in the end caused everyone to laugh anyway.

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No one realized how quickly the time went that night until it was eight o’clock and they were all sat in their Christmas reindeer onesies, cuddling their maknae, and currently finishing their last
Christmas cookies of the night.

It wasn’t until the film, ‘Santa Claus the Movie’ finished, that anyone even thought about the time, and when they saw the clock, they didn’t realize that it was already way past Jungkook's bedtime.

“Hey, baby, bedtime,” Yoongi whispered down to the Little cuddled in his arms. The Little turned slightly, to reveal his face, once covered by the hood of the onesie, his eyes shut and his expression content, as he sucked on his thumb, sleepily. Yoongi and the rest of the members, once they caught a glimpse of him, couldn’t stop the smile growing on their faces at his pure adorableness.

“Pumpkin, wake up, you got to put out some treats for Santa,” Taehyung offered, seeing if he could stir the Little, and of course even with the slight mention of Santa, Jungkook's eyes opened drowsily and peered over to Taehyung with wonder.

“Santa treat?” Jungkook muttered sleepily, propping himself up and rubbing his eyes free of sleep.

“Yes, princess, we have to put out the cookie and milk for Santa,” Jimin said slowly, so the Little could catch every word and understand.

“A carrot,” Gukkie added, his words fading off the more he talked, trying to keep his eyes open. Luckily for him, the excitement seemed to help quite a bit for keeping him awake. Guided by his hyungs, he slowly made his way up and off the couch and to the kitchen, knowing that at least one of his hyungs would be behind him. He was right, as Jin wasn’t too far behind him, just supervising him so they could get Santa’s snack.

“Let's get the cookie that you made for Santa, hey, sweetie?” Jin said as he pulled open the fridge to get a small Christmas painted plate with a carefully frosted Santa-shaped Christmas cookie. Jungkook had spent so long on decorating it, and even though it was very messy, it was a beautiful cookie. Jimin had told him it was the prettiest cookie that he had ever seen in the whole wide world.

Jin ever so carefully placed the plate into Gukkie's awaiting hands, as he then proceeded to pour a glass of cold milk. Jungkook had already begun slowly and carefully making his way to the living room, leaving Jin not too far behind. He placed it down delicately and then looked back and hummed with happiness.

“It’s beautiful, princess,” Jimin complimented, smiling down to the Little's masterpiece and walking over to Gukkie.

“Santa will love it, Gukkie,” Taehyung added, also getting up as he switched the TV off. Jungkook nodded with appreciation before a yawn overtook him and he closed his eyes drowsily.

“Looks like someone needs to get to bed,” Yoongi chuckled, patting Jungkook's side as if to tell him to get going to bed. No matter how tired he was, Jungkook still wouldn’t admit it, as he mumbled sleepily, “Not sleepy, Daddy.”

Yoongi scoffed at the Little, but was smiling widely all the same. “And my name’s not Yoongi,” he joked, but the Little was too tired and maybe just a bit too Little to understand his joke.

He opened one eye and tilted his head, perplexed, “But Daddy's name is Yoongi,” Jungkook insisted.

“Never mind that, little one, he’s just messing with you. Let’s go get you in bed,” Namjoon interrupted, walking to the doorway of the living room, with everyone following him as he turned out the lights.
You see, everyone had agreed to sleep in Jungkook's room tonight in a big pile of blankets and cushions they had made prior. They could all fit into it without being squished in one bed, but they would all be cuddling all the same.

Once they were all down, Jungkook nestled himself into Yoongi's shoulder, but still let out a small, "Bedtime story, please, Daddy."

Yoongi smiled down to the Little and whispered, "Just one, okay, baby?" Jungkook nodded, tired as he mumbled, "Just one, Daddy."

Yoongi then reached over to grab a book which was conveniently played a few centimeters from his head, and he silently thanked Jin for being so organized and suspecting the Little would want a bedtime story.

He swallowed before opening the book and beginning to read. "Twas the night before Christmas..."

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Sunshine streamed through the curtains and shone right onto where Jungkook was sleeping, which meant he was the first one to wake up. It took him awhile to come around, but as soon as he realized it was Christmas day, he jolted forward, his eyes wide with excitement and a big smile on his face.

He then turned to Yoongi next to him and began to shake his shoulder, exclaiming, "Daddy! Daddy! Wake up, it's Christmas!" Yoongi groaned and buried his head into the bottom of the pillow, which was currently being hogged by Namjoon.

Jungkook pouted slightly, before turning to his other side and preying on his next victim, Hoseok, who hopefully would be easier to wake than Yoongi. "Dada," Jungkook said right next to Hoseok's ear, "Wake up, it's Christmas!"

Hoseok started to stir almost immediately and his eyes fluttered open, at first full of confusion until they landed on Jungkook and softened. "Merry Christmas, sweetheart," Hoseok leaned up to kiss Jungkook on his nose gently and then pulled back with his sunshine smile.

"Merry Christmas, Dada," Jungkook returned, mirroring Hoseok's great big smile. "Come on, let's see if Santa's been." Jungkook then scrambled over Hoseok and landed right on top of Jimin.

Jimin groaned loudly at the weight, and at first Jungkook felt really bad and let out a small "Oopsie daisies, sorry, Oppa," but in fact, he was still happy that he had gotten Jimin to wake up.

"It's okay, princess, Merry Christmas," Jimin said, his voice filled with drowsiness and only one eye open.

"Merry Christmas," Jungkook returned again, before turning to the person next to Jimin, to see that Taehyung was already awake, even if he was still cuddling Jimin tightly.

Jungkook then scrambled to his feet, happy to see each one of his hyungs up, Namjoon and Jin having woken up from the commotion. "Merry Christmas, hyungsies," Jungkook exclaimed happily, "Let's go see what Santa brought."

Jungkook pulled Yoongi up from his current lying down position and sped off down the hallway and straight to the living room.

Jungkook couldn’t help but gasp when he saw the vast amount of presents under the tree, looking very pretty with all their bows and colorful wrapping paper. "Santa's been! He’s been!" Jungkook
jumped excitedly, pointing to the presents and then pointing to the empty plate and cup once left for Santa, now only crumbs remaining.

“Of course he’s been, you’ve been very good, boy baby,” Yoongi said, ruffling the Little’s hair, not missing the way Jungkook’s cheeks flushed slightly.

“Thank you, Daddy,” Jungkook replied sheepishly, with a shy but very cute smile.

“Come on, Guk, let's open some presents,” Taehyung exclaimed, beckoning Jungkook over excitedly, already sat down next to the tree and sorting through all the presents. Even if Taehyung wasn’t Little, he was still a big kid at heart.

Jungkook nodded and quickly joined Taehyung, gasping when he saw a bundle of presents just for him from Santa Claus. After giving a look to his hyungs, he began to unwrap the presents and a lot more after that.

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In the end, Little Jungkook had ended up with a new bike, a Nerf gun, a construction site toy set, the newest Transformers doll, a toy sports car, a pop-up castle tent, a remote control dinosaur, and that was just the start of it. And that was only from Santa.

His hyungs had bought him everything he could ever desire, blankets, onesies, pacifiers, teddy bears, dungarees, jumpers, coloring books, sippy cups, movies, and fluffy socks. Anything Jungkook could possibly think of, his hyungs had somehow managed to get it for him for Christmas and he wasn’t even done.

Yoongi was the one to give him his last gift and he even had to go out of the room to give it to Little Gukkie. Once he came in, he was carrying a massive blob of wrapping paper, almost bigger than Jungkook. He gasped when he saw it and was almost hesitant.

“Go on, baby boy,” Yoongi urged, “Open it.” He didn’t need anymore pushing after that, because he was soon tearing the wrapping paper off, revealing fur.

The more Jungkook unwrapped, the more excited he became, as he revealed more and more fur. He continued until the very last piece was torn off and Jungkook squealed, hugging his present tightly, and then engulfing his caregivers in one. “Thank you, Daddy, he’s soooo cute,” Jungkook said, gesturing to the great big, six-foot, super soft teddy bear that Yoongi had just given him.

“Not as cute as you, baby,” Yoongi said, allowing for some cheesiness on Christmas, especially because it meant he got to see Jungkook’s cheeks warm with a blush.

Jungkook suddenly remembered something. “Hyungies,” Jungkook announced, so they would all pay attention to him, “Little Gukkie and Big Jungkook got you all gifts, but Little Gukkie give you his now.” Before anyone could protest or say anything, Jungkook was off, crawling under the tree and rooting around for something. Eventually, the Little turned around with seven small presents in his hand and sang, “Ta-da, Christmas presents for all hyungies.” The maknae then proceeded to hand them out one by one to their owners.

The hyungs were in shock, knowing nothing of the Little’s plan. They held the gifts like they were the most precious things in the world and didn’t unwrap them straight away. “What is it, sweetie?” Jin asked, slightly confused.

“You’ll have to open it and find out, Eomma,” Jungkook said, smiling mischievously, but when his hyungs didn’t open them straight away, he knew he would have to be a little bossier. “Go on,
everybody open them.”

So then all the members began unwrapping the gifts very, very carefully. Each one gasped in awe at seeing the present. All of them had received a bracelet with little beads on it, each one with a heart pendant, and their caregiver nickname spelled with beads. At the sight, their hearts warmed and smiles beamed across their face, as they placed the bracelets on their wrists.

“Oh princess, they’re beautiful,” Jimin exclaimed, sounding slightly teary.

“It’s the best present I have ever gotten, sweetheart,” Hoseok insisted.

“I love it so much, sweetie, it’s so pretty,” Jin complimented, crawling up to Jungkook and squeezing him tightly.

“I’m going to wear it wherever I go, pumpkin,” Taehyung promised, admiring the bracelet which fell perfectly around his wrist.

“I’ll never take it off, little one,” Namjoon said firmly, meeting Jungkook’s hopeful eyes to seal the promise.

“Thank you so much, baby boy. I love you so much,” Yoongi said, tears sheening his eyes, a very unusual sight to see with Yoongi.

“Love you too,” Jungkook said, blowing kisses left, right, and center, so they would definitely hit all of his hyungs.

But then, as if to spoil the moment, a loud growl came from Jungkook’s stomach, causing him to giggle and then remember how hungry he was. Jin took this as his cue as he said, “Come on, let’s go eat breakfast.” Everyone quickly agreed.

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Breakfast wasn’t all they ate that day, of course. Christmas was really just an excuse to eat whatever they felt like, no diets or restrictions, just pure sugar and candy. It was great, Little Jungkook loved it.

Except for the fact that, of course, by the end of Christmas he had eaten too much. He was left lying on the couch, watching ‘Elf’, feeling very full and even slightly nauseous, but it was worth it.

“So, Gukkie, how did you find Christmas this year?” Namjoon asked softly as the movie was playing.

“Bestest Christmas ever, Appa,” Jungkook replied, causing all his hyungs to smile sleepily. “Can we do this every year?”

Namjoon thought for a while. “Hmm... we’ll have to think about it,” and if that tone was anything to go by, Jungkook knew they would be doing it again, spending Christmas together as a family.

❤ ❤ ❤ MERRY CHRISTMAS ❤ ❤ ❤
Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, hope you enjoyed this fluff.
A Little Scolding

Chapter Summary

Request by subtae:
The hyungs are irritable one day and shout at Jungkook, not knowing that he is in little space.

Chapter Notes

Ahh I'm so sorry guys for making you wait this long, i'm finally back at home and updates should be coming more regularly now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was fine. It was a stressful time, his hyungs didn’t mean everything they said. They didn’t mean to be so harsh. That was what Jungkook had to keep repeating in his head, anyway. The fact was that with BTS becoming even more popular in America, even though it was amazing, there were more people who didn’t like them, was more uncertainty, more pressure to perform perfectly and put out a good image and, most of all, more stress.

They had already performed in America, and it was by no means their first or their last performance there, but it was important. BTS was performing with very well-known artists, artists they looked up to and admired, like Charlie Puth, Shawn Mendes, Camila Cabello, and DJ Khaled. They couldn’t be happier, but they also couldn’t be more stressed.

Despite trying to seem okay, everyone was nervous, everyone had voiced their concerns. They wouldn’t be okay until the performance was over. They had another three weeks until the performance and then they would finally feel at peace once again. Of course, Jungkook was nervous himself, but he was more concerned about his hyungs, as it was clear to see they were struggling to deal with the pressure.

Jungkook had learned over time that the best way to deal with stressed hyungs was to either stay completely away from them, or be extra nice to them, based on whether they looked like they were going to rip his head off, or if they looked like they were going to cry. And as the performance got closer and closer, the more each one of his hyungs looked scarier than before, but alas, Jungkook had to be in a situation where he couldn’t just escape them- an interview.

Now, being an idol, Jungkook had become accustomed to doing interviews, putting on a smile and laughing, chipping in a few words even when all he wanted to do was shy away from the camera and not say anything. Jungkook wasn’t very verbal in interviews like he was everywhere else, something about just being asked questions, with a judgemental host and a camera filming every word and movement, really played on his anxiety.

On the day of the interview, Jungkook woke up to the muffled voices of his hyungs and shuffling of their feet outside his bedroom. And even though his brain was telling him he needed to be up early to get ready and get to the interview, everything else was screaming to fall asleep. But before he could
decide whether to wake up or remain in the warmth of his bed, he heard his door swing open and Namjoon’s voice shout, “Come on, Jungkook, interview!”

Jungkook groaned loudly, burying his face deeper into the pillow as he heard Namjoon’s footsteps and the curtains were thrown open, light invading his room. “No, don’t groan, you knew we needed to be up early, you could at least have set an alarm. You should take responsibility.” And then Namjoon was gone, leaving Jungkook to just lie there, guilt filling his chest.

Even though Namjoon’s words were only brief, his tone was what made it worse. Jungkook could hear the true disappointment in his words.

Yes, it was true, Jungkook was an adult now, and could easily set an alarm on his phone to wake up. He just didn’t. He enjoyed being woken up by his hyungs, especially Yoongi, Hoseok, or Taehyung because it usually ended in him being cuddled until he woke up. But today he was left with nothing more than a cold bed and a sinking feeling in his stomach. Something told him today wasn’t going to be a good one and boy, was he right.

It didn’t start off too bad, it was just that the scowls that plagued his hyungs faces were also filled with a dark look of ‘mess with me and you’re dead’, so frankly Jungkook chose not to start a conversation with any of them, just to save his own skin. He knew in the worst case scenario all Jungkook would get was a scolding, but he hated being scolded, Big or Little.

The interview went like any other really, but most of it was filled with fake smiles and jokes, just to keep up appearances. Still, Jungkook tried to stay quiet. He was quiet anyways in interviews, but in that one, he was basically a ghost, and though it didn’t seem to bother the interviewer or his manager, it sure did bother his hyungs.

As soon as the cameras turned off and the interviewer gave them a warm goodbye, Jungkook ended up frozen as he went to turn, but was stopped by a stern voice. “You know, Jungkook, you could at least tried to talk.” It was Jimin, his voice etched with seriousness, one Jungkook wasn’t too familiar with because usually Jimin was happy and full of rainbows, but when he got angry, he got angry, and it made Jungkook shiver.

He turned slowly to Jimin’s direction, but didn’t meet his eyes, just lowered his head to the ground and didn’t even dare breathe. “I know you don’t like them, but that was just plain rude.”

A stiff silence was left between them until Jungkook realized it was his turn to talk, so he bowed his head slightly and said, “Sorry, hyung, I’ll try to do better,” and with that Jimin gave a nod and walked straight past Jungkook, not saying anything else.

Jungkook sighed, partly in relief, and partly in annoyance. Even though he constantly fooled around with his hyungs and pushed them to their last nerve, he still hated seeing them disappointed in him, his Little side even more so, but he knew he had to push that side of him back because then it would just rain havoc that day. His hyungs wouldn’t want to look after a Little if they were in such bad moods.

“Jimin’s right, you know.” Jungkook’s breathing hitched, as he prepared himself for another bout of scolding, but from Jin now. “We all tried really hard today, even though we weren’t in the mood, so you have no excuse.” Jungkook nodded, not wanting to defy Jin in any way.

There was a small pause before Jin looked down at him and sighed, placing a hand on his shoulder and saying, with a small hint of kindness, “Come on, let's go home and rest.” Jungkook slowly brought up his head to look at Jin and give him a small smile, before nodding as they both made their way to the van.
Jin knew that they shouldn’t take their stress and inner battles out on the maknaes. They all knew how much it pained Jungkook to see his hyungs in turmoil or under any kind of stress, so he would try and lay off the maknae by any means.

They both slid into the van, every member wearing the same sullen expression, the interview not lightening it in the least. Jungkook sighed as he shuffled next to Jimin, clicking in his seat belt and waiting to arrive at their next destination- dance practice.

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“Like this, Jungkook,” Hoseok said, annoyance in his voice as he prodded Jungkook’s hand upward, explaining a move he had already explained at least ten times. Usually, Hoseok wasn’t that much of a strict dance teacher, but today every little thing seemed to annoy him, and Jungkook not being able to get the move right wasn’t helping at all.

“Try again,” he said, moving over to the computer and pressing play so that the music would fill the room. He stared at them all intensely, examining every single movement and breath they took.

Once again, at the same movement and the same time, Jungkook failed, ending up looking lost at Hoseok, but also slightly scared. Hoseok scowled at him and quickly cut off the music.

“God, Jungkook, come on, I’ve already explained it millions of times, why can’t you get it right?” Hoseok said a little too loud, causing Jungkook to flinch and hunch his shoulders, facing the ground.

“Sorry,” Jungkook said, hoping to sound not too pitiful, but failing as his voice cracked slightly and tears began to prick his eyes.

Hoseok sighed in annoyance, trying to control his anger, as it wasn’t really aimed at Jungkook. “Just continue practicing.” And with that, he leaned back once again and turned the music back on, leaving Jungkook to dance through it.

Jungkook took a deep breath, trying to calm himself down, but he didn’t seem to be able to stop the tears forming in his eyes, and even worse, he felt his bottom lip begin to wobble, but he bit it to stop the inevitable from happening. He wouldn’t cry. Big boys don’t cry and he was definitely a big boy. But at the moment he really didn’t want to be Big.

Jungkook quickly shook the thoughts out of his mind and tried to focus on dancing, but as he got too distracted, he ended up tripping over and straight into Taehyung, both of them collapsing to the floor.

Usually, Taehyung and he would just laugh it off, and get back up and continue with whatever they were doing, but by the slight growl from Taehyung and the displeased look on his face, Jungkook knew it wasn’t going to be like usual.

“Jungkook!” he barked, “Watch where you’re going, it’s not that hard!” Then Taehyung shoved him off and got up to his feet, walking away from Jungkook.

For a moment, Jungkook was left in shock. Taehyung was the last person that ever scolded him, they were always joking around and having fun, and never had Taehyung sounded so mean. It was becoming really hard for Jungkook not to fall into Little Space because he was left feeling so sad and lonely.

“Get up, Jungkook!” Jimin shouted over the music, looking down at Jungkook with a stern expression. Jungkook nodded, but still didn’t get up, his head swirling in Little Space. Why were they all being so mean to him? Had he done something wrong? Did they really not like him anymore? Jungkook bit back a sob, knowing he shouldn’t reveal he was Little, because then they
would get even angrier at him. But it was really hard because everyone hated him now.

And if to just reaffirm what he was thinking, Yoongi looked down to him and said coldly, “Come on, don’t feel sorry for yourself, we all have to work just as hard.” With those words, Jungkook knew he couldn’t take it anymore.

His bottom lip began wobbling uncontrollably, he couldn’t stop the tears gathering in his eyes, threatening to spill at any moment, and he couldn’t stop the sobs that began to leave his lips. Tears began trickling down his face, as his heart began to hurt. So much for hiding it, he thought.

But he still tried. He dug his face into his hands, before racing out of the room and down the corridor to the toilets. He didn’t care who saw him crying along the way, if he was fast enough they probably wouldn’t even recognize him, and hopefully, he would lose his hyungs.

He didn’t want to be shouted at anymore, they were all just being so mean to him, and neither Big nor Little him could take it much longer. He crashed into one of the stalls and locked the door behind him so he knew his hyungs would only be able to get in if they wanted to.

The gut-wrenching sobs of the maknae echoed throughout the bathroom and for a moment were the only thing you could hear, until the door burst open, and the panting of his hyungs filled it.

“Baby, please, I’m sorry,” Yoongi cried out, his voice wavering on the edge of tears, which of course made Jungkook feel even more guilty.

“P-please d-don’t hate Gukkie,” he said through sobs, finding it really hard to catch his breath, he was that miserable.

“Oh, baby,” Yoongi said, feeling very, very guilty because he had taken out his anger on Jungkook and caused him to fall into Little Space. The hyungs all began to feel the same immense guilt as they remembered scolding him throughout the day.

“Please open the door, sweetheart,” Hoseok tried, desperation finding its way into his voice. Jungkook froze when he heard it, toying with the idea until he decided he needed comfort over anything else because soon he was probably gonna pass out with how hard he was sobbing. So Jungkook shakily got up and undid the latch, and walked a few steps before looking up, but when he caught sight of his hyungs he collapsed to the ground, tears waterfalling down his face.

Yoongi dropped to his knees and scooped the Little into his arms. “Calm down, baby, you can’t breathe,” he said, listening to the way Jungkook was left wheezing because of his sobbing. Jungkook clung desperately to his Daddy’s shirt, not wanting for him to leave Jungkook alone.

“Breathe with Daddy, bun,” Yoongi tried once again, bringing the Little to his chest, so he could hear the soothing noise of Yoongi’s not-so-calm heartbeat. “Breathe in,” Yoongi said, as he demonstrated, trying to get Jungkook to copy, which he did, taking a shaking to breathe in before breathing out when Yoongi said.

They did this until Jungkook was completely calmed down. His face and eyes were red, and Yoongi’s shirt was soaked through with tears, and all of the members had come to surround the maknae, waiting to apologize.

“Guk-” Namjoon began, shuffling closer to Jungkook and trying to place a hand on Jungkook’s leg, but Jungkook moved it closer to himself, shaking his head.

“Please don’t tell Gukkie off, no bad boy,” Jungkook shook his head, stray tears still trickling down his face.
Namjoon retracted his hand with a hurt expression before shaking his head. “No little one, you’re not a bad boy, I know,” Namjoon reassured him, watching as Jungkook's shoulders began to relax ever so slightly.

“We’ve been really mean to you today, haven’t we, baby,” Yoongi said, sighing from guilt and squeezing the Little closer to him. Jungkook gave a small nod and sniffled as he brought his head up to see all his hyungs wearing the same expression of immense guilt and regret, and suddenly Jungkook started feeling sad because he was the one that had caused them to feel that way.

“I’m sorry,” Jungkook mumbled, pouting slightly, wishing that he wasn’t such a big baby to cry and make all his hyungs feel bad.

“You don’t need to be sorry, pumpkin, it was all our fault,” Taehyung said firmly so that Jungkook knew that he shouldn’t protest, because what Taehyung was telling him was the truth.

Jungkook was about to open his mouth and find words of protest but when he looked around and saw his hyungs’ expressions were ones of immense guilt and regret, he faltered.

Jin shuffled closer to the Little and cupped his face delicately, “We’re so sorry, please forgive us.” Jungkook gave Jin a confused look for a moment, not understanding why they were apologizing when he thought it was his fault in the first place.

“Don’t worry, Gukkie forgives you,” Jungkook brought Jin closer to hug the eldest, and giggled happily, hoping to make them all feel better. At least it got a smile on all their faces.

“Hmm, though we’ll have to do something to make it up to you,” Namjoon said, as he thought whilst stroking his imaginary beard, causing Jungkook’s eyes to widen and ears perk up in curiosity.

“That’s very true,” Yoongi agreed, a smirk beginning to form on his face when he saw Jungkook's interest in the topic, “So is there anything my baby wants?”

Jungkook didn’t waste time in nodding, his mind focused on one thing, “Can we go home, Daddy?” To this Yoongi bit his lip, unsure. He knew they probably had a full schedule and all the members would have wanted practice longer, so he made a noise of uncertainty, and gave a glance the Namjoon before saying, “I think you better ask Joonie, he’s the leader.”

Jungkook instantly responded, whipping his head around with big wide puppy dog eyes and pleaded, “Please, Appa, wanna go home.”

Namjoon sighed, already being broken by the maknae’s cuteness, but he knew it had to be a collective decision as well. He gave a subtle glance to all the members, who surprisingly must have all felt the same way, as they all nodded, and then Namjoon turned around with a great big grin on his face as he said, “Yes, of course, we can, little one.”

Jungkook shouted in joy, “Thank you, Appa,” a big smile on his face, causing all his hyungs to instantly feel happier. Jungkook slowly got to his feet, with Yoongi right behind him, wanting to be home as soon as possible.

“Home we go,” Taehyung said, pointing outside like a captain, causing Jungkook to giggle at his silliness, trying to fight the urge to chase after him. Until, of course, Taehyung raised an eyebrow to him and challenged, “Last one to the car is a rotten egg!”

Jungkook curled his nose with distaste, he definitely didn’t want to be a rotten egg, and when he saw Taehyung bolting off like a speed of lightning he knew he couldn’t lose, so began speeding off to catch up with Taehyung.
“Be careful,” Hoseok called out to the two, shaking his head in amusement, knowing full well that they would probably end up breaking something in the end.

Of course, Jungkook had won, his face red and his hair sticking out at every angle, but he had still won, no one could run as fast as him, no matter Big or Little. Taehyung was not too far behind and the two had already sat down in the van, waiting for the rest of the members who all just walked.

And of course, Yoongi lived up to his snail-like abilities and was the last one to enter the car, not to go unnoticed by Taehyung. “I guess Yoongi’s the rotten egg then.”

Jungkook furrowed his brows, shaking his head furiously. “No, Papa, Daddy not rotten egg,” his voice was full of certainty, “Daddy is pretty egg.”

Jungkook then beamed towards Yoongi in delight, to which Yoongi just couldn’t help but chuckle, like the rest of his bandmates.

“Thank you, baby,” Yoongi said as he affectionately ruffled Jungkook's hair.

“You’re welcome, Daddy,” Jungkook said, clearly pleased with himself, before finding something to entertain himself on the journey home.

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It wasn’t long before they were home and already back into their routine, with Jungkook sat on the floor, eating chicken nuggets and drinking banana milk, playing with his stuffed animals with a few of his hyungs sat beside him, and the others sat on the other couches.

It also wasn’t very long until Jungkook’s eyes had begun to feel heavy and no matter how hard he tried to keep them open to watch ‘Despicable Me’, they were determined to stay shut. So eventually, he just shuffled closer to Jimin and laid his head on Jimin’s lap.

Jimin chuckled, before pressing back the hood of Jungkook's yellow bunny onesie and winding his fingers gently into Jungkook's hair and stroking it, causing Jungkook to sigh in complete relaxation. “Tired, princess?” Jimin asked, amused by how Jungkook already looked as if he was asleep.

“A little bit, Oppa,” Jungkook mumbled around his pacifier, not even trying anymore to keep his eyes open.

The rest of his hyungs, of course, were watching him with fond smiles on their lips, knowing how tired he must be. All of them had been feeling the effects of the past days of filled schedules, and it was nice just to relax, but all they wanted to do now was sleep.

“How about we all go to bed,” Taehyung suggested, as he had already cuddled up with a pillow and let his eyes begin drooping. The members all made a noise of approval, thanking themselves for already getting ready for bed.

“How does that sound, honey?” Jimin whispered once again to Jungkook, his fingers coming to a stop in his hair, to which Jungkook whined until Jimin started again. Jimin chuckled, taking it for a yes.

“Yeah, I think this little bun could do with getting some sleep,” Jimin announced to everyone in a hushed voice.

“He’s not the only one,” Namjoon said, and as if to prove it, gave a huge yawn.
All the members agreed, making their way up to switch off the TV and begin packing part of Jungkook’s Little things away, leaving Jimin giving an asking look to Jin, who was on the other side of Jungkook.

Jin nodded, before placing a hand on the Little's forearm and saying, “Come on, sweetie, let’s get you to bed.” At hearing Jin's voice, Jungkook managed to open one eye and nod and shuffle on Jimin’s lap, laying down pliantly.

“Eomma, upsies, please,” Jungkook said, his words slurred from sleepiness with grabby hands outstretched towards Jin, and to be honest who could resist. Jin looked down to him with a sweet smile, nodding, before gathering the Little up in his arms, allowing Jungkook to attach himself around Jin’s waist, and bury his face into the crook of Jin’s neck, letting out a sigh of relief.

“Someone's a tired baby, am I right?” Jin said, as he leaned around to kiss Jungkook’s cheek, who only nodded in reply. Jin began leading the Little to the bedroom, where all the other members already lay, leaving a gap for Jungkook, Jin, and Jimin.

It had become a routine now for them all the go to sleep together when Jungkook was Little, otherwise the Little would get lonely and start crying. It was a lot better now in the bigger house because they had an extra room with one gigantic bed that they could all fit into without squeezing on.

Jin delicately placed Jungkook down before laying beside him, and he only got a moment of relief before Jungkook was wound around him once again as if Jin was his teddy bear. Jungkook snuggled deeply into the elder’s chest before letting out a sleepy sigh of, “Love you hyungies, night-night.”

The light was then switched off, leaving the room to be illuminated only by the night light, as Jimin then made his way over to the bed to lay down.

Next came a “Love you too-” and then it faded in a mess of nicknames. Jungkook let out a little giggle before finally falling asleep, very happy.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading hope you enjoyed, any requests or comments feel free to leave them.
Little Jungkook and Computers

Chapter Summary

Request by luna:
Why Little Jungkook shouldn't allowed to be on a computer.

Chapter Notes

Finally an update on time, also might update on the 14th because i have pre written a lot of chapters now so please look forward to it <3

Jungkook only had a few rules he needed to follow when being Little, such as:

1. Always tell a hyung when he is feeling Little.
2. Always be a behave when he is Little.
3. Never deprive himself of being Little.

The fourth rule became to never let Little Jungkook on a computer without either being supervised or being on safe mode.

It all started when innocent Little Jungkook was minding his own business and playing games on Namjoon’s computer whilst Namjoon and Hoseok were writing down concept ideas for their latest comeback. They didn’t think to watch what Jungkook was doing because they knew he would just be playing some dress-up game or something.

Jungkook was doing just that. Well, it started that way. He was playing happily until a pop-up caused a new tab to invade his screen, showing two people, a man and a woman, very naked and doing very not-PG-rated things.

Jungkook's eyes widened in shock, slight terror, and confusion when he looked at the two doing what seemed to be wrestling on Namjoon’s computer. He pulled off his headphones, took his pacifier out of his mouth, and turned to Namjoon and Hoseok, still immersed in their work.

“Appa, what this?” Jungkook asked, pointing to the screen and looking at him inquisitively.

“What’s what, baby?” Namjoon asked, not lifting his eyes from the note-filled paper in front of him, but still listening to Jungkook all the same.

“This on your computer,” Jungkook elaborated, his finger still pointing at the screen. Namjoon’s eyes fluttered up to Jungkook, a smile on his face, before looking at the computer screen. His expression dropped to one of horror.

When he made out that the image on the computer was of two people having sex, Namjoon scrambled up towards the computer in a panic. He deleted the tab and let out a sigh of relief before
he was struck with realization. God, Jungkook was too young to see porn! Yoongi was gonna kill him!

Namjoon couldn’t help but look at Hoseok desperately, but Hobi was staring wide-eyed at the computer in disbelief. A smirk appeared on his face when he caught sight of Namjoon’s distress.

“Sorry, you’re on your own,” Hoseok said, swiftly exiting the room before he got wrapped up in the situation.

Namjoon made a noise of distress watching Hoseok, unable to grab him in time. Namjoon sighed, bracing himself for what was to come, before turning hesitantly around to face the Little, who was looking up at him with expectant eyes.

“Erm...” Namjoon started and then closed his mouth, scrambling for any kind of explanation. He didn’t want to have to give the Little the Talk. Little Jungkook was too young to learn about sex.

However, Jungkook had other ideas, and was clearly displeased with Namjoon’s hesitance. “So, Appa, what was that?” Jungkook asked, pointing to the screen once again, but this time it didn’t hold the pornographic scene. “Was it a game?”

Namjoon cleared his throat, the room feeling hotter as he became ever so awkward. “Of sorts...” he trailed off, thinking of how the hell he was going to get himself out of this.

Jungkook eyes lit up at the idea of playing a game. “Cool! Can I play?” he asked, not knowing what he was signing up for.

Namjoon eyes widened as he spluttered, shaking his head profusely and waving his hands in the air. “No, no!” he blustered, causing Jungkook to flinch at his sheer volume.

Oblivious as to why he couldn’t play the game, Jungkook furrowed his brows and pouted. “Why not, Appa?”

“Because it’s only for grownups,” Namjoon said quickly, not completely lying as it was only for grownups, “And Little boys like you can’t play it.” Namjoon began to feel a little less uptight, and the explanations came more smoothly as he got over his initial feeling of horror.

“So, naked wrestling only for grownups?” Gukkie enquired, tilting his head to one side as he looked to Namjoon in question. Namjoon could feel his cheeks burn red as he nodded, hoping Jungkook didn’t repeat this to anyone else and that he didn’t get too embarrassed around Namjoon when he was Big again.

“Come on, baby, let's go play a different game,” Namjoon suggested, trying to steer them away from the subject.

Jungkook thought for a moment before saying, “But, Appa, you need to work.”

Namjoon couldn’t help but smile at the considerate Little and shook his head softly. “No, baby, I’d much rather play with you,” Jungkook beamed as he continued, “Now what do you wanna play?”

“Hide and seek!” Jungkook squealed, any thoughts of porn seemingly vanished from his mind, fortunately for Namjoon, as the Little jumped to his feet and clapped his hands together.

“Hide and seek it is then, little one,” Namjoon agreed, smiling and gathering the papers into a pile before turning to Jungkook. “How about the first person we find is Hobi?” Namjoon suggested, wanting to find the traitor.
“Okay, Appa,” Jungkook agreed, walking up to him and intertwining their fingers, “Let’s go find Dada.” Jungkook led them out of the studio and Namjoon to let out a great sigh of relief, and giving himself a mental reminder to never to let Jungkook on his laptop without either safe mode turned on or supervision.

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The next time Jungkook was exposed to anything like that again was also on a computer. He was sat in Yoongi's room on the bed, swinging his feet against the bottom of the bed, whilst playing a dragon game on his laptop. Yoongi was also sat on the bed, paper scattered around him as he tried to go over scribbled down lyrics.

All was silent until Jungkook took his big headphones off and turned around to face Yoongi. “Daddy?” he asked, loudly. Yoongi smiled, looking away from the paper and towards Jungkook instead.

“Yes, baby boy?” Yoongi replied, loving the way Jungkook's cheeks flushed red at the nickname, even though he had been called it so many times.

“What’s sex?” Yoongi froze, his eyes widening for a moment, trying to process what he had heard. He must have heard him wrong, hadn’t he? There’s no way Jungkook, the little innocent bean he was, would ask such a question.

“What, baby?” Yoongi asked again, his voice edged with confusion.

“Sex,” Jungkook repeated, louder and slower. Yoongi had definitely heard it that time. “This says: ‘This game better than sex’. What’s sex? Is it good?”

Jungkook pointed to the screen, where an ad was flashing. It featured a girl in a skimpy warrior outfit with the words ‘THIS GAME’S BETTER THAN SEX’ flashing underneath her. Yoongi froze, his mind frantic, totally unprepared for an event like this. He felt like sirens were going off in his head as he searched for an answer.

“Sex is, erm, only for grownups,” Yoongi explained, not wanting to give the Little a sex-ed lesson. Instead, he opted for the easier way out, and it wasn’t like he was even lying.

“Really?” Jungkook said, his head tilted in surprise and confusion, “How old does Gukkie have to be?”

Yoongi tensed slightly, not liking how much of an interest Jungkook was taking in the subject. “At least sixteen, baby.” Jungkook instantly brought up four fingers on his hand and began counting to sixteen, sighing when he realized he had twelve years left. That was ages, he thought.

They sat in silence for a moment and Yoongi managed to calm himself, even give himself a mental pat on the back for avoiding the bird and the bees talk with the Little. Little did he know that Jungkook was pouting furiously and found the whole thing very unfair.

“Gukkie hate being young,” Jungkook said, folding his arms in a huff, wondering why grown-ups could do things that Little Gukkie couldn’t.

Yoongi furrowed his brows in confusion, not putting the pieces together, before saying, “There’s nothing wrong with being young, baby.”

“But Appa said I was too young to know about naked wrestling as well,” Jungkook whined, hitting his head against the back of the chair before turning around to cross his legs and face Yoongi, pout
very obvious.

Yoongi’s eyebrow raised questioningly as he asked, “What? Naked wrestling?” He found himself hoping that it wasn’t what he thought it was.

“Yeah, I saw it on Appa’s laptop, a girl and boy were both naked wrestling,” Jungkook said, as if there was nothing wrong with it. Yoongi, on the other hand, was shocked by his words. He then thought to Namjoon, and why the hell he didn’t say anything. Probably to save his own skin, he concluded.

“Oh my god,” Yoongi stared in terror, finally understanding. “Namjoon let you watch porn when you were Little?” he screeched, already jumping out of his chair to go see what the hell was going on with him.

“Baby, can you just go find TaeTae to play with while I go ask Joonie something?” Yoongi asked politely, trying not to show his disbelief.

Jungkook furrowed his eyebrows, confused as to why Yoongi had so hastily wanted him to play with TaeTae, but he didn’t mind because he loved playing with his hyung. He nodded his head, and jumped to his feet. But before he left, Jungkook realized Yoongi had said something that he had never heard of before.

“Daddy, what’s porn?” Jungkook asked innocently, looking up at him with his big doe eyes.
Yoongi’s anger melted for a second and then his body was once again filled with dread. “Nothing you need to know about, baby,” Yoongi said quickly before patting Jungkook’s hair and racing out of the room in search of Namjoon.

It wasn’t long before he saw the guilty man, splayed across the couch with Jin laying on his lap as they watched Pretty Women. Yoongi would have smiled at the sight if he wasn’t so taken aback by what he had done.

“Namjoon-ah, I can’t believe you showed Guk porn,” Yoongi hissed, quietly so Jungkook didn’t hear the exchange.

Namjoon spluttered as Jin bolted upward, his eyes wide in disbelief. He turned to Namjoon before saying, “No, you didn’t, did you?”

Namjoon looked like a deer in headlights as he fumbled over an explanation. “No, it’s not like that! He was on my laptop and then it popped up as an advertisement, it wasn’t my fault.” Yoongi’s argument faltered, thinking back to how his whole problem had started the same way. He huffed before moving to the couch and sitting beside them.

“What? That’s all you’re gonna do? Gukkie’s innocence has been tainted,” Jin said, quite confused as to why Yoongi had just deflated.

“Yes, that is all I’m gonna do,” Yoongi said, sighing, “Because it happened to me too. He asked me what sex was.” Jin and Namjoon both gasped.

“What did you tell him?” Namjoon said, wondering if Yoongi actually told the Little like he had not.

“I told him it was only for grownups,” Yoongi explained, watching as both of the members sighed with relief.

“I think-“ But before Yoongi could finish his sentence and say, ‘I think we should put provisions on the computers’, a loud squealing noise interrupted him. It kept on getting louder and louder until
Jungkook came running in, looking cute as ever in his blue overalls, with a great big smile on his face.

“Daddy, don’t let him get me,” Gukkie giggled, running towards Yoongi and pointing at the door, where soon Taehyung was looking for the Little.

“I’m coming to get you, baby,” Taehyung said, running towards Jungkook. Before the Little could run away, Taehyung scooped him up in his arms and started tickling away.

Jungkook squirmed under his fingers as laughter rang out, a heavenly sound for all his hyungs to hear. “Stop,” he wheezed, his stomach starting to hurt at all the laughing he was doing.

Taehyung’s fingers instantly came to a stop, before he said, “Fine then,” and began peppering Jungkook’s face with kisses, Jungkook giggling at every single one.

At one point, Taehyung got off the Little and pulled him up before saying, “Come, Gukkie, let’s go get your race car.” They both sped off to Jungkook’s room, leaving all the rest of the members sitting there with great big smiles on their faces from watching the exchange. Soon they had all forgotten about the sex incident and settled down to watch the movie.

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Little Gukkie was playing on the floor in the living room, watching Paw Patrol on his iPad. His caregivers were all around him but were mostly trying to fight the urge to sleep. They had all had a very busy day of nonstop practice, and the stress of it all had made Jungkook fall into Little Space. His hyungs didn’t mind one bit about Jungkook being Little, but they always felt bad when they couldn’t stay awake because they weren’t actually actively caring for him. Jungkook, however, was completely oblivious to that fact and was perfectly happy to watch Paw Patrol on his own.

He had just finished an episode, where Sky, the girl puppy, had saved a cat from a tree, and was very excited to watch the next episode, until an ad came on. He sighed in annoyance, looking for a skip button but to his dismay, there was none, so he had to sit and watch it.

However, it wasn’t as bad as Gukkie would have thought it was, he actually became interested in it. It was a YouTuber, one he didn’t know the name of, but they were Googling themselves and seeing all the search results. It made Gukkie wonder what would happen if he Googled himself.

And so, Little Gukkie, opened up Google on his iPad and slowly typed in his name before pressing search. Immediately, his page was flooded with pictures of himself, as well as a big box saying ‘Jeon Jungkook, aged 20’.

“Woah,” he gasped, knowing now that Google was actually magic. It must know everything. He scrolled down a bit. The first page was called ‘Wikipedia’, but when he clicked on it he frowned because it was too wordy for his liking.

The next webpage, Wikia, was much the same and so he sighed and once again pressed the back button.

The third webpage down was called ‘Archive of Our Own’, and he clicked on it, not knowing what it meant. It brought up a red and white page with little boxes and titles and then some tags underneath, followed by a description. Jungkook was scrolling down the page when he gasped at one of the stories. In the tags, it not only had him, but it had his Appa, Eomma, Daddy, Papa, Oppa, and Dada’s names all in one story.

It was called ‘The Airplane’. Jungkook loved airplanes. Excitedly, Jungkook pressed on the link and
giggled when he saw the page brought up. He prepared himself for having to read lots and lots when he saw all the writing on the page, but he was more excited to read it than anything.

He read the first few lines happily:

‘All of the members were sat together, some watching films, some playing games on their phones, a few listening to music, as they tried to pass time on the airplane.’

Wow, it sounded cool, he thought to himself. He loved airplanes, but only when he got food and watched movies. He didn’t, however, like it when it got all bumpy, or when they took off or landed because his ears would start to really hurt.

He read on a little more about his hyungs having conversations about where they were going, and it was a good story until Jungkook came along a sentence he didn’t quite understand. It read:

‘Suddenly, the seatbelt sign began to flash, and the pilot announced, “Fasten up, we are in for a lot of turbulence.”’

Jungkook furrowed his brow. “What does turbulence mean?” he thought, but he didn’t ask his hyungs because they all looked too tired and he didn’t want to annoy them, so he just read on, hoping he would find a way to know what it meant.

‘Alarms and sirens started to scream throughout the plane and it was thrown into chaos, flight attendants running up and down the aisles, trying to calm everyone, but no one would.’

Little Gukkie’s heart was started to pound faster and faster as he began to realize the plane was going to crash. But he hoped that, like every good story, it would turn out really well and they would all wake up on a deserted island and live with the monkeys. What he didn’t realize was that this wasn’t one of those kinds of stories.

‘Everyone was crying. Jungkook looked around to the members and they all gave him a look of sorrow. They all knew what was happening.’

Jungkook couldn’t stop reading the story, even though it was making him so scared for every single person on the plane. It was getting more and more dramatic, as the members began trying to comfort each other and the Jungkook in the story was being held closely by Jimin.

‘Jimin turned to all of the other members, shouting, “I love you guys.” And it all went black.’

Jungkook gasped, wondering what had happened to them all. Luckily, he saw that there was another chapter, so he raced to see what had happened, expecting that they all would have been on an island, washing monkeys, in the next chapter.

‘Jungkook awoke to the beeping of the heart monitor and the smell of sterilization. He began slowly opening his eyes, only to see the bright white walls of a hospital.’

Oh no, Little Jungkook thought, he was in a hospital. He hated hospitals. He wondered if the Jungkook in the story hated hospitals as well. Little Jungkook became more and more intrigued as the nurses came to see the Jungkook in the story, and was dumbfounded when he realized the story was nearly over, as he read the ending.

‘Jungkook looked around his room, before asking the nurse, “My hyungs, where are they?” The nurse only gave him a look of despair before she said sadly, “I’m sorry, Jungkook, but they didn’t make it,” Jungkook froze, not wanting to believe it. “They’re dead.”’
That was it. That was how the story ended. Little Jungkook sat, his heart pounding, thinking over the story. He stared at the screen, glaring at the last sentence, before he felt his eyes begin to well up and his bottom lip quiver. They couldn’t be dead. He didn’t want his hyungies to be dead. And so Jungkook ended up breaking down into big sobs.

Immediately, his hyungs were woken up, all having gone into panic mode, and scrambling to get to the Little. Yoongi, who was closest to the Little, scooped him up in his arms and brought him up to the couch. Jungkook wrapped his legs around Yoongi tightly and buried his face in his shoulder. “Daddy,” he whimpered out, not only in sadness, but in relief. He was so glad that they were all alive.

Meanwhile, his hyungs were searching him for any injuries or reasons for his sudden outburst, but they could find none until Jimin spotted the iPad on the floor, the screen illuminated. He went grabbed the device and began to read the story still on the screen.

“Please never leave Gukkie,” Jungkook sobbed, clinging to Yoongi tightly, never wanting to let go.

“I would never leave you, baby,” Yoongi reassured, bouncing the Little on his lap and shushing him softly.

“Oh, princess, why did you read something like that?” Jimin said sadly once he had read over the fanfic the maknae had been reading that caused him to be so sad.

The members were all left in confusion, to which Jimin just passed around the iPad so they could see for themselves. Jungkook lifted his head up to see Jimin’s sad expression and he whimpered, “Coz Gukkie like planes.”

Jin sighed next to him in sadness and brought a hand up to stroke the Little’s silky hair. “Oh baby, I know you do, but don’t worry, it won’t ever happen.”

“But, Eomma-“ Jungkook went to protest, but Hoseok is quick to cut him off.

“No, sweetheart, we are never leaving you,” Hoseok said, holding out his pinky to secure the promise, and Jungkook gladly wrapped his own little finger around Hoseok's.

“Never ever?” Jungkook asked.

“Never ever,” Hoseok confirmed with a kiss on his forehead.

Once Jungkook was successfully calmed down and Hoseok had begun to entertain the Little by letting him mess with his hair, Yoongi suddenly got a flashback of the past times where technology had become a catalyst for awkward and sad situations with Jungkook.

He finally settled on an idea and announced, “I think we should only let Jungkook on a device when he’s being supervised, otherwise it never ends very well.”

Namjoon and Jin instantly agreed, and so did Hoseok once he remembered the last event where he ran out on Namjoon and Jungkook. Jimin and Taehyung were a little more confused, but at seeing the way Jungkook bawled his eyes out and knowing what could be found online, agreed nevertheless.

“Is that okay with you, baby?” Yoongi asked, patting the Little's shoulders. Jungkook shrugged, not really thinking it would make that much of a difference. “Okay, Daddy.”
Yoongi smiled, pleased, “Good boy, Guk.”

They all relaxed a little, changing the channel to a children’s movie, ‘The Lady and the Tramp’ beginning to play. Jungkook snapped his head up from looking at Hoseok's hair to watching the TV. “Oh, oh, Gukkie loves this,” Jungkook exclaimed excitedly as he jumped on Yoongi's lap and curled into him.

Yoongi smiled as Hoseok passed Jungkook his pacifier and then went to return to his seat. Jungkook snuggled into Yoongi and began watching the movie. The elder couldn’t help himself as he chuckled and placed a kiss on the Little's head, watching as Jungkook's eyes slowly began to shut and his own started to feel heavy.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed, please feel free to leave any comments or requests, i love to read them <3
“Jungkook, are you ready to go?” Yoongi’s voice called out to him from the living room. Jungkook exhaled as he gave one last look to his outfit. A simple white dress shirt, a pair of black skinny jeans, and some shiny black shoes were just right, not too fancy, and not too scruffy.

Jimin and Taehyung had helped him pick it out. To be honest, Jungkook knew that Yoongi wouldn’t care what he wore. It seemed that the 95-liners were more interested in that than anyone else. But the restaurant they were going to had strict dress code rules about ‘no casual clothing such as T-shirts, shorts, slippers and revealing, ripped, or distressed clothing may not be worn.’

“Yes, hyung,” he called back, picking up his phone and sliding it into his pocket, before making his way to the living room.

Yoongi, at seeing Jungkook, smiled instantly, and gazed at him, much like Jungkook was doing.

Yoongi was wearing a similar outfit, with a dress shirt and black jeans, but somehow the elder made it look so different, and finally, the company had allowed him to stay with his black hair. He did look ever-so-handsome with it.

“Shall we go?” Yoongi offered out an arm to Jungkook like you would at a prom, which Jungkook gratefully took and then wrapped his own arm around, pulling himself closer to Yoongi as they walked out of the house and to the car.

You see, today was Valentine’s, and as the only couple in BTS, Yoongi and Jungkook had had to endure the other members constantly asking what they were getting each other and what they were doing. It was nice that their members were so supportive, but it was also annoying.

Yoongi got in the driver’s seat and immediately turned the music on. Jungkook sat in the seat next to him and began bobbing his head at the sound. He was glad that even though they were in a relationship they could be so casual around each other. It was one of the best things that came with dating Yoongi.
“What time is the reservation at?” Jungkook enquired, not really knowing anything more than the place name and how much Jin hyped about it.

Jin had recommended a really fancy restaurant called Pierre Gagnaire à Séoul, one of the best and most renowned restaurants in Asia. It was a French restaurant and Jin said the food was divine, claiming that when he went, it was the best of the best. Before either Yoongi or Jungkook had time to even think or protest, Jin had come to them and said that he had booked it, it wasn’t like Yoongi or Jungkook minded where they went.

“The reservations at 7:30.” They both gave a look to the digital clock, which read 7:10. They had loads of time. “We’ll be back for about nine, I think,” Yoongi added before looking back to the road.

“Geez, am I boring you that much?” Jungkook laughed shaking his head. “Not even been out for a minute and you already wanna come home.”

Yoongi laughed along with Jungkook. “No, I didn’t mean that. You know fancy places aren’t my thing, I’d rather be home watching movies and eating pizza, especially since the other maniacs are gone,” his sentence almost turned dramatic at the mention of the other members.

The members had all agreed that they would leave the house. Jimin and Taehyung had decided they would stay with a friend, Namjoon and Hoseok were going to be in the studio for the night, and Jin was going to visit his parents. No one mentioned why they were all leaving, but it was obvious, and it made Jungkook blush at the thought.

His hyungs were good to him, but sometimes they were just a bit too much, like the embarrassing parent he had never had but times five.

“Well, I’m just going to enjoy being wined and dined,” Jungkook said, reclining back his chair and letting out a sigh as he relaxed back into the cushioned seat.

“Who says I’m paying?” Yoongi scoffed, looking at Jungkook with a stern but joking expression.

“You’re the eldest,” Jungkook pointed out, thinking back to how many times that phrase had worked and how many meals he had gotten free. Not just with Yoongi, but his other hyungs.

“By the prices of this restaurant, I might go bankrupt with the amount you eat,” Yoongi moved his eyes back to the road, a small grimace on his face as he thinks back to the prices of the restaurant. Damn all that fancy French food.

“Fine,” Jungkook sighed dramatically, “I guess we’ll go halves.”

“Too right, we’re going halves,” Yoongi grumbled out, but still smiling brightly.

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When Jin said the place was fancy, he really wasn’t lying. The building was stunning. It was a hotel as well as a restaurant and it was shining brightly, standing tall in the middle of Seoul. Jungkook could already tell when they first got out the car that it was going to be probably the fanciest place he had ever been. He was scared to even enter, he felt like a tramp compared to all the suited businessmen and cocktail-dress wearing women.

He walked closely to Yoongi. If he could, Jungkook would have been glued to Yoongi’s side, but he really didn’t know who or where their fans may be. One slight suspicion and it could bring down the whole company and end their relationship.
Jungkook’s mouth fell agape as soon as he walked in the door. Everything about the building was absolutely pristine, from the beige and white walls to the chandelier hanging from the ceiling. He couldn’t even see one piece of furniture out of place, or a single speck of dust in the air. The floor was so shiny he could actually see his reflection in it. He took this opportunity to fix his hair, which had become a little frizzy from the humidity outside.

They traveled in the prettiest and most golden elevator Jungkook had ever seen, with flowers climbing the walls. The restaurant was somehow even more breathtaking.

“Reservation, sir?” A tall, skinny man wearing a tight black suit said to them. His hair was gelled so much, it looked like he had done it with cement, and his teeth were so white, Jungkook felt like if he directly looked at them he would be blinded.

“Min, please,” Yoongi responded, noticing that Jungkook was frozen in awe. He was trying not to get distracted as well.

The man checked his list and nodded, smiling back up at them. “Why, yes, please come this way.” Then the man was walking off into the midst of the restaurant. Jungkook tried not to stare too long at everything and everyone. He had a small suspicion that eyes were also on him.

The waiter led them to a small table covered in a white tablecloth with about six pieces of each type cutlery and a cloth napkin for each. It was next to a window, right under a chandelier. Jungkook had to admit, Jin had done well. It was stunning. The whole place was immaculate, and it had chandeliers adorning the ceiling and gold flowers on the wall.

The waiter even pulled out chairs for the both of them. “What drink would you like? We have 270 types of wine. I would personally recommend the Château Clerc Milon Pauillac.”

Jungkook shared a confused glance with Yoongi. Were they supposed to know what that meant?

“Er, yeah, we’ll take a bottle of that,” Yoongi stumbled over his words, not really knowing what he had agreed to. He assumed it was a wine, but they never really drank much of that. They didn’t drink alcohol often, but when they did, it was only soju.

“Excellent choice, Monsieur. I will be back to take your orders.”

They both smiled and thanked him before the waiter left, allowing Jungkook to finally let out a sigh of relief and amazement.

“Shit, when Jin said this place was fancy, he really meant it, didn’t he?” Yoongi whispered, almost forgetting where he was, too lost in the atmosphere of the building, much like Jungkook was. Jungkook nodded, his mouth open wide in true amazement.

“I don’t think I even deserve to be in a place this fancy,” Jungkook muttered, looking at all of the probably-real gold candle holders, the tables and vases, and the people, who looked like they were dressed for dining with the queen.

“Of course you deserve this,” Yoongi reassured sweetly, causing Jungkook to allow his gaze to fall onto Yoongi. “I mean, you’ve put up with me for a year now,” Yoongi chuckled at his own expense. Jungkook scoffed, shaking his head sadly.

“I haven’t had to put up with you for a year,” he said, knowing that Yoongi would be expecting him to say something sweet back, like ‘It’s been my honor or ‘I love being with you’, but this was Jungkook. “I’ve had to put up with you for seven years, remember?!”
Yoongi’s smile dropped into a silly pout. “Aish, so mean. Why do I put up with you?” he muttered, looking at himself with self-doubt.

Jungkook laughed, “Because you love me.” Jungkook extended his hand out onto the table, looking like he was reaching out for his napkin but in reality, he was hoping for Yoongi’s hand.

“Indeed, I do,” Yoongi said, smiling goofily, bringing one hand up to find Jungkook’s and intertwine with it.

“God, when did we become so sappy?” Jungkook joked, thinking back to his younger self feeling disgusted at all the sappy romance films and k-dramas. Now it was like he was living one, and he didn’t mind it one bit.

“We’re not sappy, we’re in love,” Yoongi replied, shooting a cheeky smile at Jungkook, knowing his sentence would just enforce what Jungkook had said. Jungkook can’t help but smile back at Yoongi, his heart fluttering with happiness. It didn’t really matter where the couple was. Along as they were together, it didn’t matter.

“Come on, let’s choose from this menu,” Yoongi said, his voice already sounding uncertain. Both of them were regretting coming to such a fancy place because they wouldn’t have normal Korean food. Even when they went away on holiday or on tour in a different country, they would still go to a Korean restaurant. That, or a place they could buy burgers. But there was none of that in this restaurant. It was filled with herbs and vegetables that Jungkook had never heard of and combinations of food that he had never tried.

“Oh, Yoongi, we should get some escargot,” Jungkook said as his eyes trailed the menu. He had never tried snails before. He hadn’t even been to a French restaurant before.

“If you want,” Yoongi sighed, defeated even before he tried to protest. He knew Jungkook liked trying new and dare-devilish things, and Yoongi wasn’t going to stop that.

“Let’s just get the steak, like Jin suggested. I don’t know what half of the other stuff even is!” Yoongi said, frustrated. Jungkook agreed, placing the menu back down onto the table and just enjoying Yoongi’s company.

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Once their food was ordered, alongside a wine that Jungkook didn’t even know existed, Yoongi went to the bathroom, leaving Jungkook alone with nothing to do but stare out the window. If he didn’t, he would be staring at the people and the restaurant too much, and he didn’t want to look strange in such a high-class place.

It was nice, yes, but Jungkook couldn’t help but want to be somewhere else, like a home-cooked Korean restaurant or a burger joint, not some fancy-pants restaurant where he couldn’t breathe without feeling like he stuck out like a sore thumb. But Yoongi didn’t seem to mind, so Jungkook just kept his mouth shut.

The waiter interrupted his thoughts by placing a plate in front of him. It was a piece of bread with butter. Jungkook assumed it must be some kind of starter. He bowed his head towards the man and thanked him. He was just about to go back to looking out the window when the waiter spoke up. “May I just ask one question?”

Jungkook fought the urge to say no and just eat his bread. Something about the waiter made Jungkook uncomfortable, probably due to the fact that he never was good with people without his
hyungs. “Sure, go ahead,” he responded politely.

“Why did you choose to come to a fancy restaurant with your friend, especially on Valentine’s Day? If I had come here, I would have brought my girlfriend,” the man looked to him innocently, a very inquisitive look on his face. Jungkook’s heart leapt at the question. He would love to say that he came here with his boyfriend, but he knew he couldn’t. He didn’t know how the man and everyone else would react.

“Oh,” Jungkook’s smile dropped slightly. “Erm, we’re just good friends and our other friend recommended the food here,” he said through gritted teeth. Really, he should have been used to it by now, he was always hiding their relationship in public. But most of the time when they were at home they didn’t need to, and the fans loved what they called ‘fan service’ between the two.

“Yes, but you obviously want to get married someday, and you’re in your prime years now. Better go get a girl.” Would this man not stop? Why did Jungkook need a girl? The answer was, he didn’t. He had Yoongi, and that was enough. Jungkook tried his best not to sound agitated.

“He’s my hyung and he said he would treat me,” he responded.

“A treat!? Wow, you’re very lucky. It’s very expensive here, you know.” The waiter gave a quick look over Jungkook's outfit, his lips curling with distaste. Okay, now that was just rude! He may not have been wearing some suit, but he knew it was expensive, and he knew he could afford it. Why did this man have to come up to him? Out of all the people in the restaurant, why him?

“We’re from BTS, he’s my bandmate,” he confessed, waiting for either a silence of confusion or shock.

“Oh, I know who you are,” the man pointed a finger to him, “But don’t worry, I won’t tell the fans. The hotel is sworn to secrecy.” Thank god. Jungkook was glad that it wouldn’t get out. He and Yoongi having a dinner at a very fancy restaurant on Valentine’s Day perhaps wouldn’t sit well with some fans.

“Thank you,” Jungkook nodded to him.

“Ah, well you and your friend have a great time.” And with that, the waiter finally bowed and walked away. Jungkook hoped never to see him again.

It hurt, it really did. Yoongi, his hyung, his friend, his bandmate, but never his boyfriend. Would there ever be a time where Jungkook could call him that? Not just to himself or the other members, but to his parents, his family, the whole world?

He wished people were more accepting, but Jungkook couldn’t change the world. It never failed to make Jungkook sad, no matter what. Would his whole life just be him and Yoongi together, but never really? Always hiding in secrecy, never to have children, or a house together, or even a dog without raising suspicion? Never to get married? Was that his future?

Jungkook felt something drip onto his cheek and he was quick to wipe it away. He focused on his reflection in the window and blinked quickly to get rid of the tears in his eyes before Yoongi came back. Clasping his hands tightly, Jungkook exhaled and tried to forget what the man had said.

“Even the soap has gold in it,” Yoongi exclaimed as he sat back down at the table and picked up the bread. Jungkook snapped his head around, trying to act natural, knowing that Yoongi could usually read him like a book.

“This bread is amazing,” Yoongi moaned after swallowing a mouthful. “Are you gonna eat yours?”
he asked, raising an eyebrow at Jungkook, analyzing his movements. Jungkook nodded, smiling and picking up the bread before sinking his teeth into it.

Yoongi was right, it was amazing. It had to be the best bread Jungkook had ever tasted. Well, it better be, considering the price of it.

After that, Jungkook tried to engage in Yoongi's conversation about visiting France, and for the most part, he forgot about what the waiter has said. Traveling around the self-proclaimed most romantic place in the world with Yoongi was enough to make Jungkook happy again. Well, until the waiter came back.

“Ah, thinking about visiting France, are we?” he interrupted. Geez, this waiter was really getting on Jungkook's nerves, but he couldn’t complain, otherwise the people would know about him and Yoongi.

Yoongi, oblivious to what the waiter had said previously, answered, “Yes, we think it’s beautiful there.”

The man placed the food down on the table, shooting Yoongi an incredulous look. “Oh, no, no, no,” he said, shaking his head. Jungkook shrunk back, already having a hint about what the man was about to say. He decided to look at his plate of lamb, instead.

“Paris is better with a lover, not a friend.” The waiter's words pierced through Jungkook's heart and he couldn’t help but tear his eyes away from Yoongi, who had been looking on in curiosity.

A familiar look of anger and sadness fluttered in Yoongi's gaze, and his smile faltered for a second before he quickly regained it. “Actually, I think I’d very much like taking Jungkook with me, thank you very much,” Yoongi defended, shooting a burning glare towards the waiter that definitely could not be missed or mistaken. The waiter's smile faltered as he bowed and almost ran away.

“Geez, why are some people so narrow-minded?!” Yoongi groaned in annoyance. He grabbed Jungkook’s hand from under the table and locked their fingers together. “You okay?” Yoongi said, concerned.

Jungkook gave a nod and a smile as he replied, “Yeah, hyung, don’t mind him. Let’s just eat, I’m starving.” It wasn’t all a lie. He was starving. He also wanted to be eating so he had an excuse not to talk.

Yoongi nodded, gaze moving toward his food as he unlocked their fingers to pick up his fork. Jungkook did the same, stabbing his fork into a piece of meat. It was delicious, but Jungkook couldn’t really feel happy about it. It was just horrible how they had to keep hiding.

There would be one day that they would tell the fans and public. They would finally be out to the whole world, but what if no one liked that? What if they lost all of their supporters? What if his parents disowned him?

Jungkook was quickly falling into a pit of misery, but he knew he couldn’t cry there or appear like he had much emotion at all. Instead, he fell into Little Space. It happened so fast, he barely knew what hit him until he looked at Yoongi.

“Ew, Jungkook, these snails are gross. Nothing could make them taste better,” his hyung said, scrunching his nose up with disgust and chewing on what Jungkook assumed was a snail, another half still on Yoongi's plate.

Jungkook knew that he had to tell Yoongi. It was one of his few rules that, no matter what, he would
always tell his hyungs when he was in Little Space.

“Peaches,” he whispered out. Luckily he had picked a word that wasn’t too out of the ordinary to inform his hyungs that he had slipped into Little Space.

“Peaches? No, not even they would take the taste away,” Yoongi chuckled, swallowing down the piece of snail before taking a swig of wine to wash it all down.

“No,” Jungkook said, louder this time, “Peaches.”

Jungkook watched as Yoongi’s expression slowly turned from blank to one of realization. “Oh. Oh, okay,” he said rather calmly, lost in his thoughts for a few second before continuing. “Let’s go home.”

Jungkook’s eyes widened in shock. No, they couldn’t go home. He would ruin the entire anniversary.

“But-“ he tried to protest, but Yoongi shook his head.

“No buts, do you want to stay here?” Jungkook shook his head. No, he didn’t. It was too posh, the waiters weren’t nice, and the snails looked all gooey and disgusting.

“Then neither do I. Come on, baby, let’s go home.” Yoongi stood up and walked around to hold out a hand towards Jungkook. Jungkook slowly took it, and hid his head in shame as Yoongi led him from the table and to the counter to pay. Even then Jungkook didn’t look up from his feet. He felt like a scolded child who had just acted out, and now his parents were very disappointed in him. In some sense, he was exactly that.

He didn’t speak at all on the way back to the car, just let himself be led by Yoongi, trying to convince himself that his boyfriend wasn’t actually angry at him. He tried, at least, but the fact that Yoongi wasn’t talking to him, either, enforced Jungkook’s insecurities.

He could feel his eyesight start to get wavy and his lip begin the wobble, but he choked down his tears. He didn’t want to disappoint Yoongi even more. He was so stupid. It was Valentine's, he was supposed to make Yoongi happy, and all he did was slip into-

“Hey, baby, what’s wrong?” Yoongi asked once they were both sat in the car, now at a set of traffic lights. Yoongi peered over to Jungkook to see his head hung and his shoulders curled inward.

Jungkook froze at hearing Yoongi’s voice before looking up at him with watery eyes and saying, “I sorry.” He hiccupped, trying to stop the incoming sobs.

“Oh, baby,” Yoongi said, taking one hand off the steering wheel and picking up Jungkook's hand to hold it. “There’s no need to be sorry, I promise.”

Jungkook didn’t believe him and he shook his head firmly as he said through pouty lips, “Gukkie ruined Valentine's Day.” Yoongi looked at him with sad eyes, wanting to gather the Little in his arms and hug him tightly, but he couldn’t because he was currently driving.

“No, you didn’t, baby boy. If anything, you made it better,” Yoongi said truthfully, feeling a lot better now that they were making their way home instead of in that posh place.

Jungkook stopped for a moment before his eyes turned wide, full of shock. “I did?” he said in an almost-whisper.
Yoongi hummed, nodding, before saying, “I would much rather be home, snuggling and watching cartoons. Wouldn’t you?” Jungkook bit his lip, knowing the answer was obviously yes for him, but it still didn’t help because he just felt guilty from ruining Valentine’s Day for them both.

“Well, baby?” Yoongi asked as he raised an eyebrow at him, expecting an answer. Jungkook just gave a small nod and then focused on the road.

“When we get home, we can do whatever you want,” Yoongi suggested, which obviously tempted Jungkook as ideas raced through his mind, but he still didn’t answer. Yoongi, noticing the Little’s inner struggle, sighed and clicked his tongue.

“Baby, I pinky promise you I am not angry, okay?” Jungkook peered over to Yoongi, who was holding out his pinky towards the Little. Jungkook examined it for a second before bringing his own to interlock with Yoongi’s. Suddenly, a weight lifted from Jungkook’s shoulders as Yoongi definitely wasn’t mad at him, because he had pinky promised, and those were sacred. He could finally let out a sigh of relief.

Yoongi smiled at seeing his dongsaeng relax and so he asked again, “So, what does my baby wanna do when we get home?”

Jungkook, feeling brighter this time, furrowed his eyebrows, trying to decide on what he wanted to do. Yoongi waited before Jungkook said, “Can we play hide and seek, Daddy?” Yoongi nodded, pleased, causing Jungkook to squeal and giggle with excitement.

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“Ready or not, here I come!” Jungkook muffled his giggles against his pajama sleeve as he heard Yoongi’s voice from the other room. He was currently hidden in the wardrobe, pushing all of his clothes to one side as he curled up in the bottom of it. Surely Yoongi would have no chance of finding him there.

The Little's breath hitched when he heard a very familiar set of footsteps walk into the room.

“Hmm... I wonder where he could be?” Just at the sound of Yoongi’s voice, he couldn’t help but giggle slightly in excitement. Jungkook moved so his eyes could see a stream of light from between the wardrobe doors and he could get a glimpse of Yoongi walking around his room, looking for him.

Yoongi began stalking closer to his bed before he said, “I know where you are, baby,” making Jungkook burst into a fit of giggles and Yoongi’s smile grow. He ripped the sheet off the bed, but revealed anything. Upon seeing this, Jungkook giggled harder.

“Baby?” Yoongi called with a disappointed face as he looked down at the empty bed. “Hmm, where could he be?” The elder than placed both hands on his hips as he sighed in defeat. “Welp, he’s obviously not in this room.”

Jungkook's eyes widened as he followed Yoongi, who began to make his way out of the room. He couldn’t go! Then Jungkook would have to wait forever! When Yoongi’s back was turned, Jungkook made the decision to burst out of the wardrobe and run up to Yoongi.

“Boo!” the Little exclaimed, wrapping his arms around Yoongi tightly. The elder gasped in shock and cried out, “Where did you go?!”

Jungkook giggled before releasing Yoongi and pointing to the wardrobe, stating, “I hid in there, Daddy.”
Still wearing a shocked expression, Yoongi said, “But I couldn’t find you!” Jungkook giggled at this and nodded his head. “You must be the best hide-and-seeker in the whole wide world.”

The maknae couldn’t help but shy away at the compliment with a small blush on his cheeks, even though he was beaming ear to ear at the praise. “Thank you.”

Smiling widely, Yoongi wrapped one arm around Jungkook’s waist and said, “Come on, baby, let’s get some dinner. I bet you’re starving, aren’t you?” Jungkook nodded ravenously, feeling his stomach suddenly feel ever so empty. He couldn’t wait to eat.

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That was how they ended up with stomachs full of fish fingers and smiley face potatoes, much better from any of the fancy slop served at the restaurant, eating the chocolates Yoongi had bought Jungkook and occasionally sipping on banana milk.

Both of them were in Jungkook’s bed, watching The Lion King. They were snuggled up together, Jungkook practically lying on Yoongi. In one arm, Jungkook had a small white bear holding a red heart that said, ‘I love you,’ and ever since he had received it that morning, he had been practically attached it. The plushie was now called Snowball because of its white coat.

Sometime after they had settled, Jungkook kept on glancing at Yoongi, before saying, “Daddy?”

Yoongi turned to him with a sweet smile and said softly, “Yes, baby?”

“Happy Valentine's Day!” The Little smiled widely before kissing Yoongi’s nose then blushing and giggling.

“Happy Valentine's Day, baby,” Yoongi repeated, even placing his own kiss on the tip of the Little’s nose. “I love you, baby boy.”

Jungkook giggled slightly before snuggling closer to Yoongi, if possible, resting his head on Yoongi’s chest. Yoongi’s arms fell around his shoulders, pulling him closer. “Love you too, Daddy.” They were both left with lovesick smiles plastered on their faces. It was the best Valentine's Day yet.

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Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading i hope you enjoyed it, please feel free to comment or leave requests.
Bye <3
Chapter Summary

Request by xOppar:
Jungkook gets scared of the microwave.

Chapter Notes

So this one is a little short, but i still hope you enjoy it <3
Also, happy belated birthday to the one and only sunshine, Hobi !!!

Jungkook was not afraid of many things, not horror films, not ghosts, not spiders. One thing Jungkook was very afraid of, however, was the microwave.

Yes, it was quite an odd fear, and yes, he knew it wasn’t quite normal, but he couldn’t shake the fear. Even just seeing the microwave in the kitchen made chills run down his spine. He had used it countless times, but he always tried to avoid it at all costs.

It wasn’t the actual microwave that scared him, though, it was the thought of it unexpectedly exploding. It had never happened to him before, and God, was he glad that it hadn’t. He didn’t know if he could ever touch a microwave again if it did explode on him.

One fateful night, Jungkook and the other members were all relaxing after a hard week at work and had decided to watch a movie to help bring them together and unwind. Jungkook was just about to settle down next to Yoongi and watch whatever they would end up deciding on when Taehyung asked the question that was on everyone’s lips.

“What are we gonna eat?” he said as he stroked the cute ball of black and light brown fur, also known as Yeontan, that was curled up on his lap.

As if on cue, Jungkook's stomach rumbled at the thought of ever-needed food. He had barely eaten anything all day, just a granola bar and some chewing gum, and he was sure his hyungs had all fared the same way.

Everyone, as if on instinct, fluttered their eyes in the direction of Jin, who was currently fiddling with the remote control to find the movie.

“No,” Jin said, firmly shaking his head, “I can’t be bothered with cooking.” All of the other members sighed with a defeated look in their eyes, nodding. It was too much to ask Jin for food because it wasn’t really his duty, just his hobby.

“Instant ramen?” Hobi inquired, checking around the room to see all of their satisfied faces. It seemed everyone was okay with instant ramen. Anything sounded good to their hungry stomachs.
“But who's gonna cook it?” Namjoon asked, raising an eyebrow and looking analytically to the members, each one avoiding eye contact, not wanting to get up and have to cook.

“Well, I’m not cooking, not even instant ramen. I have cooked way too many meals for you,” Jin said, authority in his voice so everyone knew not to go against him. Amazingly, they didn’t. It was true what he had said. Jin would probably be cooking for them tomorrow, and the day after, and the day after that, and so on. He deserved a break.

“Yes, I can’t either,” Taehyung said, making all the members turn to him, confused, as he met them all with an oblivious gaze. “I can’t wake up Yeontanie,” he explained, smiling down at the cute pup in his lap. Even though everyone knew he could simply just pick up Yeontan and put him down, they all had a soft spot for the little bundle of fluff, and wouldn’t dare wake him.

So it was down to the remaining members to cook. They looked at each other warily until, simultaneously, they burst into a game of rock-paper-scissors. The simple game of rock-paper-scissors was the solution to many problems in the Bangtan household.

Hoseok and Namjoon had come out unscathed this time, and it was just Jimin, Yoongi, and Jungkook left. They all glared at each other before placing their hands out in front of them and watching to see who the loser was.

Jungkook groaned, sinking further into the couch in defeat, whilst the others cheered with victory. All Jungkook wanted to do was settle down and cuddle, but alas, he could not argue with the fate-deciding rock-paper-scissors, so he slowly moved up and towards the kitchen.

Jungkook was an alright cook, but he only ever cooked if he had to. Ramen was easy enough, though. All he had to do was follow the instructions on the ramen, and it was done. It was going completely fine until he put the first batch of noodles in the microwave, completely oblivious to the fork he had left inside to stir it, and turned it on.

He didn’t realize it at first, he was more concentrated in putting the water in the cups, until he heard it. It was a sort of pop and crackle, and it was getting louder and more frequent. He turned around, unaware, and then his eyes landed on the sparking microwave. Jungkook heart began to race uncontrollably, and instead of doing anything logical, like stop the microwave, he began to panic.

Jungkook wobbled on his feet when he saw the bright orange sparks inside the microwave and he leaned back on to the kitchen counter for balance, accidentally knocking one of the cups over and spilling hot water all over the counter and floor. There was a great bang and the microwave ended up in a small explosion.

Jungkook’s heart was pounding in his ears and his lips began to wobble. He couldn’t help but slip into Little Space at his sheer terror. He knew there was a reason he hated microwaves. They were like monsters, no, worse than monsters.

Tears began streaming down his face as loud sobs bubbled from his lips. He ran back to the living room, leaving the kitchen a mess.

Luckily for Jungkook, the kitchen was only a few steps away, and he didn’t even need to run that far because Yoongi had already met him halfway. Well, when they heard alarming bangs and crying, all the hyungs were up on their feet and rushing in the direction of the kitchen, no matter how tired they were.

“D-Daddy,” Jungkook wailed through his sobs. He flung his arms around his caregiver, and Yoongi immediately scooped him up, allowing Jungkook to wrap his legs securely around him.
“What’s wrong?” Hoseok whisper-scream, trying not to scare the Little even more, although deep down, he was panicking. He scanned Jungkook for any injuries, but found none.

Yoongi, meanwhile, took Jungkook over to the couch so they were more comfortable. Jungkook tucked his face away into Yoongi’s shoulder, sobbing loudly into it and soaking Yoongi’s shirt with tears.

“Don’t cry, sweetie,” Jin said soothingly as he came to sit by the Little, a hand reaching up to stroke the Little’s hair softly. Jungkook gasped in response, only to fall back into more sobs.

“Yeah, don’t cry, Gukkie, Yeontannie doesn’t like to see you upset,” Taehyung said, almost certain that it would stop the Little from crying. He was right. Jungkook’s breath hitched as he peeked up from Yoongi’s shoulder, small sobs leaving his lips and tears still streaming down his face. He saw Taehyung kneeling down with Yeontan in his arms, looking up at him with his cute puppy eyes.

“He doesn’t?” Jungkook asked quietly, taking his eyes away from the ball of fluffiness and toward Taehyung instead.

“Nope,” Taehyung said, shaking his head firmly before leaning forward towards Jungkook and placing Yeontan in his lap.

Jungkook’s eyes glistened with joy as he brought his arms down from locking around Yoongi and weaved them into the dog’s fur, stroking it until he calmed slightly. Yeontan must have noticed the maknae’s sadness, as he wriggled up to Jungkook’s hand and licked it. That, or he was licking the ramen flavoring from Jungkook’s fingers. Either way, it made Jungkook’s cries turn into giggles, feeling some of his sadness disappear.

Seeing Jungkook’s mood change for the better, his hyungs sighed in relief, their panic slowly fading away.

“See, he’s happy to see you happy,” Jimin said, chuckling slightly at just hearing Jungkook’s little giggles. Jungkook gaped at Jimin with a wondrous smile and nodded.

“Now, baby, do you want to tell Daddy what made his baby so sad?” Yoongi asked, bouncing the Little slightly on his lap. Jungkook tore his eyes away from Jimin and looked up at Yoongi.

“Microwave,” Jungkook whimpered out, his lip beginning to tremble again in the fear of the beast inside of the kitchen. “Went boom,” he said, making big movements with his arms to show the drama of it all. If he wasn’t so upset, the hyungs would have probably cooed at his cuteness.

“Did the microwave explode?” Namjoon asked, thinking back to the number of times they had had to get a new microwave for that reason, caused by none other than himself, the destructor.

Jungkook squeaked in fear and nodded, not wanting to relive the moment.

Namjoon then moved to get up to see the damage, but before he could, a hand grabbed his arm harshly. He snapped his head around to see Jungkook shaking his head with watery eyes. “Don’t go, Appa,” he almost sobbed, “It’s m-mon-monster, don’t wan’ Appa get hurt.”

Namjoon’s eyes softened at the sad Little as he crouched down to be at the same level as Jungkook. “Don’t worry, baby, everything will be fine.” Jungkook shook his head, not believing his words, only thinking about the evil microwave in the kitchen.

It was then that Jungkook felt Jin shift to the side of him, “How about I go with Joonie to protect him, would that be okay?” Jin asked him sweetly. Jungkook hesitated as he thought before he
nodded his head and muttered a small, “It be little better.”

Jin and Namjoon both smiled at him, and then Jin placed a kiss on the Little’s head before going with Namjoon to clean up the damage left behind.

“Now, do you wanna go get into your Little pajamas and get your stuffies, sweetie?” Hoseok suggested, as Yeontan jumped down and curled up in Taehyung’s lap. Jungkook nodded before sliding off Yoongi’s lap and making his way to his bedroom.

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Soon they were all settled down. Jungkook wore a white bear onesie and was curled up with his legs in Yoongi’s lap, his arms filled with stuffies. He was sucking on his pacifier contently, Yeontan was sleeping on lap, until the smell of food wafted his way and his stomach rumbled.

Jimin chuckled from the side of him and raised an eyebrow, “Hungry, baby?” Jungkook nodded shyly, noticing how hungry he actually was.

And as if they had heard the conversation, Jin came in and said, “Do you want ramen or chicken nuggets, Gukkie?”

Jungkook didn’t even need to think. When he was Little his diet basically consisted of chicken nuggets, and he was completely fine with that. “Chicken nuggets, please, Eomma,” he said happily, beaming up at Jin, who nodded happily and returned to the kitchen.

“Now, what film?” Hoseok asked with the remote in his hand, skimming through all of the children’s films, seeing if any caught Jungkook’s attention. They had originally planned to watch Baby Driver, but that was before Jungkook was Little and as it was rated R and Little Gukkie was nowhere near old enough for that, so they had decided to choose again.

Jungkook turned to the screen and scanned all the movies, most of them he had already watched and wasn’t really in the mood for, until he landed on the one he wanted.

“Oh, oh, please can we watch Paddington Bear, Dada,” he said, excitedly pointing to the screen and nearly waking up Yeontan.

“Of course we can, sweetheart,” Hoseok replied, clicking on the movie and allowing it to play. They all settled further into the couch, Jungkook hugging his stuffies closer as he began to watch the opening.

It wasn’t until eight o’clock that everyone had come to sit down, slurping down ramen, with Jungkook chomping on chicken nuggets and ketchup. Jungkook wasn’t paying attention to much other than the movie until he picked up a hushed conversation between Jin and Namjoon.

“We’ll have to get another microwave tomorrow when we’re out,” Jin said to Namjoon, and Namjoon was about to reply when a small voice cut him off.

“No microwave, Eomma,” Jin and Namjoon both gasped, surprised that the Little was paying attention to them. Just as Jin was about to protest as to why they needed a microwave, Jungkook said sadly, “Gukkie don’t wan’ hyungies get hurt by monster.” He looked to them with his big doe eyes, now glassy with tears, and they really couldn’t argue.

“Okay, baby, no microwave,” Jin agreed, sighing, but he still smiled when he saw a smile grow on Jungkook’s face.
“Thank you, Eomma,” Jungkook said, giggling to himself before snuggling further into the softness of his stuffies and going back to watching the film.

Meanwhile, his hyungs thought of all the things they heated up with a microwave, and how they must have used it at least on a daily basis. But if it meant that Little Gukkie would feel better, they were more than happy to go without one.

Jungkook never really got over his immense fear of microwaves, even when he was Big, and he wouldn’t allow the members to get one. And that is the story of why the Bangtan house has no microwave.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading, be sure to leave any requests or comments below, once again thank you for reading, Love you guy <3
A Little's Idol

Chapter Summary

Request by VicchanMyBae:
Gukkie slips into little space at an award show or something and G-dragon finds and takes care of him.

Chapter Notes

I'm sooooo sorry, about how late this is, i have so many exams these past weeks and didn't have enough time to write a full chapter, but don't worry, i'm back on track, may even update tomorrow if i can, thank you for showing so much love and support to this, you guys are truly great. Anyway, hope you enjoy....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Award shows were always fun for Jungkook. All he had to do was sit with his hyungs, watch some amazing acts, sing and dance along, and hopefully win an award. The only reason they weren’t always fun was because there were so many people, and the buildings were always huge, which meant there was a very high risk of getting lost.

Jungkook and the other members had just finished an amazing stage, like always, and he had come off sweaty, out of breath, and filled with adrenaline. The fan’s screams in his ears really seemed to distract him, and perhaps that was the reason that Jungkook walked a bit slower than his hyungs to get off the stage and into their dressing room. It may also have been down to the fact that he heard a voice clearly call his name. Jungkook immediately stopped and turned around. He smiled widely, when he caught sight of Yugyeom, who was grinning at him brightly.

“Yugyeom,” he called back, walking quickly to get to him before they threw their arms around each other. “I haven’t seen you in forever,” Jungkook said, glad to be close to his friend again.

Yugyeom giggled before saying in a very cute voice, too high to be Big Yugyeom’s, “Gukkie! I missed you.” Jungkook felt a warmth spread through him Yugyeom’s cuteness.

“I missed you too, Yugy,” Jungkook laughed, pulling back from the hug and smiling widely. He was trying not to fall instantly into Little Space at just seeing Little Yugyeom. All his mind was focused on now was playing with his friend.

“Gukkie should come to play with Yug again,” Yugyeom said, looking at Jungkook with great big, wondrous eyes.

“Gukkie would love to,” Jungkook said, beaming at the Little, not even realizing he had regressed so quickly.

“Hey, Yugy, come on, baby we have to-” Jinyoung walked up to the Littles, wrapping an arm around Yugyeom's waist before noticing Jungkook was there as well, and by the wide and magical
look in his eyes, that he was probably in Little Space.

“Hello, Gukkie,” he said to Jungkook, waving happily. Jungkook gave a small, shy wave in return, accompanied by a smile.

“Hello, Uncle Jinyoung,” he whispered, so quiet that Jinyoung could barely hear it. Jinyoung gave a great big warm smile to Jungkook as he leaned in to ruffle Jungkook's hair, who giggled in response, a faint blush staining his cheeks.

It was then that Jinyoung remembered that they had to go prepare for their performance, but he also realized that he couldn’t just leave Jungkook alone.

“Hey, sweetie, where are your hyungs?” he asked Jungkook sweetly, to which Jungkook bit his lip and looked around with squinted eyes, analyzing the crowd of people in the corridor, until he caught a glimpse of different colored hair and realized they were his hyungs.

“Hyungies over there,” Jungkook pointed happily, wanting to skip over immediately but knowing he was in company, so he turned back and smiled.

“Do you want me to lead you over?” Jinyoung asked, not wanting the Little to get lost in such a big crowd of people. Jungkook thought for a second before coming to the conclusion that he was big enough to walk a few steps. He also knew that Jinyoung and Yugy were very, very busy and had to perform really, really soon, so he shook his head.

Jinyoung raised a eyebrow, skeptical. He really wouldn’t want the Little to get lost. “Are you sure? I don’t mind.”

Jungkook, this time even more determined to let Jinyoung and Yugy go do what they needed to do, shook his head firmly again as he said, “No, thank you, Uncle Jinyoung. Gukkie a big boy.” He puffed up his chest to make himself appear bigger.

Jinyoung chuckled before ruffling the Little’s hair affectionately. “Okay, we better be going Yugy.” Yugyeom looked up at Jinyoung and nodded before pulling Jungkook into a very tight hug as he said, “Bye, Gukkie, see you soon.”

Jungkook giggled as he nodded, bringing his own arms up to squeeze Yugyeom close to him. “Bye-bye, Yugy.” When they released each other, Jungkook was drawn into another hug, this time from Jinyoung, who held him a bit looser, but he still felt safe. “Bye, Gukkie.”

“Bye, Uncle Jinyoungie,” Jungkook said as he snuggled his face into Jinyoung’s shoulder. Suddenly, there was a voice from the speakers, which Jungkook could only make out saying GOT7. Yugyeom began pulling on Jinyoung’s sleeve, not wanting to be in trouble for being late. Jinyoung then released Jungkook reluctantly, looking at the Little and waving goodbye. Jungkook stood still as he waved with a great big smile, watching as the two faded into the crowd of people.

Jungkook, still wearing a happy smile, turned in the direction of his hyungs and saw a flash of Namjoon’s blond hair. He began walking up to who he thought was Namjoon, not realizing the fact that he was in a room full of idols, who had a lot of funky colors in their hair. Jungkook eventually caught up with the blond idol and went to go pull on his shoulder, before this ‘Namjoon’ turned around, looking nothing like him. Jungkook froze, people continuing to walk past him, watching as this fake Namjoon continued walking. Jungkook was left all alone, and a feeling of dread filled his stomach.

He could already feel tears gathering behind his eyes, but he would not let them fall, not yet.
Jungkook first began looking around, trying to ignore how his heart began to sound louder and beat faster. He wouldn’t let himself panic yet. That was, until all the people in the crowd began to merge into faceless people, and their conversations began to turn into a buzz.

It was then that the Little let a tear fall. Suddenly, he didn’t know where he was heading for, but he knew he needed to get out of there before things got worse, so he just ran. He ran through the crowd, his chest beginning to feel tight and his vision becoming blurry with tears.

As he ran, he suddenly bashed into something that totally knocked him down. He fell to his bum and ended up curling in on himself, balling his fists up to try and conceal the tears steadily dripping down his face. And then there was a voice right next to him and a hand on his shoulder. That broke him out of the trance and everything became clearer. “Hey, hey, are you okay?”

Jungkook didn’t answer, just hiccupped as the tried to breathe in, attempting to calm himself down, but he knew it wouldn’t work, not without his hyungs there. “My name’s Jiyong, I’m gonna bring you to my dressing room to calm down, if that’s okay?”

Jungkook only stayed silent. He knew that his hyungs always reminded him never to go off with strangers, even if they had candy, but being in a dressing room rather than the big crowded halls seemed a lot better. He slowly got to his feet with help of Jiyong, but he didn’t look up once to see what he looked like.

He stared at the ground, watching as they went from wood to carpet and heard the sound of the door closed behind him. “Come on, let’s sit down and let you calm down,” the soft voice called to him again, grabbing his hand to lead the Little down to the couch.

Jungkook nodded, his sobs already calming down slightly at knowing there weren’t as many people.

“You’re Jungkook-hoobae from BTS, right?” the voice said to him, and Jungkook snapped his head up at hearing his name, almost in shock. But he was even more shocked when he saw who was in front of him. Even through his teary vision, he could clearly see it was his childhood hero, G-dragon. He stared for a second in awe before he remembered all the things his hyungs told him about manners and he gasped.

Instantly, Jungkook threw himself into a 90-degree bow even though he was sitting, as he said, “Gukkie sorry, G-dragon-sunbaenim.” His voice almost sounded robotic due the number of times he had gone over formalities in his head.

“Whatever for, Jungkook?” Jiyong asked him with a confused expression.

“Gukkie is a big crybaby,” Jungkook hiccupped out, bringing up the edge of his sleeve to rub away the tears that insisted on falling.

“No, he is not, everyone cries, even I do,” Jiyong confessed to him as he brought an arm around the Little and gave a him a reassuring half-hug.

“Really?” Jungkook said, finding it fascinating that his hero actually cried like he did. He always thought adults didn’t cry. Then again, Jimin did cry at The Notebook everytime he watched it, and he was an adult.

“Yep, and there is nothing wrong with it.” Jiyong reassured, seeming a little distracted as if he was in his head at the moment. He couldn’t help but notice Jungkook’s mannerisms. He was definitely acting younger than usual because, although he had never really met Jungkook, from what he had heard and seen Jungkook didn’t act like this usually.
He couldn’t help but wonder- was he a Little? Now, Jiyong wasn’t living under a rock, and he knew about other people's ‘hobbies’ to destress. Little Space was something he just thought was cute, but he didn’t want to assume anything just yet.

“Now, Kookie, can you tell me why you were crying?” he asked, relieved that the boy in his arms had stopped crying now.

Jungkook bit his lip sadly before nodding, “Gukkie lost his hyungies, he didn’t mean to, he swears it.” Jungkook had to take a deep breath or he would have started to cry once again.

“I’m sure he didn’t, but we better get you back to them,” Jiyong said, thinking of the best way to get a hold of the rest of the BTS members. He could go to their dressing rooms, but if Jungkook was missing, he doubted that they would be in there and not looking for him.

“Do you have a phone, Kookie?” Jiyong asked sweetly, watching with a smile as Jungkook shook his head shyly, a faint blush on his cheeks at the nickname.

Jungkook tried to stop his bottom lip from wobbling, once again. He now thought back to his phone in the hands of the staff who insisted he couldn’t go on stage with it. He knew it was only so it didn’t get smashed, but now he could have used it to call his hyungs. He might be lost forever. Then he remembered something.

Jungkook began rooting through his pockets, ignoring the confused look Jiyong gave him. He rooted around until he felt a piece of paper touch his finger and he grabbed it happily.

“Eomma wrote his number on a piece of paper, just in case,” Jungkook exclaimed, letting the nickname slip from his lips, but in his relief and excitement, he didn’t even realize. He passed the note to Jiyong and smiled when Jiyong produced a relieved smile.

“Smart boy,” Jiyong said, ruffling Jungkook's hair, who beamed up at him. Jiyong then got his phone from his pocket and began to type in the phone number, placing the phone on loudspeaker so Jin’s panicked voice filled the room.

“Hello? Who is this?” Jiyong was just about to answer, but Jungkook squealed out of delight as he exclaimed, “Eomma, found you!”

There was moment a silence before Jin gasped out in relief and said, “Oh my god, baby, where are you?” Jin's voice sounded like he could break down into tears at any moment.

“Er,” Jungkook said, biting his lip and looking around the room. He looked to Jiyong for guidance, who mouthed at him where they were. Jungkook nodded gratefully before saying, “In Jiyongie-hyung’s dressing room.”

“Jiyong? As in G-dragon-sunbaenim?” Jin inquired, his voice now sounding quite stressed for a reason Jiyong suspected he knew.

“Yeah, it’s me. Don’t worry, Jin, he’s fine,” Jiyong reassured, looking to Jungkook, who was smiling brightly, almost looking like he was in a daze.

“Thank you, we're coming now,” Jin said before cutting off the phone in a rush, and the room was left in silence. Well, until Jiyong turned to Jungkook and said, “Did you hear that? Your members are coming for you.”

Jungkook nodded excitedly, beginning to bounce on the couch. Then, unexpectedly, Jungkook wrapped his arms tightly around Jiyong, who was slightly taken aback. “Thank you hyungie!”
Jungkook said happily, and then Jiyong then wrapped his own arms around the Little.

Jiyong smiled before saying, “Just make sure to stay right beside your hyungs next time.”

“Will do,” Jungkook said, firmly nodding before pulling back from the hug and then opening his mouth as if to say something, but his words were interrupted by an urgent knock on the door, and Jiyong wondered why the group was being so polite.

Jungkook jumped up almost immediately and ran to open up the door. As soon as he did, he was being engulfed by so many arms, it was hard to tell who was who.

Even though he was overwhelmed by several voices all at the same time, he heard Yoongi’s first, as he was closest to him. “Oh my god, baby, don’t do that again,” Yoongi said, wrapping his arms fully around the Little and bringing him as close as he could.

Suddenly, all the doubt and guilt came back to Jungkook as he remembered why and how he got there. He hoped his hyungs didn’t hate him. He hoped he didn’t get in trouble. After all, it wasn’t entirely all his fault.

“Is Gukkie in trouble?” Jungkook enquired in a small and nervous voice, peering up through glassy eyes at his hyungs, who were all looking at him with relief in their eyes. They all shook their heads hastily, all just staring at him, making sure he wouldn’t get away once again.

“No, never, we’re just glad to get you back,” Jimin said as all the members followed by muttering in agreement.

Jungkook smiled in relief, hugging his members closer and snuggling into Yoongi’s shoulder. “So is Gukkie,” Jungkook said before bringing up his own hands to hug them all.

Then Jungkook realized that someone was watching them, and he looked over to see Jiyong looking happy, but also rather awkward, sitting on the couch. He was just giving them all a small smile and instantly Jungkook felt a little bad for him. He pulled back slowly from his members and skipped over to Jiyong, who instantly rose up next to Jungkook.

“Hyungies, this is Gukkie’s new best friend,” Jungkook said proudly with a great big beaming smile on his face. He was oblivious to how the members were looking at them but Jiyong was not. He recognized their expressions as those of relief, fear, and uncertainty. Jiyong attempted to calm them with a smile.

All of BTS except Jungkook threw themselves into 90-degree bows almost mechanically, respectfully greeting him.

“Thank you a lot, “ Namjoon was the first one to thank him, but the members were quick to all give him a very sincere thanking.

Jiyong just smiled at them and nodded his head in acknowledgment before saying, “None needed, I had fun looking after such a cute Little.” He could only hope all of his assumptions were right, otherwise they wouldn’t know what he was talking about. However, by the looks of amazement and shock he was met with, he assumed he was right about Jungkook being a Little. He was suddenly thankful for falling down an internet hole and discovering what age play was.

“How?” Hoseok asked, confused as all the other members were, but Jungkook was quick to cut him off, not seeing any problem with anything and just wondering why his caregivers were acting really weird.
Jungkook skipped up to Jiyong and grabbed his hand before tilting his head, already winning Jiyong over with all his cuteness. “Ji-Ji-hyung, do you like dinosaurs?”

Jiyong was at first is caught quite off guard by the randomness of the question but chuckled to himself and nodded, watching happily as Jungkook eyes lit up.

“Really? So does Gukkie! My favoritest is Brachiosaurus,” Jungkook said, placing himself down on Jiyong's lap and finding a comfy spot.

“And why’s that?” Jiyong asked him, trying to ignore the wary eyes watching him as the members moved into the dressing room and looked awkwardly at them.

“Brachiosaurus has really long neck,” Jungkook said, stretching out his arms and almost hitting Jiyong in the process, exclaiming, “It was this long!”

“Wow, so long, that’s really cool,” Jiyong said animatedly, smiling brightly at the Little.

“I’m sorry,” Namjoon said, seeing that Jungkook was being a bit full-on for someone he just met, and he knew that some people didn’t like that. However, Jiyong didn’t see anything wrong with it. “Ever since he saw Jurassic Park, he’s been in love with dinosaurs.”

“Oh, it's fine,” Jiyong replied sincerely, giving Namjoon a smile before saying, “You can sit down if you like.” He watched as the members moved somewhat awkwardly to sit down. They looked too scared to do anything.

“Remind me to get you a is Brachiosaurus teddy for when I next see you,” Jiyong said, returning back to Jungkook.

The Little gasped in amazement and shock as he looked at Jiyong with great big wide eyes. “Really?”

“Of course,” Jiyong responded, happy to see the Little looking so excited.

“Wow, Ji-Ji-hyung is the bestest hyung,” Jungkook exclaimed, to which Jiyong chuckled.

“Do you want a muffin, Kookie?” Jiyong said, remembering the basket of muffins he had been given by the staff at the start of the day. It was filled with so many that he couldn’t see the bottom of it.

Jungkook looked over and then gave a glance to his hyungs to see if it was okay. Yoongi nodded as if to say, ‘if he wants one, he can have one,’ so of course, Jungkook nodded happily. “Yes, please.”

“Chocolate chip or blueberry,” Jiyong asked. He was finding it hard to reach the basket with Jungkook firmly on his lap. Jungkook noticed the struggle and moved off of Jiyong but still sat very close.

“Blueberry, please,” Jungkook said with a great big smile that widened when he received the blueberry muffin and chomped down into it.

“What do you say, baby?” Yoongi asked, seeming to have overcome the shock and feeling more comfortable in the situation.

“Thank you,” Jungkook said through a mouthful of muffin, to which Jiyong laughed and ruffled the Little’s hair.

“Want one?” Jiyoung said, offering the basket to any of the BTS members. Everyone but Taehyung
declined politely. Taehyung just couldn't turn down the chocolate chip muffin.

“So, about Guk being Little, can you please not tell anyone?” Jin asked Jiyong kindly, as all the other members listened intently. If his answer was no, it could ruin their career.

“Yes, I promise,” Jiyong said firmly, to which all the members sighed in relief.

“Thank you,” Yoongi said, gratefully.

“For everything,” Jimin added, none of the members able to put into words just how grateful they were. If the wrong person had found Jungkook in Little Space, then god knows what would have happened.

Jiyong was just about to reply when he felt his phone vibrate and he realized the time. He jumped up in an instant, remembering that he was only supposed to be gone for 5 minutes because he had a performance coming up.

“I’m really sorry, but I’ve got to go perform,” Jiyong said in a rush, but slightly hesitant because he didn’t want to be rude to them all.

Jungkook followed him up and was already looking up at him with sad eyes as he said through pouted lips, “Does Ji-Ji-hyung really need to go?”

That look almost made Jiyong sit back down because it was so darn hard to see the Little sad, but he saw a flash of his angry manager’s face in his mind and really didn’t want to see that in person. “I’m sorry, Kookie, but I have to go.”

“Okay,” Jungkook said, looking down sadly at his feet.

“Don’t worry, though, Kookie, I’ll see you soon, alright?” Jiyong said, ruffling Jungkook’s hair affectionately in an attempt to get a smile back on the Little’s face. Thankfully, he was more than successful, and Jungkook giggled and nodded.

“I’d love to stay longer, but I’ve really got to go,” Jiyong said to them all, bowing his head, “Please stay as long as you need here,” Jiyong made his way to the door reluctantly and began to open it.

“Bye,” Jiyong said, waving to them all. Jungkook waved the biggest and smiled the brightest, watching him go as he stood.

Jungkook waited as Jiyong closed the door before he turned around with a great big squeal and a jump in the air. “Did you see that, hyungies!”

He jumped towards Yoongi and plopped himself down on his lap. “Did you see, Daddy?” Jungkook asked again, clinging on to Yoongi, “I met G-dragon!”

“I did, baby,” Yoongi said, wrapping his arms around the Little’s small waist.

“Isn’t he so cool,” Jungkook exclaimed, looking round to all his hyungs. “Ji-Ji-hyung is the coolest!” Jungkook looked off into the distance, almost with hearts in his eyes.

“You’re not trading us with Jiyong now, are you, Gukkie?” Jin said jokingly with a smile on his lips.

Jungkook didn’t realize he was joking and gasped, shaking his head, “Never ever, Gukkie love all his hyungies.”

“I know you do, baby, I was just teasing,” Jin said, chuckling to himself. Jungkook twitched his
nose, poking out his tongue and giggling to himself.

“Do you wanna get going home?” Namjoon asked, to which Jungkook immediately nodded his head, already thinking of all the fun things he could do like play hide and seek, or play building blocks or trucks, or he could color, or even watch movies. Jungkook jumped up from Yoongi’s lap, grabbing his hand and pulling Yoongi up with him.

“Make sure to stay close this time, baby,” Yoongi said, meeting pace with Jungkook so he knows the Little wouldn’t get away. The members were all keeping a careful watch on him to ensure that he wouldn’t escape, even for a few seconds. They all huddled close to one another, making a reminder to do so all the time, no matter what headspace Jungkook was in.

“Gukkie will, Daddy,” Jungkook said firmly, holding on to Yoongi’s hand even tighter when he saw a small crowd of people.

Jungkook was sure that, from then on, he wasn’t going to get lost ever again, even if it was the reason he got to meet his idol.

Chapter End Notes

I really enjoyed writing this one, and thank you all for reading. Please feel free to leave any comments or requests i will reply to every single one! <3<3
Short Stories of Little Jungkook

Chapter Summary

This isn't a story of any requests is just something i had to write to get me more focused. I based the stories on pictures or videos of Jungkook, and yes i know its not what really happened, but i enjoyed writing these stories. There are three and there only really short, but i hope you enjoy them!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

**Little Jungkook and the Pink Hoodie**

Based on this look where everyone thought Jungkook was Jin because of his pink hoodie.

“Jungkook, sweetie, we have to go,” Jin said, trying to persuade the Little, who was sat firmly on the bed, pouting around his pacifier as Jin went through Jungkook's drawers in search for a clean pair of socks. Jungkook is clung to Gloss as he rested his head on the bear's, looking at Jin sadly.

“But, Eomma, no want to,” he whined, thinking how it was all unfair. It was a Friday morning and all Jungkook wanted to do was stay at home and snuggle in bed with all his hyungs and not leave it all day. But he couldn’t do that because he had to go to the KBS music rehearsals for their performance. While he did love dancing and singing, he would have rather been at home.

“What wrong now?” Yoongi asked, chuckling as he saw Jungkook cutely pouting. Yoongi sat on the bed with Jungkook, wrapping his arms around the Little's waist and placing him between his legs.

“Don’t wanna go rehearsals, Daddy,” Jungkook said, still pouting as he leaned back into Yoongi, but his eyes never once left Jin, who had now moved on to the jeans Jungkook owned.

“Oh, I’m sorry, baby, but we have to go,” Yoongi said, feeling sorry that they were making the Little do something he didn’t want to. Ever since Jungkook had woke up Little, the members had been feeling a bit nervous about how Jungkook would react with their busy day of schedules.

“I know, Daddy,” Jungkook sighed dramatically, “Still don’t wanna go, though.” Yoongi chuckled, bringing Jungkook to lie back with him so he was a bit more comfortable.

“Jungkook, what top do you want to wear?” Jin said, taking his head out of Jungkook’s wardrobe for just a second. Jungkook hummed, thinking to himself of all the clothes he owned. But of course, all his Big clothes just made him feel like they were itchy and uncomfortable.

“Pink unicorn hoodie,” Jungkook said happily, thinking about the hot pink hoodie he owned that even came with its own rainbow mane, pink horse ears, cute eyes, and yellow horn.

Jin’s smile dropped slightly at the thought of having to tell the Little he couldn’t wear what he wanted. It was a terrible feeling but he knew that Jungkook couldn’t be seen in it in public or it
would raise too many questions. “That’s in the wash,” Jin lied, trying not to feel too guilty.

Jungkook’s happy expression turned into a frown as he let out the smallest, “Oh.” He furrowed his brows and thought once again, making a small humming noise. “My bunny hoodie?” Jungkook questioned, thinking about the pastel pink hoodie he owned with cute bunny ears that dropped down to his shoulders.

“Sorry, bun, that’s in the wash as well,” Jin said, thankful that it wasn’t actually a lie because Jungkook wore that hoodie almost every time he was Little. And then an idea came to Jin’s mind that might just please Jungkook and ensure he didn’t get any suspicion from anyone.

“I have an idea, how about I let you borrow my pink hoodie?” Jin said, and by the look on Jungkook’s face, he liked the suggestion.

“Really?” Jungkook asked in amazement. He’d always wanted to wear that hoodie and he asked Jin constantly about wearing it, but the elder always told him that he could never wear it because it was too expensive to wear when Jungkook was Little. There was too large of a change he would get paint, pen, or food all over it.

“Yes, that one. Stay here and I’ll get it,” Jin said as he left the room quickly, not wanting Jungkook to wait.

“You’re a lucky boy, aren’t you, baby?” Yoongi said, tapping his fingers against Jungkook’s stomach. He nodded happily, excited to be wearing Jin’s hoodie and remembering how soft and pretty it looked.

It wasn’t long before Jin came back, the hoodie in hand, and Jungkook jumped up from Yoongi’s hold and began quickly getting unchanged from his pajamas and allowing Jin to place the hoodie on. Jungkook giggled gleefully as he brought his arms through the arm holes and created sweater paws with the material. It felt so soft and warm and it made Jungkook feel so small because it was so big on him. He loved it so much. So much that he didn’t even realize Jin was holding out a pair of pants towards him until Yoongi tapped his arm.

Once he saw them Jungkook scrunched his nose in disgust. “Eomma, not jeans,” he whined, looking at the cold and uncomfortable pants, “They not comfy.”

“It won’t be for very long, baby,” Yoongi said, trying to convince Jungkook to wear them. Slowly and after some thought, Jungkook nodded, slowly getting up and putting on the pair of pants, wincing as the rough material clinged to his skin.

He then sat on the bed as Yoongi began brushing his hair softly. Jungkook sighed in total bliss, loving the feeling of someone playing with his hair. Jin lifted his foot as he placed socks on him and then his shoes, which of course Jin had to tie because it was too difficult for Little Jungkook.

Soon enough, Jungkook was looking very nice and very cute with Jin’s oversized sweater. There was just one little thing that would cause a big problem and they both knew it. His pacifier. But for now, they would leave it and hopefully one of Jungkook’s other hyungs would convince him.

“Come on, Guk, let’s go to the living room,” Yoongi said, tapping Jungkook and getting up himself. Jungkook nodded before picking up Gloss and following Yoongi and Jin to the living room as they waited for all his other hyungs to get ready.

Usually, it was Taehyung and Jimin who took the longest to get ready, no matter where they were going. Next came Jin, Namjoon, Jungkook, and Yoongi. But as a whole, they didn’t take long to get
ready because none of them needed any makeup or things like that, only to get ready, so sooner or later they were all ready to go.

At first, of course, all of them noticed how cute Jungkook looked in Jin's oversized pink hoodie and cooed at him. And then they all noticed the predicament they had gotten themselves in. They all noticed Jungkook's pacifier and how it was firmly glued between his lips.

“Hey, baby boy?” Yoongi asked, Jungkook bouncing on his lap. Jungkook turned around to meet Yoongi's eyes with a puzzled look.

“Yes, Daddy?” Jungkook returned.

“Can you be a really good boy today?” Yoongi said, trying to approach the situation the best he could, knowing how attached Jungkook was to his pacifier. But Yoongi knew that Jungkook would take up any possible chance to be praised.

“How, Daddy?” Jungkook said, clearly excited about the thought of being praised.

“You have to pretend to be a big boy, just for ten minutes whilst the fans take pictures, will that be okay?” Yoongi asked, looking at the Little wearily. Jungkook thought for a second and immediately nodded his head with a smile. Until he realized what that meant and his smile dropped.

“Gukkie has to take paci out doesn’t he?” Jungkook asked with big sad eyes and he stopped feeling so excited.

“I’m sorry, baby,” Yoongi said, nodding and giving Jungkook a sympathetic look. Jungkook then nodded and reluctantly took the pacifier out of his mouth and gave it to Yoongi. All the hyungs stared at him in amazement, wondering how the hell Yoongi managed to convince Jungkook without any sort of a tantrum.

“You’re such a good boy, Guk,” Yoongi said, taking the pacifier and placing it in his pocket before giving the Little a peck on the cheek.

“Thank you, Daddy,” Jungkook said, sniffling quietly, trying to stop tears from falling.

“Aww, princess, don’t cry. You’ll get it back before you know it,” Jimin said, rising as they moved to get to the car. Jungkook nodded, staring at his feet sadly. He knew why his hyungs were doing this but it didn’t make him feel any better at what they were doing.

The ride there was a little sad for Jungkook, and no matter how much his hyungs would try to cheer him up, he still pouted furiously. That was also when Namjoon suggested he wear a face mask and Jungkook complied, knowing otherwise he would have to hide his frown.

However, it turned out he didn’t need to hide it because as soon as the van door opened, Jungkook was met with screaming and very happy fans and the flashing of cameras. Of course, Jungkook was a little take a back at first, and he clung to Taehyung’s sleeve slightly until they stood together and he let go so the camera wouldn’t catch anything. They bowed together before standing and waving. Jungkook giggled when he heard the fans scream his name and try to get his attention, especially one fanboy, who was calling out for him so loudly, Jungkook thought his voice would disappear.

It was then that Jungkook actually started enjoying himself, smiling behind his black mask and posing for all the cameras. Of course, he couldn’t seem too giddy about it because that’s not something Big Jungkook would do, but Jungkook still enjoyed himself, nevertheless.

When they came into the building with no more cameras the hyungs sighed in relief, but it went
unnoticed by Jungkook, who turned around to them and said, “That was really fun, can I do that again?”

“Maybe, sweetie,” Hoseok said, smiling, to which Jungkook squealed, excited, skipping a little in his step and not once thinking about the pacifier that was in Yoongi's pocket.

THE END

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Little Jungkook and Crayons-

Based on this picture of Jungkook being surrounded by crayons at a restaurant.

“Yoonie,” Jungkook whined, the nickname feeling foreign on his tongue, before sipping his Coke, which had taken him a long time to convince his hyungs to buy, seeing as though Little Jungkook and sugar wasn’t the best combo.

“Yes, Gukkie?” Yoongi asked, looking up from his phone, very aware of the cameras filming them in the restaurant, but also very aware that Jungkook was in Little Space, and had been ever since they saw the fish in the fish tank they had here.

“I’m bored,” Jungkook whispered into Yoongi's ear, trying to be quiet because he knew there were members of staff at the other table and of course a cameraman sat opposite them.

Yoongi nodded silently before thinking of how to ask the cameraman to stop filming. However, Yoongi didn’t need to think very long because he decided to put it bluntly. “Hey, Kyungmin,” Yoongi called out to the cameraman, which also alerted the rest of the members.

The cameraman peeked out from behind the camera and smiled at him. “Yes, Yoongi-ssi?”

“Do you think you could just let us eat our meal without being filmed? It's been a long day,” Yoongi said, referring to every adventure they had been on through that day. Even though, of course, he loved Bon Voyage, it did take a lot out of them, especially when they were doing things like shopping or diving.

“Oh sure, I was gonna stop to eat anyway,” Kyungmin told him, his smile growing even wider. Yoongi bowed his head in appreciation, silently thanking that Kyungmin was such a nice man. Well, all their members of staff were nice but Yoongi thought of Kyungmin as almost a friend.

Almost as soon as Yoongi asked, Kyungmin took the camera away and went to sit with the rest of the staff, much to the members' relief.

“Daddy, still bored,” Jungkook whined slightly, huffing and kicking his legs impatiently.

“I know, baby,” Yoongi said, thinking of something he could do to entertain the Little before catching something in the corner of his eye. “Hey, Taehyung,” Yoongi called, knowing Taehyung had the easiest access to get out of the table and was nearest to them. “Do you think you could get some crayons and a coloring page for Jungkook?” Yoongi asked, pointing to the nearby shelf.

Yoongi ignored the wearily looks of his fellow members, knowing that if they did it discreetly, no
one would question it, and it was definitely better than Jungkook throwing a tantrum in public. Taehyung nodded before getting out of his seat and walking to retrieve what he needed.

“Gukkie love to color,” Jungkook gasped, clapping his hands excitedly, causing his hyungs’ anxiety to ease a little bit because they knew it would make Jungkook happy.

“We know, sweetie,” Jin said, thinking back to all the pictures they currently had pinned to their fridge and that he had neatly packed away into a file. Jungkook really liked drawing and coloring.

“And you’re so good at it, as well,” Jimin said, causing Jungkook to giggle and thank him, loving the praise, especially when it was about his coloring.

Taehyung was soon back with the page and five crayons, and he placed them down in front of Jungkook, who squealed at receiving them. “Thank you, Papa,” Jungkook said, beaming from ear to ear, already picking up the blue crayon and coloring in the sky of the picture he was drawing of a hula girl on a beach, with pretty flowers on her head and around her neck, and a palm tree next to her.

“Thank you, sweetie,” Taehyung said before sitting back down and watching the Little fondly. He chuckled to himself when he saw Jungkook’s tongue stuck out in concentration.

It wasn’t long before the food came and the waitress began to bring the dishes. Luckily, it was only burgers and fries, so it wouldn’t be as messy like a dish such as spaghetti Bolognese would be.

The waitress came around with a tray full of food and she took off a dish and began calling out the orders. She came around to Yoongi first, knocking Jungkook slightly. She apologized, but he was so entranced in coloring he barely realized. The waitress smiled at him before looking curiously down at what he was doing and began staring at what he was coloring. It suddenly struck Yoongi that this waitress may not have gotten why a 21-year-old was coloring a children’s coloring page.

“He-he was bored,” Yoongi said, in almost perfect English. The waitress looked surprised at him before a bigger smile grew on her face.

“Well, it's very nice,” she complimented, causing Jungkook to look up at her, trying to figure out her words. Luckily for Jungkook, she didn’t speak in very complex terms, and Little Jungkook could definitely understand most of her words, especially ‘nice.’

“Th-thank you,” Jungkook said, a little unsure of his English but happy all the same at getting praised. He didn’t even notice his hyungs tense at him talking to the waitress, scared that he would reveal himself.

“I like how you colored in the flowers purple,” she said, which Jungkook didn’t really understand, but he did understand her next sentence. “That’s my favorite color.”

Jungkook gasped and smiled widely at the nice waitress. “Purple is my two bestest color,” he said, trying to piece English together that he knows. He knew it would be pretty tricky for her to understand, but luckily she got most of it. “Red is my favoritest color.”

“Ah, red is a very cool color,” she nodded as she put Hoseok’s dish beside him. She then picked up a plate of food for Jungkook and cautioned, “Make sure your picture doesn’t get ruined.” Jungkook nodded, picking up the picture delicately and placing it in the middle of the table, where nothing would get on it.

“Thank you, nice noona,” Jungkook said, grinning ear to ear. “My name’s Jungkook.”
“Thank you,” she said, not really understanding what ‘noona’ meant, but she thought he was cute, so she didn’t really need to know what it meant. “Hi, Jungkook, my name’s Alani.”

“Pretty name,” Jungkook said, giggling to himself as Alani smiled and once again thanked him.

She waved, wishing them a nice meal, and then worked on serving other dishes to the staff members. Jungkook started eating, his eyes lighting up with how nice it tasted, his hyungs thinking the same.

He went to take another bite but stopped when he heard a small chuckle from Namjoon. “One bite and you’re already a messy, pup,” he joked, seeing how Jungkook already had tomato sauce all over his mouth and lips. Jungkook giggled before taking another huge mouthful of burger.

They didn’t really talk when they were eating, or at least Jungkook didn’t, because he was simply enjoying eating too much. But when he finished he could see Yoongi gasp at how messy not only his face but also his fingers, had gotten.

“How did you get so much tomato sauce everywhere, baby?” Yoongi laughed along with all the other hyungs, who noticed the tomato ketchup staining his fingers. Yoongi looked for napkins until he realized that napkins would still leave a stickiness behind.

As if she had read his mind, the waitress held out a packet of wipes to him. “Here, to get rid of all the ketchup,” she giggled at the state of Jungkook.

“Erm, thanks,” Yoongi said, accepting the wipes gratefully before pulling one out and cleaning up Jungkook’s fingers first and then his mouth with a clean wipe.

“He’s cute,” she said, getting their plates one by one and placing them on the tray. “He’s a Little, isn’t he?”

Namjoon gasped, much to the surprise of the other members. They did not know what she had just said, but they had a suspicion. “How?” Namjoon said, taken aback.

“My girlfriend’s a Little, she’s an angel,” Alani said, smiling at the thought. “Well, most of the time, anyway.”

Namjoon let out a smile, but he was still stunned by the fact that she knew. However, he was also quite certain she didn’t know who they were, so he thought it would be okay.

“Yeah, he’s a Little, hence the crayons,” Namjoon chuckled, and she laughed along with him.

“Jungkook?” she called out to him and Jungkook instantly turned to her with big inquisitive eyes. “Do you want me to put your picture up on our wall?” But Jungkook had no idea what she was saying, that was such a large sentence that even if did know some of the words, he definitely couldn’t piece them all together.

Jungkook looked to Namjoon with a confused expression, causing Namjoon to chuckle before he translated. “She asked if you want your work put on the wall.”

Jungkook gasped and nodded eagerly. Having his work put on a fridge was great, but having it put on a wall was amazing.

“Yes, please,” Jungkook said in English, taking his picture and presenting it proudly to Alani, who smiled brightly and took it over to the wall filled with pictures and pinned it right in the middle before coming back and taking the plates away.
“Wow, Guk, your work must be amazing to be put on the wall,” Hoseok said, smirking slightly because he knew how amazed Jungkook was.

“I know, Dada,” Jungkook replied with so much excitement. Sooner or later his excitement died down a little as he began to talk to his hyungs. He didn’t realize the time went so fast, so when he was told it was time to leave, he really didn’t want to go.

It was when he saw Alani that he got truly sad and tears started to well up. She noticed almost immediately and said, “Don’t cry, honey, it makes me sad.” Jungkook sniffled, trying to contain his tears, not wanting Alani to be sad.

“Noona nice,” Jungkook sniffled out, causing Alani to smile.

“Jungkook’s nice too,” she said.

“We friends?” Jungkook asked, looking at her with wide, innocent eyes.

“Of course we're friends, honey,” she replied, gasping when Jungkook engulfed her in a big hug and giggled. “Go on with your friends, angel, you need to go.”

“Okay, noona, bye-bye,” Jungkook said, sniffling slightly before rushing off to Yoongi and holding his hand.

“Bye, honey,” she said, watching as the Little left and smiling to herself, knowing that he just made her day.

THE END

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**Little Jungkook at the Melon Awards**

Based on [this clip](#) of Jungkook sitting on Yoongi’s lap.

It was the 2017 Melon Awards, and everyone was so excited. They had performed already, which meant they could just sit and wait for their name to be called whilst congratulating people on their way. They had just won Song of the Year with Spring Day, and everyone was elated. Jin was blowing kisses to all the fans, Yoongi was, of course, gazing adoringly down at the award, Namjoon was saying thank you to everyone, Hoseok was grinning from ear to ear, beaming brightness, Jimin was waving at every single fan he could, Taehyung was just stood very proud, admiring all his fans, and Jungkook.... well, Jungkook was Little.

He didn’t know quite why he was Little. Usually, he would slip into Little Space unexpectedly because he was sad or something shocking happened, but there was none of that. He was just very happy. So happy he could squeal. But he didn’t because he knew the microphone on the stage would pick it up.

He had to wait until he was off the stage to actually squeal, but even then he had to do it whilst he bowed at everyone on their way back to their seats. But as they got to their seats, it was almost like Jungkook had forgotten where he was. It was almost instinctive that he sat on Yoongi’s lap. It was a habit he had developed when he was in Little Space but of course, Yoongi panicked slightly,
knowing they were being filmed.

Yoongi gently guided Jungkook off his lap so he was in the space beside him, much to the protest and disappointment of Jungkook. “Daddy, why you do that?” Jungkook said, pouting and looking almost offended.

He saw Yoongi’s eyes widen only slightly before he smiled at Jungkook. “Sorry, baby, but there’s a camera watching us.” Jungkook looked to where Yoongi was pointing and let a small, “Oh,” fall from his lips. “Sorry,” he said, a little embarrassed that he didn’t even think about that.

“Don’t be sorry, just make sure to think of it,” Yoongi said, winding an arm around Jungkook’s waist and pulling him closer. Luckily for Yoongi, because all their members were ‘touchy,’ he knew that if the fans saw it, they would just think it was cute.

Jungkook nodded, wanting nothing more than to cuddle into Yoongi and suck his thumb, especially with the soothing music that was playing. Instead, all he could do was twiddle his fingers and look at them sadly.

“Cheer up, angel,” Jimin said, leaning over Yoongi and tickling under Jungkook’s chin affectionately.

Jungkook gave a sad smile and nodded. It was always so hard to seem Big when he was Little. It was like trying to be someone he wasn’t and it made his head hurt, trying to make sure his every move didn’t look strange.

“Don’t worry, we’ll be home before you know it, sweetie,” Jin said, taking Jungkook’s hand and intertwining it with his own to stop Jungkook’s nervous habit.

Jungkook nodded, only hoping that Jin’s words were true. They were not, however, and Jungkook felt as if he had sat there for at least five hours, even though it had only been one. But instead of being bored, he just felt incredibly tired. So tired that he could barely open his eyes or keep his head up.

He tried to move to get to a more comfortable position but whined when he felt how uncomfortable his suit was, a lot less comfortable than any piece of Little Space clothing he owned.

“What’s wrong, baby?” Yoongi asked, his fingers finding their way to Jungkook’s hair and sifting through it. Jungkook sighed before placing his head on Yoongi’s shoulder and shuffling down so he was comfortable.

“Sleepy, Daddy,” Jungkook mumbled before closing his eyes for the last time.

“Go to sleep then, baby, I’ll wake you up when we have to go,” Yoongi said, and Jungkook did just that, having trust in knowing that Yoongi wouldn’t leave him if he did fall asleep. Of course, he wouldn’t.

“Sweet dreams, sweetie,” Jin said, wanting to press a kiss to Jungkook’s hair, but he knew he couldn’t, so he just squeezed Jungkook’s hand instead. Weakly, Jungkook squeezed Jin’s hand back before murmbling something incoherent and letting himself fall into a deep sleep, only to be woken two hours later to go home.

THE END
Thank you i hope you enjoyed, next update will be saturday or sunday, once again thank you for all your support you guys are great! <3<3<3
A Little on TV

Chapter Summary

Request by animatedhowell:
“Let's Eat Dinner Together” where Jungkook slips into little space during filming because one of the hosts keeps babying him.

Chapter Notes

Loved writing this, especially loved watching the show, so I hope you enjoy it....

At first, Jungkook just shrugged the feeling off. He knew that it was super risky to regress into Little Space while filming, especially with people he didn’t know. In fact, the only person he did know was Jin, and most of the time he wasn’t even with him.

The first sign that Jungkook should have watched for appeared almost immediately, when he met the host, Kang Hodong and he giggled louder than he probably should have, falling into a mess of blushing and embarrassment.

As Big Jungkook, he worked hard to appear a lot older than he was. Buffing up and being tall helped Jungkook drop the ‘cute look’, but there was one thing he could never escape from- his cute face. His doe eyes filled with wonder and his bunny teeth were just a few of the things that made him cute. Most of the time no one pointed it out, but for some reason, Hodong, as soon as he set his eyes on Jungkook, couldn’t see anything but cuteness.

As they introduced themselves for the first time, Jungkook could feel a pair of eyes fixed on him. He looked awkwardly at Hodong when he realized they belonged to him.

“How old are you, Jungkook?” he asked with a warm smile that Jungkook couldn’t help but feel more comfortable at.

“I’m twenty-one,” Jungkook answered, smiling politely.

“Aww, you’re so young, no wonder you're so cute,” the host told him. Jungkook blushed. He was bad at receiving compliments from his hyungs, even though he loved it, so he was even more embarrassed by receiving them from someone he wasn’t that familiar with.

“Don’t be fooled by his cuteness,” Jin said, shooting a teasing smile at Jungkook, “He’s a ball of mischief.” Jungkook didn’t even try to protest. He knew how much he loved to tease his hyungs and play pranks but he also knew that his hyungs had become quite fond of it.

“He could probably get away with murder with those innocent eyes,” Hodong continued as if he wasn’t even there, which was another thing he found his hyungs doing to him when he was Little-cooing over him, but not telling him directly. It made him feel small.
“He gets away with a lot worse than murder,” Jin joked, ruffling Jungkook’s hair out of fondness and causing Jungkook’s blush to deepen a shade. He knew there was no way he had enough makeup on his face to hide it.

It was then that they were all called to filming and Jungkook couldn’t help but let out a sigh of relief. He shook his head of any Little thoughts. Jin looked at him observantly before taking his hand and whispering, “Are you okay?” Jin, not picking up on the fact that Jungkook was fighting some inner turmoil, assumed it was because Jungkook always got nervous around people he didn’t know and usually stuck to his hyungs like glue.

Jungkook mustered up a smile and gave a look of reassurance as he said, “I’m fine, hyung.” Jin, of course, wasn’t blind, so he could see something was off with his maknae, but he didn’t want to press. However, he was sure to watch Jungkook more closely.

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The next time Jungkook felt Little was when he was swept up into Hodong’s arms. He was so shocked but just couldn’t stop laughing. It felt weird being carried by anyone other than his hyungs as well being carried when he wasn’t Little.

Even though Hodong was a former wrestler, it still shocked Jungkook with how he could pick him up as if he were made of paper. That made him feel even Littler. It was if he body just moved by itself as he engulfed Hodong into a hug. When he was finally put down, he was in a daze of happiness and comfortability.

Those feelings of being comfortable didn’t change all the way through the shoot. It didn’t matter what they were doing, Jungkook just felt content, and Jin seemed to be more relaxed when he noticed this about him. As they were knocking on houses and found no one available, it was suggested they split up. He certainly wasn’t bothered that he got paired up with Hodong, even if he longed to be with Jin, for obvious reasons.

As soon as the manager suggested it, Hodong immediately spoke up and said, “I want Jungkookie,” as he turned around and gave Jungkook one of the warmest smiles he had ever seen. It made him feel happy, the nickname making him feel closer and wanted. It was a very nice feeling.

When they were partnering off, though, Jin seemed a little hesitant. He came up to Jungkook while the two hosts were talking to the manager about where they were going to go. “Will you be okay?” Jin asked, looking at Jungkook’s expressions, knowing it would probably be the only way to see the truth.

“I’ll be okay, Hodong seems really nice,” Jungkook said, a small smile forming on his lips, partly at the thought of the host and partly at the thought of Jin being such a good hyung to him.

“Yeah, he does, but I just want to make sure you feel comfortable. It’s okay if you don’t, I can-“ Jungkook chuckled and cut off Jin’s rambling as he said, “Jin, I’ll be fine. Don’t worry.”

Jin looked at Jungkook suspiciously until he realized the maknae was telling the truth and he sighed, nodding, before engulfing Jungkook into a hug as if it was the last time he was going to see him. “Just call me if you need me, yeah? I don’t care what it is,” Jin whispered him, and Jungkook had to refrain from rolling his eyes at Jin’s theatrical performance.

“Okay, Jin, stop being so dramatic,” Jungkook said, only partially joking, before pulling away from the hug and whacking Jin playfully on the arm. Jin gave him with an offended look, but Jungkook could tell he was joking.
“I try to be nice and all I get is hit, I don’t know why I bother,” Jin said, flipping his hair dramatically and turning his head away from Jungkook. Jungkook was just about to say something before they got called for the next filming segment.

And just like that, Jin and Jungkook were separated, and Jungkook wasn’t as bothered as he thought he would have been. It was strange to think, considering he’d never quite been this comfortable with someone he didn’t know. Perhaps it was how warm Hodong’s smile was, he thought, or maybe it was how happy he seemed when he talked.

They went on a long journey together all around the houses, joking the entire time, but not a single house had an empty seat for either of them. Every time he got rejected, his stomach rumbled even more. They eventually ended up at a convenience store, praying that there would be someone to eat with them, but as the night drew closer to an end, the chances weren’t looking very promising.

Meanwhile, Hodong had managed to strike up a conversation with the trying-not-to-sulk Jungkook about his problems. Now, Jungkook didn’t think he had many worries in his life, his main one being his hyungs getting hurt. However, as they talked more, he realized he did have worries, and that was okay, everyone did. Somehow, Hodong eased the worries with some story about his career and what he had learned.

Afterward, Jungkook is left feeling a little stunned, a little vulnerable, and a little, well, Little. He didn’t know why the sudden switch was. He felt hungry and tired, and all he really wanted to do was to be cuddled up with his hyungs, a carton of banana milk, and a bowl of mac and cheese. Instead, he was at a convenience store, with no food and no heating.

“I hope you get to eat, kid, you’re so skinny,” Hodong told him with a fond but troubled look on his face. “Even if we don’t get to eat a proper meal, remind me to get you something on the way back.”

Jungkook blushed slightly, not at the offer, but more at the fact that he was thinking about Little stuff again, and he knew he had to fight it.

“No, it’s fine, I have my own money,” Jungkook said, bringing out his wallet just to show for proof before putting it back in his pocket.

Hodong looked at him thoughtfully before smiling to himself. “So, what do you like doing in your free time, kiddo?”

Jungkook licked his lips almost painfully as he tried to stop all of his Little thoughts from just spilling out. “Erm, I like to play piano and I like to play video games, and art, and coloring, and sometimes my hyungies like my coloring so much they put it on the fridge...” Whelp, so much for hiding it.

Jungkook gasped, placing a hand over his mouth in pure shock and looking to Hodong, interested in what his expression would show. Jungkook was confused when he saw that Hodong was looking at him exactly the same way, and he wondered if the other wasn’t listening, or just assumed everything was normal.

“That’s cool, I heard coloring is a good way to relieve stress. What do you color?” Hodong asked, seemingly a bit more interested, which caused Jungkook to get even more confused but also a little bit more excited at telling his newly made friend about all the stuff he colored.

“ Mostly Guk- I mean- I color flowers, or giraffes, or even fishies,” Jungkook tried his best to sound a bit bigger, but the more he talked, the more he forgot what he was supposed to be doing.

Hodong looked as if he was about to reply, but he was cut off by the director yelling that time was
up and that they could turn off the camera. Hodong averted his attention away from Jungkook briefly before he got up and moved closer to Jungkook.

“Come on, let's go and buy some food,” Hodong said, beaconing for Jungkook to follow him as he walked closer to the store. Jungkook nodded, quickly following Hodong because he really didn’t want to get lost.

“Get anything you want, kiddo,” he called back to Jungkook, “And maybe something for Jin as well.” At the mention of his name, Jungkook wanted to go see his caregiver and be wrapped up in a great big, warm hug, but he knew he couldn’t just yet, which was why he wanted to pick his food as quickly as possible.

Jungkook walked down the aisles to see so many choices, but he knew one thing he was going to get himself was banana milk. He giggled when he picked up the carton and almost skipped down the treat-filled aisles. He picked up a packet of dried seaweed chips and some hot and spicy chips that he knew Jin really liked at the moment. For himself, he picked up a packet of gummy worms and a packet of cakes in the shape of a really cute fish, called ‘Orion Moist and Chewy Cakes.’

He gathered everything in his arms and skipped up to the counters where, sure enough, Hodong was waiting.

“Go on, then, put it all on the pile,” Hodong said, gesturing to the pile of food he had already put on the counter. Jungkook did so, politely bowing in greeting to the convenience store worker as he edged behind Hodong for protection.

He then realized he needed his wallet, so he began rooting through his pockets, wondering where Big Jungkook had put it. Hodong must have realized this because he quickly cut Jungkook off, saying, “If you’re looking for you wallet, kiddo, you don’t need it. Let me give you a treat.” Jungkook was just about to protest because he doesn’t want Hodong spending money on him but the look that Jungkook received was one he wouldn’t want to go against, especially from an ex-wrestler.

“Thank you, Hodongie,” Jungkook said when it was all paid for. He grabbed his bag of food and they began walking to the van that would transport them to where Jin was. Jungkook was getting more and more excited at the thought of seeing his caregiver because he missed him so much already.

Once they were in the van, Jungkook just couldn’t resist temptation as he dug around in the bag and pulled out his multi-colored gummy worms. He giggled as he opened the packet and dropped the first blue one in his mouth, smiling at the familiar flavor.

“How you want one, Hodongie?” Jungkook asked, offering the packet of gummy worms to Hodong. He gratefully accepted one which happened to be blue, Jungkook’s favorite.

“You picked blue too!” he exclaimed happily. “They’re my favoritest flavor,” Jungkook explained to Hodong, who just chuckled as he ruffled Jungkook’s hair and bit into the gummy worm.

“They’re my favorite too,” Hodong said, causing Jungkook to gasp and giggle.

“Hodongie, can we be friends?” Jungkook asked, almost fearless because he was just so excited about gaining yet another new friend.

“Oh course we can, Jungkookie,” Hodong said, not being able to resist the charms of the cute maknae. He also couldn’t help but wonder where the shy Jungkook from before had gone. Hodong just put it down to the boy feeling more comfortable with him.
“Yay, thank you,” Jungkook beamed at him, shuffling in his seat a little so he could lean his head on Hodong’s shoulder as he bit into yet another gummy worm, this time an orange one.

It was only a matter of minutes until the van stopped and Jungkook assumed they were where Jin was, so he waited until people started getting out before he threw open the door and jumped out of the car, making sure to have his bag in hand.

As soon as he got out he searched for Jin. He caught sight of him on his phone, texting someone. Jungkook ran up to Jin and engulfed him in a great big hug, almost sending Jin to the ground. Luckily, he was used to Jungkook’s surprise hugs, so he was able to catch himself.

“Eomma,” Jungkook exclaimed quietly, noticing all the people around him, “Gukkie missed you so much!”

Jin gasped slightly, taken off guard a bit at Jungkook being Little. It was not something he had expected, but it wasn’t something he didn’t like. “Hey, baby, I missed you too,” Jin said, relief washing over him at knowing that he didn’t need to panic about how Jungkook was feeling. “Did you have fun?”

Jungkook nodded, glancing over his shoulder to see Hodong talking with the other staff members. “Yeah, a lot. Hodongie is my new friend.”

Jin raised an eyebrow at him before saying, “Is he now, sweetie?” Jungkook nodded enthusiastically. “Does he know you’re Little?”

“Nope,” Jungkook said popping the ‘p’, “He doesn’t know, promise.”

“Okay, I believe you,” Jin said, looking somewhat skeptically at the maknae and knowing he would probably have to talk to Hodong to see if he suspected anything about Jungkook.

“Well, we’d better get going. Shall we say goodbye to everyone?” Jin suggested, wanting to get back into a nice warm bed, and now that Jungkook was Little, probably watch a movie and cuddle.

“Oh, Eomma,” Jungkook said, already walking off and happily saying thank you and goodbye to every single member of staff he could find. Jin shook his head fondly before following Jungkook’s actions. Jungkook finally got to Hodong who, instead of bowing, engulfed Jungkook into a big warm hug. “Bye-bye, Hodongie. Gukkie gonna miss you,” Jungkook said sulkily.

“I’ll miss you too, kiddo,” Hodong said genuinely as he returned the hug, “I’ll see you soon.”

Jungkook nodded before he let go reluctantly and began walking in Jin’s direction, where he was being shown to the car. Jungkook made it just in time to hold Jin’s hand as they clambered into the car. He gave a big yawn, settling onto Jin’s shoulder comfortably. It was then that Jin noticed the bag that Jungkook had been carrying the whole time. “Hey, sweetheart, what’s in the bag?”

Jungkook looked down at the bag before saying, “Just some treats. Gukkie got some chips for Eomma ‘cause he like them.”

Jin smiled, stroking Jungkook’s hair soothingly before he pressed a light kiss to his head. “That’s really sweet, baby, thank you.” Jin watched as Jungkook’s eyes fluttered closed as he fidgeted around, trying to get into a good sleeping position.

“Thank you, Eomma,” Jungkook said, his words becoming more slurred by the second.

“You want your paci, Jungkook?” Jin said. Jungkook nodded, not even wondering where Jin had
gotten a pacifier from. Jin chuckled at how cute the sleepy Little was before he searched through his  
bag and got out the pacifier he always had, just in case. He took off the protective tip and fixed it  
between Jungkook lips. Jungkook hummed, content as he sucked on the pacifier, burying his head  
deeper into Jin's shoulder.

“Sleepy, Eomma,” Jungkook muttered.

“Go to sleep then, baby, you’ve had a long day. I’ll carry you inside,” Jin said, and Jungkook  
nodded slowly as he let himself drift off into dreamland, where even his new friend Kang Hodong  
was with him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading and loving this story, I love you all, please feel free to leave any  
requests or comments!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!